

THE FORBIDDEN WORLD OF DON TIKI

Written by Daniel Ziegler

Music & Lyrics by Kit Ebersbach

Ver 2.1

(Click on boxed song titles to link to music)

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Registered WGA

BLACK

Then a twinkling star. Then another. And more, till these pinpoints of light create an entire galaxy. It's a dreamy place with wisps of space dust and streaking comets. Psychedelic sounds of spaceship fly-bys and cosmic bubbles lead into an exotica love ballad.

SONG: THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

NORMA (O.S.)

(singing)

Ground control searched for  
perfection-in-two  
For this critical outer-space  
probe  
They tested, selected -- it's me  
and it's you  
Orbiting over the globe

A carbon arc spotlight pierces the blackness on a captivating face: NORMA - pale skinned, early 30's, jet black hair falling on bare shoulders. Her face is sculpted by the blue-white light, her eyes seductively half-closed. She sings directly to camera.

NORMA (CONT'D)

(singing)

But procedure produced forbidden  
fruits  
From all this compatibility  
And I have a suggestion that  
perfectly suits  
Our situation to a tee --

The camera begins to dolly around her while she continues to gaze straight ahead. By the end of the next verse, we've come half-circle behind her and see the object of her attention, MYLES. He listens, entranced, in love.

NORMA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Let loose the brakes, and we'll  
break free  
We'll reach escape velocity  
Let's seize the day, get away  
To the other side of the moon

And then they begin to drift in three dimensions, reaching out for each other in zero G, floating in the ether of Cinerama space.

NORMA (CONT'D)

(singing)

The folks below, won't they be surprised  
When we let go our earthly ties  
Step on the gas, have a blast  
On the other side of the moon

We'll settle, sooner or later,  
in a crater I know  
So snug in our igloo bungalow  
Silvery moon-dust a-glitter  
in the star glow  
And we can make love oh so slow

Myles breaks free, and somehow resisting Norma's charms, recedes into the darkness, his face becoming smaller and smaller till it disappears.

NORMA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Alone at last, so happily  
Propelling past our apogee  
The milky way lights our way  
To the other side of the moon

By the end of the song, Norma is again alone. As she sings, the music falls away till she's singing a *cappella*, her solo voice innocent and wistful.

NORMA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Go, our merry way  
So fancy free  
How could anybody know  
Where we're gonna be?  
So out of sight, on our flight  
To the other side of the moon

Norma finishes the song alone, staring into space. There is a moment of silence. Then bright lights switch on and chase the universe away.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Fresnel stage lights flood a large soundstage, obliterating the mood of the song.

Equipment and crew surround the realistic set of an average living room. Norma is still standing in the center, but Myles is on the other side of the *room*, annoyed.

MYLES

"The other side of..." Great.  
We'll hold the fort while you run  
away to the other side of the  
damn moon.

The scene in progress on the set is an intervention, like a reality TV show. The friends and family of 32 year-old NORMA sit in various chairs and sofas around her. Her PARENTS hold hands, her MOTHER has been crying. Standing at the focal point of the room, Norma is defiant as she pulls a sweater up over her bare shoulders.

NORMA

You do that, Myles. But  
remember... I invited you to  
come. You just couldn't bear to  
be offline for *five fucking*  
*minutes*.

The FACILITATOR tries to manage the charged scene from a rocking chair.

FACILITATOR

Ok, ok. That's very good, Norma.  
Vent your feelings to free  
yourself of their dominion over  
you.

NORMA

(mocking him)  
Blah blah blah.

FACILITATOR

There are no bad emotions, only  
bottling them up makes them so.

NORMA

Blah blah.

FATHER

No Norma. Not blah blah. He's  
trying to help to you.

MOTHER

We just want what's best for you,  
honey.

NORMA

(exasperated)

Then let me live my life.

MYLES gets up and takes a stance before her. He is Norma's fiancé, a tall, well-built 35 year old man with handsome features that are wasted by an habitual scowl of disapproval.

MYLES

I will not let you be kidnapped  
by this... tiki guy.

He pulls out his iPhone and taps the screen.

NORMA

His name is Don Tiki.

MYLES

Whatever.

FATHER

(to Mother)

Don who?

MOTHER

Tiki. Don Tiki.

NORMA

And I'm not being kidnapped. I  
*choose* to go.

MYLES

Go where? To THIS?

He shows everybody the video that he's called up on the phone. It's Norma dancing happily in a wild tiki bar. They recoil in honor.

MOTHER

Oh my...

NORMA

Where did you get that?

MYLES  
You were *tagged!*

FACILITATOR  
Myles has given us all a lot to think about...

NORMA  
(to everyone)  
Exactly what I'm talking about. You can't do anything without everybody watching. I'm out.

Norma moves to leave but Myles blocks her way to the door.

MYLES  
(a different tack)  
We want you back. I want you back.

NORMA  
(angry now)  
Back to what? This stupid house? My stupid job? My stupid... you?

She storms past him, out the front door.

MYLES  
Norma!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Norma has run out of the front door of the house, which is very real and normal from the outside - no sign of TV production. She is furiously dialing her cell phone. Myles has followed her out.

MYLES  
What is so wrong with all this? It's good, it's comfortable, you have everything you want.

NORMA  
(rising to a scream)  
I don't want everything I want! It's too much. I want it to be like it was. When there were six channels on TV and you had to be home to answer the phone.

(MORE)

NORMA (CONT'D)

I want to go for a walk without my fucking boss texting me some stupid question about the fucking interface for the fucking social network campaign.

MYLES

I thought you loved your job...

NORMA

(hurt)

I thought you knew me.

She stops trying to dial the phone when she sees a taxi coming up the road. She runs into the street to stop it. WILLIE the cabbie slams on the breaks, shouting out the window.

WILLIE

What are you, nuts?

She opens the back door and climbs in.

NORMA

Chinatown.

WILLIE

I'm on a call, lady. Can't do it.

NORMA

Please!

The others have come out of the front door. A lady across the street has come out of the house and watches the scene. A neighbor kid records it all on his phone.

FATHER

(as if talking to a child)

Norma! Get back in this house young lady!

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

She shuts the door, out of breath.

NORMA

(to the driver)

Please!

Willie the Cabbie relents and pulls away from the house. Had she looked out the rear window, Norma would have seen most of the people that were in the intervention out at the curb. Instead she stares straight ahead.

As the cab pulls away, Myles is shouting, waving his arms.

MYLES

Norma!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

The cab turns the corner. As soon as it's safely out of sight, Myles pulls out his phone and presses speed dial.

MYLES

(into phone)

Ok. They're on their way.

INT. CAB

Willie is mid 40s, Asian, clean shaven, in an LA Raiders jacket. He drives, quiet for a few moments. Then,

WILLIE

Quite a crowd you had back there.

Norma shakes her head but doesn't answer.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Look, it's none of my business but it looked like those people were trying to help you.

NORMA

You're right...

WILLIE

So why don't you let them?

NORMA

...it's none of your business.

EXT. CITY STREETS

The cab drives through a rundown part of town.

INT. CAB

WILLIE  
Can I ask you what's in  
Chinatown?

NORMA  
You know what? Just let me off  
here.

WILLIE  
Ok, ok, we're almost there.

NORMA  
No really. I want to get out.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Willie pulls the cab up under the marquis of an abandoned classic movie house. The street is oddly empty, a row of locked up businesses and empty parking stalls. On the marquis reads the title, "Tiki Terror", except that the "T" has slid down and to the side so it also reads "Tiki error."

WILLIE  
Can I just show you something?

She gets out of the cab and, ignoring him, walks down the street. Willie backs the cab alongside her and calls out the window.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
5 minutes. Then I'll take you  
wherever you want.

She keeps walking. He keeps backing.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
I know how to find Don Tiki.

At that she stops and reluctantly turns toward him.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

The rear door of the old movie house opens, bright blue daylight back-lighting the dust suspended in the air. Norma takes a step inside and stops.

Willie comes in and lets the door swing shut behind him. He steps around her and starts down the aisle of the cavernous empty theatre. It's a picture show classic, closed for renovation in the 70s and never re-opened, another victim of the suburban multiplex.

WILLIE

Don't make 'em like this any more.

He stops halfway down the aisle. She follows him unsurely, a couple of steps behind.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

It's just a movie. You like movies don't you?

He motions her to follow him up onto the stage. It is bare save for a 50s office armchair facing an old classroom folding movie screen, the kind that pulls up and stands on its own tripod.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Private screening.

Norma climbs the steps to the stage and cautiously sits on the chair. The empty theatre looms huge beyond the apron.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

What do you really know about Don Tiki? Ever met the guy in person?

NORMA

(reminding him)  
5 minutes.

WILLIE

Right. OK, you want tiki...

The lights dim on stage by an unseen hand. Willie flips on the projector. It whirs up to speed, projecting a scene from the Japanese horror classic *Mothra*. On an exotic island, *Mothra's* hangar-sized egg gestates, while hundreds of grass-skirted natives dance trance-like in adulation of the holy larva.

NORMA  
 What did you... find this on  
*YouTube*?

From the shadows behind the projector:

WILLIE  
 Think metaphorically... "This is  
 your mind on tiki."

The film has transmuted to another tiki horror: A white woman in a slinky 60s cocktail dress and heels doing the Hollywood Hula with a brown bare-chested native hunk.

NORMA  
 You can't be serious.

Willie steps in front of the screen, the images projecting on him as he speaks.

WILLIE  
 Ok. You want serious. Let me tell you about Don Tiki. Did you know he spent a little time in jail? That he has ex-wives in Topeka, Kansas and San Luis Obispo? You know about his tax liability or his cholesterol problem?

NORMA  
 Don Tiki isn't like that anymore...

WILLIE  
 Did you know that he spent 20 years in a psychiatrist's office? That he listened to nothing but Led Zeppelin on vinyl well into his 30s before he got into the whole exotica thing?

NORMA  
 Everybody goes through phases.

WILLIE  
 Right. In his latest incarnation he lives in his own bizarre world, surrounded by all his crazy dropouts. Castaways, runaways and throwaways.

(MORE)

WILLIE (CONT'D)

And that's where you want to go,  
assuming you can figure out how  
to get there. Of course you may  
never find a way *out*...

NORMA

(realizing)

Myles paid you to stop for me.

Norma gets up. The projector runs out of film and the  
suddenly white light half blinds Willie.

WILLIE

He just wanted me to talk to you.

NORMA

If you've already made up your  
mind about tiki, then there's  
really nothing to talk about.

She starts to leave the stage but stops at his challenge.

WILLIE

You don't know what you're  
getting yourself into.

NORMA

You don't know what you're trying  
to protect me from! Have you ever  
actually met him? Been there?  
Have you ever gone *anywhere* that  
you can't buy the damn guidebook  
for?

He doesn't have an answer.

NORMA (CONT'D)

Look. If I don't go, I'll never  
know, will I? What's the worst  
that can happen?

WILLIE

That you like it too much.

NORMA

(finished here)

We made a deal. I watched the  
stupid movie. Are you going to  
help me or not?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - AFTERNOON

It's Friday in Chinatown, a busy time in a busy neighborhood. At vegetable stands, butcher shops and small grocery stores, throngs jostle to buy food for the weekend.

Willie pulls up to the curb so that Norma's door opens strategically between two piles of empty fruit crates.

As Norma gets out of the cab, Willie rolls down the passenger side window and leans over to her. He hands her a piece of paper. She glances at it.

WILLIE  
Here's the ticket.

NORMA  
This is...

WILLIE  
Chinese. Give it to Mr. Woo. The address is on the back

NORMA  
Thanks.

WILLIE  
Yeah. Just cost myself 1500 bucks.

Norma slings her bag over her shoulder and heads off into the teeming neighborhood.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Along a busy highway, Willie's cab is parked in front of a classic diner. Inside at a window booth, Myles is grilling Willie for answers.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The diner is old style: long counter with stools and red leatherette booths along the highway window. Myles glares at Willie across the booth as an ancient waitress in a white and red uniform and too much lipstick supplies coffee and donuts.

WILLIE  
 (to calm him)  
 She's fine.

MYLES  
 (not calm)  
 Fine where?

WILLIE  
 Wherever she is.

The couple in the next booth has dropped a coin in the table mounted jukebox and a tango has begun.

MYLES  
 (persistent)  
 Where did you drop her?

WILLIE  
 Can't tell you.

MYLES  
 What do you mean you can't tell me?!

Serving to the rhythm of the tango, the Waitress now busts out into song, interrupting their conversation before Willie is forced to answer.

SONG: CHINATOWN BAR

WAITRESS 1  
 (singing)  
 Hot night -- what to do?  
 He slips inside the Club Bi Bim  
 Kook Soo  
 tinkling voices, clinking ice  
 An evening so nice  
 he comes back twice

The song turns personal as two more old waitresses join in, singling out Myles for their mark, like an unwilling tourist volunteer.

WAITRESS 2  
 (singing)  
 Buy drinks -- drinks for her  
 It seems so proper and so *de rigueur*

(MORE)

WAITRESS 2 (CONT'D)  
 Stockings sizzle on her thighs  
 That look in her eyes  
 I feel like a prize --

MYLES  
 (to Willie)  
 Where is she???

3 WAITRESSES  
 (singing, as if in  
 response to Myles)  
 Chinatown Bar, cha cha cha

But Myles ignores their answer. He escapes the seamed stockings presented on the booth table by one of the waitresses, and re-engages Willie.

MYLES  
 This is no joke. You were  
 supposed to stop her.

WILLIE  
 Hard to explain, but we made a  
 deal.

Another of the randy waitresses intervenes with the next verse. As she sings, she backs Myles up and out of the booth, pinning him up against the counter.

WAITRESSES  
 (singing)  
 I have a suggestion  
 I want to propose  
 You like to take pictures  
 and I like to pose?  
 In brand-new clothes?  
 I pick the clothes  
 you buy the clothes  
 Let's go get those clothes

The trio of Waitresses dance down the length of the diner, telling all the other patrons about it.

WAITRESS 1  
 (singing)  
 We two -- now we're pals  
 I'm idolized - his Chinatown gal  
 In my valleys and my hills  
 He's taking his thrills  
 He's paying my bills

Myles assumes she's referring to him and protests to a few of the patrons that he's never even met her. Finally Myles pulls away from the suggestive Waitress and comes face to face with Willie.

MYLES

Tell me where Norma is!!!

WAITRESSES

(singing, again as if in  
response to Myles'  
question)

Chinatown Bar, cha cha cha

Before the Waitresses can get any more suggestive, Myles storms out, the three women in pursuit up to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Myles busts out of the diner and sees Willie's cab wedged between two cars in the crowded lot. He snaps a picture of its medallion and hurries off.

INT. TAXI GARAGE - DAY

A dingy garage filled with cabs in various degrees of readiness for service. A few cabbies of diverse ethnicities sit around a table playing mahjong, the clinking of the tiles clear even over the revving of an engine that somebody peers into on the far side of the garage.

Myles approaches an office/cage, inside of which a Vietnamese man alternately reads a magazine and shouts into a desk-stand microphone.

MYLES

Excuse me.

DISPATCHER

(into microphone)

Hee how twang chu nyow tree  
fifteen, eh?

MYLES

Uh...

DISPATCHER

(louder)

Hee how twang chu nyow! Tree  
fifteen! Ahhh.

He smacks down the microphone.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)

What chu wan? You wan cab, you  
call. Fi fi fi, fi too fi too.

MYLES

I need to know where this woman  
went in one of your cabs  
yesterday.

He holds up a photo of Norma. The Dispatcher waves his  
arms.

DISPATCHER

Doan know. I only dispatcher.

MYLES

You dispatch her where?

DISPATCHER

(correcting him)

I no dispatch *her*. I dispat-*cher*.  
I doan know where taxi go after I  
dispatch.

MYLES

I really need to know.

DISPATCHER

(dismissing him)

Now I dispatch you.

Myles produces a \$100 bill from his pocket.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)

Maybe I fine out. But I dispatch  
many many taxi.

Myles pulls out another \$100. He hands his cell phone  
through the cage to show the Dispatcher the photo of the  
cab on the screen. Not understanding, the Dispatcher puts  
it to his ear.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)  
Hello? Hello?

Myles reaches in to take the phone, this time holding it up to the man to look at. The Dispatcher fumbles for a pair of half moon glasses and looks at it.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)  
Ah. Cab two trenty.

He ruffles through a log book. Stops to take the \$100 bills. Finds the entry and taps it with a bony finger.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)  
Chinatown.

MUSIC: Reprise of "Chinatown Bar" - the song the waitresses were singing to him. Myles dashes out of the garage.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

Norma wanders down a main street, looking for the address on the slip of paper. On a mission, she still has a moment to stop for a street musician playing a marimba. The player notices her and plays a flourish. She applauds and drops a dollar into his open case.

She shows him the paper and the player cocks his head up to a street sign half way down the block. She smiles at the player and turns down the side street he had indicated.

Halfway down the block, she steps into a small shop.

INT. APOTHECARY SHOP

It's a traditional Chinese apothecary with a wall of small wooden drawers, shelves of colorful boxes, and formaldehyde jars of reptiles and mandrakes. The APOTHECARY is sorting unidentifiable herbs from a large pile onto small sheets of paper for packaging. A group of men sit around the shop sipping tea.

APOTHECARY  
Ni hao ma.

NORMA  
Mr. Woo?

The Apothecary lights up when he hears his name. The men in the shop also speak greetings. Norma smiles and hands the Apothecary the note that Willie had given her.

APOTHECARY  
(with a knowing smile)  
Ah.

He removes a small package from one of the wooden drawers behind him and hands it to her.

APOTHECARY (CONT'D)  
For the holy man.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAGODA - DAY

Down an even smaller, quieter side street in Chinatown, Norma finds a dark urban pagoda.

INT. PAGODA - CONTINUOUS

The sounds of the city are softly muted inside. Smoke rises from incense sticks. On a table at one end of the room, a large brass Buddha sits witness. A clear glass bell RINGS.

Along one wall, a MONK sits at a carved table painting Chinese characters in gold on a wooden plaque. Norma approaches him slowly, but stops several feet away and waits for him to notice her. The monk finishes the strokes of a character, then looks up at her kindly, questioningly.

Norma hands the package from the apothecary to the monk. He takes it gently, and thinks for a moment. He draws another character on the board. The he sprinkles some powdery dust to dry the letters, blows it off and hands it to her.

MONK  
For Miss Chiang.

She takes the plaque, but doesn't move, not knowing where to go. He points up to the ceiling. There is a very loud thud from above. Dust is dislodged from a hanging prayer cone, dropping slowly into the room. He shrugs.

MONK (CONT'D)  
Miss Chiang.

EXT. STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Norma climbs a stairway on the outside of the building to the second floor. It is a martial arts studio. She opens the door and enters the changing area. Beyond, in a large room with well-worn wooden floors, a class of young students is in session.

INT. MARTIAL ARTS STUDIO

Norma works her way through a tangle of teenagers gathering their book bags and changing into street clothes after their training. In the studio, the next class is in session. MISS CHIANG is a stout woman in kung fu robe facing a room full of 8 year-olds, all in perfect line, in perfect control.

Norma watches a couple of moves from the changing area. The children pair up and do a throw, one of each pair landing on the floor with a big thud - the same thud we heard from inside the temple downstairs. Then Norma takes a couple of steps onto the worn wooden floor and is noticed.

NORMA

Miss Chiang?

MISS CHIANG

Yes?

All the children's faces have turned to her. She holds up the sign that the Monk had given her.

NORMA

I'm supposed to give you this.

The children laugh as they read the sign, knowing it comes from the Monk downstairs. Norma doesn't get the joke.

SUBTITLE: "The true warrior falls quietly"

Miss Chiang also laughs good-naturedly, and comes over to Norma. In Mandarin, she tells the children to practice a quieter move.

MISS CHIANG

(to Norma)

You're very lucky. I wish I could go with you.

(MORE)

MISS CHIANG (CONT'D)  
 (conspiratorially) Don Tiki  
 learned the martial arts right  
 here in this studio. I taught him  
 some of his best moves.

She opens a cabinet on the wall and takes out a cloth  
 covered box which she hands to Norma.

MISS CHIANG (CONT'D)  
 This is for Milton.

NORMA  
 Milton?

MISS CHIANG  
 The bartender. You will know the  
 place.

The children all shout "zai jian" - goodbye - and wave as  
 she goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF CHINATOWN - AFTERNOON

The streets that Myles walks seems darker, less friendly.  
 He shows random people the picture of Norma, asking them if  
 they have seen her. Most people simply ignore him, some are  
 more aggressive in their dismissal.

SONG: TIN FOIL HATS (Instrumental)

He finally finds a teenaged boy in martial arts robe and  
 gym bag who nods, pointing to the building across the  
 street that houses the martial arts studio.

EXT. STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Myles climbs the steps to the studio that Norma had just  
 recently climbed. He fights a waterfall of students from  
 the last class, buffeted by gym bags as he makes it into  
 the studio.

INT. MARTIAL ARTS STUDIO

Not stopping for a second to appreciate the grace of the  
 youngsters, Myles marches to the front of the room and  
 confronts Miss Chiang with the photo.

MYLES

I am looking for this woman.

Norma, of course, is long gone. The kung fu teacher shakes her head.

MYLES (CONT'D)

I know she was here.

MISS CHIANG

(in Mandarin)

Pushy, this one.

MYLES

Just tell me where she was going.

As Myles gets more indignant, the children begin to surround him. He is arguing with Miss Chiang, to no apparent purpose, and the children start to kung fu him, playfully at first, but ultimately they kick him out of the studio, literally.

Myles beats a retreat to the studio door as more and more students gather around him, pushing and kicking.

EXT. STEPS

With a few of the more ambitious 8-year-olds in hot pursuit, Myles fumbles down the steps.

EXT. STREET

Back on the street, Myles needs a quick getaway from the kung fu kids. He ducks into the pagoda on the first level.

INT. PAGODA - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the pagoda is as Norma had left it, quiet and dusty. Myles takes a couple of steps inside, catching his breath, thinking that he's gotten away. And then the hoard of kung fu kids streams in after him, screaming and kicking.

The Monk appears from nowhere and chases the kids away with a broom.

MONK  
 (in Mandarin)  
 Be gone, you noisy devils!

They retreat and disappear.

MYLES  
 Thank you. They were...

MONK  
 (in Mandarin)  
 You too, bringer of trouble.

Then the Monk starts to sweep him out too.

MYLES  
 Wait. Wait. Have you seen this  
 woman?

The Monk pauses for a moment to take the photo Myles offers. He looks at it thoughtfully for a moment. He nods seriously.

MONK  
 (in Mandarin)  
 Ah. Tea lady.

Then he goes to his work table where the brush and ink lay, and where a pot of tea is brewing. He empties the tea from a brown paper bag into a ceramic jar. Then he takes some coins from a small dish and puts them in the bag, folds over the top and returns. He hands Myles the bag, who stands there mystified.

MONK (CONT'D)  
 (in Mandarin)  
 Take this to the apothecary.  
 Maybe he will tell you where the  
 girl is.

Myles doesn't understand. The Monk pantomimes directions: he mimes taking the coin bag (which Myles holds), then mimes walking, then points to the address on the label of the sack of tea. Finally he points to Myles' picture of Norma on the phone.

Myles gets it.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DUSK

By the time he makes it to the Chinese apothecary, it is almost dark. He enters the dimly lit shop.

INT. APOTHECARY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Three or four ancient Chinese men stand about, the same ones that were there hours earlier when Norma was in the shop. The Apothecary is still behind the counter. The men turn their heads in sync as Myles enters, looking at him suspiciously the entire time he's there.

Myles hands the coin bag to the Apothecary, who examines it a moment.

APOTHECARY

What this?

MYLES

The priest told me to give this to you. He said you could tell me how to find my finacé...

While he is pulling out the phone to show the picture, the Apothecary takes the bag and looks inside, ignoring anything else Myles has to show.

APOTHECARY

(to the other men, in Mandarin)

That old Monk find a new way to pay me for his tea.

He laughs for a second with the others, then they all snap back to suspicious and threatening.

APOTHECARY (CONT'D)

(in English, to Myles)

You still here.

Myles presents the photo on the iPhone.

MYLES

(hopefully)

I am looking for this woman.

APOTHECARY

And I am looking for key to enlightenment. I don't expect to find it in a drug store.

MYLES

(confused)

The priest said...

APOTHECARY

Goodnight, goodnight. Store is closed.

The Apothecary rushes him out of the shop, locking the door behind him and pulling down the shade. Myles finds himself back on the streets of a darkening Chinatown.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN BRIDGE - DUSK

Norma stands on a small bridge decorated with painted concrete dragons on either end. Below, a gentle stream flows to the sea. She seems relaxed, at peace, as she records a message into her cell phone camera.

NORMA

Listen, Myles. It's not you. Well, ok, it *is* you, but not you specifically. It's everything. The phone calls, the tags, the tweets. Always on. I just need to turn off. See ya.

EXT. CHINATOWN - SIMULTANEOUS

On a corner near the Apothecary shop, Myles is at a loss as to which way to go from here. His phone chimes with the first bar of Bruno Mars' "Grenade". He opens it hopefully and watches the end of Norma's just-recorded message.

NORMA (ON SCREEN)

...the tags, the tweets. Always on. I just need to turn off. See ya.

Then Myles watches Norma - in the video on his phone - blow a kiss to the camera and throw the phone.

The video shows the phone flying through the air and landing in the water. There are a few bubbles, then it shorts out and goes black.

MYLES  
NOOOOOOO!!!!!!

EXT. CHINATOWN BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Norma is walking away as we hear, far in the distance, the trailing sound of Myles' "NOOOOOOO!!!!!!."

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DUSK

It's the last club on the street, the neon sign reads "Don Tiki's Inferno." Norma knows this must be the place.

INT. DON TIKI'S INFERNO

It's a classic tiki bar. Dark colored lights, tiki masks and tapa cloth, bamboo chairs and tables. Music is playing on the jukebox: The Green Door. It's a punk'd version of the 1950s standard.

SONG: THE GREEN DOOR

SINGER (O.S.)  
There's an old piano  
and they play it hot  
behind the green door.  
Don't know what they're doing  
but they laugh a lot  
behind the green door.  
Wish they'd let me in  
so I could find out what's  
behind the green door.

Norma speaks to the young woman BARTENDER at the near end of the long bar. The woman points down the bar to the other bartender. Norma nods "thanks" and walks to where MILTON is talking to another patron. Milton breaks away from his conversation. He wears a pork pie hat and a black goatee.

NORMA  
Milton?

MILTON  
 (knowingly)  
 You have a gift for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER CHINATOWN STREET - NIGHT

As Myles leaves the apothecary shop, people are looking at him strangely. They start to come in and out of his face talking to him.

MAN1  
 Listen to me.

MAN2  
 Don't drink it.

At first he doesn't understand what they are talking about. Then he can start to make out the message.

WOMAN  
 Whatever you do.

MAN3  
 That Pagan Lust...

WOMAN3  
 Don't drink it.

SONG: PAGAN LUST

It seems like every denizen of this darkening neighborhood comes together to sing this song of warning. At first, verses are sung by individuals, but a chorus gathers by the second verse.

ENSEMBLE  
 (singing)  
 Whatever you do to help you make  
 it through  
 Whatever you do - do what you  
 must  
 But whatever you do don't  
 drink...  
 whatever you do don't drink...  
 whatever you do don't drink that  
 Pagan Lust.

(MORE)

## ENSEMBLE (CONT'D)

Whatever you drink (*chorus: ooh,  
doot doot*)  
to put you in the pink (*ooh, doot  
doot*)  
It's not what you think (*ooh,  
doot doot*)  
in God you'll trust (*get serious*)  
So whatever you do, don't drink  
whatever you do, don't drink  
whatever you do, don't drink (*no,  
you mustn't drink*)  
That Pagan Lust

As the song is performed, Myles becomes more and more frantic, showing people the picture of Norma, looking in bar after bar. Out on the street, the neighborhood has gone pagan. He crosses an intersection thronged by revelers, and crosses paths with a wild STREET PREACHER who picks up a verse of the song:

## STREET PREACHER

(singing)  
Oh, listen to me people (*chorus:  
oo-wah*)  
You'll be swimmin' in sin (*oo-  
wah, bop bop*)  
You can smell the guava, but  
there's red-hot lava in a cobra's  
skin (*don't give in*)  
You'll feel the fangs of a dragon  
(*stay on the wagon*)  
thru a palace guard's boot (*don't  
try and get cute*)  
You'll do the full-quart squirm,  
you tequila worm, through the  
passion-fruit(*a-rooty-toot-toot*)

Myles ducks into another bar, but the song follows him in.

## INT. CHINATOWN BAR

Each bar has it's own weirdness, and each bar serves its own version of the Pagan Lust, a smoking exotic cocktail. And in each bar, there's someone to warn him:

## BAR PATRON

(singing "Pagan Lust")  
Overloading your sense it's too  
intense

(MORE)

BAR PATRON (CONT'D)

An experience not worth the price  
*(Chorus: calamitous)*  
 So whatever you do, don't drink  
 whatever you do, don't drink  
 whatever you do, don't drink *(you  
 mustn't drink)*  
 that Pagan Lust *(go on, tell the  
 people about it)*

INT. DON TIKI'S INFERNO - INTERCUT

Away from the full volume of the song and dance outside, Norma has given the small box from Ms. Chiang to Milton the bartender. Milton opens it to see a pair of shiny metal baoding balls - Chinese stress balls - and smiles. He turns and places them on the back bar, and reaches for a key hanging on a lariat from a hook. He turns back to Norma and hands her the key.

MILTON

*(indicating the back of  
 the bar)*  
 The green door. Tell him I say  
 hi.

Norma takes the key and walks back to the green door and slips the key into the lock.

INT. ANOTHER CHINATOWN BAR

In yet another bar, Myles is showing Norma's picture to the bartender who mixes up another exotic drink as he sings a verse of the song. The bar patrons back him up.

BARTENDER

*(singing "Pagan Lust")*  
 It's a drink so freaky  
 they serve it in a hookah  
 With a kick so kinky  
 man, it's like a bazooka *(Chorus:  
 chug-a-lugga)*  
 You'll be losin' your composure  
*(oh no, where'd it go my soul)*  
 You'll be courting disaster  
*(flyin' away)*  
 Just as fast as you can swallow  
 Pagan Lust is gonna swallow you  
 faster *(glub, glub, glub, give it  
 up)*

As the Bartender offers him the Pagan Lust, Myles runs from the bar.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET

Outside, the street preacher is lying in wait for Myles, following him down the street with the large crowd right behind.

STREET PREACHER

(singing "Pagan Lust")  
 Ooh, it's a little bit of heaven,  
*(Chorus: seven come eleven)*  
 a whole lot of hell *(bottom of the well)*  
 People get hip, you're wrapping  
 your lips 'round an artillery  
 shell *(take us to the river)*  
 You'll go nuclear fishin' *(photon, proton...)*  
 for atomic decay *(positron, gamma ray)*  
 There'll be no remission for your  
 condition *(karma, pharma, hey hey hey)*  
 Tell me what'd I say!

One final touch *(five, four...)*  
 countdown reaches completion  
*(three, two...)*  
 an elixir so secret *(lickety lick, lickety lick)*  
 it could be a secretion *(ewww!)*  
 You're gonna lose your decorum  
 You're gonna find dementia  
*(You'll be moaning in the zone)*  
 Class, pay attention! Pagan Lust  
 is...

Myles has come to the end of the strip, to the bar with the neon sign "Don Tiki's Inferno." He sees the poster outside the door, "Tonight: Don Tiki Live" and dashes in.

INT. DON TIKI'S INFERNO - CONTINUOUS

The song continues, except the street preacher is still outside. Norma is long gone, the green door locked shut.

STREET PREACHER (O.S.)  
 (singing "Pagan Lust")  
 A sauce too strong to chug-a-lug  
 alone  
 You'll never get home - you'll  
 miss your bus (*and don't blame  
 us*)  
 So whatever you do, don't drink  
 whatever you do, don't drink  
 whatever you do, don't drink  
 that Pagan Lust!

Myles pushes through the crowd, and slides into a spinning bar stool which comes to rest facing the bar just as Milton the bartender slides a drink across the bar. It is, of course, a Pagan Lust. Myles can see himself in the mirror behind the bar through the multi colored bottles. Everybody in the joint is moving, singing, swaying. The drink is smoking. In a break in the lyrics, Milton speaks.

MILTON  
 If you really want to find her,  
 this is where she is...

Milton indicates the drink, and pushes it across the bar to Myles. In his other hand, he spins the baoding balls.

BAR FLIES  
 There'll be no remission for your  
 condition...

Myles drinks it in a gulp.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK

Myles hears before he opens his eyes: The sound of the ocean. Birds. Laughter in the distance. Then whistling, a lazy tune.

EXT. BEACH - MIDDAY

When Myles opens his eyes, he's on an immaculate white sand beach. Everything looks different, glowing, surreal - a romantic Photoshop filter on the entire world. An old FISHERMAN is tending his net, whistling a samba. The sun shines warmly. Myles gets up and walks over to the fisherman's colorful overturned boat.

MYLES

Excuse me... where am I?

FISHERMAN

Tell me about it.

Satisfied that he's answered the question, the fisherman goes back to his net, which turns out to be a hammock that he hangs between his boat and a coconut tree and lies down in. Myles surveys the area around him. There are a few other people on the beach, some sitting, some walking. A boy in a suit and bow tie and girl in a gold lamé dress toss a ball with wicker jai alai xisteras.

A small crowd is gathered around a tiki beach bar, laughing, drinking. A scratchy samba squeezes out of a suitcase phonograph, the black vinyl disk spinning in the bright sun.

Myles checks his pockets and finds his wallet and his iPhone. He stops under a coconut tree, leans against the rail of the boardwalk, and switches the phone on. In place of the regular iPhone screen is an animated tiki head. Exotic sounds emanate from the speaker. He touches his finger to the screen and the tiki head darts out of the way. He lets up on the screen and the tiki head laughs. He shakes the phone and looks at it again... the tiki looks nauseous from being shaken, but recovers quickly. Other than that, the phone doesn't work.

Myles walks up the beach away from the water, where a boardwalk climbs over the dune. As he walks, people pass him by, a small parade of curious characters.

Myles climbs the few wooden steps to the top platform to reveal the view:

Separated by the long dune, a happy little town winds along the shore following the curve of the bay, with fingers of side streets extending into the low hills beyond. Every inch of the town is tiki'd: odd angles and A-frame buildings. There is little vehicular traffic, a few multi colored old buses, some old pick-ups. Mostly people are on foot.

Myles looks in wonder before descending the steps to the boardwalk leading into town.

EXT. TIKI TOWN - DAY

There's an odd air in tiki town that becomes more apparent as Myles gets closer. There's tropical kitch in every direction. And everybody is partying, in one way or another. Playing dominoes, singing, having a drink, dancing in the street. Even the lazy dogs sprawled on porches wag their tails. It is a very happy place, which annoys Myles no end.

Myles walks down the strange street, as if still under the influence of the Pagan Lust. He opens his shirt a button or two against the tropical heat. Other people seem oblivious to the temperature, and walk about gaily. Myles steps up to a fruit stand and speaks to a VENDOR in a Carmen Miranda hat.

MYLES

Excuse me... where can I find a telephone?

VENDOR

In your pocket, I suppose.

MYLES

Yes. But I can't get a signal here.

VENDOR

Maybe that *is* the signal.

The vendor hands Myles a piece of fruit.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

Have a peach.

MYLES

I need to make a phone call.

VENDOR

Not with a peach.

She moves on to another customer. Myles continues aimlessly down the street, trying to get his bearings.

EXT. TIKI STREET CHURCH

Out of a small crowd in front of the Tiki Church steps a guy in top hat and vest who grabs Myles by the arm.

He talks like a carnival BARKER, in a stream, taking breaths few and far between, and never at the end of his sentences.

BARKER

Hey friend! You look a little peaked. Just get here? People fresh off the boat, they always (pause) look a little at sea. Ironic, huh? Get off the boat and you look like you're (pause) at sea. Ha ha ha. Like there's something amiss. Lemme tell you a secret. There is (pause) something amiss.

Two fantastically dressed older women brush by him on the way into the church.

BARKER (CONT'D)

And something a *missus!* Good day to you ladies.

They giggle and wave on their way in to the church. Other people act like Myles, unsure and wary. The Barker turns back and wraps an arm around Myles' shoulder, subtly turning him toward the trapezoidal church doors.

BARKER (CONT'D)

That's why you're here. Not here as in "on the Island here." Only the Don knows that. Why you're here at the Church of Inculpable Bliss. To find out (pause) what's amissin' in your blissin'. You've come to the right place. Step inside, step inside.

The Barker smoothly ushers Myles into the flow of the small crowd entering the church.

INT. TIKI CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The church is the ultimate enchanted Tiki Hut, dark and mysterious with soaring a-frame ceilings. In every corner is a tiki shrine, torches and carvings, live birds and monkeys. A sermon is in progress.

The pews - which are nightclub chairs and tables - are filled, largely with people like Myles who aren't quite sure what's going on, inside the church or out. One of the ushers takes Myles in hand and spins him into a ringside seat. In short order a pineapple with a straw is placed in front of him. A pair of shades is slipped over his eyes.

On the pulpit, flanked by huge tiki statues, standing in a pool of dry ice fog, lit by a spotlight from the rear of the church, the PREACHER commands. He is wild-eyed and animated, with long flowing hair.

PREACHER

...the digital you: the plugged-in, twenty-four-seven virtual you. Swimming in a fishbowl, cameras everywhere, recording your very soul. Then when its *playback* time, your inner secrets revealed, downloaded on a billion screens, a billion thumbnails of you, ricocheting through time-space long after the demise of your bio-carbon actuality. 'She was really in touch, man,' they'll say about you then, or, 'He had a thousand friends on Assbook.' Yibbidda, yibbidda, that's all folks.

The audience is rapt, rocking their heads in agreement.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

But its not your fault. No, no. You didn't know what was up. Up was down and out was in and you were going sideways. That's why you're here, chasing the whiff of fresh air you caught while you wrap up in your laptop. Thinking maybe if anyone has the key to the cage, the Don does. You're right, he does. Don Tiki is gonna set you free. And you know what the Don wants in return? (pause) Nothing. The Don don't want your gadgets, your gold, your graduate degrees. He don't even want your *attention*.

(MORE)

PREACHER (CONT'D)

The Don just wants you to relax,  
cool cats. Neglect your chores.  
Cancel your appointments. Call in  
healthy and take the day off.

And then he starts to sing. It's a Guy Lombardo tune from the 50s. As the tune develops the ushers join him on the pulpit/stage with a desk, business props, rocking chair. He acts out the song like a Broadway musical.

SONG: ENJOY YOURSELF

PREACHER (CONT'D)

(singing)

You work and work  
For years and years  
You're always on the go.  
You never take a minute off,  
Too busy making dough.  
Someday, you say, you'll have  
your fun  
When you're a millionaire.  
Imagine all the fun you'll have  
In some old rocking-chair.

The chorus of ushers pipes in.

PREACHER AND CHOIR

(singing)

Enjoy yourself, it's later than  
you think.  
Enjoy yourself, while you're  
still in the pink.  
The years go by, as quickly as a  
wink.  
Enjoy yourself, Enjoy yourself,  
It's later than you think.

Now the congregants themselves join in, making conga lines through the aisles. Everyone is enjoying themselves with the exception of Myles. He is briefly caught up in the conga between an obese woman and a skinny man, but manages to escape out the front door, panicky, into the sunlight. He whips off the sunglasses they had put on him, but is blinded by the tropical sun so decides to slip them back on.

Myles regains his composure for a moment, but then strangers on the street pick up the theme.

TIKI MAN 1  
Enjoy yourself, dude.

TIKI MAN 2  
Chill man.

TIKI KID  
Have a drink.

They're all happy, caring, cheerful, but it looks to Myles like a nightmare horror film. He runs from them, across the street.

EXT. TIKI TOWN STREET - DAY

The only car driving down Back Street is a two-tone '59 Ford Edsel Villager with a taxi light on top. Myles flags it down in the middle of the street and it screeches to a stop to avoid hitting him. The driver leans out the window.

DRIVER  
No problem. I'll just drive on  
the sidewalk.

The driver is WILHELMINA, an Asian woman in her early 40s that bears a remarkable resemblance to the cab driver Norma met in Act 1. She is funky, individual, beatnik.

MYLES  
I need to go to Chinatown.

WILHELMINA  
Your unlucky day, I'm off duty.

MYLES  
It's important.

WILHELMINA  
So's my day off.

He doesn't wait for an OK, but piles in the back. The Villager doesn't move.

INT. TIKI TAXI - CONTINUOUS

MYLES  
(desperate)  
Please.

She looks at him in the rear view mirror, his alarmed eyes filling the rectangular glass.

WILHELMINA

OK, let's everybody chill. You want to go where?

MYLES

Back to Chinatown.

WILHELMINA

Don't tell me. Don Tiki's Inferno.

MYLES

How did you...

WILHELMINA

Didn't anybody warn not to drink it?

MYLES

(remembering)

...that Pagan Lust...

EXT. TIKI TOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The old Ford is put in gear and pulls out into, well, there isn't any traffic. Just some fruit carts, an informal gathering of drummers, happy pedestrians.

INT. TIKI TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Wilhelmina turns on the radio.

SONG: ALL QUIET FLOWS THE DON (Instrumental)

WILHELMINA

OK. First of all, Chinatown is there, not here. And anyway, she's not there anymore, she's here. But we'll see what we can do to find her.

MYLES

Who said anything about a "her"?

## WILHELMINA

There's always a "her" or a "him." There are two types of people on this island: those that want to be here, and those that don't want them to be here.

## EXT. TIKI TOWN CORNER - CONTINUOUS

The Ford is driving away from the center of town, past a row of stores, the second of which sells some of the fabulous clothes many of the island people are wearing.

Inside, Norma is holding a party dress to her body, looking in a mirror. Myles doesn't see her, too busy with his touch screen interface.

## INT. CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

The SALESLADY, heavy, busty and blond in a wild flowing kaftan, is helping Norma find her new tiki self. The dress is pretty enough, but:

SALESLADY

Not.

NORMA

Not what?

SALESLADY

(musically)

Working.

NORMA

Why not?

SALESLADY

You want to catch a man around here, you need more zing.

NORMA

(understanding)

Oh. That's not what I'm doing here. I'm actually looking for Don Tiki.

Norma dips behind a painted shoji screen dressing area to slip off the dress.

SALESLADY

Sister, we're *all* looking for Don  
Tiki.

The Saleslady has been putting together a few hangers and  
now holds out the whole crazy outfit.

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

Try this.

She hands the hangers over the screen to Norma.

NORMA (O.S.)

No, really. I need to get away  
from all that. I need to  
simplify.

Now that she's chosen the right clothes for Norma, the  
Saleslady starts looking for the right guy. As it turns  
out, the store has plenty to choose from on display. The  
Saleslady sorts through them as if from a rack of clothes.

SALESLADY

Fine. So then let's get back to  
basics.

The hunk that exemplifies "basics" flashes a blinding smile  
at the Saleslady. She breaks out into the memorable hit  
song from the forgettable 1955 picture *The Girl Rush*.

SONG: AN OCCASIONAL MAN

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(singing)

I've got an island in the Pacific  
And every thing about it is  
terrific  
I've got the sun to tan me, palms  
to fan me, and  
An occasional man

As she sings, she reveals other men on display, all over  
the store, in various poses. She pulls Norma out from  
behind the screen - looking fabulous in the new outfit -  
and leads her around from man to man, trying to help her  
decide which man fits her mood. Norma defends herself.

NORMA

Actually, I'm engaged.

SALESLADY

Never stopped anyone.

(back to the song)

I love my island, it's very lazy  
 If I should ever leave it I'd be  
 crazy  
 I've got papayas, peaches, sandy  
 beaches, and  
 An occasional man

She dips into the dressing area herself, tossing the kaftan  
 and everything else up over the screen.

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(singing)

When I go swimming  
 I am always dressed in style  
 'Cause I go swimming  
 Wearing just a great big smile

She pops out naked, only the store fixtures protecting the  
 PG rating. Norma quickly hands her a lava-lava from a hook  
 on the wall. The Saleslady wraps it around her, not missing  
 a beat.

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

(singing)

My little island is made for  
 pleasure  
 And in the cool of evening it's a  
 treasure  
 And when the `day grows later,  
 what is greater than  
 An occasional man

Norma has gotten into the spirit of the tune and checks out  
 some of the store's generous offerings.

NORMA

(while examining a man)

Do you have anything with a  
 little less... manhood?

SALESLADY

(singing to the guys)

If you're on shore leave  
 and your face is kinda cute,

(MORE)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)  
 Perhaps by your leave  
 I could be your passion fruit

Norma picks up the tune herself and starts shopping for an occasional man.

NORMA  
 (singing)  
 My little island is made for  
 pleasure  
 And in the cool of evening it's a  
 treasure  
 And when the day grows later,  
 what is greater than...

She passes on a few before settling on the well-developed back and shoulders of a tanned man in board shorts. Norma spins him around and... Yikes! He has the face of Myles.

SALESLADY  
 (singing)  
 An occasional man.

Norma goes for another guy, focusing on his six pack. But when she looks up at his face, it's another Myles!

NORMA  
 (singing)  
 An occasional man.

Norma whirls around... all the luscious men in all their clothes and poses - are Myles.

SALESLADY AND NORMA  
 (singing)  
 An occasional man.

As the tune ends, the Saleslady laughs and gives Norma a lei to complete her outfit.

SALESLADY  
 Don't worry. He'll catch up with  
 you.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAXI GARAGE/OFFICE - LATER

Myles follows behind Wilhelmina, who is walking at a clip into the country garage where she keeps the cab, a Quonset hut she shares with the town mechanic.

MYLES  
 (looking at the hut)  
 What are we doing here?

INT. TAXI GARAGE/OFFICE

The shop is crowded with old cars and shelves of tools and parts. A Mechanic's legs jut from under a Chevy pick-up. Wilhelmina steps over them as she crosses the garage.

WILHELMINA  
 Hey, Mr. Carter.

CARTER  
 (from underneath)  
 Hi Wil. Can you hand me that banana?

WILHELMINA  
 So you find her... Then what?

MYLES  
 Then we'll work it out. Whatever she wants.

She puts a banana from the bench into Carter's greasy outreached hand. Myles has caught up to her and stops short on the other side of Carter's legs.

WILHELMINA  
 Right. I can just picture you re-locating to the deadest cellular zone on earth. I think you need to see something.

Wilhelmina leans over to take the banana peel from Carter's hand, then turns and walks to an office area at the back. On the file cabinets, an old electric fan, piles of newspapers, light streaming in the dusty windows. There's an old Philco television set on a table in the corner, the kind with the separate picture tube. In front of it, a comfy, if not clean, couch.

WILHELMINA (CONT'D)  
 Have a seat.

MYLES  
 Sorry. I only do color.

She turns it on and it slowly comes to life.

WILHELMINA

2 minutes. Then I'll help you  
find her. Deal?

He sits in response. The Philco shows a black and white montage of images that lead from the industrial revolution to the information age to the digital future, ending with a depressing shot of zombies walking around with headphones listening to trance music. The Narrator speaks in one of those stilted film strip voices.

NARRATOR

... life in the age of  
information. Nothing is hidden,  
and nothing can't be watched.  
Mankind stands at the gateway to  
omniscience, all-knowing and  
powerful. And yet, no one seems  
to know what lies around the  
corner...

The whole thing lasts a minute.

MYLES

And this helps me how?

WILHELMINA

Say you *do* want to find your  
fiancé... bring her back.

MYLES

You don't think I should.

WILHELMINA

Not until you know what "back"  
means.

Myles gets up to go.

MYLES

Well, excuse me for texting. I'll  
just be moving along...

WILHELMINA

Anyway, she's probably at the  
Hotel.

MYLES

What hotel?

CUT TO:

EXT. SHORE ROAD - MIDDAY

Wilhelmina is driving with her knee while unfolding an old pirate-looking map on the dashboard.

WILHELMINA

Ok, *used* to be a hotel. Now its  
"mixed use": tourist resort,  
condos, and rehab. Look...

She indicates a spot on the southern coast of the island outside the town. She is somehow keeping the Ford on the right side of the winding shore road, even with the windshield mostly blocked by the ragged map.

WILHELMINA (CONT'D)

We're here. The hotel is here.

She points to the opposite coast of the island. Myles takes the battered map from her, if only to restore some visibility to the driver's side.

MYLES

There's no road across. How do  
you get there?

WILHELMINA

You go around.

She traces her finger along the coast of the island, though the road doesn't seem to go all the way around.

MYLES

So what's all in here?

He indicates the middle of the island.

WILHELMINA

That's Don Tiki's.

MYLES

Don Tiki's. Silly of me. Tell me  
something: Who is this guy Don  
Tiki?

WILHELMINA

Hard to say. Nobody's seen him for years. He was a shrink in Indianapolis in the 60s. Then he wrote this book, "Crazy in an Insane World." Sold like a gazillion copies.

MYLES

Don *Teiltelbaum*?!

WILHELMINA

That's the guy. After that, every nut job in the world wanted to meet him. Talk to him. Touch him. He got this reputation for being able to make people feel better no matter how whacked out they were. But it was too much. He wanted to help, but there were too many of them.

MYLES

So he came here?

WILHELMINA

Not at first. He retreated into a huge compound in LA near the Bel Air Country Club. The Mansion. A fantasy land with every luxury you could imagine. He basically never left. He did a weekly radio show for a couple of years, a couple of interviews. After a while, he needed to get even farther away. With the money from the book, he bought this island. Turned it into a place people could escape to when reality got too... surreal.

MYLES

What happened to the mansion?

WILHELMINA

Sold it to Hefner.

Myles looks at the map for a while. He makes a decision.

MYLES

How do you get in there?

WILHELMINA

Gonna go beat up Don Tiki? My hero.

MYLES

Norma may be there already.

WILHELMINA

OK. First, you have to find the Perpendicular Trail.

MYLES

Which goes...

WILHELMINA

(indicating on the map)  
...perpendicular. To the shore.  
Inland.

MYLES

And it will take me...

WILHELMINA

They say to this old Norwegian dude who knows how to navigate the jungle river.

MYLES

And the hits keeps coming.

EXT. SHORE ROAD END

The Villager pulls up short at a dead end, the waves crashing to the left, the mountains to the right.

WILHELMINA

This is as far as I go.

MYLES

What?

WILHELMINA

End of the road.

They get out and take in the magnificent, pristine shoreline.

MYLES

Where's the hotel?

She points down the beach and hands him the map.

WILHELMINA

About 12 miles that way.

MYLES

How am I supposed to get there?

WILHELMINA

Gradually.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASHORE - DAY

Myles has been walking on the beach for some time, but now the sandy shore ends dramatically at a huge cliff jutting into the crashing surf. There is no going around it. He pulls out Wilhelmina's map and studies it, using it to find a trail leading up the cliff. The path is sculptured into the rock and the climb is strenuous, but it's also magical, like a MYST landscape come to life, with covered passages and places to sit carved from stone; trickles of fresh water dripping into a naturally carved basin.

The sound of the wind in all its frequencies as it whips up the hill makes Myles pause, wondering if it is music he hears. At the top, the path ends at a small tiki shrine on the cliff edge. He breathes deeply, the first time he seems relaxed all film.

Then his iPhone startles him with a conga riff - the only time it's rung since he got here.

MYLES

Thank God.

He pulls the phone out of his pocket, answers it and hears a woman's voice, singing hauntingly like a SIREN's call, but to a conga beat.

MYLES (CONT'D)

Who is this?!

He turns away from the sea and the Siren's voice gets much louder. Turns back seaward and it gets softer. Intrigued, he lowers the phone from his ear and points it in various directions, realizing it is acting like a direction finder.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Myles is following the captivating voice on his phone. It leads him through the koa woods, and to the edge of a black lava field.

It is clear now where the Siren's voice is coming from: the conical volcano smoking in the distance. Myles is lured across the lava field to the volcano. With each step he becomes more ephemeral, dissolving into a cartoon animation of himself. He is literally getting drawn in.

ANIMATION - VOLCANO

ANIMATED MYLES follows the voice to the foot of the volcano. Standing on the slope, just out of reach is the Siren - the specter of Norma. Myles is not the same anymore... he's animated, yes, but he's also primal, strong, Myles gone native. The MUSIC is a haunting Hawaiian ballad.

SONG: KO KAUA ALA HELILANI

ANIMATED MYLES

(singing)

Ko Kaua Ala Helilani  
 Red flowers crossing the moon  
 Hand in hand we climb the sacred  
 mountain  
 Sunsets o'er the lagoon  
 You are so beautiful so delicate  
 so rare  
 Like the leis of sweet pikake  
 that you wear  
 And I know you've come to me from  
 heaven  
 and you must return soon.

He and Animated Norma embrace and then begin to climb, he leading her by the hand. The volcano is beautiful, inviting. He picks her up and carries her.

## ANIMATED MYLES (CONT'D)

(singing)

I can't believe I can hold you in  
my arms  
I'm just a man of flesh and bone  
You're so much more than an angel  
You're something more precious  
than anything I've known

As Animated Myles has carried Animated Norma up the volcano to its rim, the volcano has become more and more threatening. Below them a fiery lake of molten lava.

## ANIMATED MYLES (CONT'D)

(singing)

Ko Kaua Ala Helilani  
Love is in your eyes.  
Here on the rim of the caldera  
We will be sanctified  
I see that look of sweet  
surrender on your face  
One little push.... and you're  
spiraling through space  
Ko Kaua Ala Helilani  
Now the gods are satisfied.

When Animated Myles realizes what he's done, he recoils in horror from the edge of the volcano. He tries to throw himself into the volcano as well, but something holds him back... He trips, falling to the ground.

## EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

When Myles comes to his senses, he finds himself on a large pile of mulch, shaped like a volcano, next to a parking lot. Wilhelmina is standing at the base of the pile, holding his pants leg.

## WILHELMINA

Man, are you easy. C'mon, let's  
go.

She motions him along, but he doesn't move. So she mockingly imitates the siren, trying to lure him to follow her.

## WILHELMINA (CONT'D)

Oooh, oooh...

MYLES

Cute.

WILHELMINA

(shaking her head)

You just get sucked right in.

They get in the cab.

INT. CAB

MYLES

If I didn't have to rely on your shitty map...

WILHELMINA

So you're committed to finding the love of your life as long as you have GPS.

MYLES

Hey - I thought you dropped me at the end of the road.

WILHELMINA

Yup. Then I drove around the island to the other end to give you some time to think. No extra charge.

EXT. SHORE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

MYLES

You knew I would get lost in there...

His voice fades away as the Villager disappears over a dramatic bridge.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The Villager pulls up to the lobby of the Hotel Tiki. It is a stunning monument to tiki, strong angular shapes jutting into the blue sky, stern totems standing guard at the entrance. Torches burning brightly even in the light of day.

From the distance, the sound of JUNGLE DRUMS.

INT. TAXI

Myles is reaching into his pocket.

MYLES  
What do I owe you?

WILHELMINA  
You have no idea. Out.

EXT. HOTEL

A BELLMAN opens the door and Myles gets out.

BELLMAN  
Have any baggage, sir?

MYLES  
No.

BELLMAN  
(to himself)  
They never do.

From inside the car...

WILHELMINA  
Good luck iBoy.

MYLES  
It's been real.

As he enters the Hotel, Myles passes by the sundry shop off the lobby, where Norma gaily tries on a new hat to the smiles of the friendly local SHOPKEEPER. Myles, of course, doesn't notice her.

INT. HOTEL MONTAGE - DAY

In his room Myles is resting after his arduous trip. Norma, unbeknownst to him, is in her own room preparing for a night out. Though they are in the same hotel, their respective rooms are in two different worlds. Hers is luxurious, light, beautiful. His is tacky, dirty and dark.

The only bright spot is a lovely waterfall paint-by-numbers picture hung on the wall next to the door.

In Norma's outer room, she slips off her shoes and lets her feet feel the soft carpet.

INTERCUT

Myles slaps at a scurrying roach with the heel of his shoe.

INTERCUT

Norma pours a flute of champagne from the bottle in the champagne holder. She sips, and takes a bite of a fresh strawberry.

INTERCUT

Myles pries open the mini bar in the closet: an old milk carton and a half-eaten sandwich.

INTERCUT

In Norma's luxurious bathroom, she undresses and turns on the water to draw a bath in the marble tub.

INTERCUT

The water is flowing in Myles' room also, but from the toilet which has stopped up. He frantically looks for something to sop it up with but can only find a couple of hand towels.

There's a crash of thunder, and Myles rushes to the window to push it shut, the driving rain soaking the carpet before he can get to it. Even after he closes it, even over the driving rain, he can hear the drums.

INTERCUT

Fresh from her bath in a flowing robe, Norma goes to open the window, the sun streaming into her room.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the storm clouds hold steady over Myles' wing of the hotel. Over hers it's sunny.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CLUB - NIGHT

The club is jammed. Myles enters cautiously, looks around. With all the wild characters in the joint, his plainness makes him look really weird. A waitress walks by with a tray and offers him the smoking tiki mug that's balanced on it. It looks dangerous, and he passes.

Then he sees her. She's leaning against the piano in a silky dressing gown, talking to the musicians.

MYLES

Norma!

He runs over to her.

NORMA

(surprised, but refusing  
to show it)

Hi Myles. Everybody, this is  
Myles. This is Perry Coma. That's  
Fluid Floyd. And that's...

MYLES

(amped)

Thank God I found you. I've been  
all over this godforsaken  
island...

NORMA

You need to relax.

MYLES

We have to get out of here,  
Norma. This place... this  
island... It's got you mesmerized  
and...

NORMA

...and blah blah blah. I know  
Myles.

MYLES

"Blah blah blah." As soon as  
anyone says anything you don't  
want to hear it's "blah blah  
blah."

The band begins to play, partly to rescue her and partly because break's over. The house lights dim.

SONG: BLAH BLAH CHA CHA

Norma has removed her dressing gown to reveal a Jeannie costume. Though she performs the number for the crowd, the message is clearly directed at Myles.

NORMA

(singing)

"Blah blah blah blah cha cha cha  
This is called the blah blah cha  
cha cha  
Got no words to fit this tune  
So you just say blah blah cha cha  
cha  
If I could write some words  
don'tcha know  
still the people you say cha cha  
cha let's go  
so we just leave it this way and  
we say  
it's the blah blah cha cha cha"

Myles follows her around the room as best he can, but she has the moves to avoid him. She lets him catch up for a second.

MYLES

I just want to...

NORMA

(spoken)

What's that you say baby? You  
like my cha cha?

MYLES

Can we just go out...

NORMA

(spoken)

I like your blah blah.

And then, poof, she's once more out of reach. A chorus of young male genies enters the dance and it becomes faster, acrobatic, defying the laws of hotel physics. The audience cha chas. The whole room cha chas.

NORMA (CONT'D)

(singing)  
 If I could write some words  
 don'tcha know  
 still the people you say cha cha  
 cha let's go  
 so we just leave it this way and  
 you say  
 it's the blah blah cha cha cha

Blah blah blah etc...

With a clever bit of choreography himself, Myles traps her, or so he thinks, at the end of the song.

MYLES

Talk to me!

NORMA

Blah, blah, blah.

And with that she crosses her arms, nods emphatically while blinking, and disappears in a cloud of smoke. Myles is left standing alone as the audience erupts in applause. A man from the audience playful punches Myles on the shoulder "atta boy" as if he's part of the act.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIKI BAR / POOL - LATER

Outside at the Hotel's pool bar, the BARTENDER is wiping up. A few people sit in tables by the pool, the light of the tiki torches dancing on the surface of the water. Dolly past two guys at the bar.

BAR PATRON

I'm going to Europe this summer  
 to finish my book.

THE OTHER GUY

Yeah? What're you reading?

Myles sits glumly on the next bamboo bar stool and orders.

MYLES

Gimme a Pagan Lust.

BARTENDER

I don't make 'em.

MYLES  
You're kidding.

BARTENDER  
Besides, they only work one way.  
They get you here.

MYLES  
So how do you get *out* of here?

BARTENDER  
They say you can leave once you  
find what you were looking for.

MYLES  
What about you? You never found  
what you were looking for?

BARTENDER  
(indicates the bar)  
I was looking for this.

The band inside has finished its last set, and is packing up for the night. From off in the distance, the sound of those DRUMS.

MYLES  
Tell me something... I've been  
hearing those drums since I got  
here. What's that about?

BARTENDER  
Forget it. It's when the drums  
*stop* that you should worry.

The Bartender is called to the opposite side of the circular bar by a short, hairy DARK MAN with a green Panama hat. Maybe it's just the lighting. They talk, a hushed conversation a lot longer than 'what're you drinking.' Myles thinks the Dark Man glances at him, but is too tired to care.

INT. MYLES' HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The door to the room opens and Myles enters heavily, sweeps vainly for a light switch on the wall, kicks off his shoes, and walks to the lanai, smashing into the corner of the bed, dresser, and floor lamp on the way. He pushes open the louver doors to a tiny balcony. The geckos scatter.

EXT. MYLES' LANAI - CONTINUOUS

The clouds that have covered Myles' wing of the hotel are drifting away, leaving a postcard moonlit beach scene. The palm trees sway in silhouette to the breeze and the trilling flute of a tropical song.

SONG: BAM-BOOZLED

The singer's voice at first seems to come from the gardens below, then from the ocean beyond. Then Myles realizes... it comes from everywhere he looks for it. It sounds a lot like Norma. Myles listens from his tiny lanai, exhausted, but with enough juice left to be drawn into the song.

VOICE (O.S)

(singing)

Bamboozled

By your mesmerizing voodoo

Feel so happily unusual

Like I'm swimming in champagne

EXT. NORMA'S LANAI - CONTINUOUS

On the nice side of the hotel, doors are sliding open on a huge, luxurious lanai with tiki torches and giant potted monsteras. Norma is stepping outside in a magnificent flowing robe. She too hears the voice.

VOICE (O.S)

(singing)

Bamboozled

With the mai tai and the moonglow

Like a night in Pago Pago

Everything familiar, yet strange

EXT. MYLES' LANAI

Myles is rapt with the music and his thoughts of Norma. He breaths deeply of the night air.

VOICE (O.S.)

(singing)

You haunt me

Like the fragrance of the sweet

frangipani bloom

## EXT. NORMA'S LANAI

Norma is thinking of Myles. She looks down and sees a romantic couple chasing, catching each other; then dancing together under a palm by the lagoon.

VOICE (O.S.)

(singing)

Our bodies  
Sway and play and we go spinning  
'round the room  
In a jungle blossom swoon

## EXT. LAGOON

The couple that Norma watches is herself and Myles, spinning under the palms.

VOICE (O.S.)

(singing)

Dizzy  
Like the swizzle spinning 'round  
my Singapore Sling  
Mystery  
In your eyes, and I go flipping  
for a fling  
On a rainbow-colored swing

The dance takes them through the gardens, and, ultimately, to Myles' side of the hotel.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(singing)

In my noodle I'm bamboozled  
Still I know one thing is crucial  
We could reminisce in paradise  
This is how it all began

As they dance, Myles can be seen in the distance, looking down on them from his lanai. They kiss.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(singing)

So catch me if you,  
Catch me if you can

INT. MYLES' HOTEL ROOM

Myles is spread out across the made-up bed, asleep, still in his clothes. The last words of the song drift out of the room.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(singing)  
So catch me if you,  
Catch me if you can.

Almost immediately, he is awoken by a knock at the door. He reaches to switch on the table lamp and knocks it over. It shorts out in a flash, sizzling and sending up a puff of acrid smoke.

MYLES  
Jesus.

In the dark, Myles stumbles over the chair, bangs into the wall, and the waterfall painting falls to the floor. He gets to the door and opens it.

It is the Dark Man from the bar who peers into the room, looking from side to side, wondering at all the commotion. He doesn't ask to come in.

DARK MAN  
Tomorrow I take you to see the  
ol' norweejun.

MYLES  
(exhausted)  
The old Norwegian, huh?

DARK MAN  
He da only one knows how to get  
to Don Tiki.

MYLES  
Yeah, I heard that one.

DARK MAN  
Meet me 6am in the da lobby. One  
long trip, dat one.

MYLES  
OK, Tattoo. What's this going to  
cost me?

DARK MAN  
 (smelling the smoke)  
 Should call housekeeping, brah.  
 Stinks in heah. Ha ha ha.

The Dark Man turns and goes, leaving Myles with his vermin.

INT. SUNDRY STORE - NEXT MORNING

The store in the hotel lobby is filled with souvenirs and sundries, in a museum-like setting. Myles consults a list on his phone as he wanders through the maze of displays, the Dark Man following him placidly.

MYLES  
 (as much to himself as to  
 the Dark Man)  
 Why I am trusting you I don't  
 know. Don Tiki my ass.

Myles picks up a dancing hula girl lamp and looks at it, the Shopkeeper (who was so friendly to Norma yesterday) watching him like a shoplifter.

MYLES (CONT'D)  
 Who buys this crap?

SHOPKEEPER  
 It's not for sale. Put it down.

Myles gathers the supplies he'll need to go inland: bug spray, sunglasses, Fritos. He finds an old style analog compass on the shelf and picks it up. He holds it flat and it spins counter clockwise. He tilts it upright and the needle points to the floor. He puts it back.

MYLES  
 (to the Shopkeeper)  
 Your compass is broken.

SHOPKEEPER  
 No. Only supposed to show up and  
 down.

MYLES  
 Do you carry a topographical map  
 of the island?

PROPRIETOR  
 (shaking his head)  
 Tahpo...? No. Got magazines.

He holds up a glossy magazine called Exotica with a wild retro tiki babe cover.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH NEAR THE HOTEL - LATER

In the deep sand, Myles struggles to keep up with the Dark Man. He sets down his beach bag full of his items and pulls off his shoes. His pit stop increases the Dark Man's lead and Myles has to shuffle even faster, shoes in hand.

Up ahead, the Dark Man has stopped and is staring inland. Myles reaches him and stops, out of breath. He turns to see what the Dark Man is looking at: a forest of large tiki heads carved from the trees, each one an individual, each one almost alive. They walk into the tiki garden and are enveloped by them - it's impossible to tell one direction from another.

DARK MAN  
 Over heah you no can escape the mana. Each tiki head has power over one part of da world. Dis one here (he indicates one head) is da godhead. Big boss dis one. Dis one (walking over to another) da *fish* head. For da fisherman to catch da fish. (He points to a long bearded Jewish face carved into another tiki) Over deah is da diamond head. (Then to a female face) Dis sistah is Talulah Bankhead.

They come to a squat tiki face carved from a rotted stump. It has sunglasses carved over the eyes.

DARK MAN (CONT'D)  
 Most important one, dis tiki.

MYLES  
 (unimpressed)  
 Really? Why?

DARK MAN  
Dis the *trail* head. Ha ha ha.

Passing by the trunk, he disappears into the jungle on the trail. Myles takes off after.

EXT. JUNGLE - MONTAGE

A series of shots of Myles and the Dark Man, who turns out to be surprisingly agile, as they hike up the narrowing Perpendicular Trail. The sound of the DRUMS a constant background.

SONG: BWANA BANANA (Instrumental)

The Dark Man stops above him on the trail, then takes a few steps back to him. He nonchalantly brushes a huge hairy spider from Myles' shoulder, then turns and continues up the mountain.

DARK MAN  
You know why they call dis one da  
Perpendicular Trail?

MYLES  
(gasping for air)  
Yeah... because it goes...  
perpendicular to... the shore...

DARK MAN  
No bruddah. Perpendicular to da  
ground. Ha ha ha.

Myles stops, completely out of breath. He looks up in the direction the Dark Man indicates - straight up a sheer cliff wall.

MONTAGE CONTINUED:

They climb. Myles clings fearfully to the rock wall, dropping his precious Vitamin Water and watching it crash on the rocks below.

They cross the stereotypical rope bridge over the typecast chasm.

They cross paths with an angry wild boar and run in separate directions through the jungle. Myles is separated from the Dark Man, running wildly through the brush, madly tossing Fritos in an effort to placate the wild beast.

EXT. TV REALITY SHOW SET - CONTINUOUS

Myles bursts through a wall of brush and is momentarily blinded by a bright light. He can't see but he can hear.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Cut. CUT!

When the light turns off, Myles discovers he's blundered onto the set of a reality TV survival show. In the clearing is a boot camp style obstacle course: truck tires, mud pit, wall with rope. Half a dozen buff young men and busty women in scanty t-shirts suddenly stop their competition, annoyed at the interruption.

MAN CONTESTANT

How am I supposed to perform like this?

WOMAN CONTESTANT

I thought this was supposed to be, like, a deserted island?

MYLES

Uh, sorry.

The Dark Man breaks through the same spot in the brush, having just caught up with Myles.

DARK MAN

'Scuse us.

He pulls Myles back into the bushes from whence they came. Still the DRUMS in the distance.

DARK MAN (CONT'D)

Even over heah you never know when, wham, you run smack into reality. Ha ha ha.

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE - DUSK

In another part of the jungle, Norma is also on her way to find Don Tiki. She seems to be having a much more pleasant trip through the rainforest, admiring the lovely flowers from a charming boardwalk path. She enters a charming jungle village, a maze of tree houses and vines and bizarre structures, a huge natural jungle gym.

As she walks through the center of the village, faces peer out at her from behind thatch walls, from the holes in tree trunks. First children's faces, then women and men. Slowly they start to come out, like the munchkins when they began to trust the bad witch was dead.

NORMA

Hello.

Nobody answers, but a few of the children run off the path, returning shortly with a gaunt man in a ragged priest's robe and a painted face, a MISSIONARY gone pagan in the jungle.

MISSIONARY

What is your business here, my child?

NORMA

I'm looking for Don Tiki.

MISSIONARY

(laughing)

Don Tiki?! Here? With no TV?

NORMA

But they told me he lives in the jungle.

MISSIONARY

In the jungle, yes, but not "in" the jungle. (meaning all these trees and stuff) Don Tiki needs his creature comforts. Out here...

A wild animal swings across the sky above him.

MISSIONARY (CONT'D)

...only *creatures*.

The music starts, and people start to sway. The Missionary takes Norma by the hand and leads her into the village.

SONG: THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS

MISSIONARY (CONT'D)

(singing)

Let me tell you 'bout my neighborhood cause if you visit me tonight.

(MORE)

## MISSIONARY (CONT'D)

You better stay out of the  
 shadows, stay in the bright  
 bright light.  
 Don't take fright... the natives  
 are restless tonight.

At this last, the village explodes into frenetic activity. The vines and structures become conduits for people and animals that swing, slither, and climb all over the place. Norma is swept up into the action, a willing participant all the way.

## MISSIONARY (CONT'D)

(singing)

They're not particularly  
 interested in me or you.  
 They're just looking for some  
 meat they can put in their stew.  
 Don't take fright... the natives  
 are restless tonight. And they  
 go...

## VILLAGE PEOPLE

(singing)

Oompapa oompapa oompapa hey hey,  
 oompapa oompapa oompapa hey hey,  
 oompapa oompapa oompapa hey hey,  
 etc.

She swings face-to-face with the Missionary who waves a ragged Bible in her face.

## MISSIONARY

(singing)

It's best to stay upstairs  
 With the good-book all alone  
 'Cause when the drums start  
 burnin'  
 You better leave your sermons at  
 home  
 Don't take fright,  
 The natives are restless tonight

Throughout this last, the "natives" have set up a staged cannibal scene, complete with large cauldron of boiling water.

## MISSIONARY (CONT'D)

(singing)

You might consider yourself lucky  
 just to be alive

(MORE)

## MISSIONARY (CONT'D)

'Cause it's a full moon tonight  
 And it's just right for a  
 conquering tribe  
 Don't take fright,  
 The natives are restless tonight

## VILLAGE PEOPLE

(singing)

Restless tonight, the natives are  
 restless tonight, etc.

The whole village has taken their places around the scene, natives and animals, chiefs and warriors, and a large matronly woman who looks alarmingly like Julia Childs in brownface and wields a huge wooden stirring spoon.

Norma has been carried prone on the shoulders of six hot young warriors soaked in oil. They hold her on the platform above the cauldron as the music reaches a fever pitch. And then...

## NORMA

Wait!

The music stops cold. Everyone freezes in mid-gesture.

## NORMA (CONT'D)

(sheepishly)

I'm not exactly a virgin.

At that the whole action stops, the warriors lower her to her feet in disappointment, and the villagers begin to toss various vegetables into the stew instead of the girl.

## MISSIONARY

Hmmm... then I believe you are  
 ready to meet Don Tiki. But  
 first, we grind.

The cook ladles soup into wooden bowls.

## EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE

On the trail, the Dark Man begins to notice signs of the village... tiny tikis carved into tree branches, so small that Myles has to lean close to see. The Dark man points one out.

## DARK MAN

Dis tiki a *shrunken* head. Ha ha  
ha.

As he takes another step, a net falls from the tree canopy and captures the Dark Man. In one fell swoop, the Dark Man is pulled up into the trees, out of site forever. But as he disappears, he leaves one last direction.

## DARK MAN (CONT'D)

Remember - find da old Norweejun.  
Whoaaa....

And Myles is left alone on the trail.

Myles proceeds slowly, step by step now, the sound of the ever-present DRUMS rattling his nerves.

## EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE - DUSK

He enters the same village Norma was in shortly before, but there are no friendly faces greeting *him*.

## SONG: THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS REMIX

The village is even darker now as Myles has to make his way through a gauntlet of threats, animal and human, swinging across his path, spears and arrows buzzing by his ears. The dancing natives surround him and taunt him. They close in on him in an tightening circle, jeering and laughing.

The circle of men gives way to women, who are somehow even more frightening to Myles, though they clearly want him alive. The women begin to touch and pull him until they have him pinned against a female tiki in the middle of the village, his head resting between its wooden breasts.

The crowd parts and the Julia Childs-looking woman approaches him with her giant spoon held high.

Myles passes out. Again.

## EXT. RIVER CLEARING - DAY

Myles comes to consciousness in a small patch of sun, his shirt undone and his hair a mess, but his limbs, thankfully, all where he left them.

He gets up and finds himself by a lazy river which winds away into an even deeper, darker jungle. Next to the river is a small shack with a homemade sign, "Thor's River Tours." There is no other direction to go but toward the scrappy front yard of Thor's.

He knocks on the wood plank door and waits. Nothing. Knocks again. From behind him, a large European voice scares the crap out of him.

THOR

I'm not home.

THOR pushes past Myles, opens the door to the cabin and ducks inside. He is a tall, fit man, with a shock of gray-white hair and a warm masculine face chiseled by the weather.

THOR (CONT'D)

Now I am home. Come in.

INT. THOR'S CABIN

Myles has cautiously followed Thor inside. Thor starts a pot of coffee on a old wood stove.

THOR

Make yourself comfortable. You are interested in de river tour?

MYLES

Uh, no. Maybe. Are you...  
*Norwegian* by any chance?

THOR

Norveegian by birth. Citizen of  
de vorlt by nature - of the *olt*  
vorlt, I should say.

Myles looks around the shack which is filled with the scraps of a life of adventure: old black and white photos, a wooden oar, ancient sea logs.

Myles takes a sextant from a shelf by the small window and turns it over in his hands. A monkey swings out of nowhere, snatches it back from him and puts it back on the shelf.

THOR (CONT'D)

Dat (meaning the sextant)  
belonged to Sir Thomas  
Shackleton. (Pointing elsewhere)  
Christopher Columbus' first map  
of Dominica. (Pointing elsewhere)  
Doze ver Magellan's deck shoes.  
It all vinds up here: mementos of  
de age ven human dinosaurs roamed  
de earth in der vooden ships and  
salt tack and scurvy. Today no  
more discovery. No matter how far  
you go, der's a veb cam ven you  
get der.

Myles has stopped at a framed document of a much younger  
Thor receiving the World Citizen Ship award. He reads the  
inscription.

Myles

Wait a minute... you're Thor...  
Heyerdahl?! You're supposed to be  
dead.

THOR

Yah, yah. Dey say I died in Italy  
of a brain tumor. Turns out it  
vas just a bad chianti hangover.  
I lived to sail vonce again... to  
prove Don Tiki really exists.

MYLES

So there really *is* a Don Tiki?

THOR

(mysteriously)

Don Tiki you haff to find for  
yourself, yah? Come, my friend.

EXT. THOR'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Outside again, Thor leads to the edge of the clearing where  
it meets the river. He begins to pull away a clever  
camouflage of trees and vines to reveal a crude but well  
built raft that Myles instantly recognizes.

Myles

The KON TIKI?!?!

THOR

Ve thought it would make a nice  
slogan for de river tour  
business. Ride de Kon Tiki to Don  
Tiki. Giff me a hand.

Together they push the papyrus raft with a large tiki  
printed on its canvas sail into the lazy river.

CUT TO:

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Enjoying a softly bouncy ride in a very comfortable  
carriage, Norma sips a cool drink through a straw.

SONG: HEAT

SINGER

Tropical, tropical  
The endless summer, where palm  
trees play  
Mangoes, papayas falling off of  
the trees  
Just another perfect day

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - CONTINUOUS

The carriage is being carried by four of the gorgeous men  
that were in the jungle village with Norma.

SINGER

(continuing "Heat")  
Flower leis, ultraviolet rays,  
Steamy jungles, volcanic haze  
The mercury rising, and it's on  
your street, so...  
You better get used to the heat

CUT TO:

EXT. THOR'S RAFT

Thor pushes the raft forward with a long pole, like a  
Venetian gondolier. His monkey scoots back and forth across  
the deck, stopping abruptly from time to time to listen for  
noises in the jungle. Myles sweats mightily and swats  
mosquitos the size of hummingbirds.

SINGER

(continuing "Heat")

You better get used to the heat  
 You better get used to the heat  
 Stick to the shady side of the  
 street, yeah,  
 You better get used to it  
 You better get used to it  
 You better get used to the heat

The raft slows. Music fades.

MYLES

And you never wanted to go back?

THOR

To vat? Deez days de vorlt spins  
 too fast for an olt man. Progress  
 is man's vay of complicatink  
 simplicity.

The raft drifts into a azure pool filled by a dramatic  
 waterfall. It's the waterfall in the paint-by-numbers  
 picture that was in Myles' room.

MYLES

Tell me about Don Tiki.

THOR

Don Tiki.

Thor rests the pole for a moment.

THOR (CONT'D)

A king vonce told his prime  
 minister, who vas also his good  
 friend: "I see in de stars that  
 everyvon who eats from dis year's  
 grain harvest is going to go mad.  
 Vat do you think vee should do?"

De prime minister suggested dey  
 should put aside a stock of good  
 grain so dey vould not haff to  
 eat from de tainted grain.

"But it vill be impossible to set  
 aside enough good grain for  
 everyvon," says de king. "

(MORE)

THOR (CONT'D)

And if vee put away a stock for  
just de two of us, vee vill be de  
only vons who vill be sane.  
Everyvon else vill be mad, and  
dey vill look at us and think dat  
vee are de mad vons.

"No. Ve too vill haff to eat from  
dis year's grain. But vee vill  
both put a sign on our heads. I  
vill look at your forehead, and  
you vill look at mine. And ven  
vee see de sign, at least vee  
vill remember dat vee are mad."

Thor starts to push the Kon Tiki forward again, up the  
stream on the far side of the pool.

MYLES

So what you're saying is we're  
all nuts.

THOR

All except for you.

The jungle falls silent except for the sloshing of the raft  
and the DRUMS, louder than before.

MYLES

What are those...

THOR

...drums. Yah. OK now. But ven  
they stop...

MYLES

Then I should worry.

THOR

Yah. Den.

EXT. DON TIKI'S PALACE - LATE AFTERNOON

The raft comes to the end of the river - a cul-de-sac, a  
mobius loop of water that encircles a small island, just 50  
yards wide. At the center of the island, under a palm tree,  
is a gleaming vintage Airstream trailer, TV antenna  
sprouting from the roof.

Thor guides the raft around the island coming to a small landing on the far side. There's a line of poles leading up to the trailer, a string of electric tiki lights draping the poles, multi colored faces swinging in the breeze. A barbecue grill off to one side is lightly smoking, a couple of Adirondack chairs.

Myles steps off the Kon Tiki, but Thor remains on board.

THOR

Dis is as far as I go.

The DRUMS are louder here.

MYLES

This is Don Tiki's palace?!

THOR

(sarcastic)

No. It's his honey-vagon.

Myles pauses.

THOR (CONT'D)

You don't haff to knock.

Myles walks across under the tiki lights up to the door and opens it. He steps up, into the trailer. The door closes. Quiet. Except for the DRUMS outside in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRSTREAM TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Inside it's 50s stock. Kitchenette, dinette, tiki-atomic cafe curtains on the windows. There's a cup of coffee on the table. A black and white TV set plays "Bewitched" with the volume down.

At the far end of the trailer is a short door that leads to the sleeping area. It is closed tight, but bright light leaks out the cracks. So does the sound of music: vibes and voices.

SONG: HYPNOTIZING MAN

VOICES

(singing)

Ooo-ahh-ooo... etc.

He takes the few steps do the door, the music getting louder as he approaches. He places his hand on the door and slowly turns the doorknob. As he pulls open the door, the lyrics start.

CHORUS

(singing)

Oh that hypnotizing man  
That hypnotizing man...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens to the sleeping area all right, but it's the size of a basketball court. Myles steps in and looks around. Besides being 10 times the size of the trailer it's in, the room is whimsical in every way, like a crazy Mayan temple, 60s style. From a closet door comes the EMCEE, a fiery performer in deep purple formal wear with a two-inch pompadour and a six-inch microphone.

EMCEE

(singing)

Oh that hypnotizing man  
That hypnotizing man  
He'll put the hoodoo on you too,  
That hypnotizing man

At the center of the far wall, a huge murphy bed flips down. The body of a woman is laying on the bed. As Myles approaches it, it starts to levitate. The Emcee leans over Myles' shoulder.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

(singing)

He will fit you in his plans  
And then hit you with demands  
He knows you well, you're in his  
spell  
That hypnotizing man

The Body swings her legs over the edge of the bed and starts to walk towards him. It is Norma, of course, in a trance. Myles is trying to take it all in, hasn't noticed the Chorus surrounding him.

CHORUS

(singing)

Be careful, don'tcha look into  
his eyes

(MORE)

CHORUS (CONT'D)  
 You'll be doing crazy things,  
 before you realize

EMCEE  
 (singing)  
 That hypnotizing man  
 That hypnotizing man  
 He'll put the hoodoo on you too,  
 That hypnotizing man

Myles tries to reach Norma, but the Emcee pops in his way at every turn. Myles tries to avoid those dark black eyes, but is finally trapped by the Emcee.

EMCEE (CONT'D)  
 (spoken)  
 And now we shall begin to  
 hypnotize you. Just make yourself  
 perfectly comfortable. Lie down.  
 That's good. Breathe deeply and  
 just relax.

The walls of the bedroom fall away, revealing a huge boudoir. The dance becomes driven, trance on steroids. The Emcee choreographs with wild waves of his arms, with control over Norma, the Chorus, and now Myles.

Meanwhile, the Chorus has wrapped themselves around Norma.

CHORUS  
 (singing)  
 Be careful, don'tcha touch his  
 magic wand  
 When he waves that thing around,  
 you're gonna say "So long"

Myles isn't waving his wand, but he is dancing seductively around Norma. Under hypnosis and stripped of his inhibitions, he's a veritable romeo. And she drinks it up, seeing new possibilities in an unwound Myles. Now the Emcee is talking to Norma:

EMCEE  
 (singing)  
 You're like putty in his hands  
 You'll obey his crazed commands  
 You're in a spin, you'll give  
 right in  
 To that hypnotizing man  
 (MORE)

EMCEE (CONT'D)  
 That hip hip hip hip hip hip hip  
 hip  
 hip hip hip hip hypnotizing man

The number goes wild, and they dance manically, leaving them both complete spent. The hypnotic trance fading, they open their eyes and gaze at each other. Myles has finally caught up with Norma in every sense, and both are happy he has.

MYLES  
 Wow.

NORMA  
 Agreed.

Then Myles notices the silence, no music, no drums, for the first time since he arrived at the hotel.

MYLES  
 The drums... They've stopped!

The Emcee nods.

MYLES (CONT'D)  
 (frightened)  
 Now what happens? What horrible thing?

EMCEE  
 Now comes the bass solo.

The Chorus, which has formed part of the backdrop for the romantic number, groans en masse and starts to dissipate. Catching his breath, Myles turns to the Emcee.

MYLES  
 OK, Mr. Tiki, you have my attention.

EMCEE  
 Mr... (laughs) I'm not Don Tiki.

NORMA  
 Then who are you?

The Emcee pulls out his business card.

EMCEE

Delmar deWild. Weddings, private parties, corporate retreats - you've got to check out my new program "Spiritual Warrior in Red Velvet." It's an inspirational weekend...

MYLES

(back to his old self)  
I demand to see Don Tiki.

NORMA

(like Dorothy)  
We've come such a long way already. (cries dramatically)

EMCEE

(like the Oz Guard)  
Oh, oh -- please don't cry any more. I'll get you to Don Tiki somehow. Come on. I had an Aunt Em myself once.

He grabs a long coat from a rack and goes to a corner of the set. We hadn't noticed it before but there is an emergency exit with an "ALARM WILL SOUND" crash bar. Myles and Norma following, he pushes through the door. Instead of a siren, it blares a traffic report from a LA's all-news radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Southbound on the 101... report of seven car pile up at Balbo Boulevard... expect major delays there...

EMCEE

Monday morning rush hour. Now that's alarming.

INT. CORRIDOR

The door opens to a bland corridor.

NORMA

Where're we going?

EMCEE

Shopping.

They go down the service corridor which opens onto the second level of an enormous shopping mall.

NORMA  
(unimpressed)  
A mall.

EMCEE  
Girl, you're cute but the mules  
got to go.

SONG: AXOLOTL (instrumental)

As weird as the three of them look - the Emcee in royal purple formal wear, Norma in flowing boudoir robe and pink fluff mules, Myles in his jungle survival gear - no one seems to notice them. They move through the crowded mall as if in a bubble.

Every one is shopping, talking, texting, twittering... swallowing hot dogs, ice cream swirls, sugar buns... oblivious to the three interlopers, who watch everything as if in a dream.

It's a dance of commerce and non-verbal communication, in the rhythm of the modern agora. They step through its choreography without touching or being touched by it: voyeurs of the pornography of the new.

The Emcee has led them around the balcony and stops in front of a bench. He leans on the rail.

MYLES  
Why are we here?

EMCEE  
You wanted to see Don Tiki.

He points down into the mall to the throngs of people crisscrossing, each on a mission. Everybody is rushing everywhere except for a large elderly man in an aloha shirt sitting on a stool next to a tiki sculpture and pushcart. He twists balloons for a couple of kids. Their mothers, grateful for a few minutes of relief, are yakking on cell phones.

The mall is going a mile a minute, but the circle around the Balloon Man is slow and relaxed.

NORMA  
*That's Don Tiki?!*

EMCEE  
In the flesh.

NORMA  
What's he doing here?

EMCEE  
Balloon art.

Closer, we can see the joy he brings to the few small children around him. He twists balloons with dexterity, a master. As we listen to the Emcee, Don Tiki makes an elaborate headpiece for one of the kids, a Carmen Miranda hat like a fruit basket, as tall as the kid herself.

EMCEE (OS) (CONT'D)  
It's his thing. He goes a little mental if he doesn't get off the rock.

NORMA (OS)  
But a shopping mall?

EMCEE (OS)  
Don Tiki has this idea that the world is too turned on. It's hard to enjoy the simple things anymore. Most people don't even realize they're in an endless loop. Not so many people ever make it to Tiki Island. This is the Don's idea of outreach.

The child wearing the ridiculous balloon hat dances a hula to Don Tiki's ukulele. Her mom is still on the phone. Back on the balcony, the three stand near the top of the escalator.

NORMA  
(shaking her head)  
A Don Ti-kiosk.

EMCEE  
Rent is cheap. Plus, it's easy to push around.

NORMA  
(still in disbelief)  
Didn't see that coming.

On the floor, Don Tiki has succeeded in drawing at least one of the moms into his happy spell with a giant telephone made from twisted balloons.

EMCEE

Well that's about all the reality  
I can stomach. Ready?

NORMA

I think I'm going to stay here. I  
have to get back to the real  
world sooner or later.

Myles has been looking hard at the manic dance of the shopping mall, the cash registers, video monitors, Muzak.

MYLES

(unsure)  
Back?

NORMA

I just needed to get away for a  
couple of days. We can go back  
now.

MYLES

(disappointed)  
Back? Here?

NORMA

(understanding)  
Take your time, Myles. I'll be  
waiting for you.

MYLES

I'll be home soon. Listen... you  
want to borrow my phone?

NORMA

Oh. Yeah. I kinda...

MYLES

I know.

He hands her the phone. She touches his hair warmly before stepping onto the down escalator, into the real world, leaving him with the Emcee.

NORMA

(to the Emcee)  
Take care of him.

EMCEE  
Oh, that I will.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

A MAKE-UP ARTIST is putting the last touches on Norma, the healthy look. In the mirror, bordered by bare light bulbs, her face is as relaxed and radiant as it has ever been.

The ASSISTANT DIRECTOR sticks his head in the green room.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
Norma. We're ready for you.

MAKE-UP ARTIST  
(with a last stroke)  
She's done.

Norma glances at herself in the mirror, then gets up to leave.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The same living room set as in the very first scene: family and friends are gathered. The actor who plays the Facilitator is chasing a couple of pills with a cup of coffee. The actor who plays the Mother is reading Star Magazine.

DIRECTOR (O.S)  
Background.

The actors snap into character. But now the energy in the room is completely different - no trace of the heaviness of the first-act intervention. Instead, everyone is hopeful, expectant.

DIRECTOR (O.S) (CONT'D)  
Action.

The front door opens and Norma breezes in, as if back from a long trip. Her Mother rushes to the door and hugs Norma as the others watch happily.

MOTHER

Oh Norma, we were so worried.  
When you didn't answer any of my  
texts... it's so good to have you  
back.

There is a chorus of agreement. The Facilitator rises importantly as if he had something to do with this happy resolution.

FACILITATOR

Well done, everyone. Be very  
proud of yourselves, all. Now we  
can begin to work on our fragile  
interpersonal relationships...

Everyone ignores him. Norma's Father steps close to her and smiles, hugs.

FATHER

I knew my baby would come back.

When they release, there is an uncomfortable pause.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Honey, where's Myles?

Everyone looks at Norma, concerned.

NORMA

He'll be along.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRSTREAM TRAILER - NIGHT

On a crystal clear night, Don Tiki's trailer gleams in the light of the full moon. The river flows gently around the tiny island on an island, the moon beams rippling on its surface. The barbecue is lightly smoking.

Inside, the lights are on, light streaming out from the tiny curtained windows. It's a tranquil scene except for the tiki music emanating from inside the trailer, which is rocking.

FADE OUT