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Spring May 2015

## Finders Keepers

Nicholas Jay Thacker  
*Loyola Marymount University*

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## Finders Keepers

Nicholas Jay Thacker

*Loyola Marymount University*, [nickjthacker@hotmail.com](mailto:nickjthacker@hotmail.com)

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Finders Keepers

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A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,  
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

---

In Partial Fulfillment  
Of the Requirements for the Degree  
Master of Fine Arts

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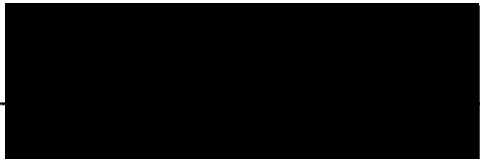
By  
Nicholas Thacker

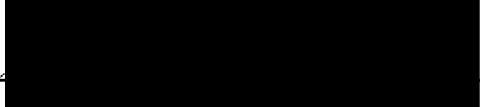
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## APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy  
for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Screenwriting

Student: Nicholas Thacker Date: 12/4

Committee Co Chair (690):  Date: 12/14/14

Committee Co Chair (691):  Date: 5/7/15

Advanced Screenplay Project Title:  
Finders Keepers

Criteria for advancement to candidacy:

Student has demonstrated sufficient ability and knowledge to complete the thesis project.

Approved to Candidacy

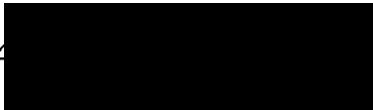
Not Approved to Candidacy


Comments:


## ADVANCED SCREENPLAY PROJECT APPROVAL

The Advanced Screenplay Project submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Screenwriting submitted by the candidate fulfils the requirements and standards set forth in the University Bulletin by the Division.

Screenplay Title: Finders Keepers  
Student: Nicholas Thacker Date: 12/4

Committee Co Chair: SCWR 690 BETH SERLIN  
Signed:  Date: 12/4/14

Committee Co Chair: SCWR 691 KAROL HOFFNER  
Signed:  Date: 5/7/15

Graduate Director: KAROL HOFFNER  
Signed:  Date: 5/7/15

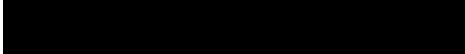
Dean: STANLEY CLARK  
Signed:  Date: 5/7/15

This feature length screenplay written by  
Nicholas Thacker

---

under the guidance of a faculty committee  
from the School of Film & Television at  
Loyola Marymount University, and approved  
by the members of the committee, has been  
presented to and accepted by the Graduate  
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis  
requirements for the degree of Master of  
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:

  
Committee Chair: SCWR 690

  
Committee Member: SCWR 691

  
Graduate Director

  
Dean, School of Film & Television

Date

5/7/15

FINDERS KEEPERS

Written by  
Nick Thacker

Draft 5.3.15

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(818) 749-2188

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE TUNNEL - NIGHT

SUPER: South America, 1995

A dense, dark cave illuminates with a beam of light. A flashlight falls and CLANKS against the stone floor.

RYAN PARKS (11) slides down a rope. He's charismatic and 90's cool: frosted tips and decked out in a denim explorer costume. He drops to the ground, strikes a heroic pose.

RYAN

We've waited years for this moment,  
Doug. Doug?

DOUG GIBSON (11), high-strung and rocking a fly neon windbreaker, holds to the top of the rope with a death grip.

RYAN

Just let go.

DOUG

And sever my spine? No thanks, Ryan.

RYAN

You always fall off the rope in gym.

DOUG

...That's on accident.

Ryan grabs the rope and shakes Doug back and forth.

DOUG

Stop! I get motion sickness!

Doug slowly slides to the ground, hands red from rope burn.

RYAN

Should've jumped...

Doug sighs heavily, and Ryan shines the flashlight deeper into the cave. They stalk forward, but Ryan holds out a hand. He studies the ground ahead.

RYAN

(dead serious)

Follow my every step...

He steps carefully, places each foot onto some unseen safe zone. Doug follows, albeit with less gusto.



Ryan's steps evolve into more elaborate movements, then... into the electric slide...the macarena...the Carlton.

He strikes a pose, and Doug lazily walks past. Ryan slumps.

RYAN  
(sings)  
Every party has a pooper--

Doug starts to retort, but a CRASH from somewhere. He starts to scramble back, but Ryan holds him in place.

INT. THRONE ROOM - CAVE - NIGHT

Ryan and Doug emerge into an ornate throne room. A pedestal in the center, and a golden statue on top. Ryan approaches it eagerly. Doug, his reluctance replaced by awe, follows.

RYAN  
Told you it'd be cool on this side.

Doug holds his breath as Ryan readies himself... Then, he swipes the statue. They stare, amazed at their conquest.

But an ALARM BLARES. Red lights flash throughout the cave. Doug panics and runs straight into a Plexiglas wall.

INT. SOUTH AMERICA EXHIBIT - MUSEUM - NIGHT

A long, winding cave diorama along a wall. Plexiglas covers a throne room display and Doug and Ryan encased inside.

SUPER: South America...Exhibit

Ryan picks Doug up, drags him back down the cave tunnel. They scramble through the cave display and back up the rope.

INT. MUSEUM RAFTERS - NIGHT

Ryan and Doug climb up the rafters and come face-to-face with FRED WILLIAMS (30s), stuffy, stern, and tweed-clad.

INT. MUSEUM HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Williams leads Ryan and Doug through darkened displays of weapons, mounted wildlife, and costumed mannequins.

WILLIAMS  
Ryan. Doug. Our deal is when the museum closes, you leave.

RYAN

My mom isn't home for two more hours!  
What else am I supposed to do?

DOUG

Homework?

Ryan glares. Williams places a hand on Ryan's shoulder.

WILLIAMS

Son--

RYAN

You're not my dad!

WILLIAMS

--it's disappointing to see you waste  
all this energy. We need some help  
cataloging the storage room and--

RYAN

Boring! Doug and I are gonna be  
treasure hunters. We don't want to  
end up like you.

Williams shakes his head, amused.

RYAN

They're gonna rename the museum after  
us someday. And when we're rich and  
famous, we'll settle down and marry  
Mary-Kate and Ashley.

DOUG

You got it, dude.

WILLIAMS

I don't doubt it, boys, but until  
then? Respect closing time!

Williams pushes Ryan and Doug through a door and outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM - DAY

SUPER: "Twenty Years Later..."

The hustle of city life passes by, ignoring the understated  
Philadelphia Museum and its neighboring, murky river.

INT. MUSEUM - LOBBY - DAY

The Museum shows its age and decreasing budget. A few families mingle. A Secretary shushes a school group.

BOOM! The front door flies open. Everyone stares:

RYAN PARKS (30s), rakish and alive in the limelight, stands heroically. His iPhone raised above his head, Thin Lizzy's "The Boys are Back in Town" blares.

RYAN  
We. Are. Back!

But the Patrons have already gone back to their business...

RYAN  
See, Doug, they never doubted us.

DOUG GIBSON (30s), more uptight than ever, lugs a wooden box into the museum, no help from Ryan.

DOUG  
Yeah. Cause they didn't care, Ryan.

MAN 1 (O.S.)  
O.M.G! It's him!

Ryan perks up, looks at the source: a GAY COUPLE approach.

RYAN  
Does our reputation proceed--?

But the Couple shake Doug's hands ecstatically.

MAN 1  
We love your blog!

Ryan frowns at the mention. Doug smiles, flattered.

MAN 2  
"Man Meat by Doug" is amazing. The title caught our eye, of course, but your recipes on grilling... Mmm.

DOUG  
It's not that big a deal--

Doug tries to back off, self-conscious, so Ryan moves in to steal some spotlight.

RYAN  
I'm his partner. Ryan.

DOUG  
...Business partner...

But the Couple don't hear, turn to Ryan with a knowing look.

MAN 1  
Well, he's a catch. Keep him close.

RYAN  
I'm trying to, but his fiancée is  
"more important" right now.

Doug waves, hurries off, and Ryan catches up.

RYAN  
"Man Meat." I told you that title was  
confusing.

Ryan pushes past Doug, who lugs the box.

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

A cramped office filled with boxes and untouched artifacts.

FRED WILLIAMS (50s), unchanged, unwraps items from Doug's  
cargo box on his desk.

Ryan watches eagerly, looks for a reaction... But Doug texts  
on his phone in the corner.

Williams' face falls as he sees: arrowheads, scraps of  
animal skins, and pottery.

WILLIAMS  
Tchotchkes.

RYAN  
Authentic, mid-1800's tchotchkes.

WILLIAMS  
And what makes them different from  
the early-1700's ones last month?

RYAN  
...A hundred years.

WILLIAMS  
And the time before that? Storage is  
overrun with this junk. I vouch for  
you guys, and it's always  
disappointing...

Williams throws his hands up, heads to the door.

RYAN

Yeah, but, wait, I wanna show you--

Williams leaves, and Ryan pulls Doug from the room.

INT. EGYPTIAN ATRIUM - MUSEUM - DAY

Williams walks along a pathway set in a shallow stream. It weaves through displays of papyri and urns, culminating in a two-story-tall Pyramid replica.

Ryan and Doug appear from a side door. Williams jumps.

WILLIAMS

I hate when you do that!

RYAN

Not my fault I know this museum better than you.

WILLIAMS

If only you'd put that energy into actually studying archaeology...

RYAN

Uh, my professor said it was nothing like Indiana Jones.

WILLIAMS

How many times do I--  
(sighs)

This life is more than ancient clues, exotic locales, booby traps--

RYAN

(giggles)  
You said 'booby.'

Doug shoots Williams a look of pity, but Ryan's joking:

RYAN

I hear you, really... I'm this close to finding the big one--

DOUG

--You're always this close--

RYAN

--and I think this map we found--

But Williams isn't listening, turns to Doug.

WILLIAMS

Doug, seeing as this is your last job  
for the museum, I'll buy the crate.  
Good luck on your new business.

Doug and Williams shake hands, and Doug makes to leave.

RYAN

Where are you going?

DOUG

Lily's meeting me at the office  
before my tux fitting.

Doug heads out of the exhibit, and Ryan calls:

RYAN

Oh. Her... It's no wonder I forgot!

Ryan turns back to Williams, but he's gone.

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Ryan enters, his and Doug's box of goods still out on the  
desk. Williams sits, rubs his temples.

RYAN

So, you'll buy this stuff?

WILLIAMS

Yes. For Doug's sake.

Ryan takes out his phone, takes pictures of the artifacts.

RYAN

Gotta document. Archaeology, y'know.

WILLIAMS

You do that at the site-- Nevermind.

Ryan looks up at Williams in concern.

RYAN

You okay? You seem...tense.

WILLIAMS

Museum's going through a rough patch,  
the board is asking questions, you  
guys are leaving--

RYAN

Doug's leaving.

Ryan snaps a picture of a unfurled scrap of parchment.

WILLIAMS

I just can't... deal with that level  
of scrutiny now. At my age, I mean.

Ryan nods, sympathetic, and presents the worn parchment.

RYAN

I really did have a best-for-last...

WILLIAMS

...a treasure map...

RYAN

...a treasure map!

Williams humors him, takes a look.

WILLIAMS

...Where'd you get this?

RYAN

It was inside one of our tchotchkes.  
(off Williams' look)  
We've got something here, right?

Williams crumples up the map, to Ryan's horror, and throws  
it in the trash.

WILLIAMS

Junk. Scribbles of a Native American  
child. It'll be a waste of time.

A beat, and Williams softens.

WILLIAMS

You should consider

Ryan gives a last look at the trash can, then leaves.

INT. FINDERS KEEPERS OFFICE - DAY

One side a mess. Piles of old take-out boxes. A cot in the  
corner. A desk covered in anything but productive work.

Above it, a wall of newspaper clippings with the same  
headline: "Local Treasure Hunters Find Ancient Chess Set."

On the opposite side, a neat and organized desk. Doug pries  
a sign from the wall: "Finders Keepers: Treasure Hunting."

Ryan bursts inside, and Doug yelps.

RYAN

Doug! I showed Williams a map--

DOUG

Another? The last one led us to an abandoned water park!

RYAN

To be fair, it was built on Native American burial grounds. ...Which also explained that earthquake.

(beat)

I'm not just not ready to give up the hunt, you know?

Ryan notices the sign half-pried from the wall. Doug sees.

DOUG

It's not like that....

(points off-screen)

Can you take those down today?

RYAN

Why do I have to?

Reveal: a wall of Employee of the Month plaques. All of them with a smiling picture of Ryan.

DOUG

Because we're the only two employees, and I never got an award.

Doug finally RIPS the Finders Keepers sign from the wall. He tosses it aside, and Ryan scrambles to catch it.

Doug hefts a new sign, "Gibson Cargo Company," into place. Ryan glares, readies to really get into things when--

LILY CARTER (30s), the perfect girl to bring home to mom, throws open the door and smiles.

LILY

Hey, guys! How was the last hurrah as treasure finders?

Ryan glares at Doug. Lily stares between them, unsure what she just walked into, and Doug kisses her quick.

DOUG

We should probably get going--

LILY

No. I'm early. We can stay a minute. You never tell me about your trips.

Despite himself, Ryan perks up.



RYAN

Wanna see some newspaper clippings?

Ryan pulls Lily towards his desk, but Doug yanks her away.

DOUG

You don't want to go over there  
without a hazmat suit.

Ryan grabs a clipping from the wall instead.

RYAN

Oh, the memories made on this one.  
Back when we were carefree treasure  
hunters and not boring, glorified  
mailmen--

LILY

Boring? Doug is hardly boring. Tell  
him about that thing you did the  
other night. It was hilarious.

DOUG

Oh. I accidentally used cayenne  
pepper instead of paprika, and our--

LILY

--our stir fry was intense!

They laugh, a cute, gooey couple...but Ryan balks,  
disgusted. Doug fake-checks his watch.

DOUG

It won't hurt to get there early.

He pulls Lily toward the door, not waiting for an answer.

LILY

Wait, wait! Doug. Did you forget?

Doug stops, face falls.

DOUG

I think Ryan would rather go another  
time...

RYAN

Go where?

LILY

I scheduled your tux fitting today,  
too!

Ryan grits his teeth into a half-smile.

INT. TUXEDO SHOP - DAY

Ryan stands in front of a mirror in an non-tailored tux as a CLERK fusses with the sleeves and pants.

He leans back to see Doug at the station next door, much more comfortable in his tux. Ryan smiles sweetly.

RYAN

Why don't we go get our hair done at the same time next?

Doug ignores him.

RYAN

You tricked me. If I had known this was involved in 'best man duties'--

DOUG

You can trade in the khaki for the James Bond Collection.

Ryan checks the inside of his jacket, instantly excited.

RYAN

Seriously? Is that what it's called?

Doug smirks, and Ryan realizes...

RYAN

Ha, ha. Now. About that map--

DOUG

Come on. It's not the time.

RYAN

Cause you're so busy. Ouch!

The Clerk jabs Ryan with a needle. Ryan leans toward Doug.

RYAN

Why can't you just pull double duty? Be a cargo pilot and hunt treasure--

DOUG

(pointed)  
--and a husband?

Lily appears with a selection of ties, and Ryan shuts up.

LILY

How about these?

Lily holds up three ties: all pale and lifeless.

LILY  
They're understated. Dignified. You  
like that, right?

DOUG  
Yeah. Whatever you want.

Lily frowns: that didn't help much... She heads off again.

Ryan steps down from the mirror, approaches Doug.

RYAN  
Whatever she wants? I'm gonna look  
like an accountant at this wedding!

DOUG  
Ryan. Stop.

RYAN  
Okay. But first, look at this--

Ryan starts to pull out his phone, but Doug steps down from  
his mirror and stalks out to the floor.

Ryan moves to go--but the Clerk holds him in place.

RYAN  
I'm good! Okay!

CLERK  
But, sir, you've got pins--

Ryan goes to Doug, who flips through a rack of shirts.

RYAN  
At least take a good look at the map.

Doug doesn't look Ryan in the eye, but he's pissed.

DOUG  
Why can't you just listen? I can't  
keep pretending we're Indiana Jones--

RYAN  
Whoa! Let's not get carried away. I'm  
more like Indy than you'll ever be.

Doug grabs a handful of shirts, storms off. Ryan tries to  
follow, but his sleeve of pins snags on a shirt.

He yanks hard and the sleeve RIPS.

INT. TUXEDO SHOP - SHOE SECTION - DAY

A SHOE CLERK holds out a selection of loafers for Lily.

LILY

I like the green leather. It feels fun, but he's pretty traditional.

SHOE CLERK

Uh, are you sure?

He points: Doug disappears into a dressing room. Ryan, tux sleeve torn, follows fast.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Doug, flustered, throws a pile of clothes in the corner. He turns, Ryan crammed into the dressing room behind him.

DOUG

What are you doing?

RYAN

One more trip, that's all I ask!

DOUG

Last week was "one more." I love Lily. She is driven, smart, on top of things--

RYAN

I bet she is.

DOUG

Don't! This isn't some joke. Lily expects an income. Bills! A house. I have someone to take care of now.

Ryan folds his arms, pouts.

DOUG

Besides you.

RYAN

So, we just give up on our dream?

DOUG

Our dream? I'm a cargo pilot now, and we can either be partners or you can treasure hunt alone, okay?

Ryan and Doug stare each other down, and the dressing room door swings open. Lily smiles at Ryan.

LILY  
 Ryan... Surprise, surprise.  
 (to Doug)  
 They're ready with the adjustments.

Doug passes by Ryan, lets the door shut behind him.

EXT. DOUG AND LILY'S HOME - NIGHT

Ryan paces on a porch, takes a deep breath, and knocks. A flurry of GIRLISH GIGGLES and the door yanks open.

A mob of women. WEDDING SHOWER GUESTS all SCREAM at Ryan and pull him inside.

INT. DOUG AND LILY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Guests push Ryan inside. The home's all Lily, everything in its place. A TIPSY WOMAN screams:

TIPSY WOMAN  
 I think our special visitor is here!

Everyone SCREAMS in delight, and Ryan panics.

RYAN  
 No! I'm here to see Doug!

GUESTS  
 Doug ordered a...male...stripper?

Lily appears, sees Ryan, and laughs.

LILY  
 Doug's in the other room, Ryan.

Ryan beelines out of there fast.

GUEST  
 Is he single?

LILY  
 Eternally.

Lily shakes her head as the Guests watch Ryan leave.

INT. DOUG'S MAN CAVE - NIGHT

Ryan slips inside. Doug, slumped in a recliner, watches a cooking show on a big TV. Even Doug's man cave is devoid of anything manly: wallpaper, floral patterns, etc.

RYAN  
Researching for the blog?

DOUG  
I've had enough jokes for one day.

RYAN  
Sorry. Quite the--

He steps forward, and Doug gives him a look.

DOUG  
Shoes.

RYAN  
Oh, yeah...

Ryan slips his shoes off.

RYAN  
Quite the party out there.

DOUG  
I know! Lily got that espresso  
machine I've wanted! I can't wait!

RYAN  
I was being sarcas-- Never mind.

Ryan sits on another chair. Watches the TV for a moment.

RYAN  
I checked out the website for your  
new cargo company.

Doug looks up, surprised.

RYAN  
Pretty snazzy. You know, if you're  
still interested in a partner...

DOUG  
Really?

RYAN  
We're best friends, aren't we?

DOUG  
Yes! Thank you! Perfect timing, too.  
I just got my first order! Somewhere  
all the way out in the Pacific Ocean.

They share a moment, friends again. Doug turns to the TV.

DOUG

Oh, geesh, look at his technique.  
He's holding the knife like a--

RYAN

Don't care.

Doug nods.

INT. FINDERS KEEPERS OFFICE - NIGHT

Ryan packs up wooden boxes, each about one foot square, with supplies from his desk. Phone to his ear, he listens:

RYAN

Hi! Yeah. I'd like to confirm my  
order for Gibson's Cargo Company.

Ryan grabs a picture from the Employee of the Month wall, packs it up in another box. Nails down a wooden lid.

RYAN

Yeah. Medical supplies. I have the  
delivery coordinates right here.

Ryan pulls out his phone, the map from William's office.

INT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Grungy and seedy, but the cloak of darkness makes that bearable. A figure sits at a glowing computer screen. A printer flares to life, and a thick hand grabs the printout.

MICHAEL NASH (40s), more muscle than man with soft eyes and a bushy mustache, scans the printout.

A woman steps from the shadows. ISABEL PUSHKIN (30s), the girl who played with GI Joe's growing up, despite her exotic, Barbie looks.

ISABEL

Marching orders?

Nash nods.

ISABEL

Anything worthwhile?

She looks at the printout over Nash's shoulder.

ISABEL

Holy shit. He wants this one delivered to him personally?

Nash gives a small nod to Isabel, she takes the cue and sweeps into an adjacent room.

A TEAM of paramilitary men stand from cots as Isabel enters.

ISABEL

We're moving out!

TEAM MEMBER

What? We haven't gotten paid from the last trip yet, and he expects us to--

Nash appears, slides a giant Bowie knife from a sheath. The Team Member falls silent.

Off Nash's simple glare, the Team packs up.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

A cargo plane with a banged-up hull glides into the air.

EXT. DOUG'S PLANE - FLYING - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED: a MAP traces a course from Philadelphia to Los Angeles and on toward a minuscule island in the Pacific.

INT. DOUG'S PLANE - DAY

REVEAL: the superimposed map is an app on Ryan's phone.

Ryan sits co-pilot, Doug as captain in an organized plane where everything has its place.

The cargo hold's loaded with wooden boxes. The same ones Ryan was packing. Each one stamped with a large: "Do Not Open" sticker.

RYAN

How did people function before GPS?

Doug gestures to the plane's control panel.

RYAN

...My question still stands.

DOUG

Well, I can teach you. This dial--



RYAN

There's a reason I volunteered you  
for the pilot courses...

DOUG

To avoid hard work?

RYAN

I gave you a life skill to start your  
own business. You should thank me.

Doug gives Ryan a look and eases the plane into a descent.

EXT. PACIFIC AIRPORT - DAY

Doug's plane lands gracefully on a beaten-up tarmac.

INT. DOUG'S PLANE - DAY

Doug unbuckles and rubs his hands together eagerly.

DOUG

Okay. Let's talk to customs.

Ryan looks back at the cargo, on edge.

RYAN

What's the hurry?

DOUG

It's just the only reason we're here.

Ryan whips out his phone, types away.

RYAN

I'm starving. You're always a  
bottomless pit. What if we got lunch?

Doug continues back to cargo.

DOUG

I really don't want to screw up my  
first job.

RYAN

Come on. You never turn down a chance  
to review a new place on that blog.

DOUG

How about after?

RYAN

...I'll pay.

Doug swivels around, the cargo forgotten.

DOUG

Okay. I'm in.

Ryan frowns but jumps to his feet and loads up a backpack with supplies: water, flashlights, poncho...a machete.

Doug, excited, approaches with his own phone out.

DOUG

I was thinking we should double-check  
this place you found with my South  
Pacific Zagat--

(re: Ryan's bag)

I thought we were eating?

RYAN

Be prepared!

Doug narrows his eyes but hops from the plane. Ryan looks to his phone: the map from Williams' office.

EXT. COASTAL TOWN - DAY

Ryan and Doug hike through a bustling, coastal town. They pass a fish taco stand, a bar and grill, etc. Doug looks at them as they pass, confused.

DOUG

What about those places?

RYAN

Pshh. I found something more exotic.

Doug looks back, unsure. Ryan sighs, waves Doug on.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Ryan leads the way, phone in hand, through a muddy trail. He swats at mosquitoes and calls back:

RYAN

Only you would eat on the way to get  
food.

Doug chows down, a fish taco in each hand.

DOUG

It's called an appetizer. You can't blame me. The restaurants you pick usually have a ball pit for "kids."

Ryan ignores him, checks his phone.

DOUG

How much further?

RYAN

Uh...not far. It's just a little off the beaten path.

Doug finishes the last bite of taco and narrows his eyes, suspicious. Ryan smiles.

RYAN

Just let me do this. For you.

Ryan orients himself with the map, heads off again. Doug lags behind, takes a deep breath:

DOUG

You're right. Sorry. I'm being a jerk. I know it's hard right now with Lily, and I'm kinda forcing your hand about giving up the treasure hunting.

(beat)

You know what, you don't have to buy lunch. Why don't we head back?

RYAN

You just stuffed yourself, huh?

Doug nods, lets out a polite burp.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Ryan slices through thick undergrowth with his machete.

Doug looks at the thick jungle, his confidence waning...

Ryan checks the phone again for directions...and Doug stares at it suspiciously, finally puts two and two together:

DOUG

We're not going to a restaurant.

RYAN

What?

Doug grabs Ryan, forces him to stop.

DOUG  
Where are we going?

RYAN  
Okay. Doug. First off...we were  
coming here anyway for your work--

Doug grits his teeth, upset already.

RYAN  
And when that delivery came in, I  
thought we could split our time? So,  
I did some research...

Ryan jogs ahead, pulls back a giant jungle bush, and--

EXT. CAVE MOUTH - DAY

Ryan emerges into a small clearing. A cave mouth looms  
before him, almost hidden behind growth.

Doug stares at it, head in his hands.

DOUG  
I should've known...

RYAN  
Come on.

DOUG  
You tricked me with food!

A beat as they face each other down. Then:

RYAN  
Well, we're here now. I'm going in--

DOUG  
--And I'm going back.

A moment of stand off. Then Ryan hikes to the cave.

RYAN  
Fine. Be safe! Watch out for  
anacondas. Oh, and the giant bats.

Ryan pulls out a flashlight, heads into the cave. Doug looks  
at the jungle around him, unnerved.

He steps back, a branch brushes against his leg, and he  
yelps. Doug sees it's nothing and calms down.

But Ryan reappears at the cave mouth.

RYAN  
You say something?

Doug shakes his head.

RYAN  
Okay. Good. Thought it might've been  
a jaguar or something.

Ryan disappears again. Doug doesn't wait, bolts after him.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Doug tiptoes into a dark, dank cave. Virtually undisturbed, he wades through a spiderweb and hacks at it wildly.

Ryan stands a few feet off, watches Doug dance and karate-chop the air. Ryan has no idea what's going on...

RYAN  
You okay there?

DOUG  
Spiderweb.

Ryan nods: "Sure it was...." He tosses a flashlight to Doug, who clicks it on fast.

RYAN  
Well, now the fun begins.

Ryan marches forward confidently. Doug follows cautiously.

INT. CAVE TUNNEL - DAY

Ryan studies the ground ahead of him carefully, then spots an ornate gold pendant on an archway above.

RYAN  
That looks worth a chunk of change--

Doug throws out a hand and stops him.

DOUG  
I don't think so... Look.

Doug points ahead, and Ryan studies the hallway. A series of switches set between the cobblestone floor. Ryan smiles.

RYAN  
Good catch! A balanced lever with a  
pressure switch system. Genius...

Ryan carefully edges his toe forward and trips one of the switches... A CRACK of stone. The floor in front of them caves in, becomes a six-foot chasm.

Ryan struts to the edge of the newly-revealed cliff and marvels at it.

RYAN

Isn't it amazing. All this was built centuries ago, and it still works...

They both look down into pitch black. Doug kicks a stone, and it falls for a long beat before hitting bottom.

DOUG

That could hurt.

Ryan smirks and fake pushes Doug over the side. Doug stumbles backwards in real fear and glares at Ryan.

DOUG

...Not funny!

RYAN

Kinda! Loosen up. Undisturbed booby traps are a good sign.

Ryan hands his flashlight to Doug, judges the chasm's distance, and runs forward.

He jumps across, lands easily on the other side.

Doug gets a running start, leaps across the chasm and slips on the edge. Ryan grabs his arm and pulls him to safety.

DOUG

Thanks.

RYAN

Of course.

And they head deeper into the tunnel.

INT. TREASURE CHAMBER - DAY

A long, cavernous room. Ryan points forward: a pedestal with a chest of stone. A thick ring of intricate stones tiles surround it. Doug smiles, hopeful.

RYAN

This is it...

Ryan lies in the dirt, measures a stone with his fingers. He busies himself with meticulous planning. Doug watches apprehensively, until--

RYAN

Yep. Thought so...

DOUG

What?

RYAN

The floor's rigged... Follow my lead.

Ryan stands and bravely tiptoes across the stones. He places his foot carefully, hops across a few stones.

Doug holds his breath, dries his palms on his pants.

Ryan stretches his legs out, almost into the splits, to reach his footing. He gets back up, hops a few more steps and onto the pedestal. He turns around to Doug.

RYAN

Just do exactly what I did!

Doug nods and steps out onto the stones. He judges his weight carefully on the first few, then hops like Ryan.

He stretches his legs, pain obvious on his face, and reaches for a far step.

Doug gets stuck in his splits position, then realizes:

DOUG

Wait...

Doug crawls to stand again. Ryan YELLS in mock fear as Doug simply walks across the floor.

Nothing happens.

DOUG

Why do you do this to me?

RYAN

Sorry if I actually want to have fun on our final adventure--

DOUG

You called last week our "final adventure."

Ryan moves to the stone chest and hovers his hand over it. Doug stops him.

DOUG

Ryan, you have to promise. No matter what's in there. We're done. Okay?

Ryan tries to push him aside, but Doug's serious.

RYAN

Fine.

Doug gives him a stern look.

DOUG

No. Do you agree?

Ryan nods, then:

RYAN

You open it.

DOUG

Wait. What? But you always...

Ryan gestures to the stone chest. Doug eagerly lifts off the lid. They both gaze down, and--

Ryan pulls out a pure-black diamond the size of a baseball. Its surface a glossy glint, while its dark interior absorbs the light like a black hole.

DOUG

You...actually did it.

RYAN

We did it. After all these years...  
The false hope! Williams'  
disappointment.

DOUG

The credit card debt.

Ryan lays a wet kiss on the diamond.

RYAN

And you wanted to be a cargo  
pilot....

DOUG

Drinks on me tonight.

RYAN

No way. I still owe you a meal.  
(beat)  
Can I borrow some cash?



Doug grabs the diamond.

DOUG

Take it out of our diamond fund!

Ryan takes the diamond back and struts from the pedestal. He gently stows the diamond into his backpack when--

KA-BOOM!

An explosion RIPS through the ceiling. Chunks of rubble cascade to the floor. Dust pours into the room.

Three sets of zip-cord lines fall from the cave's new skylight, and half a dozen armored MERCENARIES descend into the room, a well-oiled machine of ex-military bravado.

Ryan and Doug watch in amazement.

The Team hits the ground and remove masks. Nash, at the lead, studies the room, double-takes at Ryan and Doug.

A MASKED TEAM MEMBER raises a pistol.

MASKED MAN

Hands up. Don't move!

Ryan and Doug spin around, hands outstretched. Nash strides toward them, silent and imposing. Ryan tenses, nervous, but his face breaks into a grin.

RYAN

What an entrance....

Nash approaches at a steady pace.

RYAN

Wait. I know you! Michael Nash. You guys are the A-Team of archaeology!

Nash towers over Ryan and Doug, speaks in his THICK SOUTHERN ACCENT.

NASH

What the hell are you Yanks doin' here?

Ryan snorts laughter.

RYAN

Yanks?

Nash steps forward threateningly.

RYAN

No, sorry! I'm a huge fan. I'd love your autograph, actually.

(to Nash's men)

Anyone got a pen?

DOUG

(under his breath)

Stop it.

Nash's Team look at each other awkwardly.

ISABEL (O.S.)

I can help.

Isabel approaches from the group, reaches behind her...

...and pulls out a gun.

RYAN

Wow. Okay. I think I love you.

Nash pulls out a huge Bowie knife. He flips it through his hands expertly, stops it at a direct point at Ryan and Doug.

NASH

Watch them.

He motions to the a POINT MAN, who goes to Isabel's side.

Nash and the rest of the team approach the pedestal.

Isabel eyes Ryan and Doug closely.

ISABEL

Who are you? How'd you find this?

RYAN

Your eyes are amazing. But, I'm sure all your rival treasure hunters say that, huh? You've probably heard of us. I'm Ryan Parks and this is--

DOUG

(warning)

Ryan.

RYAN

No. You're Doug.

Point Man looks to Nash and the Team, distracted. Ryan sees, Nash about to step across the ring of intricate stones.

POINT MAN

You think he'll split up whatever he finds this time?

Isabel shushes him. Point Man looks Isabel up and down.

POINT MAN

I know you get treated better, but even you've gotta be pissed Nash's splitting everything with this mysterious "Barracuda" joker.

Isabel glares at Point Man, and he drops it.

RYAN

You're taking orders from a fish?

The Point Man puts away his gun, lights up a cigarette. Isabel shakes her head, gun still trained on the guys. Ryan leans toward Point Man.

RYAN

Don't worry. Your management troubles are about to go away.

Both Isabel and the Point Man stop. Ryan gestures pointedly toward Nash, poker face on.

RYAN

The pedestal's rigged.

Isabel looks to Nash and the Team, back at Ryan.

ISABEL

You're lying.

RYAN

It's your funeral. Well, his techni--

ISABEL

Nash! Wait!

Isabel turns from Ryan and Doug, runs toward the pedestal. The Point Man, unprepared, scrambles for his gun, but Ryan and Doug push him down.

Nash reaches the pedestal, opens the chest: empty. Isabel stops, halfway to the pedestal, sees nothing happened.

They both look up at Point Man, alone without Ryan or Doug.

INT. CAVE TUNNEL - DAY

Ryan and Doug run for their lives. Doug overtakes Ryan's pace and soars over the chasm easily. Ryan jumps, barely makes it, and gives Doug an impressed look.

RYAN

Why aren't you this athletic all the time?

Doug points back: Nash, Isabel, and the Team give chase.

RYAN

Good point.  
(calls back)  
Jump this, Nash!

Ryan trips the last few switches on the ground. Stones crack and the six foot chasm doubles in length.

Nash and his Team screech to a halt at the chasm's edge. Too far to jump now. Nash shoots into the dark, but Ryan and Doug are home free.

NASH

That went over like a turd in a punch bowl.

Nash looks at the cowering Point Man. He grabs him by the scruff of his neck and chucks him into the chasm.

The man SCREAMS and disappears into the darkness.

NASH

Let's move.

He stalks back into the cave. Isabel looks down into the dark abyss, shocked, as she listens for the bottom--

EXT. TROPICAL BAR - NIGHT

CLINK! Ryan and Doug toast glasses at a festive, outdoor bar. TOURISTS and LOCALS dance and mingle around them.

RYAN

We've had some crazy times, but today takes the cake.

DOUG

Mmm. Cake.  
(beat)  
You've really heard of this Nash guy?

RYAN

He's famous on the black market.  
 Didn't know he was so intense... I  
 wouldn't mind running into that  
 Isabel chick again, though.

DOUG

We should probably get out of here.

RYAN

Stop worrying.

DOUG

Yeah. You're right. Only, we're a day  
 late on the cargo now, and--

RYAN

Forget the cargo, we've got it made!  
 Finding the treasure's the hard part.  
 Now it's just a plane ride home.

Ryan and Doug toast to that just as Doug's phone RINGS.

RYAN

Lily...

DOUG

(answers)

Lily!

Doug stands up to go.

DOUG

Hi! I've been drinking...  
 (to Ryan)  
 Can you fuel up the plane?

Ryan nods: he's got it.

Doug walks away, phone to his ear. Ryan drops a few bucks on  
 the table, swigs his beer, then heads off after Doug.

EXT. TOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

Doug paces in the alleyway on the phone.

DOUG

Yeah, it's been a lot of fun. You  
 know Ryan, never a dull moment.

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lily sits on a flowery bed, wedding magazines and brochures  
 spread haphazardly around her.

LILY

I wish I saw more of that. I'm just  
the buzz-kill to him.

EXT. TOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

Doug leans against a wall, sighs.

DOUG

He'll come around. He's immature,  
that's all. You're an adult. You're  
intimidating to him.

At the other end of the alley: Ryan, hurt. He heard the  
whole thing.

EXT. NASH'S CAMP - NIGHT

A small, but efficient camp. Guards stand patrol. In a  
canvas tent Isabel types away on a laptop. Images of Ryan  
and Doug flash past, documents, medical records, everything.

Nash paces at the tent's entrance, strokes his Bowie knife.

NASH

Found anything interesting?

ISABEL

Salmon medallion and risotto.

NASH

What?

Isabel pulls up a site: "Man Meat by Doug," dominated with  
photos of grilled meats.

ISABEL

The uptight one has a food blog. His  
friend, the idiot, is a total  
narcissist. Posts everything on  
social media. Everything.

NASH

And...?

ISABEL

They worked for a museum, but Doug's  
starting a cargo company. Ryan's not  
happy about it...

She pulls up Ryan's twitter: a picture of Doug's cargo  
company sign. "Hashtag: Ed two, Brutus?"

NASH

A museum...? I don't buy it. They're trying to cut in on my market!

Nash peeks through the tent's door at his TEAM gathered around a small fire.

NASH

These two amateurs knew about this diamond somehow. I bet one of our team's working with them...

Nash SLAMS his Bowie knife onto the table, right through the laptop's keyboard. It shorts out.

ISABEL

That was...unnecessary.

But Nash fumes, eyes his TEAM warily.

NASH

Find them. Now.

Isabel nods, tries to wrench the Bowie knife free.

INT. CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

Ryan SLAMS the door shut behind him. He pushes aside jumbled cargo boxes and flops onto a pull-down cot.

He pulls the diamond from his backpack and curls up with it like an incredibly expensive teddy bear.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - NIGHT

Doug ambles through the airfield toward his cargo plane. Two LOCALS taxi toward a hangar in an island-hopper. Doug waves.

INT. CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

The door swings open. Doug bounces inside, spirits high. Ryan glowers at him, but Doug's oblivious.

DOUG

I feel like today was the first time I really understood the thrill.

Ryan grunts. Doug grabs a clipboard.

DOUG

Before we turn in, let's inventory--

Ryan turns over, back to Doug. Doug stares, confused.

DOUG

...Ryan?

RYAN

Oh? Me? Are you sure I'm mature enough to help?

DOUG

I was. Until you started acting like that...

RYAN

Why don't you call Lily? She's an "adult." I'm sure she's great with your "check-marks" and "inventory."

DOUG

Is this some sort of weird innuendo?

CRASH! Outside: an engine ROARS over sudden YELLS in Spanish. Ryan jumps to his feet to investigate.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Barreling down the runway: two Humvees. Nash stands in the passenger seat of one, machine gun raised.

INT. CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

Ryan SLAMS the door closed.

RYAN

Take off!

Ryan grabs the diamond and shoves it into his bag. Doug scrambles to the cockpit and gets it started. He looks back at Ryan, who's gathering his things.

DOUG

You need a seat belt! Safety fir--

MACHINE GUN FIRE peppers the ground outside the plane.

DOUG

Nevermind!

Doug pushes the plane down the runway.



EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

The Cargo Plane shudders down the runway as the two Humvees gain on it. The plane's wheels take air for a few feet, then drop to the tarmac.

In the Hummvee: Nash aims his machine gun with care.

The Cargo Plane lifts off and banks sharply.

The Hummvee swerves to follow, and Nash tumbles into his seat. He stands again, but the plane's out of reach.

NASH

Dammit!

The second Hummvee pulls alongside, Isabel at the wheel.

Nash jumps from his seat, stalks toward the two stunned Locals and their island-hopper, prop plane.

NASH

We're renting this plane.

The Locals start to protest, but Nash raises his gun.

INT. CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

Ryan holds onto his bag and fights g-forces to the passenger seat. Doug, pale and shaking, holds tight to the wheel.

RYAN

Diamond's safe.

DOUG

I'm good, too, thank you very much.

RYAN

Well, "never a dull moment" with me.

A BLIP from the dash, Doug holds up a hand.

DOUG

Damn! Something's following us.

But Ryan doesn't care, still rants:

RYAN

It's thanks to me we just found our biggest payday, you know! I can be dependable, responsible--

An engine stalls. Doug inspects the dash.

DOUG  
You didn't fill up the plane!?

Doug points to the fuel indicator: Empty.

RYAN  
...Oops.

Ryan sinks into his seat.

EXT. CARGO PLANE - FLYING - NIGHT

The Cargo Plane sputters on its last leg. The island hopper approaches from behind, gaining fast.

INT. ISLAND HOPPER - NIGHT

Isabel flies the plane, glances to the back seats: Nash and his Team squished together.

Isabel shouts back from the cockpit:

ISABEL  
We're almost on 'em!

Nash's Team springs to action, machine guns out, and open doors on each side of the plane.

INT. CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

Doug steers with one hand, scans the horizon. Ryan grips his seat, white-knuckled.

DOUG  
Do you see a place for a nice,  
controlled landing...?

RYAN  
That's code for crashing!

Doug scans the horizon, sees a island loom in the distance.

Ryan clasps his hands, pleads heavenward.

RYAN  
Dear God, I know we don't talk much  
but don't let me die like this.  
You're a problem-solver! You made all  
those plagues for that Moses guy, and  
that flood thing was brilliant. I  
loved when you killed the Balrog.

DOUG  
That was Lord of the Rings.

RYAN  
Bearded guys. Magic staffs. It's  
confusing!

They look out the window at the approaching island.

EXT. CARGO PLANE - FLYING - NIGHT

The island hopper glides next to the stalling Cargo Plane.  
Nash's Team leer from its doors, spray gunfire.

INT. CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

Bullets pepper the hull. Doug dives to evade, then he levels  
it out and locks the plane's yoke into place. He stares,  
steeling himself for something...

RYAN  
Doug...?

Doug runs to the back and digs out two parachutes.

DOUG  
...Time to leave...

Doug slips on his parachute just as the back hatch of the  
plane rips away from gunfire.

Doug's face falls as the cargo slides out of the plane.

Ryan clicks the diamond-bag into place. GUNFIRE sprays the  
plane again, and it lurches. The second engine gone.

Ryan stoops to grab his parachute, but pauses: Doug  
scrambles to grab the last surviving cargo box.

Ryan lunges forward, grabs Doug.

RYAN  
(re: the plane)  
Really!?

Ryan reaches for his parachute. It's gone. Ryan and Doug  
look out the window, see it disappear to the island below.

RYAN  
Guess we're sharing!

Ryan wraps Doug in a bear hug and plunges out of the plane.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Ryan and Doug SCREAM as they topple through the air. Ryan holds onto Doug's middle for dear life while Doug clutches the cargo box.

DOUG  
I can't pull the cord!

Ryan bites the orange cord at Doug's shoulder and yanks. They jerk into the air as the parachute unfurls.

They steady out, see the last bit of the plane rip through the trees. They cringe at the sounds of crunching metal.

DOUG  
My plane...

Ryan points to the night sky: pitch black besides the faint light of the island hopper circling above.

RYAN  
The good news is I can check  
skydiving off my bucket list!

He smiles, but Doug grimaces. They float down, down, down...

EXT. ISLAND JUNGLE - NIGHT

CRASH. Ryan and Doug fall into dense treetops. A few feet of free fall, then they jerk, suspended from the branches.

Doug drops the cargo, and Ryan slips from him. He crashes to the jungle floor with an odd crunch. Ryan rubs his backside and calls up to Doug.

RYAN  
Nice bed of sticks to break my fall.  
Your turn!

Doug looks at the distance, shuts his eyes.

DOUG  
What did you say about going home  
being the easy part, again?

RYAN  
It's a setback.

Ryan scans the surrounding jungle, but it's too dark... except for the faint glow of a campfire ahead.

RYAN

But we might have caught a break.

Doug looks toward the fire, sniffs.

DOUG

Is that barbecue!?

Without a second thought, Doug drops from the parachute with a high-pitched scream and lands next to Ryan.

Doug slowly gets to his feet, the ground crunching underneath him. Doug feels around curiously...

Ryan looks ahead, torches approach.

Doug pulls out his phone, illuminates the ground: human bones and skulls. He SCREAMS, yanks Ryan down to see.

They stand to run, but come face-to-face with a circle of blood-thirsty CANNIBALS adorned with human bones.

EXT. CANNIBAL CAMP - NIGHT

Ryan and Doug are manhandled through a camp lit by a hellish glow. Huts adorned with bones. Skulls randomly set on pikes.

A CANNIBAL TEEN walks past with Ryan's backpack. A CANNIBAL ELDER holds Doug's cargo.

RYAN/DOUG

Hey! Give that back!

No use. Ryan and Doug look forward: large fire pits stoked by leering, tattooed CANNIBALS. Spits ready for roasting.

RYAN

Out of the frying pan...and into a literal one.

Ryan and Doug share a horrified look, pulled through a jeering, chanting Crowd and into an ornate hut.

INT. CHIEFTAIN'S HUT - NIGHT

Decorated with bone sculptures, skulls, and...a desktop computer? Ryan and Doug are thrown to the ground. A circle of CANNIBALS leer around them.

CANNIBAL 1

(subtitled)

I want the chubby one's legs.

CANNIBAL 2  
 (subtitled)  
 Which one's the chubby one?

Ryan stares at the two Cannibals, their language unnerves him. He turns to the circle's head: a CHIEFTAIN, dressed in an odd array of beads and skin skirts with a polo and Crocs.

DOUG  
 ...Maybe he speaks English?

RYAN  
 Looks more like he eats them.

A CANNIBAL shoves their faces into the ground. The Tribe bring over thick logs, set about lashing on Ryan and Doug.

Ryan shifts over, looks straight at the Chieftain.

RYAN  
 Hi. How's it going? I'm Ryan. Nice place you got here.

The Chieftain stares away, no eye contact.

RYAN  
 Hey. Don't give me the cold shoulder. I prefer my food warm! Ha!

The Chieftain briefly looks Ryan's way. Doug apologizes.

DOUG  
 He has a nervous tick. Makes jokes in...stressful situations.

RYAN  
 You're right, Doug. Guess I kinda just put my foot in my mouth!

The Chieftain relaxes, stares at Ryan. The Cannibals heft Ryan and Doug onto their shoulders.

RYAN  
 Just giving you guys dinner and a show. Cause I'm both!

DOUG  
 Can we at least die with dignity?

But the Chieftain grumbles. Everyone stops. His grumble slowly erupts in a deep LAUGH.

DOUG  
 ...He understood?

A heavy moment as everyone waits for the Chieftain to speak. He gives a small wave for Ryan to continue.

RYAN

It'd be a lot more fair if you guys pickled someone your own size!

The Chieftain's body shakes with laughter. Ryan grins, loving it, but Doug shakes his head.

DOUG

You don't pickle meat, Ryan. And, anyway, human meat's fatty. If I were, hypothetically, preparing us for a meal, I'd probably...

Doug slows. The tent deadly silent. The Chieftain looks at Doug curiously, and Ryan stares, pissed.

RYAN

Just had to ruin the fun.

And Ryan and Doug are hauled from the tent.

EXT. CANNIBAL CAMP - NIGHT

The Cannibal Teen searches through Ryan's bag. He pulls out the diamond but couldn't care less, tosses it like trash.

Ryan sees, swinging from his spit as he and Doug are led from the hut. The Chieftain walks solemnly behind them as the Cannibals CHANT ferociously.

DOUG

I wish Lily were here...

RYAN

Why? So she could be the side dish?

Doug glares.

RYAN

She'd probably just say I was dying "too immature."

DOUG

She'd be right. That's exactly what you were doing.

CHIEFTAIN

(leans in)

When women problem, we eat them.

He smiles, all his teeth sharpened to a fine point. Ryan and Doug's faces fall. All humor gone. But the Chieftain takes another close look at Doug, as if trying to place him...

A Cannibal sets Ryan over a fire and spins him like a rotisserie chicken. Another Cannibal liberally tosses spices onto Doug, who sniffs at the concoction.

DOUG

Wow. What's that seasoning?

RYAN

That's your last request? Our recipe?

DOUG

It's kinda poetic, huh? I write about food. I'm going to die as food. The circle of life.

RYAN

The irony's killing me...

But the Chieftain bolts forward, excited.

CHIEFTAIN

I knew I knew you!  
(to tribe, subtitled)  
It is Doug of the Man Meat!

The Cannibals lean in to look and shout.

CANNIBALS

Doug! Man Meat!

RYAN

I think you've been chosen as the first course...

Doug shrinks away, but the Chieftain approaches.

CHIEFTAIN

You Doug of the Man Meat, yes?

DOUG

Yes, sir! Yes! That's me! I am!

Ryan looks around the huts, finally notices: satellite dishes, cables, etc.

RYAN

You've gotta be kidding me...

Doug's cut from his spit and carried to the Chieftain. The Cannibals gather around him, chattering wildly.



CHIEFTAIN

Man Meat by Doug is best cannibal  
guide on internet!

DOUG

Well, actually...Yes. It is. Thanks.

CHIEFTAIN

We use for all cooking. How should we  
prepare your friend?

DOUG

Oh. Um. What if we didn't cook him?

CHIEFTAIN

Ah! Tartare or sushi recipe?

DOUG

No! Neither! We're not eating him.

Ryan lets out a breath of relief--

CHIEFTAIN

But we demand you cook!

The Chieftain stands, tense. Ryan clears his throat.

RYAN

Doug? What if...you shared your  
secret recipe with them?

The Chieftain pauses, intrigued.

DOUG

My...what?

RYAN

The one you've never put on the blog.

Ryan shoots him a look, and Doug catches on.

DOUG

Oh. Yes! Take us to your kitchen!

INT. KITCHEN HUT - NIGHT

Messy, disgusting, and more like a torture chamber. Meats  
hang from racks. Crude knives crusted with blood. Ryan and  
Doug are shoved inside.

RYAN

Looks like my apartment.

DOUG

We just need a secret recipe...

Doug and Ryan search the room for inspiration. Doug balks at the unidentifiable slabs of meat. Then Ryan sees: a large plant grows through a window.

RYAN

What if the real secret of "Man Meat" was, stay with me here...not meat?

Doug stares, nothing better to offer...

EXT. CANNIBAL CAMP - NIGHT

Ryan and Doug bring out a large salad in a giant wooden bowl. The Cannibals stare, confused.

RYAN

We present...salad.

CHIEFTAIN

Sal-lad?

DOUG

It's a magical dish. No meat, but nutrients. Gives you long life.

RYAN

And no GMOs.

CHIEFTAIN

Life sal-lad.

Ryan douses the salad with a dressing.

RYAN

Trust me. You'll want this.

The Chieftain nods, digs in.

EXT. CANNIBAL CAMP - LATER

Cannibals laze around in food comas.... The Chieftain nods to Doug, content.

CHIEFTAIN

I like Sal-lad. We now...what word?

DOUG

Vegetarians.

Ryan takes the chance to lean into the Chieftain.

RYAN  
I came here with a bag...?

Chieftain waves towards a hut nearby.

CHIEFTAIN  
With trash.

Ryan hurries to the hut, sees his bag on top of a pile of tattered clothes, bags, etc. He snatches his bag: diamond still inside.

Then he gets a closer look at the rest of the pile: fancy watches, wallets, jewelry.

RYAN  
Is all of this...up for grabs?

CHIEFTAIN  
We no care. Take it all.

Ryan smiles, loads up a small knapsack with the goods...

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Chieftain paddles in a dugout canoe carved from a tree. Ryan and Doug sit behind him and paddle. They leave one island behind, head towards a bigger one ahead.

Doug rubs his arms in pain.

DOUG  
And I thought commuting back home was rough... You guys do this much?

CHIEFTAIN  
Only when low on food.

He flashes his sharp teeth. Ryan and Doug laugh nervously.

EXT. CANNIBAL CAMP - DAY

The camp, less threatening in the day light. The Cannibals gathered up like sheep, on their knees, hands behind their heads. Isabel and the Team pace threateningly.

ISABEL  
Tell us where the Chief took those two guys. Now.

Nash sits at a small fire, eye-to-eye with a Cannibal Elder. He holds his Bowie knife against the man's throat.

NASH

If you're pissing down my back and saying it's rain, I'll know.

He presses the blade into the Elder's throat. A few drops of blood appear. The Elder quickly points.

ELDER

Ocean. To big island.

Nash nods, tightens his grip on the knife and then stabs--  
--a rack of ribs. He chows down, and the Elder backs away.

NASH

Boy, you folks make some great barbecue. You ever come to Georgia, I'll treat you to a low country boil.

ELDER

And we have you for dinner any time.

Isabel looks around at all the bone decor. She eyes Nash's plate of ribs, suddenly sick.

ISABEL

Nash? What are you eating...?

But Nash doesn't care, takes another juicy bite.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

A deserted beach. Ryan and Doug disembark from the canoe, and the Chieftain gives Doug a huge hug.

RYAN

It was a pleasure to "eat" you.

The Chieftain smirks.

CHIEFTAIN

I thank you for your gift of laughter.

The Chieftain pushes his canoe out to sea again.

RYAN

For people who tried to cook us, they weren't half bad.

DOUG

Yeah. He gave me his email.

Ryan shakes his head, incredulous, and marches on.

INT. PORT TOWN - DAY

A bustling, exotic town. Lush wildlife overruns streets, which zigzag into a labyrinth of market shops, stands, and homes. It all leads to the crown jewel: the port.

Ryan and Doug hike into the town. Ryan holds his bag close. Doug, cargo box under an arm, pulls out his phone suddenly.

DOUG

I have service again.

RYAN

You just noticed? You usually can't stop checking for--

Doug looks at the ID: Lily. He hesitates, and Ryan sees.

DOUG

(to phone)

Hey, Lily. Sorry. Crazy night. I'll explain later, but--

Doug stops, listens. He rolls his eyes at Ryan, who smiles. He fights his way through the crowd, pulls Doug along.

DOUG

Actually, Lily, I'm not in the mood to talk about the reception's menu. We had an...odd meal last night.

Ryan taps Doug on the shoulder, gestures to a nearby building: Port Ticketing Office.

DOUG

Lily, I love you. We've gotta get going. We'll talk later. I promise.

Ryan stares as Doug hangs up.

RYAN

That was the shortest booty call I've ever seen you take.

DOUG

It wasn't a booty call.

RYAN  
Everything okay?

DOUG  
Yeah. I just... We're busy, right?

Ryan smiles at Doug, teases.

RYAN  
You're having fun! I knew it!

DOUG  
I'll get us tickets.

Doug hands over his cargo box and heads inside the Ticketing Office. Ryan smiles at Doug, bringing him to the dark side.

INT./EXT. JEEP - MOVING - DAY

Nash sits shotgun in a Jeep which tears across rough terrain. The port town ahead.

His radio CRACKLES, and Nash looks to a neighboring Jeep: Isabel waves her radio, laptop out.

NASH  
What?

ISABEL (FILTERED)  
We just got a ping on their credit card. They're in the town.

Nash grins, nods.

EXT. PORT MARKET - DAY

Ryan and Doug weave through the busy crowd of wide-eyed tourists and locals hawking their wares. Doug holds two tickets in his hand.

DOUG  
Our boat leaves in a few hours--

RYAN  
To where, exactly?

An awkward beat, and Ryan tries and grabs at the tickets.

DOUG  
To where...? Where do you think?

Doug plays keep-away with the tickets. They fight like kids.

RYAN

Doug! Let me see!

He gives Doug a tittytwist.

DOUG

Ow, ow, ow!

Doug drops his hand, and Ryan snatches the tickets.

RYAN

...We're going back to that island?  
Have you lost your mind!?

DOUG

It's my job!

RYAN

(looks ahead)

Shh!

DOUG

Don't shush me--

Doug follows his gaze, sees a JEEP roll into the Square. Nash rides shotgun, his Team armed with heavier equipment than that, though...

Ryan pulls Doug behind a stand of seashell jewelry. The SELLER shoves necklaces in their faces, babbles. Ryan waves her away, whispers.

RYAN

Come on!

Ryan crouch-walks down an alley in the opposite direction of Nash. Doug follows.

EXT. PORT TOWN ALLEYWAYS - DAY

Ryan and Doug creep down the alley. Local Merchants swoop in, offer bootleg DVDS, watches, clothes. Ryan shoos them away forcefully.

A Jeep rolls past the intersection ahead, and Ryan and Doug hide their faces. After it passes, they take off again.

They navigate through the labyrinth of side streets: dead end. Ryan pulls Doug back, down another street.

DOUG

Do you even know where you're going?

RYAN  
The port was West--

DOUG  
We're going East!

RYAN  
...I knew that...

But Ryan course corrects the other direction.

EXT. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT - DAY

Ryan and Doug burst from a street onto an oddly tidy part of town bustling with male customers. Red curtains in windows, mood lighting over doorways, the nearest labeled: Cat House.

DOUG  
Weird-looking pet store.

Ryan shoots him a look, but doesn't bother correcting it...

Then, from the other end of the street: Nash and his Men.

Ryan yanks Doug down, and they hurry to the Cat House doorway. A HISPANIC FEMALE BOUNCER stiff arms them.

RYAN  
We really need to get inside.

The Bouncer stares blankly, as if not understanding. So Ryan and Doug mime to let them inside.

Bouncer pulls headphones from her ears, hidden by her hair.

BOUNCER  
(offended)  
I can speak English.

DOUG  
Oh. You just... We're so sorry.

Ryan sneaks a look back to the street: Nash and his Men search the crowd roughly.

The Bouncer leans back arrogantly, motions to Nash.

BOUNCER  
I'm guessing he's not with you? Looks like you guys need some--



RYAN  
 (hopeful)  
 Help?

BOUNCER  
 --balls.

Ryan glares.

BOUNCER  
 ...But I could help, too, I guess.  
 (re: the door)  
 For a price.

Ryan and Doug share a look, panicked...

DOUG  
 I don't have cash.

RYAN  
 (re: cargo box)  
 We could--

DOUG  
 No.

RYAN  
 You don't happen to read Man Meat by  
 Doug, do you?

The Bouncer moves to wave for Nash's attention, but--

RYAN  
 Fine!

Ryan digs in his bag, pulls out the knapsack of the Cannibals' "junk pile" goods. He throws it to the Bouncer. She takes a peek inside and double-takes.

BOUNCER  
 This'll do.

The Bouncer throws the door open.

INT. CAT HOUSE - DAY

Ryan and Doug look around at the plush main room as the CATS flirt with CLIENTS. Curtains partition off side rooms.

DOUG  
 We can't hide here. I'm engaged!

RYAN

More for me. I wouldn't mind to "lay"  
low here. If you catch my drift.

DOUG

...Not the only thing you'll catch.

Ryan cringes at the thought. But Doug pulls him toward an attractive WOMAN anyway.

CAT

Hi there, Tiger.

DOUG

No offense. Not interested. Is there  
a back exit, because we're--

Ryan yanks on Doug: Nash waltzes in the front door. Nash searches the crowd, only a matter of time.

Ryan and Doug dive through a side curtain.

CAT

Excuse me! You can't go in there!

She runs toward the entrance, yells at two HULKING BOUNCERS.

CAT

Security! Get them!

A beat, then Ryan and Doug reemerge, disgusted.

RYAN

Perfectly normal lifestyle!

DOUG

Just for someone...else.

Nash looks from the Cat to Ryan and Doug, who make eye contact with him. The jig's up, and Nash pulls out a gun.

The room erupts into SCREAMS and PANIC. Nash's Team takes down the Security easily, and Nash FIRES on Ryan and Doug.

The Cats flee from the room to a back door. Ryan and Doug follow the Women.

INT. CAT HOUSE STAIRWELL - DAY

Ryan and Doug run after a stream of beautiful, PANICKED WOMEN up a narrow staircase.

At the top, the Women pound against a door: roof exit. They scream, turn to Ryan and Doug.

PANICKED WOMAN  
Help! It's locked!

PANICKED WOMAN 2  
It must be a raid!

PANICKED WOMAN  
Or an ex-lover!

They grab Ryan and Doug, pleading, and shove them to the locked door. Ryan takes it all in for a second.

RYAN  
In my dreams, this all happened so differently...

Then he motions to Doug, and they SLAM against the locked door together. Again. And Again.

Below them: Nash bursts through the bottom floor's door. He and a few men rocket up the stairs...

EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY

A fire escape door bursts open, and Ryan, Doug, and the Women all topple out. Ryan and Doug buried underneath the pile, the women kiss them, grateful. Ryan winces...

PANICKED WOMAN  
Thank you! Thank you!

RYAN  
If only there wasn't a madman chasing us!!

Doug pulls Ryan to his feet and turns to the Women.

DOUG  
Those guy are after us. Stall them if you can!

And Ryan and Doug dash off. The Women close ranks.

Nash emerges with his Team, and the Women fall into their arms.

NASH  
What the--?

Nash roughly tosses aside the Women, to his Team:

NASH  
They're getting away!

UPPITY TEAM MEMBER  
(re: the women)  
I think we got it made here, boss.

Nash shoots the Team Member, and the other men fall into line. They power down the rooftops after Ryan and Doug, who slip and slide as they jump across Spanish roof tiles.

Nash pulls out his radio and YELLS into it:

NASH  
Isabel! We've got 'em on the run. Cut them off at the docks!

Nash takes quick aim, shoots.

Ryan and Doug dive down to a lower roof and out of sight.

Nash barrels after them again.

EXT. LOWER ROOFTOPS - DAY

Ryan and Doug jump down, scramble across a lower set of unstable roofs.

A few blocks ahead: an iron gate leads onto the docks. Ryan and Doug smile, almost there...

DOUG  
What now!?

Ryan judges the distance down to the streets, still twenty feet or so, then he sees a drain pipe ahead.

Doug sees, pales a little.

RYAN  
Suck it up!

Ryan stows the diamond bag under an arm snugly, then wraps his arms and legs around the pipe and slides easily to the ground below.

Doug hesitates at the height, slowly dangles his legs over the side.

EXT. DOCK-EDGE STREET - DAY

Ryan bounces impatiently.

RYAN

No time!

ABOVE HIM: Doug holds fast to the pipe, eyes closed tight, and slides down...agonizingly slow...

Finally, he's near enough that Ryan yanks him to the ground.

ON THE ROOF: Nash takes aim.

Ryan and Doug have nowhere to go...but Nash's gun clicks. Empty. He YELLS, grabs wildly for a clip...

...and Ryan and Doug run through the Dock's Gate.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Ryan and Doug run on a haphazardly-built dock past a variety of boats: small fishing vessels, yachts, a cruise ship with a line of passengers boarding...

Doug pulls out his tickets, reads:

DOUG

Our boat is at twenty-three-jay.

Ryan checks wooden posts where boats tie anchor, each with a number and letter painted on it.

They follow the grid, Ryan pointing to the posts...

RYAN

Twenty-one-jay, twenty-two, twenty...

They stop short. No boat at twenty-three-jay.

RYAN

Shit!

They look across the dock: Nash and his Team pour onto the wooden planks, fan out.

Ryan and Doug frantically look for an escape. Ahead, a giant cruise ship lets on the last of its passengers.

It's now or never. Ryan pulls Doug toward the group of cruise-goers, who are dressed in odd, pirate-like outfits.

Two CRUISE EMPLOYEES stand guard at the bottom of the gangplank, and Ryan turns to one of the PASSENGERS. Tries to blend in...

RYAN

How'd you like the shopping?

PASSENGER

Oh. Uh. Little too third-world  
country for my tastes.

Ryan nods, not listening. He and Doug tense as they pass the  
Employees...and board without a second-glance.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - DAY

Ryan and Doug file onto the cruise ship and duck behind a  
wall, keep an eye on the gangplank.

CREW MEMBER (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Ryan and Doug turn. A CREW MEMBER eyes them.

CREW MEMBER

I think you're breaking the rules.

Ryan and Doug share a look: this is it...

CREW MEMBER

You're supposed to stay in costume.

Ryan and Doug stare, confused.

RYAN

Costume?

CREW MEMBER

You're right, sorry. I know you guys  
didn't like that word. Uh, stay in  
character? Is that better?

Ryan and Doug look around: everyone's dressed as pirates,  
mermaids, fairies... A poster against a far wall: "Peter Pan  
and the Never-Never-Fan Cruise."

CREW MEMBER

So which characters are you guys?

DOUG

...Lost Boys.

RYAN

We're not lost--!

Doug elbows him. But the Crew Member moves on to help pull  
up the gangplank. The ramp closed, Ryan sighs in relief.

RYAN

No Nash.

DOUG

We got away.

They laugh, finally safe...

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Nash stares at the endless choices of boats and ships. The cruise ship casts off, and Nash pulls out his radio angrily.

NASH

Isabel. I lost 'em. I need good news.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Isabel, half-dressed, struggles to slip on a short, leafy skirt. She talks into a radio:

ISABEL

I'll be in touch.

She bends down, an unconscious WOMAN crumpled in the corner, bound and gagged. Isabel takes a pair of fairy wings from her, slips them on, too.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - DAY

Isabel emerges from a closet, dressed as a stunning Tinkerbell. She struts down the deck, her eyes locked on Ryan, who relaxes on a deck chair with his bag.

Doug approaches, excited.

DOUG

I met this awesome couple, and they have extra costumes! They said this is their tenth one this year. Watch our stuff, I'll be right back.

RYAN

Just don't drink the Kool-Aid!

Doug glares as he bounces away. A CREW MEMBER approaches with a fruity, umbrella-topped drink. Ryan takes it warily.

A BUZZ: Doug's phone. Lily.

Ryan considers for a moment...then answers.

RYAN  
Hey, Lily. It's Ryan.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Lily sits up at her neatly-organized desk, caught off guard.

LILY  
...Ryan?

RYAN  
Yeah. Doug's fine. Just...uh, didn't  
want you to think anything's up.

LILY  
...I didn't.

RYAN  
Oh, just...he's missed some of your  
calls this weekend, so...trying to do  
the responsible thing and take a  
message...?

Ryan tenses, uncomfortable.

LILY  
Thanks for the thought.

RYAN  
Oh, yeah. No problem. I just know  
you...care about him or whatever.

LILY  
That's what he said when he proposed.

RYAN  
Oh. Ha. Yeah...

LILY  
I appreciate it. I'll call later.

RYAN  
Sure thing.

Ryan hangs up, puts the phone down awkwardly. Like the  
conversation left a strange taste in his mouth.

EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

The cruise ship glides across the calm ocean. Peaceful.



EXT. CRUISE SHIP - NIGHT

Ryan and Doug play a game of shuffle board on a deserted deck. Ryan now dressed as Peter Pan, Doug as Captain Hook.

Doug takes his turn, and Ryan gazes at the ocean.

RYAN

Well, things are finally looking up.

DOUG

Yeah. I can't believe they had open rooms. They even connect.

RYAN

You thought the Peter Pan cruise would be completely booked?

DOUG

Fair point.

RYAN

I was talking about escaping the trigger-happy redneck...

Ryan readies for his turn, adjusts his Peter Pan tights. Doug takes a drink, holds a glass with his fake hook. Ryan smirks at his attempts...

DOUG

What? It's fun.

(beat)

I'll admit, despite the threat of crashing or being eaten or shot, it's been a good weekend. But...what now?

RYAN

We sell the diamond and retire!

DOUG

Okay. And after import fees, taxes, splitting it with Williams, paying off the plane's insurance...

Ryan's face falls at the list...

DOUG

And how long until you've squandered it all on...I dunno, a solid gold bathtub or a pet tiger or something?

RYAN

First off, those ideas are amazing. Second, we find another treasure.

DOUG  
That's not the plan.

RYAN  
Screw the plan. I'm trying to compromise here! I even talked to Lily when she called before...

DOUG  
Oh great. More damage control for me to deal with...

RYAN  
Excuse me? We were nice.

DOUG  
"Nice" like when you renamed her Satan's Butthole on my phone?

Ryan smirks at that.

DOUG  
Look, this was a great last hurrah. Obviously, with the diamond... But, I need to be selfish now. Marrying Lily is my adventure now, okay?

Doug throws Ryan a room key and storms off.

INT. CRUISE - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Ryan sways with the ship, looks at the room numbers. He comes to his door, looks to the next one over: Do Not Disturb. Ryan opens his door, steps inside, and shuts it.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - DOUG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Doug sits on the bed, cell phone in hand: no service. He hears a muffled door shut next door.

He takes a deep breath, and looks to the bed, where his cargo box sits. Doug swipes it aside, but his costume hook gets caught in a gash in the side.

Doug pulls it free, notices the gash and a few bullet holes. Curiosity getting the better of him:

DOUG  
You aren't being delivered, so...

He digs through a desk drawer and finds an envelope opener and shoves it under the box's lid. Slowly, he pries it open.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan turns on the bathroom light, heads toward the bed, when someone slips from the shadows behind him.

ISABEL (O.S.)

Hello, Ryan.

Ryan yelps, spins around to see Isabel, a knock-out Tinkerbell, back-lit marvelously by the bathroom light.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - DOUG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Doug hears the yelp next door. He goes to a side door that connects his room to Ryan's...but waves it off.

He returns to the box, opens the last edge. The lid free, Doug hesitates, then lifts it off.

Inside: an assortment of office supplies, knick-knacks, etc.

DOUG

This isn't medical supplies! I risked my life to deliver junk?

Doug knocks the box over with a CRASH.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Isabel steps forward. Ryan recognizes her, can't make up his mind, talks a mile-a-minute:

RYAN

You! You're with Nash! You look amazing. What are you doing here? Not that I'm complaining.

A CRASH next door. Ryan doesn't even look.

ISABEL

I don't work for Nash.

RYAN

...You don't?

Isabel inches forward. Slowly, deliberately. Totally aware of the crippling effect she's having on Ryan...

ISABEL

No. I work for me. He's a short fuse on a big keg.

(MORE)

ISABEL (cont'd)  
I've been waiting for a chance to  
jump ship, and...well, I have a  
confession to make.

RYAN  
(excited)  
Yeah?

ISABEL  
I knew who you were at the cave. I've  
followed your career for a long time.

RYAN  
Career? I mean, you have?

She looks off, as if drawing words from the air.

ISABEL  
"Ryan Parks is now a local legend  
after finding remnants of a  
Mesoamerican chess set."

Ryan perks up, completely floored, and continues the quote:

RYAN  
"Fulfilling a lifelong ambition since  
sneaking into the Philadelphia  
Natural History Museum as a kid."  
You memorized that?

Isabel nods, moves closer. Ryan completely under her spell.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - DOUG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Doug takes off his Captain Hook costume in a fury, then  
looks at the scattered office supplies. Something catches  
his eye, and he bends down.

He picks up a wall plaque, turns it over: "Ryan Parks,  
Employee of the Month, *Finders Keepers, Inc.*"

Doug grips it tight, looks at the box, at the shared wall.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Isabel kisses Ryan, Tinkerball-on-Peter Pan action. She runs  
a hand down his arm, towards his bag with the diamond...

Isabel kisses him again with intensity, and Ryan gives in...

...but a POUNDING KNOCK at the shared door pulls Ryan away.

RYAN

Just a second.

He opens the door a crack, and Doug appears.

DOUG

What the hell is this?

Doug holds up the plaque, and Ryan's face falls.

RYAN

I can explain...

Doug tries to push inside, but Ryan blocks him.

DOUG

Let me in. Now.

RYAN

I don't like your tone.

DOUG

My tone!? You manipulated this whole trip! I crashed my plane because you arranged a fake delivery!?

Doug finally pushes inside. Ryan stumbles back, and Doug stops short: sees Isabel.

DOUG

She's with Nash!

RYAN

No! Wait. She's got an explanation.

DOUG

Can't be worse than yours...

RYAN

She's a huge fan of my career.

DOUG

Yeah. It's worse than yours.

Doug stares at Isabel, incredulous.

DOUG

What's your name?

ISABEL

Isabel Pushkin.

DOUG

See? Russian! Trouble!

ISABEL

Part Russian. My mother's half  
Swedish and part African-American.  
The embodiment of the American Dream!

RYAN

See? What's threatening about the  
American Dream?

DOUG

Tell that to Tiger Lily.

Ryan glares.

RYAN

She quoted that article about the  
Aztec chess set, and--

DOUG

Anyone can look that up! This is so  
typical. Everything's always about  
you and your ego.

And Doug stops in his tracks. A new light in his eyes. Ryan  
tries to calm him down, but Doug barrels over him for once.

DOUG

That's been my whole life! I'm just  
an accessory to the "Ryan Parks  
Action Figure." Well...not anymore.  
We're done!

Doug throws the employee of the month plaque down and SLAMS  
the door behind him.

Ryan walks to it, upset, but Isabel kisses him passionately,  
throws Ryan onto the bed. As they kiss and kiss--

Isabel slips the bag from Ryan's hand, pins him down...

...Ryan sits up, suddenly aware of what she's doing.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - DOUG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Doug sits on the bed, fumes. Commotion comes from Ryan's  
room, and Doug turns away from the connecting door.

RYAN (O.S.)

Give it to me!

Doug's face crinkles in disgust, he plugs his ears.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan struggles against Isabel, reaches for the diamond bag. The mattress SQUEAKS with the rhythm of their fighting.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - DOUG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Doug digs his fingers into his ears deeper at the SQUEAKING.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Isabel pushes Ryan away, and he flips from the bed with a loud thud. He GROANS.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - DOUG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Something heavy SLAMS against the shared wall, and Doug HUMS to block all the noise out.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan SLAMS against the shared wall, the wind knocked out of him. He sinks to the floor.

Isabel grabs Ryan's bag, opens it to check: the diamond safely inside. She gives Ryan a last, sad smile.

ISABEL

I'll explain it sometime...

Ryan crawls forward as Isabel heads to the door.

RYAN

Explain? You're taking it to Nash and then the highest bidder.

ISABEL

It's not like that. I'm really not with him... I'm sorry.

Ryan eyes Isabel curiously, and she slips from the room.

EXT. CRUISE - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Isabel smooths out her skirt, tries to look presentable. She whips out a radio from somewhere in her skimpy outfit.

ISABEL

Nash. I've got it.

A moment as she waits...

NASH (FILTERED)  
Copy. We're on our way.

Isabel smiles, relieved, and walks calmly down the hall, one eye trained back on Ryan's room.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan BANGS against the shared wall.

RYAN  
Doug!

He COUGHS, still winded. BANGS again.

RYAN  
Doug!

Ryan opens the shared door, waits for the other side to open, and finally Doug appears.

DOUG  
I just told you--

RYAN  
You were right.

Doug nods.

DOUG  
Damn right I was.

But he doesn't move. Ryan picks himself up.

RYAN  
We need to get it back!

DOUG  
I'm not doing it for you.

RYAN  
Whatever.

And they hurry to the door.

INT. CRUISE - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Isabel makes it to the stairs to the above decks when a door opens behind her. Ryan and Doug appear, and Isabel bolts.



Ryan and Doug give chase, both in a state of half-dress.

INT. CRUISE - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Isabel runs, bag in hand, through scattered crowds of Cruise-goers returning from meals and dancing.

Ryan and Doug tear after her, push aside tourists.

A MOM and her KIDS stare as the skimpy Isabel flies past, Ryan and Doug, half-dressed, follow. The MOM covers her Kids' eyes and turns to her HUSBAND angrily.

MOM

I thought this was a family cruise!

The Husband shrugs.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - NIGHT

Isabel races along the deck, throws beach chairs and small tables behind her as obstacles. She stares to a platform ahead: helicopter pad.

Ryan and Doug hop and leap over the cruise ship debris.

RYAN

Where does she think she's going?

And, speak of the devil, a helicopter swoops overhead. Ryan and Doug look up: Nash on board.

RYAN

Dammit!

They pick up their pace.

EXT. CRUISE - HELICOPTER PAD - NIGHT

Isabel runs up the stairs. A CREW MEMBER blocks her path.

CREW MEMBER

What the hell's going on?

Isabel grabs him by the arm and chucks him overboard. She bounds up the stairs and onto the platform just as the helicopter touches down.

Isabel covers her eyes, yells at Nash.

ISABEL  
I got it, let's go!

She climbs aboard, but the helicopter doesn't budge.

NASH  
Not without them.

He points to Ryan and Doug.

ISABEL  
What?

NASH  
Got orders.

Ryan and Doug climb up the stairs, both huff and puff, and they square off against Nash and Isabel.

Nash holds his Bowie knife. He wields the blade, but spins it quick and lashes out with the handle. Knocks out Doug.

Isabel heaves him aboard, and Ryan watches, furious.

NASH  
What now, boy?

Ryan looks at the limp Doug, rushes Nash with a SCREAM--  
--and Nash knocks him out, too.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. CARGO ROOM - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Ryan stirs, squints against the onslaught of bright, fluorescent light. He looks around: Nash and Isabel pace along with a guard of Nash's Team, all upside down.

Ryan hangs from the ceiling by his feet.

NASH  
Welcome to Mexico.

Ryan looks around the room: no sign of Doug.

RYAN  
Where's Doug? What did you do to him?

NASH  
Nothing. He couldn't wait to leave, actually. Looks like I'm not the only one with a loyalty problem.

Nash punctuates that with a glare at his Team.

RYAN  
...You're lying. He's my best friend!

Nash smiles wide.

NASH  
...Is he?

Ryan stares at Nash defiantly...but his confidence wanes.

EXT. MEXICO BEACH - DAY

Doug treks up a sandy dune on a harsh, rocky beach. He reaches the top, wipes sweat from his face, and looks around.

No tourists soaking up the sun here. Just a blazing, isolated landscape. Behind him: a metal structure on the coast.

Gated with barbed-wire fence. A dock with military-grade ships. A couple helicopters. Nash's fortress of solitude.

And Doug turns to the wasteland ahead, a small town in the distance...

INT. CARGO ROOM - NASH'S BASE - NIGHT

Ryan still dangles. He tries to avoid Nash's intense gaze. Isabel stands to the back, uncomfortable.

NASH  
My boss just wanted you, I guess. I don't know whether he's impressed with your...skills or just really pissed. Either way, you're not going to like when he shows up.

Isabel perks up.

ISABEL  
...Barracuda's coming here?

Nash nods, doesn't take his eyes off Ryan.

NASH  
Guess your best friend didn't mind throwing you to the wolves, huh?

He grins, yells to his Team.

NASH  
Take him to a cell.

The Team cut Ryan down, and he drops to the floor heavily. They jostle him to his feet, drag him away...

...and Ryan looks at Isabel.

RYAN  
She's not working for you!

Nash holds up a hand, looks at Isabel.

NASH  
No quip? No insult? You're just desperate now, and it's unbecoming.

Isabel tenses, tries to stay cool...

NASH  
Who's she working for then?

RYAN  
...I don't know. But, back on that cruise...she wanted the diamond for herself.

Nash looks to Isabel, laughter gone.

NASH  
You, too?

He puts a hand on his hip. The Bowie knife.

ISABEL  
Nash. Come on. He's obviously--

Nash gives a disappointed wave, and his Team grabs Isabel. Drag her out of the room with Ryan.

Nash watches her go, betrayed...

INT. PRISON CELLS - NASH'S BASE - DAY

A rusty, empty block of cells. Dirt floors. A rat scurries past with a mangled something in its mouth.

It passes by a cell: Ryan watches it, draped on a moldy cot pathetically.

RYAN  
I could've eaten that little guy...

On the other side of Ryan's thick, adobe cell wall, Isabel sighs, more composed.

ISABEL  
We've only been in here an hour.

RYAN  
Really?

ISABEL  
Yeah. And I enjoyed the quiet.

Ryan doesn't care:

RYAN  
I gotta know. Were you really a fan?

ISABEL  
You're an idiot.

RYAN  
It's fine. Really. I mean. What's more rejection? Doug left me.

A hint of emotion in Ryan's voice, and Isabel sighs.

RYAN  
I mean, I never thought he would leave me. I gave him the best years of my life.

Isabel looks at the wall towards Ryan: Is he serious?

RYAN  
If it wasn't for me, he would've ended up an accountant or actuarial.

ISABEL  
Ew.

RYAN  
Exactly! But now he can go running back to Lily.

ISABEL  
His fiancée?

RYAN  
Yeah. Little Miss Perfect. She couldn't stand me and Doug being together. Always butting in...

A beat. Isabel starts to respond. Thinks better. Then:

ISABEL

Maybe she was jealous of you.

Ryan laughs.

ISABEL

I'm serious. You know him better than she does, and she's marrying him.

RYAN

Huh... Doesn't matter anyway. Forget him. I'll just do what I want now. Indiana Jones worked alone.

ISABEL

Well, actually--

RYAN

Shh. I don't need him. That's all I'm trying to s-s-say...

Ryan fights a disgusting snot-cry.

ISABEL

Are you crying?

RYAN

N-N-No. Y-y-yes. It just hurts. In here.

A moment, Ryan realizes Isabel can't see him.

RYAN

I pointed to my heart.

ISABEL

I figured. You should worry about the hurt out there.

RYAN

Mexico? I'm not qualified to solve those problems.

Isabel mumbles, but--

RYAN

You meant Doug. I know.

(fondly)

He says I have a nervous tick. I make jokes when I'm uncomfortable.

Ryan gets lost in memories for a second...

ISABEL

So... You wanted to be Mr. Adventure.  
What about Doug?

RYAN

I dunno. Food. He loves it. He  
almost ate person the other day. He  
has a food blog. "Man Meats by Doug."

ISABEL

Horrible name.

RYAN

Thank you.

ISABEL

Sounds like he has a hobby so you  
could have your dream.

Ryan ruffles at that.

RYAN

Are you saying I'm controlling him?

Isabel doesn't respond.

RYAN

I mean, I may have forced him into  
some stuff. Like... A lot. But...  
(pregnant pause)  
I am controlling him.

Ryan drops his head for a beat, then stands up, determined.

RYAN

I gotta get out of here. I need to  
fix this.

Isabel slowly gets to her feet.

ISABEL

Well, I've broken out of a few  
prisons in my day...

RYAN

Awesome.

Ryan rubs his hands together, ready for action.

RYAN

What are you? CIA? FBI?

ISABEL

It's...a smaller outfit.

RYAN

Sweet. Covert as hell?

ISABEL

Um. Sure... Just do what I say.

EXT. MEXICO VILLAGE - DAY

A dusty town. Cobbled-together homes line the deserted streets. The one place with life: the cantina.

INT. MEXICO CANTINA - DAY

A rowdy mish-mash of BAR PATRONS. Snippets of a dozen LANGUAGES slur and shout. Like the Old West, just with a few more modern fixtures.

Doug sits at the counter, an half-empty glass in hand.

DOUG

...it's about respect, y'know?

He looks up at the BARTENDER, an exasperated Mexican.

DOUG

He never respected me. And he never respected my girl. He never even considered how hard it is to try and please them both.

Doug leans forward, and the Bartender stares, worried.

DOUG

The last few days, I've crashed a plane, almost been eaten by cannibals, escaped gunfire in a brothel, and was kidnapped off a Peter Pan cosplay cruise. That's what life with Ryan's like.

The Bartender nods, fills up a drink.

BARTENDER

On the house.

Doug takes the drink, downs it. His phone RINGS: Lily.

DOUG

Lily.

INTERCUT WITH:



INT. FLORAL SHOP - DAY

Lily picks through a vibrant display of flowers.

LILY

Glad I caught you. I'm at the flower shop, and I wanted your opinion. I can text some pictures, or--

DOUG

I'm okay. They're just flowers.

LILY

They're our wedding flowers.

DOUG

Yeah. But, they'll wilt like all the other flowers in the world.

Lily, hurt, backs away from a CLERK for privacy.

LILY

What's wrong with you?

DOUG

I just...Is this wedding really our style? The fancy church and custom tuxes and perfect flowers--

LILY

But you wanted all that.

Suddenly, Doug stands up.

DOUG

What am I doing? I'm in a hole-in-the-wall bar in Mexico talking about floral arrangements!

LILY

You're where?

DOUG

Long story. I know I keep saying--

LILY

No. I get it. If you're getting cold feet or having second thoughts you should just say it. Maybe we need a few days to think, okay?

INT. MEXICO BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Doug looks at the phone: she hung up. He takes a swig of his beer, then looks at the Bartender.

DOUG  
I gotta go save Ryan.

BARTENDER  
Who?

But Doug stands, determined, and marches to the door. Then he stops and steels himself...

DOUG  
Of course, I can't just walk up to  
Nash's front door...

The Bartender freezes, looks at Doug, dead serious.

BARTENDER  
You're going to the Loco Gringo's?

DOUG  
Yeah, and I need some supplies--

The Bartender SNAPS at a man in the shadows, who approaches in a heavy poncho. He pulls it aside, shows off a few guns.

Doug backs off, waves his hands.

DOUG  
Oh. Uh, no thanks. I was actually  
wondering...could I use your kitchen?

Doug points behind the bar to the small grill area. The Bartender raises an eyebrow, but Doug smiles wide.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Nash paces as a row of COMPUTER TECHS type away at computers. He looks over their shoulders, breathes heavily.

He holds a canvas bag tight. A TECH at the end shoots up.

TECH  
I got something! She's a government  
agent. I think. I've never heard of--

Nash hurries over.

TECH  
--The National Bureau of Protecting  
International Antiquities...

The Tech points to his screen. A Government ID of a younger Isabel. Nash's face twists in fury.

INT. NASH'S ROOM - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Spartan. No sign of personality anywhere, just harsh, cold steel. Nash opens a big safe, stows the bag inside. He talks into a cell phone.

NASH  
I understand why it's risky to come  
now, and I apologize, sir.

Beat. Nash listens, hardens...

NASH  
I'll take care of both of them.

Nash hangs up the phone, pulls out his Bowie knife.

INT. PRISON CELLS - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Ryan and Isabel both stand on their cots, dig at the adobe wall at their cells' ceiling.

ISABEL  
That should unbalance the anchor. So,  
all we need is...

Isabel pushes against the cell's bars, and they unhinge, lurch forward. She catches them before they fall...

...but Ryan pushes on his bars. They slip, fall to the ground, and Isabel dives to catch them.

RYAN  
Whoops.

Isabel shoots him a look.

INT. CORRIDORS - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Isabel peers around a corner. No longer in the dank, dirty cells, now in hallways of sleek, cold metal.

Ryan stands behind Isabel, peers around her.

RYAN

Now what?

TWO GUARDS ahead turn a corner, backs to Isabel and Ryan. Isabel motions to Ryan, and they creep after the Guards.

Isabel quietly shows Ryan her hands, mimes how to take down the Guards. Ryan nods.

They hurry forward, hit the Guards over the head. Isabel swiftly takes out her Guard with precision and skill.

Ryan hits his Guard on the head, but the protective headgear makes him wince in pain. The Guard grabs at him.

Ryan SLAPS at the Guard. Finally lands another hard blow to the head, and the Guard goes down.

RYAN

Good. Stayed cool.

Isabel rolls her eyes as Ryan acts tough. He takes the headgear off his Guard and recoils: it's a woman.

ISABEL

Shh!

RYAN

Shit. I just attacked a woman!  
(to knocked-out Guard)  
I'm so sorry. I support Women's  
Equality!

ISABEL

So, it's okay if you attack a man,  
but women are different?

RYAN

Uh...Yes?

ISABEL

Typical.

RYAN

Wait. What?

ISABEL

We needed their uniforms. You can be  
sexist later.

RYAN

Sexist? But...I'm confused.

Isabel drags her Guard toward a door.

ISABEL

Hurry and change before we're found.

Ryan looks down at his Guard.

RYAN

What? I can't undress her...

(beat)

I want another!

Isabel bristles, disappears behind the door. Ryan sighs, drags his Guard to another door.

RYAN

This is so wrong....

INT. CORRIDORS - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Ryan and Isabel, now dressed in the base's uniform, walk casually. Their headgear low, faces obscured.

They pass by other Guards, and Isabel keeps her face behind Ryan. He stiffens, nervous, but the Guards don't give them a second thought.

ISABEL

The main gate's just a few turns away. That'll be the trickiest part to get through, okay?

Ryan nods.

RYAN

What's the plan?

ISABEL

Well... We have guns.

She looks at the small sidearms at their belts.

ISABEL

They'll have more guns. And bigger. But, we shouldn't have to use them if these ID cards scan.

Isabel fingers a card, thinking...

ISABEL

The problem is...they're both for women. I could easily convince the guys on guard duty I dyed my hair--

RYAN  
Now who's being sexist?

Isabel glares.

ISABEL  
But, you'll never pass for a woman.  
No offense.

RYAN  
That's almost a compliment.

ISABEL  
Point is, the security's top notch.  
It's going to take skill, precision,  
and...

Isabel stops. A strange noise ahead. Ryan sits up.

SHOOTING breaks out around the corner. SHOUTS and then a small EXPLOSION and a cloud of red dust erupts.

The COMMOTION slowly fades, dissolves into fits of HEAVING and COUGHING and then silence...

Ryan and Isabel stare, confused.

RYAN  
What. Was. That?

ISABEL  
I have no idea.

They wait, unsure what to do, when Doug emerges from the dust. Caked in streaks of red powder, he walks confidently forward, small canisters in each hand like grenades.

DOUG  
Ryan! ...Isabel?

Ryan stares at Doug in shock.

RYAN  
What the hell...?

DOUG  
I got the idea from my bad stir fry.  
Cayenne Pepper bombs.

RYAN  
You're like... Chef Rambo.

Doug grins, but his tough-guy persona fades as his eyes tear up. He fights them back.

DOUG  
It just stings a little.

RYAN  
It's okay. I had a heart-to-heart  
with Isabel. She's on our side now. I  
realized I was just afraid.

Isabel jumps in quick, keeps a cautious eye on the hallways.

DOUG  
Afraid?

RYAN  
Afraid of losing you to Lily. You're  
my other half. You comple--

DOUG  
Don't say it.

RYAN  
--computer me.

DOUG  
I computer you?

Doug LAUGHS, and Ryan smiles.

RYAN  
Let's go home.

DOUG  
Home?

Isabel jumps in, pushes Ryan and Doug on.

ISABEL  
We need to get moving.

DOUG  
You guys already got the diamond?

RYAN  
I can live without it.

DOUG  
But...I came back for an adventure.

RYAN  
Really?

DOUG  
Yeah. Cause...you computer me, too.

Ryan and Doug hug. Isabel rolls her eyes.

INT. PRISON CELLS - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Nash throws open a door, descends into the dank cell. His radio CRACKLES.

GUARD (FILTERED)

Nash! We got a situation up here.

Nash doesn't listen, stares at the collapsed cell doors. No sign of Isabel or Ryan.

He whips out his radio and barks:

NASH

Sound the alarm!

INT. CORRIDORS - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Red lights BLARE. An ALARM. Ryan and Doug rip themselves out of a hug, turn to Isabel.

Isabel waits, Doug looks to Ryan...who nods.

Isabel turns back, away from the cloud of pepper, and deeper into the base. Ryan and Doug race behind her.

INT. CORRIDORS - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Isabel takes the lead, Doug at her side, as Ryan races to keep pace.

Guards appear, raise guns, but Isabel shoots skillfully, takes out their legs.

More appear, Isabel takes cover behind a support beam. Ryan joins her while Doug hides behind one on the opposite wall.

RYAN

Well, I suppose we could've been shooting people the whole time. Not really our style, you know...

Isabel leans out, shoots another two Guards in the knees.

ISABEL

I've seen your style. It got us here.

Doug YELLS through the commotion, leans out:



DOUG  
How about this?

He lobs one of his kitchen-made grenades. It lands at the feet of a cluster of Guards who look at it curiously--

--then it explodes in a magnificent cloud of red dust.

IN SLOW MOTION

Ryan watches Isabel take down an onslaught of Guards with expertly-aimed shots. Doug lobs another grenade of pepper, and it explodes with a brilliant burst of red.

The Guards collapse in fits of coughing.

For the first time a spectator to the action, Ryan soaks it in. Smiles like a proud dad at Doug.

NORMAL SPEED

Doug, wild-eyed and out of breath, looks at the hallway: collapsed Guards, red dust fills the air.

Ryan smiles at him.

RYAN  
Who are you?

The three of them run into the cloud, faces covered.

INT. PRIVATE WING - NASH'S BASE - DAY

A security door swings open, and Doug and Ryan burst through, ready to fight.

But it's deserted. Just a dead-end hallway with one door.

Isabel stands on the other side, a messy tangle of wires spark and snap at a key card panel: her handiwork.

Ryan relaxes, and Isabel walks past him, gun out.

ISABEL  
Nash's room is over here.

She motions to the door.

INT. NASH'S ROOM - NASH'S BASE - DAY

They enter the room, and Doug balks at the boring decor.

DOUG

I know stainless steel's in right now, but geesh...

Ryan points to the safe, and Isabel sets to work.

RYAN

You know how to crack these things, or can you just shoot through them?

Isabel enters the code, and it unlocks.

RYAN

Or...that works.

ISABEL

The consequences of trusting people.

Ryan and Doug share a look, don't agree.

Ryan grabs the bag: diamond safely inside.

INT. CORRIDORS - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Nash barrels through the wake of Ryan, Doug, and Isabel. Red powder cakes the walls. His team collapsed against walls, nurse wounds.

NASH

You're all useless!

And Nash pushes past, the Team glaring with hatred.

INT. PRIVATE WING - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Ryan, Doug, and Isabel rush from Nash's room and freeze: Nash stands at the entrance, knife and gun drawn.

He squares off against the three, eyes on Isabel.

NASH

Undercover Agent Isabel. I would be impressed if it wasn't for such a pathetic division of the government.

Isabel has no retort...

NASH

I saw their laughable budget. There's no back-up. No one coming to rescue you. That's why you've joined up with Tweedle Dee and Dum here, isn't it?

Ryan looks from Isabel to Nash, tries to see if Nash is onto something...but Isabel cocks her gun.

ISABEL  
Barracuda. Is he here?

NASH  
You're still yapping about him? He's gone. You scared him off.

ISABEL  
Get him back.

NASH  
(laughs)  
I ain't seen him. Ever. I can't make him do squat.

Nash turns his attention to Ryan and the diamond bag.

NASH  
And you? Gonna give the diamond away to some piss poor museum?

Ryan doesn't answer, holds tighter.

NASH  
You split it with me, we'll have enough money to burn a wet mule.

RYAN  
As...interesting as that sounds...

Nash drops his grin, throws the Bowie knife fast. It flies past Isabel, Ryan jumps aside, and Doug barely misses it.

The knife buries itself in the metal wall behind them.

Ryan sees Doug's shoulder: cut. Ryan seethes, grabs the last Cayenne Pepper bomb and chucks it--

--right into Nash's face.

It explodes, and Nash SCREAMS.

Ryan pulls Doug to his feet, and they run from the room. Isabel hesitates.

RYAN  
Isabel! I'm sorry, but Barracuda'll have to wait for another day!

Isabel nods, runs past a writhing Nash.

EXT. DOCK - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Isabel leads Ryan and Doug out onto a dock toward a speedboat. A few last Guards shoot from posts above the base.

But Isabel weaves, Ryan and Doug follow suit.

They dive into the speedboat, and Isabel REVS it on.

They shoot out into open water.

INT./EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAY

Ryan and Doug look at the retreating base and the Mexico coast. Relax again...

RYAN

Now you call in the cavalry, right?  
Get us home in some government jet?

ISABEL

Uh... No.

RYAN

What?

ISABEL

Nash was right. I kinda work for an espionage agency run by art history teachers. We don't get much funding.

RYAN

Makes sense...

Doug checks his shoulder, nothing too serious.

RYAN

Pretty lucky. A few inches over and Lily would've been marrying a less-handsome guy.

Doug sits up, panicked. Checks his pockets.

DOUG

Oh no... My phone.

INT. PRIVATE WING - NASH'S BASE - DAY

Nash crawls to his feet, his face stained with tears. He wipes away the powder, eyes bloodshot.

And then a RINGING.

He looks around, sees a pile of red powder and kicks it aside to reveal: Doug's cell phone. Lily calling.

Nash answers the phone.

LILY (FILTERED)

Doug. I'm sorry. I didn't mean any of that. I love you.

Nash grins, an idea taking shape...

EXT. MEXICO AIRPORT - NIGHT

A modest, but modern airport. Civilization at last. A plane lands: "Mexico Air."

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Ryan and Doug settle into seats wearing Hawaiian shirts and board shorts. Ryan clutches a new bag tight.

DOUG

We look like...tourists.

RYAN

Don't say that disgusting word. We are seasoned world travelers now.

Doug takes the window seat and pulls out a new, cheap cell phone. Ryan slides to the middle, and he looks up to see--

--Isabel walks down the aisle. Radiant in a sundress. Ryan's jaw drops a little...

ISABEL

Sorry. Took a while to find anything halfway decent.

She sits down next to Ryan, who gapes. Doug rolls his eyes, pulls out his phone and dials.

DOUG

At least you got to bring a girl...

Ryan, awkward, looks between Doug and Isabel.

RYAN

A girl? She's not a girl. I mean, you are, but you're not my girl. Obvs...

Isabel grins, flattered. Ryan squirms, turns back to Doug.

RYAN

Like Lily would've done half the stuff we just did, anyway...

Doug hangs up the phone, anxious.

DOUG

I just wish she'd answer... I've left five messages.

RYAN

Relax. We're almost home.

DOUG

Famous last words...

ISABEL

I'm not sitting here if you guys are gonna bicker. You already look like you're honeymooning.

Ryan and Doug share a look.

RYAN

...I preferred tourists.

And the plane taxis away from the terminal.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT - DAY

Back to the comforts of a big city skyline. A Mexico Air plane lands on a pristine runway.

EXT. AIRPORT CURB - DAY

Doug listens on his cell phone, a few feet away from Ryan, who tries to hail a cab.

He jostles against TRAVELERS, Isabel at his side. She motions to the bag in his hand.

ISABEL

Good luck with the...you-know-what. You should really be in the papers for this one.

Ryan nods.

RYAN

I'll call you, okay?

A beat.

RYAN

About getting you your third of the check. Sorry again about Barracuda...

ISABEL

I'm still reeling him in...

Isabel shrugs and WHISTLES loud for a cab. A handful stop, and Isabel hops into the nearest.

Ryan watches her drive away in awe. Doug hangs up his phone, no answer, and walks to Ryan.

Another cab passes Ryan by, and Doug WHISTLES loudly. The cab stops in a second. Ryan shakes his head...

EXT. PHILADELPHIA NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY

A sign hung in the window: "Closed for Maintenance." Ryan and Doug stare at it, confused.

Doug cups his hands against the Museum's glass front door to peer inside, but it swings open.

INT. MUSEUM - LOBBY - DAY

Ryan and Doug walk into the grand lobby, but it's deadly silent. Almost spooky as skeletons and darkened displays loom from the shadows. They walk forward cautiously.

A SNIFFLING sound from somewhere. Ryan and Doug look around.

RYAN

Someone there? Williams?

Williams pops up, shaking like a leaf.

WILLIAMS

I'm sorry.

RYAN/DOUG

About what?

NASH (O.S.)

We have just got to stop meeting like this, boys!

RYAN

Oh, hell no.

Nash leers from the other side of the lobby, a handful of his Team behind him.

RYAN

You can threaten our lives, shoot down our plane, hold us captive at your fancy base--

DOUG

He can?

RYAN

--but I draw the line at desecrating my museum!

NASH

Then we make this simple. You give me back the diamond, and I leave.

Nash's team raise guns, and Nash leers.

NASH

See... I could've stopped you before you left Mexico. But, then I just thought this would be more fun.

RYAN

Well you just gave us home court advantage. This is my museum.

NASH

Let's see how this stacks up against your museum.

Nash WHISTLES, and a figure's led forward: Lily. Bound and gagged, her muffled SCREAMS echo through the lobby.

Doug lunges forward, pissed, and Ryan holds him back.

NASH

The longer it takes to get me that diamond, the more pieces of Lily you'll have to take home.

DOUG

If you touch her--!

Nash grins at Lily, her eyes wide with fear. Ryan holds up his hands, tries to calm everyone.

RYAN

Okay! Fine.

Ryan pulls the diamond out of his bag.



RYAN

I'll walk the diamond to you. You'll take it. I'll take Lily. Then we'll all go our merry ways. Okay?

(to Doug)

Okay?

Doug moves to take the diamond from Ryan.

DOUG

Let me.

RYAN

No. I got this. Trust me.

Doug grabs for the diamond again, but Ryan holds it away.

RYAN

Doug. Please. I think I've earned the chance to *throw away* the diamond.

Ryan stares at him pointedly, and Doug catches on, stands back. Ryan walks forward, holds the diamond aloft.

Nash smiles as the diamond nears him. Ryan holds it high like a sacrifice to the alter. He glances down a side hallway, gets ready to chuck it, but--

ISABEL (O.S.)

Don't move, Ryan!

On the second-floor landing: Isabel. Guns in both hands, one on Ryan, one on Nash.

NASH

Son of a bitch...

Isabel smiles, motions with her guns, and Nash's team raises their hands. Nash keeps his knife on Lily.

RYAN

Isabel, for the record, my hands are already up! I thought you left?

ISABEL

I wanted you to think that. I knew Nash could never let you get away with that diamond.

Isabel walks down the stairs, gun trained on Nash.

NASH

Not another step!

Isabel stops her approach as Ryan yells:

RYAN

Hey! Let's not escalate things more!  
Williams looks like he's already wet  
his pants.

Ryan nods to Williams, who huddles under the info desk.

RYAN

You two hash it out. Doug, Lily, and  
I can take the diamond and--

ISABEL

Ryan. You can't take the diamond.  
When Barracuda shows up--

NASH

I already told you, Barracuda's  
nothing but a ghost to me!

ISABEL

Maybe. But after all the slip-ups  
you've made, I'm guessing Barracuda's  
not far. You've led me right to him.

Ryan pauses at that, wheels turning. Doug sees:

DOUG

What?

RYAN

...Led right to it...

Ryan talks to himself, piecing something together.

DOUG

Ryan! What are you doing?

RYAN

Led. Like...the map.

Ryan's face falls. Breathing quickens. He raises a shaking  
hand and points right at Williams.

RYAN

It was you!

Isabel and Nash hold their stances, glance to Ryan.

DOUG

What are you talking about?

RYAN

The map to the diamond. The only other person that had it was...you.

Williams instantly drops his scared act. He climbs out from under the info desk and beams at Ryan, cocky.

WILLIAMS

I really never thought you'd figure it out... It's a shame, really.

And Williams pulls out a pistol comfortably.

Doug stares at Williams, confused. Ryan seethes. Williams shoots Ryan a pitying glance.

WILLIAMS

Cause who would ever have suspected the curator of such a pitiful museum?

Ryan gapes at Williams, his world crashing around him.

RYAN

Pitiful? You loved this museum!

WILLIAMS

I have to thank you, Ryan. Your constant stream of pathetic artifacts was the perfect cover.

RYAN

Pathetic? That Mesoamerican Chess Set was a--

WILLIAMS

--fake. And while attention was on that, I shipped millions of dollars of artifacts to the black market.

Ryan stares, anger bubbling under the surface.

WILLIAMS

But it'll be nothing compared to that diamond. Which, surprisingly, is all thanks to you.

RYAN

But... Why...?

WILLIAMS

Like you always told me, there is nothing glamorous to the museum life. Babysitting brats on field trips.

(MORE)

WILLIAMS (cont'd)  
Collecting dust with bones and  
storage crates. No thanks.

Williams approaches Ryan, holds out a hand for the diamond.

Ryan reluctantly hands over the diamond.

Ryan stares, hurt. Williams turns on his heel, and Nash takes the moment to politely step forward, Lily still held at knife-point.

NASH  
Mr. Barracuda, sir, it's an honor to  
finally meet you.

WILLIAMS  
Can't say the same. You're as bad as  
these two.

Nash looks at Ryan and Doug, offended.

NASH  
...That's a bit harsh.

WILLIAMS  
You think that's harsh?

And Williams shoots him in the leg.

Nash goes down, and Lily SCREAMS through her gag. Williams scoops her up with his free hand. He warns off everyone.

WILLIAMS  
Follow me, and she dies.

Nash struggles in a heap, but slashes out with his Bowie knife and slices Williams' leg.

NASH  
(to his Team)  
Get him! The diamond!

Williams stumbles, pulls Lily up the lobby stairs, and shoots the first member of Nash's Team who tries to follow.

WILLIAMS  
Anyone else want a bullet?

Nash's Team stops in their tracks. Williams disappears up the stairs.

RYAN  
You with us?

Isabel nods. She runs with Ryan and Doug up the stairs.

NASH  
After him! Hurry you idiots!

But his Team steps over Nash as he crawls toward the stairs. He yells at them, grabs his leg.

TEAM MEMBER  
We're useless, remember?

And the Team walks off, leaves Nash alone...

INT. MUSEUM LANDING - DAY

Ryan, Doug, and Isabel race through the labyrinth of displays. Ryan's been preparing for this his whole life...

RYAN  
He's heading to the roof, so we've gotta cut him off.

DOUG  
More like cut his head off.

RYAN  
...Dark. Channel that.

Isabel points to a trail of blood, starts to follow it. But turns another way. She stops, confused.

Ryan grabs a spear and punches through drywall. An old stairwell.

INT. NARROW STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Ryan, Doug, and Isabel climb up the hidden staircase. Ryan YELLS, taken over by his fury.

RYAN  
No one threatens my best friend's fiancée!

DOUG  
You mean that?

A dead end. Ryan and Doug slam their shoulders against the wall, and it gives way.

INT. EGYPTIAN ATRIUM - MUSEUM - DAY

Ryan and Doug scope out the room. Walkways criss-cross over a makeshift Nile and lead to a replica pyramid.

Ryan steps out of the hole in the wall and a display case near him shatters with gunfire.

RYAN

Damn! That was...

(gets a better look)

Nevermind, we didn't donate that!

Ryan and Doug huddle beneath another display, look up at the pyramid, where Williams takes aim again.

They roll to another display as gunfire peppers the room.

Isabel stands at their makeshift entrance, provides cover.

ISABEL

I'll hold him off!

Ryan stands up to get a better look and sees two Egyptian sickle swords among the broken glass. He hands one to Doug.

RYAN

We take the pyramid.

DOUG

Hell yeah.

They run full speed toward the pyramid, but gunfire forces them behind a thick sarcophagus.

RYAN

Baby steps.

Williams yells down to them.

WILLIAMS

Looks like you brought a knife to a gun fight.

RYAN

It's called a Khopesh!

Ryan turns to Doug, motions to a side door. They pick up the sarcophagus and inch toward the door using it as cover.

Isabel pins William down, provides cover for the guys.

INT. PYRAMID - MUSEUM - DAY

Williams tries to get up and move, but a bullet whizzes past, forces him to the ground.

He drags Lily across the floor, as she kicks and SCREAMS.

WILLIAMS

Stop. It.

And Williams kicks her back. But Lily doesn't stop, reaches up with her bound hands and scratches at Williams' arms.

Williams GROWLS, pulls Lily to her feet and uses her as a shield.

INT. EGYPTIAN ATRIUM - MUSEUM - DAY

Isabel holds her fire as Lily appears, Williams behind her.

No clean shot. And Williams disappears. She turns to pursue, then sees: an elevator. She rushes towards it.

INT. AMERICAN HISTORY WING - MUSEUM - DAY

Ryan and Doug weave their way through displays of Revolutionary War uniforms, powdered wigs, and Native American relics. Ryan stops at the last one, excited.

RYAN

Hey! Our tchotchkes!

He sees Doug's face. Nods, back on task. And Ryan knocks over a display shelf, reveals a corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - MUSEUM - DAY

Ryan and Doug jump through a dusty hallway filled with odds and ends from previous exhibits.

INT. PYRAMID - MUSEUM - DAY

A wall CRUMBLES in a heap, and Ryan and Doug appear. They brandish their swords...

...but Williams is gone. A blood trail leads through a doorway, and Ryan bolts after it.

INT. MUSEUM - THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

Williams drags Lily down a landing towards an emergency ladder with a limp. She fights and kicks to get away.

He brandishes his gun, but Lily throws her weight against his hand. The gun soars over the railing to the floor below.

WILLIAMS

You bitch!

He slaps Lily across the face.

DOUG (O.S.)

Hey! That's my bitch!

Williams and Lily look across the landing: Ryan and Doug.

DOUG

...That came out wrong.

Doug and Ryan run towards William and Lily, swords drawn.

Williams rushes to the emergency ladder and opens the hatch: Isabel appears, guns out. He slams the hatch closed again, drags Lily with him. Ryan and Doug pursue.

INT. MUSEUM - BALCONY - DAY

Williams and Lily emerge into a balcony with a wall of glass. Tables line the room: the museum's coffee shop. He grabs a chair, throws it through a window.

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

The chair crashes through the glass and falls to the river below with a splash.

INT. MUSEUM - BALCONY - DAY

Williams looks out the window, considers his chances...

RYAN

It's over, Williams.

Williams spins around, leers at Ryan and Doug. They approach slowly, feet away from Williams, when:

WILLIAMS

Yes, it is.



Williams leans out the window...and falls with Lily.

Ryan and Doug dive to the edge, swing their sickle swords...

...and Doug's catches Lily by her shirt. Ryan hooks his onto Williams' sleeve.

Williams SCREAMS as the blade cuts into his hand. The diamond slips slowly from his fingers...

Lily's shirt rips, and she drops a few inches. Doug struggles to hold onto her...

DOUG

Ryan! Help!

Ryan looks at Williams, his face twisted in anger.

RYAN

Give me the diamond.

DOUG

Ryan... I can't hold her!

Ryan glances to Doug, sees Lily slip...

WILLIAMS

Gotta make a choice, son.

RYAN

Don't call me that!

Ryan looks at the diamond. Looks at Lily. And then kicks at Williams' hand.

The diamond pops loose as Williams slips free of the sword.

Ryan watches the diamond soar to the river below and disappear beneath its murky water.

Williams descends after the diamond...

...but he smacks onto the pavement at the river's edge.

Ryan leaps to Doug and Lily's aid, pulls her back to safety. He sighs, and they all collapse against the wall, tired.

Isabel rushes into the room, gun out. She surveys the damage, goes to the window edge.

She peers down at the unmoving Williams.

ISABEL

I better call this in...

They laugh, and Isabel whips out her phone, paces away.

DOUG  
You let the diamond go...?

RYAN  
A diamond like that? Eh, they're one  
in a million.  
(to self)  
Dollars...

LILY  
Ryan. Thank you.

Ryan smiles at Doug and Lily. He gives them both a big hug.

RYAN  
No problem.

Ryan holds on past the point of comfort for Lily and Doug.

LILY  
...Could I have a minute with Doug?

Ryan finally lets them go.

INT. MUSEUM - THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

Lily and Doug walk out onto the landing. A heavy silence.

DOUG  
I'm sorry about all this. I thought I  
was done, but Ryan dragged me back  
out...and I got caught up in it. But,  
I'm done, okay? It's reckless,  
irresponsible, dangerous, and--

LILY  
--Sexy.

DOUG  
...What?

LILY  
Very sexy.

Doug eyes Lily, confused.

INT. MUSEUM - BALCONY - DAY

Isabel walks back onto the balcony. Ryan spies on Doug and Lily through a doorway. Isabel joins him, and Ryan smiles.

ISABEL  
FBI's on its way.

RYAN  
FBI? Hey! Pretty exciting day for  
someone in a pathetic art crime  
agency.

ISABEL  
We have our moments. Though I'd be  
lying if I didn't say I hope this  
means a promotion's in order...

Ryan looks at Doug and Lily, in a serious talk.

RYAN  
It's a shame. I feel like he's grown  
so much this week that he'd be great  
for her. But, all the lying and  
danger is just too much--

Lily jumps onto Doug, and they kiss passionately.

ISABEL  
Or it turns her on.

Ryan and Isabel watch, cock their heads to the side.

ISABEL  
...A lot.

They wince, look away. Ryan stares at Isabel.

RYAN  
As for us...I knew you couldn't stay  
away. You're Team Ryan.

ISABEL  
(sarcastic)  
You know me too well.

RYAN  
Well, since you won't be getting a  
third of that diamond's money now...  
I'd be happy to make up for it with a  
date.

Ryan smiles at Isabel. She fights back a grin.

ISABEL  
...I like Chinese food.

RYAN

Seriously! Wow... Uh, I usually don't get that far. Especially with someone like you.

Isabel smiles, and Ryan goes in for a kiss. She stops him.

ISABEL

Let's start with the Chinese food.

Ryan nods: got it.

INT. MUSEUM - LOBBY - DAY

Ryan, Doug, and Lily walk through the lobby as MEDICS and FEDS swarm around.

Ryan grins at it all, arm around Doug who holds Lily's hand.

PRE-LAP: WEDDING MARCH, tribal instrument style...

EXT. CANNIBAL CAMP - NIGHT

Guests, some civilized and others Cannibals, stand in awe as Lily walks down a torch-lit dirt aisle in a simple, tropical dress.

Doug stands at the other end, Ryan at his side. He looks at the crowd, winks at a beautiful Isabel.

Then he looks to the wedding officiator: the Chieftain, who smiles wide, his sharpened teeth on display.

Ryan shudders a little, leans into Doug.

RYAN

Not that I don't trust your decision to have these guys cater, but...you made sure they were still vegetarians, right?

Doug nods, but not too confidently... Brushes it off to watch Lily take her final few steps towards him.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY

The hustle of city back to its normal pace.

SUPER: One Month Later...

INT. PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM - DAY

Doug and Lily enter, flushed and beaming. Doug holds a duffel bag in the hand not clutching Lily's. They look at the museum: a well-oiled machine back in ship-shape.

Patrons mingle and point at exhibits. Staff assist here and there. Doug approaches a Staff member.

DOUG

Where's the new Curator?

The Staff Member smiles, points.

INT. SOUTH AMERICA EXHIBIT - MUSEUM - DAY

A rope cascades down into a dark cave. The Exhibit from the opening.

Ryan slides down the rope and lands in the exhibit, dressed like Indiana Jones. He stops, waits as a half dozen FIELD TRIP KIDS slide down the rope behind him.

RYAN

Okay, treasure hunters, what's first?

A BRAINY KID (11) attempts an answer:

BRAINY KID

Ready our flashlights and--

Ryan makes a BUZZER NOISE: wrong. An EAGER KID (11), not unlike a young Ryan, shoots his hand into the air.

EAGER KID

Make sure we've got a victory dance playlist ready?

RYAN

Bingo.

Ryan leans in, ready to elaborate, but he notices: Doug and Lily watch him from the other side of the exhibit's glass. Ryan waves to them excitedly.

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Williams office now overtaken by walls of news clippings. A photo of Ryan and Doug, headline: "Local Treasure Hunters Catch International Thief."

Ryan digs through a pile of boxes as Doug and Lily take in the new office. Doug beams, proud.

DOUG  
Never thought I'd see the day. You in an office job.

RYAN  
Thanks? How's culinary school?

Doug smiles, excited to talk about it, opens his mouth, but:

RYAN  
Got it!

Ryan emerges with a duffel bag and heads toward the door.

LILY  
Have fun with man time!

DOUG  
Love you.

He kisses Lily.

RYAN  
It won't be long. Promise! I have a date tonight.

LILY  
With Isabel?

RYAN  
My second one. New record.

Ryan puffs himself up, proud. He and Doug leave. Lily watches them go: her guys.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

A murky river. The Philadelphia Museum on the bank.

Ryan and Doug sit on the edge of a boat in wet suits, gym bags at their feet. A group of SCUBA STUDENTS seated around him. An Instructor smiles at them all.

INSTRUCTOR  
All right. Stick to the buddy system and have a fun swim!

Ryan and Doug strap on masks, fall backwards into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - RIVER - DAY

Ryan dives down, down, down to the River's floor. Doug swims at his side. They search through the cloudy water...

...until Ryan catches a glint of light.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Ryan surfaces, rips off his mask, and holds up the diamond. Doug pops up at his side.

They smile at the diamond...

...but a seagull swoops in and snatches it from Ryan's grasp. They stare in disbelief as the seagull soars off into the sunset.

FADE OUT:

THE END