

**THE ADVENTURES
OF
GUY WHITMORE**

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FADE IN:

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE - DAY

Humid, vine covered. Clouds of mosquitoes in the air. Could be the Amazon, could be Indonesia.

A MACHETE hacks through tough vines. Belonging to:

GUY WHITMORE, 40, bespectacled, days old stubble. Despite the heat, he wears a Members Only jacket and jeans. Carries a bulging leather tote-bag.

Guy pauses in a clearing. Pulls out a small COMPASS from inside his jacket, its glass *cracked*, but it still works.

A WOMAN'S SCREAM rings out in the distance. Guy turns to...

A man appears beside him. This is COOKIE, late 40s, built like a bear. Face full of scars. He whips out a giant silvery Desert Eagle.

COOKIE
Sounded like a girl.

Another SCREAM.

GUY
She's in trouble.

Fearless, Guy hacks through more dense foliage. Headed in the scream's direction.

Cookie follows close behind. Cocks his gun.

RUSTLING in the bushes ahead. Something large. A deep animalistic GRUNT.

Cookie rushes ahead, but Guy holds him back.

GUY (CONT'D)
Careful. Could be a razorback.
Those tusks will slice you open
like a cantaloupe.

Guy pulls aside a palmetto leaf REVEALING:

A BEEFY JOCK (20) banging his slutty blonde GIRLFRIEND (18) on a bed of ferns. He GRUNTS. She SCREAMS in ecstasy.

Guy and Cookie put away their weapons. Shake their heads.

Slutty Blonde notices them. SHRIEKS in terror.

Her and Beefy jock move behind a nearby bush, covering themselves in blankets.

BEEFY JOCK

(to Guy)

What the fuck are you guys doing?

GIRLFRIEND

Perverts! I'm calling the cops.

PERVERTS!

The girlfriend rummages inside a mountainous purse for her cellphone.

Guy puts up his hands.

GUY

Now, wait a second...

He pauses noting more RANDOM VOICES.

RANDOM VOICES

- HEY!
- What's going on here?
- Perverts?
- Hey, who the Hell are you guys?

A large group of roided-out college JOCKS arrive on scene.

A hundred yards behind them a PARTY is getting set up. Coolers of beer. Corn hole. SORORITY GIRLS doing shots.

Our adventurers have stumbled upon a Spring Break vacation spot.

Cookie glances at Guy: *Now what?*

Guy approaches the head JOCK, a Jersey-Shore type.

GUY

First of all, this land has very important archeological significance that you meatheads are completely destroying with your party.

Second, it's illegal to throw a party on this land without a permit or written permission from the superintendent--

JOCK

--You wanna know what illegal is, bro? How about spying on two kids having sex. That get you off, huh?

GUY
Pack up and leave before this gets
ugly.

RANDOM BYSTANDER
Ooooooh! Snap.

JOCK
Is that so, Members Only?

Jock grabs Guy's jacket.

Guy gets right in Jock's face.

GUY
Careful. I'll knock you back to the
Stone Age, buster.

Jock PUNCHES Guy square in the jaw. Hard.

Guy massages his head, clearly in pain.

GUY (CONT'D)
Barely felt that one.

Guy PUNCHES Jock, but his fist misses the kid's head and
instead hits his shoulder.

Jock laughs. Counters with a MUCH STRONGER punch. Almost
knocks Guy flat on his back.

Jock proceeds to SLUG THE HELL out of Guy. BAM! CRUNCH. SLAM!

The other jocks cheer him on. Guy tries to block, but Jock is
much too fast and strong.

Guy takes a serious beating. And it doesn't look like he's
going to recover.

Cookie steps forward, about to step in, but Guy holds up his
hand, stopping him.

GUY (CONT'D)
Just warming up, Cookie. I got
this.

Guy lunges at Jock's waist. Tries to tackle him, but Jock
just moves aside as...

Guy falls face first into the dirt. His body hits a small
metal CASE embedded in the ground, breaking it open. Sticky
water pours out. No one else sees this.

Guy spits out the water. Notices an iridescent GREEN STONE within the case, shaped like an arrowhead. Guy snatches it as he shakily pushes himself up from the ground. Spits blood.

JOCK
Ready to give up, pervert?

GUY
(heaving)
Not... on your... mother's life.

Guy is so weak from the fight, he almost falls down.

Cookie steps in his way. Faces Jock.

Jock sizes Cookie up, wary. Cookie has at least a foot on him.

Still, Jock smirks, confident.

JOCK
You want some too, hombre?

Cookie SMASHES his fist into Jock's face. The force of it not only breaks Jock's nose, but sends him flying into the nearby bushes. All in one smooth, fluid PUNCH.

Silence falls over the group...

COOKIE
(to the frat bros)
Get the Hell off this island.

Everyone SCRAMBLES to leave, dragging their broken-nosed leader with them.

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Cookie helps Guy limp toward a small motorized jonboat beached in the sand.

Guy's so swollen he can barely talk. Bloody spittle drips from his mouth.

GUY
I had 'em, Cookie. I was...
ready... for a comeback.

COOKIE
I know, boss. I know.

Guy climbs into the boat as Cookie pushes it off the beach.

EXT. BAY - DAY

The boat motors toward a flat, featureless city on the coast.

Our fearless explorers weren't that far from civilization after all.

TITLE: *THE ADVENTURES OF GUY WHITMORE*

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE FLORIDA - DAY (MONTAGE)

Quiet suburbs lined with cookie-cutter split-level homes.

Shopping malls, car dealerships, fast food chains.

Endless concrete and asphalt giving off waves of undulating heat.

Lots of Billboards advertising "*The Madam's Boutique and Salon.*" A photo of a woman in her 60s, caked in make-up.

Other local shops and businesses have "*The Madam's*" name attached.

Then... just beyond the city limit lies a sea of GREEN.

EXT. COUNTY FOREST PRESERVE - DAY

A maritime hammock of moss-covered oaks, hickory, pine. Hiking trails. Boardwalks overlooking pristine marshland.

In the middle of it all lies:

EXT. VISITOR CENTER/MUSEUM - DAY

A flat brick building houses a ranger station and small museum. Inside a window...

INT. RANGER CRAIG'S OFFICE - DAY

CRAIG, 50s, senior park ranger, face like chiseled stone, sits behind a large desk. He stares daggers at...

Guy, still purpled from the fight and wearing a park ranger uniform. He holds a bag of ice to his head.

CRAIG

Where the Hell's your nametag,
Frobisher?

GUY

Oh...

Guy reaches into his pocket and clips on a brass nametag:
DAVID FROBISHER.

CRAIG

I received a report last night from one of our LEs. Some college kids claiming a guy "wearing a Member's Only jacket and his huge Mexican Terminator friend threatened them and broke someone's nose." The kid with the broken nose is the mayor's son.
Any of this sound familiar?

GUY

My memory's a bit hazy right now. I fell in the showe--

CRAIG

Cut the crap, Frobisher. You were on Arrowhead Island off-hours yesterday.

GUY

I was?

CRAIG

I don't care if your father started this damn preserve. I hear about any more "unauthorized archeological expeditions" and you're not only fired. You're going to jail.

GUY

Unauthorized? There are dozens of treasure hunters out there every day digging up old coins, cannon barrels, necklaces. And worst of all, they sell these priceless pieces of our history on-line for a quick buck.

CRAIG

David, Arrowhead Island was created from dredge runoff in the 60s and you have no proof they found those items on the island. I hate to shit on your parade, but the world is all mapped out.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

There's no more lost civilizations
or ancient treasures to find out
there. Only a bunch of wannabes
with too little sense and too much
time on their hands.
Now go home. Get yourself cleaned
up.

Guy stands.

INT. RANGER OFFICES - DAY

As Guy leaves Craig's office, he runs into a frail, severe-looking woman in her late 60s, dressed in an expensive suit and walking with a green cane.

It's THE MADAM we saw on all those billboards.

A dozen high-priced LAWYERS flank the Madam. One of them holds open the door.

MADAM

Thank you, Johnston.

Guy's expression immediately sours as the lawyers push him out of the Madam's way.

MADAM (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Indiana Whitmore, or
whatever your name is.

The Madam and her bevy of lawyers stride past Guy into Craig's office.

Guy watches them enter, worried.

A PARK GUIDE, 20s, notices his look.

PARK GUIDE

(re: Madam)

She's looking to buy half the park.

GUY

(furious)

Of course she is.

Guy storms out of the office.

EXT. BACHELOR APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Rundown, half the exterior lights have burnt out.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cramped, cluttered. The place is a monument to adventure. Glossy photos of exotic locals adorn the walls: Machu Picchu, the Taj Mahal, the Amazon rainforest. Books on famous expeditions.

Guy sits at his desktop computer typing up a blog post.

ON COMPUTER: Guy writes on a blog called "The Adventures of Guy Whitmore." He only has two followers.

GUY (V.O.)
 (as he types)
 Another foiled adventure, dear readers. I, Guy Whitmore, was so close to finding the lost fortress of Cortez...

As the narration continues we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE - DAY (GUY'S FANTASY)

Guy Whitmore, now decked out in classic Indiana Jones attire, and BUFF AS HELL, hacks through an insanely dangerous jungle, fighting off tarantulas and pythons.

GUY (V.O.)
 My trusty side-kick Cookie and I were in the heart of Arrowhead Island.

Cookie arrives next to him. He looks pretty much the same as he does in real life, only slightly smaller than Guy.

Cookie stomps on a huge spider, crushing its guts.

GUY (V.O.)
 When all of a sudden, they arrived...

Instead of the beefy jocks, a group of stereotypical DRUG SMUGGLERS appear. They brandish automatic rifles.

GUY (V.O.)
 Drug smugglers. We'd stumbled on the location of their black tar heroin stash.

Guy and Cookie look down at their feet:

The tarantula guts are smeared on top of a buried crate full of brown bags.

Guy whips out his six-shooter.

Cookie levels his Desert Eagle.

GUY (V.O.)
It was all we could do get out of
there alive...

SLOW-MO: Our heroes dive for cover, FIRING at the smugglers, while smugglers unload their submachine guns: RAT-AT-TAT-TAT.

Guy and Cookie shoot them with precise, controlled shots.

A smuggler sneaks up behind Guy but he slugs the bastard, knocking him to the ground. He broke the smuggler's nose, just like Cookie did in real life.

GUY (V.O.)
By the skin of our teeth we made it
out alive. But, alas, the fort
remained lost...

Suddenly, a TANK bursts through the foliage, crushing everything in its path.

Guy and Cookie retreat.

GUY (V.O.)
All I had to show for this
adventure was a strange arrowhead-
shaped stone...

As Guy runs away, he trips over a branch. Falls face first into the dirt. Before his eyes: the arrowhead stone sticks out of the ground.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Guy posts a picture of the stone on his blog. He publishes the post. A moment later, one of his followers leaves the site.

Guy only has ONE follower left.

He sighs. His eyes wander to a photo next to his computer:

Guy, late-20s, with his WIFE, 30, and a SON, 4. Then his gaze drifts to the arrow point stone sitting on his desk.

Guy picks up the stone. Brings it close to his desk lamp. His face lights up from the stone's phosphorescent glow.

MOMENTS LATER...

Guy Googles the stone. Types in "glowing green arrowhead stone."

TIME-LAPSE: Guy sits at his computer, studying the stone, as NIGHT turns into DAWN.

EXT. FOREST PRESERVE - DAY

Guy, back in ranger uniform, stands before a large group of FOURTH GRADERS, rapt with attention. He holds a massive alligator skull in his hands.

GUY

Alright, can anyone tell me what this is?

BOY

A crocodile!

GIRL

It's an alligator.

GUY

That's right. This here's the American alligator. Our state reptile. Did you kids know that the alligator has the STRONGEST bite of any animal on Earth. Over *two-thousand* pounds per square inch. That's like a great big truck falling on top of you each time it bites down.

Guy demonstrates by making the alligator skull "bite" his arm. He "howls" in pain. The kids all laugh. Guy soaks it up, smiling.

GUY (CONT'D)

But what if you hold the alligator's head like this?

Guy places his hands OVER the alligator skull's snout, pressing its jaws closed.

GUY (CONT'D)

You think he'll be able to open his mouth now?

RANDOM KIDS

- Yes.
- Of course.
- He'd bite your head off.

GUY

Wrong. Cause for all the strength an alligator has biting down on something, he has very little strength to open his mouth. If I just put a little pressure on his snout like this, his jaw is locked. And he can't bite me...

LATER...

Guy holds a BABY ALLIGATOR for the kids to pet. Its snout is taped shut.

Guy smiles as the kids marvel at the reptile. However, his happy demeanor melts when he sees:

JOHNSTON, 30, one of the Madam's lawyers, approaches. He carries a leather briefcase.

INT. GUY'S RANGER OFFICE - DAY

Guy sits at his desk, cleaning a 16th-century musket.

Johnston sits before him, the briefcase on his lap.

JOHNSTON

I'm a big fan of your blog.

Guy doesn't look up. Keeps cleaning his gun.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

I suppose I'm the only one le--

GUY

Get to the point.

JOHNSTON

You posted a picture. A-an arrowhead-shaped stone. Smooth. Has a green tint to it?

GUY

Yeah?

Johnston opens the briefcase.

JOHNSTON

I'm willing to offer you \$200,000 for it.

Guy looks up at the stacks of \$100 bills lining Johnston's briefcase.

INT. COOKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In his immaculate kitchen, Cookie speed-chops chili peppers.

Guy sits on a moth-eaten couch in the living room. We notice various Navy memorabilia on the wall.

There's a picture of Cookie and Guy, both ten years younger on board a Naval ship.

COOKIE

Please tell me you took the money.

Guy shakes his head.

The knife slips from Cookie's grip. He nearly slices his finger off.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

(trying to contain his
anger)

And you didn't even want to run
this by your long-time partner? I
thought we agreed on a 50/50 split.

Guy takes out the arrowhead stone.

GUY

Cookie, we wouldn't sell this thing
for all the money in the world,
especially not to that old crone
the Madam, and you wanna know why?

COOKIE

Cause you're insane?

GUY

Because this stone will lead us to
the Fountain of Youth.

Cookie smirks, unimpressed. He's heard this madness before. He throws the chopped peppers onto a couple home-cooked tacos. Hands Guy a taco and a bottle of beer.

Guy doesn't touch either. He's too excited.

GUY (CONT'D)

I spent all last night researching
it. Did you know there are some
people who believe the fountain was
some kind of green fungus growing
in the swamps of Florida?

Cookie grunts in disinterest, eating his taco.

Guy pulls out an old book on Florida history. Opens to a page with an ILLUSTRATION: It shows an MAN drinking green slime from a bowl, his body illuminated with heavenly light.

GUY (CONT'D)

Hundreds of years ago, when the Spanish searched Florida for the Fountain, they heard stories about a compass that would point to its exact location. It became known as Ponce de Leon's compass.

A third ILLUSTRATION shows a staff topped with a circular basin filled with water. An arrowhead floats on top of the water pointing in a certain direction.

GUY (CONT'D)

It had three parts, all made of glowing limestone: A staff connecting the compass to the ground so it could find the Fountain's source, a basin full of salt water and an arrowhead stone that pointed in the direction of the Fountain. Legend has it, the arrowhead would float in the basin.

COOKIE

Legend says a lot of things.

GUY

I know. That's what I thought too.

Guy drops the arrowpoint stone in Cookie's beer.

COOKIE

Hey!

Cookie grabs his beer to pull the stone out, but stops...

The stone ACTUALLY FLOATS in his beer. Cookie watches it spin in circles like a broken compass point

Cookie pulls out the stone. Feels its weight. Heavy.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

No way. This must be some kind of trick. It can't be--

GUY

Why offer \$200,000 for a green rock?

COOKIE

I don't know. It's all so...

GUY

This could change everything,
Cookie. If the compass is real,
then maybe the other legends are
too. Maybe the fungus is real.
Perhaps scientists could replicate
it. Maybe this will lead to a cure
for cancer. Maybe it will be the
end of death itself!

Cookie is about to respond when--

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

COP 1 (O.S.)

Police. Open up.

Cookie goes to the front door. Checks the peephole.

THROUGH PEEPHOLE: Two POLICE OFFICERS stand outside. One of
them holds up a sheet of paper.

COP 1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Santos? We have a warrant to
search your apartment. Open up.

Cookie backs away from the door. Eyes his Desert Eagle lying
on the kitchen counter.

COP 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sir, you have exactly five seconds
to open this door.

Cookie backs towards his gun.

GUY

What's going on?

BAM. A heavy KICK brings down the front door as both cops
rush inside the apartment, guns drawn.

Cookie freezes. His Desert Eagle just out of reach.

COP 2

Nobody move.

Cop 2 levels his firearm at Guy.

COP 2 (CONT'D)

The stone.

GUY

Pardon?

COP 2

Give me the arrowhead stone.

Guy and Cookie share a glance. Guy nods. Cookie cocks his eyebrow, uncertain. Guy nods again. Cookie still doesn't get Guy's silent plan.

Guy sighs. Fakes like he's about to get out the stone, but instead throws his beer in Cop 2's face.

Both cops distracted, Cookie reaches for his Desert Eagle, but...

Cop 1 grabs it first...

Cookie hides...

BEHIND THE COUNTER

He opens a drawer next to his head, hoping for a weapon. Nothing but pots and pans. Finally he finds...

A pair of TONGS. Shrugs.

COOKIE

Better than nothing.

Cop 1 rounds the kitchen counter, gun drawn.

Cookie uses the tongs to grab Cop 1's BALLS.

Stunned, Cop 1 falls to the floor. Cookie wrestles for the gun.

COP 2

Pins Guy to the floor.

COP 2

Where is it?

Guy tries to elbow his way out of Cop 2's grip.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

Cookie grabs Cop 1's taser. Jams it into the police officer's side. BZZZT. Cop 1 goes unconscious.

GUY

Lies on the floor. Cop 2 has a gun pointed at his head.

COP 2 (CONT'D)
Where's the god damn stone?

COOKIE (O.S.)
Right here.

Cop 2 looks up to see: a DESERT EAGLE pointed between his eyes. BLAM!

Cop 2 flies to the wall.

GUY
You killed him?

COOKIE
Relax. I used rock salt.

In place of a bullet hole, Cop 2 has a huge red welt on his head. He's knocked unconscious.

COOKIE (CONT'D)
As per your advice.

Guy sighs. He gets up and goes to the kitchen. Finds some more ROCK SALT BULLETS. He puts them in his pockets.

GUY
We'll need more of these.

COOKIE
Get the duct tape too will ya?

Meanwhile, Cookie inspects Cop 2's badge. His expression worried.

INT. GUY'S JALOPY - NIGHT

A beat-up car that hasn't been hip since the 70s. Guy drives. Back in his Member's Only jacket. Drops the arrowhead stone in his vest pocket.

Cookie rides shotgun. They've loaded clothes and supplies in the back seat.

COOKIE
They were real cops.

GUY
I know.

COOKIE
They would have killed us.

GUY

The Madam's sister is a district attorney.

COOKIE

The district attorney? We're screwed.

GUY

Cookie. This just got a whole lot more interesting.

COOKIE

Interesting?

Guy swerves the car down a side street. Cookie holds onto the "oh shit" bar for support.

EXT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT

A beautiful and luxuriant nail and hair salon nestled within a verdant forest. A sign nearby says:

The Madam's Spring-Fed Beauty Boutique.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT

A handsome male nurse, TRISTAN, 20s, walks to the back of the salon. Approaches...

A giant picture of the Madam covering the back wall.

Tristan whispers something into a small HOLE in the wall.

A secret door opens in the Madam's "mouth," providing entrance to...

INT. MADAM'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A SECRET MESSAGE ROOM littered with computer screens and medical equipment.

THE MADAM lies on a modified massage bed. Her frail body hooked up to an I.V. and heart monitor. She watches various security feeds as...

A group of FEMALE BEAUTICIANS cover up cancerous lesions on her hands, feet and face. They make her look ten years younger.

Tristan checks the Madam's health monitors.

TRISTAN

And how are you feeling this evening, Madam?

MADAM

I could use a massage.

TRISTAN

Yes, Madam. I'll bring the oils.

Tristan walks out of the room. Madam stares at his butt as he leaves.

A cellphone RINGS next to the Madam's bed. She picks up.

MADAM

Does it glow?

INT. COOKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Johnston stands over the police officers who attacked Guy and Cookie. Both are tied to chairs with duct tape. He cuts them loose.

Johnston sweats so much his cellphone almost slips from his hand.

JOHNSTON

They got away.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

MADAM

How?

JOHNSTON

Madam. I'm sorry. But these men, they're--

MADAM

--Put Officer Riggs on the line.

Johnston shakily hands the cellphone to a POLICE CAPTAIN next to him.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Yes Madam?

MADAM

Kill him.

The police captain takes out his firearm. SHOTS Johnston in the head.

END CONVERSATION

Madam hangs up her cellphone as Tristan re-enters the room with her massage oils.

MADAM (CONT'D)

Tristan, my dear, do you know anything about the law?

TRISTAN

I know your word is law, Madam.

MADAM

That's a good boy.
Remember that, dear. You wouldn't want to be back out on the streets, would you?

TRISTAN

No, Madam.

Madam smiles.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Guy's jalopy bounces along a pot-holed dirt road in a moss-laden swamp.

INT. GUY'S JALOPY - DAY

Guy slows his car before an ancient-looking Air Stream RV, covered in fungus. Clearly hasn't moved in ages.

COOKIE

This man used to own the natural history museum?

GUY

Till the Madam bought it off him.
For a fraction of its worth.

Guy parks his car in front of the RV. They get out.

EXT. AIR STREAM - NIGHT

Guy approaches the bullet-hole-ridden front door.

Cookie puts a hand on his Desert Eagle.

GUY
Don't worry. Bear's an old family
friend.

COOKIE
(re: gun)
All the more reason for this.

Guy KNOCKS on the front door.

GUY
Hello?

BLAM!

Another BULLET HOLE appears just above Guy's head. He jumps to the side of the door.

Cookie dives for cover behind the jalopy, gun ready.

BEAR (O.S.)
(through the door)
Who is it?

GUY
It's Guy Whitmore.

BEAR
David?

The door opens. Out steps BEAR, late 60s, as hairy and huge as his namesake. Holding a high-powered rifle.

Bear looks over Guy.

BEAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jesus H, Christ. David. You look
worse than my last bowel movement.

He grabs Guy in a bear hug, pulling him inside.

INT. AIR STREAM - DAY

Bear inspects the arrowhead stone with a magnifying glass. Sets it in an old dog bowl full of water. Watches it float.

Guy waits nearby.

Cookie takes a look around...

Bear's trailer is loaded to the gills with random junk: stuffed alligator heads, empty beer cans, piles of used cigarettes.

Another man, JOHN BOY, 40s, slim, backwoods-type, offers Guy and Cookie each a dirty glass of water. They shake their heads: No.

BEAR
 (still looking at the
 stone)
 That's John Boy. Says he's my son.
 Showed up after the third wife
 died.

John Boy holds up a crossbow.

GUY
 (eyeing the crossbow)
 Uh. You guys do a lot hunting?

JOHN BOY
 No way in Hell. Animals got
 feelings. The government,
 however...

John Boy shoots a bolt at a campaign poster for the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Cookie glances at Guy: "Are you serious?"

GUY
 (changing subject)
 Uh... So, Bear. About the stone?

BEAR
 Sell it...

GUY
 I'm not selling it.

BEAR
 Well yer not gonna find the
 Fountain either.

GUY
 But the stone. It floats.

Bear pulls out a handful of rocks from a box next to his couch. He drops them in the bowl of water he used on the arrowpoint stone.

All of them FLOAT.

GUY (CONT'D)
 How--

BEAR

You think I haven't been down this road before? I spent everything I had chasing these fantasies. Even before that bitch stole my museum. You already lost your family, David. Do you really wanna lose yerself as well?

Guy takes the arrowpoint stone back. Downtrodden. For a moment it seems he might just give up. But...

GUY

No.
This is the one. I know it is.

Bear laughs.

BEAR

Even if the Fountain were real, there's plenty of people who'll find it before you.

GUY

Like who?

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL ISLAND - DAY

A small craggy island somewhere in the Caribbean.

We hover over a massive archeological dig around an extinct volcano.

Dozens of RESEARCHERS, SCIENTISTS, and INTERNS excavate. Lay out grid lines. Sift through dirt.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

BEVERLY WIN, 30s, buxom, gorgeous, smattered with dirt, stares into a recently uncovered cave at the base of the volcano. She chews BUBBLE GUM.

In her hands is an ancient Spanish MAP: Showing a cave in the side of a mountain. HUMAN SKULLS around it. As well as a crude depiction of a FOUNTAIN.

A group of archeologists, ALL MEN, look on behind Beverly, too scared to approach the cave.

ARCHEOLOGIST
Perhaps we should wait for the
Madam?

BEVERLY
No.
And don't inform her.

The men look at her funny.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
It could be another dead end.

Beverly turns on her head lamp. Starts to walk into the cave.
Murmurs of awe from those assembled.

RANDOM VOICES
- Looks ready to collapse any
second.
- Might be booby-trapped.
- Definitely booby-trapped.
- Does she need help?

Beverly turns back to the group. Answers the last question.

BEVERLY
If any of you idiots have the
balls?

The archeologists just stand there.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Beverly and two other ARCHEOLOGISTS squeeze past stalagmites
and stalactites as they walk through the cave.

It's so claustrophobic the group must get down on all fours
to go forward.

A blind salamander crawls across a SCARED ARCHEOLOGIST'S arm.
Scaredy runs out of the cave, shrieking like a girl.

Only one archeologist left besides Beverly.

BEVERLY
See anything?

The second ARCHEOLOGIST stares at Beverly's tight butt, mere
inches in front of him.

ARCHEOLOGIST
Uh...

BEVERLY

Besides my ass.

Archeologist looks away, embarrassed.

Just then, Beverly slips on the floor, dodging a particularly sharp stalagmite.

She loses her gum.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(re: gum)

Dammit.

ARCHEOLOGIST

Wow. You okay?

The archeologist grabs her, "accidentally" touching her breast.

Beverly knocks his hand away.

BEVERLY

I lost my gum.

She shines her headlight on the ground illuminating...

A thin stream of WATER flowing over the ground.

Beverly reaches down and touches it. It's slick but also STICKY. Definitely not ordinary water.

Beverly follows the stream back to its source, a HOLE in the base of a rock wall.

Beverly kneels on the floor and peeks through the hole, just big enough for a person to pass through.

BEVERLY'S POV: An inner chamber lies beyond the hole, barren except for a small metal box (similar to the one Guy busted open at the beginning). It rests on a dirt floor.

Water leaks from the box's sides: *It's the source of the underground stream.*

Beverly turns to the other archeologist, face beaming.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I found it.

ARCHEOLOGIST

Really?

BEVERLY
Get the others.

ARCHEOLOGIST
Wait, what about you?

BEVERLY
I'll try not to break a nail.

She waves him off.

INT. HOLE

Beverly uses a trowel to further open the hole. It's just big enough to fit her tight frame. Terribly claustrophobic.

Her presence causes the water level of the stream to rise. Its stickiness slows her down. Beverly strains against the walls, pulling herself through centimeter by centimeter.

INT. CHAMBER

With one last push, Beverly pops into the room cramped room. Barely tall enough to crouch.

The dirt in the floor shakes as Beverly crawls toward the box.

BEVERLY
Sweet Ponce de Leon's pearls.

Beverly uses her trowel to break open the leaking box. It's so brittle from age she's easily able to bend the top open. But as she does a DEEP RUMBLING sound starts.

The entire floor of the chamber breaks apart, plunging the chest and Beverly into...

A DEEP POOL OF WATER

50 feet below.

INT. POOL - UNDERWATER

The metal chest sinks to the bottom.

A second later Beverly plunges into the water, nearly braining herself on a rock.