

Gilligan's Island: The Movie

an original screenplay by

Ron L. Palmer

Based on the characters from the TV show "Gilligan's Island,"
created by Sherwood Schwartz

Registered WGAw #1643524

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FADE IN:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

It's just another day at the White House. Political types are walking the halls. A group of school children is on a guided tour. GENERAL SCHWARTZ is headed to the White House Situation Room.

TOUR GUIDE

That was one of America's darkest days. If you look closely at this picture, you can see flags flying at half mast. That was in honor of President Kennedy who...

The TOUR GUIDE'S voice trails off as the General walks away.

STAFFER #1

General.

General Schwartz makes his way into the West Wing and down one of the many corridors. He comes nods to the guard as he enters the Situation Room.

INT. THE SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

General Schwartz enters the Situation Room. He arrives at his seat and plops his brief case on the table. Seated next to him is another general. They exchange pleasantries.

GENERAL SCHWARTZ

General Sherwood.

GENERAL SHERWOOD

General Schwartz.

General Schwartz opens his briefcase and pulls out a folder. It's labeled "Confidential." THE PRESIDENT enters the room.

PRESIDENT

Good morning everyone. I trust you've been briefed. Obviously this is a situation that requires our immediate attention. I don't want to waste anybody's time, so I'm going to turn things over now to Bob Rosen, who has been doing some incredible work over in Homeland Security. Bob.

BOB ROSEN

Thank you Mr. President.

(MORE)

BOB ROSEN (CONT'D)

For the last six months, agents from our department have been tracking a small but active band of Middle Eastern terrorists. This group is an offshoot of Al Qaida, but acts outside of the main organization. They call themselves "Al Jm'Bacus."

The Dignitaries rumble amongst themselves.

BOB ROSEN (CONT'D)

We have intercepted numerous e-mails, phone conversations, and other modes of communication, and to this point, every attempt to attack the United States has been thwarted.

Rosen activates several large TV monitors and maps.

BOB ROSEN (CONT'D)

However, two weeks ago, one of our operatives got word of increased activity at a weapons facility in the small country of Equaricostan. These terrorists have developed a biological weapon that can be deployed via short-range missile, and capable of wiping out a city the size of New York. Anyone exposed to the biological agent would be infected immediately and dead within six hours.

DIGNITARY #1

How long have we known about this facility?

BOB ROSEN

We've been monitoring the plant for quite some time now. But up until recently, it's only been known to make relatively innocuous plastic explosives -- a technology, the United States experimented with and gave up on nearly fifty years ago.

DIGNITARY #2

Are we looking at a bombing campaign, or sending in troops on the ground?

BOB ROSEN

I'll let General Schwartz field that one.

(MORE)

BOB ROSEN (CONT'D)

He's the point man for what we've dubbed "Operation Pussycat Swallowtail" -- the plan to locate, contain and destroy the Al Jm'Bacus weapon. General.

GENERAL SCHWARTZ

We had considered an aerial attack to destroy the facility, but with the unpredictable volatility of the weapon it was determined that innocent civilians would likely be the unintended victims.

DIGNITARY #3

So we're looking at a ground assault? When are we going in?

GENERAL SCHWARTZ

We've already gone in. At oh-500 hours today, a highly trained special ops force took control of the Equaricostan weapons plant. The entire facility was locked down in less than 12 minutes.

DIGNITARY #2

So we have the weapon then?

GENERAL SCHWARTZ

Unfortunately, a full scale search of the facility turned up nothing. One minute the weapon was there, the next, it wasn't.

BOB ROSEN

Earlier, one of our operatives who's been tailing the organization reported seeing a small aircraft land near the plant. Unfortunately, that was his last transmission, and we have lost all communication with him. Somewhere between that call and the raid, the terrorists managed to airlift the weapon from the facility.

A rabble ensues. The President takes control.

PRESIDENT

Gentlemen....

They continue rabbling

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 (more firmly)
 Gentlemen!

They quiet down.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 So, what are our options? Do we
 have any way to track this weapon?

GENERAL SCHWARTZ
 Frankly Sir, no. That weapon could
 be anywhere on God's green Earth.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GILLIGAN'S ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

From a distance, we see that familiar island.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

A boat pulls up to the beach. There are two Middle Eastern men on board -- JARRAH and BASEEM. In the boat is a giant box with Arabic lettering on it. Underneath those letters, in smaller type, is the English translation: "Danger! Terrible Biological Weapon! Handle With Care." Jarrah and Baseem get out of the boat and look around.

JARRAH
 This island is perfect for our
 glorious plan!

BASEEM
 I'm surprised we found it, Jarrah.
 It doesn't appear on any of our maps.

JARRAH
 Ah, Baseem, you underestimate my
 talents. You don't gain the trust
 of the leaders of a small offshoot
 of a major global terrorist
 organization without learning a few
 secrets.

BASEEM
 Are you sure there's nobody here?

JARRAH
 Not a soul. I use to buy weapons
 from the headhunters on the nearby
 islands, and they assured me this
 place is uninhabited.

BASEEM

You bought weapons from headhunters?

JARRAH

Yes, simple stuff, really. Mostly bamboo spears and coconut catapults.

BASEEM

That would explain why Equiricostan has never won a war.

JARRAH

Yes, but that will soon change once the American infidels see the powerful new weapon we have. They will bow at our feet as, in one blow, we wipe out their beloved city of Los Angeles.

As the men talk, the camera pans to their boat. We see HORACE HIGGENBOTHAM, a stowaway who's careful not to be seen.

JARRAH (CONT'D)

And the best thing is, there's nobody on this island who can stop us!

They both laugh. A rapid pan of the camera to the other side of the island shows five huts built by the castaways. This is indeed GILLIGAN'S ISLAND.

EXT. TROPIC PORT, HONOLULU HAWAII - DAY

"Opening credits" theme song, word for word, shot for shot from the original television series (seasons two and three).

EXT. THE LAGOON - LATER

It's another beautiful day on Gilligan's Island. In the distance, we see GILLIGAN. He's wearing his traditional red shirt and white bucket hat, and is picking berries.

EXT. THE JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

As Gilligan continues to wander, we see several items from the original TV series. There's a totem pole with his likeness on the top, an open crate which reads "Danger Experimental Radio Active Seeds," a deflated life raft with the lettering "CCCP," and a broken Mars probe sitting next to a pot of glue. Gilligan eventually makes his way by a sign that reads "Howell Private Country Club.

EXT. HOWELL COUNTRY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

MR. HOWELL and MRS. HOWELL are sitting on bamboo lounge chairs and enjoying cocktails served in bamboo glasses.

GILLIGAN

Hey Mr. Howell. Mrs. Howell.

MR. HOWELL

Ah, Gilligan my boy! Out for a morning constitutional, I see.

GILLIGAN

Nope, just walking around the island.

MRS. HOWELL

Well, you've got a *marvelous* day to do it.

MR. HOWELL

Yes indeed. The warm tropical air, the island sun spreading it's rays and a tall glass of guava juice. Yes, it's a wonderful day to be a Howell!

(to Mrs. Howell)

Of course, every day is a wonderful day to be a Howell!

MRS. HOWELL

But Darling, too much sun is not good for the delicate Howell skin. Gilligan, do be a dear and bring me some shade.

GILLIGAN

Sure thing, Mrs. Howell. Let me grab your umbrella for you.

Gilligan sets his basket of berries on the table between the Howells and grabs Mrs. Howell's parasol.

MRS. HOWELL

Parasol.

GILLIGAN

Pair a what?

MRS. HOWELL

No, Gilligan it's called a parasol. We've had this conversation before. An umbrella shelters you from the rain. A parasol shades you from the sun.

GILLIGAN

Good. Because I only see one of em.

Mr. Howell notices the basket of berries.

MR. HOWELL

What do we have here. A bit early
for hors d'oeuvres don't you think?

Gilligan slaps Mr. Howell's hand and grabs the basket.

GILLIGAN

Sorry Mr. Howell, but these berries
are for the Professor. He's working
on a top secret project and he won't
tell anybody about it. Not even me!

MR. HOWELL

A top secret project? Egad, do you
suppose it could involve a rescue?

MRS. HOWELL

A rescue? Oh dear. I hope it happens
in the morning. I haven't anything
to wear to an evening excursion.

MR. HOWELL

Don't worry my Dear. If they arrive
before afternoon cocktails I'll simply
have them cruise around the island
for awhile. I know a thing or two
about stashing things offshore.

(turns to Gilligan.)

Run along, Gilligan. We mustn't
keep the Professor waiting.

GILLIGAN

See ya Mr. Howell. Mrs. Howell.

MRS. HOWELL

Ta ta, Gilligan.

Gilligan leaves

MRS. HOWELL (CONT'D)

Really Darling, confusing a parasol
for an umbrella? The poor boy is
dreadfully unsophisticated.

MR. HOWELL

Well Lovey, he's part of the "99
percent." One can't expect proper
breeding when one's mired in the
middle class.

EXT. THE JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Gilligan continues to gather more berries. His stroll brings
him past more "landmarks" seen in the original TV series.

EXT. MISS CASTAWAY STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gilligan stumbles upon GINGER GRANT, carefully walking on the Miss Castaway runway with a book on her head.

GILLIGAN

Hey Ginger.

Ginger remains focused on walking, but acknowledges Gilligan.

GINGER

Hello, Gilligan.

GILLIGAN

What're you doing?

GINGER

I'm working on my walk. After all this time on the island I'm afraid I may have gotten a little sloppy.

GILLIGAN

Not me! I walk as good today as I did the day we got shipwrecked. Maybe the problem is that book you have on your head.

GINGER

No, Gilligan. As a famous actress, I have to remain poised. I can't go back to Hollywood with slumped shoulders and slouched gait.

GILLIGAN

Don't worry about that, Ginger. They have gates everywhere in Hollywood. I once tried to get in to see them filming "Frankenstein Went Surfing" -- which was the sequel to "The Vampire Went Surfing" -- and they totally wouldn't let me in.

GINGER

What I mean is I have to maintain a certain level of grace and aplomb.

GILLIGAN

I had a plumb too! The guy at the gate grabbed it and threw it at me.

GINGER

Oh Gilligan. What would we do without out...?

(notices the berries)

Oooh, what do you have here?

Ginger drops her book, reaches for some berries but Gilligan pulls back the basket.

GILLIGAN

Sorry Ginger, but these are for the Professor. He's working on a top secret project. The Howells think it has something to do with a rescue.

GINGER

A rescue? That's fantastic! Is it by boat or by plane? Oh my! I've got work to do if I want to be ready for my return to Hollywood!

Ginger puts the book back on her head and continues her methodical walk on the runway. Gilligan continues his trek.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Once again we see more artifacts from the original TV series.

EXT. MARY ANN AND GINGER'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

Mary Ann is at a small bamboo table making a dessert.

GILLIGAN

Hey Mary Ann.

MARY ANN

Hi Gilligan.

GILLIGAN

What'cha making?

MARY ANN

Coconut cream pie.

GILLIGAN

Oh boy, that's my favorite kind of pie! After apple, cherry, pumpkin, blueberry, blackberry, lemon meringue and chicken pot, that is.

MARY ANN

Well, I'm sorry Gilligan. I can't make any of those for you with what we have here on the island. But we've got plenty of coconuts.

Mary Ann notices the berry basket.

MARY ANN (CONT'D)

Oh... but I could certainly do something with these.

GILLIGAN

Sorry, Mary Ann. These berries are for the Professor. He's gonna use them to get us rescued. At least that's what Ginger and the Howells think.

MARY ANN

Rescued? Oh Gilligan, that's the best news I've heard all day! I'm gonna make another pie just for you!

GILLIGAN

Gee, thanks!

Gilligan starts to walk away then comes back.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Say, Mary Ann. I know how you make the filling for the coconut cream pies, but how do you make the crust?

MARY ANN

Uh uh, Gilligan. A girl's gotta have *some* secrets.

Gilligan walks away. Mary Ann pulls out a steel file and a large piece of bamboo. She begins filing the bamboo into a separate bowl, thus making the crust mix.

EXT. SUPPLY HUT - CONTINUOUS

Gilligan's trek continues behind the supply hut. He looks up, and sees some berries that are just out of his reach. Fortunately, there's a ladder nearby that's leaning up against a palm tree. Gilligan moves the ladder, climbs it, picks the berries and comes down. He leaves the ladder where he just placed it before making his way to the Professor's hut.

INT. PROFESSOR'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

The Professor is hard at work in his makeshift lab. On his work table sits a massive set-up of bamboo pipes and test tubes with beakers made of gourds.

GILLIGAN

Hey Professor.

PROFESSOR

Gilligan, you're just in time. I've just finished the purification and antisepsis process, and hygienically speaking, these tubes and beakers are 100 percent sterilized.

GILLIGAN

Ah. It looked to me like you were just cleaning your equipment.

PROFESSOR

That's what I mean, Gilligan. You see, I... Oh, never mind. Did you get the berries like I asked?

GILLIGAN

Did I ever! They were all over the place. Just like you said.

PROFESSOR

Excellent. Now it's just a matter of extraction and aging. Fortunately, this new system I've constructed will allow me to speed up the fermentation process and will make siphoning and clarification of the sediments much simpler.

GILLIGAN

Oh boy! And then we'll get rescued?

PROFESSOR

Right, then we'll get, wait... what?

GILLIGAN

Rescued! Mary Ann, Ginger and the Howells say you've had me collecting berries as part of a secret plan to get us off the island.

PROFESSOR

No no no, Gilligan! This isn't a plan to get us off the island. I'm simply engaging in vinification.

GILLIGAN

Vinafi-who?

PROFESSOR

Vinification. I'm making wine.

GILLIGAN

Wine?

PROFESSOR

Yes, I thought that would be a nice treat for everybody. We haven't had a nice Merlot or Beaujolais since we arrived on the island. And don't even get me started on Pinot Noir.

GILLIGAN

Okay, I won't. But only because I have no idea what you just said.

PROFESSOR

What I'm trying to say, Gilligan, is that it's been a while since we've all been able to enjoy a nice bottle of fine wine. And while I'm no Oenologist, I do think I've come up with a great tasting recipe for homemade "vino." I just need those berries you've got there.

GILLIGAN

Okay, here' you go Professor.

Gilligan dumps the berries on the table.

PROFESSOR

Oh no! I told you to pick Keptibora berries. These are Triganulla berries!

GILLIGAN

Oh. Well, at least I got the "berries" part right, eh Professor?

PROFESSOR

Gilligan, these berries are nocuous and extremely toxic. Eating just one could prove to be lethal!

GILLIGAN

Whew! I thought you were gonna say they could kill me.

PROFESSOR

That's exactly what I'm saying. But don't feel bad, I made the same mistake.

The professor grabs a bottle of wine that he made earlier.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I made this bottle of wine just a few days ago with those same berries. Fortunately, a Mantis Khani saved me from a horrible fate.

GILLIGAN

You mean one of those giant green bugs with yellow wings?

PROFESSOR

Exactly. One flew in my window and began drinking some wine that had spilled on the table. Within a matter of seconds it was dead.

Professor pulls out a book called "The World of Insects"

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

As it turns out, the Mantis Khani has a similar immune system to that of humans. Of course, what killed the insect in just seconds would take seven or eight hours to kill a human being. Perhaps longer, depending on how big the person is.

GILLIGAN

I'll bet it would take an entire week to kill the Skipper then.

The Professor laughs, slightly.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Say, where is the Skipper?

PROFESSOR

Oh, he's up in one of the palm trees behind the supply hut working on another project for me.

GILLIGAN

The supply hut? Was there a ladder leaning up against that palm tree?

PROFESSOR

I would assume so, why?

From a distance, we hear THE SKIPPER scream.

GILLIGAN

That's why.

Gilligan and the Professor run out of the hut to help the Skipper, who has just fallen out of the palm tree.

EXT. SUPPLY HUT - CONTINUOUS

PROFESSOR

Skipper! Are you okay?

SKIPPER

I'm fine, I'm fine, Professor.
(turns to Gilligan)
Thanks a lot, Gilligan!

GILLIGAN

Me? How did you know it was my fault?

SKIPPER

Because, every time there's a disaster
I *always* assume it's your fault.

The Skipper takes off his hat and hits Gilligan with it.

PROFESSOR

Well, I'm just glad you're not hurt.
Did you get the dish installed?

SKIPPER

Yup, it's right up there.

The Skipper points high up in a palm tree where he's just finished installing a satellite dish made of bamboo, palm fronds and a gourd in the middle as a receiver.

PROFESSOR

Fantastic! Now, if it's pointed at
the right trajectory, we should be
able to pick up a signal.

The Professor leads them into the supply hut.

INT. SUPPLY HUT - CONTINUOUS

The Professor has set up a crude home theater system. There's a wide screen TV, framed in bamboo and some makeshift electronics pieced together to form a satellite receiver. The system is connected by vines to a stationary bicycle.

SKIPPER

Wow, Professor! When did you find
time to set this up?

PROFESSOR

Early this morning. I fixed the
television set that was on board the
S.S. Minnow and encased it in a layer
of sturdy bamboo. I pieced together
some various electronics and crafted
this crude but functional satellite
receiver. And these rare vines I
found on the other side of the island
are marvelous transference vehicles.
They're nature's coaxial cables!

The professor points to a bamboo stationary bicycle.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Here Gilligan, start pedaling.
(MORE)

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

You should be able to provide enough current to power up the system.

Gilligan climbs aboard and starts pedaling.

SKIPPER

This is fantastic Professor! But how do you turn everything on?

PROFESSOR

With this remote control I fashioned out of some old driftwood, a few smaller vines and a handful of coat buttons provided by the Howells.

The Skipper pushes the button labeled "Power."

SKIPPER

Wow! Ever since the radio died, I've been anxious to hear what's been going on back home. Now if you could just fix the holes in the boat, we'd be all set.

The Skipper laughs as the Professor dodges that last comment.

PROFESSOR

Yes, well... I've got... uh... a few irons in the fire on that one, too.

He quickly changes the subject.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Here... let's listen to what they have to say.

TV HOST

...meanwhile, the actor who played Young Doctor Young in the original television series will play Old Doctor Young in the movie remake.

GILLIGAN

Pffft! Making a movie out of TV series. I hate that. Can't they come up with any original ideas?

SKIPPER

Shhh... quiet Gilligan.

TV HOST

Still ahead on Entertainment Now, the story of Ginger Grant and the
(MORE)

TV HOST (CONT'D)
ill-fated S.S. Minnow makes its way
to the big screen...

GILLIGAN
No way!

TV HOST
Yes way! But does the movie
accurately portray what happened the
night the Minnow disappeared? That
and more straight ahead.

SKIPPER
How do you like that? They've made
a movie out of our shipwreck.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)
Mr. and Mrs. Howell! Ginger! Mary
Ann! Come in here quick!

They all rush to the supply hut and arrive at once.

GINGER
What is it, Skipper?

SKIPPER
I've got some big news, everybody!

MARY ANN
We know, Skipper! We heard all about
it.

SKIPPER
Huh? You heard all about it? How
is that possible?

MR. HOWELL
Well, let's just say that if secrets
were gold, some people wouldn't be
known as Ft. Knox.

MRS. HOWELL
Oh, how clever, Dear.

MR. HOWELL
Thank you, Lovey. It was between
that or calling Gilligan a regular
Julian Assange of island intel.

SKIPPER
How did Gilligan know? He just found
out when we did.

MARY ANN

No he didn't. He told us just a few minutes ago.

GINGER

I more I think about it the more anxious I am to get back to Hollywood.

SKIPPER

How is this possible? I was standing right here when Gilligan found out!

MR. HOWELL

Well, to be fair Skipper, you don't move as swiftly as he does.

SKIPPER

You all know about the movie?

MRS. HOWELL

Oh did you hear that Thurston? They're going to show a movie on the rescue ship. I do hope it's something with Meryl Streep.

MR. HOWELL

If it's going to be a "Meryl" I'd prefer to see something by Merrill Lynch. The quarterly Howell Industries stock report, perhaps.

SKIPPER

Who said anything about a rescue?

GINGER

Gilligan did.

MARY ANN

He said the Professor asked him to pick berries that he could use as part of a top secret rescue plan.

The Skipper looks disdainfully at Gilligan who pedals the stationary bike faster, as if he's trying to get away.

PROFESSOR

I think I see where the confusion lies. I asked Gilligan to pick the berries as part of a covert venture to bestow my affection upon all of you with some homemade libations.

GILLIGAN

That means he's making wine.

PROFESSOR

There is no rescue plan. Just a few bottles of wine we can't drink because it's made with poisonous berries.

MR. HOWELL

If that's your idea of "affection," I'll stick with Dom Perignon.

GINGER

Well, what were you talking about, Skipper? What's your big news?

SKIPPER

It's something we just saw on TV.

Ginger, Mary Ann and the Howells look at the TV. Through all the talk about the rescue, they never noticed it.

MR. HOWELL

We have a TV? So much for not having "a single luxury" on this island.

GILLIGAN

Now we just need phones, lights and motor cars!

MARY ANN

What did you see, Skipper?

SKIPPER

They've made a movie about us!

The gang is excited, especially Ginger.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

It sounds like the film's gonna focus on Ginger and.... oh, here they're about to talk about it right now.

The Skipper uses the remote to turn up the volume.

TV HOST

Hollywood is abuzz over this weekend's highly anticipated premiere of the Summer blockbuster "Shipwreck! The Ginger Grant Story."

Clips from the film show an actress playing Ginger boarding a yacht and meeting actors playing the Skipper and Gilligan.

TV HOST (CONT'D)

The film tells the story of the gorgeous movie star who, along with
(MORE)

TV HOST (CONT'D)

four other passengers and two crew members, disappeared at sea nearly five years ago.

MOVIE GINGER

(overacting)

I do believe there's a foreboding storm on the horizon.

MOVIE SKIPPER

(Also overacting)

As captain, I'd go down with this ship before I'd let anything happen to the star of "The Rain Dancers of Rango-Rango."

He kisses her passionately. More clips from the movie, showing an exaggerated version of the Minnow sinking.

TV HOST

Just what happened to the doomed vessel remains unanswered, but the film presumes the S.S. Minnow sank after getting caught in a large storm.

MOVIE GINGER now floats on a large piece of wood in the ocean, with MOVIE GILLIGAN hanging off the side, recreating the similar scene from the movie "Titanic."

MOVIE GINGER

There's a boat, Gilligan! Gilligan!
There's a boat Gilligan.

Movie Gilligan doesn't respond. His lifeless body sinks into the abyss. Movie Ginger turns her attention to the boat in the distance, in a futile attempt to be rescued.

MOVIE GINGER (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

Come back! Come back! Come back!

Attention now turns back to the real-life castaways.

GINGER

Wow... this is unbelievable!

GILLIGAN

I know! Why didn't I just climb on the floating piece of wood with you instead of staying in the water?

TV HOST

Starring Isla Fisher as Ginger...
George Clooney as the ship's captain
Jonas Grumby... Brad Pitt as the
Minnow's first mate Gilligan, Kelsey
Grammar as Multi-millionaire Thurston
Howell the Third and Shelly Long as
his devoted wife Lovey, the film
opens nationwide on Friday.

Gilligan counts to five on his fingers.

GILLIGAN

Wait, that's only five of us. What
about the rest?

MARY ANN

(somewhat upset)

If by "the rest" you mean me and the
Professor, then yes, I would like to
know who's playing us.

Back on TV, footage shows other boats taking off.

TV HOST

The movie has already sparked interest
in finding out what truly happened
to the S.S. Minnow. No less than
seven documentary film crews have
begun searching for the ship's
wreckage and several more are expected
to head out to sea within the next
few days. The race is on to find
out exactly what happened that night
and how the Minnow would be lost.

SKIPPER

Well, it's no rescue, but it certainly
is exciting.

PROFESSOR

I wouldn't be too sure about that.
With all those film crews looking
for the Minnow's wreckage, there's a
good chance they could stumble upon
our island by mistake.

MARY ANN

Gee, Professor, you really think so?

GINGER

An ocean full of filmmakers? A girl
could get used to that.

PROFESSOR

Of course, we don't want to take any chances. We'd better start working on a signal tower.

SKIPPER

Gilligan and I will get started on that right away. Come on, Little Buddy, we've got work to do.

The Skipper and Gilligan exit the hut.

EXT. SUPPLY HUT - CONTINUOUS

The Skipper and Gilligan disappear into the jungle. From across the way, we see a pair of binoculars staring right at the duo. A man steps out from behind the binoculars and proceeds to follow the Skipper and Gilligan. It's Horace, and he disappears behind them into the jungle.

EXT. CLEARING - LATER

Gilligan and the Skipper are working on the signal tower. It's partially built, with the first level completed. The Skipper takes three bamboo poles from a large pile and moves them into position beside the tower. Gilligan, not seeing the Skipper place them there, grabs the poles and puts them back just moments after the Skipper grabs three more.

The Skipper drops his poles, but is confused because the other three are gone. He goes back to the pile to get more. Gilligan, seeing the new poles, picks them up and returns them to the pile, once again just a few steps behind the Skipper. This circular action continues a couple more times before the Skipper figures it out.

SKIPPER

(sarcastically)

Eventually we're going to use some of those poles to build the tower.

Gilligan now realizes what's been happening.

GILLIGAN

Oh, sorry Skipper. I just didn't want anybody to get hurt.

SKIPPER

You're lucky I'm not gonna hurt you.

GILLIGAN

Just think, we really could be rescued this time!

SKIPPER

I'm not ready to get my hopes up just yet, Little Buddy. But if the Professor's right, there's a good chance someone could see our signal.

GILLIGAN

When we get back to Hawaii, Skipper, are we still gonna take people out on tours of the ocean?

SKIPPER

You know, I hadn't really thought about that. I guess so. I'm a ship's captain. There's not really anything else that I know how to do.

GILLIGAN

Those were some fun times. Even if we did end up getting marooned.

With a "Lost" style transition, we flashback to an earlier time, before the Castaways were marooned on the island.

EXT. TROPIC PORT, HONOLULU HAWAII - FIVE YEARS EARLIER

The Skipper is running his Island Charters business. A sign shaped like a ship's wheel offers "Exotic trip, Free lunches."

Gilligan rushes down the marina, pushing four large crates on a dolly. Both Gilligan and the Skipper are wearing different shirts than we're accustomed to seeing.

GILLIGAN

Hey, Skiiiiiperrrrr! Skiiiiiperrrrr!

SKIPPER

What is it, Gilligan?

GILLIGAN

Look what came for us in the mail!

SKIPPER

Oh, finally. I think that's some decorations I ordered to spruce up the Minnow.

GILLIGAN

What do you need decorations for? The Minnow's already *sprucy*.

SKIPPER

Well, I want to make the ship look as nice as possible, and...

(MORE)

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

(hesitates for a moment)

To be honest with you, Little Buddy, I've got to do something to make people want to sign up for a cruise. It's been almost a week since we've had even one passenger. We can't stay in business like that. I guess free lunches don't cut it anymore.

GILLIGAN

I'd do it for a free lunch, Skipper. As long as you gave me a free breakfast and free dinner, too.

SKIPPER

I'm serious, Gilligan. I don't know how much longer we can stay open. I don't get it. All the other cruise lines just take people out for an hour or so. We're the only ones that offer a three hour tour.

The Skipper re-emphasizes his last comment.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

A three hour tour!

GILLIGAN

Maybe people just don't want to be out that long.

The Skipper takes a closer look at the crates.

SKIPPER

Wait a minute Gilligan, these aren't the decorations I ordered. These are from a clothing company.

They open one of the crates. Inside are dozens of shirts.

GILLIGAN

Shirts?

SKIPPER

There must have been some mix-up. I ordered two shirts for you and two for me. They must've thought I wanted two *crates* of each. Put 'em on the boat. I'll ship them back later.

GILLIGAN

Let's try 'em on now, Skipper.

SKIPPER

All right, Gilligan. The blue ones
are yours and the red ones are mine.

They each pull up their respective shirts, only to find the blue ones are way too big for Gilligan and the red ones are way too tight for Skipper. They exchange shirts.

GILLIGAN

Look at it this way, we won't run
out of shirts for a really long time.

Another "Lost" style transition back to island time.

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

SKIPPER

Y'know, Gilligan... I guess I never
gave much thought to what I'd do
once we got off the island.

GILLIGAN

Maybe Mr. and Mrs. Howell could buy
the island, turn it into a big resort
hotel and hire us to work there!

SKIPPER

That's the dumbest idea I've ever
heard.

GILLIGAN

Oh! And maybe movie stars could
stop by and visit every week. Maybe
even the Harlem Globetrotters! And
they could play a game of basketball
against a group of robots controlled
by an evil scientist!

SKIPPER

I stand corrected. *That's* the dumbest
idea I've ever heard.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND - LATER

Baseem and Jarrah are carrying the heavy crate containing
the weapon up a hill to a very high point of the island.

JARRAH

Are you sure this is the right way?

BASEEM

Yes, it is straight up this hill.

Both men are tired. They set the crate down to briefly rest.

BASEEM (CONT'D)

How fortunate it was that I would find the perfect place to launch our missile while I was gathering food.

JARRAH

Remember, we must have the correct trajectory. It must be pointed directly at Los Angeles.

BASEEM

Trust me, this place is most excellent. As they say in Turkey... "Bu ve daha fazlası için sordunuz her şeydir!"

(Translation: It is everything you've asked for and more)

JARRAH

What does that mean?

BASEEM

I don't know. I was hoping you spoke Turkish.

They pick up the crate and continue up the hill.

INT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Baseem and Jarrah back their way into the cave at the top of the hill, still carrying the weapon crate. The cave is small, but there is a surprisingly ample amount of light.

BASEEM

This is it. What do you think?

JARRAH

This is perfect.

Baseem and Jarrah walk to the opposite side where there is another opening that faces East, looking out over a cliff.

BASEEM

If we set up the missile right here, we can aim it right through this opening. I calculated the trajectory, and it is perfect.

JARRAH

Excellent! You have done well Baseem.

Jarrah pauses for a moment.

JARRAH (CONT'D)

But before we put this plan into motion I must know. Are you 100 percent committed to this cause?

BASEEM

Of course I'm committed. Are you?

JARRAH

Naturally. So there can be no turning back now. Together, we will bring the Americans to their knees!

BASEEM

Agreed! It is a magnificent day for the people Equiricostan!

They both laugh maniacally. Jarrah pulls a handkerchief out of his back pocket to wipe his brow. As he does this, a slip of paper flies out as well. Neither he nor Baseem notice that the missile arming instructions are now on the ground.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE HILL - CONTINUOUS

At the bottom of the hill, Gilligan hears the laughter. Momentarily confused, he starts laughing then catches himself.

GILLIGAN

(to himself)

Wait a minute... what's so funny? I didn't hear anybody tell a joke.

Curious about the laughter, Gilligan starts walking up the hill. As he ascends the hill, he passes more "artifacts" seen in the original TV series. Baseem and Jarrah have begun walking down the hill. Gilligan spots the duo and, in his typical Gilligan way, is confused at the sight of two more people on the island. He begins to count on his fingers and run down the names of the people who should be on the island.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Skipper, Ginger, Mary Ann, Mr. Howell, Mrs. Howell, The Professor...

He pauses briefly, momentarily forgetting himself.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

...me! Who are *these* people?

Gilligan thinks for a moment, then it hits him.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

They must be one of those documentary film crews! They found us!

An excited Gilligan runs up the hill to greet the duo.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Oh boy, am I glad to see you guys!

Baseem and Jarrah get into a defensive stance, but quickly realize Gilligan means them no harm.

JARRAH

Who are you?

GILLIGAN

I'm Gilligan!

BASEEM

Gih-lee-gun? Is that your first name or your last name?

Gilligan starts to answer, but Jarrah cuts him off.

JARRAH

That doesn't matter. What's important is... *why* are you here?

GILLIGAN

Oh that's easy! Me and six of my friends have been marooned on this island for five years!

Gilligan pauses, and notices that the duo has no equipment.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Say... where's your camera?

BASEEM

Camera?

GILLIGAN

Aren't you a documentary film crew doing a story on our shipwreck?

BASEEM

Well...uh... we...

Jarrah notices Baseem's hesitation and cuts him off.

JARRAH

Yes, that's exactly what we are. We're a documentary film crew here to do a story on you and your friends. Could you take us to them?

GILLIGAN

Of course! They're gonna be so excited to see you! Follow me!

Jarrah pulls Baseem aside before following Gilligan.

JARRAH
Do you buy his story?

BASEEM
I think so. He seems pretty harmless.

JARRAH
That is exactly why I don't trust him. He seems *too* stupid! We will keep an eye on he and his friends, and when the time is right...

Jarrah makes the throat cutting motion with his finger.

JARRAH (CONT'D)
Wait for us, Mr. Gih-lee-gun!

EXT. CLEARING - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Skipper and the Professor are working on the signal tower. Mr. Howell is there too, watching while he sips a beverage.

SKIPPER
Thanks again for your help. It's amazing what a guy can get done when he trades a gilligan for a professor.

PROFESSOR
Trust me, Skipper. I've worked with more than my fair share of "Gilligans" in my day. In fact, one of my former lab assistants is responsible for the packaging label that reads: "Warning: May burn your eyes."

SKIPPER
What's wrong with that?

PROFESSOR
The product was a cigarette lighter.

They both laugh. Mr. Howell, however remains stoic.

MR. HOWELL
Enough with the jovial repartee there, Gentlemen. We've got a signal tower to finish.

SKIPPER
Well, we could certainly get it done a lot quicker if you would grab a board and start hammering.

MR. HOWELL

How dare you, Captain! I'll have you know that through my hard work I built the entire Howell Empire!

SKIPPER

Oh yeah? And just what kind of "work" did you actually do?

MR. HOWELL

Supervisory, of course!

PROFESSOR

Hand me another plank there, would you Skipper?

The Skipper grabs a board from a large pile of boards.

SKIPPER

Say, this is some sturdy driftwood, Professor. Do you suppose it's strong enough to fix the Minnow?

The Professor dismisses the idea almost immediately.

PROFESSOR

I looked into that. It's too porous.

SKIPPER

Yeah, but if we had a decent sealant we could...

PROFESSOR

Trust me. It just won't work.

The Skipper doesn't argue with him. Mr. Howell, meanwhile, notices a problem with the tower's construction.

MR. HOWELL

Oh, Professor. It appears there's a flaw in your structural integrity.

The bamboo poles that form a portion of the base of the tower have begun to shift.

SKIPPER

He's right, Professor. The base is coming apart.

PROFESSOR

Hand me those vines so I can tie the poles together. That should hold them in place.

The Skipper does as he's asked, and the Professor ties the bamboo poles. The gang hears Gilligan shouting to them.

GILLIGAN (O.S.)
Skiiiiiper!! Skipper! Professor!!

MR. HOWELL
I see the afternoon shift has arrived.

SKIPPER
Well, so much for getting the rest of this tower finished.

PROFESSOR
What is it, Gilligan?

GILLIGAN
They're here! Just like you said, Professor! They're here!

SKIPPER
Who's here?

MR. HOWELL
Egad! I hope it's not someone from the SEC!

GILLIGAN
A documentary film crew! One of them just landed on the island.

Baseem and Jarrah appear.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
Skipper this is... this is...

Gilligan realizes he doesn't know their names yet.

BASEEM
I am Baseem. And this is my colleague Jarrah.

GILLIGAN
They're doing a story about us!

SKIPPER
Really? How did you find us?

Baseem and Jarrah glance at each other.

JARRAH
Just... lucky... I guess.

PROFESSOR

It doesn't matter how you found us.
The question is, do you have a boat?

JARRAH

Yes, we have a small boat here and
an airplane on a nearby island. We
can load you up here, take you there,
then fly everybody home.

The Skipper throws the driftwood onto the ground.

SKIPPER

I guess we can stop building the
signal tower. Come on, let's go
tell the girls!

Gilligan, the Skipper, the Professor and Mr. Howell all rush
off. Baseem and Jarrah stay back to have a private talk.

BASEEM

(whispering)
Why did you tell them about the boat
and the airplane?

JARRAH

It doesn't matter. By the time they
figure out what we're really doing,
our boat and our plane will be long
gone.

They laugh, somewhat maniacally, as they follow the castaways.

INT. HOWELL'S HUT - LATER

Mr. Howell has commandeered Baseem. The rescue is a top
priority, but not before the "true Howell story" is told.

MR. HOWELL

Now, Mr. Baseem... if you're truly
going to capture the Howell dynamic,
I think it's imperative that you
start from the very beginning.

Baseem wants to jump ahead...

BASEEM

Mr. Howell, I think we already have
enough information about your...

MR. HOWELL

Nonsense! There are things about
Thurston Howell the Third that very
few people know.

(MORE)

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

For instance, when I was a child, my family was penniless.

MRS. HOWELL

Oh, Darling! I never knew that.

MR. HOWELL

Yes, it's true my Dear. Mumsy wouldn't allow them in the house. She wasn't too fond of nickels or dimes, either... or anything that wasn't in bill form, really.

BASEEM

Really, Mr. Howell, I...

MR. HOWELL

It wasn't always caviar and Cadillacs though. My grandfather, Thurston Howell the First was a self-made man, rising up from the depths of the upper middle class. He didn't own his first Dressage horse until he was fifty.

MRS. HOWELL

And even then he continually wore his white shadbelly after Labor Day.

MR. HOWELL

But as a reminder of the Howells' humble beginning -- and a way of ensuring first class accommodations during the rescue excursion -- Mrs. Howell and I wish to graciously grant you full use of our living quarters.

BASEEM

You mean... your hut?

MRS. HOWELL

Mr. Howell and I have taken great pains to make sure it's to your liking. You should find the space for your camera and other filming accoutrements more than adequate.

MR. HOWELL

And even though we would love to leave this God forsaken island at this very moment, should you and Mr. Jarrah decide you need a good night's rest, we've arranged it so that you can sleep here as well.

BASEEM

Ah! So *that* explains the twin beds.

MRS. HOWELL

I beg your pardon?

BASEEM

Even in my country it's acceptable for married couples to share a bed. I assume you separated one big bed so that Jarrah and I could sleep in a less-judgmental setting.

The Howells toss glances at each other.

MR. HOWELL

Um... yes. *That's* the reason.

MRS. HOWELL

It's certainly not because Mr. Howell and I have intimacy issues.

There is an awkward pause. Mr. Howell changes the subject.

MR. HOWELL

So, if you need more room for your equipment, we could certainly move some of these trunks and suitcases.

Baseem is still suspicious about the Castaways.

BASEEM

If you don't mind me asking, what is inside all these cases?

MR. HOWELL

Nothing to concern yourself with, my good man. You'll find we've got nothing to hide in the Howell hut.

Mr Howell turns around to make sure the trunks are secured.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

Of course, it wouldn't hurt to double check the locks.

There is a knock at the door. It's Jarrah.

JARRAH

Excuse me, I need to speak to Baseem.

MRS. HOWELL

Certainly. We'll leave you two boys alone to discuss your business. Come along, Thurston.

MR. HOWELL

I'm right behind you, Lovey.

Mr. Howell triple checks the locks before leaving.

JARRAH

I've met the other "castaways." I do not believe their stories.

BASEEM

I am suspicious of the Howells as well. Look at how much luggage they have. It makes absolutely no sense for anyone to bring this much baggage for such a short boat ride.

(pause)

I would like to know the truth about what's in those trunks.

Another "Lost"-like transition to a flashback.

INT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL, HONOLULU HAWAII - FIVE YEARS EARLIER - MORNING

The Hawaiian sun glistens through the windows of the posh hotel lobby. Mr. and Mrs. Howell arrive with a dozen suitcases and trunks. A BELLBOY follows them as they make their way to the front desk.

MRS. HOWELL

Oh, Thurston! This is such a marvelous hotel!

MR. HOWELL

Indeed, Lovey! This is a resort that's worthy of a Howell vacation. A veritable auberge of opulence. Even the amenities have amenities.

MRS. HOWELL

Oh, I just adore Hawaii! And it's nice to get some time away from the servants too.

MR. HOWELL

I think I may indulge in a little cliff diving.

MRS. HOWELL

Cliff diving? Why Thurston... you're terribly afraid of heights.

MR. HOWELL

I was thinking more of a fiscal cliff.
(MORE)

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

Oh, by jove, I coined a financial funny!

MRS. HOWELL

Oh, Darling! You're so clever!
There you go my good man! Don't spend it all in one place.

The bellboy looks closely at the tip. He's not impressed.

BELLBOY

I really don't think I have much of a choice, Sir.

MR. HOWELL

(oblivious)

Well, yes... the economy isn't what it used to be now, is it? Run along.

The bellboy exits, leaving the bags with the Howell's at the front desk. Mr. Howell addresses the DESK CLERK.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

Good afternoon, Sir! My name is Thurston Howell the Third and this is Mrs. Thurston Howell the Third. We have reservations for two weeks at your lavish retreat.

The Desk Clerk types on the computer keyboard.

DESK CLERK

Let's see. Ah yes, the penthouse suite. Excellent choice. You'll have a marvelous view of the ocean.

MR. HOWELL

Well, I suppose that'll do. If I could just have our keycard, We'll head on up to our room.

DESK CLERK

I'm sorry, Mr. Howell... I can't give that to you just yet. We haven't hit check-out time, and the previous guest is still in the room.

MR. HOWELL

Well then get up there and give him a courtesy escort out of the room. A Howell waits for no one!

DESK CLERK

That's not exactly how it works.
I'm afraid it will be another three
hours before your room is ready.

MRS. HOWELL

Three hours? Oh, that clearly won't
do. Thurston... show this man how
the Howells get their way!

MR. HOWELL

Now hear this! I demand you show us
to our room this instant!

(beat)

Pretty please?

DESK CLERK

(sarcastically)

I'm sorry Mr. Howell. It's hotel
policy that we don't kick out one
guest to accommodate another one.

MR. HOWELL

Egad! Such manners! What are you?
A Yale man?

DESK CLERK

(even more sarcastic)

Yes, that's exactly what I am. After
graduating from Yale's prestigious
school of Hotel and Restaurant
Management, I paid off my school
loans by working at the Luxurious
New Haven Motor Lodge. That lead to
bigger and better things, and here I
am now in my dream job.

MRS. HOWELL

At least you've found success in
your career field. These days, so
many college graduates are having to
scrape by on just their trust funds.

MR. HOWELL

Now see here! If we can't check
into our room, just what are we
supposed to do for the next few hours?

DESK CLERK

Well, there's a movie theater that's
just a short taxi ride away...

MR. HOWELL

Taxi? Do we look like mere Romneys?

The Desk Clerk pulls some brochures out of a drawer.

DESK CLERK

Here's something you might like.
There's plenty of boats nearby that
take people out on charter cruises.
Most last for about an hour or so,
but here's one called the S.S. Minnow.
It offers a three hour tour.

MR. HOWELL

A three hour tour?

MRS. HOWELL

Oh Thurston, a cruise sounds
absolutely delightful. We'll need
first class accommodations, of course.

MR. HOWELL

Well, we do have some time. I suppose
it wouldn't kill us to give some
business to the lesser 47-percent.

Mr. Howell turns to the desk clerk.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

My good man, call the S.S. Minnow
and let them know the Howells will
be arriving momentarily.

DESK CLERK

Very well, Sir. And while you're
away, we can hold your luggage until
your room is ready.

MR. HOWELL

A Howell leave his luggage with total
strangers? Sir, I'll have you know
that I have underwear that costs
more than you make in a year.

MRS. HOWELL

His Armani are-many

MR. HOWELL

Ah, Lovey... now who's the clever
one?

Mr Howell returns his attention to the matter at hand.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

That said, I simply will not allow
this precious Howell cargo out of my
sight. We'll just have to take it
with us.

He motions to the bellboy.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

Oh bellhop! We shall be diverting
our baggage to a nearby tropic port.

Mr. Howell hands him a tip. Again, the bellboy is unimpressed.

BELLBOY

Yes... this should get you about
halfway out the door.

EXT. TROPIC PORT, HONOLULU - MOMENTS LATER

The Skipper and Gilligan are now wearing their trademark blue and red shirts when the Howells, the bellboy and their luggage arrive. Mr. Howell once again tips the bellboy who rolls his eyes, and leaves.

MR. HOWELL

Ah, Good morning my good man. My
name's Thurston Howell the Third and
this is my wife Mrs. Thurston Howell
the Third. Are you the Captain of
this...

He looks at the Minnow. It's not what he's used to.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

..."fine" vessel?

SKIPPER

I am indeed, Sir. The name's Grumby.
Jonas Grumby. And that young man
over there is my first mate.

(yelling)

GILLIGAN! Come over here. There's
some people I want you to meet.

MRS. HOWELL

(whispers)

Did he say Gilligan? What an odd
name? Do you suppose that's his
first name or his last name?

MR. HOWELL

Well, we probably shouldn't insult
him by asking. These Navy men are
proud, sturdy figures.

Gilligan arrives. Naturally, he is neither proud nor sturdy.

GILLIGAN

Hey everybody.

SKIPPER

Gilligan... These are the passengers
I was telling you about. This is
Mr. Thurston Howell the Third, and
this is his wife...

He realizes he doesn't know Mrs. Howell's first name.

MRS. HOWELL

Eunice Wentworth Howell. Of the
East Hartford Wentworths.

MR. HOWELL

But everybody calls her Lovey.

MRS. HOWELL

But Darling, you're the only one who
calls me Lovey.

MR. HOWELL

Yes Dear, but I like to think I'm
all the "everybody" you need.

SKIPPER

Well, come aboard, folks! I'll give
you the grand tour.

MR. HOWELL

Ah, yes!
(turns to Gilligan)
If you could just wheel those bags
this way.

The Skipper just now notices the large amount of luggage.

SKIPPER

Now wait a minute, we don't have
room for all those chests. We're
only going on a three hour tour.

GILLIGAN

(reaffirms the Skipper)
A three hour tour!

SKIPPER

I'm afraid you'll have to leave them
behind.

MR. HOWELL

Well, surely you can make a concession
this one time.

Mr. Howell pulls out a ten dollar bill.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

Perhaps *President Hamilton* can convince you.

MRS. HOWELL

That's clearly not right, Darling.

MR. HOWELL

Well, he established the US Mint, so he was a President in my book!

MRS. HOWELL

No, I mean these men are professional sailors. You can't bribe them with a mere ten dollars.

MR. HOWELL

You're right, Dear. Here you go. One President Hamilton for each of you.

SKIPPER

Look, Mr. Howell... I'd love to help, but the Minnow just can't hold that kind of cargo. We'd sink before we got halfway out to sea.

MRS. HOWELL

Let's make this easy, Darling.

Mrs. Howell flings open one of the giant trunks. To the Skipper and Gilligan's surprise it's filled with money, neatly stacked and bundled. Mrs. Howell reaches in and grabs two bundles of bills. Mr. Howell is equally shocked, but more so at Mrs. Howell who has revealed their secret.

MR. HOWELL

Lovey!!

MRS. HOWELL

Here you go, Captain. How much will it take to make space for our luggage? Will five thousand do? Ten thousand?

MR. HOWELL

Lovey! You're negotiating against yourself!

She hands the cash to the Skipper who gladly accepts it.

SKIPPER

Uh, yes... I think we can make room for your "cargo." Gilligan, take the Howells' luggage on board.

(MORE)

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

And see if you can't get rid of some other stuff to make room for it.

GILLIGAN

What do you want me to get rid of?

SKIPPER

I don't know. Anything. Just make sure we lose the excess weight.

(turns to the Howells)

If you don't mind me asking, are all those trunks filled with money?

MRS. HOWELL

Oh heavens no! We never need more than three trunkfulls when we travel. The rest are just clothes and other "necessities."

Gilligan picks up one of the smaller bags.

GILLIGAN

This bag's really light? Is there anything in it at all?

MR. HOWELL

That, Gilligan my boy, is the most precious cargo of all.

Mr. Howell opens the bag and pulls out his teddy bear.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Teddy. I'd never let you out of my sight for even a minute.

Another "Lost"-like transition back to island time.

INT. HOWELL'S HUT - PRESENT DAY/CONTINUOUS

Baseem and Jarrah are covertly trying to open the Howells' trunks. They "act natural" as the Howells return.

MR. HOWELL

My apologies, Gentlemen. I forgot my trusty nine iron.

Mr. Howell grabs the aforementioned club -- it's a thin bamboo rod with a sea shell attached at the end.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

I want to go a round on the back nine with Mrs. Howell before shoving off.

Mrs. Howell is shocked to hear him be so... descriptive.

MRS. HOWELL

Thurston!

MR. HOWELL

I'm talking about *golf*, Lovey.

He whispers aside to Baseem and Jarrah.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

Clearly I'm not the one responsible for those "intimacy issues."

BASEEM

Thank you for your hospitality, but Jarrah and I must get going.

JARRAH

Yes... we must get.. uh... *footage* of the island.

MR. HOWELL

Ah yes, well don't let us hold you back. The sooner you get your footage the sooner we can get of this abominable atoll.

EXT. HOWELL'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

Outside, from a distance, Horace is watching through binoculars as Baseem, Jarrah and the Howells exit the hut. He writes something in a notebook.

INT. SKIPPER AND GILLIGAN'S HUT - NIGHT

The Skipper and Gilligan are laying in their hammocks, getting ready to go to sleep for what they believe will be their final night on the island.

GILLIGAN

Good night, Skipper.

SKIPPER

Good night, Gilligan.

There's a pause before Gilligan has one final thought.

GILLIGAN

Skipper...?

SKIPPER

Yes, Gilligan?

GILLIGAN

What's the first thing you're gonna do when you get home?

The Skipper thinks for a brief moment. A *very brief* moment.

SKIPPER

I'm gonna order a thick juicy T-Bone at my favorite restaurant.

GILLIGAN

Ah... a steakhouse?

SKIPPER

No, it's a pizza joint. But I'm gonna have them go get me the steak while I woof down a deep dish pepperoni and mushroom!

GILLIGAN

The first thing I'm gonna do is have a coconut cream pie!

SKIPPER

What? Why? You have those all the time here on the island.

GILLIGAN

I know... and I'm taking a bunch of them home with me!

The Skipper just rolls his eyes.

SKIPPER

Good night, Gilligan.

GILLIGAN

Good night, Skipper.

Outside the hut, Jarrah is spying on the duo.

EXT. SKIPPER AND GILLIGAN'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

As Jarrah looks through the window, Ginger seductively makes her way toward him. Jarrah assumes it's Baseem.

JARRAH

(whispers)

Be quiet, Baseem, I am trying gather some intel.

GINGER

(whispers in his ear)

If it's intel you want, I could tell you a few stories.

JARRAH

Oh, hello Miss Grant!

He backs away from the window... and from Ginger, who continues to attempt to seduce him

GINGER

Call me Ginger. And when I say "call me," I mean call me *anytime*.

JARRAH

I will, uh.. make a note of that.

GINGER

You like, Ginger, don't you Jarrah?

JARRAH

Uh, sure. What's not to like?

GINGER

Well, Ginger would love it if big strong Jarrah would make a film about her. One that little ol' Ginger could star in, too.

Jarrah is starting to warm up to her advances and plays up the role of movie-maker.

JARRAH

I'm sure I could come up with something. We could set it on a tropical island like this. A warm breeze blows through the palm fronds. You enter, walking along the beach. I would break out the wide angle lens to capture...

All of the sudden, Ginger is no longer in a seductive mood.

GINGER

Wide angle? Are you saying I'm fat?

JARRAH

What? No! Of course not! I just...

GINGER

(crying)

Ohhhh! You're just like every producer in Hollywood! You think any girl who's bigger than a size two needs to go on a diet.

Ginger continues to cry as Jarrah tries to comfort her.

JARRAH

Miss Grant. Geen-jer... I do not think that. In fact, in my culture, I'm not even allowed to think about women that way at all -- at least women who are not my wife. But if I were to think about you like that, I would not think that you are fat.

GINGER

Really?

JARRAH

Of course not. In fact, I would like to meet this *producer* who put such self-doubt in your mind. I would show him a different type of "Hollywood bomb."

We dissolve to another "Lost"-like flashback.

INT. HAROLD HECUBA'S OFFICE - FIVE YEARS EARLIER

There is a feeling of Hollywood royalty in the office of esteemed film producer Harold Hecuba. Framed posters on the wall illustrate the blockbusters he's made and the stars he's made even bigger. One poster reads "Harold Hecuba Presents: Musical Extravaganza! The Musical Extravaganza." Another poster advertises "Land of the Vampires!" Starring Patch Pockets. A third poster is for a western called "Standing Cow: Daughter of Sitting Bull" starring Bum Steer.

Harold Hecuba is on the phone at his desk, behaving very much like the stereotypical Hollywood producer -- talking fast and demanding the world.

HAROLD HECUBA

No... no... no. Absolutely not! That is a horrible idea and Harold Hecuba does not back horrible ideas.

(beat)

Well, get back to me when you *do* have some better ideas.

He slams down the phone.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Hamlet: the Musical! Seriously?!

As he returns to his work, Harold hums the chorus to Chanson du Toréador from Carmen under his breath. His secretary enters the office and breaks his concentration.

SECRETARY

Ginger Grant is here to see you.

HAROLD HECUBA

Fantastic, Pussycat! Send her in!

The Secretary steps out of the office and ushers in Ginger.

GINGER

Hello, Mr. Hecuba. It's a pleasure to finally meet you.

HAROLD HECUBA

Ginger, baby! Welcome to the offices of Harold Hecuba Productions. Please, sit that gorgeous seat of yours in one of my equally gorgeous seats.

Ginger sits down. She's still giddy.

GINGER

I can't tell you how long I've waited for this moment. Every girl in Hollywood dreams of having a face-to-face meeting with the sensational, great, magnificent Harold Hecuba.

HAROLD HECUBA

You left out "stupendous!" But we can get back to *me* in just a moment. I want to talk about *you*, Ginger. I've been following your career for quite a while now. I loved you in "Sing a Song of Sing Sing" and "The Bird People Meet the Chicken Pluckers."

GINGER

(blushing)

I don't know what to say, Mr. Hecuba.

HAROLD HECUBA

Please, call me H.H. Everyone who's anyone in Hollywood calls me H.H. And certainly the star of "The Hula Girl and the Fullback" falls into that category.

GINGER

Why, thank you Mr. Hecu... I mean, H.H.

HAROLD HECUBA

Ginger, I'm gonna cut to the chase.
(MORE)

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
You're a big star, and I can make
you even bigger. You know my new
film "A Pyramid For Two?"

GINGER
Sure! I just saw where you signed
Shia LaBeouf to play Mark Antony.

HAROLD HECUBA
Indeed! And I knew right away there
was only one woman I wanted to play
Cleopatra!

Ginger is elated!

GINGER
Me???

HAROLD HECUBA
No... Megan Fox. They had that whole
Transformers chemistry going on.

Ginger's deflated... briefly.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
But she said no. Then I knew there
was only one other woman who could
fill Cleopatra's chiton.

Ginger's hopes are up again.

GINGER
Me??

HAROLD HECUBA
Nope. Lindsay Lohan. But then I
saw how much it would cost to insure
her. I might as well give all my
money to Charlie Sheen and say
"here... have a party!"

Ginger remains hopeful.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
So then I wrote down a list of all
the actresses I'd like to see in
that role. Paltrow, Witherspoon,
Bullock, Zeta Jones, Love-Hewitt,
Tyler Perry, Louis-Dreyfus. And one
by one they all had what they called
"better offers."

He looks right at Ginger.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
That's when it hit me!

Now Ginger's REALLY excited.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
Paris Hilton! Unfortunately she's
working on a new sex tape. And that's
when I thought of you, Ginger!

Ginger's excitement is tempered a bit.

GINGER
You thought of me after talking to
Paris Hilton about her sex tape?

HAROLD HECUBA
Don't ask "why" these things happen,
Ginger baby! Just accept that they
do! The role is yours if you want
it. Just picture it now:

He makes giant gestures, as if reading a movie marquee.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
Harold Hecuba's "A Pyramid For Two."
Written by Harold Hecuba! Directed
by Harold Hecuba! Adapted from an
obscure webseries without the
creator's consent by Harold Hecuba...
and starring Ginger Grant!

Now it's confirmed! Ginger both sighs and smiles.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
With Harold Hecuba as the voice of
the Asp!

Harold turns to Ginger and awaits her answer.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
So... whatta say, Ginger Darling?

Naturally Ginger is excited!

GINGER
Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes!

She hugs him.

HAROLD HECUBA
Had I known I would've gotten this
reaction I would have moved you to
the top of the list!

GINGER

Oh my God! I've got so much to do!
When do we start filming.

HAROLD HECUBA

In three months! That'll give you
more than enough time to meet certain
"contractual obligations."

GINGER

Contractual obligations? What does
that mean?

HAROLD HECUBA

Just the usual stuff. No drug or
alcohol abuse. No dangerous
activities. Drastic weight loss.

GINGER

Drastic weight loss? What's wrong
with my weight the way it is?

Harold laughs, then realizes that Ginger is serious.

HAROLD HECUBA

What? Are you serious? You're a
full figured gal. What are you, a
hundred thirty? We gotta get you
down below a hundred ten before
principal photography begins.

Ginger's disappointed -- shell shocked, even -- to hear this.

GINGER

But my curves are my image, Mr.
Hecuba. I'm 36-24-36. Just like
Marilyn Monroe.

Harold finds this comparison amusing

HAROLD HECUBA

Ha! If Marilyn was alive today she
wouldn't even be able to land a gig
on a reality show. Not with those
hips! Hollywood wants its leading
ladies skinny, Ginger. If I can't
see your breastbone, don't even think
about sending me your headshot.

This is is a wake up call for Ginger. She wants the part,
but she doesn't know what to do about the weight loss.

GINGER

Mr. Hecuba. I'm not sure I can do
this.

HAROLD HECUBA
Of course you can, Doll Face!

He hands her an airline ticket and some other papers.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
Here's an airline ticket to Honolulu.
A friend of mine runs a fat camp
there.

GINGER
What if the media finds out?

HAROLD HECUBA
Ah, the media! Those vile, wretched
vultures. They're like plankton on
a slug's belly. Don't worry... I've
already leaked a fake story to them.

GINGER
What kind of a fake story?

HAROLD HECUBA
I told them you'll be starting a
three-month gig singing at the Tiki
Kiwi Nightclub. It's not a lie...
I've actually booked you there.
Gotta keep up appearances. You'll
perform during the lunch rush and
stay at the camp overnight.

GINGER
But Mr. Hecuba... I'm not sure I
want to change my entire image.

HAROLD HECUBA
Nonsense! If there's anything those
stupid viewers at home love, it's an
extreme makeover!

He ushers Ginger toward the door.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
Now run along, Ginger. H.H. has
important Hollywood business.

Ginger protests, but she just can't shush Harold Hecuba.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
I'll draw up the contract and send
it to your agent. Trust me! This
is gonna do wonders for your career!
You'd have to get lost at sea to
stop your upcoming rise to the top.

Harold addresses his secretary.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
Oh Pussycat, please show Miss Grant
out.

Ginger leaves and Harold returns to his desk. He hums Carmen's Habanera as he thumbs through various headshots. He stops at one with a picture of a homely woman who sort of resembles Ginger.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
Eva Grubb?

He shudders

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)
I doubt even an EXTREME extreme
makeover could help you out, Dearie.

He tosses Eva Grubb's headshot into the trash. Another "Lost"-like transition back to island time.

EXT. SKIPPER AND GILLIGAN'S HUT - PRESENT DAY/CONTINUOUS

Jarrah continues to "make time" with Ginger when Baseem whispers to him from the jungle.

BASEEM
Pssst... Jarrah.

JARRAH
Oh, I must go, Geen-jer. I need
sleep for tomorrow's journey. But
remember, no matter how much you
weigh, I will have a spot for you in
my... movie.

GINGER
Thanks, Jarrah. I think.

Ginger walks back to her hut as Jarrah meets up with Baseem.

JARRAH
What is it?

BASEEM
Our suspicions may be right. I was
just on our boat and I found this.

He hands him a small bag that reads "US Military: Official Food Ration." A sub header reads "Danger: Consume only if desperate or really really hungry."

BASEEM (CONT'D)

It appears these "castaways" are not who they claim to be.

JARRAH

Good work, Baseem. We must continue to let them think that we don't know what we think they know until we know for sure that they know what we think they know. You know?

BASEEM

No.

JARRAH

Never mind. Just who do these fools think they are dealing with. Did they really think we would not notice US military spies in our midst?

EXT. DEEP IN THE JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Horace is trying to fix his satellite phone. He speaks into it, hoping his latest attempt was successful.

HORACE

Hello... Come in Delta Base. Delta Base, come in. Hello, Delta Base.

Horace gives up. He's hungry and he pulls out a mostly empty rations bag. He searches his pockets for his last bag, but he can't find it.

He then pulls out his smart phone. The phone capability isn't working, naturally, but the personal recorder is. He hits "record" and speaks into the mic.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Update... Operative 8-15 Reporting. The Al Jm'Bacus terrorists remain in possession of the biological weapon. I will attempt to deactivate or, if necessary, destroy it. The targets have set up in what appears to be a remote and crude terrorist base camp. Besides the two targets, I have counted five other collaborators, all of whom appear to be American. There may be others as well. I have lost all contact with the outside world, and these recordings will serve as my communication until actual contact can be made. 8-15 out.

Horace packs up his belongings and heads toward the huts.

INT. PROFESSOR'S HUT - MORNING

The Professor is packing things up in his hut, including a rather large library of books. Gilligan enters the hut.

GILLIGAN
Hey Professor!

PROFESSOR
Ah, hello Gilligan. Come over here,
I have something for you.

GILLIGAN
Oh boy! What is it?

The Professor extends both arms, gesturing toward his elaborate test tube and beaker set-up.

PROFESSOR
This! I've set it up one final time.
It's ready for you to knock over.

GILLIGAN
Good one, Professor. But I'm not
gonna knock that down.

PROFESSOR
We'll see about that.

GILLIGAN
You packin' up?

PROFESSOR
I am indeed. Most of this stuff
I'll leave behind, but I'd be lost
without my personal atheneum.

GILLIGAN
Oh, I just thought you were packing
up your books.

The Professor just laughs. He's done this routine with Gilligan before. Gilligan reads one of the titles out loud.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
"Integrated Calculus by Zimmerman."
I think I saw that movie.

PROFESSOR
You know, Gilligan, I think that at
one point or another, I've consulted
every one of these books for a
solution to our various dilemmas.
It really is a good stroke of fortune
that I brought them.

Gilligan notices an unfinished manuscript, "Fun With Ferns."

GILLIGAN

What's this, Professor?

PROFESSOR

That's just a project I was working on awhile back. In fact, I'm on the island right now because of it.

Another "Lost"-like transition to a flashback.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM, HONOLULU - FIVE YEARS EARLIER

The large ballroom is filled with several tables. A convention is underway. Spectators watch with respect as the Professor is in mid-speech on stage.

PROFESSOR

...so the quasiparticle looks directly at his date and says...

He pauses for dramatic and comedic effect.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

"It's microscopically complicated."

The crowd laughs uproariously! The Professor continues.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Needless to say, his date was not in an "excited state."

The audience is about to fall out of its seats with laughter.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

But seriously, what we're discussing here today is a very important matter. While Accelerated Radiation, Cryotherapy and High-intensity Focused Ultrasound remain at the forefront of Oncological science, it is imperative that research involving Anthrocyanins, Ellagic Acid and other natural retinoids continues to press forward. I thank you for your time.

A standing ovation. As he walks off the stage, The Professor is greeted by colleagues and admirers. The Emcee steps to the podium.

EMCEE

That's Dr. Roy Hinkley ladies and gentlemen. Now the moment you've all been waiting for: Intermission!

The crowd chuckles.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

We'll take a twenty minute break
before our next speaker, Dr. Boris
Balinkoff engages us.

He reads the next line from a sheet of paper.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

"Personality Transfers and Mind
Control Rings: It's Not Just For Mad
Scientists Anymore." Thank you,
everybody.

The crowd disperses and more well-wishers make their way
over to the Professor.

Among the well-wishers is DR. JACK ARNOLD, a friend and
colleague of the Professor.

DR. JACK ARNOLD

Roy!

He gets the Professor's attention.

PROFESSOR

Jack! Good to see you.

DR. JACK ARNOLD

Nice job up there, "Professor." You
really knocked it outta the park.

The Professor's humble, but he's used to such accolades.

PROFESSOR

Ah, well... this is a friendly crowd.
Their auspicious regard for my
disquisition is hardly unanticipated.

DR. JACK ARNOLD

Neither is your humility. Seriously,
Roy, you're doing great work. I'm
especially intrigued by your theory
of phytochemicals and their effect
on the metabolic pathways.

The Professor is more than happy to continue talking about
this.

PROFESSOR

Yes! Specifically, pterostilbene!
(MORE)

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

That's a tremendous natural phytochemical that, when broken down, can greatly aid in the prevention of carcinomas and other acute malignancies.

DR. JACK ARNOLD

Much like resveratrol or sulforaphane.

PROFESSOR

Exactly!

DR. JACK ARNOLD

You're making some great breakthroughs, Roy.

PROFESSOR

Yes, well, unfortunately, my progress seems to be falling on deaf ears. I've presented my research to some of the most prominent pharmaceutical manufacturers, and not a one of them has shown even the slightest bit of interest. I mean, we're talking about an actual oncological counteractant. Who wouldn't be interested in a cure for cancer?

DR. JACK ARNOLD

It's a double edged sword. Think about it. Pharmaceutical companies make tens of billions of dollars per year *treating* cancer. If an actual cure was introduced into the mix, that would be bad for business.

PROFESSOR

But if they'd just recognized the...

DR. JACK ARNOLD

No buts about it. Treating cancer is more profitable than curing it.

PROFESSOR

Yes, to the detriment of society.

DR. JACK ARNOLD

It's exactly like the time you discovered a way to turn water into gasoline. Remember how quickly Big Oil shut that down?

The Professor silently nods in agreement.

DR. JACK ARNOLD (CONT'D)
Let's change the subject. How's
that book of yours coming? Have you
come up with a title yet?

The Professor's mood gets much better.

PROFESSOR
Yes! I'm calling it "Fun With Ferns:
"What's So Pterrible About
Pteridophyta?"

His mood goes back down again.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, I haven't found the
free time to do any significant
writing.

DR. JACK ARNOLD
Roy, you've got to *make* time for
yourself. Hell, set aside a couple
hours later today and pound out a
few pages.

PROFESSOR
I'd love to. But I've got to give
another lecture in six hours.

DR. JACK ARNOLD
Well, I'm serious. Take some time
for yourself. Stay in your hotel
room, or eat at an out-of-the-way
restaurant...

Jack pulls a brochure out of his pocket.

DR. JACK ARNOLD (CONT'D)
... or take a boat cruise. I picked
this up earlier. It's perfect and
you could do it this afternoon.
It's a three hour tour.

The Professor looks at the brochure and ponders the idea.

PROFESSOR
A three hour tour?

DR. JACK ARNOLD
Think about it, Roy. You can relax
and write while the other passengers
are doing their own things. They
won't even know you're there. They
have no need for a scientist.

PROFESSOR

And it leaves shortly, so I'll be
back in time for tonight's lecture.
Okay, I'll do it!

The Professor leaves, ready to take his cruise. He gets a
step or two away, then turns back to tell Jack one more thing.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Oh, and if we stop at one of the
nearby islands, I might be able to
test my theory that *anything* can be
made using nothing but coconuts and
bamboo. Thanks, Jack!

Flashback ends and we fade back to island time.

INT. PROFESSOR'S HUT - PRESENT DAY/CONTINUOUS

Gilligan is helping the Professor pack the last of his books.

GILLIGAN

You're all set, Professor!

PROFESSOR

Thanks for your help, Gilligan. Now
it's just a matter of asking Baseem
and Jarrah when they'll be ready to
leave.

GILLIGAN

I'll go find them.

Gilligan trips and falls into the test tubes and beakers.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

PROFESSOR

Like I said, Gilligan... it's my
final gift to you.

The Professor smiles as Gilligan leaves.

EXT. CAVE - LATER

Gilligan has climbed up the hill on the other side of the
island, looking for Baseem and Jarrah.

GILLIGAN

Baseem!? Jarrah!? Helloooo....

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Gilligan wanders into the cave.

GILLIGAN
Anybody home? Baseem? Jarrah?

Gilligan notices the missile.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
What the...?

Then it hits Gilligan. He knows exactly what it is.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Oh boy! Fireworks! Baseem and Jarrah
must be planning a big send off for
us!

Gilligan looks over the missile. There's a keypad and a screen on the side.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
Wow! This is really high tech.

Gilligan pushes a few keys, but nothing happens. He then looks on the ground and finds the paper with the arming code that Jarrah dropped earlier.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
What's this?
(reading aloud)
"Missile Arm?" Missiles don't have
arms.

Gilligan looks at the numerical code on the paper and types it on the keypad. Immediately, the screen reads "Missile Armed" and a countdown clock begins counting back from 24 hours. Gilligan, however, remains oblivious.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
Hmmm... Must be a dud. Oh well!

Gilligan heads for the exit to look for Baseem and Jarrah.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
Baseem? Jarrah? Anybody here?

INT. THE GIRLS' HUT - A LITTLE LATER

Mary Ann and Ginger are packing up their belongings as Mrs. Howell stops by the hut.

MRS. HOWELL
Hello Mary Ann. Hello Ginger.

MARY ANN
Hey there.

GINGER
Hello, Mrs. Howell.

MRS. HOWELL
I'm sorry to be a bother, but do
either of you girls have some rouge?
I want to look my best for the rescue
and I'm fresh out.

Mary Ann hands her a compact.

MARY ANN
Here you go. I take it you want to
look gorgeous for all those TV cameras
that'll be waiting for us when we
get home.

GINGER
Not to mention all the strong,
handsome men.

Mrs. Howell is flattered. But she knows what's what.

MRS. HOWELL
Oh, you girls are positively
delightful. But I'm afraid those
strong, handsome men will glance
right past me and stare right at you
two.

MARY ANN
Oh, Mrs. Howell, that's not true.

GINGER
Mary Ann's right. You'll have plenty
of admirers when we get back.

MRS. HOWELL
That's a lovely thought, Dear. But
as long as Mr. Howell is my admirer,
I'm perfectly happy.

MARY ANN
Awww.

GINGER
That's so beautiful.

MARY ANN
I sure wish a man would look at me
like that.

MRS. HOWELL
Oh, don't be silly, Darling... you're
simply beautiful.

GINGER

She's right, Mary Ann. Any man would be lucky to be your boyfriend.

MARY ANN

Tell that to my last boyfriend.

MRS. HOWELL

I would, but I have no idea where he is.

GINGER

That's the problem, Mrs. Howell. Neither does Mary Ann.

Another "Lost"-like transition leads to a flashback.

INT. TIKI KIWI NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The club is open for business, but the lunch crowd is light. Despite the dismal turnout, Ginger is singing her (and Marilyn Monroe's) signature sultry song.

GINGER

(singing)

I wanna be loved by you. By you and nobody else but you. I wanna be loved by you alone. Boop boop a doop.

A couple of businessmen sit at a table and make catcalls.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I couldn't aspire, To anything higher,
Than, filled with desire, To make
you my own! Boop boop a doop! I
wanna be kissed by you. By you, and
nobody else but you. I wanna be
kissed by you alone. Boop boop be
doop.

As Ginger continues singing, Mary Ann walks up to the bar. She is sad with the weight of the world on her shoulders.

BARTENDER

You look like you could use a pick me up.

MARY ANN

Oh, I don't think you have enough booze behind that bar to pick me up.

BARTENDER

I've seen that look before.

(MORE)

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Something tells me your boyfriend
has done you wrong.

MARY ANN
Ex-boyfriend. At least he will be
if he ever shows his face to me again.

The Bartender grabs some bottles and starts to mix a drink.

BARTENDER
I've got just the thing for you.
It's a special concoction I created
when my ex-girlfriend dumped me.
The drink'll cost you six-fifty...
but the shoulder to cry on is free.

MARY ANN
That sounds like the best offer I've
had in a long time.

The Bartender sets the drink in front of Mary Ann.

BARTENDER
So what did this ex-boyfriend do
that's made that pretty little face
so sad?

MARY ANN
Oh, You don't want to hear my silly
little story.

BARTENDER
Hey, If you can't tell your bartender,
who can you tell?

Mary Ann spills her guts, going from sad to mad on a dime.

MARY ANN
Oh... I just don't know how he could
treat me like this!

She composes herself a bit.

MARY ANN (CONT'D)
I was supposed to meet my boyfriend,
Horace here in Hawaii. He's in the
Navy and we haven't seen each other
in several months.

Mary Ann takes a sip...

MARY ANN (CONT'D)
Mmmm... that's good.

...then she downs the entire drink.

MARY ANN (CONT'D)

Well don't just stand there. Get me another one.

The Bartender does as he's ordered.

MARY ANN (CONT'D)

Anyway, we were supposed to meet yesterday at the hotel. We had this great romantic weekend planned.

BARTENDER

So... what happened?

MARY ANN

I don't know! He never showed up. No phone call, no nothing! He won't return my calls and he's ignoring my texts. It's like he dumped me without letting me know.

Ginger finishes her set and the small crowd applauds.

GINGER

Thank you. Thank you very much. That's all for me today. You've been wonderful.

Ginger makes her way to the bar.

GINGER (CONT'D)

(to the Bartender)

Hey, Charlie. Give me a grapefruit juice.

BARTENDER

You sure you don't want something a little stronger there, Ginger?

GINGER

Nah. Can't afford the calories.

The Bartender nods toward Mary Ann

BARTENDER

I'm guessing this little lady may drink enough for all three of us combined.

GINGER

Aw, Honey, let me guess. Man trouble?

Mary Ann doesn't recognize Ginger as a famous movie star.

MARY ANN

Is it that obvious?

BARTENDER

Mary Ann here was supposed to meet her boyfriend...

MARY ANN

(interrupts)

Ex-boyfriend.

BARTENDER

Ex-boyfriend. And he never showed up.

GINGER

I thought that was the case. I know that look.

MARY ANN

You've been dumped before?

GINGER

(she chuckles)

Oh no, honey. I've see that look on *men's* faces before. When you look like this you don't get dumped... you do the dumping.

MARY ANN

Well, either way, I've got two days to spend in Hawaii... all alone.

BARTENDER

Well, I would love to show you around the island... but my girlfriend probably wouldn't care for that.

MARY ANN

Oh, Thanks. But to be honest I really don't want to deal with any man right now.

(pauses)

No offense.

BARTENDER

None taken.

Mary Ann looks at the time on her cell phone.

MARY ANN

Would you look at that. Right about now we were supposed to be getting ready to go on a romantic boat ride.

She pulls a brochure out of her purse and hands it to Ginger.

GINGER

The S.S. Minnow, island charter.
Exotic trip...free lunches.

MARY ANN

Nothing says "love" like a free meal.

BARTENDER

You know what? You two girls should
go on that boat ride.

Ginger and Mary Ann look at each other. It's kind of odd...
they both want to do that, but they *did* just meet each other.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

I'm serious. You both deserve some
girl time. Mary Ann, you just got
dumped. And Ginger, you've been
working your butt off here at the
club.

Ginger glances at her hips.

GINGER

If only it were that easy.

MARY ANN

Okay... why not? I've got nothing
better to do. Whatta you say...
Ginger, is it? Wanna do it?

GINGER

I'd love to. I really would, but
I've got "an engagement" tonight.
I've got to be there by six o'clock.

MARY ANN

Well, that's perfect. You'll be
back in plenty of time. It's only a
three hour tour.

GINGER

A three hour tour?

MARY ANN

Yup.

GINGER

Okay! What the Hell. Let's do it.

MARY ANN

Fantastic!

(MORE)

MARY ANN (CONT'D)

We should go now before they sell out. Thank you for doing this with me.

GINGER

My pleasure. Besides, I'm kind of looking forward to that free lunch.

The girls start to leave as the Bartender calls out to Ginger.

BARTENDER

Hey, Ginger... I forgot to tell you. Your dry cleaning came back. It's hanging up right over there.

The bartender points to a rack filled with a lot of dresses.

GINGER

I suppose I should take these with me. I'm not coming back here when we're done. I'm sure they won't mind, right? It's a big enough boat.

Mary Ann gestures towards some suitcases by the entrance.

MARY ANN

I hope so. Those are my bags over there. I didn't want to stay in the same hotel where Horace and were supposed to be.

Ginger grabs her dresses off the rack.

GINGER

Well grab your bags, sister! Get ready for a girl's afternoon out!

MARY ANN

You really do look familiar. Have we met somewhere before?

The flashback ends and we transition back to island time.

INT. MARY ANN AND GINGER'S HUT - PRESENT

Back in the hut, all three ladies continue their conversation.

MRS. HOWELL

There, there Mary Ann. You have nothing to worry about. You truly are the girl-next-door.

MARY ANN

Thank you, Mrs. Howell. But I just can't help but think Horace is out there, somewhere... wondering what happened to me.

She pauses, then realizes she's still mad at Horace.

MARY ANN (CONT'D)

Just like I was wondering what happened to him.

MRS. HOWELL

You know, it's funny. For some strange reason I didn't think you had a boyfriend.

GINGER

And for some strange reason, I thought his name was Herbert.

MRS. HOWELL

Well, don't you pay that man another thought, Mary Ann. He's a thousand miles away from the best thing that ever happened to him.

MARY ANN

Oh, you're sweet. But if he were here right now, I'd sure tell him a thing or two.

She pauses, briefly.

MARY ANN (CONT'D)

Of course, like *that's* gonna happen.

Outside the window, there is movement in a tree.

EXT. MARY ANN AND GINGER'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

Speak of the devil! Horace is outside right now, hiding in a palm tree, gathering intel. He notices some activity in the girls' hut, but can't see them. He pulls back behind the tree trunk as Jarrah and Baseem approach.

JARRAH

So... We will tell everyone to meet us at the lagoon this afternoon, and while they're gathering there we'll arm the missile, take off in the boat and watch from a safe distance as disaster heads toward Los Angeles.

BASEEM

I would love to see the looks on Gih-lee-gun's face when he and his friends realize we've outsmarted them.

They compose themselves when Mrs. Howell exits the hut.

MRS. HOWELL

Ah, hello boys.

JARRAH

Hello there, Mrs. Howell.

MRS. HOWELL

I was wondering if you have an estimated departure time for our rescue? I want to make sure Mr. Howell and I are fashionably late.

Their conversation continues as Horace watches through binoculars from the palm tree. He also watches as Ginger and Mary Ann come out of their hut.

HORACE

(to himself)

Oh my God! It can't be? Can it?

He adjusts the focus more.

HORACE (CONT'D)

My God... it's her!

With Ginger in focus, and Mary Ann slightly out of focus, we transition to another "Lost"-like flashback.

INT. WHISTLING SANDS MISSILE RANGE BARRACKS - FIVE YEARS EARLIER

It's leisure time for the Navy Seal Team. Lt. Horace Higgenbotham sits on his bunk looking at a picture of his girlfriend. We don't see her face, but it's clear he misses her. Across the room, fellow Navy Seal member FRANCIS "SKINNY" MULLIGAN watches television. A report about Ginger's new movie deal comes across the screen.

ANNOUNCER

...but the judge later ruled that "Bieber Fever" is not an actual medical condition. In other Hollywood News, actress Ginger Grant has inked a new deal. She'll play Cleopatra in the upcoming film "A Pyramid For Two."

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Grant, who has starred in such movies as "Belly Dancers From Bali-Bali" and "Housewives From Mars," will headline the new Harold Hecuba production, set to begin filming in two months. Grant is currently in Honolulu, performing at the Tiki Kiwi Nightclub.

Mulligan turns his attention to Horace.

SKINNY MULLIGAN

Wow! That is one gorgeous woman!

Horace doesn't pay any attention.

SKINNY MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Hey, did'ya hear me? Check her out!

Still nothing. Mulligan throws a rolled up sock at him.

HORACE

What?

SKINNY MULLIGAN

You're missing it! Check out the bod on Ginger Grant! Man what I wouldn't give for one night with that spicy redhead. Oh mama!

HORACE

Oh, yeah. She's all right.

SKINNY MULLIGAN

Seriously, Dude! That's one of the most beautiful women in the world, and the best you can come up with is "she's all right?"

No response from Horace.

SKINNY MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Are you even listening to me?

HORACE

Sorry, Skinny. I was just writing a letter to my girlfriend, Mary Ann.

SKINNY MULLIGAN

Oh, yeah? You got a picture of her?

Horace hands Mulligan the picture.

SKINNY MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Oh man, she's beautiful! What's she
doin' with you?

HORACE
(laughs)
Dunno, man. Maybe I'll ask her.
She's flyin' in to Honolulu in the
morning and I'm gonna zip over there
and meet her. I got a full weekend
furlough.

SKINNY MULLIGAN
Whoa! Ol' Horace is gonna get himself
some action!

Mulligan makes several sexual gestures. Horace ignores him.

HORACE
Stop it, man!

SKINNY MULLIGAN
Well you are, aren't you?

HORACE
Cut it out! Mary Ann isn't like
that.

SKINNY MULLIGAN
Whatta ya mean she isn't like that?

A sudden burst of realization comes over Mulligan's face.

SKINNY MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Oh my God! You two *haven't*... have
you? Don't tell me she wants to
wait until your married!

HORACE
Nah, it's just... she's a good girl
and I don't want to push her into
anything she doesn't want to do.

SKINNY MULLIGAN
Oh my God! You're a virgin!

HORACE
No! Of course not!

SKINNY MULLIGAN
Then you've gotta get on that this
weekend. Show her how a Navy Seal
storms the beach!

Horace is embarrassed and wants to end the conversation.

HORACE

Yeah, whatever.

SKINNY MULLIGAN

Okay... let me ask you something.

Mulligan points toward Ginger on the TV.

SKINNY MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

...Ginger?

He then points to the picture of Mary Ann.

SKINNY MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

...or Mary Ann?

HORACE

What?

SKINNY MULLIGAN

It's a simple question. You have one night left to live and you get one final roll in the hay. Who would you choose? Ginger? Or Mary Ann?

HORACE

Why... Mary Ann, of course.

SKINNY MULLIGAN

Yeah, me too.

Horace shoots him a glance, as if to say "whoa, dude!"

SKINNY MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

What? Your girlfriend's hot.

(beat)

Just sayin'.

HORACE

Well, I'd better get packing if I want to be on time to meet her at the airport. She's gonna...

Suddenly, the Seal Team COMMANDER bursts into the room,

COMMANDER

All right, Ladies! On your feet!

Everyone takes notice. This is their Commander, after all.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

I need all of you in uniform and ready to go in two minutes.

(MORE)

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Not two and a half minutes... not three minutes... two minutes! We have been assigned a top priority mission and we are shipping out immediately. You do not have time to comb your hair or brush your teeth. We are pursuing a high profile target.

SKINNY MULLIGAN

High profile? Who is it, Sir?

COMMANDER

You will be given all the information you need en route to the target location, Lieutenant Mulligan. Move it! Move it! Move it!

Horace is troubled. He needs to get word to Mary Ann.

HORACE

Sir, I'm supposed to meet my girlfriend tomorrow morning. I need to make a call and tell her...

COMMANDER

(sarcastically)

By all means, Lieutenant Higgenbotham. Take all the time you need to talk things over with your girlfriend! We'll be in the chopper waiting for you. Why don't you ask her if she'd like to come with us.

The Commander loses his sarcastic tone and barks more orders.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Perhaps I haven't made myself clear! This target will not wait for us to clear our schedules. We need to go now! It's zero dark thirty, gentlemen! Let's move out!

The room clears as the Seals hurry out the door. Horace has left his cell phone on his bunk. It rings and up pops Mary Ann's picture. Alas, there's no one there to answer her call. Flashback ends and we fade back to island time.

EXT. MARY ANN AND GINGER'S HUT - PRESENT DAY/CONTINUOUS

Baseem and Jarrah head into the jungle while the ladies continue to talk. Through the binoculars, Horace focuses on Mary Ann.

HORACE

(to himself)

Oh Mary Ann! Why? Why are you in league with those terrorists?

Horace loses focus, moves his foot off a branch and loses his balance. He falls out of the tree.

MARY ANN

What was that?

The girls run over to Horace.

MRS. HOWELL

Who on Earth is that?

GINGER

I've never seen him before in my life.

A few steps behind, Mary Ann is stunned to see who's fallen.

MARY ANN

Horace?

The dazed Horace sees Mary Ann's face, then passes out.

EXT. DINNER TABLE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Horace has come to, and is sitting around the community dinner table with all seven of the castaways.

SKIPPER

So that's pretty much the whole story. And we've been trying desperately to get home ever since.

HORACE

So you all have been marooned here this whole time?

Horace wants to believe, but he's skeptical.

HORACE (CONT'D)

And you haven't been able to find any way off the island?

GILLIGAN

Well, the Professor's been working on a way to fix the boat, but so far he hasn't had any luck.

HORACE

Really? No luck at all?

The Professor stumbles as he tries to express himself.

PROFESSOR

Um yes... but it's a complicated procedure. You see the, uh... Circumference of the holes and the, uh ...density of the Minnow's hull make... Prefabrication... from island materials practically impossible.

GILLIGAN

Not only that, but its hard to do.

MRS. HOWELL

We really have been here a long time Mr. Higgenbotham. But that will change shortly, thanks to those two nice film makers.

HORACE

Film makers?

MARY ANN

Yes, Baseem and Jarrah. They stumbled upon our island while shooting a documentary about our shipwreck.

The light bulb goes off for Horace.

HORACE

Okay, I see what's going on here. Those aren't film makers.
(dramatic pause)
...they're *terrorists*.

SKIPPER

Terrorists?

MARY ANN

That can't be!

PROFESSOR

That's impossible.

HORACE

I'm afraid it's true. I've been tracking these two for quite some time now. They're part of an Al Qaida off-shoot cell called Al Jm'Bacus.

MR. HOWELL

That name has a nice ring to it.

Mrs. Howell slaps him on the shoulder.

MR. HOWELL (CONT'D)

For a terrorist group I mean.

HORACE

These men have one mission: Attack the United States. And they've come to this island to do just that.

SKIPPER

We've got to stop them. We won't let them get away with this.

GILLIGAN

Yeah! And we won't watch their stupid documentary either.

Mr. Howell takes the Skipper's hat off his head, hits Gilligan with it, and hands it back to the Skipper.

SKIPPER

Thank you, Mr. Howell.

PROFESSOR

Well, we do have one advantage. The element of surprise. Baseem and Jarrah don't know that we know they're terrorists. Let's just keep doing what we were doing before, but set a trap for them. I've got an idea.

As the Professor, Skipper and Gilligan huddle, Mary Ann takes Horace aside for a private, and awkward, conversation.

MARY ANN

I know we've got more important matters to deal with here, but I think we need to talk about... Hawaii.

HORACE

Oh my God, Mary Ann... I'm so sorry. I wanted to call you. But the night before you and I were supposed to meet, my team got shipped out.

MARY ANN

Really?

HORACE

Yeah... it was a very high profile mission. You might have heard about it on the news.

(beat)

Anyhow, by the time I got back, you had disappeared in the South Pacific. I thought you were dead!

MARY ANN

I thought you didn't want to be with me and blew off our trip. I didn't know you were on a mission.

HORACE

I never stopped loving you, Mary Ann. And had I known you were out here on this island, I never would have stopped looking for you.

They kiss passionately.

HORACE (CONT'D)

I have to be honest with you. After you "died," there was another woman. It didn't last long, but we were...

He struggles to find the right word.

HORACE (CONT'D)

...intimate. In fact, there were a couple of other women after her who...

MARY ANN

It's okay, Horace. You thought I was dead.

HORACE

No, it's not okay, Mary Ann! I feel like I was unfaithful to you. I mean, here I am dating one beautiful woman after another, and you're stuck here without anyone to... you know... "hook up" with.

A guilty look comes over Mary Ann's face.

MARY ANN

Well...

HORACE

I mean... you weren't intimate with any of *these* guys... were you?

A quick glance of the island men shows Mrs. Howell fussing over Mr. Howell, who's spilled his beverage on the table and is crying about it. Gilligan and the Skipper are fumbling about, while the Professor fails to notice as Ginger walks by him, looking sexy. Clearly, these are not the most desirable men on the planet.

MARY ANN

Of course not! They're my friends.

HORACE

So... you were faithful to me?

MARY ANN

Well... not entirely.

A series of quick montage cuts... each one showing Mary Ann in bed with a different man. All of these men appeared on the island at one point in the original series.

MARY ANN (CONT'D)

Oh, Duke!

Oh, Bingo!

Oh, Bango!

Oh, Bongo!

Oh, Irving!

Oh, Wrongway!

Oh, Lord Beasley!

Oh, Mr. Kincaid!

Oh, Mr. Barkley!

Oh, Mr. Wiley!

Oh, King Killiwani!

Oh, El Presidente!

Oh, Dubov!

Oh, Ivan!

Oh, Igor!

Oh, Tongo!

Oh, Ugandi!

Oh, Ramoo!

Oh, Wrongway!

Horace stops the flashback montage abruptly.

HORACE

Wait... you already said Wrongway.

MARY ANN
 (matter of factly)
 He came to the island twice.

HORACE
 Well, none of that matters now.
 We're together again. And the first
 thing I'm gonna do when we get home
 is buy you a fancy new dress.

Horace looks closely at what Mary Ann's currently wearing.

HORACE (CONT'D)
 But, oddly enough, you do seem to be
 wearing a fancy new dress right now.
 How is that possible?

Another "Lost"-like transition to flashback.

INT. S.S. MINNOW - FIVE YEARS EARLIER

Inside the tiny S.S. Minnow, the radio room and the cargo hold, by necessity, share the same space. The area is cramped as Gilligan wheels in a dolly full of the Howell's luggage.

GILLIGAN
 (to himself)
 Load the Howell's luggage, Gilligan.
 Clear out some old boxes, Gilligan.
 Swab the deck, Gilligan. Watch out
 for those rocks, Gilligan.

Gilligan looks through the boxes. He removes a couple and replaces them with the Howell's luggage.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
 I swear, this ship would *sink* if I
 wasn't here to do all the work.

There is a box marked "food." Gilligan opens it up.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
 (still to himself)
 Peanut butter, tuna, creamed corn,
 spinach. Ugh! I hate spinach.
 (pauses)
 Wait. No I don't. I love spinach!

Gilligan puts the box of food back where he got it and walks up to the deck.

EXT. S.S. MINNOW - CONTINUOUS

From the deck, Gilligan shouts to the Skipper.

GILLIGAN

Hey Skipper! There's way too many boxes up here! There's no room for the Howell's luggage.

SKIPPER

Well, Gilligan... If you see a box filled with stuff we don't need, just get rid of it.

GILLIGAN

How will I know if it's stuff we don't need?

SKIPPER

Just use your best judgment, Gilligan. I trust you.

There is an ominous pause before Gilligan gets back to work.

GILLIGAN

Okay, Skipper. I won't let you down.

SKIPPER

I'm sure you won't Gilligan.

Ginger and Mary Ann approach.

GINGER

Hello there. Are you the big strong captain of this vessel?

The Skipper can't believe his eyes. He fumbles his greeting.

SKIPPER

Yes I'm the ship of this captain. I mean I'm the captain's ship... I mean... What can I do for you ladies.

Ginger leans in closer to the Skipper.

GINGER

Little ol' Ginger was hoping she and her friend could go for a ride on this magnificent, powerful ship. We know it's late, but could you make room for us?

The Skipper is mesmerized. Ginger has that affect on men.

SKIPPER

Well, I uh.... what I mean is...

MARY ANN

Oh for goodness sake. We'd like to buy a couple of tickets for your boat ride. Is there still room?

GINGER

Gee, Mary Ann... you're taking all the fun out of it.

The Skipper has snapped back to normal.

SKIPPER

You want to take the tour?
Absolutely!

The Skipper looks down and sees the girls' luggage.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

But I'm afraid you'll have to leave those behind. There's just not enough room.

MARY ANN

Oh, please? We didn't have time to go back to our hotel rooms.

SKIPPER

I'm sorry, girls... but I have to say no. There's only so much space on this boat.

MARY ANN

Oh please? Pretty please??

SKIPPER

I have to put my foot down. The answer is no.

Mary Ann looks toward Ginger, and gives her a nod.

MARY ANN

Go for it.

GINGER

Please, Captain. You don't wanna make poor little Ginger-winjer take those big heavy bags all the way back to her hotel do you? Ginger-winjer would give a big thankie-wankie if he let her and Mary Annie-wannie bring those bags on board.

The Skipper acquiesces. He is no match for Ginger's charm.

SKIPPER

Oh, okay. The Skipper-whipper
wouldn't do that to Ginger-winger or
Mary Annie-wannie. We'll make roomie-
woomie.

GINGER

Thanks, Skipper-whipper!

MARY ANN

Oh, thank you!

The Girls go to the edge of the dock and get more luggage.
The Skipper hadn't seen those bags. The girls carry small
bags on board, and leave the larger stuff behind.

SKIPPER

Gilligan! Gilllllliigaaaan!

Gilligan pops his head out to see what the Skipper wants.

GILLIGAN

Yeah, Skipper?

SKIPPER

Clear out some more room in there.
We've got some more bags.

GILLIGAN

More bags? But I just cleared out
every possible space!

SKIPPER

Well, you'll just have to find more
space.

Gilligan reluctantly returns to work.

INT. S.S. MINNOW - CONTINUOUS

GILLIGAN

(to himself)

More space? Just where does he expect
me to find more space?

Gilligan looks in a corner and, under the cabinet, sees a
giant box with wires connected to it. It's labeled "GPS."
He bends over and inspects it further.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Hmmm... what's this.

EXT. S.S. MINNOW - CONTINUOUS

The Skipper is busy with the girls, helping them fill out their paperwork. Gilligan emerges with another question.

GILLIGAN
Hey Skipper!!

SKIPPER
What is it, Gilligan?

GILLIGAN
What's "jips?"

SKIPPER
What's what?

GILLIGAN
What's "jips?" There's a box with that marked on it. Do we need that?

SKIPPER
I have no idea what "jips" is, Gilligan. If you don't think we need it, just get rid of it!

GILLIGAN
Okay.

SKIPPER
Sorry about that, girls. Now if you'll just sign here.

Gilligan tosses the box marked GPS over the side of the boat. It hits the dock, then rolls into the water.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)
Okay, thanks girls. If you want to make yourself comfortable on the deck, I'll have my first mate bring your bags on board.

The girls head onto the Minnow. Almost immediately, the Skipper is greeted by another voice. It's the Professor.

PROFESSOR
Excuse me! Are you the Captain of the S.S. Minnow?

SKIPPER
Yeah, I'm the Skipper. What can I do for you?

PROFESSOR

Well, if you still have room I'd love to take your three hour tour.

SKIPPER

Three hour tour? You got it. Come right this way, Mr...?

PROFESSOR

Doctor, actually. Dr. Roy Hinkley. But my friends call me Professor.

SKIPPER

Well all right, "Professor." Follow me.

The Skipper pauses for a moment, fearing the obvious.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

You aren't bringing any large bags full of clothing on board are you?

PROFESSOR

You mean like luggage? For this short of a boat ride?

SKIPPER

I know, it sounds silly.

PROFESSOR

Nope... no luggage. I'm just bringing a few books to read.

The Professor goes back to the edge of the dock where he left a large trunk full of science journals and similar large hardback books. By now the Skipper is in no mood to fight.

SKIPPER

Just wheel it up this way, Professor.

At that moment, Gilligan pops his head out again.

GILLIGAN

Hey, Skipper! I found another box up here! It says it's one thing but I think it's another.

SKIPPER

Whatever, Gilligan. Like I said before. I trust you.

GILLIGAN

Okay.

INT. S.S. MINNOW - CONTINUOUS

Gilligan goes back to work. He heads toward the "box" he mentioned moments ago. It's red, and it is a large piece of equipment. It's labeled "Black Box."

GILLIGAN

Why would they call it a black box
when it's clearly red?

Gilligan snips the wires, removes the "black box" and tosses it over the side of the boat. Like the GPS, it falls into the water. The flashback ends, fading back to island time.

EXT. DINNER TABLE - PRESENT DAY/CONTINUOUS

HORACE

Well, Mary Ann... the past is the
past. We can build our future
together starting now.

MARY ANN

Oh, Horace!

HORACE

I just have one question. Where do
you go to the bathroom around here?

MARY ANN

What do you mean?

HORACE

I've never seen any latrines around
here. Do you just go in the jungle,
or what?

MARY ANN

Don't be silly. The bathrooms are
right over there behind the huts.
One for the men, one for the women.

We see the bathroom huts.

MARY ANN (CONT'D)

Just because you've never seen them
doesn't mean we don't have them.
That would be ridiculous.

HORACE

That's good to know! I've gotta go

Horace rushes off to the latrine. As he gets there, Baseem and Jarrah return. The castaways greet them, awkwardly.

JARRAH

Hello, castaways! Are you ready to go home?

Jarrah gives a knowing wink to Baseem.

SKIPPER

(playing along)

We sure are!

JARRAH

Excellent! Then if you'll excuse us, we'll go prepare the boat and come get you in, oh, let's say, twenty minutes!

The Professor puts his plan into motion.

PROFESSOR

Ah, but before you do that, we want to pay a proper tribute to our esteemed rescuers. Ladies and gentlemen, let's give a proper round of applause to Jarrah and Baseem.

The castaways all applaud.

SKIPPER

Speech! Speech!

MR. HOWELL

Yes! Let's hear a speech!

Baseem and Jarrah are reluctant at first.

BASEEM

Thank you, thank you.. you are all very gracious.

PROFESSOR

(interrupts)

No no... this won't do. In our country, it's customary for the guests of honor to address the audience from a higher platform. Here, climb atop our search tower.

Jarrah and Baseem climb onto the tower.

SKIPPER

(whispers, to Gilligan)

Gilligan... go find us some rope. Once we capture those two we'll need to tie them up.

GILLIGAN

You got it, Skipper!

Gilligan runs off. Horace comes out of the bathroom and covertly makes his way to the tower.

BASEEM

Jarrah and I are very happy to be a part of your time here on the island, and to assist you in your rescue.

JARRAH

Yes, and we want to thank you for your gracious hospitality. But we must go get our boat ready for...

SKIPPER

(interrupting)

You can't go just yet! Three cheers for Baseem and Jarrah! Hip hip hooray!

The other castaways follow along as Horace climbs the tower.

MR. HOWELL

(singing)

For they are jolly good fellows...

ALL CASTAWAYS

...for they are jolly good fellows. For they are jolly good fellows... which nobody can deny.

JARRAH

Okay, thank you. But we really must..

ALL CASTAWAYS

... Which nobody can deny! Which nobody can deny. For they are jolly good fellows! Which nobody can deny!

On the final "deny," Horace hits Jarrah and Baseem on their heads with coconuts. The Castaways cheer as Horace picks each of them up by their collars.

HORACE

All right, you dirty terrorists! The jig is up! We know about your plan to launch a biological weapon.

BASEEM

Who are you?

HORACE

I work for the US government.

BASEEM

You are US intelligence? Excellent!
I am with British intelligence.

Baseem starts to pull a badge and paperwork from his pocket, but Horace grabs it first. His story checks out!

BASEEM (CONT'D)

I have been tracking this fiend for several months, waiting and watching as he acquired this weapon.

JARRAH

You are with the British government?
Unbelievable!

Then he laughs.

JARRAH (CONT'D)

I am with the French government! I have been tracking you for several months!

Jarrah starts to grab his badge, but Horace does it for him.

JARRAH (CONT'D)

I was wondering why you were waiting to send off the missile.

BASEEM

I was wondering the same thing!
This is incredible! Our governments are horrible at communicating with each other.

SKIPPER

So, wait... does this mean no one was ever going to fire the missile?

BASEEM

I wasn't.

JARRAH

Neither was I.

PROFESSOR

So then we really are going to be rescued!

Everybody laughs. Just then, Gilligan returns.

GILLIGAN

Skipper... I couldn't find any rope!

He notices the vines holding together the signal tower base.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Ah! Here's some!

Gilligan unties the vines and the tower falls to the ground
With it comes Horace, Baseem and Jarrah. They are injured.

SKIPPER

Gilligan! Look what you've done!

GILLIGAN

Would it have helped if would have
said "timberrrrrrr?!!"

INT. HOWELL'S HUT - LATER

The Howell's hut has now been turned into a makeshift infirmary. Jarrah and Baseem each lay in the Howells' beds wearing casts on their arms and legs. Horace is in another bed wearing a full body cast. The Professor has just finished examining and turns to Ginger, who is dressed as a nurse.

PROFESSOR

We'll they'll be out of commission
for while, but there doesn't appear
to be any long term damage.

GINGER

The "Howell Infirmary" will do for
now, Professor... but shouldn't we
get these guys to a real hospital?

PROFESSOR

It may not be safe to move them, The
Skipper and Gilligan should take the
boat, go get help and let the
professionals transport them safely.

The Skipper and Gilligan come into the hut.

SKIPPER

Good news! Gilligan and I just
examined the boat, and it's ready to
go. For once we shouldn't have any
problems getting off this island.

Everybody in the room looks at Gilligan.

GILLIGAN

Why's everybody looking at *me*?

SKIPPER

Just kidding, Little Buddy. This
time I don't think even you could
screw up our rescue.

GILLIGAN

Don't worry, Skipper! I won't do anything and I won't touch anything. It will be as if I'm not even there.

SKIPPER

That's great, Gilligan.

GILLIGAN

I was thinking about bringing those fireworks Baseem and Jarrah had in their cave, but I won't even do that! Nope... call me "Play it Safe Gilligan" this time.

Baseem, though groggy, overhears Gilligan.

BASEEM

Wait... fireworks?

GILLIGAN

Yeah, you know that big rocket you have up there? I assume you have a bunch more in those boxes. You should see it, Skipper. It's huge!

BASEEM

Oh, Gih-lee-gun... don't touch that rocket. It's a deadly missile with a dangerous biological chemical.

JARRAH

Yes... if that missile were to be accidentally launched, the entire city of Los Angeles would be doomed.

HORACE

And that chemical, if it were to be released, would kill everyone it came in contact with in less than eight hours.

SKIPPER

There you go, Gilligan. Don't bother messing with that missile.

GILLIGAN

Okay, I won't touch it.

Then Gilligan remembers something.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Ooh boy. What does it mean when the numbers on the rocket start going backwards?

BASEEM

Numbers?

JARRAH

Backwards??

GILLIGAN

Yeah. I punched in some numbers on that keypad and more numbers showed up and began counting backwards.

HORACE

That means you've armed the missile and it's in launch mode.

GILLIGAN

Ooh boy.

SKIPPER

We've got to get everybody on that boat and get out of here!

PROFESSOR

We can't do that, Skipper. We're in no danger on the island, but we're responsible to the people of Los Angeles. We can't let that missile get launched.

GINGER

How do we stop it, Professor?

PROFESSOR

If it's the type of missile I think it is, it may be difficult to disarm once it's put into launch mode, but not impossible. I should be able to figure it out.

SKIPPER

Let's get on it! Boy, it's times like this I wish we would've been able to fix the Minnow.

PROFESSOR

(angrily)

Okay! That's it! Go ahead and say it! Say what you've been wanting to all along!

Everybody is confused.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

You think I don't know what you've all been saying behind my back? "Gee, if the Professor's so smart, why can't he fix the boat?" Oh, sure, I can launch coconut satellites into orbit and make a crude form of penicillin out of papaya juice and bamboo sprouts, but I can't plug a few holes in the Minnow. Is *that* what you've been wanting to hear?

GILLIGAN

No. That's actually the *opposite* of what we've been wanting to hear.

PROFESSOR

I'm a *scientist*, not a carpenter! Did anybody stop to think of *that*?

SKIPPER

There there, Professor. Nobody's holding that against you. Here... let's go check out that missile.

The Skipper escorts the agitated Professor out the door.

GILLIGAN

Well, let's face it. We all have been wondering that.

INT. HOWELL'S HUT - A LITTLE LATER

Ginger maintains her nurse's vigil over Jarrah, Baseem and Horace, using a crude island "thermometer" made from the Minnow's weather gauge.

GINGER

(to Horace)

No temperature, but your barometric pressure is rising.

The Skipper and the Professor return.

SKIPPER

Well, it's just as we feared.

PROFESSOR

Yes, the missile is definitely in launch mode and we've got about 16 hours before goes. Unfortunately, there doesn't appear to be any way to stop it.

JARRAH

That was my concern too. It's a prototype and there's no way to reverse the launch sequence once it's activated.

BASEEM

Well... there is one way. But it's a suicide mission.

PROFESSOR

Go on.

BASEEM

You can enter a predetermined code to destroy the missile. It will explode immediately, but it won't release the chemical.

JARRAH

Problem is, whoever sets it off will... you know... die.

BASEEM

I would do it, but...

Baseem's gesture point out the obvious. Neither he nor Jarrah nor Horace are in a position to take on this mission.

SKIPPER

He's right. One of us has to do it.

MR. HOWELL

Well, there's only one man among us who's brave enough, dignified enough, and selfless enough for this mission!

PROFESSOR

You're volunteering, Mr. Howell?

MR. HOWELL

Oh, Heavens no! I meant one of you.

SKIPPER

It's gotta be me. I'm the Skipper. I'm supposed to go down with the ship. Or in this case, the missile.

MARY ANN

Oh no, Skipper!

MRS. HOWELL

Captain, no!

PROFESSOR

Let's not be rash. Yes, one of us has to do it, but it's not a decision we should make without a preponderance of all the available data.

Everybody looks to Gilligan.

GILLIGAN

Sorry... I don't feel like "translating" right now.

PROFESSOR

I watched a program on TV last night that I can only assume is a documentary on island life and the social structure of those who are forced to live together. They came up with a unique strategy to determine which castaway would take responsibility for the group's misfortunes. It's a fair and reasonable way to determine which of us takes on this deadly missile duty. But only if we all agree to it.

The castaways reluctantly nod in agreement.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Then it's so. One of us will be handed this awful task while the six others will simply remain...
(turns to camera)
...survivors.

EXT. TRIBAL COUNCIL STAGE - NIGHT

The Miss Castaway stage has been turned into a Tribal Council stage, similar to that from the TV show "Survivor." The seven castaways all head up to the stage and take their seat. The Professor stands in front of them, a'la Jeff Probst.

PROFESSOR

Everybody grab a torch and get some fire.
(beat)
So we can see what we're doing.

The castaways all do as instructed.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Here's how this will work.
(MORE)

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

One by one, each of us will cast a ballot for who we think should disarm the missile. Whoever has the most votes will be given that responsibility.

The castaways all reluctantly agree.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I've recharged the batteries from one of our smart phones using a special coconut milk concoction. I've mounted it on a tree so we can each say a something into the camera.

This confuses the castaways.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

It's just something they do on that documentary. Anyway, let's get this started. Oh... and there's one more thing: You cannot vote for yourself. Skipper, you're up first.

The Skipper marches off to vote.

SKIPPER

(into camera)

Little buddy, I'm sorry. I'd vote for myself, but, well... you know.

He puts his ballot into the box. One by one the other castaways cast their ballots, but we don't see who they're voting for. First Mary Ann, then Ginger, followed by Mr. Howell, who speaks into the camera, after voting "Skipper."

MR. HOWELL

Sorry Captain, but you got us into this mess with that nasty shipwreck.

Voting continues with Mrs. Howell casting her ballot, followed by the Professor, then finally Gilligan, who ponders a bit.

PROFESSOR

I'll go tally the votes.

The Professor leaves and the castaways look concerned.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Once the votes are read the person whose name appears the most will be given these instructions and asked to destroy the missile.

The Professor pulls out the ballots and holds them up, one by one as he reads them aloud.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Skipper. Gilligan. Skipper. Mr.
Howell.

MR. HOWELL
Me?

MRS. HOWELL
I voted for you, Darling. I've always
wanted to see you win an election.

MR. HOWELL
But I don't want to run for this
office, Lovey!

PROFESSOR
Gilligan...

He holds up a ballot that says "Professor."

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Me.

GINGER
I figured if anyone could figure out
a way to disarm the missile and not
blow it up, it would be the Professor.

A long pause as the Professor pull out the final ballot.

PROFESSOR
The person asked to destroy the
missile is...
(dramatic pause)
Gilligan. Gilligan, bring me your
torch.

The Castaways cry. No outcome was going to be pleasant.

SKIPPER
Oh, Little Buddy, I'm sorry.

GINGER
Oh, Gillligaaaaan.

MARY ANN
Oh, you're so brave, Gilligan.

GILLIGAN
It's okay, everybody. Don't worry
about me.

MR. HOWELL

You're bravery is worthy of the Howell name, my good boy.

MRS. HOWELL

There, there Gilligan. We'll be waiting for you on the rescue boat.

They all look at Mrs. Howell who clearly doesn't quite understand what's going on here.

PROFESSOR

Gilligan... the tribe has spoken.

He snuffs Gilligan's torch, hands him the instructions.

GILLIGAN

Don't cry, everybody. I got us into this mess, so it's up to me to get us out of it.

Regardless, they continue crying.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Professor. Goodbye everybody. I'll make you proud!

Gilligan starts to leave, but the Professor stops him.

PROFESSOR

Here, take these matches, Gilligan. You'll want to relight that torch.

Gilligan leaves.

SKIPPER

Oh, this is all my fault! I only voted for Gilligan because I didn't think anybody else would.

PROFESSOR

Yes, I thought the same thing.

MARY ANN

Well, I voted for the Skipper because he's our leader. Sorry, Skipper.

SKIPPER

It's okay, Mary Ann.

MR. HOWELL

I also voted for the Captain... for obvious reasons.

SKIPPER

Thanks a lot, Mr. Howell.

PROFESSOR

Well, as much as we don't like the outcome, it's what we agreed upon.

Mrs. Howell is doing the math in her head.

MRS. HOWELL

Wait a minute, let's see now. If Ginger voted for the Professor and I voted for Thurston, and Thurston and Mary Ann voted for the Skipper and the Skipper and the Professor voted for Gilligan... who did Gilligan vote for?

They all think about it for a moment, then it hits them.

SKIPPER

Why that little... He voted for *himself!*

MR. HOWELL

Well, that's one way to rig an election. I prefer the normal monetary way, but still... bravo!

SKIPPER

I can't let my little buddy sacrifice himself. I've got to stop him!

The Skipper runs off after Gilligan. The other castaways follow suit.

MARY ANN

Oh, wait for us, Skipper.

MR. HOWELL

Lovey, there comes a time in a man's life when he must step up and follow his friends into face of danger.

MRS. HOWELL

If you're going, I'm going.

MR. HOWELL

Actually, I was thinking we could follow them from a safe distance. We'll play it by ear.

INT. CAVE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

GILLIGAN

(to himself)

They all think I'm an idiot. I'm stupid ol' Gilligan. I show them I can do something right, even if it kills me.

He realizes what he just said.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah... it *will* kill me.

He pulls out the instructions and examines the missile.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

But they'll all be better off. They won't have me making dumb mistakes that keep them from getting rescued.

He reads aloud from the instructions

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Let's see... "punch in the following numbers in sequence?" In sequence? What does *that* mean?

Gilligan refers back to the instructions.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

"Note to Gilligan: That means 'in order.'" Ah!

Gilligan punches in the numbers as instructed.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

"Do you wish to initiate self destruct?" Yes.

Another screen pops up and he reads that aloud.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

"Really?" Yes.

His finger hover's above "yes," but he pushes "no" instead.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

No!

Gilligan quickly walks to the exit, but turns back.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

No... I have to do it. It's my duty.

He re-enters the numbers, and when "really" comes up again, he hits "yes." He turns around, puts his fingers in his ears and braces for the end.

The screen changes but the missile doesn't blow up. Gilligan gets out of his crouched position and starts to run away, knocking the missile to the ground. The screen becomes a jumbled mess and the missile launches itself out of the cave and into the jungle, never becoming airborne. It eventually flies off the edge of a cliff, falling several feet and into Baseem and Jarrah's boat. However, it does not explode. Gilligan looks at what happened from the top of the hill.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

I did it! We're saved!

Gilligan runs off to tell the others. However, a close up on the missile screen shows a two minute countdown. Uh oh!

EXT. THE JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

SKIPPER

Hurry up, everybody. We've got to stop him before he kills himself.

GINGER

...and us.

MR. HOWELL

If I don't make it, Lovey, I want you to go on with your life and be happy.

MRS. HOWELL

Oh, Darling. I could never remarry.

MR. HOWELL

Remarry? Perish the thought! I want you to take all our money and never speak to another soul!

Gilligan comes running in!

GILLIGAN

We're saved! We're saved!

SKIPPER

Gilligan! There you are!

GILLIGAN

Skipper! Professor!! Everyone!
We're saved! We're saved!

MARY ANN

What do you mean, Gilligan?

GILLIGAN

I punched in the code just like the Professor said and the little screen asked me if I really wanted to blow up the missile and I said "no." But then I went back and said "yes." And the screen went all kablooney and then the missile launched itself off a cliff.

PROFESSOR

But I didn't hear an explosion.

GILLIGAN

It didn't blow up. I just landed in the boat.

PROFESSOR

That mean's its trajectory is malfunctioning! It didn't go to Los Angeles after all. It fizzled out right here!

SKIPPER

Well, come on, Gilligan. Let's move that missile out of the boat and head for home!

They start to head that way when.... BLAM!! The missile blows up in the distance. The blast rocks the island, and sends a dark chemical cloud into the air. The castaways just look at Gilligan with disdain. He's done it again!

GILLIGAN

That's not a problem... right Professor?

The Professor doesn't answer.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Skipper?

No answer.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Howell? Mrs. Howell? Ginger?
Mary Ann?

They slowly walk back to the huts, resigned to their fate.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)
Gilligan?

He answers himself.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Yeah... that's a problem. Way to go, Gilligan.

He takes off his own hat and hits himself over the head.

EXT. DINNER TABLE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Everyone is gathered around the dinner table, fully aware of what has just happened. Horace, Baseem and Jarrah have joined them, still wearing their casts, but sitting in makeshift bamboo wheel chairs. The Professor comes out of his hut with a gourd and bamboo "Geiger counter." Horace, Baseem and Jarrah have joined them, still wearing their casts, but sitting in makeshift bamboo wheel chairs. The Professor comes out of his hut with a gourd and bamboo "Geiger counter."

PROFESSOR

Well, do you want the good news or the bad news first?

MARY ANN

I could sure use some good news.

PROFESSOR

Well, the biological agents are highly concentrated and there's no danger outside of this island.

GINGER

What's the bad news?

PROFESSOR

Unfortunately, that's also the bad news.

SKIPPER

I can't believe that after all the dealings we've had with head hunters, active volcanoes and giant spiders, this is how it all ends.

MR. HOWELL

It's a shame I drank the last of my Dom Perignon last week, or I'd raise my glass to every one of you here.

GILLIGAN

The Professor has all that wine in his hut. I'll go get it.

Gilligan runs to get the wine.

PROFESSOR

Gilligan, that wine isn't any good.
It's poisonous.

GINGER

Yeah, but what harm can it cause
now?

MARY ANN

We're gonna die anyway. We might as
well go out feeling good. Right
Honey?

HORACE

As long as I'm going out with you,
Sugar Beet!

SKIPPER

They're right, Professor. I say we
drink up.

PROFESSOR

I can't think of any reasonable
argument against that.

Gilligan comes out with several bottles in his arms. The
castaways start pouring the booze into their cups.

BASEEM

Count us in.

JARRAH

Yes. Perhaps the poison will dull
the pain.

MRS. HOWELL

Oh, Thurston! You should deliver
the toast!

MR. HOWELL

Yes indeed. Attention, everyone. I
may have come into this world as
nothing more than a moderately wealthy
child. But I leave it a *rich* man,
for having known all of you. Cheers!

They all say "cheers" and clink their cups.

PROFESSOR

And even with my educational
background and degrees from four
prestigious universities, I have
truly learned a lot from each one of
you.

MARY ANN

It really is hard to believe this is the end. We've survived so much only to die like this.

SKIPPER

That's true. We've had to be survivors since the first day we all set foot on the Minnow.

Another "Lost"-like transition to flashback.

EXT. S.S. MINNOW - FIVE YEARS EARLIER

The Minnow is out to sea well into it's infamous three hour tour. Until now it's been a pleasant voyage, but the skies are getting darker. The Skipper is up top behind the wheel and having trouble with his equipment.

SKIPPER

Gilligan! Giiiiiligaaaaan!

Gilligan climbs up top.

GILLIGAN

What is it, Skipper?

SKIPPER

I'm having some trouble with the navigation system.

GILLIGAN

The navigation system?

SKIPPER

Yeah, I can't even get it to turn on. Go down below and see if the main system is plugged in.

GILLIGAN

Sure thing, Skipper.

SKIPPER

It's in a box marked "G.P.S."

GILLIGAN

Got it... G.P.S.

Gilligan stops on his way down.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Wait... You mean *jips*?

SKIPPER

No... G.P.S. Global Positioning Satellite. That's how we know where we're going and how to get back.

GILLIGAN

Ooh boy.

SKIPPER

Well, go on, Gilligan. Check it out. It's next to the black box.

GILLIGAN

Wait? You mean the red black box?

SKIPPER

Yes Gilligan.

GILLIGAN

Is that important?

SKIPPER

Of course it's important! That's how rescue crews would know where to find us if we ever got shipwrecked.

GILLIGAN

Double ooh boy.

SKIPPER

Speaking of which, I don't like the looks of those clouds. The last weather report said we were supposed to have clear skies.

GILLIGAN

Uh, Skipper... what does "W-X RAD" stand for?

SKIPPER

"W-X RAD?" You mean "weather radio?"

GILLIGAN

Triple ooh boy.

Lightning flashes and thunder crashes.

MRS. HOWELL

Excuse me Captain. Hello, Gilligan. Do you have any rain gear? I do believe it's going to storm?

GILLIGAN

Why don't you use that umbrella you've got there in your hand, Mrs. Howell?

MRS. HOWELL

Don't be silly. This is a parasol.
One only uses that in the sun.

SKIPPER

Mrs. Howell, I need you to go down
below. This storm looks like it's
gonna be a doozy. In fact, Gilligan,
take everybody below deck.

The skies open up. Gilligan ushers everyone below.

GILLIGAN

Everbody follow me.

MR. HOWELL

You're not sending us to steerage,
are you? That simply won't do.

GINGER

Oooh! My new dress is gonna shrink!

MARY ANN

This is worse than any storm I've
ever seen! And I'm from *Kansas*!

GILLIGAN

Come on, everybody! Keep moving.

PROFESSOR

Gilligan! I'm pretty knowledgeable
when it comes to atmospheric science.
Is there anything I can do to help?

GILLIGAN

I doubt it Professor, unless you
know something about the weather.
Besides... the Skipper and I have
been through worse storms.

Everyone is now crammed below except Gilligan who goes back
up top to help the Skipper.

SKIPPER

You know, Gilligan, I don't know
that I've ever seen a worse storm.
And look at this, we've got no
internet signal. We won't be able
to communicate with anyone as long
as that's down.

GILLIGAN

Well *that's* not my fault. Unless it
was in a box marked "weefie."

SKIPPER

Weefie? You mean WiFi?

Another "uh oh" moment for Gilligan.

GILLIGAN

Skipper... what do you call the fourth part of something that comes in fours?

SKIPPER

Huh? You mean "quadruple?"

GILLIGAN

Yeah. Quadruple ooh boy.

A giant wave engulfs the ship. The Minnow is still afloat, but it's being tossed. The Skipper and Gilligan remain at their post, trying to keep the Minnow on course. But the storm is too powerful and the tiny ship is tossed. The five passengers huddle together for safety. The Storm continues to thrash the Minnow, taking it miles off course.

The biggest wave of all envelops the ship and hurls it across a massive reef. As the jagged rocks rip giant holes in both sides of the Minnow, the tiny ship is launched through the air. Amazingly, it sets ground on the shore of an unchartered desert isle. Darkness turns to daylight before anyone wakes up. Gilligan is the first.

EXT. S.S. MINNOW - MORNING

GILLIGAN

Skipper? Skipper?

Gilligan looks around, calls down below.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Skipper? Professor? Ginger? Mary
Ann? Mr. and Mrs. Howell?

Slowly but surely, they all come too.

MR. HOWELL

Where are we?

GILLIGAN

I don't know... But we're alive!

SKIPPER

That storm must've blown us miles off course. We could be anywhere.

GILLIGAN

I know, but we're alive!

GINGER

I'm not getting a cell phone signal.
How will I get ahold of my agent?

GILLIGAN

I don't know, but don't you see?
We're alive! That's all that matters!

The others reluctantly nod in agreement.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

We're alive! We're alive!

We transition from the flashback back to island time.

EXT. DINNER TABLE - MORNING

Nearly a dozen empty wine bottles are strewn about as the castaways and their guests lie unconscious. Everyone except Gilligan, that is.

GILLIGAN

We're alive! We're alive! Skipper,
wake up! We're alive.

Gilligan goes to everyone, waking them up.

GILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Professor, Mary Ann, Ginger... wake
up!! We're alive!

SKIPPER

What are you yammering about,
Gilligan?

GILLIGAN

We're all supposed to be dead,
Skipper... but we're alive.

Slowly but surely, everybody wakes up.

MARY ANN

Why, he's right! We are alive.

MR. HOWELL

Egad! And to think for a moment
there I thought about giving all my
money to the poor.

MRS. HOWELL

Thurston!

MR. HOWELL

Don't worry, Lovey. It was merely
the poisonous alcohol talking.

SKIPPER

We are alive! But how is this possible.

PROFESSOR

How could I have been so stupid?

SKIPPER

What are you talking about, Professor?

PROFESSOR

The wine! The acidic properties from the noxious Triganulla berries created an unexpected antidote to the toxic microbes in the biological weapon! It's much like my research back home involving phytochemicals and their ability to break down and counteract various carcinomas!

GILLIGAN

That means the poisonous wine cured us.

They all look to the Professor for confirmation.

PROFESSOR

He's absolutely right!

They celebrate and congratulate Gilligan.

SKIPPER

Oh Gilligan, Little Buddy! Had you not suggested we drink that wine we'd all be dead right now!

MR. HOWELL

I don't know how you do it, Gilligan, but every time you get us into trouble, you pull us back out.

GILLIGAN

Yeah, but we're still stuck on this island with no way of getting home.

PROFESSOR

Maybe not. Do you hear that?

They listen. Almost instantly, four black helicopters appear above them. It's the US military and soldiers and government agents are ascending on the island, some of them rappelling into the jungle. One of the helicopters lands in the clearing, and the castaways chase after it.

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

As the castaways approach the helicopter, men in hazardous materials suits are spreading out in different directions. A voice over the helicopter speaker orders the gang to halt.

CHOPPER COMMANDER

This is the United States Military.
Stay right where you are.

The castaways hold up their hands, but they can't contain their excitement. General Schwartz steps off the chopper.

GENERAL SCHWARTZ

Who are you people and what are you
doing on this island?

SKIPPER

We're the castaways from the S.S.
Minnow. We've been stranded here
for a long time!

GENERAL SCHWARTZ

We monitored the detonation of a
biological weapon on this island.
You people should be dead!

SKIPPER

We *should* be... but we're not. Thanks
to my little buddy here!

PROFESSOR

Look, I don't mean to be presumptuous
here, but by any chance can we count
on you to rescue us?

GENERAL SCHWARTZ

Of course. Why wouldn't you?

MARY ANN

It's just that we've been promised
that so many times before and it's
never happened.

GENERAL SCHWARTZ

Well, we'll have to quarantine you
and make sure you're actually healthy,
but yeah, we'll take you home.

GINGER

Really? You're not just saying that?

GENERAL SCHWARTZ

Look, I don't know what those other people told you, but there's absolutely no reason, no matter how outlandish or implausible, that I would leave you folks behind. You are actually being rescued!

Celebration! Everybody cheers!! It's actually happening!!

INT. HAROLD HECUBA'S OFFICE - LATER

Harold Hecuba is on the phone doing business as normal.

HAROLD HECUBA

The band wants how much? Phooey!
Tell the Wellingtons they're out and
the Eligibles they're in!

His other line buzzes.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)

Hold on, I've got another call.
H.H. here! Start talkin'!

He's getting jaw dropping news on the other end.

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)

She is? They are? All of them?
You're kidding! You're *not* kidding!
Well, don't just sit there yammering
about it... have our people call
their people. We've got to lock
this deal up right now.

He hangs up the phone and looks straight ahead. Behind him is a movie poster for "Shipwreck! The Ginger Grant Story"

HAROLD HECUBA (CONT'D)

Harold Hecuba smells a ***sequel!***

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - ONE YEAR LATER

Title: One Year Later

Tinseltown at itsnfinest! It's the premiere of the aforementioned sequel and Hollywood's best and brightest have turned out for this star-studded extravaganza.

An iPad spins onto the screen with Variety Magazine offering the headline: "'Ginger Grant' Premiere! Stranded Starlet and Fellow Castaways to Walk Red Carpet." The iPad spins again with the Wall Street Journal Headline "Howell Industries Soar: Millionaire Now a Billionaire!"

The iPad spins again with People Magazine's headline "The Skipper Diet: How I Maintained My 'Figure' on the Island."

The Castaways arrive on the red carpet, with Gilligan in a red trimmed tux and the Skipper's trimmed in blue.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Hollywood is abuzz for tonight's premiere of what producer Harold Hecuba is calling "Harold Hecuba's latest cinematic triumph." The sequel to last year's blockbuster "Shipwreck! The Ginger Grant Story" is the latest chapter in the incredible saga surrounding the gorgeous movie star and the other passengers and crew members of the ill-fated S.S. Minnow.

We see news footage of their arrival home, a homecoming rally in Hawaii and ticker tape parades

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Lost at sea six years ago, all seven on board were believed dead, only to turn up on an uncharted desert island. Once back home, Grant and her fellow castaways were treated to a marvelous homecoming rally and ticker tape parades in several cities, including Los Angeles... the city they nearly destroyed, then saved.

INT. ELLEN SHOW - EARLIER

ELLEN

My guests today are a modern-day Laurel and Hardy. They've become mega-celebrities simply for getting lost. I did that on the way to the studio today -- where's *my* parade? Please welcome Gilligan and the Skipper!

SMASH CUT TO:

ELLEN (CONT'D)

So, Gilligan, This is the question everybody's been asking, and they want to know your answer: Ginger... or Mary Ann?

Gilligan hesitates to answer.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
 Or Mrs Howell? I guess that's an
 option too, right?

The audience laughs. Mrs. Howell, in the audience, blushes.

INT. DR. PHIL SHOW - EARLIER

DR. PHIL
 This resentment you're harboring...
 you're just being bull headed. You
 need to come to grips with the fact
 that you can't do everything.

PROFESSOR
 That assessment is irrational,
 fallacious and completely without
 scientific merit! If I would have
 had the proper tools I *totally* could
 have fixed that boat!

The crowd boos and the Professor storms off the set.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
 Y'all don't know me! Y'all don't
 know me!

INT. ED SULLIVAN THEATER - EARLIER

LETTERMAN
 ...and the number one quote you won't
 find in Mr. Howell's autobiography.

Mr. Howell is guest-reading the Top Ten List.

MR. HOWELL
 "Don't blame me... I voted for Obama!"

Other quotes from the list include: "Egad, a Harvard man!,"
 "Oh Lovey, What say we start working on Thurston Howell the
 Fourth?, and "I'm sorry, but corporations just *aren't* people!"

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

One by one, the castaways walk the red carpet.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Tonight, all seven castaways are
 together again as their *real* story
 hits the big screen.

GINGER
 (being interviewed)
 Well, of course I wanted to play
 myself in the movie, but I couldn't
 make the dates work.

Mary Ann, with Horace at her side, cuts into the interview.

MARY ANN
 Couldn't make the "dates" work?
 That's the first time she's ever
 said *that*.

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The castaways take their seats in the theater.

GILLIGAN
 Boy, I never thought I'd see you on
 the big screen, Skipper.

SKIPPER
 Really? Why not?

GILLIGAN
 I didn't think they'd ever make a
 screen that was big enough.

FULL SHOT - THE BIG SCREEN

Title: Harold Hecuba presents

Title change: A Harold Hecuba production

Title change: Directed by Harold Hecuba

Title change: Written by Harold Hecuba

Title change: Story rights legally obtained (this time) by
 Harold Hecuba.

Scrolling title: Six years ago, Actress Ginger Grant and
 six others died after their ship sank in the South Pacific.
 But what if that didn't happen? What if they really survived?
 This is their (updated) story.

Title change: SHIPWRECK! THE GINGER GRANT STORY 2: RESCUE
 FROM GILLIGAN'S ISLAND!

EXT. THE ISLAND BEACH - MORNING

The S.S. Minnow is heavily damaged on the beach.

MOVIE SKIPPER
 Ginger, come down here!

MOVIE GINGER

What is it, my brave Captain?

MOVIE SKIPPER

Look at the size of these holes!
I'm afraid getting you back to
Hollywood anytime soon is out of the
question. Turns out this may be
more than just a three hour tour.

Overacting, he adds for emphasis...

MOVIE SKIPPER (CONT'D)

...a three hour tour.

They embrace! They kiss.

INT. MOVIE PROFESSOR'S HUT - LATER

MOVIE GILLIGAN

Here's those berries you asked for,
Professor.

MOVIE PROFESSOR

These won't do, Gilligan. They're
the poisonous kind. In fact, they're
so poisonous they could kill us if I
used them in the wine I'm making.

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Mary Ann and Ginger are seated next to each other.

MARY ANN

That doesn't sound like the Professor.
His explanation was too simple.

GINGER

They dumbed it down. The studio
said today's audiences are too stupid
to understand complex dialogue.

INT. MOVIE PROFESSOR'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

MOVIE PROFESSOR

But who knows, Gilligan. Perhaps
this poisonous wine could one day
save our lives, should we be exposed
to toxic chemicals or something.

Movie Professor looks at the camera and winks.

INT. MOVIE HOWELLS' HUT - LATER

MOVIE MR. HOWELL
 Lovey, My Dear... with these
 terrorists taking over the island,
 and the possibility of our deaths at
 hand, I have one final request.

MOVIE MRS. HOWELL
 Certainly, Darling. Anything.

Movie Mr. Howell pauses, looks his wife in the eyes.

MOVIE MR. HOWELL
 I'd like to have a three-way.

MOVIE MRS. HOWELL
 I suppose I could go for that. Were
 you thinking Mary Ann? Or Ginger?

Mr. Howell heads for the door.

MOVIE MR. HOWELL
 Both, actually. Don't wait up Dear,
 this may take awhile!

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Howell angrily hits Mr. Howell on the shoulder.

MR. HOWELL
 What? Lovey! They've obviously
 taken some "creative liberties."

EXT. MOVIE DINNER TABLE - LATER

MOVIE GILLIGAN
 I did it, everybody. I defused the
 bomb. We're all safe now.

MOVIE MARY ANN
 I knew you could do it! I may not
 be as gorgeous as Ginger or as rich
 as Mrs. Howell, but could you ever
 love a simple farm girl like me.

MOVIE GILLIGAN
 Of course I could, Mary Ann!

They embrace. They kiss. Suddenly a large explosion goes
 off on the other side of the island.

MOVIE GILLIGAN (CONT'D)
 Uh oh! Looks like I pulled "a
 Gilligan."

MOVIE PROFESSOR

Here, everyone. Drink this wine I made. It's poisonous, but since we're all going to die anyway, what does it matter? Besides, you never know... it could save our lives.

Movie Professor winks at the camera.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

PROFESSOR

Either that wine had amnemonic properties that I'm not aware of, or the writers have totally fabricated this entire circumstance.

GILLIGAN

(to the camera)

That means he's pissed.

EXT. THE JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

MOVIE GENERAL SCHWARTZ

Thank you for capturing those terrorists, Gilligan. To show you how grateful the U.S. Military is, we're going to give you and your friends an all expense paid trip back home! You're being rescued!

The Movie Castaways celebrate!

INT. HALL OF HEROES - LATER

In an ending reminiscent of Star Wars, Movie Gilligan, Movie Skipper and Movie Professor walk down the aisle as dignitaries honor them. Like Luke and Han, Gilligan and the Skipper are each presented with a medal. Like Chewbacca, the Professor is not.

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

MARY ANN

(to Ginger)

How come the Professor didn't get a medal? He was just as responsible for stopping the missile as the Skipper and Gilligan were.

That's a good question, but Ginger just shrugs her shoulders.

INT. HALL OF HEROES - CONTINUOUS

The Skipper, Gilligan and the Professor turn around and face the camera. The screen quickly wipes to the closing credits.

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The audience stands and applauds. The movie is a hit!

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

The Castaways walk out together after the movie.

GILLIGAN

Wow! What a movie! It was a little different than I remember it, though.

SKIPPER

No kidding. I sure don't remember Gilligan traveling back in time to stop the missile from exploding.

PROFESSOR

Or that part where the terrorists shot the glass and Gilligan had to run through it in his bare feet? We didn't even have windows.

They all laugh. Jarrah and Baseem greet them.

JARRAH

Hello, Castaways!

BASEEM

You know, it's funny. I don't remember us being *actual* terrorists.

GINGER

And that 24-hour countdown clock they added seemed a bit cliché, too.

MR. HOWELL

I must admit, I did like some of the lines they gave me. Greed *is* good!

MRS. HOWELL

Yes... but "coffee is for closers?" What a dreadful comment. Tea would have been much more sophisticated.

MARY ANN

Well, no matter how creative they got with our story, I'm just glad we were all able to enjoy it together.

GILLIGAN

Hey... I've got a great idea. Why don't we all get together this Christmas on the Skipper's new boat and take another three hour tour?

SKIPPER

Another three hour tour?

They all look at each other, pause, and in unison say:

EVERYONE BUT GILLIGAN

Absolutely not!

Gilligan slumps his shoulders and turns to the camera.

GILLIGAN

Well... that's showbiz!

They gather around Gilligan as the closing theme song begins.

SINGERS

Now, this was the tale of our castaways, they were there for a long, long time. They had to make the best of things, t'was an uphill climb.

The first mate and his skipper too, they did their very best, to make the others comfortable in their tropic island nest.

No phones, no lights no motor cars not a single luxury. Like Robinson Crusoe, t'was as primitive as can be.

The Skipper unveiling the Minnow 2 with his brand new crew.

SINGERS

The Skipper bought a brand new boat, the S.S. Minnow Two. He did things right this time around and hired an actual crew.

Gilligan and the Skipper heading out to sea. Gilligan lights a match near a box of fireworks and BOOM!

SINGERS (CONT'D)

Gilligan joined the Skipper as they set out for the sea. He did the things that Gilligan does and soon there was a "Minnow Three."

Ginger is pursued by the tabloids as she makes her way into court. The judge slams a gavel and Ginger looks sad.

SINGERS (CONT'D)

Ginger stayed in Hollywood and the tabloids took their jab. We can't tell you what happened. Just say she's in rehab.

Mary Ann and Horace are at the altar.

SINGERS (CONT'D)

Horace married Mary Ann. Their wedding was quite a fest.

WRONGWAY FELDMAN comes running in to profess his love.

SINGERS (CONT'D)

Everyone was happy, though Wrongway did protest.

The Professor unveils his latest invention.

SINGERS (CONT'D)

The Professor joined the space program. His thoughts were fresh and new. He launched a probe to Jupiter made of coconuts and bamboo.

The Howells shrug their shoulders on a deal then unveil "The Castaways! Tropic Island Nest Resort Hotel."

SINGERS (CONT'D)

The Howells had extra money and they said "oh what the Hell!" They went and bought the island... and made it a resort hotel.

The castways get together at the hotel for a reunion. Ginger is wearing an ankle bracelet.

SINGERS (CONT'D)

The gang had a reunion at their tropic island nest. With phones and lights and motor cars, and Ginger under house arrest.

We've tied things up quite nicely here, we hope it made you smile. There's no room for a sequel, here on GILLIGAN'S ISLE!

GILLIGAN

But maybe a reboot!

Closing Credits followed by a bonus scene.

EXT. HIGHEST POINT OF THE ISLAND - SOMETIME LATER

The island is now a busy resort hotel. All seven castaway sit at a table near a sign that reads "S.S. Minnow Reunion."

JACOB (O.S.)

Look at them down there. Was there ever any doubt they would return?

The camera pulls out as JACOB from "Lost" speaks.

JACOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yes, I brought them here, but coming back was *their* choice. And when they finally did leave, the urge to return was insuppressible.

(pauses)

It may end this time or it may not. Anything to this point is progress.

The camera spins around to reveal Jacob's face.

JACOB (CONT'D)

We may be gods or we may be mere caretakers, It doesn't matter. What's important is that the island continues, and evil is kept at bay.

(pauses)

That should answer all the lingering questions.

For the first time, we see THE MAN IN BLACK from "Lost."

MAN IN BLACK

What about the guy in the red shirt? The one they call "Gilligan." Is that his first name or his last name?

JACOB

There are some questions that are best left unanswered.

The Man in Black glares at Jacob, pauses, then speaks.

MAN IN BLACK

I *really* do want to kill you, Jacob.

The scene ends abruptly, with the words "GILLIGAN'S ISLAND" appearing on screen with a loud thud.