

PORCHA GUEVARA'S MEATLOAF

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INT. INSIDE TRAVIS BURNER'S DREAM - SEEN THROUGH TRAVIS'S EYES - JUNE 1976

Porcha Guevara, a fabulously beautiful, naked Cuban/Chinese woman with long black hair and hazel eyes is walking from one side of Travis's bedroom to the other.

The walls are blurred; all we see, clearly, is Porcha, who stops briefly in front of Travis.

PORCHA

Darling Travis, are my tits jiggling enough? My tits are Chinese.

TRAVIS

Yeah, a little more would be better.

PORCHA

Do you want me to jiggle my ass? My ass is Cuban.

TRAVIS

No problem. Yeah, jiggle yer Cuban ass for a while.

Porcha turns her ass to Travis and jiggles.

PORCHA

Do you like that, Travis? Can a boy your age handle a slut like me?

TRAVIS

No problem. I'm nineteen.

PORCHA

But I'm thousands of years old, like Lao Tsu. If I'm in your dream too long, all meaning and all feeling will crumble like fortune cookies.

The scene darkens for a moment.

Then, still through Travis's eyes, we see Porcha sitting on a chair next to Travis's bed with her feet next to his face.

TRAVIS

You have beautiful, slender Chinese feet.

PORCHA

Everything about me is beautiful.  
Unless you hold my feet tight, they  
will crumble, too.

Porcha stuffs a foot into Travis's face.

Travis snorts the foot.

Then he backs away a few inches.

TRAVIS

I want to eat you now.

As Porcha spreads her legs, a plate of meatloaf appears  
balanced on her pelvic bone.

PORCHA

You can eat me only if you can eat  
the meatloaf first. But the trick  
is: you have to eat, hands behind  
your back, without the plate losing  
balance and slipping to the floor.

Travis clasps his hands behind his back and then closes in on  
the meatloaf.

TRAVIS

Porcha, you know this isn't fair.  
This isn't possible. Why are you  
doing this?

PORCHA

In life, you have to get past the  
meatloaf before you can achieve  
balance.

Travis tries, anyway, to eat the meatloaf, but, of course,  
the plate loses balance and slips to the floor.

TRAVIS

Oh, Porcha, you moved, suddenly. I  
know you did. You made the plate  
fall. Oh, no, Porcha. Why? Why did  
you do that? You said I only had to  
get past the meatloaf. Porcha?

PORCHA

Don't you know that I AM the  
meatloaf? You're sooo young!

TRAVIS

No, Porcha, no! Please let me have  
you . . .

EXT. DUVAL STREET, KEY WEST, FLORIDA - THE CRACK OF DAWN

Travis Burner is just awakening from his Porcha dream, is hung over, and is trying to focus on the world.

He's crouched with his back against a door in an alcove entrance of a small florist.

Travis's blonde-wavy hair, which falls to his shoulders, is messy like a bird's nest.

Athletic and fairly ripped, he's six feet tall with big blue eyes and is wearing cut-off jeans, a tank top and is barefoot.

A 1976 Cadillac Eldorado, top down, pulls up and stops directly across Duval Street, eighty feet away from Travis.

The driver, a man (mid 30's) wearing floral shorts and a tee-shirt, hops out of the car.

The car keeps moving slowly forward, obviously still in "drive," until it sways into a telephone poll about ten feet ahead.

The driver takes off running.

The man in the front passenger's seat, Loopy Lancaster (late 20's), is holding a pistol, and is quick to take off after him.

Loopy is a stormy, fiery guy (5'8") with a young Joseph Stalin aspect.

TRAVIS

(Under his breath)

What the fuck, Loopy?

Meanwhile, Travis, who the men haven't seen, yet, because he's well covered by a shadow, can't help but watch as the scene unfolds in front of him.

Travis, squinting his eyes, makes out what looks like a pair of scissors in Loopy's left hand.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

Fuckin' scissors?

LOOPY

(Yelling to the running man)

Stop, muda fucka!



## NARRATOR TRAVIS

Key West in 1976 was in transition. Thousands of gays from Fire Island, New York had come down to live, full-time or part-time. Wherever gays settle, the place becomes beautiful. Like Duval Street, which just a few years before, was crumbling.

Now, it glimmered--but not only with beautifully restored Conch houses. It also glimmered with blood. One smuggler said to me: There's as much blood in Key West's sewers as there is piss. This little island in those days was the kind of place that formed you, this way, that way. You didn't pick which way. It took you away on trips with more hallucinations than LSD. It made you long for more and more UFOs zipping around above Key West and the Bermuda Triangle.

There was as much violence as most gorilla wars, shots ringing out in the night, waking you, then the tap-tap-tap foot-falls of Palmetto bugs on the old oak floors. Palmetto bugs are really giant cockroaches, which ruled Key West with an ancient authority that no human could understand. Once, I saw some lined up like Gods, heads proudly up, on Sunset Pier watching as the sun slowly dunked into the sea. I could've sworn they were as old as the sun. I say this only because nobody or nothing else ruled Key West back then. So I always assumed it must be these wonderous bugs showing us the way. Whatever was going on in Key West at the time would set the stage for Porcha Guevara, the most beautiful and smartest woman on earth, to save humanity with her meatloaf.

EXT. LOOPY'S THREE STORY CONCH HOUSE (3500 SQ FT) - LATE THAT MORNING

INT. LOOPY'S HOUSE - LOU'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We hear small-caliber pistol rounds, and then we see closeups of Palmetto bugs getting picked off from the oak floor.

Lou Watson is shooting them from his bed.

Lou is blonde, green eyed, 6'2" and deadly good looking, looks a lot like the singer, Fabian, but with a smallish beer gut.

We start to hear a panicked Loopy yelling in the house and then storming into Lou's bedroom.

LOOPY

What da fuck ya donin', muda fucka?  
Quit puttin' fuckin' holes in the  
floor!

LOU

Awww, take yer chain scars back ta  
Chicago, man.

Loopy hurries over to Lou, who is still lying down, grabs the pistol and throws it to the side, and starts slapping Lou's face with brutal force.

LOOPY

Ya stinky muda fucka. Nothin' but  
fuckin' whores, drugs, too much  
booze, an' ya think ya can work for  
me?

Lou puts his arms in front of his face.

LOU

(As if he's used to this  
treatment)  
Are ya done, Loopy? Ya done? Just  
stop, okay?

LOOPY

Lou, what the fuck? Ya fuckin'  
idiot!

Loopy's interrupted by somebody yelling from outside in front of the house.

Loopy hurries to the open window and sees a Key West policeman standing in front of a police car, now parked in front of Loopy's house.

POLICEMAN

(Not too loudly)

Sorry, Loopy. Got a call about some shooting. Anybody dead in there? I can call the . . .

LOOPY

. . . yeah, a bunch o' fuckin' cockroaches.

The officer shrugs his shoulders.

LOOPY (CONT'D)

Can you, you know, get the fuck outa here?

The officer signals an "ok," hurries back into his car and leaves.

Just then, Travis, still hungover and messy, passes by Lou's room.

When Loopy sees him, he hurries into the hall and over to Travis, takes him by his arm and pushes him against the wall, strongly and firmly but cautiously.

LOOPY (CONT'D)

I got one muda fuckin' question fer yer ass.

Travis becomes frightened and is speechless.

LOOPY (CONT'D)

What da fuck did you see earlier this morning, Travis?

TRAVIS

I don't know. What do you mean, Loopy?

Lou chimes in from his bedroom.

LOU (O.S.)

Go easy, Loopy. Easy does it!

Loopy hesitates.

LOOPY

(Yelling)

Lou, ya talkin' ta me, muda fucka? Ya talkin' to meeeeeee?

There's silence before Lou chimes in, again.

LOU  
 Whatever, kick his ass.

Loopy nods.

LOOPY  
 (To Travis)  
 Look, don't fuck with me, ya limp  
 dick! What da fuck did ya see?

TRAVIS  
 Nothing. I saw nothing, Loopy.  
 Nothing.

Loopy hesitates and thinks a second.

LOOPY  
 Good answer, muda fucka!

TRAVIS  
 Yeah, yeah, nothing. Nothing at  
 all.

LOOPY  
 That better be yer fuckin' answer  
 forever. You dig, suburban slime?

TRAVIS  
 I dig, Loopy. But, remember, my  
 suburban slime sister is yer old  
 lady.

Loopy slaps Travis across the face, not too lightly.

LOOPY  
 It ain't just 'cause I love ya  
 fuckin' sista, ya know. I like you,  
 too, kid. Yeah, I like ya. Don't  
 wantcha exposed to this shit. Know  
 what I mean? If your sister knew,  
 she'd ditch my fuckin' ass!

Loopy slaps him, again.

TRAVIS  
 Please, stop slapping me, Loopy. It  
 really hurts. You think it doesn't,  
 but it does.

LOOPY  
 Shit gotta hurt before it bleeds,  
 muda fucka 'cause without blood,  
 you can't live. Understand?

Travis looks perplexed.

TRAVIS  
Perfectly, Loopy.

LOOPY  
I been chain whipped, hung by the  
fuckin' neck . . .

Loopy shows Travis his hemp rope scars on his neck.

LOOPY (CONT'D)  
This muda fucka ain't just been  
around the block. This fucka's been  
around the world!

Travis is getting frustrated.

TRAVIS  
I know. I know, Loopy. I've seen  
the hemp rope scars.

Loopy suddenly forces Travis slowly to the floor with  
Travis's back against the wall.

LOOPY  
I want yer ass to stay down there  
for one hour. After that, you clean  
up these muda fuckin' cockroaches.  
Ya fuckin hear? An' put some  
fuckin' plastic wood in them  
fuckin' bullet holes.

Lou chuckles from his bedroom.

Travis nods.

TRAVIS  
But didn't Lou . . .

Lou chuckles, again.

LOOPY  
. . . not another fuckin' word outa  
yer ass.

EXT. THE STREETS OF KEY WEST - EARLY AFTERNOON - NEXT DAY

Travis, no helmet, is enjoying a ride through Key West's back  
streets.

There's an unusually high number of houses with scaffolding around them, in front of which are painting trucks, plumbing trucks, etc.

Up the block from him, he spots twelve or so children (varying ages) at a crosswalk.

Leading them is a young Cuban-Chinese/American woman, who is dressed plainly but is obviously beautiful.

Travis stops at the crosswalk and smiles at her and the children.

The young woman, Porcha's sister, is Liliana Guevara. She first displays a bit of concern but then lightens up and gives Travis a big smile . . .

. . . which over-excites Travis, who has no idea who she is, much less Porcha's little sister.

TRAVIS

I'm Travis.

LILIANA

(Chuckling)

I'm busy.

Travis watches as Liliana leads the children through the gate of what appears to be a school of some kind.

Then he looks around and sees a sign on a sandstone wall: "Hearts Refuge for Children, NGO."

Travis calls out to her as she begins to shut the gate.

TRAVIS

(Calling out)

I just noticed your sign. Don't tell me there are good people in Key West!

Liliana looks around with a cautious smile and then points at the NGO.

LILIANA

I'm Liliana. And, yes, all the nice people in Key West are in here. I'm not going anywhere. See you?

She smiles, waves and closes the gate.

Travis calls out to her.

TRAVIS

Travis. Travis. The name is Travis.

EXT. THE SANDS HOTEL, KEY WEST - SAME DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Travis parks his Moped in front of the Sands Hotel on Duval Street.

As Travis approaches the front entrance, two middle-aged men exit the hotel and are obviously taken with Travis's young beauty.

The two men are Truman Capote and Tennessee Williams.

They're wearing Panama hats and white "Southern Gentlemen" suits.

Travis stops in front of them, and they're happy to see him stop.

TRAVIS

(To Truman)

Hey, man, aren't you Mick Jagger's  
writer friend?

Truman shows a bit of displeasure that Travis can't recall his name, but his lust overwhelms his anger.

Truman holds out his hand for a shake.

TRUMAN

(Chuckles)

Most people know I'm Truman Capote.

TRAVIS

Wow, yeah, the voice is really  
familiar.

TRUMAN

Of course.

TRAVIS

(To Tennessee Williams)

We read a play of yours in English  
class. Tennessee Williams, right?

TRUMAN

We'd like to know your name.

TRAVIS

Travis Burner. It's amazing to meet  
you guys. I can't believe this. Oh,  
my God.

TENNESSEE

Oh, we're no big deal, just a couple of old lushes.

Travis, very nervous, over-laughs at Tennessee's comment.

The two men glance, a bit dazzled, at one another.

TRAVIS

Mr. Capote, we read one of your short stories.

TENNESSEE

(To Truman but gazing at Travis)

Truman, I believe we have a new friend.

TRUMAN

Are you staying at The Sands?

TRAVIS

No, I have a summer job here, washin' dishes.

TRUMAN

It's a perfect student job. I have a suite here. Will you join us for a joint and a drink?

TRAVIS

Me? Me?

TENNESSEE

(Happy and excited)  
Yeah, man! You!

TRAVIS

Okay, gotta do a four-hour shift first.

TRUMAN

We'll be waiting, Travis.  
Presidential suite. Got it?

TRAVIS

Presidential suite.

INT. IN THE DISHWASHING AREA OF THE SANDS HOTEL RESTAURANT -  
TWO HOURS LATER

Travis is loading a dishwasher rack with plates.

Juan (22), a very short, Cuban-American busboy, enters with a bus tub filled with dirty dishes and plunks it down next to Travis on a stainless steel counter.

JUAN

Hey, Travis, I saw you with Truman and Tennessee. They really like white guys.

TRAVIS

I'm sure they like Cuban guys, too.

JUAN

Could be, man, if they're pretty. You gonna let them fuck you?

TRAVIS

Hell, no! I'm not gay.

JUAN

They don't care. Hey, do you really live with Porcha Guevara?

TRAVIS

Yeah, I really do.

JUAN

When I see her on the street, it's like my whole body turns into a boner. Do you ever get some of that prime slime, man?

TRAVIS

Well, not yet, but I think I will . . . She walks around the house naked. It's real bonerville for all us guys at that house.

JUAN

Is she really Che Guevara's niece, or some shit like that? I heard she was born in Barrio El Chino, China Town, in Havana. She's half Chinese, half Cuban? I heard she fucked Fidel Castro. Damn, amigo, I could be Cuba's president. All you gotta do is give everyone a guitar, cigars and sugar rum and they will all fuck you.

TRAVIS

She said if Che Guevara wasn't her uncle, she would've fucked 'im. She talks about his big eyes a lot.

JUAN

I would like to marry her. I will give up my dick to her forever. I hear her meatloaf is great.

TRAVIS

Hell, yes, best meatloaf ever, man! Hey, someday I'll invite you over when she makes meatloaf.

JUAN

Yeah, brothers, man!

They give each other "five."

INT. TENNESSEE WILLIAM'S SUITE - SANDS HOTEL - LATER THAT DAY

Travis is standing naked in front of the still-clothed Truman and Tennessee, who are both panting while they rub Travis's body.

They're beginning to take on confused and disappointed expressions.

Travis, although very happy, isn't getting sexually aroused.

TENNESSEE

Oh, honey, you're not gay?

TRUMAN

Oh, don't worry if you're not.

Travis is getting embarrassed.

TRAVIS

I've never been with men.

TRUMAN

(Patient)

Oh, and you thought you'd give it a try because we're famous?

TRAVIS

(Chuckles)

I guess. Yeah.

TENNESSEE

Well, Travis, no problem, dear. But can Truman and I enjoy your beautiful body for a little longer? You know, a rub here, a rub there?

TRAVIS  
Sure, why not?

Just then, we see a UFO, through the suite window, which the three guys don't notice. It hovers for a few seconds then takes off, having never made a sound.

TRUMAN  
Travis, darling, can you tell us where Porcha is?

TRAVIS  
You know her? Wow! Haven't seen her for a little while.

TENNESSEE  
Everybody knows Porcha! We love her meatloaf.

TRAVIS  
Hey, me, too. When did you have her meatloaf?

Truman and Tennessee glance confusedly at one another.

TENNESSEE  
I don't know. Have we had Porcha's meatloaf, Truman?

Truman shrugs his shoulders.

TRUMAN  
I just know it's amazing meatloaf.

TRAVIS  
Key West is weird.

INT. AT TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'S SUITE DOOR - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Truman and Tennessee are saying goodbye to Travis.

TRUMAN  
You know, Travis, it's not everyday that Tennessee and I get a chance to glower over a boy as beautiful as you.

TRAVIS  
God, you guys are so famous. Hey, do you know Loopy Lancaster?

TENNESSEE

Everybody in Key West who parties knows Loopy. A bad ass with party supplies. A little too straight for us, but we're friendly. He is cute, I must say, the way a candle flame is cute. Like a young Stalin.

TRAVIS

If you ever have a hard time finding supplies, let me know, and I'll ask Lou. I guess you know him, too.

TRUMAN

He's gorgeous but kinda stupid. I wish he didn't stink like dead rats all the time.

TRAVIS

I think he's "bi."

TENNESSEE

We heard he'd fuck anything with a hole. Including fruits and vegetables?

TRAVIS

He's a health nut.

The two men giggle.

TRUMAN

My, dear, you are clever.

INT. KITCHEN AT LOOPY'S HOUSE - SAME DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

At the kitchen table, Loopy, with what looks like a ledger in front of him, is drinking a bottle of beer.

Loopy's lover and Travis's sister, Corky (22), is wiping the kitchen counter.

She's wearing skimpy cutoff jeans and a tank top with no bra.

She's a saucy brunette with a young Jennifer O'Neal aspect.

CORKY

How come you never tell me how much money we make?

LOOPY  
 Your job is to manage this house.  
 Nothin' else.

Corky ignores Loopy's statement.

                  LOOPY (CONT'D)  
 You should clean the kitchen,  
 fuckin' naked. Damn, you gotta  
 great ass. Come on. Come over here.  
 Gimmie a mouth full.

Corky slowly saunters over to Loopy, turns around and pushes her ass into his face.

Loopy stuffs his face deep into the crack of her ass and wags his face like a dog.

                  LOOPY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, God. Oh, God.

                  CORKY  
 (Sexy)  
 See, now I'm doin' my job.

Corky pulls away slowly and starts wiping the counter, again.

                  CORKY (CONT'D)  
 The house needs more money.

                  LOOPY  
 (Still breathing hard)  
 Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus. I already  
 give ya \$500 fuckin' dollars a week  
 for the house.

                  CORKY  
 Travis and Lou are here right now,  
 big fuckin' eaters. Porcha's  
 meatloaf costs a bundle every time  
 she makes it. Plus, Lou's filthy.  
 Could you shoot him next time he  
 doesn't flush the John. And tell  
 him to get that growth on his foot  
 cut off. It stinks like cancer.

                  LOOPY  
 Most hookers won't even fuck 'im  
 'cause of that fuckin' golf ball.

                  CORKY  
 He's trouble.

LOOPY

As long his fuckin' rat-ass-old  
man's in the FBI, we can use 'im.

A voice comes from the other room.

LOU (O.S.)

Hey, I got Maria ta come and fuck  
me the other day, so shut up.

Loopy calls out to Lou.

LOOPY

Maria's fuckin' fifty, and she  
stinks, too. I'm tellin' ya, if I  
see ya shootin' bugs, again, man,  
I'm gonna snip your fuckin'  
antenna.

CORKY

Lou put eight holes in the floor I  
gotta get fixed.

Corky raises her voice.

CORKY (CONT'D)

Anyway, Lou with a happy dick is a  
better Lou, right?

LOU

(Sincerely)

Thank you, . You're like a mother  
to me.

CORKY

I'm twenty two!

LOU

A young mother.

LOOPY

By the fuckin' way, ya seen Porcha  
. We got meatloaf night comin' up.

LOU

Probably, the fuckin' aliens got  
'er, again.

Lou laughs.

Corky and Loopy shake their heads.

LOOPY

Yeah, yeah, we'd be better off without them UFOs. Porcha's droppin' too much acid, messes with her work.

CORKY

Oh, God. She's had great acid lately. It's pure clinical shit from Berlin. One drop on the palm of yer hand is all you need.

EXT. LOOPY'S BACKYARD - 8:00 PM - SAME DAY

Loopy's on a lounge chair smoking a joint, which he passes to Travis, who is sitting next to him.

LOOPY

Wonna go to Jamaica on a "pick up?"

Travis doesn't take the question very seriously.

TRAVIS

Sure. When?

LOOPY

Week, ten days from now, maybe.

Loopy looks over to Travis with a serious expression.

LOOPY (CONT'D)

Tell your sister you're goin' ta Miami. We're goin' on a big ass sloop--the Porcha II--don't ask any fuckin' questions. Got me?

TRAVIS

You're shittin' me! We're really goin'?

LOOPY

Everybody's naked at Negril Beach, man. You're gonna get the dick wet, big time. Your gonna feel like a beach mink.

Travis looks into the sky as night settles in, then looks inquisitively over to Loopy.

TRAVIS

What's it like to kill a guy?

Loopy lets out a big sigh.

LOOPY  
I wish ya hadn't seen that shit.  
Goddamnit!

                  TRAVIS  
It's not like you were naked or  
somethin'.

Loopy looks over at Travis with great concern.

                  LOOPY  
Naked's okay, Travis. Ya understand  
the difference, right?

                  TRAVIS  
No, really, what does it feel like?  
You were so careful to put the  
pistol barrel under his head, aimed  
toward the top of his head.

                  LOOPY  
Brainstem.

                  TRAVIS  
Why? And then you had those  
scissors. Weird, man.

Loopy chuckles.

                  LOOPY  
Man, it's a quick and painless way  
to disconnect a muda fucka's  
antennae. I let the man's memory  
fly free.

Travis is confused but very interested.

                  LOOPY (CONT'D)  
See, people don't have much shit in  
the brain. How can ya? No, man. All  
that shit's out there.

Loopy points at the sky.

                  LOOPY (CONT'D)  
Brain's just a receiver. A fuckin'  
radio, man. You shoot 'em in the  
brainstem, you disconnect the  
antenna immediately.

Travis sits up in the lounge chair.

TRAVIS  
You're actually like a genius,  
Loopy. That's so cool!

LOOPY  
That's why they call me Loopy, man,  
'cause I'm a fuckin' genius.

Loopy thinks a moment.

LOOPY (CONT'D)  
By the way, man, have you seen  
Porcha?

TRAVIS  
She hasn't been by for a few days.

LOOPY  
Yeah, where'd that bitch go. Now,  
there's a genius. Porcha: killer  
fuckin' bitch genius. I want her  
meat loaf--you know, since I can't  
have her beautiful ass.

TRAVIS  
Is she really Che Guevara's niece,  
man?

LOOPY  
Fuck, man, who knows? That's what  
she says. She does look a little  
like his pictures in books an' shit--  
especially in the eyes. Porcha has  
a picture of her mother, and she  
looks a lot like him. You know,  
could be, right?

TRAVIS  
Did she really fuck Fidel Castro.

LOOPY  
Porcha left Cuba in '65 when she  
was . . . a little young. Hard to  
say. But anything's possible with  
that bitch. I love her.

TRAVIS  
Does she have a boyfriend?

LOOPY  
Nothin' steady. To Porcha, the  
universe is one giant dick that she  
massages every day. What's a man to  
her, right?

TRAVIS

Nobody?

LOOPY

There was one cool cat in Jamaica named Arley, pretty big dealer. She got hooked on him. I was all twisted up with jealousy, but I admired the cat because Porcha is a 24/7 hurricane, and he handled it. You gotta have the balls of a Che Guevara to be Porcha's man. As usual, shit didn't last.

INT. LOU'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Travis walks into Lou's stinky bedroom. Travis's face contorts.

LOU

You seen Porcha?

TRAVIS

Damn, Lou. You fuckin' stink!

LOU

Yeah, pathetic, huh? Probably cancer.

TRAVIS

Doctors can cut that off.

LOU

(Chuckling)

I'm too fuckin' lazy ta go, man.

TRAVIS

Then, you're just gonna stink, I guess.

LOU

I like it. Ya know, people like the smell of their own farts?

TRAVIS

What are we doin' tonight?

Lou holds up two pairs of pink hot pants and some garter belts.

LOU

(Chuckling)

We're gonna imitate fags tonight.

TRAVIS

Why? Key West has enough gays.

LOU

You know. Fuck, man. We're both hot. Let's see how much the fags like us.

TRAVIS

I'm not high enough to do that, man.

Lou thinks for a moment.

LOU

I can fix that.

EXT. DUVAL STREET - THAT NIGHT

Lou and Travis are dressed in pink hot pants, raised platform shoes, and are shirtless with garter belts around their biceps and necks.

Since Lou has a small beer gut, Travis is getting a lot more attention from Key West's gays, several of whom brush up against Travis as they walk by.

One black guy they know named Danny (30), stops Lou and Travis.

Danny looks them up and down, smiles.

DANNY

Why the mind fuck, boys? Bored, rich smugglers. My, my.

LOU

Still a fagot, Danny?

DANNY

You betchya. And I get my dick wet every day. How 'bout you? Still hangin' it with mummies?

LOU

(Happy)

Yeah, it's pathetic, huh?

DANNY

Whoever you like, doll. Hey, boys, I have a question, if I may?

LOU

Shoot.

DANNY

Have you seen that gorgeous bitch,  
Porcha?

LOU

Nobody's seen 'er for a few days.

DANNY

Probably finally fucked herself to  
death.

Danny looks at Travis.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hey, beautiful baby, have you  
tasted Porcha, yet?

TRAVIS

I wish. Damn!

DANNY

Oh, she knows that. She wears her  
Chinese-Cuban blood really well,  
right?

FLASHBACK

INT. TRAVIS'S BEDROOM AT LOOPY'S HOUSE - IT'S DARK OUTSIDE

Travis is sitting on his bed, and Porcha's sitting on a chair  
across from him.

Porcha is showing off her perfect body, again, wearing a  
bikini top with a floral Sarong wrapped around her hips.

She's admiring Travis the way an art patron would appreciate  
a work of art in a museum.

PORCHA

Do you have a rosebud?

Travis is confused and overwhelmed by her presence.

TRAVIS

Oh, yeah, Porcha. I guess I can get  
you one.

PORCHA

You're not getting me.

TRAVIS  
I'm really sorry.

PORCHA  
I'm asking if you have a small  
dick.

TRAVIS  
Oh, right, a small dick. Rosebud.  
That's pretty creative, Porcha?

Porcha rolls her eyes.

PORCHA  
Show me your dick.

TRAVIS  
You want to see my dick?

PORCHA  
Stand up, pull down your fuckin'  
pants, and show me your dick.

Travis, slowly and self-consciously, pulls down his pants and  
then stands next to her.

Porcha takes a long look at the penis.

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
You have an excellent boner.

TRAVIS  
Thank you, Porcha.

PORCHA  
You're welcome. It's a pass  
tonight, but I'll have another look  
later. I want to spend time with my  
Tao Te Ching. You understand.

Porcha gets up and leaves quickly, leaving Travis standing  
and breathing hard.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BACK WITH DANNY ON DUVAL STREET

DANNY  
Let me know if you see the bitch,  
'kay? I want some of her meatloaf.

LOU  
Why do you want her meatloaf, man?

Danny appears confused.

DANNY

I honestly don't know. I don't think I've had any. I just know I want it. That's all.

Just then, a UFO appears in the sky above them, which they don't notice, and then it zips away.

Danny takes off down Duval Street, and Lou and Travis go the other way.

EXT. KEY WEST SIDE STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Travis and Lou are walking slowly down the street.

Lou points to a small bungalow.

LOU

Some guys over there have Panama Red, man. Let's buy a lid.

EXT. A SMALL KEY WEST BUNGALOW ON A SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lou and Travis are on the porch. Lou knocks. Somebody opens the door, and they enter.

INT. INSIDE THE BUNGALOW - LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are only a few pieces of furniture, an old sofa and two wooden chairs.

There are two men (20s), they're Cuban American, and their eyes are dilated; one of them, Alejandro, is fighting to keep his eyes from rolling back into his head.

Alejandro is tall with long black hair and rare blue eyes, and Ricardo, holding a sawed-off shotgun, is rather short with a shaved head.

LOU

You guys are flyin'. We'll come back later.

Travis looks at the shotgun with obvious fear.

Just then, the windows around the front of the house light up with unnaturally bright light.

After a few seconds, the light disappears.

RICARDO  
Where the fuck is Porcha?

Alejandro nods.

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah. Yeah. Porcha, man. I'd suck  
out that chic's ass.

TRAVIS  
Gross!

Alejandro snaps his head toward Travis.

ALEJANDRO  
I never seen you, man. Who the fuck  
are you?

LOU  
Oh, he's just Corky's brother. He's  
not even in the business, but he  
smokes, man. (Introductions)  
Travis, these guys are Ricardo and  
Alejandro.

TRAVIS  
How's it goin'?

RICARDO  
Travis, are you a fuckin' fink? A  
fagot fink? Wearin' fagot clothes  
an' shit. Fuckin' hotpants and  
platforms. Fuckin' kiddin' me?

LOU  
What, Ricardo? Everybody knows you  
suck cock. What're ya talkin'  
about, man?

Ricardo suddenly puts the end of the shotgun barrel against  
Travis's nose.

Travis freezes.

Lou keeps cool.

LOU (CONT'D)  
You best not do that, Ricardo. You  
know what Loopy might think. Ya  
don't want this gettin' messy. All  
we came for was a lid of weed, man.

Alejandro pulls a pistol from his pocket and aims it at Lou's  
face.

ALEJANDRO  
We're too fuckin' high to care,  
muda fucka!

RICARDO  
(To Travis)  
You! Take off the little fuckin'  
pants, now, bitch. Yeah, you my  
bitch. Eeeeww, yeah.

TRAVIS  
(Shaking in fear)  
Lou? Lou? Lou?

Lou keeps cool.

LOU  
(To Travis)  
Stay cool, man. Do everything they  
say. Everything.

Travis takes off his hot pants.

ALEJANDRO  
Lou, you sit on the fuckin' sofa,  
now!

Alejandro prods Lou to the sofa with the pistol, and Lou  
plops down.

Alejandro stays there and keeps the pistol pointed at him.

RICARDO  
(To Travis)  
Get on yer hands an' knees, my  
bitch!

Travis looks with tremendous fear at Lou.

LOU  
Everything, Travis. Everything.

Travis gets on his hands and knees.

RICARDO  
Now, I'm gonna shove this gun up  
this beautiful boy's ass.

INT. SAME BUNGALOW - ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

Travis is still on his hands and knees, and Ricardo has the  
shotgun up Travis's ass.

Travis is sweating, bleeding, and pissing on the floor.

Ricardo's and Alejandro's face's are partially covered with cocaine.

ALEJANDRO

(Making an announcement)

Now, we will play a game I just invented, man.

He laughs.

Travis is crying in horror.

TRAVIS

Lou? Lou? I'm losin' it, man.

LOU

It'll be over soon, one way or the other.

TRAVIS

Fuck, man? What's "the other" way, man" Fuuuuuuck!

Alejandro puts the pistol to Lou's calf.

ALEJANDRO

Now, I will put a bullet in yer leg, man. And, here's the fuckin' catch. If you yell, or even make a sound, your beautiful little bitch over here will lose all of his insides. I fuckin' mean it.

LOU

What the fuck ya waitin' for, muda fucka. Shoot me. Do it! Do it!

Alejandro lowers the pistol to Lou's calf and fires one round into the meaty part.

Lou lunges back, squirms in pain.

Travis screams and cries.

TRAVIS

Oh, God. Oh, God. Lou! Lou!

Lou doesn't make a sound with his mouth but continues to contort and writhe in pain and then starts to calm down.

Now dripping with sweat and shaking, Lou takes on a serious and formal posture as he struggles to stay quiet.

Alejandro sniffs the air around Lou and takes on an expression of shock.

ALEJANDRO

Wow, Lou, you muda fuckin' stink.

RICARDO

Yeah, I can smell it from here, man. I don't like it.

Lou, breathing deeply, in and out, is still struggling to stay quiet.

Ricardo slowly pulls the shotgun out of Travis's ass.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

Alejandro, can ya put the fuckin' shotgun up my ass? I mean, in private.

ALEJANDRO

Sure, man, fuckin' aaaaa. Oh, man, I just had a fuckin' great need for Porcha's meatloaf.

RICARDO

Me, too, man. What the fuck? You ever had any?

ALEJANDRO

Don't know, man.

Alejandro nods to Ricardo, points to the back of the house, and both men retreat.

Lou, cringing in pain, quickly hobbles to Travis, who is frozen on his hands and knees.

TRAVIS

I can't move, man. Lou? Lou?

LOU

We got the green light, man. We gotta go now.

Lou helps Travis to put his hotpants back on.

They struggle to leave the bungalow.

EXT. IN SOMEBODY'S BACK YARD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Travis and Lou are washing each other off with a backyard hose.

Lou takes the garter belt from his arm and ties off his leg to stop his bleeding.

LOU

We gotta get to the hospital.  
You're pale, man; you're bleeding  
from yer ass.

TRAVIS

I'm havin' a bad day, man. Thanks  
for takin' that bullet for me, man.

LOU

You're welcome. But, aaww, man,  
this ain't shit. I had much worse  
than this in Nam.

TRAVIS

Yeah, but this is sunny Key West,  
man. What the fuck?

LOU

Yeah, you're just a tourist. You  
shouldn't have to get gun-fucked,  
right?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

Travis and Lou are lying in ER beds, both on IVs.

A doctor comes in with a clipboard and checks monitors and I.V. bags.

DOCTOR

Travis, your bleeding has stopped.  
You're going to have scares in your  
colon and anus, I'm afraid. I had  
to stitch a few lacerations--  
thirteen stitches altogether. Your  
anus will hurt for a while, had to  
stretch it out to a much wider  
diameter to get inside, so there's  
a few stitches around the rim. Your  
stitches will dissolve on their  
own.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Lou, the bullet passed through  
(that's a good thing), so you  
should both be okay with two weeks  
of antibiotics. Come back for a  
check when they run out, okay?

LOU

Doc, you said no police report?

The doctor puts his face closer to Lou and lowers his voice.

DOCTOR

A police report won't be necessary.  
But that'll be an extra \$5,000.

LOU

Ya fuckin' kiddin'?

DOCTOR

Let's make it . . .

LOU

. . . \$5,000. Tomorrow.

DOCTOR

Give ya two days, or . . .

LOU

. . .deal. Thanks, Doc.

DOCTOR

When you're ready, I'll cut that  
growth off your foot. It really  
stinks.

EXT. LOOPY'S BACKYARD - 10:00 PM - NEXT EVENING

Travis limps out to join Corky, who is gazing at the stars.

CORKY

(Still looking up)

I know you can't tell me what  
happened to you, yesterday, but I'm  
gonna find out.

Corky points up toward the Big Dipper.

CORKY (CONT'D)

See the three lights way up there,  
the ones darting all over the  
fuckin' sky?

Travis looks up until he locates them.

TRAVIS  
 Fuck, Corky! What the fuck? Are  
 they . . .

CORKY  
 . . . yeap, UFOs. Fuckin' aliens.  
 Cool, huh?

TRAVIS  
 Should we call the police? I mean.

Corky laughs.

CORKY  
 Aliens come all the time. If ya  
 bother to look up for long enough,  
 you're probably gonna see 'em.  
 We're in the Bermuda Triangle, man.  
 God, I bet they have great drugs!

Travis keeps gazing at the UFOs.

TRAVIS  
 What do you think they want?

CORKY  
 Who knows? One thing's fer sure,  
 they want to be here and they want  
 to live.

TRAVIS  
 Sounds like you've been reading  
 Porcha's Tao Te Ching?

INT. TRAVIS'S BEDROOM - ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

Travis is in bed reading Porcha's Tao Te Ching book.

Loopy opens the door and sticks his head in.

TRAVIS  
 (Chuckling)  
 You never knock. Never.

LOOPY  
 I figure if you didn't want anybody  
 to come in, you'd lock the muda  
 fucka. Got news.

TRAVIS  
 News?

LOOPY

Them foul fucks that gun-fucked ya  
up the ass?

Travis is a little perturbed.

TRAVIS

I think you enjoyed sayin' "gun-  
fucked."

LOOPY

We fucked them up good, man.

Travis, surprised and happy, struggles to get up.

He limps over to Loopy and gives him a hug.

Loopy is extremely surprised.

TRAVIS

Thank you, Loopy. Thank you. Did  
you kill them, snip their antennas?

LOOPY

I won't kill unless they kill. But,  
for a while there, we made them  
wish they were dead. Oh, you know,  
in their fucked up heads, they were  
just messin' with ya.

TRAVIS

Fuck, just messin' with us?

LOOPY

They come from a different place,  
man. Anyway, they ain't gonna fuck  
with you, again.

TRAVIS

Where are they now?

LOOPY

Fuckin' hospital where they will  
stay for a few weeks at least.

Travis tears up and gives Loopy a hug.

TRAVIS

I thought they were gonna kill us.

LOOPY

You can thank Lou's foot stench,  
should be huggin' his ass. Want a  
Lude?

TRAVIS

Naw, the codeine the doc gave me makes me feel pretty good.

LOOPY

Yeah, sometimes them docs are alright.

INT. THE BEDROOM OF LILIANA GUEVARA - MORNING - A FEW DAYS LATER

Liliana and Travis are naked in bed, and she is gazing at Travis's face; he's awake and struggles to turn over onto his stomach.

LILIANA

Are you okay, Travis? You were crying out in pain when we were making love.

Liliana pulls the sheets over to expose Travis's butt, which she inspects.

She's very surprised and saddened at what she sees.

LILIANA (CONT'D)

Oh, my God, Travis!

Liliana spreads open Travis's buttchecks.

LILIANA (CONT'D)

Travis, my God! What happened to your butthole? You have strings inside.

Liliana pulls on one of Travis's stitches.

Travis reacts with a shout.

TRAVIS

Oh, fuck, Liliana!

LILIANA

Travis, are you a homosexual? I mean, it's okay, but . . .

Travis sits up fast, giving himself an extra jolt of butt pain, which makes him howl.

TRAVIS

Ouch, fuck! Liliana, it's not what you think?

LILIANA  
Tell me what to think, Travis.

TRAVIS  
It wasn't a dick.

Liliana, now tearing up, is even more surprised.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
No, really, it was a shotgun.

LILIANA  
Oh, my God, Travis. Why do you put  
a shotgun in there? That's awful.  
You know that, right?

TRAVIS  
Oh, my God, it's not what you  
think.

LILIANA  
Tell me what to think, Travis!

Travis kisses her.

TRAVIS  
You're a nice girl, Liliana. I  
don't know if you can handle the  
truth.

LILIANA  
You have no choice. You have to  
tell me.

Travis puts a palm on her cheek and nods.

EXT. LILIANA'S FRONT DOOR - A LITTLE LATER

Travis and Liliana are facing each other, holding hands.

LILIANA  
I'm so sorry for you, Travis. You  
were rapped. Oh, my God.

TRAVIS  
Are we cool?

LILIANA  
I feel very strongly for you,  
Travis. If you say you're not  
actually involved in the drug  
business, I will believe you.

(MORE)

LILIANA (CONT'D)

All I know is I want you to come  
back here.

They kiss passionately.

Travis then pulls his wallet out of his pocket.

TRAVIS

I have a gift for your NGO. I  
almost forgot.

Travis hands Lilibiana some money.

Lilibiana looks at how much.

LILIANA

Oh, Travis, no. That's one hundred  
dollars! You don't . . .

TRAVIS

I know it's only a few meals for  
the . . .

LILIANA

. . . with this money, I can cook  
them three squares for one week.  
Thank you, Travis. But are you  
sure? It's a lot of money for you.

Lilibiana gives the money back.

LILIANA (CONT'D)

Travis, I love you, but I can't  
take drug money for my children.

TRAVIS

I earned that money at The Sands  
Hotel. I wash dishes. Really, my  
sister's friends keep me away from  
that illegal stuff. And I made some  
extra money the other day washing a  
sloop called the Porcha II.

Lilibiana is taken aback.

LILIANA

Porcha II, huh?

TRAVIS

Yeah, it's named after a crazy  
smuggler. She's like a legend.

LILIANA

Do you know her?

TRAVIS

She lives with my sister and her boyfriend. She's brilliant and crazy.

LILIANA

I must be honest with you about something, Travis.

Travis is concerned.

TRAVIS

Yeah, no problem.

LILIANA

Okay, well . . . Porcha is my big sister.

TRAVIS

No shit? You do look a lot like her. Porcha's nuts, but everybody loves her. She makes the best meatloaf.

LILIANA

I know. She was cooking her magic meatloaf for me when we were children. And she is crazy, but she's so crazy because she remembers something horrible . . .

Liliana pauses and tears up.

Travis puts his hands on her shoulders.

LILIANA (CONT'D)

. . . she remembers, vividly, the deaths of our parents. Oh, Travis, my parents were crucified and skinned alive on a hill overlooking Havana. It re-wired Porcha's mind, Travis. Me? I was too young to remember that well. I remember a lot of screaming. Oh, a lot of screaming, and I remember Porcha's face as she looked on in horror. I remember a lot of blood, but I don't really remember who it was on those crosses.

TRAVIS

Oh, my God, Liliana! Why? Why?

LILIANA

My parents fought with Castro and my uncle, Che Guevara, in the communist revolution--at least Porcha says he was our uncle. Porcha says all they wanted was to help our people. Porcha says government soldiers killed them.

TRAVIS

Damn, I'm not gonna look at Porcha the same way . . .

LILIANA

Oh, she's tough, Travis. Porcha took care of me on the streets of Barrio El Chino in Havana. Sometimes we lived in a Catholic orphanage, but the nuns kept beating us. So, it was mostly Porcha and me, wherever we could sleep, whatever we could eat.

TRAVIS

China Town?

LILIANA

We're half Chinese. Porcha's always wanting to give my NGO some money, but I can't take her drug money, even though I'd like to be able to pay my two volunteers. She keeps saying she'll become legitimate, so she can donate. But . . .

TRAVIS

Porcha loves "the life." A smuggler who reads the Tao Te Ching; there's always a book of Lao Tsu's poems on her bedside table.

LILIANA

We try to hold on to both of our races. But she is a Taoist slut, Travis. She will say, "No, I'm not a Taoist slut; this is what Lao Tsu would do." And I would say to her, "No, Lao Tsu was pure." And she would say, "No, Lao Tsu wanted spiritual fame only so he could screw as many women as possible." Travis, she needs love so badly, so, so badly. Please, Travis, just make sure she doesn't love you.

(MORE)

LILIANA (CONT'D)  
Without meaning to, she would  
devour you. I know she's so  
tempting, but I want you to promise  
me?

TRAVIS  
I promise. But you should tell her  
to not walk around the house naked.  
Okay?

They kiss, again, and Travis leaves.

EXT. DUVAL STREET - ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER

Travis is limping back to Loopy's house when he passes by  
Danny.

TRAVIS  
Danny, how's it goin'?

Danny notices Travis's new limp and glee overcomes him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
It's not what you think, Danny.

Travis and Danny stop to talk.

DANNY  
(Chuckling)  
Oh, yeah, right. Was it Lou?

TRAVIS  
Oh, God. No. That would be like  
blowin' a sewer.

DANNY  
Oh, yeah, the foot thing.

TRAVIS  
Look, if you must know, I got gun-  
fucked.

Danny appears shocked, backs away from Travis.

DANNY  
Oh, Travis, that shit's way outa my  
league. Damn?

Danny hurries away.

TRAVIS  
(Calling out)  
Danny? Danny? It's not what you  
think? I can explain.

Danny keeps walking away.

EXT. IN FRONT OF LOOPY'S HOUSE - A FEW DAYS LATER - AFTERNOON

Travis, wanting to ride the Moped, again, is testing how much  
butt pain he can withstand while sitting on the Moped seat.

Lou steps out of the front door.

TRAVIS  
Lou? 4:00 PM, man! You're up early!

Lou, with a cigarette in hand, stretches his arms, smiles and  
yawns as he approaches Travis.

LOU  
Pathetic, huh? Ah, the light of  
day. I don't see enough of it, man.  
I kinda like it. Funny how we don't  
really notice light until it goes  
away. Yeah, I'm beat, man. I did a  
bunch of ludes last night with my  
whore.

Travis can't help but smell Lou's foot.

TRAVIS  
Get that ball cut off yer foot,  
man. It stinks worse all the time.

LOU  
It saved your fuckin' life the  
other night.

Travis rests his butt down on the Moped seat.

TRAVIS  
It hurts but not too bad. Hey,  
how's your bullet hole?

LOU  
You got a butthole and I got a  
bullet hole.

Lou laughs, but Travis doesn't pick up on the humor.

LOU (CONT'D)

That was a joke. I was trying to make you feel better by makin' you laugh.

TRAVIS

Oh, I'm feelin' pretty good already. Thanks, though.

LOU

People don't laugh at my jokes, man. I'm pathetic.

TRAVIS

No, you're not pathetic, really. The real problem is you're not funny.

LOU

Oh, fuck, I knew it, man. Fuck.

TRAVIS

But people think you're cute and vulnerable when you tell jokes. And there's warm feelings with that.

LOU

Oh, yeah, well that's not too bad. I mean, it ain't funny but it can make people feel better, right?

TRAVIS

Something like that.

LOU

Okay. Anyway, my bullet hole is my friend now. Still stings a little. I have a family of bullet holes, man. That was my fifth one.

Travis looks surprised.

LOU (CONT'D)

Even got shot in the head once during the fuckin' Tet Offensive.

TRAVIS

I still can't get my head around you bein' a Vietnam vet, man.

LOU

Why do think I'm so fucked up, man? I can't even tell a good joke.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

Do you think suburban Detroit and a  
FBI father does this to a guy?  
Anyway, don't be freakin' on that  
shit. A lot o' guys got fucked up  
in Nam. No fuckin' big deal.

Travis is a bit saddened.

LOU (CONT'D)

(Chuckling)

Cheer up! Go see that fuckin'  
beautiful goody-goody of yours.  
Fuck her blind for me, man. But  
maybe you gotta wait fer yer ass to  
get a little better.

TRAVIS

She's really patient with me.

Lou smiles and then gets a little sad.

Travis starts up the Moped.

LOU

Try to stay with that one, man.

Travis nods to Lou and takes off on the Moped.

EXT. DUVAL STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

With an intersection ahead, Travis is going a little too fast  
on the Moped.

Even though Travis has the right-of-way, a pickup truck pulls  
out in front of him.

Travis drops the Moped but steadies his body on top of the  
sliding scooter.

The Moped and Travis slide about 100 ft before coming to a  
stop.

Travis has got terrible strawberries from his right shin all  
the way up to his hip.

The truck has stopped, and a man named Boca Cheeka (early  
30s) gets out and hurries over to Travis.

BOCA CHEEKA

You okay, man?

A UFO appears just above Travis and Boca Cheeka (which they  
don't notice), a few seconds after which, it zips away.

Travis inspects the strawberries on his leg.

TRAVIS  
Oh, God, that hurts!

BOCA CHEEKA  
Yeah, man, you'd better get to a hospital. Hey, wait a minute.

Boca Cheeka runs back to his truck and takes something from the truck's cab and runs back to Travis.

He hands Travis an envelope.

Travis opens it, looks in and sees a stack of money.

BOCA CHEEKA (CONT'D)  
I think it's about \$5000, didn't have time to count it.

TRAVIS  
Fuck, man. Don't want a police report?

BOCA CHEEKA  
Don't give a shit about that. I just don't have time to give a report, gotta get my ass to Key Largo. I'm Boca Cheeka, by the way. People know me.

TRAVIS  
I'm Travis.

BOCA CHEEKA  
Hey, Travis, you wouldn't happen to know a beautiful babe named Porcha? Makes great fuckin' meatloaf?

Boca Cheeka appears confused.

BOCA CHEEKA (CONT'D)  
How do I know that? I've never eaten any.

TRAVIS  
Yeah, I know her. And I've had her meatloaf a bunch o' times. It's great.

BOCA CHEEKA  
Do you know where she is?

TRAVIS

(Moaning)

No, man. Nobody's seen her a for  
few days.

The man inspects Travis's leg.

BOCA CHEEKA

Get to a hospital, man. That shit  
will get infected.

Boca Cheeka hurries off and hops back into his truck and  
peels out.

INT. TRAVIS'S ROOM AT LOOPY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

Travis is lying in bed and is sore from all of his injuries.

Corky comes into the room with a piece of pie and a beer.

CORKY

Key Lime Pie and a beer?

Travis moans and struggles in pain to sit up in bed.

TRAVIS

Why not? Thanks, Corky.

Travis sits up, takes the pie, and plunks the beer on the  
floor next to him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Key West is gonna kill me.

CORKY

You got a new sweet thang down the  
street. Porcha's fuckin' sister,  
right? What, she takes care of kids  
that got dumped?

TRAVIS

She's a good girl.

CORKY

Hang out with her more. If you do,  
you might survive Key West. Did the  
doctor get all the pebbles out o'  
yer leg?

TRAVIS

Oh, it hurt like Hell. The guy that caused the wreck, said his name was Boca Cheeka, gave me a shit ton of money and asked if I'd seen Porcha. Why's everybody asking me that?

CORKY

I know Boca Cheeka, horny fucker. Sells dope, lots of it. Boca Cheeka would know yer the kinda guy Porcha likes to fuck, innocent, inexperienced guys. She hunts them. She never fucked Boca Cheeka 'cause he's as jaded as a three-war army veteran. He was in Vietnam like Lou. Saw a lot of nasty shit.

TRAVIS

I'm not so innocent and inexperienced. By the way, I know why Porcha's fucked up.

Travis shrugs his shoulders as he takes a bite of pie.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Liliana told me a little.

CORKY

Porcha's so fucked up because her Cuban mother and Chinese father were crucified on a hill overlooking Havana. When the pain got to be too much for them, the soldiers made it worse by skinning them alive. Not sure if they got all the skin off. Porcha, about eight at the time, was forced to watch along with her little sister, Liliana.

TRAVIS

Yeah, she told me that part.

CORKY

Cubans are very Catholic. Anyway, even though Porcha's screwed up, she manages, I guess. She show up soon. Maybe she owes people money right now. She owes Loopy \$20,000. But she'll pay 'em, always has. She's disappeared before, came back and paid everyone.

(MORE)

CORKY (CONT'D)

Hey, wanna drop some acid with me  
and watch the sky? Acid goes great  
with UFOs, man. Forget your pain?

TRAVIS

Rain check.

Travis grabs his leg and moans.

CORKY

Okay, if you hear me makin' scary  
noises, it's just me flippin' out  
on acid and UFO's.

INT. TRAVIS'S BEDROOM - AFTER CORKY LEAVES

Travis, with a big smile, is lying in bed with his eyes open.

TRAVIS

Fuckin' Porcha.

FLASHBACK

INT. AT LOOPY'S KITCHEN TABLE - A WEEK EARLIER - EVENING

Porcha's sitting at the table surrounded by Loopy, Lou, Corky  
and Travis.

Porcha's one of those people who can perform several  
functions at one time. This evening, Porcha's playing a game  
of chess with Lou, reading the Tao Te Ching, talking to  
somebody on the phone, and is carrying on a conversation with  
Corky.

PORCHA

(On the phone)

I'm sure Travis is delicious.

Travis smiles and nods.

CORKY

Porcha, Travis you and Travis  
wouldn't work.

PORCHA

(To Corky)

Travis has a pretty dick, and I  
like the size, too.

Porcha glances at Lou and moves a chess piece.

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
 (To Lou)  
 Checkmate, muda fucka.

LOU  
 Bitch.

PORCHA  
 (To Lou)  
 Cost you a grand.

Lou pulls the money, folded, out of his front pocket and slaps it down on the table.

Porcha takes a glance at her Tao Te Ching and smiles.

Then she looks at Lou's money.

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
 Aaawww, that's your hooker money, Lou. I feel guilty now. Keep half, so you can have that old cow and some good drugs tonight.

LOU  
 She's not that old.

PORCHA  
 Lou, I might fuck you if you didn't stink.

LOU  
 Will you fuck me if I get this ball cut off? I'm pathetic when I beg, right?

PORCHA  
 (To the phone caller)  
 Gotta go, honey. Gatcha, hundred kilos of Bo tomorrow at "the place." I'm gonna need you to buy more next time. Cough it up, man.

Porcha hangs up the phone.

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
 You know me, Lou. It depends on what I'm doin' at the time. Ya got a nice ass. Could trim the gut. But, with no stink, ol' Porcha might come through. And, if you do me right, I'll cook ya some meatloaf.

Porcha glances at everyone and laughs.

The others follow along and laugh, too.

LOU  
Hey, I got a good joke, guys.

LOOPY  
Fuckin' kiddin' me?

Everybody rolls their eyes.

CORKY  
Tell yer joke, man. Make it quick.

LOU  
There's a man. Ya know, a man?

PORCHA  
You can do this, Lou.

LOU  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. The man goes to church--so he's in church now--with the top of his skull sawed off. You know, his brains are exposed. He sits down not far from the alter, and with this spoon he's got, he starts eatin' his own brain.

Loopy slaps the table with both hands.

LOOPY  
People can't eat their brains, Lou.

LOU  
Oh, come on, man, you get to tell fuckin' jokes. Why not me?

PORCHA  
Loopy, let him do this, so we can all get on with life. Okay?

Loopy nods.

LOU  
(Chuckling)  
The priest says, "What in heaven's name are you doin'?" The man says, "I'm eatin' my fuckin' brains, father." Priest says, "Hum, well now, that's FOOD for thought." Get it, "FOOD for thought?"

Nobody laughs and Lou frowns and shakes his head.

Lou stands and starts to leave.

LOU (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna leave now and beat off  
somewhere because that's what all  
o' you expect me to do, right?

LOOPY  
Well, Lou, now that's "DICK for  
thought."

Everybody laughs including Lou.

LOU  
Me and you, Loopy. We're a fuckin'  
comedy team, yeah?

END FLASHBACK

Travis is staring into the night, smiling.

INT. IN LILIANA'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - EVENING

Liliana and Travis are in bed, kissing.

Travis, still in pain, lets out a few moans.

Liliana stops kissing.

LILIANA  
You know, dogs would just lick  
their own wounds. They have natural  
antibiotics in their saliva.

Travis looks at her askance.

TRAVIS  
You want me to lick my own leg?

Liliana chuckles.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
Oh, YOU want to lick my leg. Gross.

LILIANA  
I'll lick you.

Liliana starts licking Travis's ear.

TRAVIS  
We're headed to Jamaica soon.

She continues to lick his ear.

LILIANA  
How long?

TRAVIS  
Loopy said around seven to ten  
days.

EXT. A LONG SHOT OF THE SIXTY-FOOT PORCHA II SAILING THROUGH  
THE CARIBBEAN - LATE MORNING

EXT. ON BOARD THE PORCHA II - CONTINUOUS

Loopy, Lou, and Travis are standing in the boat's helm cabin  
next to a large wooden wheel.

They're accompanied by the boat's skipper, Magellan, who is  
black and tall with big shoulders.

He's wearing cutoff jeans and a tank top.

Lou's at the wheel.

LOU  
Travis, let me teach you somethin'  
about sailin'.

Travis steps over to the wheel.

LOU (CONT'D)  
When you want to turn left, you  
turn the wheel left. Not like in a  
small sail boat when yer workin'  
the rudder. Understand?

TRAVIS  
I have to steer this boat?

MAGELLAN  
I'll do most of that, dumb shit.

Travis shrugs his shoulders.

LOOPY  
Magellan is a very dangerous man,  
Tavis. This fucka used to captain  
pirate ships.

MAGELLAN  
I'm a nice guy, but I have killed a  
lot o' men, and a few women.

Travis is a bit frightened.

TRAVIS

Oh, I see.

The other men laugh.

MAGELLAN

Damn, Travis, yer a naive muda fucka, yeah? I've only killed a couple o' guys. And I don't think I'll be killin' you unless ya give me a reason.

TRAVIS

Were you really a pirate?

MAGELLAN

Yes.

LOOPY

Whatchu think WE are? Priests? Only difference is, we earn our money.

MAGELLAN

My name ain't Magellan fer nothin'. Loopy hires me to skipper this boat 'cause I know how to handle the pirates that will be checkin' out the Porcha II. The fuckas do jump boats like this one, throw everybody overboard and tow the damn boat away. Does that scare yer innocent little ass?

LOU

Me bucko!

TRAVIS

I'm a little scared, yeah.

MAGELLAN

Good. That means yer gonna watch out . . .

Travis nods.

MAGELLEN

. . . for that bullet that passes through yer fuckin' brain.

Magellan, Lou, and Loopy laugh.

TRAVIS

What do you want me to do?

LOOPY

Stay alive and have fun. Now, go below or somethin' an' beat yer meat. Got almost two fuckin' days to Negril Beach . . . where everybody's naked. You'll see hippies fuckin' on the beach, man. Lou gets naked with 'em.

LOU

I'll take off my clothes anywhere, man. I don't care.

MAGELLAN

Travis, yer gonna get the clap fer sure.

Magellan laughs.

LOU

Fuck, I've had the clap about fifty times. Thank God for penicillin, huh? Got it almost everyday in Nam.

Lou laughs.

LOU (CONT'D)

I would infect all the whores. Kept me out of a lot o' fire fights. People wonder why so many G.I.s got the clap. Ha. Ha. Ha. We did that shit on purpose, man.

Magellan laughs.

LOU (CONT'D)

During Tet, they called the clap, "TETanus."

TRAVIS

Lou! That was kinda funny. You're actually smart. Or somethin'.

LOU

Seriously, man? I was funny? Thanks.

LOOPY

Make no mistake. It's that bullet in Lou's head that makes him smart.

(MORE)

LOOPY (CONT'D)

Gotta be smart to stay alive, muda fucka. Only thing is, Lou's a dumb ass, which is different than dumb. It's dumb with a bullet in the head, or . . .

TRAVIS

You guys can stop fuckin' with me now. I'm gonna go beat my meat.

MAGELLAN

We'll be right down to join ya. You have to let us watch.

They laugh.

TRAVIS

(With a chuckle)

Yer shittin' me, right? Fuck you!

Travis goes down below.

INT. INSIDE THE BOAT'S CABIN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Travis is sitting on a bed when he hears some yelling from the deck.

He takes off out of the cabin door and up to the deck.

EXT. THE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Magellan is pointing at a giant glow in the distance coming toward them along the sea surface.

LOU

They're comin', man! Fuckin' "A", man!

LOOPY

Looks like a fuckin' comet comin' at us.

The glow gets closer and closer.

MAGELLAN

Oh, fuck, it's comin' right at us!

ALL THE MEN AT ONCE

Fuuuuuuuuuuck! Fuuuuuuuuck!

It's a giant UFO flying at about 20,000 mile per hour.

With the sound of a trillion bees, it rips past them in a roaring flash, and it's gone.

All of the men are face down on the deck.

They rise slowly.

LOU

Oh, man, that gave me a fuckin' boner.

MAGELLAN

All my years at sea, and I've never seen shit like that.

TRAVIS

Can we go back to Key West?

LOOPY

Fuck no, man. That was just another UFO! Ain't nothin'. Fuck it. We gotta make a livin'. Go beat yer meat below or somethin'.

TRAVIS

You shittin' me?

Loopy laughs.

LOOPY

Just mellow out, man. Okay? Them aliens gotta do what they gotta do, and we gotta do what we gotta do!

INT. INSIDE THE PORCHA II KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

All four men are sitting around the table eating breakfast: eggs, pancakes, bacon.

LOOPY

Ah, Magellan, my man! You can navigate a fuckin' kitchen, too. What the fuck? This shit is always good.

MAGELLAN

I even grind my own coffee beans.

TRAVIS

(To Lou)

Could you pass the pancakes?

Lou passes the pancakes.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
Yeah, Magellan, this is really good.

LOU  
Okay, everybody. Joke time. Joke time.

The other men roll their eyes.

MAGELLAN  
Oh, that won't be necessary, but thanks anyway, Lou.

LOU  
What the fuck? It's a funny joke. It's a short one.

MAGELLAN  
If it's not funny, I'm gonna throw yer ass to the sharks.

Lou smiles and holds up an index finger.

LOU  
Okay. Okay. Let's see if I can remember it.

TRAVIS  
Oh, Lou tells funny jokes. . .

LOU  
Oh, yeah, I remember. Ready?

LOOPY  
We're trapped here. No choice. The only way out is to kill you. Now, tell the fuckin' joke.

LOU  
Yeah, okay, okay. How many Rastas does it take to screw in a light bulb?

TRAVIS  
How many, Lou?

Lou lets out a laugh.

LOU  
Nobody knows 'cause Rastas are always too high to notice.

Travis lets out a fake laugh.

Magellan and Loopy take on serious expressions.

LOOPY

Travis, you're just enablin' Lou's ass. Understand, if ya laugh, he won't stop.

TRAVIS

Well, I don't think he'll ever stop, and I thought it was kinda funny.

MAGELLAN

Listen, kid, it takes fuckin' twenty Lenny Bruces in our faces to make us laugh, 'cause only serious shit is funny to us. Like, if I cap a guy, well, now that's funny.

LOOPY

I know. I know the answer to that one. See, when a guy dies, he don't just shit his pants. When his spirit leaves, he's havin' such a good time that his spirit tries to laugh. Well, it can't because spirits don't have mouths, so the laugh transfers, like radio, to the guy who capped 'im. So that's why a lot o' killers laugh after they cap a guy.

Loopy nods.

MAGELLAN

I swear, Loopy. You should be a Shaman, man.

LOU

Loop-da-de-loop, you did it, again. Fuckin' cool.

Travis is confused.

TRAVIS

Loopy, sorry, could you please repeat that?

All the men laugh.

INT. STILL ON BOARD THE PORCHA II - THAT EVENING

The four men are sitting in a circle in the cabin near the wheel, and they're passing a joint and drinking Jamaican sugar rum.

LOOPY

Nobody makes rum like the fuckin' Jamaicans.

MAGELLAN

Cuban rum's just as good--that is, when ya can get the shit. The communists don't let much of it out of the country. I haven't had any in years!

TRAVIS

Hey, Loopy, you never told me how you met Porcha.

LOOPY

How the fuck did I meet Porcha? Oh, fuck. Okay, then, I'll tell ya. It's a long story.

TRAVIS

Got a lot o' dope, rum, and a lot o' time.

LOOPY

It was a while back. Lou and I were at Sloopy Joe's doin' what ya do at Sloopy Joe's. Fuckin' Lou, here, took ta hatin' some fagot leanin' on the bar. The guy had hotpants that showed half of his ass . . .

Flashback

INT. SLOOPY JOE'S AS LOOPY TELLS IT

Lou and Loopy are having drinks at Sloopy Joe's.

LOU

I can't handle that fagot, stickin' his ass out into the bar. Fuckin' ass is crowdin' everybody out. It ain't fair, man.

LOOPY

He's a pretty muda fucka. Is that what's botherin' you, man?

(MORE)

LOOPY (CONT'D)

You love his ass. Be honest. Go beat yer meat in the can, man, and then come back and finish yer drink.

Loopy laughs. Then Lou laughs.

LOOPY (CONT'D)

Why don't you go up to that fagot and kiss his beautiful ass. Go for it, muda fucka. For that matter, why don't ya suck a hicky onto one o' them butt cheeks.

Lou pulls a switchblade from his pocket.

LOU

I'm gonna stab him in the ass, man. I swear!

LOOPY

I got \$500 that says you don't got the fuckin' balls to stab 'im.

Lou is welling up with rage.

LOOPY (CONT'D)

I think you better mellow the fuck out, man.

Lou stands, switch blade in hand, hurries over to the bar and stabs the gay man in the ass (one quick jab).

The man screams, turns around fast and socks Lou in the face, after which Lou falls to the floor.

Quickly, a bar brawl starts.

Loopy makes his way past brawling men to Lou and drags him under a table, where they both wait.

Then, from under the table, Loopy starts to see men getting thrown around the bar like rag dolls.

Along with the mayhem, a woman is yelling, laughing and grunting like a wild animal.

Loopy lifts his head up to see what's happening when he sees Porcha, using Kong Fu, to lay waste to the men in the bar.

Quickly, the bar goes quiet.

Porcha approaches the table under which Lou and Loopy are hiding and leans down to face them.

PORCHA  
Loopy Lancaster?

LOOPY  
Yeah?

LOU  
Please don't hurt us.

PORCHA  
We need to talk business, man. But  
we need to get the fuck outa here  
to do that.

Porcha takes both men by their collars and helps them stand.

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
Let's get the fuck outa here.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BACK ON THE PORCHA II - CONTINUOUS

Loopy continues the story.

LOOPY  
Porcha called it, "Happy Kong Fu,"  
as in Cubans won't do it unless  
it's happy, or some shit. Her  
father taught 'er Kong Fu startin'  
when she was a fuckin' toddler.  
Bitch is a killin' machine. Never  
fuck with her.

LOU  
Porcha was smilin' as she kicked  
those fucka's asses in Sloppy  
Joe's.

TRAVIS  
How could you see? I thought you  
were under a table.

LOU  
That's the story. Bitch was smilin'  
and laughin' and screamin' the  
whole time.

TRAVIS  
So much for Taoism, peace and  
harmony, right?

LOOPY

Porcha would say she was clearing a fuckin' path for peace an' harmony. Hey, just imagine what Sloppy Joe's would o' looked like if she wasn't readin' the Tao Te Ching. As it was, nobody died, right? True, she fucked them guys up, but she would say, "Ya gotta see your own blood before ya can see your fuckin' soul."

Travis becomes concerned.

TRAVIS

Does Liliana know Kong Fu, too?

LOU

Liliana's not Porcha, man.

MAGELLAN

Travis, Porcha is a GOD. The minute you get her into focus, she changes on ya.

LOOPY

We've been in business ever since "Sloppy Joe's day," a day that will live in fuckin' infamy! Partnership made in heaven . . .

Loopy laughs.

LOOPY (CONT'D)

. . . most of the time.

EXT. NEGRIL BEACH, JAMAICA - EARLY AFTERNOON -FORTY HOURS LATER

The Porcha II is docked at a pier next to Negril beach.

Travis is standing on deck leaning on the rail and gazing at a few hundred people on the sand; most of them are nude.

Loopy walks up to Travis.

LOOPY

See, muda fucka. Fuckin' beautiful chicks, dozens, totally fuckin' naked, waitin' fer you, man. See their suntan lotion glinting in the fuckin' sun?

(MORE)

LOOPY (CONT'D)

Right there, fer you, muda fucka!  
Tell me Loopy don't deliver.

Lou and Magellan walk up to Travis and Loopy.

Lou gives Travis a wad of money.

LOU

Ya can't be involved in our  
business shit, man, so here's a  
thousand. Stay away from us. I mean  
it. Have some fuckin' fun. The boat  
will be at Royal Port in Kingston  
in seven days. If you're not there,  
you'll have ta find your own way  
back to Key West. My  
recommendation: there are really  
nice guys called Rastafarin, Rastas  
for short, guys who wanna get you  
high and laugh. But there's some  
fuckin' pricks you gotta watch out  
for. They're called dreads, and  
they're so fuckin' dangerous  
because they look like Rastas--got  
dread locks and all that--but  
they're fuckin' killin' machines,  
got me? They got mean fuckin' eyes.  
Real Rastas got sweet eyes.  
Careful, Travis. I'm serious.

LOOPY

When yer done gettin' yer dick wet  
with hippie chicks, go to the Blue  
Mountains and get high on Rasta  
dope. They call it Ganja. It's so  
good it makes you trip, man. Even  
yer teeth will be trippin'!

Loopy knocks his own teeth together a few times.

TRAVIS

So, you're leaving me alone?

MAGELLAN

You won't be alone fer long.

The men laugh.

MAGELLAN (CONT'D)

One more thing, Travis. If you  
happen to run into Porcha, tell her  
I'm lookin' fer her. Okay? Ever had  
her meat loaf?

Travis nods.

A UFO darts past just above the boat, which nobody notices.

Travis shakes his head.

TRAVIS  
Meatloaf?

EXT. NEGRIL BEACH KIOSK, BAMBOO WITH A PALM LEAF ROOF - SAME DAY - DUSK

There's background Reggae music.

Travis, wearing only a swim suit, is having a beer at the kiosk counter.

Two beautiful, topless women, wearing head bands, are standing at the bar near Travis with tropical drinks in front of them.

They're ogling Travis.

Travis is trying not to ogle them.

ONE OF THE WOMEN  
(To Travis)  
Why aren't you naked, man?

The two women giggle.

TRAVIS  
Who, me?

The women giggle, again.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
You guys are very attractive.

The bar tender, a Jamaican with dreadlocks, rolls his eyes.

One of the women pours some of her cocktail over her own breast.

WOMAN  
Oopps, I spilled my drink all over my tit.

She then lifts her breast up.

Travis, acting shy, keeps glancing at the woman without fully acknowledging her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 (Smiling at Travis)  
 I spilled Pina Colada on my tit,  
 wanna clean it with your tongue?

Travis doesn't respond.

THE OTHER WOMAN  
 (To Travis)  
 What do we have to do?

TRAVIS  
 You guys are really attractive.

The two girls move over to Travis and press themselves into him.

The bartender, flashing a smile, points to a beach bungalow about one hundred feet through the palm trees.

BARTENDER  
 (To Travis)  
 Somebody just left that one, man.  
 You be gettin' some joy, man. Live  
 right. Have fun.

The women, one on each of Travis's arms, take him in the direction of the bungalow.

TRAVIS  
 (To both of them)  
 Just don't look at my butthole,  
 okay?

INT. INSIDE AN OLD 50'S FORD PICKUP - THE NEXT DAY

Travis has hitched a ride with an English expat named Archibald Heatherton, Archie for short.

Archie (late 50s) is tall, bald, skinny and speaks perfect Queen's English.

A bit unkempt, he's wearing safari clothing.

TRAVIS  
 Thanks for the ride. I'm going to  
 the Blue Mountains.

ARCHIE  
 Actually, that's where I live on  
 occasion. Did you just arrive,  
 young lad?

TRAVIS  
Yesterday.

ARCHIE  
Oh, I'm Archibald Heatherton. The  
locals refer to me as Archie.

TRAVIS  
I'm Travis.

ARCHIE  
American, of course. Your accent.  
West coast?

TRAVIS  
How did you . . .

ARCHIE  
. . . no discernable accent.

TRAVIS  
California.

ARCHIE  
Yes, of course. I've been. It's  
lovely.

TRAVIS  
You?

ARCHIE  
I was born here but spent my school  
years in London and then attended  
Oxford University, Baliol College,  
where I read history. My family had  
a banana plantation here, among  
other things, parents are long dead  
now. Not long after Jamaican  
independence in '62, the family  
property went to the tax office,  
I'm afraid. The old house is filled  
with Blue Mountain jungle at this  
point, but the Dreads like to  
loiter there.

TRAVIS  
The Dreads look like Rastas, right?

ARCHIE  
I would say, yes, rather, but I can  
identify them immediately.

(MORE)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

The Dreads are nasty buggers, and one can see this in their faces, contorted by a history of bad deeds.

TRAVIS

Do you work?

ARCHIE

I sell ganja to tourists like you. Would you like some?

TRAVIS

I have a bag.

ARCHIE

Well, now, one would normally be hospitable and light up, yes?

Travis quickly pulls out a joint.

Just then, we see from the truck's back window, a UFO flying low and following closely behind. The men don't notice.

Archie appears perplexed.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

By the way, have you seen Porcha?

Travis is exasperated with everyone asking where Porcha is.

TRAVIS

How do you know Porcha?

Archie is still perplexed.

ARCHIE

I don't recall mentioning Porcha, lad, sorry.

TRAVIS

But you just . . .

Travis is confused.

EXT. A BLUE MOUNTAIN ROAD ALONGSIDE A TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

We see Archie's truck stopping at the the trailhead.

INT. INSIDE THE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Archie points to the trailhead.

ARCHIE

There you are, lad. The Rastas are just up the hill there. Don't have too much fun.

TRAVIS

Thanks, Archie.

ARCHIE

Perhaps our paths shall cross, again.

Travis steps out of the truck and starts up the hill.

EXT. A FEW OLD SHACKS IN A CLEARING SURROUNDED BY JUNGLE - ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER

A dozen or so Jamaican men, with dreadlocks, are sitting in a circle smoking from a giant joint, which is called a "bigboy."

Unknown to Travis, Archie has knowingly sent him to a pack of Dreads.

Travis walks up to them.

ONE OF THE DREADS

(To the Dread next to him)

Pass me dat Biiiiig Booy.

TRAVIS

You guys aren't Rastas, are you?

ONE OF THE DREADS

Fuck no, man. We are Dreads, craaaazy as shit, and we want all da money you got, or we gonna cut ya head off.

Travis turns to run, but some Dreads are standing right behind him.

One of those Dreads steps up and searches Travis's body, then stops at a pocket and pulls out an ounce of weed.

He continues his search until he finds the wad of money.

The Dread holds it up.

DREAD WHO FIRST SPOKE

Not bad.

Travis sees a branch coming at his face, then blacks out.

EXT. JUNGLE AREA IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS - MANY HOURS LATER - EARLY MORNING

Travis awakens in a thickly jungled area.

His face is partially covered in dry blood, and his clothes are spotted with blood as well.

He moans in pain as he slowly rises to his feet, and, unsteady, searches for his money.

He notices a note on the ground next to him.

TRAVIS READING THE NOTE

We looked at ya asshole, man. It is terrible. We felt sorry for ya, so we gave ya \$50 back from ya generous gift.

Travis looks around and sees a food plate on top of a boulder, and on the plate is what looks like meatloaf.

Travis takes a closer look and then approaches the meatloaf.

He picks up the plate, on which there's a fork, and smells the food.

TRAVIS

Fuckin' meatloaf? What the fuck?

He holds the meatloaf for a minute wondering what to do.

Then, he uses the fork to taste the meatloaf, then another bite and another bite.

He then realizes something and looks around.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Porcha? Porcha? What the fuck?  
Porcha's meatloaf. This is Porcha's meatloaf.

He walks around the nearby jungle with the meatloaf, looking around as he eats.

EXT. A NARROW BLUE MOUNTAIN ROAD - AN HOUR LATER

Travis is limping down the jungle's shaded road.

He stops a moment.

TRAVIS

Where the fuck am I?

Just then, he spots a UFO, a saucer, hovering about a two hundred meters away about halfway up a mountain side.

Travis waves at it, and it seesaws back at Travis as if waving.

Travis is curious and waves, again, and the saucer, again, seesaws.

Travis waves, again, and, again, and the saucer seesaws back.

So, Travis decides to limp as fast as he can toward the UFO.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
(Shouting out and waving)  
Wait there. Please, wait! Oh,  
please!

Suddenly, the UFO vanishes.

Travis is pissed off but continues in the same direction.

Then an old pickup truck pulls up beside him; it's Archie Heatherton, smiling.

Travis keeps walking, and Archie keeps up.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
You have the fuckin' nerve to pull  
up like that? You're a bad man.  
Those Dreads nearly killed me.

ARCHIE  
Fortunate, indeed, that your bum  
was so pathetic in appearance, or  
they'd have really had their way  
with you, young lad.

TRAVIS  
Don't you dare "cutsy" me with this  
"young lad" shit. You're evil.

Archie continues to keep up with Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
They took my fuckin' money, man.  
They kicked my ass.

ARCHIE  
You appear essentially the same as  
before. Perhaps your face is a bit  
unkempt.

Travis stops walking. Archie stops the truck.

TRAVIS

Why the fuck did you do that to me?  
I've done nothing bad to you, man.

ARCHIE

Let me explain, then.

TRAVIS

Oh, yeah, really?

ARCHIE

To survive here as a mid-level  
smuggler, I have to feed the  
Dreads: pretty young boys, young  
girls, money. Of course, they have  
their own weed.

TRAVIS

That's . . .

ARCHIE

. . . In return, they allow me to  
go about my concerns. Do you  
follow?

TRAVIS

Are you gonna do that to me, again?

ARCHIE

I have fulfilled my "Dreaded" duty.

TRAVIS

Oh, fuckin' funny. Ha ha ha!

Archie hands Travis a wad of money.

Travis takes it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it've been easier for  
everybody if you'd just given the  
Dreads my money?

ARCHIE

But, you see, that wouldn't be as  
entertaining for them.

TRAVIS

So, that's all I'm good for? A  
little fuckin' entertainment?

ARCHIE

There are those times when we all  
must hand over our bums to the  
behest of others.

TRAVIS

Why do you have to be so strangely  
interesting?

ARCHIE

At Oxford, I read with men who  
would become parliamentarians, even  
prime ministers. I graduated at the  
top of my class, lad.

TRAVIS

How the fuck did you end up here?  
Like this?

ARCHIE

I assure you, I'm having  
considerably more fun than they  
are. And I'm not even half as  
corrupt.

TRAVIS

Real cocksuckers, huh?

ARCHIE

They suck the pus from gangrene.

TRAVIS

That's fuckin' gross.

Archie laughs.

ARCHIE

Would you get in, then?

Travis gets in, and they take off.

INT. INSIDE ARCHIE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Archie and Travis are talking.

TRAVIS

Somebody left me meatloaf, man.

Archie glances at him and nods.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

It tasted exactly like the meatloaf of a friend of mine back in Key West, where I'm spending the summer with my sister and her boyfriend.

ARCHIE

Loopy?

TRAVIS

What the fuck?

ARCHIE

Don't panic, lad. This is, after all, a small world, the sphere of drug smuggling.

TRAVIS

You do business with him?

ARCHIE

Clever bloke, of course, but embarrassingly undereducated. I'd so love more conversation that delves into deep analysis over some great sugar rum.

TRAVIS

So you know Porcha?

ARCHIE

She's in Jamaica at present. Now, she's brilliant . . . And is exquisitely beautiful. A smuggler star, if you will.

TRAVIS

I love her.

ARCHIE

Cleopatra, that one. Loved, dreamed of, far and wide. When I'm with her, I feel I should fall to my knees. Even our local aliens love her, albeit, for alternate reasons.

TRAVIS

Aliens?

ARCHIE

I know you've spotted their aircraft.

TRAVIS

Well, yeah.

ARCHIE

They've been here for a very long time. They adore the Rastafarian. I'm not sure why. I've always suspected the Rastas of being rather like bastard aliens, perhaps cousins of our local aliens. You know, family stuff.

Travis has a little fear in his voice.

TRAVIS

There's a lot happenin' here.

ARCHIE

They've always been with us, lad. What the aliens like most at this point in time is Porcha's meatloaf. It's as if they knew that one day their old connection with the Rastas would bring them what they consider to be the best meatloaf in the universe. This is why they worship Porcha. As long as they're here, Porcha will be safe. As long as Porcha's here, we'll all be safe.

TRAVIS

That's why she leaves Key West for long periods of time.

ARCHIE

Yes, she's here in the Blue Mountains baking the best meatloaf in the universe.

TRAVIS

Jesus Christ.

ARCHIE

It's considerable stimulus to absorb inside my little truck, is it not?

TRAVIS

Where's she now?

ARCHIE

No idea at the moment. If she wants you to find her, you will.

TRAVIS

Is she an alien?

ARCHIE

It is unknown to what degree, but of course she's related to them as we all are. Be that as it may, paramount to the aliens is Porcha's meatloaf.

TRAVIS

Are they interested in our history, music, sports, classical music, science, rock 'n roll, literature, science?

ARCHIE

They could care less. Porcha's meatloaf is their only purpose for being here. I understand they searched the galaxies for the very best meatloaf until they happened upon Porcha's. They say the magic isn't just in the meatloaf recipe but in the person who makes it. In other words, nobody can possibly emulate Porcha's meatloaf. Just as nobody can emulate Shakespeare, in whom, by the way, the aliens have no interest.

TRAVIS

That makes me feel small. I mean, what's important, then?

Archie stops the truck, points to a trail head, and looks over to Travis.

ARCHIE

. . . Meatloaf. Now, negotiate this hill, young lad, on top of which you shall meet the Rastas, delightful chaps! I do hope your bum finds peace.

Travis looks perplexed.

TRAVIS

Alone? Really, no Dreads?

ARCHIE

You'll be fine. Go on, then. Go. Go.

Reluctantly, Travis exits the truck and starts his trek up the hill.

EXT. A LARGE CLEARING ON A MOUNTAINSIDE - ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

There is an irregular row of huts, one of whose back appears to be attached to the cliff.

Travis walks closer to the hut attached to the cliff, in front of which there's a piece of cardboard on which is the word, "Travis."

Travis is a bit taken.

TRAVIS  
Me? My name?

The front entrance is covered by hanging stringed beads.

Smoke wafting out the front, there's a very strong ganja smell, of which Travis takes notice.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
(Under his breath)  
Fuck, I'm already high.

Travis enters and struggles to see through thick pot smoke; there are four Rastas smoking from a large Chalice.

One Rasta, Ziggy, has his dreadlocks bunched up on top of his head, he's shirtless and is wearing baggy red pants.

ZIGGY  
I be Ziggy, ma Travis. Come see da  
sky with us, man.

There's an unoccupied pillow next to Ziggy where Travis takes a seat.

Ziggy passes the Chalice to Travis, and Travis takes a big hit.

The Rastas are very high and don't talk.

After another hit off the Chalice, Ziggy stands and takes Travis by the hand.

Another Rasta stands and opens a large flap in back of the hut, which opens to a cave in the mountain face.

Ziggy stands and gently helps Travis to his feet and then takes Travis's hand and walks him inside.

After walking about twenty meters, a large cavern as big as most gymnasiums, opens up before them.

There are at least one hundred aliens who somewhat resemble Rastas, only cleaner and with smooth skin that has a grey/blue tinge.

They're sitting on floor mats in the lotus position singing a mantra, which mimics the extremely deep, guttural tone of Tibetan monks.

In front of each person is a plate of meatloaf.

MANTRA

Poooooooooorcha's  
 Meeeeaaaaatloooooaaaaaf.  
 Poooooooooorcha's  
 Meeeeaaaaatloooooaaaaaf.

In front of the aliens is an altar, on which Porcha appears wearing a white robe.

Travis blacks out.

EXT. STREETS OF KINGSTON - NEXT DAY

Travis is leaning against a building in Kingston's tiny Chinatown.

He awakens, slowly, looks around and sees Chinese walking by speaking Chinese as well as Chinese writing (characters) on storefronts.

Travis struggles to keep his eyes open as he looks around.

TRAVIS

Fuck, man. China?

Then some black Jamaicans walk by.

Travis is confused.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

China Town in fucking Jamaica?

Some police, wearing clean uniforms, appear in front of Travis.

ONE POLICEMAN

A bender last night, man? What are ya doin' in Kingston?

TRAVIS  
What happened to the Rastas?

The police laugh.

SAME POLICEMAN  
You come with us and sleep it off,  
man.

INT. IN A SMALL JAIL CELL - LATER THAT DAY

Travis, who is just awakening from a nap, finds that he's sharing a cell with one other man, Archie Heatherton.

ARCHIE  
Having a time of it, are we, lad?

TRAVIS  
Fuck, Archie. What the fuck?

Travis struggles to sit up on the cell bed.

ARCHIE  
Loopy stopped by while you were sleeping and gave a donation to the department here.

TRAVIS  
Did you get busted?

ARCHIE  
Heavens, no! I'm their old friend.

TRAVIS  
Was I really in China Town?

ARCHIE  
Oh, yes, there's a tiny one here in Kingston. Chinese are all over the world, you know? In fact, after you leave here, go back to China Town and to the Tao Te Ching Restaurant, 6:00 PM.

Archie leaves.

TRAVIS  
Fuck, Archie. Don't go!

EXT. TAO TE CHING'S CHINESE CUISINE - 6:00 PM - SAME DAY

There is a "closed" sign hanging on Tao Te Ching's front door.

The window curtains are closed and are covered with Chinese ornamental art.

Travis tries the front door, which is unlocked, and enters the restaurant.

There are ten tables in the restaurant, and all of them are occupied by aliens.

But they're not sitting; instead, they're standing, facing away from their plates of meatloaf.

Just after Travis enters, all of the aliens pull their pants down and sit on their meatloaf.

There's a loud sound--like a few-dozen surgery suction hoses activated at the same time.

The aliens become absolutely ecstatic: i.e., eyes rolling back in their heads, moaning, etc.

They sing their "Porcha Meatloaf Mantra."

ALIENS

Porchaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Meeaaaaaat  
Loaaaaaaf! OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

In back of the restaurant is a kitchen window with a ticket wheel hanging on one side.

Porcha shows up behind the window.

PORCHA

They process the meatloaf, and all other food, up their assess. Pretty cool, huh? Hey, I'm cookin'. Come on back, man! Have some fuckin' meatloaf!

Many of the aliens nod their heads, gleefully, as Travis passes them and walks into the kitchen.

Porcha and two Chinese helpers are busy mixing meatloaf and sticking it into huge, new ovens.

TRAVIS

I didn't think Chinese restaurants needed ovens this big.

PORCHA

Money is no object to Taoist aliens  
who want my meatloaf.

TRAVIS

They read Lao Tsu?

PORCHA

I turned 'em on to it a few years  
back. They don't like dope, but  
they're all over the Tao Te Ching.  
They think Lao Tsu was one of them.

Travis is numb at this point.

Porcha hurries over to a Public Address box and turns it on.

PORCHA (CONT'D)

This is a recording of me reciting  
Lao Tsu's poetry. They love hearing  
my voice.

PORCHA RECITING LAO TSU

The Tao is elusive and intangible.  
It is intangible and elusive, yet  
it has form. It is dim and dark,  
yet within is Porch's meatloaf.  
This essence is real and in it lies  
Porcha's meatloaf. Thus, I  
understand the creation.

The recording continues to play, over and over.

TRAVIS

I love your meatloaf, Porcha. I'd  
like some. Thanks.

Porcha signals one of her helpers to serve up a dish for  
Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Archie sent me.

PORCHA

Believe it or not, that old man is  
a great fuck.

TRAVIS

(Calmly)  
I don't believe you.

PORCHA

You're right. His joints freeze up. It's fuckin' pathetic. But I love him, anyway.

TRAVIS

Oxford. Cool.

PORCHA

Yeah, my first Oxford man. Hey, Travis, I'm gonna get around to you, right?

TRAVIS

Meatloaf's enough.

Porcha gives him a "big sister" look.

PORCHA

You're almost fuckin' me, anyway. As Archie would put it, you're shaggin' my sister.

TRAVIS

Holy shit!

PORCHA

Her NGO's in trouble. I know that. But she won't take "drug money." What a fuckin' goodie goodie. Sometimes she makes me mad. I know I'm a sick fuck. But, hey, I'm sufferin'. You know, I gotta cook these aliens their fuckin' meatloaf. Hey, they found my ass when I was so young. They said my meatloaf was the best in the whole fuckin' universe. Well, ya know, I was insecure, and that shit made me feel confident. Also, even if I stop sellin' drugs, they'll always take care of me. Right? I mean, they can print me as much perfect money as I want. I'm not too greedy, though. I like them. You know, they don't fuck--they mate via their mouths--but I got a bunch o' human guys for sex. Life ain't bad.

Travis takes a few bites from his meatloaf.

TRAVIS

When it comes to meatloaf, Porcha,  
you never fail.

Porcha thinks a second.

PORCHA

Oh, does that mean I "fail" in  
other areas? Righteous little dick!  
I don't mean yer dick is little--I  
like . . .

TRAVIS

(Disinterest)

. . . my size. Yeah, thanks,  
Porcha.

Porcha gets closer to Travis and looks into his eyes.

PORCHA

You need a few snorts, man. To perk  
you up. You're boring like this.

TRAVIS

How could I ever live up to a  
"meatloaf star to aliens."

PORCHA

Yeah, I know it's intimidating. By  
the way, "star" is the wrong word.  
Try "God."

Travis finishes his meatloaf and hands the plate to Porcha.

PORCHA (CONT'D)

Loopy says the boat's takin' off  
back to Key West today.

TRAVIS

Guess I'll be on it.

PORCHA

See ya in Key West, man.

TRAVIS

I need Key West right now.

PORCHA

You stay with my sweet little  
sister, okay? But, promise me one  
thing?

TRAVIS

Yeah?

PORCHA

Don't tell her about the aliens,  
okay? I want to tell her in my own  
time, my own way.

Travis gives her a thumbs up, smiles a little and leaves.

As he leaves the restaurant, he sees that the aliens have  
become inert, as though they're hibernating for a while.

Their eyes are open, but they don't seem to see anything.

TRAVIS

Take care, aliens.

EXT. THE PORCHA II WITH THE HULL NOW MUCH LOWER BECAUSE IT'S  
FILLED WITH POT - NEXT DAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Magellan, Loopy and Lou are with Travis on deck.

Magellan is walking around the boat along the railing  
inspecting the hull.

MAGELLAN

Perfect fuckin' day fer sailing,  
man. There's a lot o' weight inside  
this fucker. A lot o' fuckin'  
money! Fuckin' "A"! But this will  
add another six or seven hours to  
the trip. Fuck it.

TRAVIS

(Sarcastic)

Oh, you guys aren't boring or  
anything.

LOOPY

AAwww, poor Travis got his ass  
kicked by a bunch of pussy Dreads.  
And wants ta get back to his little  
nun faster.

LOU

I'd love to be with Liliana. But  
she'd never go for somebody like  
me. A loser.

LOOPY

Lou, you're not a loser. You just  
stink right now, which makes you a  
total fuckin' loser.

Loopy and Magellan laugh. Lou laughs, too.

Loopy rolls his eyes.

LOU

There, ya see, Loopy, we're a fuckin' team.

TRAVIS

The most confusing part is Porcha baking meatloaf for aliens that look a lot like Rastas. It fucks my head up.

LOOPY

Better than bakin' meatloaf for, say, politicians? Right?

TRAVIS

That's not really what I . . .

LOOPY

That bitch is soooo fucked up, man. If she finds peace doin' that shit, then let it be.

Magellan spots what looks like a fishing trawler in the distance and hurries over to the bow, lifts a telescope for a better look.

EXT. SCENE THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

We see about twelve men setting up machine guns on the trawler's deck.

MAGELLAN

Pirates. I recognize some of 'em. Muda fuckas. They're definitely after us.

TRAVIS

Oh, fuck, what? I didn't sign on for this shit.

LOOPY

How many knots can they do?

MAGELLAN

It's an old trawler. I can see some black smoke, which means the engine rings are goin? Maybe twelve/fifteen knots.

LOU

How about us?

MAGELLAN

Perfect sailin' day. I can get maybe fifteen ta seventeen. But we're overloaded. Unless we get some fine wind, you can take four knots off.

EXT. LONG SHOT OF THE TRAWLER FOLLOWING THE PORCHA II - A FEW HOURS LATER

All four men are still on the deck watching the approaching trawler.

MAGELLAN

Soon, she'll be on top of us.

TRAVIS

You said . . .

MAGELLAN

. . . the sea and the wind don't listen to us, man. I can't get more than eight knots right now.

LOOPY

So, they get our fuckin' cash and our load. Half a million bucks worth. We're fucked.

The trawler gets within about three hundred feet of the Porcha II.

MAGELLAN

Oh, fuck. It's Bender Bob and his fucks. They're killers.

LOOPY

What if we just hand everything over.

MAGELLAN

They'll kill us, anyway. Less trouble. And then take it all.

Bender Bob, with a mega phone, calls out to the Porcha II.

BENDER BOB

(Eerily calm)

Magellan, it's Captain Bender Bob. I know it's you. You know what to do. Get yer fuckin' life jackets and take the dive.

(MORE)

BENDER BOB (CONT'D)

Land is only about five miles east,  
by life jacket. Do or die, fuck  
face.

Bender Bob laughs. And we hear his men chuckling.

Just then, a UFO appears directly above Bender Bob's trawler.

Travis waves at the UFO, and the UFO seesaws back at Travis.

The UFO shoots an energy wave down at Bender Bob's boat.

Bender Bob and his men start to scream while they and the ship are slowly fizzled out of existence, after which the UFO zips away.

Lou, Loopy, and Magellan look at Travis and smile.

MAGELLAN

Have you got fuckin' connections or  
what, boy?

They all laugh and hug each other.

LOU

The only time I ever felt that  
close to the big doo doo was in  
Nam.

Then the UFO re-appears just above the Porcha II.

The men freeze.

An energy force from the UFO lifts Lou's leg, the one with the stinky growth, forcing him to lie down on the deck with his foot in the air.

The beam sucks off Lou's deck shoe.

Then, the UFO shoots the foot with a gentle laser.

After a few seconds, the UFO zips away, again.

Loopy grabs Lou's foot and looks at it.

LOOPY

You ain't gonna stink no more, Lou.

Lou remains on his back.

LOU

I'm gonna miss the smell, but  
thanks Travis.

TRAVIS

I think we can thank Porcha for today, you guys.

MAGELLAN

I'll thank her with my dick. I love her.

TRAVIS

Better with words, Magellan.

Magellan thinks a few seconds.

MAGELLAN

Words work, too.

LOU

We'll all hold our dicks down and thank her with words.

Travis rolls his eyes.

TRAVIS

You guys should know that we're dealing with a Galactic God, right? She's important.

LOU

I'll use nice words while I'm in bed with her.

They all laugh except for Travis, who just shakes his head.

EXT. STILL ON THE PORCHA II - FORTY EIGHT HOURS LATER WITH THE DRY TORTUGAS ISLANDS IN THE DISTANCE - ABOUT TWO HOURS AWAY FROM KEY WEST

The Porcha II is sailing along when a Coast Guard cutter speeds up to the boat and stays alongside the Porcha II at about twelve knots.

Captain Star speaks calmly through a megaphone.

CAPTAIN STAR

Is that you, Magellan?

MAGELLAN

(Calling out)  
Porcha II, ain't it?

LOOPY  
 (Calling out)  
 Long time, Captain Star. Had dinner  
 at your hotel two weeks ago.

CAPTAIN STAR  
 Hey, we take care of each other.  
 Did ya get your free coctail? Hey,  
 do ya mind taking in your sails and  
 tossin' your anchor?

Loopy works on the sails

MAGELLAN  
 Lou's down below gettin' yer  
 package ready.

As the Porcha II slows to a near stop, the cutter gets  
 alongside, and the captain and two other coast guardsmen  
 accompany him.

A UFO appears above the Coast Guard cutter.

The UFO then shoots a beam into the water that divides about  
 ten kilometers of sea, after which the sea almost immediately  
 recovers with almost no disturbance to the boats.

Travis waves at the UFO, and the UFO seesaws back and then  
 zips away.

Captain Star and his men are flabbergasted.

LOOPY  
 (To Captain Star)  
 What do ya think o' that shit, man?  
 Pretty fuckin' cool, huh? And  
 they're our fuckin' friends!

CAPTAIN STAR  
 (Acting faint)  
 Good friends to have.

MAGELLAN  
 And just yesterday I saw how  
 powerful their weapons are.

CAPTAIN STAR  
 No, shit?

MAGELLAN  
 Disintegrated Bender Bob and his  
 trawler in about ten seconds. All  
 dead. Vaporized, man.

Lou steps up and hands Captain Star a stack of money wrapped in brown paper.

CAPTAIN STAR

I tell ya what. You keep your money this time, guys. We're flush, no what I mean?

MAGELLAN

No, kiddin? It's not like the UFO would obliterate your cutter at our command or anything like that.

LOOPY

Yo, Captain, me bucko. Why don't we give ya at least half and just keep it that way from now on?

CAPTAIN STAR

No, you just keep it this time, and I'll see ya next time at the hotel.

LOOPY

Hey, we don't want to lose yer protection.

CAPTAIN STAR

It looks like you don't need our protection, but, don't worry, you'll always have our protection, too.

LOU

So, we give you nothin' and you protect us?

CAPTAIN STAR

You got it, Lou.

They all shake hands, and the Captain and his men start back to their cutter.

CAPTAIN STAR (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, it's always a pleasure.

EXT. LILIANA'S NGO - ON A SMALL PLAYGROUND - MORNING - TWO DAYS LATER

Travis and Liliana are sitting on a bench talking as orphan children play Dodge Ball.

Liliana calls out to the children.

LILIANA

Come on, guys. Everybody gets a turn with the ball. It's dodge ball, right?

TRAVIS

(To the children)

No, no, no, you throw the ball. Don't roll it. Don't kick it. Throw it! You definitely can't smush the ball into another kids face.

Liliana laughs.

Travis takes her hand.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

The kids are great.

Liliana smiles and ponders.

LILIANA

Porcha's really okay?

TRAVIS

She loves you, Liliana, wants to donate to your NGO.

LILIANA

I love her, too. But I can't take her drug money. You know, she started taking drugs when she was ten and started having sex when she was twelve. She was already so beautiful at that age.

TRAVIS

(Chuckles)

You'd think she'd be tired of sex by this time.

LILIANA

Never, she can dominate with sex. She is a barracuda dressed as the most beautiful woman in the world with a mysteriously great mind. You know, when we were kids in Havana, she'd break into hotel rooms just to give us a comfortable place to sleep. And when we come over to the States in '65, she did the same thing. She could break into any room.

(MORE)

## LILIANA (CONT'D)

She would bring a man into our room sometimes. I would turn around and face the other way; she and the man would grunt and laugh, and the man, whoever it was, would leave us money.

Once, a man tried to get me to join in the fun, and Porcha went crazy. The poor man didn't know she was a Kong Fu master. She forward punched him in the eye with her index finger out. Her finger passed through his eye socket and into his brain. And, well, he died instantly. Because of Porcha's incredible Chi energy, most of her hand penetrated so deep that it got stuck in his eye socket. I remember the sound when she finally got her hand out, sounded like a Champaign bottle getting uncorked.

Travis appears nauseated.

## TRAVIS

Thank you for that. That's harsh, isn't it? Can the kids hear us?

## LILIANA

"Ass hole," she said to the dead man, "that's for thinking too much."

## TRAVIS

Yeah, sounds like she was always taking care of you.

## LILIANA

She offered to pay for my college as well--she was so rich by that time--but I always refused the drug money. Now, I have student loan debt, and I'm in danger of losing the NGO.

## TRAVIS

Maybe we can figure out a way to save this place. You didn't get that degree in child psychology for nothin'.

LILIANA  
I'm losing hope. I was never this way. I used to carry my hope proudly.

Liliana starts to cry.

Travis starts to cry, too.

When Liliana sees that Travis is crying too hard, she stops crying and appears confused and disappointed.

LILIANA (CONT'D)  
Get a grip, man. It's not your NGO.

TRAVIS  
Oh, yeah, right. Yeah, it's just, well, that one hit my sad spot.

LILIANA  
Can you stop crying and put your arm around me. I need comforting.

TRAVIS  
Oh, yeah.

Travis "mans up" and puts an arm around her.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
We'll find a way.

Liliana puts her head on his shoulder.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
Liliana?

LILIANA  
Yes?

TRAVIS  
Are you a Kong Fu master?

LILIANA  
Would you still love me if you knew I could snatch your heart out of your chest so fast, I could show it to you, still pumping, before you died?

Travis is shocked.

Liliana giggles.

LILIANA (CONT'D)  
Not really. Porcha taught me just  
enough to make an attacker angry  
enough to kill me.

EXT. DUVAL STREET, KEY WEST - LATE AFTERNOON

Porcha is strutting down Duval Street. Men and women are shouting her name.

CROWD  
Oh, Porcha, fabulous, baby! . . .  
Porcha, my love! You're so hot you  
sizzle, girl!

Porcha loves the attention and gives the crowd some body wiggles and a few dance moves.

Porcha enters Sloppy Joe's Bar on Duval Street.

INT. SLOOPY JOE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Travis is sitting at a table with a glass of water in front of him.

Porcha approaches Travis's table.

PORCHA  
Stand and hug this bitch, man.

Travis gleefully hugs her, and they sit down.

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
I hear Lou doesn't stink anymore,  
that my friends took care of that  
for him.

TRAVIS  
It was amazing. They zapped it!

PORCHA  
Yeah, man, they zap shit all the  
time. Fuckin' Bender Bob and his  
fucks are finally in the ether.  
Cool. Cool, man.

TRAVIS  
A whole fishin' boat. Zapped 'em  
from top to bottom.

PORCHA

My friends like to have fun--the pleading, screaming. They love all that shit. But, you know, they don't zap friends, right?

TRAVIS

Liliana misses you.

Porcha gives him a stern look.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I didn't tell her about our friends.

Porcha waves over a waiter, who gleefully runs over.

Porcha points to Travis's glass of water.

PORCHA

(To the server)

Bring him booze.

WAITER

It's an honor, Porcha. He's underage.

Porcha stands and faces the bar and bartender and calls out sternly.

PORCHA

You will serve my friend some fuckin' booze right fuckin' now. Double dirty and dry gin martini, three olives and three onions on the side.

BARTENDER

Right away, Porcha. Great to see you!

Porcha smiles and winks at him, then sits back down.

The waiter hurries back to the bar.

Still at Porcha's and Travis's table, we overhear the bartender and waiter speaking.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(To the waiter)

Porcha Guevara winked and smiled at me, man!

WAITER  
Fuckin' "A", man.

Porcha glances at the two men, and smiles.

PORCHA  
Should I take both of 'em?

TRAVIS  
Sure, but I was hoping we'd talk  
about Liliana?

Porcha gathers herself and shows some concern.

PORCHA  
The NGO?

TRAVIS  
No money.

PORCHA  
She won't take my fuckin' money. I  
could help her just by snappin' my  
finger. The stubborn bitch.

Travis shows some anger.

TRAVIS  
She's not a bitch. A little graphic  
in her descriptions, maybe.

Porcha is taken aback and then smiles big.

PORCHA  
Oh, my fuckin' Jesus. She has you  
by the balls, yeah?

Travis dips his head.

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
She's a lot older than you, man.

TRAVIS  
Three years. That's nothin'.

PORCHA  
You're not her first, ya know.

Porcha leans back and looks confused.

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
Anyway, she's been around a little.  
My God.

(MORE)

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
Liliana's got a beautiful boy.  
Travis, you're in love. Holy, shit,  
man!

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
And, here, I was gonna fuck ya  
today. What do ya know?

TRAVIS  
I love you, too, Porcha. Every man  
does, but I don't want to get  
fucked to death. I'm young, got a  
lot of life ahead of me.

PORCHA  
Kiddin' me? I'd never do that to my  
sister. Fuck no.

TRAVIS  
You brought it up.

PORCHA  
Ah, men are always blamin' women  
for shit.

Porcha gets an idea. She starts snapping her fingers.

PORCHA (CONT'D)  
Hey, hey, do you know Captain Star,  
that corrupt Coast Guard fuck?

TRAVIS  
I do.

PORCHA  
His big ass hotel's got a big ass  
banquet room, seats a couple a  
hundred. Call his ass and reserve a  
that big room.

TRAVIS  
What if it's booked?

PORCHA  
Tell him to unbook, which shouldn't  
be a problem these days, right? I  
did hear . . .

TRAVIS  
. . . right, it won't be a problem.

PORCHA

Tell him the kitchen is mine that day, with at least eight of his hotel cooks, the kind that take commands from me. Oh, and at least ten dining room staff. Okay?

The waiter brings Travis's martini.

Porcha smiles big.

PORCHA (CONT'D)

Drink up, beautiful boy. Porcha's got a plan? Yeah, man!

Porcha stands up and jiggles her breasts and gyrates her hips for the folks in the bar.

Everyone applauds and whistles.

INT. LOOPY'S KITCHEN TABLE - THAT EVENING

Lou, Loopy, and Travis are sitting and passing a joint.

LOOPY

I like our fuckin' alien friends.

LOU

Yeah, man, they keep the bad pigs off us.

TRAVIS

You mean the honest pigs?

LOU

Loopy, do you know any honest pigs?

LOOPY

Sometimes they take a job at the Key West Police Department, but then somebody shoots 'em. The question is, do they stay honest after they're dead? Maybe. Do you find honest pigs at graveyards? Maybe.

TRAVIS

Loopy, are you an alien? 'cause, I mean, sometimes you're really weird. Smart but weird.

LOOPY

Do I look like a tweaked Rasta you?  
With clean dreadlocks, clear eyes  
and no wrinkles?

TRAVIS

You've seen 'em?

LOU

Hell, yeah, we've seen 'em. They  
locked our asses up once.

TRAVIS

No, shit?

LOOPY

We ain't talkin' about that shit,  
man. Conversation over.

LOU

Loopy's got some kinda shell shock  
over what we experienced. They were  
supposed to erase our memories, but  
I still remember a lot.

LOOPY

Shut the fuck up, Lou!

LOU

Fuckin' shell shock? Try Nam, man.  
Try a bunch a fuckin' fire fights  
against really sweet little people.

LOOPY

You lookin' ta get ya fuckin'  
antenna snipped. Where's my fuckin'  
scissors?

INT. IN LILIANA'S BEDROOM - THAT EVENING

Travis and Liliana are sitting back in bed gazing into each  
other's eyes.

TRAVIS

Lookin' forward to Porcha's benefit  
for you and your kids?

LILIANA

She loves me. And the kids.

TRAVIS

Don't worry. No drug money.

LILIANA

You're different, Travis. For the first time, I feel I'm with the right guy.

Travis is hesitant to speak.

TRAVIS

Same here.

LILIANA

Stay in Key West, Travis. Take the GED and start at the junior college.

TRAVIS

Hey, I graduated high school when I was fifteen. I'm smart. School was so easy for me, straight A's, barely studied.

LILIANA

Same here! I graduated early, too.

TRAVIS

You're the one for me, Lilibian Guevara.

EXT. A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL HOTEL, THE BENDER INN IN KEY WEST - EVENING

Above the hotel, a few dozen alien aircraft, saucers, are hovering.

INT. INSIDE THE HOTEL BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

Porcha is at the entrance welcoming aliens to the banquet.

As usual, the aliens look like cleaned up Rastas with no wrinkles.

INT. THE ENTRANCE FROM THE LOBBY SIDE - CONTINUOUS

There's a long line of aliens and a sign at the door that says, "Lilibian's Orphanage, NGO, \$80,000 dollars a plate for Porcha's meatloaf."

Travis is welcoming the aliens, who are handing stacks of money to him, which he's putting into a large box.

Porcha sticks her head out and calls out to Travis.

PORCHA

I've gotta get back into the kitchen.

TRAVIS

Do you think ten dining staff will be enough?

PORCHA

The meatloaf is coming out in fifteen minutes, better be enough, or Captain Star isn't gonna to have a boat.

TRAVIS

That's the spirit.

Porcha is a bit harried but happy.

PORCHA

God, you're cute.

Then Truman Capote and Tennessee Williams step up to the entrance.

TRAVIS

Wow, Truman! Tennessee!

TRUMAN

We love children. And we can handle the price per plate. But we're not sure just why we're here.

They hold out two stacks of cash.

TRAVIS

Hey, are you guys, I mean, are you aliens . . .

TENNESSEE

. . . let's just say we're wild about Porcha's meatloaf! Even though we've never had any.

Truman and Tennessee enter the banquet room.

Captain Star, the hotel's owner, slinks up to Travis.

CAPTAIN STAR

Travis, all of our services today are "on the house." Hey, you ever need a Presidential Suite, anything, a nice dinner. Whatever. It's yours.

TRAVIS

Thank you, Captain. We'll keep that  
in mind.

Then, several other familiar non-aliens walk up to Travis:  
Archie, Boca Cheeka, Arley, Loopy, Lou, Corky, Danny,  
Alejandro, Ricardo, and Juan.

RICARDO

Hey, man, we don't know why the  
fuck we're here. But I'm sorry  
about the gun-fuck. Really, man. I  
was so fuckin' high . . .

TRAVIS

Forget about it. You guys got  
\$80,000 each?

ALEJANDRO

We can do \$5000 each.

TRAVIS

Okay, non-aliens, or if you're not  
Tennessee Williams or Truman  
Capote, you get a \$75,000 discount.  
Okay?

Then Archie walks up to Travis with an alien who has a giant  
stack of money.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Travis, lad, this kindly alien  
would like to cover all non-alien  
participants. Call it a foundation  
grant, if you will? By the way,  
some of us non-aliens do know why  
we're here . . .

Archie looks around.

ARCHIE

. . . sort of.

INT. THE BANQUET ROOM - ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The alien guests are doing the meatloaf mantra.

ALIENS

Pooooooooorchaaaaaaaaa's  
Meeeeeeeeaaaaaat Loooooooooaaaaaaf.  
Pooooooooorcha's Meeeeeeeeaaaaaat  
Loooooooooaaaaaaf.

When Liliana takes the podium, the aliens quiet down.

LILIANA

I want to thank my sister, Porcha,  
for inviting all of you here today,  
people, I think your people, who  
love children. Starting an  
orphanage is really hard work, and,  
I tell you, ours would not survive  
without your donations.

Travis steps up to the podium and hands Liliana a note.

LILIANA (CONT'D)

Now, I'd like to let everyone know  
how much we've raised tonight  
because we want to be completely  
transparent.

Liliana looks at the note and is surprised.

She leans over and whispers to Travis.

LILIANA (CONT'D)

Travis, this can't be right. I  
mean, no way.

TRAVIS

Yes, way . . .

LILIANA

This is over the top. Three million  
seven hundred and sixty dollars?  
No, way!

TRAVIS

We counted it several times.

LILIANA

(To the aliens)

This is very generous. I had no  
idea a large crowd of Rastas could  
come up with over three million  
dollars in cash. Thank you so much.  
The orphanage should be in  
operation for a long time.

The crowd starts the mantra, again . . .

. . . During which Porcha and Travis usher in ten orphan  
children from Liliana's NGO, five on either side of the  
podium.

ALIENS

Poooooorcha meeeeeeeeeaaaaat  
Loooooaaaaaaaffffff.

LILIANA

Now, let's see what my kids have to  
say.

The aliens quiet down, and Travis takes the mic to some of  
the kids. He starts with a little girl.

TRAVIS

What do you think of tonight?

LITTLE GIRL

Thank you very much for helping us.  
Maybe now I can have a Barbie and  
Ken.

LILIANA

Know what, darling, you shall  
definitely have a Barbie and Ken.

Travis passes the mic to a little boy.

LITTLE BOY

I'd like a Ferrari Dino and a Rolls  
Royce Silver Ghost.

INT. SAME BANQUET ROOM - THE FRIEND AND FAMILY TABLE -  
CONTINUOUS

We go to Archie, Loopy, Lou, and Corky, who are at a front  
table.

LOOPY

(To Lou)

Just the kind o' little fucker I'm  
lookin' for.

Travis passes the mic to another little girl.

LITTLE GIRL

Thank you very much, funny looking  
people. I want to be just like  
Liliana when I grow up.

The little girl gets a naughty look on her face.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

If that doesn't work out, I want to  
be just like Porcha!

The girl giggles.

The aliens do the meatloaf mantra.

ALIENS

Pooooooooooooorchaaaaaaaaaaaa  
 Meeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaat Looooooooooooaaaaaf.  
 Meeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaat  
 loooooooooooooaaaaaf.

LOU

Let's hire her right now, man.

LOOPY

No, shit.

CORKY

Fuckin' perverts.

LOU

No, no, no. We'll wait. We're not  
 like that.

CORKY

'till she's twelve?

Lou and Loopy glance at each other for an answer.

LOOPY

He means eighteen, Corky, you know,  
 legal age. Eighteen.

Lou puts an arm around Archie's shoulders.

LOU

Notice somethin', Archie?

ARCHIE

Yes, you don't stink for the first  
 time in years. Rather pleasant  
 scent, I must say.

LOU

Gotta say, Archie, glad you could  
 make it.

ARCHIE

Indeed, hitched a ride on an alien  
 aircraft. They had me here from  
 Kingston in fifteen seconds. Then,  
 as irony would have it, the alien  
 buggers apologized for the trip  
 taking too long. It was charming.

LOU  
 You're at the family table for a  
 reason, Archie.

Archie tears up a bit.

ARCHIE  
 Don't make me cry. It's so  
 undignified.

LOOPY  
 (To Archie)  
 Not bad for an ol' fuck who comes  
 from bananas.

ARCHIE  
 Well, I didn't need that remark,  
 but, be damned, families fuck you  
 up, right?

LOOPY  
 This one sure as Hell does!

They all laugh.

Tennessee and Truman walk up to Lou.

They both sniff him.

TRUMAN  
 We've actually been waiting for  
 this day, Lou. May we pay you a  
 visit at some point?

LOU  
 Why the Hell not. You can rub my  
 body, if you don't mind my beer  
 gut. After all, you're famous,  
 yeah? So I should get naked for  
 you, right? Hey, can I ask you  
 something?

Lou puts his index finger to his mouth.

Truman and Tennessee lean down as if receiving a secret.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 You guys aliens?

TENNESSEE  
 (Looking around)  
 Oh, maybe. I'll ask somebody. You?



TRAVIS

Keep an open mind, Liliana.

Liliana can't stand the suction noise and palms her ears as do some of the children.

ARCHIE

The aliens will block the children's memories from this. They'll block other memories as well: Liliana's also and most of the other non-aliens. Poor Liliana looks to be going through serious changes at the moment. Experiencing this is rather unforgiving if it's your first time.

INT. LOOPY'S KITCHEN TABLE - A FEW DAYS LATER - EVENING

Liliana, Porcha, Travis, Corky and Loopy are sitting and talking.

LILIANA

Wow, finally, I can afford to hire a few more people to watch the kids while I leave once in a while.

PORCHA

Where's Lou?

TRAVIS

I just saw him with our writer friends.

They all look at Loopy.

LOOPY

Hey, I'm very accepting of fags 'specially if they're famous! Hell, even I'd show 'em my dick.

LILIANA

But, maybe you shouldn't do that unless they ask.

LOOPY

Hey, hey, hey, no shit! Where did you find this one, Travis? In a Bible? She's fuckin' smart. Let me get the chess board.

PORCHA

She can beat ME, Loopy.

LOOPY

(To Lilitiana)

Hey, hey, okay, maybe a book. Yeah, I got fuckin' books that are fer smart fucks like you. Yeah.

LILIANA

Loopy, you don't seem like a killer to me.

LOOPY

Who the fuck told you I was a killer?

TRAVIS

Everybody in Key West knows how you like to snip people's antennae.

LOOPY

You mean, like I'm famous or somethin'? Like I will live long after I'm fuckin' gone in Key West lore? Like Key Lime Pie?

PORCHA

(Smile)

Oh, you're gonna live alright. These streets are lit up with your killer electricity.

LOOPY

Hey, hey, Porcha. These fucks don't even know how you saved the human race. Tell 'em.

EXT. BLUE MOUNTAINS IN JAMAICA - A FEW YEARS BEFORE - PORCHA NARRATES

Porcha's walking through a Blue Mountain path with Archie.

They approach a clearing in the jungle, and there are the same Rasta huts Travis came upon.

PORCHA NARRATOR

I was in the Blue Mountains with Archie, who was the go-between in a deal with a guy named Arley, who handled growers in the area. I'd been dealing with him successfully for nearly two years at that time.

INT. INSIDE ARLEY'S MODERN CONTEMPORARY HOUSE IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS - TWO YEARS BEFORE THAT - EVENING

Porcha is making passionate love to Arley, who is black and tall with dreadlocks and a great smile.

Porcha is on top, pounding and screaming.

PORCHA NARRATOR

I was in love with Arley from day one. I remember my throat hurting all the time from screaming with joy.

While Porcha is screaming with joy, Arley is less excited and takes a look at his bedside clock.

ARLEY

I've got a deal goin' down, man.  
Gotta go, sweetie.

PORCHA

(Between screams)  
You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me.  
Fuck you!

PORCHA NARRATOR

Although he looked like a cleaned up Rasta, he wasn't. He was a smuggler, a damned good one, and he had a Law Degree from the University of Kingston. Because of his connections with pigs, judges, Jamaica's other smugglers, Loopy and I had a clear highway in South Florida. We'd load the Porcha II, and sometimes other boats, and we were off into the Caribbean sunset. One day, I was alone in the Rasta clearing--Archie had some shit to do--and there were no Rastas around. A guy I'd never seen before came out of one of the huts. He had dreadlocks, was trying to look like a Rasta but wasn't. Rasta's are always smilin', skin a little leathery, clothes unkempt an' shit. This guy had strange, smooth skin, clothes ironed, and, although friendly, he wasn't smiling. He didn't say anything, but I knew I had to follow him.

INT. INSIDE A RASTA HUT AND ALSO INSIDE A CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Porcha is following the Rasta-like man through the hut and into a cave.

PORCHA NARRATOR

The cave was lit by an unseen light source. About two dozen of these Rasta-like guys stood up and turned to me. Without moving their lips, they said, chorally, we want your meatloaf. We've been searching the universe for millions of years for the best meatloaf and we found you and your meatloaf. That's when I knew for sure that they were aliens, but I wasn't scared at all-- as if they could turn off my fear switch?

Porcha sits at a giant table with all of the aliens.

ALIENS CHORALLY

Even though we know your meatloaf is what we want, you will have to audition.

PORCHA NARRATOR

I felt like an Oscar winner getting asked to audition. They had set up facilities at a major hotel in Kingston. There was a banquet room and a large kitchen. They'd said I would be feeding my meatloaf to twenty of them. I assumed they would be fuckin' alien leaders of some kind.

INT. INSIDE A HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - NEXT DAY

Porcha is following two aliens through the kitchen.

PORCHA NARRATOR

Two aliens were in the kitchen wearing aprons, there to help me cook the meatloaf. Then, the two aliens took me to a stock room and opened it. I tried to not freak out, but there was my boyfriend, Arley, Loopy, Lou, Truman Capote, Tennessee Williams, Danny, Alejandro, Ricardo, and Boca Cheeka--all tied up and gagged.

(MORE)

PORCHA NARRATOR (CONT'D)

They must've been in Jamaica on vacation or for drug deals and just got unlucky.

"We thought," the aliens said, "since we love the taste of humans, you'd like to use them for our meatloaf." I told them that I can't eat my friends, and they acted like they didn't understand.

"When we try to cook great meatloaf, ourselves," they said, "we always use human meat. When you start cooking our meatloaf, millions more of our kind will come and eat your blessed meatloaf. We want human meat."

Porcha stands up and throws her arms up in the air.

PORCHA NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This is when I saved the human race.

PORCHA

But the meatloaf you know to be mine is made from a combination of pork and beef.

The aliens appear confused but interested in what Porcha is saying.

PORCHA NARRATOR

Anyway, since they were most interested in how the meatloaf tasted, they immediately agreed to at least try it. The biggest problem they had with using pigs and cows was the fact that they found them far more interesting and friendly than humans. Most humans, to them, were boring.

I ran to the nearest butcher and picked up some minced pork and beef. I ended up baking one of my best meatloaf's ever; they loved it and turned me into a God. I mean, they started worshipping me.

Just think what would've happened if a few billion aliens decided that my meatloaf needed to be made with human meat.

(MORE)

PORCHA NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I mean, you just never fuckin' know what's goin' on in those little caves.

Anyway, the aliens erased the kidnapping experience from those people's memories, and they just continued their vacations. Not sure why Loopy's and Lou's memories were not erased. Maybe because the aliens had seen them around the Blue Mountains a lot.

Porcha looks at Lou and Loopy for confirmation.

LOOPY

I thought it was pretty fucked up.

LOU

Same here. Fuck, Porcha, thanks, again, for saving our asses. I love you.

PORCHA

I got your backs.

LOOPY

Without you, we woulda been fuckin' meatloaf up a bunch o' alien asses!

PORCHA

I keep smuggling dope with you dumb shits because, well, you're the only family I got.

EXT. SCENE OF LILIANA'S THRIVING ORPHANAGE, AND KEY WEST IN GENERAL

TRAVIS NARRATOR

Porcha isn't around very often these days. She's in Jamaica smuggling dope and protecting the human race from oblivion with her meatloaf. Since Lou doesn't stink anymore, he's got a cool girlfriend. Loopy and my sister are talkin' about going legit. But I don't think that will happen because, if they quit, Porcha won't come back as often. I've decided to not go back to California because I'm in love with Liliana.

(MORE)

## TRAVIS NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Sisters from Cuba--one here to save the children, the other to save the world. In fact, Porcha is in town for a few days, and tonight she's gonna be baking some meatloaf at Captain Star's hotel . . . for all of us.

THE END