Hot Foot!

Based on a True Story

Original Story & Screenplay
by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HONOLULU INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- MORNING

The exit doors swing open. A parade of NEW ARRIVALS swarm out.

SPENCER SHEPHERD, early 20's, newly transplanted mainlander, struggles with way too many bags and too much clothing on in the 90 degree heat as he searches for a taxi.

SPENCER (V.O.)
It was 1972. I was 24 years old and in my prime. My partner Dino, a really crazy guy in San Francisco, sent me to Honolulu to open a store selling "exotic" pillows and waterbeds. He figured it was a natural for the laid back islanders. Boy, those were the days...

Spencer drags his bags over to a late model "Hawaiian" style taxi.

It's a unique throwback to another decade with its Hawaiian kitsch hula girls painted across the doors.

Asleep at the wheel is native MOKI "BIG MAC" HARADA, a big, affable lump of a guy you can't help but love.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Hey, man. You workin' or sleepin?

MOKI
(wakes up)
I'm not doin' either one, Howlee. I'm dreamin'.

Moki speaks the local lingo, a mixture of English and island slang called "pigeon". He seems perfectly content and centered in his beat up cab that's got a million miles on it.

MOKI (CONT'D)
An' if you lucky, I take you somewhere nice. So hop in with da' bags, and we hit da' road.

Spencer hesitates, but with no other taxis in sight he tosses his bags in the trunk.

As he hops in, Moki hits the gas too soon sending him head first into the back seat.

MOKI (CONT'D)
Enjoy the ride, bro! You just landed in Heaven.

SPENCER
With a broken neck I'd say.

Moki thinks that's really funny and laughs.

MOKI
For a "Howlee boy" you gotta a pretty good sense of humor.

SPENCER
How-lee?

MOKI
Yeah, you know, like "outsider", "carpetbagger", "low life", that sort of thing.

SPENCER
Remind me to give you a really big tip.

MOKI
You got a name, bro?

SPENCER
Spencer. Spencer Shepherd.

MOKI
I'm Big Mac, but my pals call me Moki.

SPENCER
Big Mac?

MOKI
Yeah, cause in high school, someone dared me to eat twenty-seven Big Mac's in ten minutes.

SPENCER
Looks like you're still digesting them.

Moki slaps the steering wheel.

MOKI
Spencer, you come to the right island. You and Moki gonna get along like pigs in shit.

EXT. TAXI RIDE FROM HONOLULU TO WAIKIKI -- MORNING

Moki hot dogs his way through congested traffic.

INT. TAXI -- MORNING

Spencer tries to get comfortable but is sweating bullets in the heat and starts pulling off layers of clothes. He strips down to a tee shirt with a picture of Richard Nixon on it.

MOKI
(glances in the rear view mirror)
Nixon? Now he was an asshole. But he looks good on you!

Spencer isn't sure how to react.

SPENCER
Thanks, I think.

MOKI
So, where to, bro?

SPENCER
I have no idea. Any suggestions?

MOKI
Waikiki ain' a bad place to start, bro.

SPENCER
Ok.

MOKI
And a little traveling music, so you enjoy Moki's ride, bro.

Moki turns on a local station and we HEAR some great native sounds as we

CUT TO:

EXT. TAXI RIDE FROM HONOLULU TO WAIKIKI -- MORNING

This is Spencer's first look at Honolulu on the way to Waikiki Beach.

Inter-cut a MONTAGE of traveling shots across town.

The streets are a mix of Hawaiiana with lots of tourists, locals and long haired tanned surfers heading for the wide open sandy beaches.

INT. TAXI -- MORNING

Moki grabs a bite from what else, a Big Mac, as he drives.

MOKI
Want a bite? Still kinda warm.

SPENCER
No thanks. I ate on the plane.

MOKI
So, you never been Hawaii, huh? Where you from, boy?

SPENCER
San Francisco.

MOKI
Tony Bennett, now he's cool. Here, we got Don Ho, you know "Tiny Bubbles" dat was his big hit?
(a beat... then he starts to sing it)
"Tiny bubbles in the wine, make me happy, make me feel fine."

Spencer hasn't a clue what he's singing about.

MOKI (CONT'D)
So, you come here vacation, huh?

SPENCER
(with pride)
Nope. Work. Gonna open an Exotic Pillow Factory.

MOKI
What's dat?

SPENCER
(not sure)
Well, that's, that's uh, gonna be a surprise, I guess. Hey, you know any store fronts around here I could rent, like month-to-month?

MOKI
Sure, man. Lot's of places on Kalakaua Avenue. See, here's one comin' up.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- MORNING

Their POV as they drive by a run down crapped out empty store front.

REVERSE ON

Moki's cab passing in front of it.

INT. TAXI -- MORNING

MOKI
Prime spot, if you askin' da Mok. Almost smack dab in the middle of world famous Wai-ki-ki!

Moki seems quite pleased with his real estate recommendation.

MOKI (CONT'D)
I bet you need a place to stay, bro? Now dat I can really fix you up on. For sure you gotta see my cousin Georgie Kap-pa-Ah-ah. He gotta great place. He's the apartment manager, the big "Kahuna".

SPENCER
Kahuna?

MOKI
You know, boss man. In old Hawaii that was the holy man. BIG Powers, no mess with the Big Kahuna. Dig. We still got'em on the islands but dats a secret we don't tell nobody, bro.

SPENCER
Secret. Gotcha.

MOKI
I take you over to see my cousin's place now. Georgie get you fixed up with some real first class digs, bro.

EXT. LUUKEE NOOKEY APTS. -- MORNING

Moki pulls up to his cousin's dilapidated apartment units, a small two level motel with a dozen apartments along the back alley streets of Waikiki.

Moki drives his cab over the curb and onto the grass. He knocks over the frayed "For Rent" sign.

Moki steps out of the cab, pulls the sign out from under his front tire, cleans a little dirt off of it, then tosses it into the bushes. Clearly, not the first time or the last.

MOKI
(leaning in through the driver's window)
So, here we are bro, Look-ee Nook-ee heaven. Follow me!

Moki turns and walks off oblivious to the fact he's left Spencer to drag all of his own baggage along.

INT. SPENCER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

The apartment is really frumpy, bordering on a dump.

GEORGIE, built like Mr. Hawaii with arms the size of grapefruits, hands Spencer the room key.

GEORGIE
The room no five star, so I only charge you for one star. But check out the view, bro!

Georgie dramatically opens the curtains which come undone from the railing and drop to the floor.

Spencer is pleasantly surprised to see he's got a great view of the Ala Wai Canal with all of its tropical jungle splendor.

MOKI
Now all you need is da store!

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- LATER

Spencer and Moki are led into a messed up empty store front by LULU, a middle-aged peroxide blonde floozy.

LULU
I'm no Hawaiian, if you know what I mean. I work for a living.

Moki can't believe the bitch is saying this in front of him and flips her the bird.

LULU (CONT'D)
You wanna try it for 90 days? This is a prime location.

Spencer looks over to Moki for reassurance.

LULU (CONT'D)
You into porn? I always thought this would be a real good spot for a store.

Moki nods his head yes. Spencer nods his head no.

LULU (CONT'D)
Too bad, Anyway, what do you want to do? I got no time for people who can't make decisions. You gotta decide, pal. My soaps'll be on in a few minutes.

SPENCER
I'm thinking.

Lulu and thinking is an oxymoron.

LULU
You got street traffic goin' day 'n night out front. An' Waikiki is jus' down the block.

SPENCER
How much?

LULU
Well, I'd say three hundred and fifty a month.

Moki thinks it's a bargain and gives Spencer a thumbs up.

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE of shots: Spencer paints the walls, throws out the trash, cleans the big front window, paints the outside in bright day-glo blue with white five point stars around the front window.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

It's stone cold empty without an exotic pillow or customer in sight.

Spencer posts a "Seamstress -- Help Wanted" sign in the front window. As he finishes, LYNN GOLD walks up and into Spencer's heart.

Lynn is a striking 23 year old brunette with long, thick wavy hair, beautiful blue eyes and a charming, happy go lucky smile. A true free spirit without any inhibitions.

LYNN
Hi! You can take that sign down.

One look at her and Spencer is ready to make an offer.

SPENCER
If you can sew, you've got a job, if not...maybe.

LYNN
I should say *sew*.

Spencer looks at her, puzzled. He doesn't get the pun.

LYNN (CONT'D)
I mean, I love to sew. I'm great with a needle and thread.

SPENCER
I bet you are.

LYNN
Dresses, shirts, sweaters...

SPENCER
None of that designer stuff. We're going to sell pillows, exotic pillows, and lot's of them.

Lynn's quizzical look says it all.

The phone rings. Spencer answers.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(formal, into the phone)
Thank you for calling The Pillow Factory, where a good night's sleep is only a pillow away.
(informal)
Hey, Dino. Yeah, things are going great. Couldn't be better. I think this is really going to work this time. The views here are incredible.

Spencer grins like a fool as he checks out Lynn checking out the store.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Dino, gimme a break, we just opened. But the good news is, I just hired...

Spencer cups the phone.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
What's your name?

LYNN
Lynn Gold. When would you like me to start?

SPENCER
Now.
(into the phone)
Lynn Gold, she's a, uh, certified Creative Seamstress. Trust me, bro. We'll be rolling in it before too long.

The look on Spencer's face tells us he'd better be, or something else will be rolling. His head.

LYNN
Who was that?

SPENCER
That was Dino, my partner. Just checking up on me, I mean, how we're doing. Well, I think we'd better get this *sew* on the road.

Lynn stares at him, her face blank. She doesn't get the pun.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Know where we can buy fabrics cheap?

LYNN
I know just the place.

EXT. HONOLULU FLEA MARKET -- AFTERNOON

SHOPPERS mill about open kiosks selling an assortment of local wares, food, Hawaiian clothes and decor.

In the midst of all the bustle, a SHORT BUSHY HAIRED GUY, with thick spurts of hair on his face and arms, darts through the crowd, anxiously glancing over his shoulder, like someone is hot on his trail. A MONKEY, like a kid, holds onto his hand.

Everyone looks at this strange sight and laughs.

VENDOR 1
Who do you think you are? A monkey's uncle?

The Bushy-Haired Man ignores the chuckles and odd looks. He sidles up to a stand that sells fabric. The monkey jumps on one of the tables and starts playing with the material. He drapes some fabric over his head like a scarf.

Vendor 2 is not happy.

VENDOR 2
Hey, you, this ain't no zoo!

While Vendor 2 is distracted by the monkey's antics, the Bushy-Haired Man takes a rolled up scroll out of his pocket. He looks for something out of the way that nobody else would notice.

He finds exactly that in a bolt of cheap, tacky fabric with an X-rated Roman orgy print. He quickly stuffs the scroll inside the cardboard tube within the center of the fabric.

Meanwhile, the monkey is making a general mess of things, tossing bolts around, scampering and chattering.

VENDOR 2 (CONT'D)
Get the hell out!

The Bushy-Haired Man grabs the monkey and they scamper away.

Moments later, Spencer and Lynn stop at the stall.

LYNN
What did I tell you?

SPENCER
This is great.

Lynn rustles through the material.

LYNN
Do you have an idea what you want?

Spencer wouldn't know silk from polyester.

SPENCER
That's what I hired you for. The more exotic and outrageous, the better. Money is no object, as long as it's cheap.

Lynn grabs some loud patterns, hands them to Spencer. Soon he's holding a stack a foot high. He's barely visible.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Man, these are going to make some fantastic pillows.

Lynn spies the Roman orgy print and adds that to Spencer's growing collection.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

Spencer sets up a sewing machine while Lynn cuts exotic shapes out of the fabrics they've bought. In the background, the local radio station plays Jimmy Buffet.

CLOSE ON

a wild black and white gypsy print of a naked woman with huge breasts. Lynn holds it up over her own chest to make it look like the big boobs are hers.

LYNN
What do you think?

Spencer is too busy in the rear of the store working on something (we can't see exactly what) to answer.

Next, Lynn sews a strange new shape together out of the Roman orgy fabric. The scroll sticks out like a price tag and she pushes it back inside the tube without noticing. She holds the fabric up for Spencer to appreciate.

"The Big Foot" is about to step forward.

LYNN (CONT'D)
(innocently)
You like orgies?

This gets Spencer's attention.

SPENCER
(flummoxed)
Absolutely... I mean...the more the merrier, I guess.
(beat)
It's time to give our electric "pillow stuffer" a go.

Lynn gives it a dubious once over.

LYNN
Is it going to work?

SPENCER
Sure it is!

The electric pillow stuffer is a whacko contraption with a large fan blower attached to a six inch wide, ten foot long flexi-hose. The other end is stuck in a huge cardboard box full of shredded styrofoam.

Spencer flips the switch and steps on a floor pedal to control the fan, but the machine sucks in way too much of the styrofoam from the box and blows it all over with the velocity of a jet engine in a wind tunnel.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Ahh, shit! Guess I better turn it down a little.

He changes his grip, adjusts his stance. Feeling confident and in control, he steps on the pedal again and stuffs an empty pillow casing.

The pillow quickly fills like a balloon taking shape.

Smiling broadly, Spencer turns to Lynn to show her how well it's all working.

She hands him another over-sized pillow case with psychedelic orange and purple stripes on it.

He hits the floor pedal. The fan starts up but this time a jolt of static electricity sparks its way down the hose and knocks him off his feet.

Another shower of shredded foam blows everywhere but into the pillow.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(electrified)
Wow! Hot damn! Must be a short.

Lynn stands up with a giant "big toe" in her hand that's part of an enormous ten foot long pillow she's made.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
What is it?

LYNN
(excited)
Just fill it without electrocuting yourself and you'll see.

SPENCER
This thing is huge. I gotta put on the gloves or it's gonna fry me. Maybe if I stand on a rubber mat, it'll work better.

He hits the floor pedal and there's no shocker this time.

Lynn watches intently as the giant foot quickly takes shape.

Filled with foam it's more than ten feet long, four feet wide and shows all five toes. The "big toe" is the size of a large watermelon.

Lynn zips it closed and proudly admires her "work of art".

LYNN
What do you think?

Spencer isn't sure.

SPENCER
It's kind of big, isn't it?

Lynn acts like a temperamental artiste.

LYNN
Well, of course it's big. It's a big foot!

Spencer decides he loves it.

SPENCER
You're right. It's sheer genius.

LYNN
What should we do with it?

SPENCER
(thinks about it)
Let's move it outside where the whole world can see it!

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- MORNING

Spencer and Lynn struggle to carry the heavy foot out the front door and place it beneath the store's large plate glass window.

ANGLE ON

a dilapidated 1960 VW van driving by just as they walk back in the store.

INT. VW VAN -- MORNING

Inside, two local surfers in the front seat take notice of the giant foot.

Curly blonde haired, LARRY SNOTMAN, 19, sits behind the wheel next to his best bud, long haired doper, SQUIGGY HAGICHI. Collectively they've developed a symbiotic surfer friendship with the combined IQ of a slug.

SNOTMAN
Hey, Squiggy. Check it out!

SQUIGGY
What da fuck is dat?

SNOTMAN
A "hang ten" foot, man.

SQUIGGY
Cool. We gotta have it, Snotman.
But how we gonna buy that?

SNOTMAN
We're not buyin' nothin', bro.

EXT. VW VAN -- MORNING

Snotman suddenly makes a sharp left hand u-turn and pulls into the corner gas station. He's movin' way too fast and misses the entrance by a foot. The passenger side pops over the six inch curb sending Squiggy head first into the van's ceiling.

INT. VW VAN -- DAY

Squiggy's head is literally stuck in the ceiling's cloth frame.

SQUIGGY
Owwww! Jeez, bro!

Snotman uses both hands to pull Squiggy's body down and get his head unstuck.

SQUIGGY (CONT'D)
I think my friggin' neck is broke!

SNOTMAN
Sorry, dude, you shoulda worn the seat belt, man.

SQUIGGY
(rubbing his head)
You cut mine out to tie down the boards, dude!

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- MORNING

The would be thieves ineptly crawl along the sidewalk on their hands and knees trying to stay below the window's sight line even though PEOPLE are walking along the sidewalk right next to them wondering what the hell they're doing.

Squiggy can't control himself and starts to laugh. Snotman signals for him to shut up. He decides it's time to make their move and grabs his end of the big foot.

SNOTMAN
Grab the other end, man. It's heavy!

Stumbling under the size and weight they run as fast as possible tearing ass down Kalakaua Boulevard toward the gas station on the corner.

EXT. GAS STATION -- MORNING

Snotman holds onto the front end but trips over his own feet going round the corner where they've parked the van.

Squiggy does a cartwheel tripping over his partner. He falls to the ground barely avoiding ANOTHER PERSON (THE REPORTER) walking the opposite way.

Embarrassed, Squiggy gets up too quickly, slips on some wet sand and lands on his ass.

Snotman gets up but is still tangled in the bushes. These two idiots can't find a way to stand up at the same time.

It takes both of them to stuff the giant foot into the van's sliding side door.

Squiggy tries to close it but slams it shut so fast he nearly cuts the big toe off and leaves it dangling out the side in his haste to escape.

Snotman jumps in and drives the van across the corner gas station moving way too fast. He jams the brakes to avoid ramming the front end of a METER MAID'S three wheel motorcycle heading the opposite direction.

The Meter Maid hits her own brakes but it's too late. She loses her grip and sails over the top of the bike head first into the bushes.

CLOSE ON

the Meter Maid's feet sticking out. Half-conscious she tries standing but is obviously not sure what planet she's on. She walks in a circle with her head spinning wildly.

Snotman can't believe he's nearly killed a cop but see's they've got a chance to get away clean as the poor woman wanders off seeing stars instead of daylight.

Snotman's van takes off down the alley blowing a cloud of white smoke out the exhaust.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- MORNING

Spencer on the phone, highly animated.

SPENCER
(into the phone)
Yeah, a giant foot. We put it out front. It's inspired. I'm telling you, Dino, Lynn's a genius.

The Reporter walks into the shop.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Gotta go. Our first customer.

Spencer hangs up, puts on his best sales face.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Good afternoon. Looking for a gift, or something for yourself?

REPORTER
Nope, just looking.

SPENCER
No problem. Take your time.

REPORTER
The store's a little bare, wouldn't you say?

Spencer thinks fast on his feet.

SPENCER
That's cause we just opened. You should've been here this morning. We were slammed. People were buying right and left.

REPORTER
I see you sold your giant foot.

SPENCER
(not sure what he means)
Excuse me?

REPORTER
Wasn't that giant foot thing from your store?

SPENCER
You mean the one out front?

REPORTER
No, I mean the one I saw two kids carrying down the street.

Spencer moves quickly to the front of the store.

The Hot Foot is nowhere in sight.

SPENCER
OH, SHIT!

Spencer tears out the front door.

EXT. GAS STATION -- MORNING

Spencer runs up to a GUY at the corner pumping gas.

SPENCER
(out of breath)
Hey, man. Did you see two guys carrying a giant foot?

GAS GUY
You mean the one with the big tits on it?

Like there's any other?

SPENCER
Yeah, that one.

GAS GUY
Two surfer dudes stuffed it in a white van and took off. You can kiss that thing good-bye.

SPENCER
DAMN!

EXT. HONOLULU INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- MORNING

TWO MAINLAND EAST COAST GOONS stroll out as if they just stepped off the boat. NJ GOON is dressed for a Godfather audition: black funeral suit and fedora, a loud tie, shiny shoes. Sweat pours down his mashed up face that only his mother could love.

LAS VEGAS GOON is a lumpy chrome dome clad in a baggy track suit. Thick gold chains snake around his neck. Einstein's pickled brain has more intelligence than these two dopes.

The Goons lumber over to Moki's taxi, where Moki is doing what he does best: taking a snooze.

NJ Goon opens the door, startling Moki.

NJ GOON
(thick accent)
Hey, asshole. You sleeping or working?

MOKI
(wakes up)
Neither, bro. I'm dreamin'.

The Goons slide in the back seat.

MOKI (CONT'D)
No bags?

LAS VEGAS GOON
Nah. We're not planning on staying.

Moki's been around the block enough times to know these gents didn't come to the island to get lei'd.

MOKI
Okay, where you wanna go?

NJ GOON
Hey, you ask too many questions.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Yeah. We don't like questions. Just take us to the flea market.

MOKI
You come all this way just to go to the flea market? Coulda spared yourself some dough, man.

NJ GOON
He said no questions!

Moki steps on the gas, muttering something very Hawaiian and unintelligible under his breath.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- MORNING

Spencer, down in the mouth, returns.

REPORTER
That was some big foot. Say, that might make a great human interest story.

KNOCK KNOCK! Something is knocking, and it's not termites. Spencer brightens.

SPENCER
Story?

REPORTER
I'm a reporter for the Honolulu Times. Let me talk to my editor and see what I can do.

SPENCER
(feigning indifference)
Sure. I mean, why not?

Spencer watches anxiously as the Reporter leaves. The second he's gone, Spencer tosses pillows around as he searches for something(?).

Like a periscope his hand comes up from under a pile of pillows lifting the "Yellow Pages" over his head.

He dives across a waterbed for the phone, opens the directory to "Radio Stations" and starts dialing just as Lynn walks back in with lunch.

LYNN
(disappointed)
Oh, no! You sold it already.

SPENCER
(smiling/elated)
Nope, two surfer dudes stole it!

LYNN
(shocked)
NO!

SPENCER
(excited, happy)
YES!

SPENCER (CONT'D)
But don't worry, stealing it is gonna be worth a thousand times more to us than selling it!

LYNN
What?

SPENCER
Shush!
(beat)
Can I speak to the "News" director?

CUT TO:

SPLIT SCREEN:

On the left is Spencer. On the right is a news reporter, then another, then another, as they pop up all over the screen; news directors, note takers, TV personalities.

Spencer is pitching them all as more and more of them show up in circles until the screen is filled with more than a half dozen of them all listening to the same pitch.

INT. KMBZ RADIO STATION -- CONTINUOUS

We track on the last of them, a News Editor who as soon as she hangs up, walks the hand written story into an on-air booth and hands it to the DJ. He smiles as he reads the copy and then goes on-the-air with the news...

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
That was Crosby, Stills and Nash with "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes".

INT. HONOLULU FLEA MARKET -- AFTERNOON

Las Vegas Goon tears the fabric stall apart as NJ Goon holds the hapless OWNER in a vice like grip.

OWNER
Ow! You're hurting me.

NJ GOON
Shud up.

LAS VEGAS GOON
It ain't here.

NJ GOON
Whaddya mean, it ain't here? It's got to be here.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Maybe someone got to it first.

NJ GOON
Like who?

Las Vegas Goon nods at the Owner.

OWNER
I didn't do anything. I got bills to pay, I must of sold it.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Did anyone come in here today?

NJ GOON
Besides us?

LAS VEGAS GOON
Yeah, besides us.

OWNER
There was a hot looking chick and a guy. They bought really cheap stuff, some crappy fabric with people doing all kinds of nasty things...

NJ GOON
That's it! That's the one he put it in.

Las Vegas Goon slaps NJ Goon on the head.

LAS VEGAS GOON
You know where they were from?

OWNER
Yeah, I do. Some new store on the boulevard a few blocks from here I think. They were yapping about pillows.

The Goons storm off.

INT. VW VAN -- TRAVELING PAST DIAMOND HEAD -- MORNING

Squiggy and Snotman share a joint and listen to the radio.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER (O.S.)
And now, top of the hour news in-the-making... Well, looks like there's nothing sacred anymore.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER (CONT'D)
Police say an ancient scroll blessed by the last Queen of Hawaii, Queen Liliuokalani, was stolen early this morning from the Bishop Museum. Who knows, maybe it's the same dudes who lifted a "giant foot pillow" from The Pillow Factory, a smokin' hot new store down on Kalakaua Boulevard.

Squiggy's eyes go wide with concern while Snotman loves the idea of becoming famous.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I bet you want to know what's a "Hot Foot"? Try imagining a giant pillow shaped like a "Hang Ten" foot, got it? So if you see it on your side of the da' island, bro, give us a call. Maybe we can get you a reward.

SNOTMAN
Hey, man, we should turn it in for the reward!

Squiggy's face lights up like a bong.

SQUIGGY
Hell, yeah!

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

Spencer and Lynn do high-fives listening to the same station. Spencer is so jazzed he breaks out into a weird end zone dance that has Lynn in stitches.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER (O.S.)
All I want to know is how anyone is gonna hide a giant ten foot-foot pillow the size of a couch on this island? What kind of idiots think they could get away with that? Nobody could be stupid enough to just lug it around in broad daylight, right?

INSERT

Waikiki Beach, where Squiggy and Snotman are stupid enough to lug the Hot Foot around in broad daylight.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

LYNN
I didn't know there was a reward.

SPENCER
Yeah, the DJ thought it up. Now we just gotta figure out what it should be?

LYNN
How about a mini-foot?

SPENCER
Brilliant! We could take it with us to the concert.

LYNN
What concert?

SPENCER
Tomorrow night Chuck Berry and Bo Didley. I forgot to tell you but I got another idea that'll blow your mind.

LYNN
(suggestively)
Is that right?

Spencer is in love. Or something like it.

EXT. BEACH -- AFTERNOON

Snotman and Squiggy sit in the water on their boards watching from fifty yards out as two long haired HIPPY DUDES haul ass across the beach with their booty.

SQUIGGY
(freaked)
Those jerks are stealin' our foot!

Snotman turns around on his board to see what he's talking about and flips out.

SNOTMAN
(yelling)
You-sons-of-bitches!

Both start paddling for shore as fast as they can.

On the beach the Hippy Dudes clumsily scramble up the dunes with the "Hot Foot" under their arms.

CLOSE ON THEM

struggling to squeeze the foot between their surfboards on the back end of their open air jeep. It's way too big and hangs more than half way out the back.

CLOSER

on the jeep's tires spinning crazily kicking up sand.

They finally get some traction creating a blizzard of sand, knocking Squiggy and Snotman off their feet just as they get within a few yards.

Hippie Dude#1 floors the gas again and sends the jeep sideways into a nearby bikini beach stand, demolishing it.

The flimsy dressing room curtain drops.

Standing like a deer caught in the headlights is a BEAUTIFUL GIRL trying on a bikini with her own bazoombas showing and nothing left to cover them up!

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
AHHHH!!!

The jeep tears away, the Hot Foot tumbles out over the back seat onto the sand.

A panting Snotman and Squiggy retrieve their prize.

SNOTMAN
We got it back, man! We got it back!

CLOSE ON

A very LARGE SAMOAN'S butt as he hovers over his customer and what's left of his business. He turns and stares hard at Squiggy.

LARGE SAMOAN
(with da killer look in his eyes)
So, what's it gonna be asshole, your life or...
(he looks over at their expensive surfboards on top of their van)
Or your boards...

Squiggy and Snotman hesitate to answer.

LARGE SAMOAN (CONT'D)
(he moves aggressively towards them)
So maybe you want me to just kill both of you right now? Or, you gonna pay for dis?

Squiggy and Snotman step back obviously not ready to take him on.

They walk over to the van and pull their cherished surf boards off the top and hand them over to the Large Samoan.

SQUIGGY
I worked my ass off for that board.

SNOTMAN
Screw the boards, Squiggy! Don't forget, the foot is worth thousands, dude. We're gonna get a reward!

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON.

Spencer is just finishing his last call and is wiped out.

SPENCER
(hangs up the phone)
I'm pitched out. I couldn't repeat that story one more time without choking. So if Dino calls again, tell him I'm taking a break.

Lynn innocently lies across from Spencer on the store's new center piece, a 200 gallon super-sized waterbed.

This is like waving a red flag in front of a bull, but Lynn is completely unaware of the effect she has on him.

Spencer could spend all day looking at her, but there's work to be done.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Got any ideas for little foot?

Lynn goes back into work mode.

LYNN
Well, now that you mention it...

At that opportune moment, the Goons show up.

SPENCER
Can I help you gentlemen?

NJ Goon looks around. Who?

LAS VEGAS GOON
Yeah, we're looking for something very particular. It's for our... Grandma.

NJ GOON
You have a Grandma?

SPENCER
Does she like it extra firm and really hard?

LAS VEGAS GOON
What'ya you mean by that?

SPENCER
The pillow.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Yeah, well, like I said, Grandma is very picky. About the fabric, I mean.

Las Vegas Goon noses around Lynn's workstation.

LYNN
Can I help you?

Las Vegas Goon spots a scrap of the Roman orgy pattern.

LAS VEGAS GOON
That's it! That's perfect!

Lynn holds up the scrap.

LYNN
This?

LAS VEGAS GOON
Yeah. I'll take all you got.

LYNN
I'm sorry, but we don't have any more of that one. I used that to make a really big pillow.

LAS VEGAS GOON
So I buy the pillow. How much?

Las Vegan Goon takes out a wallet, flashes a load of bills.

Spencer isn't about to let his first sale go bye-bye. He holds up another pillow in a garish psychedelic print.

SPENCER
This one is very nice. I bet Grandma would love this.

LAS VEGAS GOON
I don't want that pillow. I want the pillow with the people doing bad things on it.

SPENCER
That one is no longer available. It was stolen.

LAS VEGAS GOON
What?

NJ Goon takes a pillow and rubs his sweaty face on it.

SPENCER
Hey! You sweat on it, you buy it. Store rule. Twenty-five bucks.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Twenty-five!

Las Vegan Goon curses under his breath as he hands Spencer the money.

LAS VEGAS GOON (CONT'D)
Are you sure the pillow was stolen? I mean, you wouldn't be lying to us, would you?

SPENCER
Why would I lie about something like that?

NJ GOON
Maybe 'cause you found...

Las Vegas Goon steps on his partner's foot.

NJ GOON (CONT'D)
Ouch! What the hell you do that for? You know I got inbred toenails.

LAS VEGAS GOON
You're inbred, alright.

SPENCER
We can try to find you more of that fabric and make you another pillow.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Never mind.

The Goons take off.

Spencer excitedly hugs Lynn.

LYNN
What was that for? Those guys were weird.

SPENCER
You're my lucky seamstress. We just made our first sale, and we're gonna milk Hot Foot for all it's worth.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

NJ Goon fondly holds his pillow close.

NJ GOON
Now what are we gonna do?

LAS VEGAS GOON
I smell a rat.

NJ Goon smells his pillow.

LAS VEGAS GOON (CONT'D)
Not that. Them. I bet they got that pillow stashed in the back somewhere.

NJ GOON
Maybe they're saving it for their own Grandma?

Las Vegas Goon shakes his head. How did he get stuck with this numbskull?

INT. THE SNOTMAN HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

A slow pan across a flotsam living room covered in pot posters and various sundries belonging to Snotman and Squiggy as they celebrate their new prized possession by consuming way too much weed.

They smoke from a giant five foot high bong shaped like an Oil Derrick full of a quarter pound of Maui Wowie. The room is so thick with smoke you could cut it with a banana.

SNOTMAN
No way, man. Why turn it in for a reward when they'll pay ten times the price if we ransom it!

SQUIGGY
Dude, that's friggin' genius, man. If you'd finished high school, you'd be the fuckin' King of Wall Street!

SNOTMAN
I don't think so, man. They're just a bunch of dumb ass college guys always lickin' each others butts. Screw dat, we just gotta figure out a way to let them know we mean business.

SQUIGGY
(doesn't get it)
The Wall Street guys?

SNOTMAN
No, man. The store. Whoever made the foot. We gotta make'em understand like those guys who kidnap rich people. They cut their kid's ears off to show the family they're tough.

The bloody idea has Squiggy a little grossed out but Snotman is so excited, he can barely contain himself.

SNOTMAN (CONT'D)
We'll cut off the little toe and send it to 'em in a black box!

SQUIGGY
Yeah, a shoe box!

They high five their butchered idea.

AND WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL

the Hot Foot looking good as they've set it up as a recreational couch in front of their giant Oil Derrick bong.

Squiggy takes an extraordinarily deep hit on the bong. His eyes cross before they shut tight and he falls straight back passing out cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE HOT FOOT DUNGEON DREAM SEQUENCE -- NIGHT

A creepy, sinister tune plays as Snotman walks into frame with a long butcher knife in hand.

Squiggy's squeamish face would have us thinking he's about to witness an Al Quieda beheading instead of a toe removal.

Just as Snotman moves in closer to cut the little toe off, a cat bolts into frame from out of nowhere and unleashes a sound from hell that makes us all jump!

SNOTMAN
(freaked)
SONOFABITCH!

Snotman jumps and accidentally whacks off the tips of all five fingers of the glove Squiggy is wearing.

SQUIGGY
You cut my fingers off!

Not really, but a close enough call to have Squiggy totally tripping in his own dream.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- NIGHT

Close on Spencer dropping something (that looks like a finger) into his toe-fu soup as he and Lynn share a little Chinese take-out.

LYNN
So what's the deal with this Dino guy?

SPENCER
The deal is, he's got the money, I've got the brains.

LYNN
That sounds about half right. So how much money do you owe him?

Spencer coughs as he answers.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Sorry, I didn't hear that?

SPENCER
Fifty.

LYNN
Fifty thousand dollars? My goodness! How many stores have you guys opened?

SPENCER
We opened and closed three. But it wasn't all my fault. Lousy locations, leaky waterbeds, bad luck. But this store is going to work. I know it. Its got to.

LYNN
And what if it doesn't?

SPENCER
I'm dog meat. Our agreement says I'd have to go back and work for him for nothing for the next two years to pay back my share.

Lynn looks at Spencer. Is he joking? From the glum expression on his face, no.

Lynn glances at her wrist watch.

LYNN
Oh,no. I didn't realize it was so late.

Lynn grabs her pocketbook.

SPENCER
(teasing)
Hot date?

LYNN
Something like that. See you in the morning.

Lynn takes off.

He watches her go. Her sudden departure and response has caught him off guard. Suddenly he's feeling rather alone, maybe even a little jealous.

He starts to clean up then stops as he picks up one of her kookier creations which brings a smile to his face.

It's obvious he's thinking about her and for the first time realizing she's getting under his skin.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- NIGHT

Spencer locks up for the night, walks way.

Moments later, the two Goons show up.

NJ GOON
I don't like this.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Why?

NJ GOON
It's dark.

Las Vegas Goon shimmies the lock open.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- NIGHT

In the pitch black, the two of them creep through the store.

Suddenly the light goes on.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Turn it off, asshole!

The store goes dark again.

NJ Goon breathes down Las Vegas Goon's neck.

LAS VEGAS GOON (CONT'D)
Do you have to do that? You're making me nervous. Where do you think the back room is?

NJ GOON
In the back?

Las Vegas Goon shuffles away.

NJ Goon toddles around. He backs into the pillow making machine. Curious, he fools around with it.

NJ GOON (CONT'D)
What the...

By mistake, he flips the "on" switch. The machine roars to life and spews a river of styrofoam into his face.

NJ GOON (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!

Las Vegas Goon runs in and shuts the machine off, but not before it shoots stuffing all over the place.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Jesus Christ! I can't leave you alone for one damn minute.

NJ GOON
It's been more than a minute.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Let's get out of here. This is a waste.

NJ Goon bends down to pick up the styrofoam.

Incensed, Las Vegas Goon kicks him in the ass.

INT. THE HOT FOOT TORTURE CHAMBER -- NIGHT

It's a dark macabre setting as sinister music plays over the second dream-like sequence. The camera PANS across a chamber of horrors. Screams ring out. A VOICE (Squiggy) calls out rising in volume until we hear his chilling words.

THE HOT FOOT (O.S.)
(Squiggy pleading)
No, don't, please. Don't!

CLOSE ON

Snotman dressed as a costumed medieval EXECUTIONER approaching his victim.

REVERSE ON

THE VICTIM (Squiggy inside the Hot Foot) strapped down to a torture rack. His goofy face pokes through a cutout in the fabric. Above his head the five toes are all moving and dangle precariously over the end of a guillotine.

The Executioner moves in and using a razor sharp butcher's knife, he slices off one of the toes.

THE HOT FOOT
(in pain)
AHHHH!!!!

Little red styrofoam pieces begin gushing out of the open wound. The foot screams out again in agony.

INT. THE SNOTMAN HOUSE/SQUIGGY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Squiggy is in the throes of a Hot Foot nightmare. In a cold sweat, he tosses and turns in his bed.

SQUIGGY
Ahhhh! Noooo! Not the big toe!

He thrashes violently until he falls off his bed and drops like a rock two feet to the hardwood floor.

Shaken but not broken, he picks himself up and looks around to be sure he's still not dreaming.

We follow as he tears into Snotman's room. Snotman is in bed, reading a comic and snacking on Cheese Doodles.

SQUIGGY (CONT'D)
We gotta give it back! We'll be cursed if we don't.

SNOTMAN
Are you nuts? I already sliced the little toe off and left the shoebox at the store with a ransom note.

Squiggy is beside himself.

SQUIGGY
Ransom note! Oh, shit, we're dead now. I had a dream.

SNOTMAN
No, Martin Luther King had a dream, you had a fuckin' nightmare.

SQUIGGY
We are so screwed.

SNOTMAN
You'll be singing a different tune after we get the money.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- MORNING

Spencer arrives to open; he puts the key in, but is surprised to see the door is already unlocked. He looks down, finds a black shoebox. He picks up the shoebox up, enters.

ACROSS THE STREET

on a park bench, our inept Goons doze.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY - MORNING

Spencer is shocked at the mess. Did he forget to turn the stuffing machine off? He checks it, shakes his head, totally confused.

Lynn comes in, bright and bubbly.

LYNN
Good morning.

SPENCER
Morning.

LYNN
What happened?

SPENCER
Beats me.

Lynn opens the shoebox and bursts into hysterical sobs.

Spencer dashes over and sees the reason for her tears. In the box, the Hot Foot little toe is nestled inside toilet paper.

LYNN
Who would do such a horrible thing to a poor, defenseless pillow!

Spencer does his best to comfort her.

SPENCER
Come on, we can sew it back on. It's just fabric and styrofoam, for Christ's sake.

Lynn pulls away from him, boo hoos even more.

LYNN
You don't even care about the foot! It's all about the money and fame for you.

He holds up the decapitated toe and throws it against the wall.

SPENCER
This is nuts. Who writes a friggin' ransom note over a stuffed pillow?

Lynn reacts like a temperamental artiste.

LYNN
Stuffed pillow? You said it was "A work of art". You didn't nurture it, shape it, breathe life into it.

Spencer is incredulous.

SPENCER
"Breathe life into it?"

LYNN
The only works you care about are tits, not toes! You're a man. What do you know about giving birth?

SPENCER
"Giving birth?"

LYNN
Well, it was my idea. I picked out the fabric, I cut it out and I sewed it with my own two hands.

SPENCER
(defensive)
Well, I paid for it and I helped bring it home.

LYNN
What if it was your toe?

SPENCER
My toe. Don't you think you're going a tad...

Spencer suddenly realizes that if he wants to impress her, he's going about it the wrong way. He cozies up to Lynn, sincerity oozing like a sponge.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
You're right. Hot Foot is our baby. And it's our responsibility to get him back in one piece. Mostly.

LYNN
How? For all we know, he could be...

SPENCER
Dead?

With a tear running down her cheek, Lynn nods her head in agreement, not able to say the last fatal word herself.

Spencer gets up and walks over to a table, holds up a batch of "Wanted - Reward" flyers he's printed up.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(defiant)
I'm going to plaster these suckers all over Waikiki.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
You watch, this will make some other greedy bastards turn these shitheads in. That'll put the pressure on 'em. Grand theft is one thing, but kidnapping and ransom, that's a frickin' felony!

LYNN
And kidnapping and ransom are punishable by death, right?

SPENCER
Death is too good for these sons of bitches! We'll put em' on the rack like spare ribs, we'll boil em' in coconut oil...

Lynn finally cracks a smile.

Spencer gently wipes away her last tear.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- MORNING

Spencer takes off, flyers in hand.

Across the street Las Vegas Goon wakes up, sees Spencer go. He tries to shake his partner awake, but it's like shaking a stick.

Las Vegas Goon hustles after Spencer.

EXT. WAIKIKI -- DAY

Spencer plasters the flyers anywhere he sees a place to tape them, staple them, or pin them up; light poles, stop signs, store windows, even the backs of PEDESTRIANS.

Some have obviously heard about the story and recognize the foot. Others get a laugh out of it and take the flyers home as souvenirs.

To avoid being seen, Las Vegas Goon hides behind a telephone pole, and then a HOT DOG STAND.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- LATER

Spencer is on his way back when he notices a commotion in front of the store.

HOLY MEN in ceremonial costume chant as they dance to the beat of a Hawaiian drum and a conch horn. It's like the Holy Men are in a trance, oblivious to the GAWKERS they've attracted.

Lynn, a lei draped around her neck and bare foot, sways her hips. She's attracting as much attention as the Holy Men, if not more.

Moki takes it all in, a huge grin on his face.

NJ Goon, finally awake, joins in the fun, a grass skirt over his slacks.

Las Vegas Goon hurries up, winces at what he sees.

Spencer pushes his way through the crowd.

SPENCER
Moki.

MOKI
Hey bro, heard you were in trouble and I figured you needed a little help.

Spencer stares at the NJ Goon, who looks vaguely familiar.

SPENCER
I don't get it. How is this supposed to help.

MOKI
It's an ancient ceremonial blessing. Whoever's got Hot Foot, they'd better bring it back. I'm telling you, bro, you don't want to mess with the spirits. Bad puka. Before too long, they'll have monkeys flying out of their butts.

Spencer is skeptical.

SPENCER
Don't tell me you really believe this stuff.

Moki raises his head toward the sky and puts his hand on his heart.

MOKI
Mighty spirits, he didn't mean that. He's new to the islands, give him a break.

Suddenly Spencer feels something pull a flyer out of his hand. He looks down.

Three fat little pigs are rooting around his feet, and the biggest one is chomping on the flyer like it was a delicacy.

SPENCER
Jesus, Moki. You just pick 'em up at the grocery store or what?

MOKI
My cousin Johnny, he gettin' married soon, so we havin' a luau at my place tonight.

SPENCER
(repulsed)
Your gonna eat 'em?

MOKI
No, man. I'm Jewish, I don't eat pork.

Spencer isn't sure what to think.

MOKI (CONT'D)
Just kiddin', man. These guys are like my kids. I just took 'em to da vet for some shots. Hey, you wanna come over for the luau? Now that you a real celebrity, you gotta meet my other cousins.
(he nods at Lynn)
You can bring the Waheenee, too.

SPENCER
Sure?

MOKI
Sure thing, man. I'll send my cousin Georgie over to pick you up. My place is kinda hard to find. See you later, huh. An' don't worry, I'll keep an eye out for your Hot Foot!

CLOSE ON

Holy Men, beseeching for the return of Hot Foot.

INSERT

At the Snotman House, the Hot Foot glows. Something mystical is being unleashed.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH -- DAY

As they surf, Snotman and Squiggy show off in a futile attempt to impress some BIKINI BABES on shore.

SQUIGGY
We haven't heard squat about the reward.

SNOTMAN
We will, man. And then we'll be rolling in...

A huge wave washes over them and they spectacularly wipe out.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- LATE AFTERNOON

Spencer and Lynn get into Georgie's car.

Las Vegas Goon hails a taxi, and the two Goons get in.

INT. GEORGIE'S CAR -- SUNSET

Georgie pulls off a paved road onto a long palm lined dirt driveway that parallels a beautiful unspoiled beach.

Spencer looks amazed. Moki lives here?

Lynn, in the back seat, pipes up.

LYNN
How can a cab driver afford these digs?

GEORGIE
He can't.

EXT. MOKI'S HOUSE -- SUNSET

Fifty yards away Moki's house sits like a rusted tin shack in the middle of paradise on a multi-million dollar piece of prime ocean front beach property.

The place bristles with HAPPY KIDS, dogs, cats, Moki's three pet pigs and a house full of COUSINS.

GEORGIE
He inherited dis place. It was a gift to our great-great grandfather from the last King, King Kalakaua.

SPENCER
It must be worth a million.

GEORGIE
More like four point-five, bro. But cousin Moki never gonna sell. It's sacred land. He'd rather drive a cab the rest of his life.

IN THE ADJACENT BUSHES

The Goons lurk.

NJ GOON
Hey, It's a luau. I've always wanted to go to one.

LAS VEGAS GOON
We're not here to party, you idiot.

EXT. MOKI'S HOUSE -- LUAU -- EVENING

In the backyard, Moki's Cousins, FRIENDS and EXTENDED FAMILY are gathered by a fire pit. Many are dressed in traditional costumes and perform a very fast paced hip-grinding native dance with drum music and conch horns played by several other cousins.

The hip swinging chant ends abruptly and segues into an alluring slow dance performed by a gorgeous HAWAIIAN DANCER.

Clearly enjoying themselves, Spencer and Lynn soak it all in.

In the bushes, NJ Goon salivates.

INT. MOKI'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Moki walks Spencer over to the back yard bar.

MOKI
I wanna make you a "Moki Special" real "Hawaiian Style".

SPENCER
That's killer, bro.

MOKI
Oh, some guy call for you before.

SPENCER
Some guy? Who?

MOKI
Dino, he said. Somebody musta give him my private number.

SPENCER
Not me. No way. How does he do that? I feel like the guy's got me on the end of a string.

MOKI
I got something that'll help you forget about work, bro.

Moki pours an incredible amount of various rums into a hollowed out oversized pineapple. When he finishes, it literally starts to smoke on its own.

MOKI (CONT'D)
You know, I been thinkin', I need to share somethin' with you. You gotta be careful, man. And, to always treat the spirits with respect.

SPENCER
I'm not sure what you mean?

MOKI
Well, this gonna sound kinda strange to a "mainland" boy, but sometimes the "spirits", they like to play games.

SPENCER
Spirits?

MOKI
When you got forty thousand Gods, you gonna have a few that get a little crazy now and then. Know what I mean?

Spencer shakes his head. Not really.

MOKI (CONT'D)
You gotta be careful, that's all. Your big foot may be dancin' with the wrong crowd. I'm just sayin' that Moki is lookin' out for you now. And I don't want you gettin' your toes stepped on.
(smiles at his little joke)
Now dats an original Moki joke. I give dat one to you for free!

SPENCER
Thanks, but I got no idea what you're talking about.

Moki hands him the smoking volcano drink.

MOKI
Dat's okay. You enjoy your "Moki Special". You got something good going on, bro. Don't mess it up.

SPENCER
You mean Lynn? Nah. It's just business.

MOKI
Yeah, sure bro, you mean "Monkey business!" You got your eye on da grass skirt, bro. For sure, she got da kind! All I'm sayin' is, don't go stepping on the toes of the Gods.

Moki walks back into the party.

Spencer takes a sip of the drink and finds it surprisingly easy to swallow.

EXT. MOKI'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The party is over and from the look and lopsided walking of Moki's guests coming out of the house, they're smashed.

Spencer is no exception. When he stumbles, Lynn and Georgie put their arms around him and carry him the last few feet to Georgie's car.

SPENCER
(bombed)
I'm fine.

GEORGIE
Sure, bro. And pineapples grow on trees.

Spencer politely resists their offer of help, takes two steps, his knees buckle, and he drops face first to the ground like a stone.

Georgie helps him get back on his feet.

SPENCER
(really smashed)
You want me to drive?

GEORGIE
I'd be happy if you'd just crawl for now.

At which point Spencer goes face first into the grass again, this time he's out cold.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
(to Lynn)
We can lay him out in the back seat. He gonna sleep like a baby. We can take da short cut home.

EXT. BACK COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Across a dimly lit back country road it's slow going as the bumps in the dark have Georgie driving very cautiously.

INT. GEORGIE'S CAR -- NIGHT

LYNN
(concerned)
I thought you said this was a shortcut.

GEORGIE
I dunno, I thought this was it. Nothing looks right tonight. Must be the spirits.

Lynn looks over at a snoring Spencer.

LYNN
I'd say more like the spirits in a Moki Special.

Up ahead, branches and a small unhitched trailer cart block the road.

Georgie pulls to a stop, gets out of the car to move it. Lynn follows to help.

Spencer wakes up, lurches out of the car and into the bushes.

Georgie and Lynn get back in the car and drive off without realizing that Spencer is no longer asleep in the back seat.

EXT. SUGAR CANE FIELDS -- NIGHT

Spencer with a relieved smile on his face zips his fly shut, does an about face, steps back onto the empty dirt road, and looks up and down it quickly.

SPENCER
Oh, shit...

With only a half moon out, it's spookier than hell. Spencer is still smashed and not even sure which way to go, so he just starts walking. He soon stops when he hears something in the bushes tracking him.

Hidden movements in the tall grass behind him bring him to an abrupt stop. Whatever it is, it also stops. Spencer starts to freak out.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(tipsy)
I know you're in there, Dino, c'mon out. I see ya...

He doesn't see shit. Now he's really flippin' out. He starts walking.

Something is definitely tracking him. He walks faster, and then suddenly bolts into a run as fast as he can. Then just as suddenly, he STOPS and turns around.

This time the rustling sounds behind him don't stop and instead grow louder. Whatever it is, it's now within a few feet of appearing from out of the brush right in front of him.

Spencer's heart is pounding so hard we HEAR it.

With an explosion of sounds that scares the hell out of us and from out of the darkest parts of our psyche heading right towards us are...

Moki's pigs who suddenly appear out of nowhere!

The surge of adrenaline, oxygen and Moki's special brew causes Spencer to drop to his knees. The pigs squeal and circle around him for attention.

In the distance, a car horn HONKS and headlights appear.

INT. GEORGIE'S CAR -- NIGHT

LYNN
There he is!

GEORGIE
Thank the Gods!

And with that prayer, the headlights inexplicably go dark and Georgie has to hit the brakes hard to prevent them from driving off the road into the deep ditches on each side.

EXT. BACK COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

The pigs get scared and run off down the road.

Suddenly, it's all too quiet again, but now there's some kind of eerie greenish light glowing from within the nearby brush.

Still half bombed, Spencer struggles to stand up and squints his eyes trying desperately to focus on...

A GHOSTLY APPARITION as it moves swiftly across the screen.

The ghost shape-shifts into an ANCIENT HAWAIIAN HUNTER. His form is nearly transparent within a smoky mist.

The Hunter-God stops and looks directly at Spencer.

Spencer is frozen with fear. Standing there alone, his heart races faster than even his thoughts.

CLOSE ON

A HAND suddenly grabbing Spencer's shoulder from behind and we all freak out!

GEORGIE
You ok, bro?

Spencer struggles to pull enough air into his lungs to speak.

SPENCER
I, I... don't know.

Spencer follows Georgie back to the car, and it speeds away.

Seconds later, the Goons come out from within the brush. NJ Goon looks jittery.

NJ GOON
Did you see that?

LAS VEGAS GOON
I can't see shit. Come on. We gotta long walk.

INT. SPENCER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Spencer's phone is ringing its way across his bedroom dresser till it drops to the floor. Rushing to answer it, he stumbles over a chair and smashes his toe. He has to hop on one foot to catch the call.

SPENCER
(into the phone)
Hello?

RADIO DJ/REPORTER (O.S.)
Hey, Spencer! This is Jimmy Zee with KMB-Z. We got you on the radio LIVE and we got NEWS-FOR-YOU-BRO!

INT. KMBZ RADIO STATION -- MORNING

Radio DJ/Dispatcher holds up a note.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
We've just received a ransom note along with another threat to cut off another toe!

INT. SPENCER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Hung over, Spencer's not ready to start the day this way.

SPENCER
Another toe! These guys are ruthless. Damn it!
(beat)
Sorry about that.

INT. KMBZ RADIO STATION -- MORNING

Radio DJ/Reporter is equally outraged.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
That's OK, bro. We understand why you're upset. In fact, a whole lotta of our listeners feel the same way. We've had dozens of calls from all over the island this morning. Everyone wants to know how can they help?

SPENCER (O.S.)
Tell them to keep their eyes open and to call in if they see it! And that we've got a very special reward to anyone that helps us get the foot back.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
Reward! The magic word! Don't worry, Spencer. We'll put them all on "foot patrol"!

INT. SPENCER'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Spencer cringes at the miserable pun.

SPENCER
Oh, that's good! I'm sorry bro, but I gotta go.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER (O.S.)
We got ya covered, big guy.

Spencer dumps the phone call. It instantly rings again.

INT. THE SNOTMAN HOUSE -- MORNING

SNOTMAN
(high-pitched)
Is this Spencer, the foot guy?

SPENCER (O.S.)
Who's this?

SNOTMAN
Your worst nightmare. Now that you know we mean business, you want it back piece by piece, or are you gonna pay up?

Squiggy grabs the phone from his roommate.

SQUIGGY
Yeah, like five billion, pal! Or we're gonna kill it!

Snotman grabs it back.

SPENCER (O.S.)
Are you crazy? Cut it into a thousand frickin' pieces, you fuckin' moron! I don't give a shit!

SNOTMAN
Hey, no reason to get pissed off, man...

The phone goes dead.

SNOTMAN (CONT'D)
Hello?

SQUIGGY
Don't worry. He'll come around.

SNOTMAN
To hell with him. I say we just get rid of the damn thing and burn it.

SQUIGGY
Maybe we shouldn't. What if it's Kapu?

SNOTMAN
Kapu? What the hell is that?

SQUIGGY
Cursed. Like when monkeys pop out of your butt.

SNOTMAN
Now why in the hell would a friggin' foot pillow made by some howlee from the mainland have a Hawaiian curse on it?

Snotman turns around and drops his pants.

SNOTMAN (CONT'D)
You see any monkeys?

Squiggy actually leans in to take a closer look!

DISSOLVE INTO

another naked butt, this one of a Hawaiian Honey in a g-string bikini poster that's taped to a refrigerator.

Squiggy walks past it into the kitchen and grabs a can of paint thinner from under the sink.

In the living room, Snotman drags the foot through the living room toward the front door.

He bumps the Oil Derrick bong knocking hot ashes onto the carpet.

The ash ignites newspapers which in turn ignite a nearby Hawaiian grass skirt that catches fire as if lit by a blow torch.

The living room is lighting up in smoke and flames.

EXT. THE SNOTMAN HOUSE/FRONT YARD -- MORNING

Snotman drags the foot across the front yard, followed by Squiggy with the paint thinner. Just as they're about to send the Hot Foot up in smoke, they notice their house is on fire.

SNOTMAN
SHIT! What the fuck did you do?

SQUIGGY
I didn't do nothin'!

Snotman runs to grab the garden hose.

Suddenly, Squiggy begins to twitch and grabs at his ass. He runs around in circles, swatting his rear end as if he's riding a bucking bull.

A real monkey tail is snaking it's way out of the back of his pants!

Snotman returns with the hose, but drops it and starts to gyrate as if he's the one on fire. There's another monkey tail coming out of his ass too!

Flames and smoke billow out through the house windows behind them.

EXT. THE SNOTMAN HOUSE/FRONT YARD -- DAY

FIREMEN step around through the last few hot spots and charred remains of where the house used to be.

Over to the side, our two dopers looking exhausted sit on the four-toed Hot Foot.

A FIREMAN walks up to them.

FIREMAN
Hey, things coulda' been worse, at least you saved... What exactly is that?

SNOTMAN
A foot.

FIREMAN
Kinda interesting what people save at the last minute. Must be an heirloom, huh?

SQUIGGY
No, we stole it.

FIREMAN
(taken aback)
Oh, I get it. I love a sense of humor, when things are down... smoke some weed and who gives a damn?

SNOTMAN
Yeah, about as funny as a monkey comin' outta your butt.

FIREMAN
Huh?

Snotman gets an idea.

SNOTMAN
Hey, as our way of saying thanks...

SQUIGGY
Thanks for what? They didn't get here in time.

Snotman jabs Squiggy in the side.

SNOTMAN
Take the foot. It's the least we can do to show our appreciation.

FIREMAN
Really? Well, I'm sure we could find some use for it down at the station.

EXT. THE SNOTMAN HOUSE/FRONT YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Snotman and Squiggy watch the fire truck pull away with the giant foot stacked on top of all the hoses.

Squiggy wipes away a tear.

SNOTMAN
What the hell is wrong with you?

SQUIGGY
I'm gonna miss it.

SNOTMAN
(stunned)
Miss it? Are you friggin' crazy? Our friggin' pad is burned to the ground and we had monkey tails comin' out of our butts! We're lucky to be alive!

EXT. A NEARBY STREET -- DAY

Our Goons, looking tired and disconsolate, shuffle along.

NJ GOON
When are we gonna go back home?

LAS VEGAS GOON
When we find that fucking foot and the damn scroll inside it, that's when. Think. Where would you hide a giant foot?

NJ GOON
A shoe store?

At that moment, the fire engine careens down the street, sirens blaring and lights blinking, the Hot Foot clearly in sight on the back end. As the fire engine picks up speed, the foot flies off the back and rolls to a stop in the middle of the road.

The Goons walk past it, completely oblivious.

NJ GOON (CONT'D)
Can we get some breakfast?

LAS VEGAS GOON
Is that all you can think about?

NJ GOON
Of course not. I think about lunch and dinner too.

The Goons round the corner just as a hunk of junk car makes an abrupt stop to avoid running over Hot Foot. Stepping out of this barely legal vehicle is KEN "THE BUZZARD" IKIMOTO. He's scruffier than his car and looks older than dirt.

THE BUZZARD
What the hula is dat...

Traffic piles up behind him and horns honk, Buzzard takes his sweet time as he walks around the foot trying to figure out what he's looking at.

THE BUZZARD (CONT'D)
What kinda thing is dis?

He goes back to open his trunk. A chicken escapes but the Buzzard snatches it in mid-air and tosses the hen back in the trunk.

THE BUZZARD (CONT'D)
You ain't going anywhere Lucy while you got a few more omelets left in ya'.

He grabs a rope from the trunk, slams the lid down on the startled chicken, tosses the giant foot over the top of his car and ties it down.

EXT. A NEARBY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Buzzard's old clinker drives off down the street. It hits a speed bump and the foot flies off the top and lands in an inch of red dirt and water, then keeps bounding about in the air as the big toe is still tied to the back end of his clunker.

ANGLE ON

Hot Foot smacking the road every twenty feet and leaving a giant red foot imprint as it bounces along like a rubber ball.

HIGH ANGLE CRANE SHOT LOOKING DOWN

On the road, a dozen huge red muddy footprints make it appear that the giant "Bigfoot" from Oregon may be in Hawaii on vacation.

INT. KMBZ RADIO STATION -- DAY

The News Girl runs in with another report.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
(on the air)
Okay, time for our latest Hot Foot alert for all you people tracking this sucker.

But not before he sucks hard on a joint.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER (CONT'D)
We just got a report that "Hot Foot" has re-appeared on the North Shore. Someone has also spotted giant red foot prints on the road to Kahalui.

INT. TAXI -- DAY

We hear the tail end of the radio alert. Spencer sits in the back seat. Moki's smallest pet pig squirms on his lap.

Moki is in the front seat driving Hawaiian style, meaning he's all over the road.

MOKI
(listening to the radio)
You hear dat?

SPENCER
I can't hear nothin' with this pig squealing.

Suddenly Spencer makes a face. He looks down, sees a big wet spot on his pants.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Oh, jeez! Oh, please little Georgie, don't piss on me. Moki, I thought you said he was house broken.

MOKI
House broken, yes. Back seat broken, no.

EXT. BUZZARD'S OLD SHACK -- DAY

Moki's cab pulls to a stop in front of Buzzard's dilapidated old shack he calls home.

In the front yard sit a lifetime's collection of junk and in the middle of it all, the missing foot.

SPENCER
Holy mother of pearl. It really is here! What'ya say, we just pick it up and leave. I'm not really up for any confrontations at this point.

MOKI
Sounds like a plan, bro. But I'll wait here.

Spencer shakes his head not quite understanding Moki's attitude. He sneaks up on the foot by zig zagging his way through the junk yard. He grabs it and starts to drag it back to the taxi.

The Buzzard steps out his front door and takes aim with a shotgun. He fires a warning blast.

CLOSE ON

the tree branches above Spencer's head are blown away as he instinctively hits dirt and covers his head.

Moki remains standing by his taxi seemingly fearless and a little amused at the near hit.

THE BUZZARD
I'd say stealin' a dirty old foot ain't worth your life but I could be wrong.

SPENCER
It's not "stealing" if it's mine.

THE BUZZARD
Might'a been yours one time, but now's different. Now's mine!

Buzzard sees Moki, busts out in a broad grin.

THE BUZZARD (CONT'D)
Hey, Moki! What you doin'?

Moki steps forward with George the pig on the end of a string leash.

MOKI
Just walkin' my pig.

Spencer is flummoxed.

SPENCER
You know this guy?

MOKI
Know em'? Hell, Buzzard's my second cousin twice removed.

Spencer can only shake his head after nearly losing it.

EXT. THE NORTH SHORE HIGHWAY ALONG THE COAST -- DAY

The foot is tied to the roof of Moki's taxi.

The string tying the foot down unravels and the foot is about to go flying.

EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO A SHORELINE HIGHWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

A really strong gust of wind sends the Hot Foot airborne just before Moki's taxi enters the tunnel along the black lava rock coast.

WE FOLLOW THE HOT FOOT

down and over the cliff as it falls to the waters far below.

EXT. THE ROCKY COAST -- DAY

Hot Foot hits the water and is immediately carried away from the rocks by the strong tide.

White water waves splash over its top as it's carried down the coastline leaving a trail of white styrofoam chips leaking from its chopped off toe.

A seagull eyes it from above and quickly descends to check it out before landing on it.

The seagull finds it too difficult to ride and flies off. The foot is getting water-logged and is nearly half submerged.

Another large wave crashes over it and the foot is swallowed up by the strong undertow that causes it to disappear beneath the surface in seconds.

EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

The foot is quickly carried away from us by the strong under currents that run parallel to the coast. It gets tossed around until it's sucked down even deeper by the riptide and then completely disappears into darker waters.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- DAY

NEW CUSTOMERS stream out with pillows.

Moki's taxi pulls up and parks on the sidewalk. Spencer steps out and does a fast double take as he looks for the foot.

Lynn, looking frazzled, storms out of the store.

LYNN
Boy, am I glad you're back. It's been really busy. And Dino's been calling every five minutes, he's so excited that you got the foot back. So... Where is it?

SPENCER
I don't know! We just had it, honest. It just disappeared.

MOKI
The God's are really messin' with you, bro.

Frustrated, Spencer hits his fist on the side door of the taxi and scares little Georgie the pig.

MOKI (CONT'D)
Hey! Take it easy, you gonna scare little Georgie and have him crappin' pig shit all over my taxi!

SPENCER
Sorry, Moki. I'm losin' it.

Lynn puts her arm over Spencer's shoulder.

LYNN
Turn that frown upside down. C'mon, we'll get it back.

LYNN (CONT'D)
But right now, I got something that will cheer you up.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- DAY

The store is jumpin' with activity, Lynn has the music turned way up and PEOPLE are bouncing off the waterbed and all over the pillows.

Lynn has created dozens of red cardboard "mini-feet" that hang from the ceiling.

Spencer and Moki (holding Georgie the pig) are impressed.

But there's more. Lynn goes behind the counter and holds up a hand-cut writing tablet shaped like a foot.

LYNN
(proudly)
Footnotes!

She picks up a can of red spray paint and a stencil and instantly creates a red foot print on the wall...

LYNN (CONT'D)
Neat, huh! We can spray them all over the place.

She disappears behind a curtain and reappears with a miniature Hot Foot in hand.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Only $9.99 I made tons of them. We can take them to the concert and sell them as souvenirs.

SPENCER
Damn, I completely forgot the concert. But who's gonna watch the store?

MOKI
No problem, bro. Georgie and I watch it.

On cue, Georgie squeals with approval.

INT. THE CONCERT AUDITORIUM -- NIGHT

Lynn sells "mini-feet" as fast as she can show them to MUSIC LOVERS.

MUSIC LOVER
Me and my pals are all looking for the Hot Foot!

LYNN
Great.

Lynn's next buyers turn out to be our two loser Goons. NJ Goon eagerly grabs a mini-foot, but Las Vegas Goon slaps him on the side of the head and makes him give it back.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Lynn stands behind a curtain peeking out at 15,000 screaming Chuck Berry fans. Next to her is music icon BO DIDDLEY, warming up by running riffs up and down his guitar.

Spencer gives Lynn a "high-five" sign.

Somehow, our clueless Goons have talked their way backstage. CHUCK BERRY walks briskly by them having finished his set.

NJ GOON
Can I have an autograph for my grandmother?

Chuck Berry shoots him a strange look, signs and leaves.

LAS VEGAS GOON
You don't even have a grandmother, you idiot.

Spencer walks out to center stage with the mini-foot in hand.

SPENCER
(talks into the mic)
Maybe some of you have heard of this on the radio or TV, because someone stole my giant foot.

The audience roars. They've heard of it.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
It's a pillow kinda like this one, except it's huge! About ten feet long. Somebody, maybe even someone here, knows where it is right now. If you do, I'll gladly give you this mini-foot autographed by Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley plus a thousand dollars as a reward, no questions asked.

NJ Goon excitedly elbows Las Vegas Goon.

NJ GOON
He's got the right idea. We should offer a reward!

SPENCER
Anyway, that's the deal, it's real, so come by the Pillow Factory on Kalakaua and check us out. Thanks!

Spencer quickly walks off the stage to cheers and applause. To his surprise, Lynn greets him with a kiss and he definitely likes it.

The lights go dim.

Spencer lets out a sigh of relief as he puts his arm around Lynn and snuggles up close.

PROMOTER (O.S.)
And now, the one, the only... Mister... Bo Diddley!

As a Bo Diddley classic plays we see NJ Goon flailing his arms as he does a weird bird dance.

With the same music playing live over the radio we

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD -- NIGHT

Snotman and Squiggy are camping out in their back yard in front of a fire roasting marsh mellows. They are smoking grass from their salvaged half-melted Oil Derrick bong. Behind them is what's left of their home as they listen to the Bo Diddley classic.

EXT. A SHALLOW COVE -- MORNING

A group of SCUBA DIVERS wade into the water in preparation of a group dive. They pull their masks down and slip into a protected cove teaming with tropical fish.

EXT. UNDERWATER -- MORNING

The Divers are swimming around surrounded by hundreds of colorful fish.

One of the FEMALE DIVERS spots the Hot Foot lying on the sandy bottom and swims down to take a closer look.

EXT. A SHALLOW COVE -- MORNING

The Female Diver drags the waterlogged and nearly empty cloth foot ashore. After a closer inspection, she decides it's not worth keeping and ditches it into a nearby garbage barrel.

A SURFER walking by spots the big toe dangling over the side of the barrel and pulls the fabric out of the trash.

EXT. BEACH -- MORNING

Moments later the Surfer is on the water about to catch the next wave.

CLOSE ON

his board, which reveals he's using the Hot Foot as a slip cover.

It's a wild ride as his SURFER BUDS point out the new Hot Foot surfboard cutting across the waves like a surreal Dali painting.

EXT. THE SURFER'S SHACK - BEACH SIDE -- DAY

The Hot Foot fabric is blowin' in the wind as a proud "flag". It's tied to a long bamboo pole stuck in the sand outside the front deck of the Surfer's communal digs.

Yet somehow, as if by ghostly hands, the rope unties and Hot Foot is carried aloft by the soft ocean breeze...

EXT. DOWNTOWN WAIKIKI -- DAY

Moki's cab chugs down the street, stenciled with a dozen red colored Hot Feet all over it.

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY

MOKI'S YOUNG COUSIN walks Georgie the pig on a string leash. Georgie has a red Hot Foot stenciled on both his sides. He's a walking four-legged porkboard.

CLOSE ON

Georgie's hoofs on the sidewalk wrapped in mini-feet as he leaves a fresh paint trail of tiny red foot prints.

INT. SNOTMAN'S VW VAN -- AFTERNOON

Snotman and Squiggy listen to the radio.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
By popular demand, it's time for a Hot Foot update. Lots of reported sightings, but that's it, so you still got time to claim the hundred thousand dollar reward!

Snotman glares at Squiggy.

SNOTMAN
Now it's a hundred thousand! You're such an asshole!

SQUIGGY
Hey, well, at least we don't have monkeys coming out of our butts.

SNOTMAN
For a hundred thousand bucks I'd be a monkey's ass any day!

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- EVENING

Spencer lets the LAST CUSTOMER out (holding a mini-foot under her arm).

SPENCER
Thanks, come again, tell your friends.

Lynn is at the register tallying up the day's sales.

LYNN
Not bad, huh!

SPENCER
To tell you the truth, I don't think I'm cut out for the exotic pillow business.

LYNN
Is Dino getting on your back again? Look, even JC Penney started out small.

SPENCER
This isn't exactly what I thought I'd be doing when I grew up. When I was a kid I wanted to be...

LYNN
Don't tell me. A lawyer? How about foot doctor?

SPENCER
Not exactly. But I wanted to do, you know... something. Something that would mean something. I mean, what about you. You don't exactly seem like the type to be sitting behind a counter all day sewing. This isn't Bloomingdales.

LYNN
I know, but when I find something I like to do I go for it. And if it, that is... Whatever I'm doing makes me feel good, I stay with it. I like to think I'm "creative!" It's not like I was dreaming about sewing pillows back in Missouri, if that's what you're getting at.

SPENCER
I'll tell you one thing I do know, and that's that the "Hot Foot" isn't gonna stay "Hot" much longer. Today's news is tomorrow's history.

LYNN
You know what... It sounds to me like we both need a little break, "Hawaiian style". And I know just where to go.

SPENCER
(intrigued)
Like where?

LYNN
A place so special you can find a rainbow no matter which way you look.

SPENCER
No way!

LYNN
Let's get out of here and I'll show you the way.

EXT. THE TOP OF RAINBOW PEAK ON DIAMOND HEAD -- SUNSET

With miles of beaches below and a carved wooden sign behind them staking out the vista called "Rainbow Peak", Spencer and Lynn walk the path leading to the top of the ancient Diamond Head volcano that overlooks Waikiki Beach.

Lynn starts counting rainbows.

LYNN
There's one. And that's two. And way over there, there's two more!

Spencer marvels at the glorious sight.

SPENCER
It's like rainbow central up here. Too bad there's not a pot of gold at the end of each one...

Spencer blinks. For a moment he thought he saw Hot Foot blowing with the wind between two clouds. Nah. Can't be.

Lynn leans over and kisses Spencer.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
You shouldn't have done that.

LYNN
Why? Don't you like me?

SPENCER
No. I mean, yes, I do. I like you a lot. And that's the problem.

Lynn is confused.

LYNN
You like me too much?

SPENCER
Yes. I mean no. I mean me being your boss and all that, and then feeling like Dino is spying on every move I make, it doesn't feel right.

Lynn stares at him in only the way she can, sweet, innocent and sexy all at the same time. She shrugs. Your loss.

She turns and starts to walk back down the path they came up.

Spencer can't believe he's turned her down in such a lame manner. He closes his eyes in disbelief, frustrated for acting like such a klutz. Then follows her down the trail.

EXT. DUKE'S BAR & RESTAURANT - WAIKIKI BEACH -- NIGHT

SEGUE INTO A CLOSE-UP OF A FRAMED WATERCOLOR OF A RAINBOW HANGING BEHIND THE BAR AT DUKE'S.

At the bar sits only Spencer, still bummed over his ineptitude with Lynn and now getting sloshed.

Everywhere Spencer looks, he sees people in love.

In a rear booth, a COUPLE passionately neck.

On the dance floor, OLD GEEZERS canoodle.

Heck, Spencer even spots TWO DOGS doing you know what on the grass.

A SYMPATHETIC BARTENDER cleans glasses as he listens to Spencer babble.

SPENCER
I had her, man. I had her right in the palm of my frickin' hand! I coulda been with her right now, getting---
(beat, to Bartender)
What do you call getting laid in Hawaiian?

SYMPATHETIC BARTENDER
Ha-nookie-ooh-pau-aa-aa-oooh.

SPENCER
Really? Well, whatever, but that's what I'd be doin' right now, "Ha-nookie-nookin" instead of pissing my time away. Ever since I lost that Goddamn foot, nothing's gone right.

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER WAIKIKI BAR

INT. SEEDY BAR -- NIGHT

Our forlorn surfers sit at a booth, crunching peanuts.

SQUIGGY
What are we gonna do now? We got nothin'.

SNOTMAN
Don't worry, our luck is gonna change. At least we don't have monkeys comin' out of our butts!

SQUIGGY
(not sure)
Uh... I don't know, I kinda liked it...

SNOTMAN
(he throws a handful of peanuts at him)
Then you'll love these!

A BARFLY limps in and bellies up to the bar. He's clearly already three sheets to the winds.

TOUGH BARTENDER
What the hell happened to you?

BARFLY
I crashed my bike in a ditch, damn near broke my neck over a friggin' foot!

TOUGH BARTENDER
What?

BARFLY
You know, "The Hot Foot".

SQUIGGY
Hey, he's talking about...

Snotman stuffs a mouthful of peanuts into Squiggy's mouth.

TOUGH BARTENDER
I swear that's all everyone's been talkin' about. You really saw it?

BARFLY
Saw it, damn it, I owned it. I had it bagged and ready to go. Then it just disappeared down a black hole.

TOUGH BARTENDER
And to think there's a million dollar reward for it now.

Snotman's eyes widen like flying saucers.

BARFLY
Really! Then I gotta go back and look for it. For a million bucks I'm willing to break my neck and both balls. But first, how about ya' gimme a beer...

TOUGH BARTENDER
You know the rules. First, you gimme some cash.

Barfly scrounges around his pockets.

BARFLY
Hell. Guess I left my money in my other shirt.

BARTENDER
That's baloney, you don't even own another shirt!

Snotman comes up behind the Barfly, drops a bill on the counter.

SNOTMAN
My treat, buddy.

BARFLY
Thanks, bro.

Squiggy pouts.

SQUIGGY
How come you wouldn't buy me a beer?

SNOTMAN
Because you know damn well what happens when you drink too much.

SQUIGGY
I crap my pants?

BARFLY
(impressed)
No shit!

EXT. SEEDY BAR -- EARLY MORNING

Our convivial Surfers and the Barfly, all feeling no pain, stumble out of the joint.

BARFLY
I know eggs-actly where it is. Just follow me, boys.
(He twitches his nose and stops to look directly at Squiggy)
No offense, man, but you really do smell like shit!

Squiggy falls flat on his face. The Snotman and Barfly pick him up.

EXT. THE DRAINAGE DITCH -- MORNING

Squiggy and Snotman are ankle deep in water, mud and debris as they follow the Barfly.

SNOTMAN
You sure this is the way, pal?

BARFLY
Sure I'm sure!

He's not sure.

EXT. THE LOCAL DUMP -- DAY

TRUCKS pull in and out of the open gate.

The Barfly and the Surfers, smelly, bedraggled and dirty, round the corner to the main garbage area, and I mean, garbage.

SNOTMAN
So where is it?

BARFLY
Last I remember, it was in a black plastic garbage bag.

They walk around a huge mound of garbage and are confronted by an endless sea of thousands of black plastic garbage bags.

SQUIGGY
We are seriously screwed.

EXT. FROM WITHIN THE CLOUDS -- DAY

The Hot Foot is carried by an inter-island trade wind following a course only a Hawaiian God could plot. It's free as a bird and a hundred miles away from the island of Oahu and Waikiki.

In the distance is another island, much larger in size with its sleeping giant "Mauna Kea" rising 29,978 from the ocean's floor to its snow capped peak.

CLOSE ON

the giant volcano's snow covered rim.

INT. A SMALL SINGLE ENGINE AIRPLANE -- DAY

The PILOT looks out his window to the left and sees the flying foot a hundred yards distant, but from where he sits it looks more like a UFO.

PILOT
(on the radio mic)
This is Cessna 3-8-7 triple T. I got a crazy lookin' balloon on my flight path.

AIR CONTROLLER (O.S.)
No weather balloons are flying today. What's it look like? Over...

The Pilot picks up his binoculars and takes a closer look.

PILOT
She's got big tits, best I can see, over.

AIR CONTROLLER (O.S.)
Would you mind repeating that?

PILOT
I said it looks like its got several women on it with big, naked tities, on one side. And maybe some kinda orgy thing...with sort of a...a big toe in front.

AIR CONTROLLER (O.S.)
Would you please repeat that, over.

PILOT
I said she's got big tits...

The foot hides behind a cloud but quickly reappears, only this time it's but a few feet away from his left wing tip, then suddenly does an up-and-over and reappears off his right wing.

PILOT (CONT'D)
I'm under attack! I'm taking evasive action.

He dives to avoid what he thinks is an imminent collision.

EXT. THE LOCAL DUMP -- AFTERNOON

Barfly is sound asleep and snoring peacefully on an old mattress while the surfers are covered in garbage.

In front of them are the last three remaining unopened black plastic bags. Behind them, hundreds of opened bags with garbage are spread everywhere.

They tear into the last three plastic bags with a vengeance. With the last one containing some of the foulest smelling garbage yet, they both come up empty handed.

Snotman is ready to kill.

SNOTMAN
You stupid drunk...

He turns around, ready to pounce on the Barfly, but he's nowhere to be seen.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

Moki comes in with three garish purple and orange striped mini-feet. He slaps these "fakes" down on the counter in front of Spencer and Lynn and waits for a reaction.

SPENCER
What the hell are these? Where did you find them?

MOKI
(with a smile)
Their "counter-feet". Somebody stole your idea and is re-selling them to the shops in the hotels.

LYNN
What a rip off!

The phone rings. Spencer picks it up.

SPENCER
Dino! Jeez, man, gimme a break, Rome wasn't built in a day. Rome? R-O-M-E. You know like in Italy!
(a beat... he listens))
Don't worry. Everything is under control, everything is going great, just like I'd planned...

Lynn holds up one of the knock-off mini-feet in front of Spencer as he suffers over every word.

She bends the toes one by one so that just the middle toe pops up giving Dino the bird.

Lynn's little joke brings a smile to Spencer's face as he holds the phone away from his ear unable to listen to Dino's yelling any more and then just slowly hangs it up.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Very funny.

LYNN
I couldn't help it. The guy sounds like a creep. We have to get the foot back or that guy is gonna make us all crazy!

INT. KMBZ RADIO STATION -- AFTERNOON

The DJ devours a foot long hot dog. The News Girl holds up her own lunch as he talks, it's a sandwich in the shape of a foot long hero with bread in the shape of five toes.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
Hey, Spencer. I wanna get your reaction to a report we got about a pilot spotting a UFO shaped like a foot hovering between Oahu and the Big Island.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

Spencer is tired of all these crazy reports.

SPENCER
(into the phone)
At this point, nothing would surprise me. Just tell your listeners that we still haven't got it back.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
You sound kind of down, bro. Think you'll ever see it again?

SPENCER
I'm afraid the prospects aren't real good.

EXT. THE TOP OF MAUNA KEA - THE BIG ISLAND -- AFTERNOON

Like the phoenix descending from Valhalla, the Hot Foot floats down out of nowhere to land in the parking lot at the top of Hawaii's only snow capped mountain. It's home to a dozen telescope observatories and a few crazies that like extreme sports and to ski down the rim into the crater.

Several SNOWBOARDERS get ready to take on what has to be the most unique ski run on earth.

The Hot Foot lands with a deflated thud on top of the snowboarder's truck. SNOWBOARDER 1 gets out to see what's suddenly draped over his window.

SNOWBOARDER 1
What the heck is this?

His friend comes around to take a look.

SNOWBOARDER 2
I didn't pack that. What is it?

Snowboarder 1 has a brain wave.

EXT. THE VOLCANIC RIM -- AFTERNOON

The Snowboarders stuff the pillow with snow until it's formed its original shape. Hot Foot is back!

SNOWBOARDER 1
Get your camera, man. This is gonna be a first!

Snowboarder 1 takes the picture as his pal hops on top of the foot and pushes himself over the rim of the volcano using the foot as a Hawaiian toboggan!

TRACKING ON

Hot Foot picking up speed as it clears a hundred yard path of flying snow and ice inside the rim of the world's highest volcano.

CLOSE ON

Snowboarder 1 hanging on with one hand and his other held high in the air for the ride of his life.

He let's out a yelp at the top of his lungs that echoes across the frozen ground shooting by under his feet.

SNOWBOARDER 1 (CONT'D)
Yea...Haaaa!

He slips off as the Hot Foot picks up a lot more speed shooting across the ice, then watches as it goes airborne when it reaches the top of the rim on the other side!

WIDE ANGLE PULLS OUT

as the Hot Foot is catapulted high into the air as if shot out of a cannon and launched into space.

In the ultra-thin 13,000 foot altitude, the foot resembles a shooting star as it flies hundreds of feet over the top of the giant Keck telescope, just high enough for a digital high-speed camera to snap an instant picture.

INT. THE KECK OBSERVATORY COMPUTER ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Inside, an array of computers, printers and processors suddenly come alive as if a four alarm fire has set them all in motion.

Manning the computer center are two ASTROPHYSICISTS who are convinced that the telescope has captured some kind of once-in-a-lifetime cosmic event.

The data machines feed each other and then the computer frenzy comes to an abrupt halt. The stream of information converges onto one large monitor where a new moving image is quickly being rendered.

With the Orion nebula for a celestial backdrop, the Hot Foot is clearly shown transversing the universe in all its glory.

EXCITED ASTROPHYSICIST
What do you think?

UNSURE ASTROPHYSICIST
I'd say...it's a UFO...shaped like a giant foot.

EXCITED ASTROPHYSICIST
Moving at the speed of light!

They both nod their heads in shock and awe.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF MAUNA KEA -- AFTERNOON

The frozen Hot Foot slams hard into the ground and slides along rough terrain before coming to rest on the edge of a steep slope on the far side of the volcano.

Nearly ripped in half, the foot quickly changes shape as the warm light rain melts the snow inside it and flattens it out.

A warm light rain soon turns into a downpour and melts the snow packed inside it.

Rainwater turns into streams,then into torrents of rushing waters cascading down the volcano's side.

Hot Foot begins to move along from one stream to another until it gets caught on the edge of a thousand foot precipice.

FULL SHOT OF THE MAUNA KEA WATERFALLS

as they collect the down pour from the merging waters.

The torrents turn into a single cascade that forces the material over the edge where it free falls another thousand feet into...

EXT. THE MAUNA KEA SACRED POOLS -- SUNSET

The ground shakes with the thunderous sounds of water from high above. The fabric crashes down into the middle of the largest of the Seven Sacred Pools.

More water pushes it away from the center to where it finally comes to rest on the edge of an ancient Hawaiian site.

The last light from the setting sun moves across the pool as

THE CAMERA PANS UP

toward a thick growth of water lilies and flowers in the background. Dusk is quickly turning into night.

As the light fades, we see an imperceptible shadow moving through the rain forest. The translucent figure suddenly becomes outlined by the waterfall's mist and forms an other worldly shape.

The Ancient Hawaiian Warrior crosses our path once again but it's just a fleeting look at him before his shadow disappears into the waterfall.

The roar of the waterfall becomes louder and more powerful and we feel his presence all around us.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DUKE'S BAR & RESTAURANT - WAIKIKI BEACH -- NIGHT

The artificial waterfall near the bar cannot be heard above the roar and laughter from the Happy Hour PARTY CROWD.

Spencer, Lynn and Moki share Pupu's (hors d'oeuvres) and drinks.

MOKI
How long you think this foot thing gonna last, bro?

SPENCER
I'd say it's all downhill from here.

LYNN
What do you mean?

SPENCER
The press is gonna find some other feeding frenzy, they always do. We're gonna go from "Hot Foot" to no foot before we take another step.

LYNN
Wow, that's depressing.

SPENCER
Not really. I'm kind of glad.

LYNN
But Dino said...

SPENCER
Dino? That's it. I'm done! Screw him. I don't give a damn what Dino thinks anymore!

LYNN
(skeptical)
Really? How brave.

SPENCER
(defensive)
Well, what about you? Do you really want to be stuck behind a counter for the rest of your life selling pillows?

LYNN
I didn't know it was a lifetime commitment.

MOKI
I don't like commitments either. Moki likes to keep it simple, no women. Just pigs.

LYNN
Really, Moki? How heart warming. With that attitude, you're lucky you've got pigs for friends.

SPENCER
Present company excepted...

LYNN
So you really don't think we'll ever get the foot back?

SPENCER
If you ask me, the foot is buried ten feet underground by now.

MOKI
Better not be buried on sacred ground, or there gonna be a curse on da guy, dats for sure!

SPENCER
Oh, don't tell me, it's Hawaiian curse time again...

Lynn totally buys into what Moki is selling.

LYNN
Moki's right. I've been on the island long enough to know that some really strange stuff goes on.

Lynn's enthusiasm is infectious.

Spencer signals the WAITRESS for another round.

SPENCER
If that's really the case, and if we really want the foot back, then we have to be prepared to fight for it!

And to that pledge, they raise their drinks and clink'em.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH -- DAY

All along the beach are dozens of tall bamboo poles with large white sheets stenciled with giant red feet on them and the word "REWARD" flying in the wind as far as the eye can see.

Flying across the sky above is an old double wing biplane towing the same kind of flying banner.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WAIKIKI -- DAY

Moki's taxi pulls into view with an oversized billboard on its roof with the same message on top.

He's leading a parade of billboard cars traveling down Kalakaua Boulevard.

On the sidewalk another COUSIN leads Moki's three pigs tied in-a-line down the street, all of them with stenciled red feet on their backs and the word "REWARD!" painted across their pot bellies.

The pigs are followed by MORE COUSINS in goofy looking "foot suits" walking along the sidewalk handing out Hot Foot flyers.

Across the street, the two Goons observe.

NJ GOON
I love parades.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Shud up.

EXT. THE MAUNA KEA SACRED POOLS -- DAY

HIKERS take a rest stop by the waterfall.

A CURIOUS HIKER wanders off to inspect the object laying on the other side of the pool. He pulls the material apart and recognizes it for what it is.

CURIOUS HIKER
(excited)
I FOUND IT! I found the foot!

His friends gather round as he stretches it apart on the ground. The foot is really torn up and nearly unrecognizable with red dirt covering it, fabric tears, and a missing toe.

TWO HIKERS carefully fold it up before tucking it safely away in a backpack.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

Outside, Spencer fills helium foot-shaped balloons and Lynn passes them out to a GROUP OF KIDS.

Moki's cab screeches to a halt next to them. He sticks his head out the front window just as his passengers, the three pigs, poke their noses out the back window.

MOKI
Just heard it on the radio, bro.
Some kids found da foot on the Big
Island!

Everybody breaks out in cheers. Even the pigs happily oink.

Spencer goes to kiss Lynn, but it's awkward, like kissing your sister.

MOKI (CONT'D)
It's supposed to be comin' over on the island ferry this afternoon.

EXT. THE INTER-ISLAND FERRY UPPER DECK -- DAY

Hot Foot has been sewn up, stuffed and patched with a new little toe. It stands upright against the stern railing with all five toes blowing in the wind.

There's a strip of red fabric sewn across the sole that holds it together and resembles the curved shape of a smile.

Standing next to the foot is the CURIOUS HIKER. He puts his arm around the foot as his friends futz with their cameras.

A sudden wave coupled with a gusty cross-wind lifts the big foot up in the air just enough to blow it overboard!

The Hiker and his friends shout and point at the foot in vain as the Ferry plows on full speed ahead.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- DAY

Spencer, Lynn, Moki, the pigs, ASSORTED CUSTOMERS and the Goons crowd around the radio.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
Yeah, it's been a wild ride for the Hot Foot, but it's true, it's finally on the way home... What?
(beat, hushed whispers)
I'm telling you, the Hot Foot has more lives than a cat. Apparently there's been a mishap on the ferry and the foot was blown out to sea.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER (CONT'D)
(reflective)
It's almost like it doesn't want to be found!

Everyone groans with disappointment.

A CITY INSPECTOR, looking officious pushes his way through the crowd in his starched shirt and clipboard, then saunters up to the register.

CITY INSPECTOR
I'm looking for the owner, Spencer Shepard?

LYNN
He's...

Spencer loudly coughs.

SPENCER
Not in right now. And you are?

City Inspector hands an envelope to Spencer.

CITY INSPECTOR
Well, when you do see him, give him this.

City Inspector walks out.

Spencer rips the envelope open, reads it. His face falls.

SPENCER
(sarcastic)
Oh, great. Just what we need.

LYNN
What is it?

SPENCER
A notice. It says the store is operating illegally. Says I need a business permit to sew pillows!

Spencer glares at Moki, who shrugs.

MOKI
I don't know nothin' about permits, bro.

SPENCER
You're right, Moki. Your Gods are messing with me.

MOKI
You can say Aloha to that, bro.

EXT. THE ISLAND CHANNEL BETWEEN OAHU & THE BIG ISLAND -- DAY

Hot Foot bobs quite comfortably in the unusually calm seas.

In the background, the splashing sounds of a single dolphin's tail hits the water, then a high pitched squeal of delight is heard... followed by a chorus of others.

A high flying dolphin suddenly bursts forth, shooting out of the water as it easily clears the top of the Hot Foot by at least ten feet!

And then another, and then three more, all at the same time! It's a pod of hundreds and they've discovered a new play toy.

EXT. UNDERWATER BLACK ROCK COVE - OAHU -- DAY

Below the surface the group circles their new friend as one of them pulls up behind it and inspects it, then pushes it along by its snout. Is he trying to steer it somewhere?

EXT. BLACK ROCK COVE - OAHU -- DAY

On the beach, a YOUNG FATHER kisses his YOUNG DAUGHTER before he enters the water to do some snorkeling.

The little girl happily runs back to her MOM sitting under an umbrella on the sand not too far away.

The Young Father adjusts his face mask before easing into the clear waters at Black Rock Cove.

EXT. UNDERWATER BLACK ROCK COVE - OAHU -- DAY

His attention is immediately drawn to a giant sea turtle less than twenty feet below him.

Captivated by the sea turtle, he follows it out away from the coast, In less than a minute he's several hundred feet away from the beach.

EXT. BLACK ROCK COVE - OAHU -- DAY

He raises his face out of the water and realizes how far from shore he's been pulled. He swims against the current. In but a moment or two he's struggling and pulled out even further as the waves wash over him.

Instinctively, desperately, he calls out, exhausted, his arms flailing and gasping for air.

YOUNG FATHER
Help! Please...help me...

EXT. BLACK ROCK COVE - OAHU -- DAY

On the beach, his wife and daughter build a sand castle.

YOUNG DAUGHTER
Look, Daddy's waving at us.

Mom and daughter wave back.

Our Young Father is going under for what seems to be the last time.

EXT. UNDERWATER BLACK ROCK COVE - OAHU -- DAY

His body sinks like a stone as fish swim all around him.

Not so fast.

The Young Father rallies; with his last ounce of strength, he kicks himself up and breaks the surface.

EXT. BLACK ROCK COVE - OAHU -- DAY

He grasps onto a toe. His other hand comes up and grabs another toe. He pulls his head above water, coughing and choking but now able to get more air. He pulls his mask off and realizes that somehow, he's on some kind of foot-shaped flotation device!

Two dolphins break water, leap above his head and nearly knock him off the foot. The poor guy isn't sure if he's dead or dreaming. Did the dolphins bring this thing to him?

Positioning the foot like a surfboard, he paddles back to shore, turning once to wave thanks at the dolphins.

EXT. BLACK ROCK COVE - OAHU -- DAY

The Young Father struggles to pull the Hot Foot through the large breaking waves as they hit the beach, but he's too exhausted to hold on and loses his grip just a few feet from shore.

Seeing him struggle, his wife and daughter run to him.

YOUNG DAUGHTER
Daddy!

The Young Father embraces his wife and child, glad to be alive.

YOUNG FATHER
(to his wife)
Joan, you're never going to believe what happened.

Beyond them in the distance we see the Hot Foot traveling on its own, in and out with the waves, moving down the beach.

INT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL NEARBY -- AFTERNOON

The double doors to a large hotel kitchen burst open. A CHEF yells at two KITCHEN HELPERS who push a stainless steel cart.

On the cart is an oversized ice sculpture.

CHEF
(really angry)
I told you to keep it in the freezer until I wanted it brought out! Get it back in there, NOW!

The Chef does an abrupt u-turn and stomps back into the kitchen to yell at someone else.

The kitchen helpers rush to comply, but in their haste, they push the cart around the next corner so fast that the ice sculpture tips over and crashes to the concrete floor.

The sculpture shatters into a thousand pieces of ice.

KITCHEN HELPER#1
We're screwed!

KITCHEN HELPER#2
No, we're FIRED!

KITCHEN HELPER#1
No. We're screwed and fired. This is pathetic. Let's just clean up this mess and quit. I don't want to be here when his majesty Chef Asshole goes nuclear!

They scramble around picking up chunks of ice and toss them back onto the cart.

EXT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - BEACH SIDE -- AFTERNOON

A POOL BOY stacks lounge chairs and beach mats. He notices the Hot Foot stuck in the sand on the shoreline.

He drags it back to the front of the Beach Rentals Shack and stands it up next to all the other water toys.

Nearby, the kitchen helpers dump a thousand pounds of busted ice sculpture into the hotel's dumpster.

Kitchen Helper#1 looks over toward the Rental Shack and taps his friend on the shoulder.

From the looks on their faces they've both got the same idea and perhaps a way to save their jobs.

INT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL -- AFTERNOON

CONVENTIONEERS, most wearing the same gaudy Hawaiian shirt, crowd into a vendor's hosting room.

Tables of free food and drinks are spread all around the center piece where the newly installed ice sculpture is positioned for everyone to gawk and cluck over.

The Hot Foot lies frozen under six inches of ice.

Michelangelo would be proud. The banner above it says...

"Welcome Podiatrists Council USA!"

Conventioneers clamor around it and take pictures.

Our Kitchen Helpers stand off to the side watching the Chef take one unearned compliment after another.

He suspiciously looks around knowing he's been duped, and has a pretty good idea who's behind it.

INT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL LOBBY -- AFTERNOON

TV NEWS REPORTER and his CAMERAMAN interview the Young Father. His Wife and Daughter stand proudly at his side as his hands gesticulate through the air mimicking the arc of what has to be him describing the dolphins leaping over the Hot Foot!

EXT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL -- AFTERNOON

Squiggy and Snotman drive their trashed out van up to the valet park area directly in front of the main entrance.

The VALET hesitates to walk over to them but does so anyway.

VALET
You guys want to park this thing, or pay five to have me do it.

He moves in closer and opens the driver's door, gets a strong whiff of the stink coming from inside and backs off.

VALET (CONT'D)
Make that a hundred! Jeez, what the hell is that stink?

SQUIGGY
We'll park it, pal.

INT. VW VAN -- AFTERNOON

Snotman drives off toward the parking lot.

SNOTMAN
This is not gonna work. How we gonna get through the lobby?

SNOTMAN (CONT'D)
We can't even get through the fucking parking lot!

SQUIGGY
Look, we both heard the DJ saying it's around here.

SNOTMAN
That sounded like just another bull shit deal if you ask me. There's been a thousand stoned dudes calling that station.

SQUIGGY
I'm telling you, man, it's here. I can smell it.

SNOTMAN
I'll tell you what that smell is, bro. It's us. We smell like canned farts.

INT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

The store is overrun by NEW CUSTOMERS, a TV CAMERA CREW and CURIOUS TOURISTS.

Lynn brings new meaning to the words "multi-tasking" as she sells, wraps, makes change, sews pillows, answers questions and tries to answer the phone.

LYNN
(talking to five different people at once)
Here's your change, no that's not the one, the one you want is in that corner over there!
(hands over an unwrapped gift)
I could only find some green ribbon for this, I'm sorry.
(picks up the phone)
Really? Are you sure you didn't see it on the moon? Thanks, I'll tell him.

Aggravated, Lynn slams the phone down.

Moki and Spencer pry their way through the crowd with the TV camera crew following them.

MOKI
(to Spencer)
This is pretty crazy, bro!

SPENCER
(exasperated)
I can't take it anymore. We gotta close the store, or we're all gonna go nuts!

MOKI
I don't understand you mainland boys. You come here to make your fortune. Now you wanna close the hottest store in Waikiki. You gonna give Hawaiian capitalism a bad name. Dino's gonna hear about dis.

SPENCER
You giving me grief too? I'm so sick of Dino this and Dino that, and I'm tired of running this... this crazy foot race chasing that thing all over hell and back!

Spencer stands on a chair so he can be seen and heard by everyone.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Hello... Hi... Hello, HELLO EVERYONE! Hey, I'm sorry, but we've got to close early today. Something has come up.

Spencer shoohs people out the door.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Thanks for comin' in. Come back tomorrow. Thanks, thanks again.

The TV Crew all have their faces glued to the front window looking in trying to figure out what's going on.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Hey, GO AWAY! PLEASE.

He turns around and sees the Goons sewing pillows.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
You guys too! OUT!

NJ GOON
But I'm not finished---

Spencer grabs a broom.

SPENCER
I said OUT! NOW!

Using the broom, Spencer shoohs them out as well and locks the door behind them.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
That's it. I'm firing myself. Burned out at twenty-four. I need a break.

MOKI
(excited)
Now, dat's what I want to hear. "Break time!", time for a Hawaiian quickie.

Lynn frowns, not so sure about that.

MOKI (CONT'D)
Luau, baby! I bring da cooler, call a few cousins and what you say we suck up a case of brewskies, have a little down time on da beach!

The phone rings. Lynn is ready to party, she resists answering it, but the call of the wild gets the best of Spencer and he picks it up.

SPENCER
(skeptical)
Listen, we really do appreciate all your interest, but I'm done chasing down ...yeah I know...but...uh, huh. OK.

He hangs up the phone.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
There's no escape.

MOKI
So where is it now?

SPENCER
The radio guy says they've had five calls in the last hour, all from around the same hotel.

LYNN
I don't believe it.
(to Moki)

LYNN (CONT'D)
Did he tell you about the guys who swear they saw it in outer space?

MOKI
Really?

Spencer puts his hands over his ears.

LYNN
Or the pilot who claims it nearly shot his plane out of the sky? Or the one about the dolphins?

SPENCER
That's all crazy talk from guys smokin' weed. If this thing had been half the places I've had calls on, then somebody would already be making a movie out of it. So Lynn, you're either coming with us, or...

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

Moki, Spencer, Lynn and the pigs climb into Moki's taxi. It speeds into traffic.

Our Goons hail another taxi, jump in.

EXT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL -- AFTERNOON

Wandering around near the hotel's garbage dump like pigs in a poke are Snotman and Squiggy. It's the only place they don't look or smell out of place.

Without his glasses on, the Chef mistakes them for his two loafing Kitchen Helpers.

He sneaks up from behind them, grabs them both by their shirt collars and drags them back inside.

CHEF
You guys think life in my kitchen is just some kinda Hawaiian vacation? You got dishes to wash!
(He gets a real whiff of them)
And while your at it, try some of that soap. You guys smell like garbage!

INT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Surrounded by stacks of dirty dishes and wearing new white aprons, Snotman and Squiggy fit right in.

SNOTMAN
I didn't come here to wash dishes, man!

SQUIGGY
This is perfect, now we look like we work here.

With no one else around, they sneak off and exit through a double door leading to the banquet rooms.

EXT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

Moki pulls up and parks in the taxi zone.

Lynn and Spencer get out.

The pigs are in the back seat, their little heads sticking out the window.

MOKI
What are we gonna do with the pigs? We can't leave em' here.

SPENCER
Why not? They can guard your taxi, make sure nobody steals it!

MOKI
(he likes that)
You're right, man. It would be good training for 'em!
(to the pigs)
Ok, you guys, don't let nobody take my taxi, or you gonna be smoked pigs at da next luau!

The pigs get his drift and snort loudly in protest.

Spencer, Moki and Lynn enter the hotel.

Moments later, another taxi drives up. The Goons get out and follow.

INT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - BANQUET ROOM -- AFTERNOON

The Podiatrist's Happy Hour is over and several dozen conventioneers are exiting the hospitality suite.

Snotman and Squiggy spot the Hot Foot melting away in the nearly empty room.

SNOTMAN
Hot damn! We found it!

The Chef walks in, surveys the mess with a scowl.

CHEF
What are you assholes waiting for? Get it out of here before we have a flood!

The Chef moves on to another banquet room.

Squiggy grabs Snotman and pulls him over to the leaky centerpiece.

SQUIGGY
Bend over and I'll slide it onto your back.

SNOTMAN
What?

SQUIGGY
You're bigger than me. Just bend over. I saw it on TV, that's how you carry ice, on your back.

Snotman does what he's told and as soon as Squiggy slides it off the table onto his back Snotman drops to the floor squashed like a bug.

SNOTMAN
Ahhh! Get this thing off me!

Squiggy can't move it, it's too heavy.

SQUIGGY
I gotta knock some ice off it, or break it apart.

He grabs a chair and tries smashing it over the iced foot but nothing gives except for Snotman's back.

SNOTMAN
Ahhh! Man, you're gonna kill me, you idiot!

SQUIGGY
(impressed)
This sucker is hard!

Squiggy picks up a carving knife and starts chipping away. He hits a soft spot and the entire blade disappears coming within inches of Snotman's face.

SQUIGGY (CONT'D)
Sorry, man. It slipped.

SNOTMAN
If you don't kill me first, I'm gonna cut your balls off!

INT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL -- AFTERNOON

The Goons nose around.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Hey, maybe it's through here?

Las Vegas Goon opens a door; it's a MASSAGE ROOM filled with half-naked LADIES.

HALF-NAKED LADY 1
HEY!

LAS VEGAS GOON
Sorry, wrong door.

Before he can close it, she throws a sopping wet hot towel that smacks him hard in the face.

NJ Goon cracks up.

Las Vegas Goon smacks NJ Goon with the towel.

EXT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

A nicely dressed FEMALE HOTEL GUEST walks up to Moki's taxi, opens the back door and gets in until she's nose to nose with the pigs

INT. MOKI'S TAXI -- AFTERNOON

Moki's "pig patrol" go on high alert.

EXT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

The Hotel Guest bolts out the same door she was getting in.

The pigs leap out squealing and chase her back into the lobby.

INT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - LOBBY -- AFTERNOON

The Hotel Guest runs through a huge open air atrium and past the Front Desk.

Moki's pigs follow closely behind. They're on a mission and completely out of control!

She's running for her life now and blows through an outdoor restaurant screaming.

FEMALE HOTEL GUEST
Ahhhh...!

She side swipes a WAITER serving a tray of food and hits him so hard he spins like a top into the Koi pond spilling food everywhere.

Smelling lunch, the pigs make a sudden detour and jump straight into the Koi pond.

DINERS scatter in every direction.

Moki's pigs chow down and break for lunch to cool off.

The HOTEL STAFF shifts from being just startled into panic mode. They are too preoccupied trying to herd the pigs out of the Koi pool to notice...

Squiggy and Snotman, dragging the half-frozen foot across the lobby in the opposite direction toward the front entrance.

EXT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - BEACH SIDE -- AFTERNOON

Moki, Spencer and Lynn talk to the BEACH BOY.

BEACH BOY
I swear it was here before.

LYNN
(to Spencer)
So maybe that's a good thing. Maybe somebody is finally going to give it back.

SPENCER
Yeah. They give me a foot in the butt and I give them a thousand dollars. Doesn't really seem fair, does it?

In the background, lots of screams, squeals and snorts.

MOKI
Uh, oh...

EXT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - RESTAURANT -- DAY

A HOTEL CLERK is knee deep in the Koi pond trying to herd the pigs into a corner. However, the three piggies are up to their pot bellies in the Koi pond and not interested in moving while there's food still floating around.

Moki shows up and knows exactly what it takes to get their attention.

MOKI
(angry)
Georgie! You and your two brothers are gonna be "barbecue" when I'm done with you!

The pigs do a heads-up upon hearing the word "barbecue".

MOKI (CONT'D)
You got one second to get outta there and back to the taxi!

They instantly clamber out of the Koi pond and take off for the taxi as fast as they can.

Moki, Spencer and Lynn follow quickly behind them.

SPENCER
We better get goin' before they start countin' how many guests just had heart attacks.

Suddenly a voice lazily booms over the PA System.

STONER PA ANNOUNCER
Spencer Shepherd, please come to the front desk, you have a call from Dino, and he's really pissed.

The pigs come tearing around the corner and leap into the taxi's back seat.

EXT. A FIVE STAR BEACH HOTEL - PARKING LOT -- DAY

Squiggy and Snotman are having a tough time squeezing the still frozen Hot Foot in through the sliding door of their VW Van.

SNOTMAN
This ain't gonna work, man. It's too frozen to bend.

SQUIGGY
Then we gotta tie it down on top.

SNOTMAN
Cool, dude.

Spencer, Moki and Lynn get to their taxi just as Snotman drives by with the Hot Foot tied down to the roof of his van.

Lynn spots it first.

LYNN
Oh, my God! It's my baby!

SPENCER
(yells)
HEY! STOP!

Moki slides in behind the wheel.

MOKI
Come on, get in!

They drive off just as the Goons exit the hotel.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Shit! They're getting away!

But there's no taxi in sight. Just a couple of "banana bikes" at the bike rack by the entrance.

MOMENTS LATER

Our Goons pedal the banana bikes down the street.

INT. VW VAN -- DAY

Snotman drives. Squiggy rides shotgun.

SNOTMAN
Who were those guys?

SQUIGGY
Probably some jerks that want the reward, but that's too bad. Finder's keeper's, bro.

They laugh until Snotman checks his rear view mirror and sees them following.

SNOTMAN
Oh, shit. They're following us in a taxi.

SNOTMAN (CONT'D)
I'll turn left on Makena at the next corner. We'll take the back roads and ditch'em easy.

EXT. WAIKIKI BACK ROADS -- EVENING

Snotman races the wrong way down a narrow, unpaved, bumpy one-way street.

INT. MOKI'S TAXI -- EVENING

Moki hits the gas. Lynn sits next to him.

MOKI
(to Lynn)
You better buckle up!

Spencer is in the back seat getting tossed around with the pigs like a ham salad.

On the next sharp turn he's squashed between little Georgie and his big brother who weighs more than two hundred pounds.

SPENCER
(to Moki)
One more corner like that and I'll be a ham sandwich!

MOKI
You want the foot back, you gotta be brave! These guys are gonna lose us, bro!

Moki makes another difficult turn. He has to jam on the brakes to avoid running over two TWEENERS crossing the alley on their bikes.

MOKI (CONT'D)
Oh, SHIT!

The abrupt stop sends little Georgie flying from the back onto Lynn's lap.

MOKI (CONT'D)
Sorry, you guys. It's my fault. Looks like I lost 'em...

SPENCER
What are we doin? If they're after the reward, they'll be comin to us.

LYNN
I wish you had figured that out before we nearly got killed!

SPENCER
You don't have to yell at me. I get enough of that from Dino.

LYNN
(yelling)
I'M NOT YELLING!

Moki gives them a look. Are you two done?

MOKI
So maybe that's where they might be headed right now?

LYNN
To the store?

SPENCER
No way.

LYNN
We have to go by there and check it out.

SPENCER
To tell you the truth, I'm ready to just go home, foot or no foot.

Lynn glances at Spencer, disappointed.

LYNN
That's it? You just want to give up? Where's your sense of justice?

SPENCER
I left it on the mainland.

LYNN
Maybe you left some other things on the mainland too! Like your pride!

Moki and little Georgie exchange nervous glances. These two got some serious stuff to discuss. It's their first fight!

SPENCER
You're being silly.

LYNN
I'm being silly? What about you?

MOKI
(to Spencer)
Hey, man, your babe is right. You gotta show you got coco nuts, or my island friends gonna take you for tutti-frutti.

LYNN
Babe? Me? Moki, this "man" won't even kiss me!

MOKI
Are you tutti-frutti, bro? I mean dats OK with me.

SPENCER
(defensive)
I'm not tutti-frutti!

LYNN
Moki, will you please take me home?

SPENCER
Fine! Go home. We don't need you. I don't need anybody. I'll get the damn foot by myself.

LYNN
A huh. A minute ago you were ready to give up!

Spencer jumps out of the taxi.

SPENCER
I guess there's only one way to prove it. OK? So Moki, take little Susie cup cakes home.

LYNN
You heard him, Moki. He doesn't want our help!

MOKI
Hey, look you two, I...

LYNN
Moki, please. Just take-me-home!

Moki drives off. Spencer, not a happy camper, begins walking.

INT. VW VAN -- EVENING

Snotman and Squiggy high-five each other, thinking they've lost them.

They pull the van into a secluded driveway and drag the foot into their new digs, a run down apartment rental.

Unbeknownst to them, the Two Tweeners have followed them.

They watch to see which apartment they go into and then take off on their bikes like bats out of hell.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD -- NIGHT

The Goons ditch their banana bikes, too exhausted to pedal any further.

EXT. THE PILLOW FACTORY -- NIGHT

Sitting on their bikes in front of the store are the Two Tweeners.

SKINNY TWEENER
(looking through the front window)
Dude, I told ya. There's nobody here, man.

TALL TWEENER
For a zillion bucks, I think we should hang out for a while in case they come by.

Spencer shuffles up, tired from the long walk and in a lousy mood.

SKINNY TWEENER
Hey, mister, aren't you the guy who owns the store?

SPENCER
Depends. If you have good news, yeah.

TALL TWEENER
We know where the foot is.

SPENCER
(bored)
Yeah, right.

SKINNY TWEENER
No, really. You still offering a reward?

SPENCER
You know where it is? For real?

The Tweeners nod in tandem.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Show me.

INT. LYNN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Lynn, still steamed about Spencer, gets ready for a night on the town.

LYNN
I'll show him. If he won't kiss me, I'll find someone who will.

She grabs her mini-foot purse, looks at it and smiles.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Oh, what the hell!

Lynn races out.

INT. MOKI'S TAXI STAND -- EVENING

Moki vents to the three little pigs.

MOKI
How come Mainlanders gotta act so pig-headed.

The three pigs grunt in agreement.

MOKI (CONT'D)
But ya know what, my little piggies... I kinda got him into this mess. So we gotta get him out!

Moki pulls on the steering wheel, does an abrupt U-turn, peals off.

EXT. THE BACK STREETS OF WAIKIKI -- NIGHT

The Tweeners race down one street with Spencer precariously balancing himself on the back frame of a bike.

The Tweeners tear ass around the next corner.

EXT. THE APARTMENT COMPLEX -- NIGHT

The kids pull up hard and drop their bikes to the ground in front of a single story low rent apartment complex.

The Tweeners cautiously lead Spencer over to a ground level unit.

SKINNY TWEENER
(pointing)
It's the one in the middle with the curtains open.

The dimly lit apartment complex is just twenty feet away.

Spencer sneaks up on a partially open window and slowly peers inside. He sees the Hot Foot in plain sight on the living room floor with no one else in sight.

Spencer tries to pry open the window. It won't budge.

EXT. HOT FOOT PARK -- NIGHT

Spencer and the Tweeners re-group across the street in a local park along the Ala Wai creek.

SKINNY TWEENER
We'd like to stay, but can you just give us the zillion bucks now, we gotta get home.

SPENCER
Not until I get my foot. I'll stay here all night if that's what it takes. But here's twenty as a down payment on the reward. Come by the shop tomorrow and I'll pay you the rest.

SKINNY TWEENER
The whole zillion?

SPENCER
The entire thousand bucks.

TALL TWEENER
That's fair, we'll do it.

Spencer gives the Tweeners some bills. Satisfied they're not going to get stiffed, the Tweeners take off on their bikes.

Spencer suddenly finds himself alone in a park that's looking pretty dark.

The wind picks up, trees sway and branches rustle. It's definitely feeling a bit spooky.

Something within the thick brush behind Spencer moves on its own. He turns to see what it is but sees nothing and yet senses he's no longer alone.

The only light around is a dimly lit phone booth nearby, Spencer instinctively moves closer to it for comfort.

SPENCER
(getting nervous)
What am I doing? This is crazy.

BINGO! He gets an idea and opens the phone book. He finds the number he wants and dials it.

INT. KMBZ RADIO STATION -- NIGHT

A single light among dozens of empty phone lines begins to blink on the phone bank. Behind the mic is the DJ.

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
(answers the phone)
This is the "Big Kahuna"... and you are lucky caller number one hundred... Our big Sunday night winner! "Two tickets for an evening with Don Ho and his tribute show to Wayne Newton!"

SPENCER (O.S.)
Hey. This is Spencer, you know, "the foot guy"... I could use some help...I'm on a stake-out...

RADIO DJ/REPORTER
Stake-out! The Hot Foot? Hey bro, you know you can count on us!

EXT. HOT FOOT PARK -- NIGHT

Spencer hangs up the phone, steps out of the phone booth, thinks he sees something in the bushes and steps back in shutting the door as if being inside is going to protect him.

A white smoky mist begins to form from out of nowhere and moves slowly towards him.

Spencer's face goes grey with fear. He realizes he should be running and not just standing there trapped inside the phone booth.

He pulls at the sliding glass door but it's jammed. He panics and tries to shake it back and forth but it still won't open.

The mist moves closer turning into a thick fog that blankets the darkened park as it heads directly towards him.

He desperately pulls and pushes the door but it's no use.

The shape within the fog changes into the Ancient Hawaiian Hunter who lifts his spear and hurls it like a lightening bolt toward Spencer.

The spear pierces the phone booth and passes straight through him.

Frozen with fear and shock, Spencer looks directly into the face of the Ancient Hawaiian Hunter who barely smiles before fading into thin air.

Spencer pulls at the door and this time it opens easily. He steps out clutching his chest, then lets out a gasp knowing he's still in one piece.

KID#1 (O.S.)
Hey, that's him! Over there.

Spencer turns around to see a lot of people walking his way.

More cars arrive and park nearby as dozens more pile out to join him.

KID#1 (CONT'D)
Hey, are you the Hot Foot guy?

Spencer is still in a daze, not sure of anything.

KID#2
Hey, man, you OK? The DJ says you need help, bro.

Spencer snaps back to reality.

SPENCER
Yeah. I'm the guy and this is the place!

KID#1
Cool! Oh, and Dino wants you to call him when you get the chance.

SPENCER
What the hell!

More KIDS show up.

Lynn and Moki with several of his cousins pile out of Moki's taxi.

A black four door Mercury with tinted windows pulls into frame.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Now what?

Four big Samoan types looking like guerrillas poured into under-sized black suits pile out of their undercover black sedan. They go up to Spencer and do a quick huddle.

When they're done, Spencer walks over to Lynn and Moki.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
You came back!

LYNN
We heard on the radio and couldn't let you have all the fun. What's with the guys in the black suits?

SPENCER
Aw, they're just the Honolulu Vice Squad letting me know it's illegal to have an assembly without a permit and that I've got three minutes to tell everyone to go home or they'll beat me to a bloody pulp and throw me in jail.

MOKI
(not impressed)
They always sayin' stuff like that. They just tryin' to scare the crap out of you. They don't really do it like that.

SPENCER
No?

MOKI
Nah. First they throw you in jail, then they beat the crap out of you.

SPENCER
That's just great. They also said they don't stake out over-sized pillows either. But that they'd leave me a "meter maid" to keep me company in case the thieves return.

Lynn and Spencer look over at the Vice Squad waiting next to their black Mercury.

LYNN
Wow. How about us?

SPENCER
To tell you the truth, I'd feel better if you two stayed. The "spirits" got me kinda freaked out.

MOKI
I told you. Which spirit was it?

The four big Samoan cops look menacingly at Spencer.

SPENCER
(to Lynn)
I got no time to talk about that.
(to the crowd)
I'm sorry to have to tell you this but the police say you guys are going to have to leave.

An audible sigh of disappointment from the crowd.

Spencer glances over at the newly arrived METER MAID. She makes herself comfortable drinking coffee, looking quite bored on her three-wheel traffic bike.

MOKI
Let me talk to my cousin, I'm sure he gonna let us two stay with you.

Moki meets and greets all the big cops Hawaiian style.

LYNN
What "spirits" were you talking about?

SPENCER
I saw one on the road that night Moki got me shit faced. And just before you guys showed up he appeared and threw a spear right through me.

Moki walks back up.

LYNN
What?

MOKI
No problem, we can stay. So now what?

SPENCER
We wait until the thieves come back for the foot.

LYNN
And then?

SPENCER
I dunno. Maybe let the meter maid give'em a ticket? I just want the foot back.

FULL SHOT HOT FOOT PARK -- LATER

Lynn and Moki are asleep on a blanket. Spencer looks at his watch, it's 2:30AM.

The Meter Maid is asleep on her bike, making whistling noises.

Spencer is ready to pack it in and having a tough time staying awake.

He closes his eyes for a moment.

The wind starts to blow and the trees begin to rustle. His eyes pop wide open! He knows those sounds all too well.

He looks all around but sees nothing, hears some laughter coming from across the street.

It's Snotman and Squiggy and they're drunk as skunks. They stumble into the apartment building laughing.

SNOTMAN
You smell like shit!

SQUIGGY
(he looks down at his own crotch)
That's rich shit to you, bro. I'm a millionaire now, so my shit don't stink no more.

SNOTMAN
Aloha to that, dude! You can become an alcoholic an' nobody gonna give a shit!

SQUIGGY
Except me!

EXT. HOT FOOT PARK -- NIGHT

Spencer pushes Lynn and Moki to wake them.

SPENCER
Hey, you guys, wake up. Look!

MOKI
(mumbles)
Not now.

Spencer excitedly runs over to the sleeping Meter Maid who nearly jumps out of her seat when he grabs her.

METER MAID
You scared the hell out of me!

SPENCER
Two people just broke into the apartment. We gotta move on 'em now.

METER MAID
You don't do nothin'! I got orders.

She picks up her mic.

METER MAID (CONT'D)
This is traffic officer 7-1-7 at the stakeout. Suspects have entered the premises. That's Code 7! Over.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Code 7. Over.

SPENCER
Now what?

METER MAID
(checks her watch)
I'd say give it one, maybe two minutes. You'll see!

Spencer hasn't a clue what she's talking about and walks back over to Moki and Lynn, who are now awake.

SPENCER
What the hell is code "7". I don't get it.

From the distance, a siren screams.

MOKI
It means the cavalry is on the way, bro.

Within seconds the single siren is joined by several others, all of them growing louder and heading their way.

Lynn spots the first red and white flashing lights of a squad car.

LYNN
Look, over there!

MOKI
(pointing another direction)
And there.

From the four points on the compass, squad cars are coming at them from every direction, more than a dozen of them, and they've all got their sirens cranking.

More than thirty-five COPS on motorcycles, a half-dozen squad cars and two black Mercurys with the entire Vice Squad show up at the same time.

SPENCER
Now that's impressive!

MOKI
Naw, not really. It's just they got nothin' better goin' on. Besides, the Hot Foot is famous.

LYNN
And?

MOKI
And, everybody on da island want in on this action.

Moki sees another COP COUSIN, fills him in on the details and leads the way over to the apartment.

LYNN
This should be interesting.

EXT. THE APARTMENT COMPLEX -- NIGHT

The cops move en masse to the front door. The SERGEANT in the group puts his hand up to not let Spencer get any closer.

SERGEANT
You wait there, son.

He then nods to two of the bigger cops in uniform and they raise a battering ram but he nods "No" to them. They look disappointed.

He steps up to the door and tries twisting the door knob. It's unlocked. He uses hand signals to indicate to just follow him in.

In one large bunch the cops come together and burst in through the open door.

INT. THE HOT FOOT APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Scared shitless, Snotman cowers behind the Hot Foot.

SNOTMAN
Don't shoot, man! It was all his idea!

At that moment, Squiggy stumbles out of the bathroom, clad just in his underwear.

The cops look to Spencer for an answer of what to do next.

SPENCER
I say let'em go and I'll just take the foot and call it a night. OK?

SERGEANT
Not really. That thing is evidence, we gotta take it in.

He signals for two of his men to take it.

SPENCER
You're kidding?

MOKI
Let 'em do what they gotta do, bro.

SERGEANT
I suggest you talk to a judge in the morning. We'll lock it up for you and keep it safe.

LYNN
Wow, I didn't think you could bust a foot?

The cops all have a laugh except for the two who struggle to carry it off. As they do, the scroll slips out of a torn and frayed seam.

SERGEANT
What the...

The Sergeant carefully picks up the scroll.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle. You know what this is?

Spencer, Lynn and Moki shake their heads.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
It's the Queen's scroll that was stolen from the Bishop Museum. How the hell did it get in the foot?

SPENCER
What is it?

SERGEANT
You're looking at a fifty thousand dollar reward! I'll bet there's still some finger prints on this baby.

Spencer is in shock. Lynn laughs with delight.

EXT. THE HOT FOOT APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Spencer watches with amazement as the two cops struggle to stuff the giant foot into the back seat of their squad car.

With Lynn at his side they watch the police car pull away with its lights still flashing.

LYNN
So, you happy now?

SPENCER
Hell, yeah! I can pay Dino all the money I owe him and tell him to kiss my you know what.

LYNN
But we still don't have the foot!

SPENCER
All we gotta do now is bust it out of jail.

LYNN
(worried)
Oh, no, we can't...

Spencer turns to Moki and gives him a wink.

EXT. HONOLULU INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- MORNING

Our bedraggled Goons make their way to the terminal.

NJ GOON
I thought you said we couldn't go back unti we...

Suddenly TWO BIG SAMOAN COPS grab the Goons by the arm.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Hey!

BIG SAMOAN COP
These the guys?

The Monkey Man (with handcuffs on) and his pet chimp are standing nearby. The chimp raises his arm and points at the two goons.

LAS VEGAS GOON
We're innocent!

The Goons are pushed inside a cruiser.

BIGGER SAMOAN COP
Next time, don't go stealing the Queen's property that belongs to all the people of Hawaii.

NJ GOON
I told you it was a lousy idea.

LAS VEGAS GOON
Shaddup!
(Something starts to feel real uncomfortable around his butt...)
What the hell?

As he's put into the back of the police car, a monkey's tail wags its way out of the back of his pants.

EXT. THE HONOLULU POLICE STATION -- DAY

A small crowd of ONLOOKERS stand along the bottom of the steps that lead into the Police Station. Among them are a couple of NEWS REPORTERS and a NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER.

Two COPS push open the central doors to let Spencer and Lynn walk out with each of them carrying one end of The Hot Foot!

The Newspaper Photographer steps forward with his camera.

NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER
You guys stop right there. I gotta get this, otherwise no one would ever believe it!

His shot FREEZE FRAMES and then DISSOLVES into the real photograph taken that day by the newspaper photographer.

SPENCER (O.S.)
And that's pretty much how it happened. Well, kind of.

Holding Hot Foot between them like a surfboard, Spencer and Lynn kiss. I mean, really kiss.

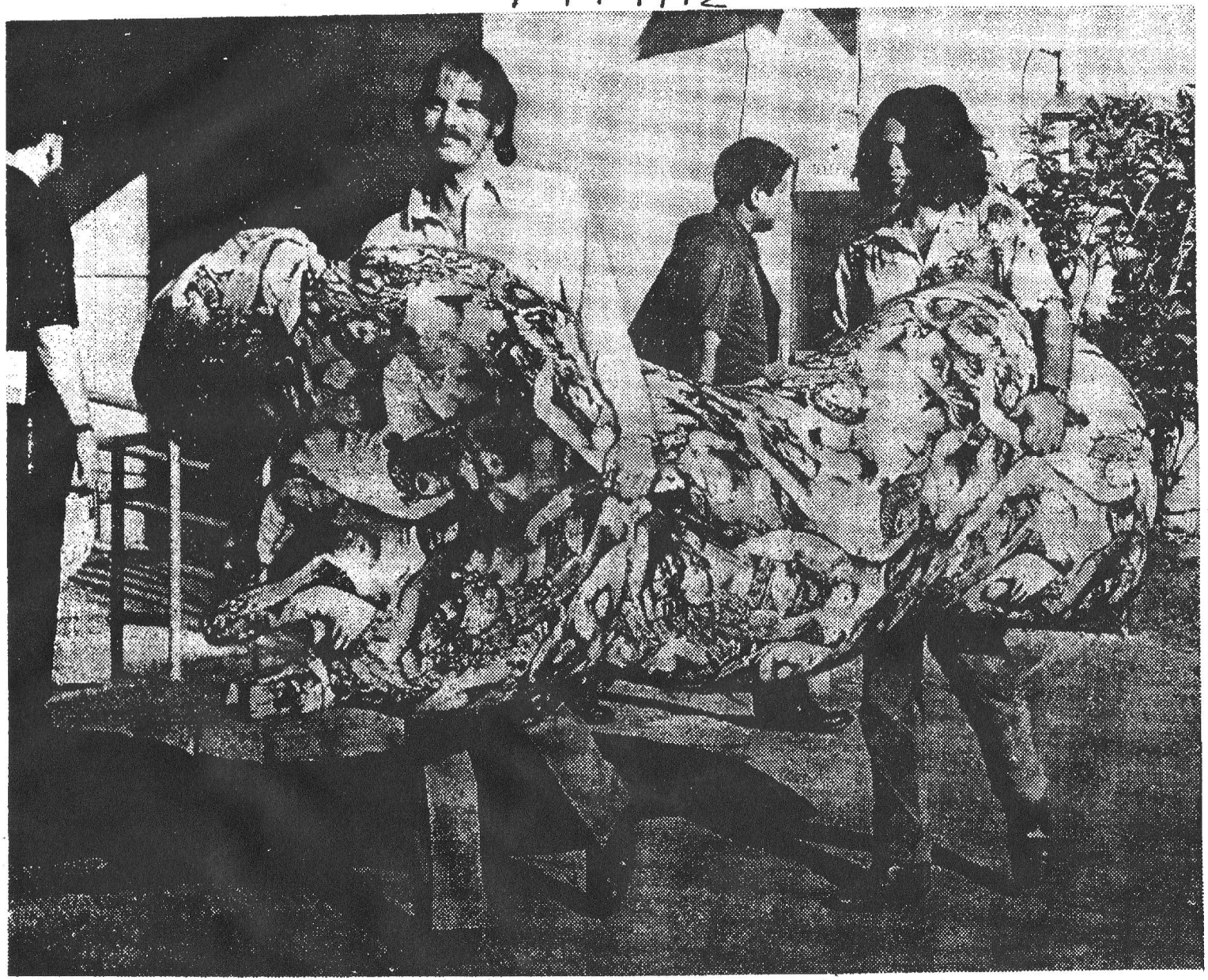
SPENCER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Yeah, that too. I got the girl, and thanks to Moki, I even got myself a little piece of paradise next to his place.

EXT. OCEANSIDE PARCEL -- DAY

Spencer, Lynn, a PASSEL OF KIDS and PIGS play in front of their beach shack.

THE END

1-19-1972



FOOT FOUND—This "loot" from a recent theft was returned yesterday to Frank Sacks, left, manager of the Pillow Factory. The custom-made cushion in the shape of a foot was found by police in an Ala Wai apartment. Larceny charges are pending in the theft of the $100 cushion which was carried away from the Waikiki cushion shop Thursday. Sacks was assisted by Frank Rogers in carrying the 70 pound pillow from the police station yesterday.—Photo by John Titchen.