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Club Paradise

By Harold Ramis

How come the dog gets to sit in there
while we're freezing our ass off out here?
It would be cruel to let him out
on a night like this.

- He's just a dumb animal.

- No, Dave, we're the dumb animals.
Keep it right there.

Over to the side. Yeah, yeah. Stay back.
A little girl?

- I'm coming. All right, I'm here.

- Yeah.

Where were you on the stairway, asshole?

- I was looking for you.

- Oh, yeah, looking for me.

This is my kind of night, Dave.
The wind chill factor's 10 below zero...
that building's an inferno,
my stomach's a goddamn volcano...
and I got an icicle of snot
hanging from my nose.
That's it. This is my last fire.
I'm hanging up my hose.
Bullshit, Jack.
I've heard that from you 1,000 times.

- Bullshit? Oh, yeah?

- Bullshit.

Read this, pal, and weep.
"Paradise for Pennies. A Garden of Eden...
"built on a secluded lagoon, with its own
private dock and speedboat included.

- "Contact Mr. Banks, Saint Nicholas."

- Where the hell is Saint Nicholas?

- It's in the islands, Dave.

- Which islands?

Nice, warm islands.
Go on, ma'am.

- My baby is in there.

- Yes, I know.
My baby.
Damn it. Hand me that crowbar.
Let me know what's happening.
Let me know what the spread is.

- Move along!

- Where's he going?

Get in after him!
Oh, shit!
Come on, baby. It's me, Jack.
Come on.
Come on, baby.
You want to play?
You furry piece of shit.
Get the net! Come on, babe.
Come on, baby. Yeah! Get it, baby.
Jack, Jack! Oh, Jesus! Jack!
Dave.
- Jack.
- Dave.
I'm here, Jack.
I quit.
Son of a bitch.
Jack, can you hear me?
Shit.
Jack!
Limbo time, everybody.
How low can you go?
Do you mind, Jack?
It's awfully loud, isn't it?
"Awfully loud, isn't it?" Quite true. Sorry.
Terribly sorry.
Jack, this is Captain Toby Prooth
and Phillipa Lloyd.
They just came in from Antigua.
Toby has the most beautiful sloop.
Yes, he does. Are you cast or crew?
Strictly crew.
And, of course, you know the Governor.
Oh, the formerly honorable
Anthony Croyden Hayes. Your Excellency.
Good gracious, man, are you still here?
You remind me of a sort of strange
vegetation that just popped up...
and now we can't get rid of.
It seems that you've been here for a year.
Oh, it's just been five months. But tempus
really fugits when you're having fun.
That's what I love about you tourists:
the instant you get your pink feet...
into some sand, you start thinking about

giving up the dry-cleaning business...
in Cleveland and moving to the islands.
Are you in the dry-cleaning business,
Mr. Moniker?
Hat-blocking? Xerox repair?
Fireman, sir. Chicago fireman. Retired.
- That's interesting.
- There's a smashing yacht club...
in Chicago. Belmont Harbor.
Well, you see,
yachting's a little tough in Chicago...
'cause they tend to shoot at you
from the South Shore.
Yes, you have a nice, steady kind
of violence in the States. Very predictable.
Here in the jungle, it's basically long,
tedious periods of sweltering doldrums...
punctuated by the occasional bloodbath.
I think we're due for one at any minute.
Now, now, Tony...
don't start those wild rumors
about revolution again.
Well, it happened in Kenya, didn't it?
They dragged those fat burghers
from their beds in the dead of night...
forced them to drink blood
through a severed sheep's penis...
and then hacked them to pieces
with machetes.
It isn't bad as all that.
Besides, I don't think there are any sheep
on Saint Nicholas.
I heard about this guy in Cicero.
He stiffed a loan shark. So a couple
of these guys got him. Cut off his arm...
beat him to death with the arm...
then shoved the arm in a food processor,
and made a dip out of it.
Then they served it to his family
at his sister's wedding.
And his sister loved it so much
she wanted the recipe.
It's a crazy world, isn't it?
You two are a cheerful pair.

Flotsam and jetsam.

My dear young lady, unlike you...

I have not spent my life cruising
from discotheque to discotheque...

with my ass hanging out

of a French-cut bathing suit.

- You're missing all the fun, aren't you?

- I suspect you're right.

Prooth, I'll be stopping

by the Club Paradise later.

There's some wonderful music.

- We have other plans.

- I bet you do, you party Cossack.

Be careful. Somewhere on this island,
there's a doll with your face on it.

Voodoo. Ta-ta. Take care.

- Mr. Monkey.

- Oh, Miss Pansy.

- Bless you, girl.

- No problem.

Have a time.

Yeah, man. Whiskey.

Radical. Yes, man. Evening, girls.

- Hello, again.

- Hello.

Bug spray?

No, thanks. They don't bother me.

They will. Take it from me. I'm Island Jack.

Oh, really? And what island are you from?

- Ellis, originally.

- So what do you do around here?

After you left the Palms,

they said you were a smuggler.

No, I'm a snuggler.

No, actually, I'm retired.

I live off a big insurance settlement
from the fire department.

- Fraud?

- No. Injury.

Permanently and totally disabled
in the line of duty.

You seem fit enough.

- But inside, I'm a mess.

- I don't doubt it.

- Would you care to dance?

- Yeah, why not?

I think we better sit this one out.

Thank you. I told you I was injured.

Phillipa.

Can we leave?

This place is absolutely ghastly.

Do you mind?

I'm a close, personal friend of the owner.

- This is the finest hotel on the island.

- I wouldn't be surprised.

Imagine trying to run a first-class hotel on this island.

Try and find a decent chef,
or even a decent cut of meat.

And as for help, I guarantee there isn't
a single native on this island...

who's given a decent day's work
since they outlawed flogging.

Refreshing outlook.

Fiery Jack, see you've made contact.

Mr. Reed, Miss Phillipa Lloyd.

Mr. Toby Prooth.

Mr. Reed is the owner, manager,
and musical entertainment director...

- Here at Club Paradise.

- Welcome.

Toby here was just reminiscing
about the good old days.

Flogging, slavery. Honest day's
work for an honest day's beating.

- Gone but not forgotten.

- Phillipa, really, can we go?

I feel a colossal headache coming on.

I feel one just about to leave.

Why don't you run along?

I think I'll stay a bit.

- Suit yourself.

- Good idea.

Take care. See you in the 17th century.

- Will you join us?

- Oh, thank you.

Hello.

This is Miss Philadelphia.

- Hi.

- Hi.

This your first time in Saint Nicholas?

Excuse me.

What can I do for you, Mr. Gundy?

Nice to see you again, Ernest.

Nice to see you, too, Mr. Gundy.

Ernest...

I come to you tonight

because I am deeply, deeply concerned.

Now, when I became

Prime Minister of Saint Nicholas...

I told you to come to me

if you had any problem.

Now, as Minister of Finance

and Minister of Tourism...

it has come to me...

that you are delinquent in your taxes

to the amount of \$6,000...

and that you haven't paid

your food and beverage taxes...

violations of the tourism codes...

and reports of ganja being smoked

right here on these premises.

- How can this continue?

- Divine justice, Mr. Gundy.

Life is full of miracles.

I'm afraid it will take more than a miracle.

Listen to me, Ernest.

There is a new wind

blowing across Saint Nicholas.

I smelled it the minute you walked in.

It's businessmen.

You and your bankers and your lawyers...

are trying to business me out of here.

Now, if you're not drinking and

you're not dancing, you better be going.

Still. Still. Stay.

Take that...

Two weeks.

Then I'll crush you like a cigarette butt.

And I haven't forgotten you,

Mr. Hook and Ladder Man.

- Fireball!

- Easy.

You're not going out there unless
you got a machine gun under that shirt.

- Now, you need a lawyer.

- I don't need a lawyer, man. I need money.

Cool vibes, everyone. Part yourselves.

What was all that about?

Oh, the usual. Corruption. Injustice.

The club's doing great.

What's the problem?

The problem is,

my friend's a little behind on his taxes.

About 300 years behind.

He's gonna lose the club.

That's too bad.

This looks like a great beach.

You know, with a bit of paint
and some new shutters...

somebody could really make
something out of that. Don't you think?

Yeah. With some gasoline
and a few matches...

I could turn it
into really good insurance fire.

Don't you have any ambition? Surely,
you must want something out of life.

- Yeah.

- Get off.

Cleveland, get your thumb out of my soup.

What am I paying you for?

Go change the gloves, will you?

I told him a million times.

And this noise.

Is this guy any good or what?

- Oh, yes. He's real good.

- He's real loud.

Ernest! Great. Stop. Have I heard enough.

Come on down and we'll talk.

But you guys are good, very good.

- Thank you.

- Very hip. Too hip.

You can't be too hip, Mr. Zerbe.

For the crowd I get here, they want
to hear Yellow Bird In a Banana Tree.

I could get two guys playing garbage cans,
and they'd be happy. They'd smile.
But you guys... I don't know.
You're too political.
I got more songs, you know.
Ernest, I know this business...
and a guy who just paid
\$32 for a bad Veal Oscar...
doesn't want to know the band is angry.
But you keep playing at your own club.
- How's it going over there?
- They're trying to take my hotel.
Ernest, that is not a hotel. This is a hotel.
What you've got over there
is a nice beach with a few rooms...
that Marlin Perkins
would be afraid to go in.
You know, if you were smart, you'd sell
that place to me and get out of here.
Sure, you kidding? A guy like you
in New York with money in his pocket?
Oh, forget it. Take my advice, sell it.
I'll say this for you, Mr. Zerbe.
You've got style. But it's not for me.
- Think it over. I gotta go. So good luck.
- See you around.
- So this is my room.
- Very nice.
This is still my room. And this...
is the guest bedroom.
It's for rent, you know.
Inexpensive, very cheap. In fact, free.
Tell you what I'm gonna do.
I'm gonna pay you.
No, thanks. If I wanted to be kept,
I'd pick someone with better prospects.
For your information, you are looking
at a future partner in Club Paradise.
I can't believe it. I thought you were...
completely stuck
in your premature retirement fantasy.
Well, I've got lots of fantasies.
You and your socks.
Me running a club in the tropics.

People winging in from all over the world.
Toilets backing up, guests complaining,
checks bouncing.
This is the Third World, Jack.
It's not that easy.
That's always bothered me
about the Third World.
I could never figure out
where the other two worlds were.
Come on, Philadelphia, stay here.
Have a decent job.
Work for me. I might even pay you.
Yeah, but Toby and the others
are sailing on to Martinique on Saturday.
I'm meant to be going with them.
Darling, darling, darling. Forget Toby.
The man has the warmth of a snow pea.
Come on, you can live here...
and you can leave whenever you wish.
And you won't even
have to make love to me.
- But you'll want to.
- Oh, really?
Maybe not right away.
Oh, I don't know, Jack.
It might be fun for a while...
No. Fun is not even the word for it.
We are talking major life experience.
- That's what I'm afraid of.
- No, no, no.
I'm talking major passion.
I'm overwhelmed.
I'm talking time and a half for overtime...
plus medical, dental...
Well, why didn't you say so?
- Randy, I think this is the place.
- Okay.
- That's it?
- Yeah. Isn't that where you wanna go?
And look at this. Look at that buffet.
Hot buffet. I say, let's go.
- All right, we're going.
- Okay.
So my uncle and I

are going down to the islands...
for a couple of weeks.
You want to come with us?
I just got this brochure on my desk...
about a place called Saint Nicholas.
You ever heard of it?
Do you know where it is?
"In the ocean somewhere." Right.
Oh, God! Could we go there?
Girls!
Get back to work!
This is exciting. I love small planes.
Honey, can you just ask him
how much longer we'll be circling?
Honey, this is the man's business.
I'm sure he knows what he's doing.
Honey, just ask him.
Oh, all right.
- How much farther is it?
- I don't know.
A couple more inches, I think.
If I could just find a hole.
- Just find the island, okay?
- Get back to your seat!
There's a break in the clouds!
I'm going for it!
We're out! We're out!
Now where the hell's the airport?
Isn't that the runway?
Jeez, I hope not. If that runway
was any shorter, it'd be a patio.
Just land this plane!
Stall out! Stall out!
- I don't hear any engines.
- Maybe it's a glider.
I'd like to thank you
and ask that you remain seated...
with your seatbelt securely fastened...
until the aircraft has come
to a complete... Brake pressure!
Bushes!
All right! Okay!
I made it!
- I made it!

- What's your name?

I made it! Okay!

- Remind me to get a new pilot.

- Did you see that?

- You bet.

- Let's go.

One, two, three, showtime.

Sol, what is it? Are you all right?

You look like you ate a ghost.

- Someone paid his taxes.

- Who?

The fireman, Moniker.

What kind of name is Moniker?

Sol, I hope we're not

gonna blow this thing...

just because some hippies want to do
bed-and-breakfast on the beach.

- Sol, you gotta get them out of there.

- I will chew on their livers.

Please, Sol, I hate liver. Relax.

What do you want?

You want heat prostration?

We'll work it out.

They'll be gone in no time.

It'll take more than paint and new grass
on the roof to turn that place around.

Come on, they're waiting for us.

- Did you enjoy the trip?

- No, I didn't.

Really?

Terry, I think you'll find
when you travel a little bit more...

that things are different
here in the Third World.

- Actually, I travel a lot.

- Really? What do you do?

I review resorts and hotels
for The New York Times travel section.

- No.

- Yes.

Enjoy.

I'll handle this. I'll look after it.

Hey, red, what do you say,

you want to join us for a colada?

Frankly, I'd rather be drawn and quartered.

Kinky!

Drawn and quartered. I think
we're going to need two other guys.

Forget her. Snob city.

Besides, all the good k'nish
is already on the beach. Let's unpack.

- Yeah, you're right.

- I gotta get a tan.

- Dynamite rays, man.

- Dynamite rays.

I'm gonna be schvar in two minutes here.

This latitude is good for me.

What do you think

of those two over there?

- They're nice. They look nice.

- Nice?

Forget nice. My mother's nice.

- What are you staring at?

- You told me look, I'm...

Don't stare at them. They're gonna
come over and start talking to us.

Will you relax?

- Where's your subtlety?

- Where's your blood pressure? Putz.

Those hairy guys have been looking at us.

Jackie, don't be pathetic, okay?

There's got to be more to do here
than just lie on a beach...

waiting for strange guys to talk to us.

Well, I'm going to go talk to them.

Hi. Could you do me a favor?

Could you put some lotion on my back?

I don't think so.

I don't want to get my hands all greasy.

We may grab a sandwich in a few minutes.

- Maybe later on.

- Much later.

- Okay. See you later.

- Have fun.

Why don't you be a little nicer?

If we haven't scored by Thursday...

those two scraggs

are going to start looking pretty good.

- Well, what'd they say?
- Oh, they're kind of shy.
Yeah, right.
Randy, there's no water.
The towels are stolen from other hotels,
and there's no soap.
There's no complimentary shampoo.
There's no complimentary sewing kit.
- There's no shower cap.
- It's the same room, all right.
They must've shot it from way up here
with a wide-angled lens.
Maybe a fisheye or something like that.
It's huge in the picture.
I'm gonna sue him.
Randy, this place isn't air-conditioned.
I don't see any little switches.
No little vents.
- I don't believe it.
- Not a word about air conditioning.
I just assumed it.
Well, we'll just have to live with it.
Randy, you do not save a marriage
without air conditioning.
Oh, God.
Did you need to take a leak?
Hot enough for you?
Is everything satisfactory?
No, not really.
Well, we just opened up,
and we're still ironing out the bugs.
I think you'll find most of the bugs
in my room.
We'll have them ironed out immediately.
But it says "private" right here.
How could it be a mistake?
'Cause it wrong.
I know it's wrong,
that's why I'm telling you.
- What's your name?
- Pansy Brown, sir.
- Pansy Brown?
- Yes, sir.
- What seems to be the problem, folks?

- I'll tell you what the problem is.

- Excuse me. Hello, Jack.

- Hello.

Your brochure specifically says,
"Private bath."

And now it seems
that we have to share a bath...
with the gentleman next door.

I think you'll find
that when we say "private"...
we mean that the bathroom's
not open to the general public.

Hey, you're right, though.

This is very misleading.

So I think I should change it and put down,
instead of "private," "secluded."

I'm afraid it's not going
to be that easy, mister.

This is not my first trip out of Cleveland.

Get out of my face
before I rip your nose off.

- Are you threatening me?

- Yes.

Randy, please, put the brochure away.

Jack, I just want to know one thing.

Am I going to be able
to take a decent shower...

or is the water
always going to be like that?

I'm on the case. Tonight you'll have
the finest shower possible.

- The name's Moniker.

- I got it.

Linda.

- Oh, my God.

- Oh...

One-grade, oven-ready, self-basting.

Hey, dinner is served.

- The entre's here.

- Meat.

Meat.

Fashion models, got to be.

- Look at these two Aqua Velva's.

- Hi.

- You think they're with them?
- Are you kidding? Look at them.
They're probably gay.
They're a couple of moes.
Oh, come on.
What, are they trying to make us think they're straight or something?
Cousins.
- Darling, champagne?
- They have that parachute thing.
- I've always wanted to do that.
- Why?
Why, Randy? Because I want to fly.
I want to feel the wind through my hair.
- I want to live.
- Do you want to play Wiffle tennis?
No, honey,
I don't want to play any Wiffle tennis.
Why don't you just read your book?
I need a little space for a while.
I wonder if I might try
this parachute thing?
Sure, what's your name?
- Linda Whit.
- Chris.
- Hello, Chris.
- Helmut.
Helmut.
- "M," Mississippi.
- Ethiopia.
- No, an "I."
- Ipanema.
That's a song. It's not a place.
It's The Girl from Ipanema.
It's fictional, that thing.
- Where do you think she's originally from?
- No, you can't use that, Ipanema.
I didn't just make it... I don't want to play.
How's it going, guys? Sorry we didn't
get a chance to talk on the bus.
- Remember me? I'm Jack.
- Barry.
- Barry.
- Whoa, dj vu.

Barry Steinberg. Barry Nye.

Smoked meats.

- Nice to have you here, Barry.

- Listen, what's going on here?

This beach is dead.

It's all Preparation and no H.

What, are you blind?

You got dogs under these chairs, man?

Come on, check it out.

What about those two?

- I don't think they're interested.

- Too tall.

Come on,

they were just talking to me about you.

- No. They weren't.

- Really?

They said that you weren't fit
to sleep with pigs. But I stood up for you.

- What did you say?

- I said you were.

- All right.

- All right. Okay.

So, come on, get out there, mingle.

I guarantee if you stick with it,
by tonight...

your meat'll be smoked.

You know what I'm saying?

- See you tonight. Big reggae dance.

- Thanks, man. See you later.

- We'll just cinch you up a bit.

- Very good, you have very strong legs.

- Linda, are you ready to fly?

- Yes, I am.

Linda, the sky is yours.

Randy!

Randy!

Randy!

I'm not wearing this shirt.

Look at it. Look at this shirt.

- Look, I won't wear it.

- Guys, you on a union 10?

Make it 15. We'll get together one day.

We'll have lunch.

Yeah, lunch.

Roll one for me.
Did you rehearse?
Fireburn for these songs. I have
my own songs. I'm not doing these songs.
Don't do this to me, partner. Come on,
we've promised these people a floorshow.
These are good songs.
They love these songs.
Anyone hear these songs,
don't want to hear these songs anymore.
And plus, I can't wear
all these Babylon clothes...
- And smiling for all these people.
- Do you think I like wearing these clothes?
Do you think I like
looking like a Hawaiian pimp?
You know, I knew another proud,
young, black man like yourself once.
And I gave him some advice, too.
I told him, "Wear one glove.
"Just one glove." The rest was history.
- And who was that?
- Willie Mays. Come on.
You wear these clothes,
you sing these songs...
and I guarantee I'll have you
back in center field.
I don't know what that center field is,
but I tell you...
I'll do it just once.
And then I'm going to burn these clothes.
Aye, Reed, man. Aye, Reed.
That hair is a downright,
everlasting disgrace.
Now, I've been working
in better hotels than this for 25 years.
- Who hasn't?
- And I never had hair like that...
into my kitchen, yet. It is unsanitary.
I don't know why he must have all that
boogooyaga hair on him head at all.
He better cut it off or go.
It's all right. You're right.
It's very, very boogooyaga.

I'll talk to him, and I'll work this thing out.
Tree, what's happening?
Oh, no, thanks.
Last time I smoked that stuff,
they found me on top of the Sears Tower...
trying to build a nest.
Now, I love your hair, man.
It's natural hair, and you're a natural man.
But I'm getting a lot of flak
from the Health Department.
And even I'm a little uncomfortable
with the possibility...
of one of the guests picking
a 5-foot hair out of their tuna salad.
You dig where I'm coming from?
Yeah, man, I dig where you're
coming from, but I can't cut my hair, man.
You can't cut your hair.
I know how we can work this one out.
Come with me.
Portia, I'd like you to meet
your new assistant cook.
Everybody say hello to Hat.
- Passable.
- Watch out for those fans, baby.
Sol, the boys are back.
Our ship has come in.
- Now we gotta deliver.
- It's that fireman.
I have used every legal means
at my disposal...
and still they will not be moved.
Sol, don't go legal on me now.
We need this. There must be some way
to get to this guy.
Taking up the game, Mr. Zerbe?
It's a pain in the ass. Get rid of the horses,
you'd have a good game.
Let's roll, Noel. Listen, can we talk?
At last, a bribe.
It's about your friend
Jack what's-his-name and that club.
You should really talk to him.
I'd hate to see anybody get hurt.

How very thoughtful.
I'm just trying to do
what's best for everybody.
Too kind.
There, that's the way this game
should be played.
I can't tell you the feeling
of flying through those trees.
I have never felt more alive
in my entire life.
Isn't it great, Randy? Isn't it fantastic?
I don't know.
Well, I thought it was.
Wasn't today fun?
Didn't you have any fun?
I found a shell.
Randy, you may have to try
just a little bit harder.
Tomorrow Helmut and Christopher
are giving me cliff-diving lessons.
Won't you try it just at least once?
Nothing could be more fun than jumping
off a cliff with two German bisexuals.
- What?
- Nothing.
The shower better work now.
I don't believe it.
Randy!
Randy!
- Mrs. White, how do you do it?
- Easy.
How was that shower?
- Brutal.
- Really?
I'd say there's about a foot of water
in our room.
When it rains, it pours. Have a nice night.
Look, why don't you come
and tell me what the problem is.
- Nice resort.
- Nice pants.
The '60s are over, pal.
Your Excellency.
You are looking elegant this evening.

Why are we graced
with your imperial presence?
The fact is, one can smell the suntan oil...
and the frying female flesh
right across the island.
I was curious to see what was going on...
at this perverted passion pit
you're running here.
This orgy bin, this... Whatever you call
this drug-crazed nipple ranch.
I take it you're looking
for a little female companionship.
You've come to the right place, 'cause
you got the pearls, we got the swine.
Before I turn my hormones loose...
I did have something official that I wanted
to discuss with you in private.
Forgive me, but I thought most of your
official duties consisted of a lot of this.
No. While you have been occupied
in fishing loose diaphragms...
out of the swimming pool filters...
I have been engaged in matters
of the utmost importance...
to everyone on this island.
We don't have a swimming pool.
Nevertheless, if you do have a nook
which is not actually knee-deep...
in seminal fluid, I do think
it's rather important we have a chat.
I'll try and find a dry spot, and we'll talk.
But if you're really interested
in something wonderful...
I think you should check out the woman
in the blue, possibly silk, top.
Why should I check her out?
Because she's a writer for
The New York Times travel section...
and if you charm her pants off
and drive her to China...
she might write a real nice piece
about this place.
Drinks on the house. Doubles.
- Lf you think it will help.

- Bless you.

Oh, dear. Am I too late for the main event?

No, I think the guests will be allowed to graze for a few more minutes...

- Before the alleged entertainment begins.

- May I join you?

I guess that's how it works.

The fireman told me to check you out.

I believe you're a journalist?

Will you scribble a little something about this place?

I wouldn't know what to say. It sort of reminds me of a Japanese POW camp.

- What do you do?

- Guess.

Too tan to hold a respectable job.

Retired millionaire?

Hardly. I haven't any money anywhere.

That's why people like me live in the West Indies.

It's one of the best places in the world in which to be poor.

No little mouths to feed?

There was one very big mouth, but my wife left me several years ago.

Couldn't stand the tropics?

Loved the tropics.

It was me she couldn't stand.

- You want to make our move?

- Let's sit down.

All right then, let's do it.

- Which one do you want?

- I'll take the brown hair.

- They both have brown hair.

- I'll take the banana.

- Okay.

- Cool.

Good evening, ladies.

Mind if my father and I join you?

You look so familiar. Were you at Club Med Martinique last year?

- No.

- Club Universal in Hawaii?

- No.

- Swingles in Fort Lauderdale?

- No.

- You know what I think?

I think we met in another life.

- Do you have anything to smoke?

- Unreal!

- Are you kidding?

- You must be psychic.

We were just talking about that before,
getting stoned.

I thought we were the only two heads
on the island.

I tell you what, we're going to go out
and cop some primo Cannabis sativa.

And the four of us will get
totally demented. What do you think?

- Stoned out of our gourds. Okay?

- Catch you in a while?

Save our seats. We'll be right back, okay?

Right here waiting for you.

- Really?

- No seeds.

No seeds? Nice and clean?

We should come with you,
is this what you're saying?

- Okay, so we'll do that now?

- Where's your friend?

Yeah, he's right there.

Okay, I'm going to get him.

Bar, Bar. We're out of here. Let's go.

So what's the deal?

The deal is,
major score of domestic homegrown...
uncut, pure weed, happening here tonight.

Major score.

- All right.

- Okay? All right?

- How far is it?

- Not far.

- How long is it going to take to get there?

- Not long. Relax.

Like how long? Five minutes?

Ten minutes? Half an hour?

He said, "Soon come." You know what

that means? It means it's coming soon.

It takes 45 minutes to get a drink
on this island.

- How long is it going to take?

- Will you relax? The deal's done.

So let me get this get this straight.

The deal is that we're riding in a car...
with a guy we don't even know.

He's wearing sunglasses in the middle
of the night, taking us up into a jungle.
Some godforsaken...

Nice deal, good negotiating. That's good.

Why don't we just hand him our wallets
and slit our own throats?

He's cool. The guy's cool.

Now a very, very special guest,
ladies and gentlemen...

a representative of

Her Excellency, the Queen...

The Governor General of Saint Nicholas,
Sir Anthony Croyden Hayes.

- It's my job.

-I've saved the best for last.

He's my partner. He's my friend.

He's a reggae machine...

and a fashion statement.

Forget your annoyance,
because here comes...

Ernest Reed and The Flamboyants.

- Hi, man.

- Hi.

- How are you?

- Good.

- Great.

- Feel good.

Great music. Real tight.

Real good rhythm thing happening.

We heard it, you know, driving up.

It's all music...

- It sounds like this is the...

- Roots.

The roots, yeah, of all music.

I thought it was jazz, but I...

- This is labingee.

- Labingee.
- I could listen to this all night.
- Stick around, man.

Love to!

How long does this go on for?

You guys go late, or what?

Sometimes three days, all day, all night.

- Three days.
- Big mistake.

Big mistake. If he doesn't come soon,
I think we should just check out.

- Hey, my man.
- Yeah, man.
- He's back. Okay.
- All right.

Ready?

- Oh, we're going?
- We gotta go.

Fellows, guys, great. Had a blast.

- Next time.
- Great session.
- You got it?
- Yes, man.

Let's see it. Let's see it.

- That's it?
- Yes, man.

One joint? What kind of dealer are you?

Dealer? I'm a taxi driver, man.

- Some other guy's dealing it.
- Taxi driver.

Good deal. One joint. You know
we're going to need more than one joint.

Do you want to go back in there
and ask your buddies for a little bit more?

- No, I don't.
- Well, then get in the car.

Wait a minute!

I believe you ladies
mentioned something about smoke.

- Right.
- Let's see it.
- She wants to see it.
- She wants to see it.

This stuff is totally tubular, okay?

She's lighting it here. Is this cool, or what?

You're so fine.

All right.

Nice smoke.

You want to pass that...

- Hey, that's nice.

- You want to pass that...

I had an interesting chat this afternoon
with the Prime Minister, Mr. Gundy...

and Mr. Voit Zerbe, the owner
of the Royal Saint Nicholas Hotel.

They asked me to speak to you
about your future on the island.

In fact, they bribed me to do it.

- You took it, of course.

- Certainly.

If I refused, Mr. Zerbe implied
that he could have England's legs broken.

It seems that this island
is about to be bought...

and that the government is ready to sell it.

Apparently, you and your friend Ernest...

are the only things left
standing in the way.

What do you mean, "bought"?

The people, the government,
the businesses, the natural resources.

It happens all the time.

Who's Mr. Big?

Mr. Big has yet to make
a public appearance...

but I've noticed that every time that
wonderful old tugboat heaves into port...
our Prime Minister starts scurrying around
like a mongoose in heat.

- What do they want with a dive like this?

- Frankly, I can't imagine, but...

as the representative of Great Britain...

I feel it may be a matter of vital interest
to my government.

I would even say that if someone,
perhaps someone with nothing to lose...

who may be leaving the island anyway,
were to get on board that ship...

and provide some useful intelligence,
my government might be very grateful.
No. Thank the Queen for me...
but tell her my brother's a queen and even
he doesn't want me to spy for England.
Nah. Thanks, but no thanks.
What if the crew wakes up?
They're all at the marina bar. Don't worry,
I'll be on and off in two minutes.
You stay here and honk
if there's any trouble...
Wait a minute!
This is helium. God damn it!
I brought the wrong tank.
Forget it. I'll go without it.
- Jack, I'm going with you, man.
- Fine, we'll both go.
Oh, that's a nice buzz.
Oh, boy.
Shh!
Come on.
What are you, a duck? Come on.
What is it?
It's the new Saint Nicholas.
Yeah, I see their plan now.
There's a new international airport...
high-rise hotels...
- Iots of luxury condos for the rich folks.
- Where's my house?
Right there,
next to the nuclear power plant.
But the good news is you won't have
far to walk to work in that factory...
where they'll probably have you
sewing labels on designer jeans.
Where's our club?
I've seen the future, Sparky,
and we're not in it.
- Freeze!
- Police!
- What are you doing out here?
- Just seeing that all is well.
- Is it?
- No.

Guard! Guard!

What you wanting, man?

Nothing. I just always
wanted to do that with a cup.

Hey...

you said I was allowed one call. A blue jay.

Will you please hold my messages?

Come on, look on the bright side. I heard
this place is going co-ed in a month.

This is just the beginning, man.

We know too much now.

We got the best beach on the island,
and they know it.

And they ain't gonna stop until they get it.

This may be a Garden of Eden,
but Gundy's not God and I'm not moving.

Good morning, gentlemen.

- I trust you had a pleasant night.

- Oh, it was fabulous.

You got yourself a real flea circus
going here. Come on, boy, jump.

I won't mince words with you,

Mr. Moniker.

There are some very important people
with very important plans for this island.

- We must have your property.

- Over my dead body, Mr. Gundy.

- That too can be arranged, Ernest.

- You hold it right there, pal.

I got friends in low places, too.

You start pushing people around,
sometimes people might push back.

Be that as it may, Mr. Moniker...

you have until tonight
to sell us Club Paradise.

And if we don't?

Then you will be very, very sorry.

Now you both are free to go.

Your lady friend paid your fine.

Attack.

- So I'll see you there.

- I'm coming.

Hell, no.

So long, Constable.

You won't have Jack Moniker to kick around anymore, even though you tried.

Yep, this is one guy you don't have to beat twice with a rubber hose.

I got the message.

Nobody do that to me and get away with it.

All right, Ernest, all right.

What's going on?

What did you do last night?

- Why did you go out to the yacht?

- Well, I went a little crazy. I got paranoid.

I thought that people were out to get me.

Now I know. They are out to get me.

There they are now.

- What about the law?

- The law?

Babe, this is the only country where the constitution is written in pencil.

- It is so lovely here.

- I hate beauty.

Do you realize how boring it gets looking at beauty day in and day out?

Anyway, it can't last much longer.

Are you always this cheerful in the morning?

My dear, the Americans will move in and turn it into Miami Beach...

or the Russians and Cubans will come and turn the whole island into bloody Albania.

There really is no hope.

Islands like Saint Nicholas make such nice missile bases...

naval stations, money laundries.

Well, if there isn't any hope, why don't you leave?

- Go to New York or London.

- No.

If the world is going to hell in a bucket, I want to hold the handle.

Now, will you excuse me? Ta-ta.

Must see a man about a job.

It's muggy.

Amazing.

Honey, I never knew that Eisenhower
hadn't made up his mind...
whether to be a Democrat
or a Republican until 1955.
I never knew that.
Isn't that incredible?
Jesus Christ! Linda, what are you doing?
Randy, I'm not going home with bra lines.
- Please don't be silly.
- My God, Linda.
We're all adults.
- What are you doing to my wife?
- Can it!
Mrs. White, it's not that
they're not beautiful...
but, you see, there's strict government
regulations against nude sunbathing.
Besides, it's more tantalizing
to conceal than to reveal.
- I never thought of it that way.
- Please do.
Jesus, it's spreading. God damn it!
What are we gonna do, grow it?
That'll take three months.
- Have a better idea?
- Maybe you should have brought some...
instead of so much cologne.
- Hey, Jack, Jack!
- What is it, guys?
Listen, you gotta do us a favor.
- What?
- Big favor.
- What?
- Favor for a favor.
- You do us this favor, and we'll do you...
- What?
Okay.
- We're looking for Johnny.
- Who's Johnny?
No. Smoke, J's, joints, buzz.
Not just a little bit. I want a big bag,
no twigs and sticks...
Clean. It's gotta be clean.
I'm a federal narcotics agent,

and you're both under arrest.
Come on, I was just woofing you.
But I could be.
See, there's a lot of heat on me, guys.
If you really want something,
ask that guy over there.
- Don't look!
- Where?
If you get caught, I don't know you, okay?
Be cool.
You got it.
Which guy?
I don't know, I didn't look.
Jackie, that is so obvious.
I can't believe you're doing that.
It's Friday, Mary Lou,
and nothing's happened, yet.
Jackie, please. I don't want to get busted.
Tell you what. I'll make you a deal.
I know a place that's totally secluded.
You can do anything you want.
Sound good?
Hey, everybody!
Who's up for a nude orgy picnic
at Devil's Hole?
- I am!
- I am!
- You coming? It's the last chance.
- No, man, I got to wait for Johnny.
Hey, Jackson.
Hi.
Hello.
Barry, you gotta come.
Let's go. Nude beach!
Man, the deal's cut. The weed's coming.
One of us has gotta stay here.
- It's a nude beach!
- One of us has gotta stay here.
I'll catch you later.
Besides, I want to try this thing, anyway.
I'll tool around here for a while.
It's good for the lats, good for the pecs.
Hey, I'm doing it!
Hey, watch your front knee,

and tilt the mast forward.

You see, I don't want to get into a political discussion here, but Communism...

- Will not work in a country like this.

- Oh, no.

Communism will not attract women 18 to 26, for instance.

Gee, I love being naked. It's great.

- How about you?

- I thought I did, but I don't.

Come on, take your clothes off.

- Get undressed. We'll go for a jog.

- No, thank you.

No?

He's gonna be here in about 10 minutes.

I really think we should get dressed.

Randy, I want to be naked for the rest of my life.

Oh, for Christ's sake!

I know we should have gone to Acapulco.

- What are you looking for?

- Our clothes are gone.

- What do you mean, our clothes are gone?

- Well...

All right!

They left our cameras and watches.

Big, hairy deal. We're naked, you jerk.

Well, so what?

We've been naked all afternoon.

Well, I hadn't planned

on walking through town this way.

Come on, let's get out of here.

You know what?

I'm just gonna wait here for Island Jack.

Because I think it's stupid to go off without knowing where you're going.

Did it occur to you whoever took our clothes could be watching us right now...

and we don't know what they want?

Obviously not.

All right. I suggest what we do is we walk very calmly...

in single file off this beach,

and we don't stop for anything.

All right, let's go.
In single file, and I mean you.
Who died and made him boss?
There might be poisonous snakes here.
No, there are no snakes.
They introduced the mongoose here...
a long time ago.
The mongoose, of course, kills snakes.
- What's a mongoose?
- It's a big rat about a foot long...
with great big teeth.
- This must be north.
- North, schmorth.
What are we doing, making a map?
What are you, Marco Polo?
We just want to get out of here.
If we don't know
what direction we're going in...
we could be going in circles, you fool.
I, for one, am getting very hungry.
Don't worry, honey,
I think that's wild sugarcane.
Randy, I'm not about to eat real sugar.
Yeah, we'll find you a Sweet'N Low field.
Would you move?
I hope that was your finger.
I could have done the same dive myself
if I didn't have this diarrhea.
Oh, boy.
This is perfect.
I've lost my money, I've lost my club,
and now I've lost my guests.
Well, maybe they took a hike.
No, this is not a hiking crowd.
That's it, Randy. I can't go on.
Don't give up, baby.
We're almost out of here.
We've been tramping around here for
three hours. There's no way out of here.
No, we're close.
I can sense it, almost smell it.
You know, I was a boy scout, honey.
I've been watching the sun all afternoon
and sighting on that mountaintop.

I've been keeping
the mountain on our right...
and walking perpendicular
to the line of the sun's movement.
We're okay, honey. Trust me.
Besides, I know for a fact that the island
is only 7 miles across...
at its widest point, which would be
from Puerto Maria on the north coast...
to Prince Charlestown on the south coast.
So even if we had to cross
from shore to shore...
the longest it would take
would be four hours...
even if we had to average
less than 2 miles an hour.
No, we'll be okay.
- I'm sure of it. Don't worry about a thing.
- Randy.
You know what's funny, honey?
I like it out here.
It's primal and it's honest.
You don't survive the jungle
in a tie and a suit.
You survive with pure animal instinct.
God, my senses are alive.
When I'm out here,
I ask the really big questions, like:
"Is it man against nature, or is it...
"man in harmony with nature?"
The latter, I think.
You know what I'm talking about, honey?
It's a snake! Don't panic!
It's a Burmese.
They're swallows, not biters.
I... Linda!
Linda!
Yeah, they'll come back, in little boxes.
Pansy, double. Anything.
- We got a big problem, Mr. Monkey.
- Don't tell me about it, Pansy.
We lost one of them sailboards.
What do you mean, "lost"?
Someone took it out,

and they didn't bring it back.

- Which someone?

- Named Barry.

Oh, God.

- Those cost a lot of money. Where is he?

- He didn't come back, neither.

Desmond say he see him go way, way out.

Say he was good, too.

Oh, my God.

That's 10 people lost in one day.

What is this, the Bermuda Triangle?

- Shouldn't we call the police?

- No, no. No, don't.

I think they'll be calling me real soon.

Now, remain calm.

We'll go down to the marina.

We'll get as many boats out there
as possible and look for him.

Pansy, do me a favor.

Tell all the survivors, I mean, guests...
to stay in their room, big storm coming.

- Okay? No problem.

- No problem.

Help! Help!

Help!

- Help, yes. Help, help.

- Hello.

Help me, you schmucks!

Wait. Wait, listen.

- Is that music?

- Yeah.

That's a blender.

- Civilization. Let's go!

- We're saved!

- Come on!

- Oh, God!

Hello.

- We've been in the woods, so the leaf.

- Hey, gorgeous.

Look at this. We walk into the Taj Mahal,
and I'm wearing a towel.

This is completely humiliating.

And I am wearing a leaf!

- Any luck?

- No, not a trace.
They finally called off the search.
Five miles out,
I thought I saw a shark flossing.
Anything I can do to help?
Yeah. You ever heard
of a Chinese basket job?
No, but it sounds like fun.
Philadelphia,
I should have taken your advice.
I'm not cut out for this.
Why don't I just sell to Gundy
and get the hell out of here?
You can't give up now.
You've worked hard for this.
What would happen to Ernest
if you leave? He needs you.
You can't lie on the beach all day
and pretend nothing's wrong.
"No man is an island," Jack.
What the hell does that mean?
No man is a woman, either. God.
Hello?
Really?
- They're safe.
- Great.
They found the others
at the Royal Saint Nicholas.
We'll be right there. Thank you.
All right, ladies,
let's hit the blackjack tables.
- I think we'll have a drink first.
- Yeah, you guys go ahead and go.
- All right. Let's party.
- Okay.
Thank you.
- Well, I guess my luck has changed, huh?
- I don't think so.
Hey, pal, where the hell did you go?
I was about to send your name to Ripley's.
Yeah, well, somebody stole our clothes.
And then Albert Schweitzer
over there panicked...
and we ended up taking a shortcut

through the suburbs.
I'm telling you, it was fruit city out there.
The bus leaves in five minutes, be on it...
or I'm sending those pictures
of you eating pork.
Gather the rest of our flock.
I'll round up the strays.
Okay, come on.
Come on, baby. Kiss it.
Come on. Mama feels good tonight.
- Number!
- Shoot, crap two. Line away.
Honey, that's over \$1,000 already.
Don't you think it's time to quit?
Randy, I want to get to a place
where I don't care about money.
And I want you to get there with me.
Come on, red devil! Yeah!
Two crap two. Line away.
- Open up a line of credit.
- No! That's it. No more.
You gonna quit while you're down?
I thought you were a plastic surgeon.
You shave a couple of schnozzes,
and you can retire for life.
Listen, Doc. Let her have some fun.
The thing you do with women is...
buy them anything they want,
agree with whatever they say...
make them happy,
and jump them when they're not looking.
And you call that a philosophy?
How you doing tonight?
Looks like lady luck took a hike on you.
You ready to go home?
No, we've decided to stay here
for the rest of the week.
- You'll be paying for it the rest of your life.
- Honey, could you get me \$1,000 in chips?
That's it. I think you're having
too much fun. Come on.
- So, the fireman.
- So, the middleman.
- How you doing?

- Not so good.

What a business, huh?

People are a pain in the ass.

People are all right.

It's the business I can't stand.

You look like a smart guy.

I don't know why you're knocking your
brains out in a shit hole like that, anyway.

Why don't you let somebody
put up a real hotel there?

- Like you?

- Could be.

I'd see to it that you got out of here safe
with a little money in your pocket besides.
What do you think?

- Hit me.

- Gonna hit an 18?

Twenty-one.

You're a little crazy. I like that.

- Keep playing.

- No, thanks.

Crazy, but I'm not stupid.

Thanks for the offer.

You're fired. Your luck is rotten.

- I'm fired?

- Nah, wait.

- Not your fault. You're not fired.

- Thank you, sir.

Now you're fired! Get out of here.

Can I get you a drink

while you're waiting for a new dealer?

Would you excuse me for one second?

- Can you do me a really big favor?

- No.

I got two chicks lined up over there
that are hot to trot.

I can't find my friend Barry anywhere.

I don't know where the hell he is.

- Can you join us?

- Are you insane? I'm a married man.

Yeah, nice marriage.

You just have to talk to them.

You just have to be nice. They love me.

We're in, I'm telling you.

We'll dance, have the time of our lives.
I'll go back to my room.
I'll get some weed.
Do you know what I'm saying?
This is the night. Okay?
Just go over and keep them occupied
for a couple of minutes. Go, go, go!
I'll be right back.
Barry!
Who's there? All right.
What the hell is this?
Oh, my God.
We scored!
We scored!
The score of the century!
There's so much.
There's too much.
This is the wrong bag. This is...
This is a mistake. This is...
It's gonna take 20 years
to smoke this stuff.
I'm gonna get 20 years for this.
That's what's gonna happen.
Twenty years for a mistake.
Please. Yes, I'll hold.
- Anything?
- It's a long shot, but I'm trying.
Mr. Gundy.
I'll say this for you, you're prompt.
When you threaten somebody...
- You're right on time.
- Enough insults.
You have had more than enough time
to consider my offer.
Now I want an answer.
Are you ready to sell?
To tell you the truth,
it wasn't much of an offer.
Besides, we've been so damn busy today,
we haven't had a chance to think about it.
We'll need more time on this,
like maybe a year.
No.
Your time has come.

- Take them!

- Take them.

Let's go. Let's go.

No problem, I will talk to them.

I will reason with them.

They've got guns.

They do have guns. I love you.

Pardon me. Mr. Reed,

we have a conference with you outside.

After him!

- This way, this way.

- Here!

Jack!

Do you believe this?

This is nice. Kind of a harvest motif.

You better get out of here, Jack.

What are you gonna do?

- I've got friends here, they'll help me.

- Help you what?

There's a sickness in this place,

and I'm the doctor. It's time to operate.

Oh, no. You're not going anywhere.

Out of my way, Jack.

I don't want to hurt you.

- Good luck.

- Just cool, Jack.

"Just cool, Jack."

Sure, go start a revolution!

It's not going to look good

on your rsum, you know!

God damn it!

You hear me? We're finished as partners!

I'm going back to Chicago where it's safe.

Help! Help!

Anybody, help me!

Gentlemen, I just spoke

to the owner of Club Paradise...

and believe me, he is dying to sell.

We were expecting signed documents

this morning.

Let's face it, Heinz,

we're not in Switzerland.

With all due respects

to the Prime Minister...

you can't even get
a piece of carbon paper here...
that hasn't been used 100 times already.
But we are close. We're very, very close.
- Oh, very, very close.
- Excellent.
Now, if you will excuse me...
I know you have urgent business,
Mr. Gundy, but before you go...
I have a little surprise for you.
Because you have been so cooperative...
we have taken the liberty
of designing a new residence for you...
to be built
in the first phase of construction.
Incredible! The guy's got a heart
like Dumbo.
Dumbo the elephant, with the big ears.
Like him. Not the ears, the heart.
Forget it. Sol, let me walk you out.
I thank you.
Sol, what's going on?
I wake up this morning,
no coffee, no waiters...
no phone, no mail,
no electricity, no nothing.
You've got a general strike here.
I will crush Ernest Reed.
Okay. Don't bust a blood vessel.
You want a stroke? A stroke is this.
You think that's a good look?
Now you gotta slow down
and figure this out.
Now, go after Reed if you have to.
But first, settle this strike.
Raise the minimum wage to \$1 a day.
Sure, it's only fair.
\$1 a day. Give a man some dignity,
for crying out loud.
But do something, Sol. I've got 150 pounds
of lobster melting in my freezer.
I will eat his bones.
Where is everything?
Where's the eggs, and the bacon,

and all the other stuff that's usually here?
And, Randy, where's my bran?
You know, I can't start a day without fiber.
We're not feeding that pirate \$100 a day
for Rice Krispies and a banana.
Have you seen any of the staff?
We have no towels, nor any toilet paper.
- Well, why don't you call housekeeping?
- We have no phone.
Good morning! Anybody hungry?
Is anybody crazy? Where's breakfast?
Well, today we got something special.
Breakfast Jump-Up.
And what is Breakfast Jump-Up?
Well, it's when you jump up
and make your own breakfast.
I'm alive!
I'm alive! I made it! I'm alive!
I made it.
Okay. Stay cool. Stay cool.
Stay cool.
Got to figure out where I am. Figure...
Figure 16, 18 hours out there, maybe.
Figure 10 miles an hour or knots.
Allow for the Gulf Stream
and a headwind, that would put me...
I have no idea. I don't know where I am.
What am I, a captain?
Stay cool. Stay cool.
Got to think clear now.
First thing I got to do, build a house.
People of Saint Nicholas!
Today is a day that will live in infamy.
A day that Ernest Reed...
and his subversive American comrade,
Jack Moniker...
are threatening the peace
and prosperity of this...
our ancestral, if not native, home!
I, therefore, declare...
a national state of emergency.
I impose martial law.
And I order...
all members of the...

National Defense Reserve Army Guard...
to report immediately for active duty.
- Excuse me. I have a phone call to make.
- Don't you go starting any wild rumors.
Let me start them.
I wouldn't even call it a revolution.
What is it? A bunch of farmers
with rakes and shovels.
We're not gonna get an ulcer over this.
That's what I like
about the Cayman Islands.
You want to do business, that's the place.
The three of us could do
some real damage in the Caymans.
Would you cancel that last call
and transfer it to the Cayman Islands?
Good gracious, it's the fireman.
I thought you'd gone.
People are so quick to flee these days.
First hint of a war and they start
running like frightened children.
I was certain you'd be back
in Minnesota, or Dakota, or whatever it is.
I can't leave here, Your Grace.
I'm supporting thousands of mosquitoes.
This is paradise.
You can keep looking for paradise,
but I don't think you'll find it in this world.
What's your idea of paradise?
When I think of paradise, I picture myself
in an expensive hotel suite in New York...
with two hopelessly depraved
young women.
I'd love to join you, but I gotta get back
to the club. See, I'm expecting an army.
Still the bold fireman?
You're the same all over the world.
You like to drive fast,
throw water on things, and leave a mess.
Yeah, and what about you? You've been
hanging out here for 15 years...
drinking tea off a lace doily, saying,
"It doesn't matter."
It does matter, pal, because your

Prime Minister's gone completely nuts.
And I got a partner down there
about to start a revolution...
and a lot of innocent people will be hurt
unless you and I do something real fast.
'Cause it won't just stop there,
'cause if this island goes up...
then tomorrow another one,
and another one...
then the Americans get nervous,
and the Russians get scared.
Then some old fart gets really worried,
pushes the button.
Hey! There goes Cleveland
in a blinding white flash.
I got an uncle, Sid, who lives in Cleveland,
makes this noise...
I don't want that on my conscience. Okay?
Right!
You and Ernest go off and start the war.
I'll be there shortly with a nuclear weapon.
- On our side?
- Of course.
Oh, be careful of the soldiers.
They'll shoot you on sight.
Well, I'll take an umbrella. Your Grace.
You're safe. But you gotta go away.
Hey, what kind of welcome is that?
- But what are you doing back here?
- I've gotta put out a fire.
Come on.
Morning, everyone.
One brief announcement.
I'd like you
to gather all your possessions...
and meet me on the beach in five minutes.
No need to panic,
it's just in case there's a civil war today.
- Civil war?
- Civil war?
Rebels!
No, come on now, they're not rebels.
Just a local ROTC drill team.
You and your people

had better get out of here, man.
You're my people.
Phillipa is my people.
Why don't we all get out of here?
- There's no other way.
- What about a live, televised debate?
We have no TV, man.
Oh, yeah, rattan's gonna make
a great bulletproof barricade.
- Why don't you just build a wicker tank?
- The chairs you can grab.
Wait, wait. Stop right there.
I'm going to get this. Hold on.
Wait a minute.
Hold it right there. Don't move.
- Move it! Get your asses...
- Wait. Wait a second.
Hold it right there. Perfect.
- Barry!
- Barry! I scored!
Nice outfit.
Where'd you get this?
You didn't bring this with.
No, I just got it.
- Is it cotton?
- Hopsack.
- See, that's cool for this climate.
- Yeah.
Let's go.
Hold it there, Mr. Gundy.
I got you covered. You're on my property.
One more move and I'll shoot.
Hold it right there, Mr. Island Jack.
I want to know what the hell's going on,
and I want to know right now.
Listen, buddy, I'm trying to stop a war,
okay? Give me a break.
Right on.
- Fire!
- I hear you.
Limbo time. How low can you go?
Go, go, go!
Where you going?
Shit!

What is this?
Up, you fools. Please, just get up! Up! Up!
Onward, troops!
Go on! Just go on and go! Get them!
Surrender, Ernest Reed...
and you will all be released unharmed.
He's not here!
Kill them all!
No prisoners!
I don't want to die, Randy!
I don't want to die...
- Shut up.
- Okay.
Look! Look, man!
Oh, Your Grace.
Mr. Gundy...
as the official representative of
her Britannic Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II...
I order you to withdraw at once,
or I shall be forced to shoot you...
between the eyes
with a rather large bullet.
Draw, Sir Anthony?
Never.
Soldiers, I order you
to disperse that crowd at once.
If they don't move, shoot them.
They shoot, you die.
You know...
it's amazing how people
can get themselves in these situations...
when, if you stop and think about it...
you'll see that, basically, you guys
are not that far apart on this thing.
Now, Sol...
May I call you Sol?
I know this high finance thing
may look good to you now...
but I know how these guys operate.
A year from now, your little Swiss
and Arab friend are gonna turn on you...
and give you the hosing of a lifetime.
You don't see a lot of personal loyalty
in big business, Sol.

Forget this place.

You guys are gonna love the Caymans.

Beautiful, just beautiful.

And the food! They got lobster there
as big as a child or a small woman even.

Big!

Your boat sailed without you, Sol.

- Well done, fireman.

- You, too, Your Grace.

Yeah, victory!

Hey, Jack. Thanks, man,

for what you've done for my people.

It's no problem, Mr. Reed. You're probably
so hot right now you can get elected Pope.

I don't have time for politics. Business
is going to be so good from now on.

Yeah, Club Paradise, your hot spot
for fun with guns in the sun.

Man, look at all this weed.

We are set for life with this stash.

- The chicks in Miami are gonna love it.

- Miami!

We'll never make Miami

with this much weight.

What are you doing?

What are you talking about?

No!

Ganja!

English