

JAMAICAN SANDS: SCUBA PATROL

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

JUNGLE - NIGHT

INTENSE RAIN BEATS THUNDEROUS AGAINST ELEPHANT EAR FERNS AND TREES THAT REACH TO THE SKY.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(SCREAM)

HELP ME!

A TANGLE OF BROWN HAIR WHIPS THROUGH THE DENSE GREEN OF THE JUNGLE. THE YOUNG WOMAN FIGHTS LIKE SHE'S BEING CHASED.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

SOMEONE! PLEASE!

THE STORM RAGES. SHE RUNS FOR HER LIFE.

INT. SHACK

JAMAICAN SANDS SUCBA TOURS, INC. MESH NETTING, GIRLIE POSTERS, AND SCUBA GEAR. THREE MEN SIT AROUND A CARD TABLE, PLAYING POKER AND EATING DORITOS.

WOMAN (O.S.)

MY BABY! HELP!

THE OLDEST OF THE THREE, CUTTER HERNANDEZ, LOOKS UP FROM HIS CARDS. HE BRUSHES THE ORANGE CRUMBS FROM HIS BLACK, BRISTLY MUSTACHE.

CUTTER

What's this about a baby?

MYSTERIOUS, ANTON, PULLS HIS EARBUDS OUT- OINGO BOINGO BLARES FROM THEM.

ANTON
(Italian accent)

You want me to find you a baby? Human?

TALL AND THIN, DIEGO MORENO PULLS AN EXTRA ACE FROM HIS SLEEVE.

DIEGO

Would you two just shut up and place
unreasonably large bets right now?

BLAM! THE DOOR OPENS AND THE WOMAN FROM THE JUNGLE FALLS HARD
ONTO THE FLOOR. THE MEN STAND.

CUTTER

A woman?!

ANTON

She looks wet.

DIEGO

Can we PLEASE finish this hand before
we have this obvious burglar arrested?

WOMAN
(frantic)

My baby. Please. In the JUNGLE!

THEY LOOK AT HER, CONFUSED.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

PLEASE! HELP ME!

CUTTER

MEN!

HIS EYES NARROW. HIS MUSTACHE TIGHTENS.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Suit up.

SLOWLY, THEY EACH PUT ON EXTREMELY COMPLICATED SCUBA OUTFITS.
THE WOMAN PUZZLES AT THEM, EYES DARTING BACK TO THE OPEN DOOR
AND THE STORM OUTSIDE.

WOMAN

My daughter is in the jungle. Please!
You have to hurry!

DIEGO

Madam. Settle down. (BEAT) We only
need like fifteen more minutes.

SHE'S HORRIFIED.

CUT TO:

THE JUNGLE

THE WOMAN SEARCHES A SMALL CLEARING AS THE RAIN DRENCHES
EVERYTHING IN SIGHT. BEHIND HER, CUTTER AND DIEGO ARE DECKED-
OUT IN FULL SCUBA GEAR AND FLIPPERS. ANTON HOLDS A LIT
CIGARETTE THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SMOKE AS HE WEARS A TURN-OF-
THE-CENTURY IRON DIVE SUIT.

WOMAN

My baby... she's GONE!

DIEGO STRIKES A CONCERNED POSE. CUTTER STRUGGLES TO WALK OVER
TO HER IN HIS FLIPPERS. ONCE HE GETS CLOSE ENOUGH, HE PATS
HER ON THE SHOULDER.

ANTON

(muffled)

WHAT?

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONEEXT. SHACK - MORNING

THE JAMAICAN JUNGLE IS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD THE DAY AFTER A STORM; VIBRANT GREEN LEAVES, PINK FLOWERS AND RICH BROWN TREE TRUNKS FLANK THE RUSTED TIN SHACK THAT IS JAMAICAN SANDS SCUBA TOURS, INC.

DIEGO SWINGS IN A PORCH HAMMOCK, STRUMMING A GUITAR THAT COULDN'T POSSIBLY SOUND WORSE. ANTON WALKS UP, CARRYING A BAG OF GROCERIES.

ANTON

Are you ever going to learn how to
play that thing?

DIEGO CLOSES HIS EYES AND FEELS THE MUSIC.

DIEGO
(whisper)

No.

CUTTER (O.S.)

HELLS BELLS!

DIEGO SIGHS. THE TWO OF THEM HEAD INSIDE.

INT. SHACK

CUTTER SITS AT THE TABLE WITH A STACK OF MAIL IN FRONT OF HIM.

ANTON

Why do you curse the bells of hell,
boss?

CUTTER

It's the damn Jamaican Ministry of
Business. They say we aren't diverse
enough to continue to receive
government funds.

DIEGO

What are they talking about? Don't
they know Anton is Italian? (BEAT)
Does he need to be, *more* Italian?

ANTON

I could increase my smoking. Perhaps,
switch from drinking only gin to
drinking only wine?

DIEGO

That's the spirit, pal.

ANTON LIGHTS TWO CIGARETTES AT ONCE.

ANTON

Let's go to Olive Garden.

CUTTER

No, dammit. (BEAT) It says we need to
hire a *woman*.

DIEGO

Oh. That's not so bad.

CUTTER

Not so bad?! Look around, man. You
think we can continue to live like
this if some dame sashays her pretty
little fanny through that door on a
regular basis? Bottomless Tuesdays
will be a thing of the past.

ANTON IS TAKING OFF HIS PANTS.

ANTON

What the hell did you just say?

CUTTER

I have to sort this nonsense out. Says that we've only got until the end of the week to comply and hire a lady.

DIEGO

A week?!

CUTTER

Yes. A week. It's my own, damn fault for not opening the mail more than once a month.

HE GRABS A HANDFUL OF MAIL AND COOKIES AND DROPS THEM INTO A TATTERED BRIEF CASE.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

See if anyone in town has some of the internet that you can borrow, Diego. Find us a lady in case things don't go my way.

HE MAKES FOR THE DOOR.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

ANTON!

HIS PANTS ARE OFF. HE HOLDS FIVE LIT CIGARETTES IN ONE HAND AND A FERRARI RACING HELMET IN THE OTHER.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

You're more Italian than Mussolini's back hair. Cut it out. Put on your pants and clean this place up.

HE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

DIEGO

What's the internet?

EXT. STRIP MALL

THE JAMAICAN MINISTRY OF BUSINESS IS SANDWICHED BETWEEN A "DONUT TIME" AND A BALLROOM DANCING ACADEMY. A GOLF CART IS CRASHED INTO A LIGHT POST OUT FRONT.

INT. JAMAICAN MINISTRY OF BUSINESS

AN ASIAN WOMAN IN HER LATE TWENTIES, DENISE, SITS BEHIND THE ONLY DESK IN THE ENTIRE SPACE. CUTTER SITS ACROSS FROM HER, FUMING. IN THE BACKGROUND, A GROUP OF PEOPLE HOLD BUSHELS OF BANANAS.

CUTTER

Miss.

SHE IS TYPING A LETTER ON HER TYPEWRITER.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

A-HEM.

SHE FINISHES.

DENISE
(thick, Jamaican accent)

Whatcha doin' 'ere boi?

CUTTER

You sent me this notice.

DENISE

Aye. We sent ya NINE o' dem.

CUTTER

Look, I'm not calling you a liar, but
these lies of yours have got to stop.

(MORE)

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Besides, it's been well-documented
that the Mayor's horse regularly eats
our mail.

DENISE

Because you don't have a post box! You
let it all pile up on the ground!

CUTTER

I'm just a man, Denise! A simple man
trying to run an honest business while
you people constantly force your pro-
mailbox agenda down my throat.

DENISE

I seen ya smear oats and honey all
over ya mail pile, meself.

CUTTER

Oh, so you think it's fine for the
Mayor's horse to have to eat plain
mail? (BEAT) For goodness' sake, it's
paper and sometimes PLASTIC, you
monster!

SHE LEANS OVER THE DESK AND SLAPS HIS FACE.

DENISE

Don't say notha word. New law states
ya need a woman to help service ya
female customas- we got too many
complaints about ya operation.

(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

Ya bring a woman into da mix by Friday
or I shut ya down.

CUTTER

But-

SLAP! SHE POPS HIM AGAIN IN THE CHEEK AND SHAKES HER HEAD
"NO".

EXT. INTERNET CAFE

THE CAFE IS AN ORANGE HOUSE, TUCKED AWAY BEHIND A LARGE
BUILDING ON A BUSY STREET.

INT. INTERNET CAFE

CATS. SO MANY. JAMAICANS SIP COFFEE AND CHECK EMAIL ON THEIR
PHONES. DIEGO STARES AT THE BLANK FLAT SCREEN IN FRONT OF
HIM.

DIEGO
(softly)

I need a woman. For work purposes.

A FRIENDLY AUSTRALIAN TAKES NOTICE.

AUSTRALIAN

Having a rough time with that thing?

DIEGO
(flustered)

What?! No.

THE MAN WALKS OVER TO DIEGO AND PULLS UP A CHAIR.

AUSTRALIAN

The name's Garret. What are you trying
to do?

DIEGO

I have to hire a woman to work with me
and I guess I need the internet to do
it. I don't want to tell you my name.

GARRET

Fair enough. If you have an opening at your office, the best way to go about filling it is to post the position on the web.

DIEGO

Okay.

GARRET

Do you know how to do that?

DIEGO

Pppfff.

GARRET

Do you know how to use a computer?

DIEGO ROLLS HIS EYES.

DIEGO

Duh.

GARRET

You've never even seen a computer before, have you?

DIEGO

Only in picture books, sir.

GARRET

I thought so. If you don't mind, I'd be happy to help you.

DIEGO

Thanks.

GARRET

First rule of computer-using? Make
sure you're sitting in front of an
actual computer.

HE TAPS THE SCREEN... IT'S A PRINT OUT OF THE ONLY COMPUTER
IN THE JOINT WITH USAGE RULES IN VARIOUS FONTS AROUND IT.

GARRET (CONT'D)

This is a picture. It's not a real
computer. (BEAT) Behind you, that's
the real one there.

DIEGO

Oh.

GARRET

Yeah. I'm going to need all of your
credit card information to help you
log on. For security.

DIEGO

Makes sense.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. STUDIO

TECHNO MUSIC BOOMS. A MALE MODEL AND A FEMALE MODEL WEAR SKIMPY SWIMSUITS AND STRIKE SEXY POSES IN FRONT OF A BACKDROP AS ANTON SHOOTS THEIR PICTURES.

ANTON

More sexy. Yes. That's it.

THE MUSIC STOPS. THE TWO SEEM CONFUSED.

ANTON (CONT'D)

And like that, we are finished. I will review the pictures and then return quickly to make love to you both.

MODEL # 1

But what about the job?

ANTON

No. SCUBA is not for you. Or you.

(BEAT) You both look the part but the calling of SCUBA instructor is one that comes from your heart. Your heart cannot hear the call because your breasts smush him down and cover his heart-ears with... boob. And you? I feel you secretly hate the ocean.

MODEL # 2

(sad)

I do.

ANTON

Leave your resumes with the horse
outside. We'll call you if there's an
interest.

EXT. RESTAURANT

A SMALL BRICK BUILDING SHAKES WITH EACH PASSING CAR ON THE
NEARBY MAIN STREET.

INT. RESTAURANT

A CHEERY JAMAICAN WOMAN IN HER MID THIRTIES SITS ALONE AT A
TABLE IN THE CROWDED SPACE. SHE WEARS AN OUTLANDISH SUN HAT;
TAYLOR PREWITT.

AN OVERWEIGHT COUPLE TRIES TO GET AROUND HER, WITHOUT
KNOCKING OFF HER HAT. SHE NOTICES.

TAYLOR

Oh, I'm sorry.

SHE MOVES.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It's the hat. It's... big. Sorry. It's
for a thing.

THEY HURRY ALONG AND BUMP INTO DIEGO, ENTERING THE
RESTAURANT. HE TOO WEARS A GIGANTIC SUN HAT. FOR A MOMENT,
THE LARGE COUPLE AND DIEGO CAN'T SEEM TO GET BY EACH OTHER.

DIEGO

Just go.

THEY SHUFFLE AND CONTINUE TO BLOCK HIM.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

What are you doing? (BEAT) AHH!

THEY'RE STARTLED BY HIS SHOUTING.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

AHHHHH! AAAAHHHHHHH!

THEY RUN OUT OF THE RESTAURANT. HE MAKES HIS WAY TO TAYLOR.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Taylor?

TAYLOR

Yes.

HE TAKES A SEAT AT HER TABLE.

DIEGO

Thank goodness. I've had a real nut-kick of a day.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry to hear that. What happened?

DIEGO

I used the internet for the first time and some joker managed to get a hold of my personal information.

TAYLOR

Oh no. That's awful.

DIEGO

Yeah. It could be worse. It's not like I had a good relationship with my parents or anything.

TAYLOR

How's that?

DIEGO

OH! Did I not mention they were kidnapped? Yeah. The guy kidnapped my parents. (BEAT) Whatever.

(MORE)

DIEGO (CONT'D)

It's not like *they're* here for a job
interview today.

HE LAUGHS. TAYLOR IS WORRIED.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Thanks for wearing the sun hat so I'd
recognize you. I wore one too, just in
case you forgot.

TAYLOR

Sure. Do you mind if I take it off
now?

DIEGO

Yes. (BEAT) Did you bring a resume?

TAYLOR

Uh, yeah. Here.

HE REVIEWS IT.

DIEGO

College?

TAYLOR

Yep.

DIEGO

Says that you graduated?

TAYLOR

Uh-huh. A bachelor's degree in food
science.

DIEGO

What's food science?

TAYLOR

I really don't know.

DIEGO

Was it a bunch of people in a room
with lab coats on, eating cookies and
saying things like "more cinnamon!
This instant!"?

TAYLOR

Sure.

DIEGO

Nice. Why aren't you sciencing food?
Instead of talking to me, right now.

TAYLOR

Two other people were in the program
with me and they got the job first.
The one, food science job on the
island. They take turns working it and
split the salary.

DIEGO

Sounds pretty cush.

TAYLOR

Not cush enough to add a third,
unfortunately.

DIEGO

Do you have any SCUBA or aquatic
experience?

TAYLOR

Well, I've been a lifeguard for the past six summers and I've had my SCUBA certification for the last three years.

DIEGO

HA! Caught you there, sister. There's no such thing as a SCUBA certification.

SHE'S PUZZLED.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

I mean, you might as well have said you were a part-time unicorn salesman, to see what I'd fall for.

TAYLOR

You aren't certified?

DIEGO

I'm going to move on because it sounds like you might be serious.

TAYLOR

I'm dead serious.

HE GLANCES AT HER RESUME AND HOLDS.

DIEGO

You're a real goofball. (BEAT)
Experimental theater? What's that about?

TAYLOR

Yeah! It was a tiny, strange
production but I did play the lead.
Baroness Dubois. It was called the-

DIEGO

Fiddler Crab Named Mandrake?

TAYLOR

Yes? How'd you know that?

DIEGO

I love that musical.

TAYLOR

Uh-huh, I bet.

DIEGO

Seriously. You don't believe me?

TAYLOR

Honestly, no. I have never met a
single person in my life who had even
heard of that production. So, you
loving it? No. I don't believe you.

DIEGO

Alright. What if I were to say to
you...

HE SHUFFLES HER PAPERS.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
(low voice)

*Ring-ding-a-ding-ding-dong-ding-
dong-DIIIIINNNGGGG!*

SHE'S SURPRISED AND EMBARRASSED.

TAYLOR

Okay. You do know it. Wow.

DIEGO

That's not how your part goes. Come
on... don't leave me hanging. Ring
diddly-ding-dong-ding-dong-ding-dong-
DIIIINNNGGGG!

TAYLOR

(quiet)

Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-
ding.

HE STANDS, PUSHING BACK HIS CHAIR INTO AN ELDERLY WOMAN. HE
EXTENDS HIS HAND TO TAYLOR.

DIEGO

DIIIINNNGGGG. DOOOONNNGGGG. Ring-
diddly-ding-ding-ding!

SHE TAKES HIS HAND AND CLIMBS UP ONTO THE TABLE.

TAYLOR

(confident)

Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-
ding-DIIIINNNGGGG!

DIEGO

HA!

HE HURLS HIS PLACE-SETTING AGAINST THE WALL, RAINING
PORCELAIN AND METAL ON A FAMILY OF FOUR.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding.

TAYLOR

Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding!

DIEGO

Ding-dong.

TAYLOR

Ding-ding.

DIEGO

Diddly-ding-ding-ding-ding.

TAYLOR

Ding. Ding. Ding. Ding. Ding.

SHE TRUST-FALLS BACKWARD, DESTROYING A TABLE WITH TWO COUPLES SHARING A MEAL. SHE LOOKS TO BE DEAD.

ALL

GASP!

SHE STANDS, UNHARMED.

TAYLOR

DING-DING-DING-DING!

DIEGO

RING. DONG. DING. DING!

TAYLOR

DIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG-

DIEGO

DOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG-

HE LIFTS HIS ARMS AND PUNCHES A CHILD OFF OF HIS FATHER'S SHOULDERS.

TAYLOR

DIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG-

SHE KICKS, WILDLY, SERIOUSLY INJURING A NUMBER OF INNOCENT DINERS.

DIEGO

RIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGG-

A MANAGER SPRAYS THEM WITH A FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

MANAGER

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU IDIOTS DOING?!

THEY ARE SNAPPED BACK TO REALITY. THE RESTAURANT IS A WARZONE.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

WHAT DID YOU DO? WHY?!

DIEGO

Um.

MANAGER

WELL?! What do you have to say for yourselves?

DIEGO LOOKS TO TAYLOR.

DIEGO

(soft)

You're hired.

MANAGER

WHAT WAS THAT?!

DIEGO

RUN!

THEY RUN, TOPPLING TWO MORE TABLES AS THEY LEAVE THE RESTAURANT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. SHACK

CUTTER SITS AT THE CARD TABLE, ANGRILY STARING AT HIS MEN, TWO LADIES, AND A MAN IN A SPEEDO.

CUTTER

I'll tell you plain and simple; too many mouths to feed here. The SCUBA-teat is full of rich, decadent milk but the nectar does not flow for everyone. The first rule of SCUBA is long hours, sacrifice and regularly going without a paycheck.

MODEL # 2

We won't get paid?

CUTTER

Don't be stupid. (BEAT) Yeah... most weeks you won't get paid. But that's the life we live.

THE MODELS LEAVE. CUTTER AND THE BOYS LOOK TO TAYLOR.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Join me at the table, Debra.

SHE DOES.

TAYLOR

It's Taylor. My name's not Debra.

CUTTER

We'll see. Have you ever served in the military, Veronica?

TAYLOR

No. Are you just messing with me, with the names?

CUTTER

I ran a gun ship in the Korean war. Did you know I served as the first Mexican American Captain of Battalion 343? The Raping Thunder Bugs.

TAYLOR

Oh my... gosh. That's awful.

CUTTER

You're right. War is hell.

TAYLOR

I meant your name. The name is awful. It's extremely offensive.

CUTTER

Listen, sister, when you sign up for the navy, no one ever tells you that it's a never-ending gauntlet of unwelcome intercourse. Every warship belonging to every nation on planet Earth is nothing more than a floating Grecian bath house... with canons.

HE LOOKS OFF, INTENSE.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

My men and I chose a life of celibacy
and crafted a name that would strike
fear in the hearts of our fellow
seamen.

TAYLOR

Did it work?

CUTTER

(sad)

No. No it didn't. (BEAT) Let's head to
the bank. If I don't cash this check
from my sister, we won't have money
for ice cream.

HE STANDS AND WALKS OUT.

DIEGO

That means you're hired. Let's go.

EXT. BANK

THE SUN SHINES ON THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF JAMAICA.

INT. BANK

TELLERS HELP CUSTOMERS WITHOUT THE SAFETY NET OF BULLET-PROOF
GLASS. THE ROOM IS BUSTLING. CUTTER SPEAKS TO A MAN IN LINE
WITH HIM AS THE OTHER THREE HANG OUT BY THE FREE PENS.

A MASKED MAN ENTERS THE BANK. A WOMAN LOOKS HIM OVER.

WOMAN

(hysterical)

HE'S GOT A GUN!

SLIGHT PANIC.

MASKED MAN

WHOA! Hold on. I don't have a gun.

EVERYONE BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

I have TWO GUNS!

HE PULLS TWO GUNS AND FIRES THEM INTO THE AIR. THE TEAM LOOK TO EACH OTHER. CUTTER NODS.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

EVERYBODY ON THE FLOOR! NOW!

EVERYONE BUT ANTON COMPLIES. HE HOLDS HIS BREATH AS THE MASKED MAN APPROACHES.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

HEY! YOU!

HE GETS IN ANTON'S FACE.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

You don't speak English? Hit the floor.

DIEGO

He can't hear you. He's currently holding his breath for a considerable amount of time.

MASKED MAN

Why is he doing that?

THWACK! A HARPOON IS FIRED AT THE MAN'S GUNS, KNOCKING THEM ONTO THE FLOOR.

CUTTER

So he could distract you just long enough for me to reach my harpoon gun!

SMASH! ANTON BREAKS A POTTED PLANT OVER THE ROBBER'S HEAD, KNOCKING THE MAN OUT COLD. CHEERS FROM THE BANK'S PATRONS. CUTTER AND ANTON HELP DIEGO AND TAYLOR TO THEIR FEET.

TAYLOR

That was incredible!

DIEGO

All in a day's work, for a SCUBA
instructor.

CUTTER

Stick with us and you'll be foiling
bank robberies three times as
dangerous as this, in no time.

A TELLER WALKS UP TO CUTTER.

TELLER

Excuse me, sir. Your account has
insufficient funds. The computer won't
allow me to cash this check.

CUTTER

(sad)

Oh. I see.

THEY ARE ALL DOWN IN THE DUMPS. TAYLOR SMASHES A POTTED PLANT
OVER THE TELLER'S HEAD. HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

TAYLOR

Screw that guy and screw this bank.
Ice cream is on me.

DIEGO

This is the best day ever!

ANTON RAISES A LIT CIGARETTE TO HER. CUTTER NODS.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END