

Piranha Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. - JUNGLE - DAY

Two men, Fred and Sam, dressed in ragged explorer clothes and carrying half-full burlap bags, hack their way through a thick jungle with machetes.

FRED

We're lost.

SAM

No we're not. Look -- up there.

He points ahead to a single avocado dangling from a tree. The two men furiously hack their way to the spot.

Sam plucks it from the tree and carefully tucks it inside his burlap bag.

FRED

Let's head back, we're getting in too deep.

SAM

Wait! What's that sound?

They both listen. We hear a waterfall cascading in the distance, and something else -- something odd -- the sound of women giggling.

SAM

Women. Laughing.

FRED

We'd better run.

SAM

No, don't be such a coward. Let's check it out.

Sam presses onward through the jungle. Fred reluctantly follows.

EXT. - WATERFALL - DAY

A picturesque waterfall flows into a hidden lagoon. Playing in the waterfall, swimming nude in the lagoon, and

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sunbathing on its edge are half a dozen Extremely Beautiful, Red-haired Women With Deep Green Eyes. They are all laughing, giggling, and rubbing suntan lotion sensuously on each other.

Sam and Fred, well hidden in the jungle foliage, spy on them.

SAM

(whispering)

Look at them. They're beautiful.  
Aren't they the most sensuous,  
lovely, inviting women you've ever  
seen?

FRED

We'd better run.

SAM

Run?! Are you kidding? Look at  
them.

FRED

They're dangerous.

SAM

They don't look dangerous. They  
look -- lonely.

FRED

I'm getting out of here.

SAM

I'm going to go introduce myself.

Sam pushes ahead through the foliage and heads toward the lagoon.

FRED

Sam! You idiot, don't! Come back!

Sam stands out in the open and waves at the women with a big smile.

SAM

Hey, girls! Yoo-hoo!

There is a loud swishing sound as a razor toothed arrow

flies through the air and strikes Sam square in the chest. He freezes, stunned with pain. Another arrow zings through the air and cuts through his heart. Sam falls to the ground, dead.

Across the lagoon we see Another Gorgeous Green-Eyed Redhead, this one wearing the distinctive green scaled bikini of the Piranha Women. She holds a bow and arrow in her hands and a large hunting dagger is strapped to her leg. Two More Piranha Women join her. The women in the lagoon flee to the shore and snatch up their clothes and weapons.

Fred turns and runs for his life.

Hearing the Sound of his Movement through the bushes, the Piranha Woman chase after him.

INT. - JUNGLE / CHASE MONTAGE - DAY

Fred scrambles through the jungle.

The Piranha Women chase after him.

Fred trips on a root and falls. The Piranha Women move closer. Fred manages to get to his feet, but loses his burlap bag in the process. Avocados spill out of the bag and onto the ground. Fred runs.

Arrows fly through the air after Fred. They stick into the trees trunks around him. Fred rushes onward.

INT. - JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Fred runs out into a small jungle clearing. As he runs, he glances over his shoulder at his pursuers.

His foot lands in a booby trap. SPRANG! A hemp rope encircles his ankle and abruptly yanks him into the air.

Fred dangles helplessly upside down from a tree branch.

The Piranha Women enter the clearing, smiling confidently, their bows and arrow trained on Fred.

Fred stares at them, terrified.

The Piranha Women draw their daggers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - SPRITZER COLLEGE CAMPUS IN GLENDALE - DAY

We drift across a cozy California college campus and focus upon a small cluster of instructional buildings.

Superimpose:

WOMEN'S STUDIES DEPARTMENT

SPRITZER COLLEGE, GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

As college students diligently carry their books to class we hear Margo's voice narrating.

MARGO (V.O.)

I remember the day it all began. I was teaching a class on Feminist History --

INT. - CLASSROOM - DAY

Professor Margo Hunt, a Doctor of feminist anthropology, is finishing up a class on feminist history. She is a confident young woman with short hair and wire-rimmed glasses.

Listening attentively in the front row of the class is Bunny, a buxom, bright-faced sophomore with a huge mane of blond hair and a tight pink sweater.

MARGO

--just as the Chinese would bind girls' feet to cripple them into helplessness, so did the Amazon women break the legs of boys to make them subservient. The techniques for enforcing oppression are well known. But the real challenge of feminist studies is to encourage equality. Is it possible for men and women to co-exist as equals? That's something we'll address in our next class.

On that note, Margo turns and erases the chalkboard while the students file out of the room. Bunny grabs her books and bounces up to Margo, excitedly tossing her head back and

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forth as she speaks.

BUNNY

Doctor Hunt, I really love your class.

MARGO

You can call me Margo, Bunny.

BUNNY

I like it so much, I've been thinking about changing my major from Home Economics to Feminist Studies. But I wasn't sure if you have any feminist cooking classes?

Margo turns and stares at Bunny. Is she for real? Bunny's ample chest appears to be on the verge of popping the buttons off her tight sweater.

MARGO

Well, no, Bunny. I'm afraid we don't. It's an interesting thought, however.

Margo picks up her papers and exits the room. Bunny trails after her.

INT. - HALLWAY - DAY

As Margo heads for her office Bunny follows excitedly.

BUNNY

--I mean, the idea of being socially conditioned to be a sex object! Wait till I tell the girls at the sorority!

Margo stops and looks at Bunny again, unsure what to make of her. One of Bunny's sweater buttons has popped open, revealing her lace bra. Without thinking, Margo delicately buttons it back up for her.

BUNNY

Oops! They keep popping open.

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MARGO

Bunny, I think maybe you should take a couple more Women's Studies classes before you decide to switch majors.

BUNNY

But Doctor Hunt, I know I want to be a liberated girl! I can just feel it in my toes!

MARGO

Or it might be those spiked heels you're wearing --

STOCKWELL (O.S.)

Margo!

Margo spins and we see Humanities Dean James Stockwell. Behind him are two somber-looking government types, Mr. Ford Maddox and Colonel Mattel.

MARGO

Dean Stockwell.

STOCKWELL

Doctor Hunt, these men from the Government would would like to talk to you. This is Mr. Ford Maddox, U.S. Department of Agriculture, and this is Colonel Mattel, National Security Commission Agent, Avocado Affairs.

MARGO

Avocado Affairs?

FORD

Miss Hunt, this is a matter of national importance. We need to speak to you immediately.

COLONEL MATTEL

(glancing suspiciously at Bunny)

Alone.

MARGO

(firmly)

It's Doctor Hunt. And I don't keep any secrets from my undergraduates.

Colonel Mattel glares at Margo, but Ford waves him off.

FORD.

Very well, let's all go someplace where we can talk.

INT. - LECTURE HALL - DAY

They file into a small lecture hall. Colonel Mattel locks the door behind them and begins pulling the shades. Ford sets his briefcase down on a table, walks over to a wall and pulls down a map of California.

FORD

Doctor Hunt. As you probably know, 98% of the avocados produced in the United States are grown in California. Most of those come from a jungle area that stretches from the tip of Palm Springs to the Mexican border: The Avocado Belt.

Ford points to a vast area of land delineated on the map of California. Across it are the words "UNCHARTED AVOCADO JUNGLE."

MARGO

Yes, I'm aware of that. But what does it have to do with me?

COLONEL MATTEL

(aggressively)

Maybe you aren't getting the point, Doctor Hunt. Avocados are very important to this country's security interests.

Colonel Mattel reaches into Ford's briefcase and pulls out a chart comparing the relative avocado yields of the free world and the Communist allied countries.

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COLONEL MATTEL

With the Communists in control of Nicaragua, and Guatemala and El Salvador strife with revolution, California is the only secure supply of avocados in the free world! We are on the verge of a major avocado gap with the Soviet Union. Back in the Kremlin, Gorbachev is chuckling over his taquitos!

MARGO

I still don't see what that has -

COLONEL MATTEL

Have you ever taken a loyalty oath, Doctor?

Ford lays a hand on Colonel Mattel's shoulder to restrain him.

FORD

Colonel, let me handle this.

(to Margo)

As I was saying, most of the avocados in the United States come from the Avocado Belt. But they are harvested from the perimeter of the jungle because, as we all know, the interior is completely wild and uncharted. Anyone who strays too close to the heart of the Avocado Jungle -- never returns.

BUNNY

(innocently)

Why?

FORD

That's a very good question, Bunny. Perhaps Doctor Hunt would like to answer it.

Margo, uncomfortable, moves away from the crowd. She does know the answer. The thought of it has haunted her all her life, but she never dreamed it would walk in the door

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looking for her. With one hand she opens a section of the blinds and gazes out onto the campus outside. Sunlight illuminates her face. Music swells.

MARGO

It's only a legend, really. There's never been any proof --

FORD

We're convinced that they are real.

BUNNY

(breathless)

Who? Who?

MARGO

The -- Piranha Women.

BUNNY

Piranha Women? Who are they?

Margo turns and faces the room.

MARGO

An ancient commune of feminists so radical -- so militant -- so left of center --

(beat)

--they eat their men.

BUNNY

Oh, that. Well, if I like a guy sometimes I'll --

MARGO

They don't eat them like that, Bunny.

(beat)

Like the black widow spider, they have sex with their men, kill them, cut the meat into strips like beef jerky -- and eat them with guacamole dip.

(pause)

Of course, that's just according to legend.

FORD

They are more than a legend; they are a major agricultural problem. Avocado pickers use to venture safely within twenty miles of the jungle's edge. But lately the Piranha Women have broadened their hold. No one is safe anywhere in the Avocado Belt. And there are one hell of a lot of avocados rotting away on the trees.

MARGO

But if they're that much of a threat, why don't you send in the troops and round them up? History has demonstrated that male-dominated governments rarely hesitate to use force to subjugate rebellious women.

It's a good point. - Ford turns to Colonel Mattel for the answer.

FORD

Colonel Mattel?

COLONEL MATTEL

(begrudgingly)

The fact is, we've tried. We sent in three divisions of Marines. Armored with air support. Some of the best men we have.

MARGO

And?

FORD

They got whopped.

COLONEL MATTEL

They didn't play fair! Our men are trained for high tech, state-of-the-art warfare! The Piranha Women were using knives and spears. The officers got confused and they -- well --

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(pause)

We found these near the edge of the jungle.

He holds up a bunch of grimy dogtags.

MARGO

Dogtags?

COLONEL MATTEL

Look closely. They're covered with guacamole dip.

(angrily)

Now do you get the point, Doctor Hunt? Your sisters in the jungle have been eating the few and the proud!

FORD

Calm down, Colonel.

(to Margo)

Look, naturally we'd prefer a military solution, but frankly the U.S. military hasn't had a lot of luck with jungle warfare. So we're forced to try to negotiate with the Piranha Women. That's where you come in. We want you to go into the jungle and try to reason with those man-eaters.

MARGO

I'm afraid I can't do that, Mr. Maddox. As an ethnographer, I cannot impose my moral standards upon other cultures. Though they may seem strange to us, the Piranha Women have as much right to their traditions and rituals as we do to ours.

FORD

We're not asking you to convert them. We just want the Piranha Women to agree to move out of the Avocado Jungle to a reservation in Malibu --

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Ford reaches into his briefcase and pulls out a large advertisement for Malibu Estates.

FORD

Deluxe condominiums. Pool, sauna, exercise room, ample parking. Total luxury living. We are even willing - at the Government's expense - to convert the recreation room so that they can maintain their bizarre sacrificial rituals. Let me come to the point: we don't care if these girls want to eat their men, that's the Piranha men's problem. We just want the avocados! And we're willing to pay for them!

MARGO

The answer is still no. Even if I wanted to help you, there is little likelihood of my making it alive through the natural perils of the Avocado Jungle, and even less that I would be able to reason with the Piranha Women.

COLONEL MATTEL

It's just like you girls to stick together! Why don't you tell us the real reason you won't go into the jungle? You knee jerk liberal feminists are all the same. You love it that the Piranha Women are eating the Army! You'd love to see the United States humiliated by the Communist's avocado yield. You'd probably like to eat me right now, wouldn't you, Miss Hunt?!

FORD

Colonel, control yourself.

(to Margo)

Doctor Hunt is a respected middle-of-the-road feminist. I'm sure she realizes that radicals like the Piranha Women only tarnish the

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(cont'd)

reputation of the Women's Movement.

(beat)

And I'm sure she will be happy to cooperate with us. Especially when she considers how much this university depends upon grants from the U.S.D.A. for its research projects. Furthermore, the Defense Department contributes quite tidily to the university's space weaponry program. And if Doctor Hunt is unable to see the logic in assisting us, I'm sure Dean Stockwell will explain it to her. Won't you, Dean?

He glances over at Dean Stockwell. Dean Stockwell is shocked at the suggestion.

DEAN STOCKWELL

Now, now, now. I will not stand for those kinds of tactics, gentlemen. The university is a shelter for intellectual freedom, and it is my duty to uphold and protect that freedom.

Dean Stockwell strides across the room and takes a stance at Margo's side.

DEAN STOCKWELL

I will not allow my professors to be coerced against their will no matter what political pressures are exerted upon me! Doctor Hunt is utterly free to make her decision based solely on the scholarly merit of the project!

He leans over and whispers in Margo's ear.

DEAN STOCKWELL

Margo, if you don't do what they say, I'll cut off all your funding and you can kiss tenure goodbye.

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(loudly)  
So, the real question remains: is this a project worthy of Spritzer College's involvement? What do you say, Doctor Hunt?

MARGO  
(sighing)  
Looks like I'm going into the jungle.

INT. - HALLWAY - DAY

As they come into the hallway the government men move to exit. Margo grabs Ford by the lapels to stop him.

MARGO  
Hold on, Mr. Maddox. There's something you're not telling me.

FORD  
Why, what do you mean?

Margo and Ford eye each other tensely. Margo releases him.

MARGO  
You don't expect me to believe that I'm the first feminist you sent to try to reason with the Piranha Women. What's really going on in that jungle?

Ford looks at the floor, debating. He decides to come clean with her.

FORD  
I suppose you have a right to know the truth. Two years ago we sent a leading feminist scholar into the Avocado Belt. Dr. Kurtz.

MARGO  
Dr. Kurtz, the internationally famous author of "Smart Women, Stupid Insensitive Men"?

(CONTINUED)

FORD

Yes.

MARGO

That explains her sudden disappearance from the talk show circuit. What happened to her?

FORD

We don't know for certain. They might have killed her or perhaps they're holding her prisoner. But it was shortly after her expedition that the Piranha Women went on the rampage.

(beat)

I suppose now that you know that, you'll refuse to go.

Margo stares off into the distance, thinking hard.

MARGO

Quite the opposite. Now I know I must go.

EXT. - CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY

Margo and Bunny are arguing on the campus grounds.

MARGO

No, Bunny, you can't come.

BUNNY

But Doctor Hunt, I really want to go with you!

MARGO

It's out of the question. No one has ever returned from the heart of the Avocado Jungle before. There will be countless dangers and hazards along the way. I can't take a sophomore into that wilderness. You don't have the training or the experience for it. You haven't even finished your General Ed requirements. I'm sorry, it's too

(MORE)

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MARGO (cont'd)  
dangerous.

Bunny is completely crushed. Margo pats her on the shoulder sympathetically and turns to walk away. Just as she does, a tall, muscular Frat Rat comes running up.

FRAT RAT  
Bunny Buns!! Hey, good-looking!

Margo stops and half turns. Bunny looks at the Frat Rat, still pouting over being turned down by Margo.

BUNNY  
Oh, hi, Chuckie.

FRAT RAT  
Bunny, babe! The super party boys at Delta Epsilon are having another super party this Friday. You're not doing anything, are you?

Bunny glances disappointedly at Margo.

BUNNY  
Well, I wanted to do something but I guess I'm not.

FRAT RAT  
Great! This is going to be a toga party and a beer bust! And for special girls like you, we're having a wet t-shirt contest!

BUNNY  
But all my t-shirts are dry.

FRAT RAT  
(chuckling)  
Don't worry. We'll take care of that. Ever do any mud wrestling?

Margo can't take it anymore. She grabs Bunny by the hand and carts her off, leaving the stunned Frat Rat eating her dust.

MARGO  
Alright, come on.

BUNNY

(cheerfully)

You mean I can go with you after  
all?

MARGO

Yeah, I think you'll be safer in  
the jungle.

INT. - LIBRARY VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT

In a moody, darkened room, Margo inserts a video cassette  
into a tape player.

MARGO (V.O.)

I sent Bunny to pack her things for  
the trip while I went to the  
library video center to look  
through tapes on Francine Kurtz.

The video flashes on and Margo leans back in her chair to  
view the tape. We see a picture of Doctor Kurtz standing at  
a podium at a N.O.W. convention.

MARGO (V.O.)

Kurtz, member of the National  
Academy of Sciences, professor at  
Radcliffe, was a noted feminist  
activist and historian. Aggressive,  
but not militant. Liberal, but not  
radical.

DOCTOR KURTZ

(from the video tape)

--this is not a battle between men  
and women where one side wins and  
one side loses. We are pressing for  
changes that will benefit everyone  
regardless of sex --

MARGO (V.O.)

In many ways we were very similar.  
Doctor Kurtz's most famous work,  
"Smart Women, Stupid Insensitive  
Men" drew heavily upon Betty  
Friedan's "The Feminist Mystique."  
I had also written a book inspired

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MARGO (V.O) (cont'd)  
by "The Feminist Mystique." Or was  
my book merely a reflection of  
Kurtz's adaptation? How can you  
tell if you are drawing upon a  
literary classic or from its  
countless derivatives?

We see Kurtz sitting in a chair on a talk show program.

MARGO (V.O.)  
The success of Kurtz's book made  
her a popular guest on the talk  
show circuit. She had a knack for  
distilling feminist philosophies  
into simplistic, but strangely  
appealing euphemisms.

KURTZ (O.S.)  
Let's face it, Johnny, men are  
scum.

Broad laughter on the laugh track. Margo studies Kurtz  
quietly.

KURTZ (O.S.)  
A woman without a man is like a  
fish without a bicycle.  
(more laughter)  
But seriously, Johnny. Just because  
men and women have been at each  
other's throats for five thousand  
years doesn't mean we can't try to  
get along --

Margo stops the video player. She ejects the tape and  
studies it.

MARGO (V.O.)  
A respected woman scholar now  
trapped in a jungle of primitive  
feminism. As I left that room there  
was no doubt in my mind. I was  
going into the Avocado Belt for  
only one reason -- to find and  
rescue Kurtz.

Margo exits the video room and turns off the light.

Blackness.

INT. - UNIVERSITY TEACHING SUPPLY OFFICE - DAY

Margo is standing behind a counter talking to a dour middle-aged Secretary.

MARGO

The filing cabinets for my office  
still aren't in?

SECRETARY

No. I've had them on back order for  
two weeks.

MARGO

All right. We'll deal with it  
later. In the meantime I'll be  
doing some field research and I  
need some supplies. Three legal  
sized pads. Ten manilla envelopes.  
Dictaphone recorder and four one-  
hour tapes --

The Secretary reaches underneath the counter and takes out  
the supplies as Margo requests them.

MARGO

Bowie knife, First Aid kit, 100  
feet of nylon mountainclimbing  
rope, breach-loading revolver and  
holster --

The Secretary continues to produce the requested items,  
piling them up.

MARGO

One thousand rounds of ammunition -

SECRETARY

Full metal jacket, hollow point, or  
Teflon-coated?

MARGO

Which would be best for fighting  
the unseen dangers that lurk inside  
a hostile jungle environment?

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## SECRETARY

I would alternate hollow and Teflon bullets in the chamber. That way you have maximum stopping power, but also armor-piercing capability. You can take out gorillas and alligators --

EXT. - CAMPUS PARKING LOT - DAY

Margo, dressed in a jungle explorer outfit, is loading crates of supplies into a rugged-looking jeep. Painted across the side of the jeep are the words: "FEMINIST STUDIES DEPT., SPRITZER COLLEGE."

Bunny bounces up wearing a pair of snug pink shorts, pink tank top and pink spiked heels. She carries a couple pieces of pink Samsonite luggage.

## BUNNY

Doctor Hunt! Yoo-hooo! I'm ready to go into the jungle!

Margo stares at Bunny, disbelieving.

## MARGO

Bunny. We're going into an unexplored jungle. Don't you think you should have dressed a little more practically?

Bunny considers that. She glances at her clothes.

## BUNNY

Well -- I do have a pair of flats in my suitcase.

Margo sighs.

## MARGO

Let's just go. You can wear some of my stuff if we get into trouble.

## BUNNY

Great! And I brought along some cute lingerie we can share!

They climb into the jeep. Margo pops it in gear and they

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drive off.

EXT. - CAMPUS - DAY

The jeep drives through the college campus.

BUNNY

This is going to be such fun! It's almost like a slumber party!

MARGO

Bunny --

BUNNY

Well, I know we could get killed and stuff, but aside from that it's just like a slumber party.

INSERT - MAP OF CALIFORNIA

(Optical - like an old forties film.) On a map of California, similar to the one in the lecture room, we see a line being drawn from Spritzer College, Glendale, across the freeway system halfway to Bakersfield up to the tip of the Avocado Belt.

EXT. - HIGHWAY - DAY

Margo and Bunny coast down the freeway toward San Bernardino.

BUNNY

Why do the Piranha Women eat their men?

MARGO

Well, primitive cultures often use overly simplistic methods to deal with inter-tribal conflicts. The Piranha Women must have concluded that the problems which naturally arise between women and men during the course of any relationship can best be solved by ritualized killing.

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BUNNY

Do a lot of feminists eat men?

MARGO

No, no, Bunny -- very few. You should understand that the Piranha Women are a primitive, ancient, radical offshoot of the Woman's Movement. Most feminists, like myself and Doctor Kurtz, stress equality between the sexes, not the domination of women over men. And there aren't any modern feminists who advocate cannibalism. Well, at least not since the sixties.

INSERT - MAP OF CALIFORNIA

The line continues across the freeway and connects with San Bernardino, revealing the vastness of the Avocado Belt stretching past it.

EXT. - A HILL OVERLOOKING SAN BERNARDINO - DAY

The jeep is parked on a hill overlooking the city of San Bernardino. Bunny and Margo stand on the ridge staring down at it.

MARGO

San Bernardino: a rough speck of civilization on the edge of the Avocado Belt. We'll check out some the local establishments and see if we can find a mercenary who can guide us into the jungle.

BUNNY

I've never been to San Bernardino before.

MARGO

Don't worry, Bunny. We'll be alright.

Margo draws her revolver and spins the cylinder to make sure it's loaded.

EXT. - MACHO BAR / SAN BERNARDINO - DAY

Margo's jeep comes to a stop in front of the rundown Macho Bar in San Bernardino.

MARGO

This looks like as good a place as any. Stay close.

Bunny and Margo exit the jeep and enter the bar.

INT. - MACHO BAR - DAY

As Margo and Bunny enter the seedy, smoke-filled room, a crowd of Rough-Looking Men turn and stare at them. They make various hungry noises.

ROUGH-LOOKING MEN

Lookie there! A couple hot mamas.  
Hey, babes! Need some company?

Margo eyes the crowd, unafraid. Bunny cowers slightly behind her.

One of the most Unsavory of the lot, a smelly, unshaven truck driver type, stands up and heads for Margo and Bunny.

UNSAVORY

Hey, chickies, can I buy you a drink?

MARGO

No thanks.

The unsavory fellow continues toward Margo. His voice becomes menacing.

UNSAVORY

That doesn't sound very friendly.  
When I offer a chick a drink I expect her to --

Just as he comes within touching distance, Margo whips her breach-loading revolver out of its holster and aims the barrel into his face. She cocks the trigger with a loud click.

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MARGO

I'm not a chick. I am an ethno/  
historian with a doctorate in  
Cultural Anthropology. Got that?

UNSAVORY

Err -- yeah -- doctor.

MARGO

I understand that your compulsion  
to assault women verbally stems  
from constant exposure to violent  
and sexist images from a male-  
dominated media. Therefore, I won't  
blow a hole in your head. Okay?

She uncocks the trigger and half lowers the gun. The  
unsavory chap slowly backs away.

UNSAVORY

Thanks.

The man disappears into the back of the bar. The rest of the  
men are staring tensely at Margo. Studying her. She  
addresses them.

MARGO

I'm from the Department of Feminist  
Studies at Spritzer College. I'm  
looking to hire a mercenary guide  
for an extremely dangerous job.

Tense music flares. Anvil, a large, bare-chested Rambo look-  
alike steps into the center of the room. He is sweating  
profusely and carries a machine gun in his hands. A string  
of bullets drop from the machine gun and roll across the  
floor in his wake like marbles.

ANVIL

I am Anvil, a crazy ex-Vietnam vet  
who hires himself out to the  
highest bidder. I can rape,  
pillage, and napalm an entire South  
Asian village singlehandedly.

He fires off a long machine gun blast into the ceiling until  
wood and plaster falls and daylight streams through the

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gaping hole. Bunny stares at him wide-eyed. Margo casually brushes some of the plaster dust off of her shoulder.

Tense music flares again. Out of the crowd comes another figure: Bushito, the Ninja, dressed head to toe in black and carrying an assortment of swords, daggers, and other weapons.

BUSHITO

I am Bushito, the world's greatest  
Ninja! I am a killing machine.  
Master of all the deadly arts. If  
you need a mercenary to kill and  
maim, I am the best! I also take  
payment in Visa and Mastercard.

He does a quick weapon exhibition. With his Ninjato sword he slices off the legs of a bar chair, sending its occupant crashing to the floor. He whirls a Nunchaka around and then flings a spinning star dart at Margo. It cuts into a wood pillar a foot from her face. She doesn't blink.

Tense music flares once again. Yet another figure comes from the crowd and stands alongside the first two: The Black Masked Avenger, a huge, muscular Arnold Schwarzenegger in a black mask and bright orange tights.

B. M. A.

I am the Black Masked Avenger,  
world champion wrestler and  
weightlifter. I don't need any guns  
or weapons. I crush men in my bare  
hands. I can squish, smash, and  
pummel. Look at this --

He grabs a huge steel bar and slowly bends it in half. It makes a hideous screeching sound. He takes a crunching bite out of one end and chews it. He spits hard. Roughly cut nails fly from his mouth and land in the wood flooring, forming a neat row in front of Margo's feet. Margo is unimpressed.

B. M. A.

So what is your job?

ANVIL

Do you want to burn down a small town?

BUSHITO

Attack an impenetrable fortress?

B. M. A.

Crush an army of enemies?

MARGO

(coolly)

I am looking for someone to guide me into the Avocado Jungle.

The three mercenary's eyes widen in terror.

ALL

The Avocado Jungle?!

MARGO

I am going to make contact with the Piranha Women.

ALL THREE MERCENARIES

The Piranha Women!?

Anvil's knees and voice is quivering as he backs away.

ANVIL

Um -- I'm sorry -- I have to go to the Veteran Center for some counseling --

He dashes off. Bushito is sneaking away too.

BUSHUTO

I forgot, I'm busy. There's a showing of "The Seven Samurai" tonight at the Nuart and -- 'bye.

The Black Masked Avenger also scurries off.

B. M. A.

I'm going on Nutri-System to lose a little weight and a jungle trip is out of the question right now.

(CONTINUED)

He runs away. Margo holsters her pistol and looks over at Bunny.

MARGO

Let that be a lesson to you, Bunny:  
A bunch of violent brutes wrapped  
up in a egotistical blanket of male  
machismo - they're more than happy  
to victimize the helpless but one  
thing sends them scurrying away,  
one thing strips away their phony  
courage -- the threat of strong  
women. So precarious is their self-  
image of masculinity, the mere  
thought of a group of women who  
refuse to be passive victims is  
enough to shrivel their libidos.

BUNNY

Wow. Now I know I want to be a  
feminist!

A voice calls out from the back of the bar.

JIM (O.S.)

Not so fast, Doctor Margo Hunt-Ms.  
ethno/historian.

Jim Lord emerges out of the back room and picks his way  
through the parting bar crowd. He is tall, tanned, ruggedly  
good-looking in a kind of klutzy way. He wears a jungle  
explorer outfit with a bullwhip strapped at his side.

JIM

There are still some real men left  
in this world who haven't been  
castrated by the years of feminist  
propaganda that has corrupted the  
school system and infected prime  
time television.

He moves into the center of the room.

JIM

Men who still believe that nature  
designed women to cook, nurture  
children, and pose for Penthouse

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)  
magazine. Men who realize their  
role in life is to love, protect,  
and - yes, I'm not afraid to say it  
- to dominate women!

He trips over his own feet and falls on his face. Margo and  
Bunny stare at him blankly.

Jim jumps back up and continues as if nothing happened.

JIM  
I'll go into the Avocado Jungle  
with you. I'll lead you to the  
Piranha Women. I'm man enough to  
face the dangers that lurk in their  
dark upside-down world.

He pulls his bullwhip out and cracks it loudly into the air  
a couple of times. On the last crack he pulls it back a  
little too hard and the whip wraps around his head and slaps  
him in the face. He delicately disentangles himself.

JIM  
No, I'm not afraid of the Piranha  
Women --  
(pointedly)  
--any more than I'm afraid of a  
certain ethno-historian who -  
terrified of her own frailness and  
need to be loved - abandoned her  
femininity behind a charade of  
scholarship and androgyny.

Jim eyes Margo meaningfully. Margo sighs.

MARGO  
Jim, what are you doing here?

BUNNY  
You know him, Doctor Hunt?

JIM  
(bitterly)  
Sure she knows me, Bunny. Doctor  
Hunt and I are old friends. Aren't  
we, Margo?

MARGO

Well --

Jim looks at Bunny, his face filled with noble pain.

JIM

We were in love once. Desperately and passionately in love. But that was a long time ago, wasn't it, Margo? Long before your mind was filled with bizarre feminist theories about the meaninglessness of love! Back when you were just an innocent young schoolgirl unjaded by cynical socio-political thinking! When I first saw you you were nothing but an emptyheaded girl wandering lost in the college library.

MARGO

Jim, I was in the library doing research on Carl Jung for my doctorate thesis.

JIM

Well then -- it was before you cut your hair short.

As Margo rolls her eyes Jim continues.

JIM

All I know is that back then you were the most passionate, giving woman I had ever met. Maybe I should have known better, but I was an impressionable kid! I turned my whole world upside down for you! We shared our innermost thoughts and feelings with each other. I bared my soul to what I thought would be a devoted partner. We made plans - plans for a new life together. And then you dumped me flat because I wasn't the sort of man who fit neatly in with the feminist theories you were being forced by

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)  
your professors!

MARGO  
Jim, it was a one-night stand. I was half drunk and left right after we had sex. We didn't say more than eight words to each other and all of yours were composed of one syllable.

JIM  
(furious)  
Just like you to count the words, Doctor Hunt! There are some feelings that can't be expressed in words! Some moments that last an eternity! You toyed with my affections, and after you crushed my heart I crawled into a whiskey bottle and haven't gotten out since!

MARGO  
The next day you went to Hawaii with that bimbo in the cafeteria.

JIM  
Well -- I had made the date a week before, and anyhow -- the minute I got back from Hawaii I crawled right into a whiskey bottle!

Margo shakes her head and turns to leave.

MARGO  
Let's go, Bunny.

JIM  
Wait! You said you needed a guide. I'm the best.

MARGO  
I've changed my mind. We'll do without one.

JIM

Fat chance. You won't last ten minutes in that jungle without me.

MARGO

I can take care of myself.

JIM

Not in the Avocado Jungle you can't. Do you know what jungle herbs cure the poisonous bite of the river snake? Do you know where the only land route is around the white waters of death? Do you know the way through the secret maze caves that lie underneath Hangman's Cliff? Huh? Do you?

MARGO

(impressed)

No, I guess I don't. But you do?

JIM

Well -- no. But I have this paperback book.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a copy of "A Traveler's Guide to the Avocado Jungle of Death."

MARGO

We'll buy our own book.

JIM

It's out of print. -

Jim cockily tucks the book back into his jacket. Margo sighs. He has her and she knows it.

MARGO

Alright. How much do you want to act as our guide?

JIM

Oh, fine! Just offer me money like I was some gigolo! After everything we meant to each other --

(CONTINUED)



MARGO

How much?

JIM

Twenty-five thousand dollars.

MARGO

Forget it.

JIM

Fifty bucks.

MARGO

Alright.

EXT. - RUGGED DESERT TERRAIN - DAY

Margo's jeep climbs up a hilly desert road. Jim sits in the passenger seat and Bunny sits in the back

MARGO

Now Jim, I don't care what happened between us, that was a long time ago. I've hired you as a guide with the understanding that our relationship is strictly professional.

JIM

Whatever you say, Honeybuns.

The jeep screeches to a halt.

MARGO

Get out.

JIM

I just slipped. I'm sorry. Strictly professional. I promise.

Margo reluctantly puts the jeep back in gear.

EXT. - EDGE OF AVOCADO GROVE - DAY

Margo pulls the jeep to a stop in front of a large, fairly well-tended avocado grove.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

This is it. The Avocado Jungle.

BUNNY

It doesn't look like a jungle.

JIM

The outer regions aren't very overgrown, but the foliage gets thicker the deeper we go.

MARGO

We'll have to leave the jeep here and continue in on foot.

They begin unloading supplies.

INT. - AVOCADO GROVE - DAY

Margo, Bunny, and Jim, wearing backpacks of supplies, make their way through the grove.

MARGO

Here we are. Entering the Avocado Jungle. Look around you, Bunny. In front of us is the lush, untouched rain forest of one of the last surviving matriarchies. Behind us is the polluted patriarchy of western civilization. We are leaving a world ruled by men and entering one ruled by women.

Margo leads the way. Bunny and Jim follow.

JIM

Yeah, go ahead and bash men. But a few days from now you'll be wishing there was a Burger King in sight.

MARGO

We'll see.

JIM

You women always bitch and moan about the way men run things, but face it -- would a woman have ever

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)

designed the '64 GTO? Huh? Let alone the Corvette Stingray - any model year. All you women want to talk about is how some French chick discovered diarrhea or something. But who invented the important things, huh? Like Budweiser?

MARGO

Interesting point, Jim. It's certainly hard to imagine a woman inventing nuclear weapons.

JIM

Exactly! And where would we be without them, huh?

MARGO

And the Nazi blitzkrieg certainly seems like a male idea. As well as South African Apartheid --

JIM

Yeah, well --

MARGO

There's also World War I, the Crusades, the Spanish Inquisition, the Rape of Shanghai --

BUNNY

(cheerfully)

Gee, men have done a lot of things.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - GROVE JUNGLE - DAY

The avocado grove is becoming thicker with wild foliage. Margo presses on. Jim follows.

JIM

Elvis Presley!

MARGO

Janis Joplin.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Patton.

MARGO

Joan of Arc.

JIM

(switching tacks)

Tammy Baker.

MARGO

Jim Baker. Jerry Falwell. Jimmy Swaggart.

JIM

Jessica Hahn. Donna Rice.

MARGO

(angrily)

Joseph McCarthy. Richard Nixon.

JIM

Joan Rivers.

Margo stops and stares at Jim levelly.

MARGO

I like Joan Rivers. I think she's funny.

JIM

(tit for tat)

Well, I think Richard Nixon is funny.

Margo stops. She looks around.

MARGO

Where's Bunny?

JIM

Bunny? She was?

They both look around. No sign of Bunny.

(CONTINUED)

JIM AND MARGO

Bunny! Bunny!

EXT. - JUNGLE - DAY

Bunny is sitting with a large Tiger, petting and scratching him behind the ears. The tiger seems to like it. She gives him a big hug.

BUNNY

Nice, kitty.

JIM AND MARGO (O.S.)

(in the distance)

Bunny!

BUNNY

Oh, no!

Bunny jumps up, waves goodbye to the tiger and runs off.

EXT. - JUNGLE - DAY

Jim and Margo are calling out for Bunny. She comes running up.

MARGO

Bunny! Where did you go to?

BUNNY

(like a bad girl)

Well -- I was just looking around.

MARGO

You scared us. You can't wander off like that. This jungle is dangerous.

BUNNY

Sorry.

Margo pats her on the shoulder and continues on. Bunny follows and Jim pulls up the rear.

JIM

Yeah, there are wild animals on the loose.

(CONTINUED)

Bunny nods.

EXT. - DEEP IN THE JUNGLE - MAGIC HOUR

Jim has his machete out and is hacking away at underbrush as they make their way through the jungle. Bunny and Margo follow.

MARGO

Jim, what are you doing?

JIM

I'm hacking out a trail through this underbrush.

MARGO

But the trail is clear. You're just hacking at branches on the side.

JIM

Well -- I just bought the machete and -- seemed like a shame not to use it --

Margo continues on, shaking her head, leaving Jim behind.

JIM

(calling after her)

I'm getting in a little practice before the jungle gets thick!

Bunny looks at Jim, who is feeling embarrassed. She smiles.

BUNNY

I think you look really dashing with that machete in your hand.

JIM

Why -- thank you, Bunny.

They smile awkwardly at each other.

MARGO

Come on, you two. We have to cover as much ground as possible before it gets dark.

EXT. - JUNGLE - NIGHT

Margo, Jim, and Bunny rest in a small clearing. It is dark. Jim presses a flashlight against the fold-out map in the guidebook.

MARGO

Do you have any idea where we are?

JIM

Of course I know where we are.  
We're -- ahhh --

He turns the map sideways.

MARGO

Let me see the map.

She reaches for it. Jim pulls away.

JIM

Margo! I know you like to think you know everything, but face it, you're not an expert at map reading.

MARGO

Well --

Jim stands and paces as he holds the flashlight over the map.

JIM

Our best chance of finding the Piranha Women will be by following the Rio Santa Rosa River. It runs the length of the Avocado Jungle and is its primary source of fresh water.

MARGO

Perhaps we can build a raft and float downstream.

JIM

Yes. According to my calculations -- with the North Star overhead and the moon rising eastwardly, and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)

allowing for a wind factor of five  
-- we should be approximately  
twenty-three point six miles from  
the river's edge. It'll take us  
about two more days to reach it.

MARGO

Twenty-three miles to the river?  
But the jungle is so green and lush  
in this area -- Are you sure -

Jim continues pacing about the dark clearing.

JIM

Margo, if there's one thing I know  
it's how to read a map! The Rio  
Santa Rosa River is exactly twenty-  
three point six miles  
awayyyyyyyyyyyyyy!

Jim slips and falls down the bank into the river. There is a  
loud splash.

Margo and Bunny run to the river's edge, which is barely  
visible in the dim light.

Jim struggles to the surface and stands in the shallow  
water, soaking wet. He coughs.

JIM

I found the river.

EXT. - JUNGLE - NIGHT

Jim, wet and naked, is wrapped up in a blanket to keep warm.  
He crouches next to a campfire as Bunny irons his clothes on  
a makeshift ironing board.

BUNNY

They're all dry, but I want to get  
the wrinkles out.

JIM

Maybe you could put a neat military  
crease across the front panels of  
the shirt and pants.

(CONTINUED)



BUNNY  
(happily)  
Sure.

JIM  
You're sure a good little  
homemaker.

BUNNY  
Thank you. I've been taking Home  
Economics for two years - but I  
want to change my major to Feminist  
Studies.

JIM  
Why would you want to do that?

BUNNY  
I want to expand my mind.

JIM  
What for?

BUNNY  
Gee, I don't know. I guess I could  
become the first woman president or  
something.

Margo, carrying a flashlight, comes out of the jungle and  
joins them.

MARGO  
I followed the river for about half  
a mile. There's the wreckage of a  
small trawler that sunk near the  
shore. It would take some work, but  
we might be able to salvage it and  
use it to travel downstream. I  
wonder what it was doing so deep in  
this jungle.

Jim's face turns white.

JIM  
(recalling a sad memory)  
The Patna.

MARGO

You know of it?

JIM

Yes, it was a long time ago. I made a mistake -- I was young -- Arab pilgrims -- I panicked -- drummed out of the Merchant Marines -- traveled around the world trying to live it down -- I -- I don't want to talk about it.

MARGO

Oh. All right --

INT. - TENT - NIGHT

Bunny and Margo are in their sleeping bags, preparing for bed. The light from the campfire glows through the side of the tent.

BUNNY

Poor Jim, he doesn't have a tent.

MARGO

He'll be alright. It's a warm night.

We hear the sound of a harmonica playing. Beautiful, soft, sad.

BUNNY

Listen, it's beautiful.

MARGO

My, he's very good.

EXT. - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Jim sits by the campfire roasting marshmallows. A Walkman with two small speakers blares out the harmonica music.

INT. - TENT - NIGHT

Bunny and Margo lie next to each other.

(CONTINUED)

BUNNY

You're kind of tough on him.

MARGO

Yeah.

The sad music plays on.

BUNNY

He says he loved you.

MARGO

Oh, I doubt that. Besides, it could never have worked out. He's an egotistical chauvinistic klutz.

BUNNY

He's kind of cute.

They both listen to the music for awhile.

MARGO

Maybe I am too hard on him, though. Maybe it's because he represents -  
(she sighs)  
He's a mirror of my failures.

BUNNY

Failures? You?

MARGO

(laughs sadly)  
Oh, I've failed in some ways. In my life. Can I tell you a secret, Bunny? Something I've never told anyone?

BUNNY

Sure.

MARGO

In a way, Jim is right. I am afraid of men. My experiences with them -- well, I've had a lot of one-night stands. Drink a little, give myself an excuse -- You know. I subconsciously pick jerks who I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (cont'd)

know I could never be attached to.  
It's all empty, passionless.  
Because despite what I try to  
teach, what I wish were true, deep  
down I am afraid that real  
equality, real respect between the  
sexes, in the world or in a single  
relationship, is impossible.

(pause)

I've avoided commitment because I'm  
afraid that I would either be  
emotionally dominated by my lover,  
or, equally sad -- that I might  
dominate him. I guess that's kind  
of strange, isn't it?

The sad music plays on.

BUNNY

Can I tell you a secret too, Doctor  
Hunt? Something I've never told  
anyone?

MARGO

Of course, Bunny, I think it's  
wonderful that we can share our  
inner feelings with each other.

BUNNY

Well, sometimes, like -- when I'm  
with a guy. I wish -- that he would  
tie me up with red licorice ropes  
and spank me with rubber gloves.  
Then he could eat the ropes to free  
me and we'd make love while the  
Mamas and the Papas play  
"California Dreaming."

There is a long pause while Margo stares at Bunny.

MARGO

Thank you, Bunny. You've put my  
thoughts in perspective.

(CONTINUED)

BUNNY

I feel better too.

Margo rolls over and tries to get some sleep. Bunny closes her eyes.

EXT. - JUNGLE RIVER - DAY

The bow of the Patna is perched on the side of the bank. Margo and Jim are patching a hole in the hull. Bunny lies on the bank in a bikini, sunbathing.

Jim is chewing on something. He offers it out to Margo.

JIM

Want some red licorice?

MARGO

Err -- no thanks.

Bunny looks down from the bank, startled. Jim offers a long rope to her.

JIM

You want a bite?

Bunny weakly shakes her head, her eyes hypnotized by the licorice.

JIM

Suit yourself.

As he continues working with Margo he begins to hum the melody "California Dreaming." Bunny is fascinated. Margo tries to ignore it.

The boat is ready.

MARGO

That should hold. Let's see if we can get her afloat.

They push the bow into the water and cast the boat adrift.

EXT. - JUNGLE RIVER - DAY

The Patna chugs down the river with Jim piloting and Margo posing picturesquely on the stern staring out into the

(CONTINUED)

jungle. Jim is talking. Bunny sits listening to him, enraptured.

JIM

(in a tour guide voice)  
--and over here on the left we have the Tribal Head Hunter and trader. He has a special offer today. Two for one. Two of his heads for one of yours. Any takers?

Bunny giggles happily.

BUNNY

Doctor Hunt! It's incredible. He's memorized the entire speech from the Jungle Boat ride at Disneyland!

MARGO

(sarcastically)  
That'll be useful to us.

JIM

I can do the Tiki Room too.

BUNNY

You know everything!

JIM

I know Adventureland like the back of my hand. Why, the -

There is a loud thump and the boat shakes.

BUNNY

What was that?

Margo snaps to attention. She draws her revolver from its holster.

MARGO

Something went under the boat.  
Something big.

JIM

Probably just a rock.

MARGO

Hardly.

Thump. The boat shakes again.

BUNNY

What is it?

MARGO

A hippo! Look!

Not far down the river we see the eyes and ears of a hippo staring at them from just under the water.

JIM

Hippos? In California?

MARGO

The Palms Springs Hippo. A little thinner than its African cousin, due to the low cholesterol diet, but just as deadly.

JIM

It's charging the boat!

BUNNY

We're going to die!

The hippo begins to surge through the water, aiming for the side of the boat. Margo cocks her pistol and draws a bead.

MARGO

Jim! Man the helm! Get the bow facing it. Don't let it broadside us. Hard a port! Quick!

JIM

Is port to the left or the right?

MARGO

Right! Right!

Jim throws the wheel a port and the boat turns quickly until the bow is squarely facing the hippo. Jim and Bunny both cover their eyes. Margo fires. Crack! Crack!

(CONTINUED)

MARGO

Got him!

The hippo head sinks into the water in a pool of blood. Jim and Bunny are still hiding their eyes.

BUNNY

Is it dead?

MARGO

Yes.

Margo holsters her gun and takes the helm away from Jim. She steers the boat back on course down the river.

JIM

Did you see its ears wiggle as it got close?

BUNNY

Yeah! Their ears wiggle when they're angry.

MARGO

We're not on the Jungle Boat ride!  
This isn't Disneyland! Get real,  
folks, we were nearly killed.

Bunny and Jim pout. Margo steers the boat. She is lost in thought. Her eyes widen for a moment.

MARGO

(to herself)

You know, I think its ears were wiggling.

BUNNY

(happily)

I knew it. Walt wouldn't lie.

EXT. - JUNGLE / MONTAGE - DAY

A few picturesque shots of the jungle, its wildlife, Margo gazing into the wilderness, Jim reading a Penthouse magazine.



EXT. - JUNGLE RIVER - DAY

The Patna chugs downriver. There is a rustling in the bushes on the riverbanks.

MARGO

What's that sound? Slow the engines.

Jim slows the engine to a low hum. Margo draws her pistol and holds it ready. Jim pulls out his whip and slaps himself in the face.

There is another rustling sound.

MARGO

Someone's in those bushes.

BUNNY

Piranha Women?

MARGO

Maybe.

Something flies through the air toward the boat. Another object flies at them.

JIM

They're attacking!

MARGO

Quick, duck down!

Bright objects fly through the air, pelting the boat. Bunny and Margo duck down on the deck. Before Jim can follow, an object strikes his head. He collapses to the floor.

JIM

AHHHH! I've been hit!

Jim lies on the floor, clutching his head in his hands, eyes squeezed shut. Bunny quickly crawls to his side.

BUNNY

I'm coming!

Jim holds his head, moaning.

(CONTINUED)

BUNNY

Where does it hurt?

JIM

I can't tell. I think I'm in shock!  
Am I bleeding?

BUNNY

No.

JIM

What was it? An arrow? A rock? A  
spear? Am I dying?

Margo examines one of the soft, knitted objects.

MARGO

It kind of looks like -- like a  
knitted potholder.

Bunny picks one up.

BUNNY

This looks like a doily.

Jim opens his eyes and stares at the objects that were  
hurled at the boat.

JIM

A crocheted placemat. Boy, those  
Piranha Women sure are stupid.  
Attacking the boat with placemats  
and potholders. I tell you, women  
just -

MARGO

I don't think it was the Piranha  
Women.

Margo peers over the edge of the boat. The banks of the  
river are quiet.

MARGO

Whoever it was, they've stopped  
now.

Margo takes hold of the helm and steers the boat to shore.

(CONTINUED)

MARGO

Let's go investigate.

JIM

I don't know, it could be dangerous.

Margo looks at the potholders.

MARGO

I doubt it.

INT. - JUNGLE - DAY

Margo, Jim, and Bunny search through the thick jungle.

BUNNY

Why would someone attack our boat with potholders?

MARGO

Maybe they weren't intended as an attack. Perhaps they were meant as offerings --

JIM

Offerings? You mean --

MARGO

Yes.

BUNNY

Who? What?

JIM

(disgusted)

Let's go back to the boat.

MARGO

No, I want to find them. We'll be the first outsiders ever to make contact.

JIM

They're disgusting.

(CONTINUED)

BUNNY

Who?

MARGO

They're not disgusting. You just think that anyone who chooses to live their life differently from yours is disgusting. Different cultures have different lifestyles.

JIM

They're sniveling worms. I don't have the stomach to look at them.

BUNNY

Who?!

There is a rustling in the bushes.

MARGO

There! I think I saw one!

The thing in the bushes starts to run. Margo runs after it. Jim and Bunny follow.

MARGO

Quick!

BUNNY

What is it? What are we chasing?

MARGO

(as they run)

It's just a legend really, but in the Avocado Jungle, there is supposed to be tribe of men who live apart from the Piranha Women.

JIM

Who cower in fear of them!

MARGO

They have their own culture and traditions. They're very peaceful, nurturing --

(CONTINUED)

JIM

They're a bunch of wimps!

They stop running. The thing in the bushes is gone. Margo listens carefully.

MARGO

They couldn't have gone far.

BUNNY

They make potholders?

Margo leads them into a small clearing.

MARGO

In this culture, men cook and knit and sew clothes. They make handicrafts and baked goods and leave them out for the Piranha Women. In return, the Piranha Women leave them alone, and don't eat them -- very often. It's kind of a symbiotic relationship.

In the clearing are a few tiny huts decorated with needlepointed pictures and macraméd plant holders.

JIM

It's a tribe of lily-livered wimps who cower in the dark shadow of feminism, kowtowing, scraping, groveling to the whims of women!

Margo stands in the very center of the clearing. From inside the huts the faces of gentle, timid men peer out, frightened.

BUNNY

What are they called?

MARGO

The Donnahews.

Margo holds out a hand to the timid men.

MARGO

Come on out. I won't hurt you.

BUNNY

We won't eat you. We promise!

The Half-a-dozen Donnahews, too frightened to disobey, come out of the huts and tentatively shuffle toward the strangers. They wear nicely sewn caveman outfits with crocheted suit ties knotted around their necks.

MARGO

That's it. Don't be afraid. I'm an ethnographer.

The Donnahews fall to their knees and bow to Margo.

JIM

Oh, god! What wimps!

MARGO

It's a different culture.

BUNNY

I think they're sweet.

Jim snorts. The Leader of the Donnahews darts back into his hut and quickly returns with another knitted potholder. He crawls on his hands and knees and places it at Margo's feet. He bows three times.

Margo picks it up.

MARGO

Thank you. It's very nice.

All of the Donnahews begin to bow and chant to the two women.

DONNAHEWS

Donnahew! Alanallda! Markharmon!  
Waldermondail!

The Leader grabs at Jim's shirt and tries to pull him to his knees.

JIM

Let go of me you, puss! I'm not getting on my knees. Jeez, they're just a couple of chicks.

EXT. - DONNAHEW VILLAGE - NIGHT

Margo and Bunny preside at the head of a feast laid out for them by the Donnahews. Jim sits off to the side, grumbling. The Donnahews bring them a variety of food dishes, bowing as they serve. Margo is filling Bunny in on the Donnahew culture.

DONNAHEW

Donnahew?

MARGO

Oh, thank you. But no, I couldn't eat another bite. It's all so delicious.

DONNAHEW

Alanallda?

MARGO

No, thank you.

He offers it to Bunny, who is still nibbling.

BUNNY

Oh, yes please! This tuna casserole is a dream. And the stuffed bellpeppers. Mmm-mmm. They certainly are good cooks.

Jim is reluctantly eating the food served to him.

JIM

Good wimps is what they are. Real men don't cook anything but chili.

MARGO

Why does it bother you so much to see men cooking and performing tasks generally relegated to women? They seem to enjoy it enough.

She gestures around the camp to the Donnahews who are busily

(CONTINUED)

knitting, mending clothes, and baking pies.

MARGO

You act as if your own masculinity is threatened when another male performs a supposedly "feminine" task. Why can't you just be yourself and allow them to be who they are?

JIM

Because deep down no man can be happy playing housemaid to a bunch of man-eaters! Cooking and sewing aren't in the male hormones! These poor suckers don't know any better because they don't have strong role models, like John Wayne and Sly Stallone. But if they did -

MARGO

They'd be violent, emotionally repressed and narrow-minded.

JIM

Just like my heroes. Hey, buddy, can I have another one of those kiwi tarts?

The Donnaheew graciously serves Jim, who munches down a couple of kiwi tarts.

Meanwhile, two Donnaheews present Margo with another present. It is a huge, macraméd hammock.

MARGO

You made it yourselves? It's lovely, but I can't. I live in such a small apartment -

INT. - TENT - NIGHT

Bunny and Margo lie next to each other. Margo is trying to sleep. Bunny chatters merrily.

(CONTINUED)



BUNNY

I have a lot of fantasies about being tied up and spanked. I suppose that isn't very liberated, is it? What kind of sex fantasies do feminists have?

MARGO

Bunny, please, let's just sleep. We need to get up early tomorrow and continue our search for the Piranha Women.

BUNNY

I wonder what kind of fantasies they have? Eating men I suppose. Maybe with clam dip instead of guacamole --

MARGO

Just sleep, Bunny.

EXT. - DONNAHEW VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Donnehews are busy washing dishes and tidying up around the camp. Jim sits by the campfire, disgusted with them. Margo and Bunny's tent is in the background.

The Leader of the Donnehews brings Jim a cup of hot chocolate.

JIM

What now? Hot chocolate? Jesus. Men don't bring men hot chocolate! You got that? Huh?

LEADER

Donnahew allanalda.

Jim sets the cup down and grabs the Leader by his shoulders.

JIM

God dammit, man! This is no life! Deep down inside of you there's a tough, macho male dying to get out.

Jim stands. The other Donnehews stop cleaning and stare at

(CONTINUED)

him.

JIM

But I'm not going to stand by and let you spend your lives as cowering wimps! Tonight, you're going to be men! And I know just how to do it!

Jim grabs his backpack and starts to sort through it. The Donnahews gather around him, fascinated.

Jim tosses out various objects and then produces -- a six-pack of Budweiser. He holds it high above his head.

JIM

Beer!

At the sight of the six-pack the Donnahews fall to their knees in terror.

JIM

I'll show you how to be a man!

Jim tears a beer from the pack, pops the top with a triumphant gesture, and chug-a-lugs the beer. The Donnahews watch, terrified -- yet drawn to the mysterious and powerful sight.

Jim finishes the beer, crushes the helpless can with his mighty fingers and burps loudly.

JIM

There!

He tears another beer from the pack. He holds it out to the Leader.

JIM

Come on! Have a beer! Be a man!

The Donnahews cower from the aluminum-encased fermented hops.

JIM

Come on! I know you want it. Take it! Beer! Beer!

(CONTINUED)

Stirring Music Fills the Air. The Donnahews Leader swallows; he grits his teeth. As the others watch in awe he crawls across the ground, reaches out, and touches the beer. They all gasp. (Remember the ape touching the obelisk in "2001"?)

He quickly pulls back.

JIM

Go ahead! Take it!

The Leader reaches out and touches the beer again. He slowly takes it from Jim. Music swells.

He pops the top. He holds it to his mouth. He chug-a-lugs it. He crushes the can in his hand. He yells a triumphant roar and throws the can high into the air.

The can sails up higher, higher, into the night sky.

The other Donnahews cheer.

DONNAHEWS

Donnahew! Donnahew! Donnahew!

Jim cuts them off.

JIM

No! No more Donnahew! Beer! Beer!

DONNAHEWS

Beer! Beer! Beer!

Jim tears beers from the pack and begins handing them out. The Donnahews pop their tops, sharing the brew among them.

EXT. - DONNAHEW VILLAGE - A FEW BEERS LATER

The Donnahews huddle on a log together, beers in their hands, watching Jim as he paces in front of them. A pile of empty beer cans litter the area.

JIM

Keep drinking, boys, there's plenty more. Now let's review what we've learned.

He points at the beer can in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

JIM  
What's this?

DONNAHEWS  
Beer!

JIM  
What kind of beer?

DONNAHEWS  
Bud!

Jim grabs a Penthouse and holds it up.

DONNAHEWS  
Penthouse!

JIM  
Great, and --

He pulls out his car keys.

DONNAHEW  
Keys to Chevy!

JIM  
All right!

Jim burps. The Donnaheew Leader burbs. The rest of the  
Donnaheews burp.

JIM  
Okay, let's try a little scenario.  
You're driving down the street in  
your Corvette -

He mimes driving down the street.

JIM  
You've got a beer in your lap, you  
take a swig and watch out for the  
cops -

The Donnaheews watch wide-eyed.

JIM

--then all of a sudden, what do you see walking down the street in tight hotpants? A chick!

Jim looks at them meaningfully. The Donnahews don't get it.

JIM

You know - a chick, a broad, a dame. A girl. You know?

He mimes breasts.

JIM

A wommman! So what do you do?

The Donnahews all jump up and hide behind the log.

JIM

No! You don't hide!

The Leader of the Donnahews offers out a potwarmer.

JIM

No! You don't give them knitted products! Men don't knit! What do you do?

The Donnahews don't know.

JIM

You call out to her! You say, "Hey sexy momma! Hey, love machine! Hey, baby, you want to go for a ride in my 'vet!" Got it? Come on.

Jim guides them though.

JIM

Heyy sex-sy mom-ma.

DONNAHEWS

Heyy sex-sy mom-ma.

JIM

Heyy love-maa-chine!

DONNAHEWS  
Heyy love-maa-chine!

EXT. - DONNAHEW VILLAGE - AFTER SOME MORE BEERS

Jim, now really drunk, assembles a large rectangular frame with wood branches. The Donnahews, also drunk, sit watching it.

JIM  
Alright, we got it!

He joins the Donnahews on the log.

JIM  
We've got our beer in our hand, the chick is in the kitchen making us some chow, and what do we do?

DONNAHEWS  
Watch TV!

JIM  
Right, and what do we watch?

That's a tough one. The Donnahews ponder.

JIM  
Come on! Come on! We went over this!

LEADER  
Sports?

JIM  
Right! What kind of sports!

LEADER  
Football!

DONNAHEWS  
Football! Football! Football!

JIM  
Right!

Jim runs behind the frame and frantically mimes football

players throwing balls and pounding into each other.

JIM  
Football! Yeah! Long bomb!  
Interception! Pass interference!  
Touchdown.

Jim runs back around and sits down with the Donnahews, pointing excitedly at the fake TV.

JIM  
Wow! Look at those guys smash into each other! Wow! Look, they threw the ball! They're smashing each other again! Are they going to throw the ball? No! They're going to smash each other! Wow!

Jim grins broadly at the Donnahews. The Donnahews, wanting to please, grin right back at him.

JIM  
Isn't it exciting?

The Donnahews look at the fake TV. They look at Jim. They kind of nod.

JIM  
Wow! Hey, wait! The World Series is on! Let's change channels!

Jim, chugging down another beer, runs over to the TV and mimes changing channels.

JIM  
Go, Dodgers! Wow!

Jim runs around behind the TV and mimes a player at the bat.

JIM  
Here comes the pitch. And he -- and he --

Jim passes out. He falls to the ground with a thud. The Donnahews stare at him, uncertain. One looks at another.

DONNAHEW

Change channel?

The Donnahews all sit on the log, finishing their beers in the quiet.

Bunny, wrapped in a white sheet, tiptoes out of the tent and comes upon the Donnahews.

BUNNY

Yoo-hoo! Hi! I heard all the noise.  
I was having trouble sleeping.  
Would one of you like to make me a  
cup of hot chocolate?

The Donnahews drunkenly stare at the sexily-draped Bunny. The Leader verbalizes what's on the other DonnaheW's minds.

LEADER

Chick.

OTHER DONNAHEW

Broad.

ANOTHER DONNAHEW

Sex-sy mom-ma.

BUNNY

What?

The Leader stands and drunkenly staggers toward Bunny.

LEADER

Heey baa-bee you-want to-go for-a-  
ride in-my 'vet!

Bunny, nervous, begins to back away.

BUNNY

Well, I don't know. Where's it  
parked?

The other Donnahews start to stand. They stalk Bunny.

ANOTHER DONNAHEW

Hey, love machine, let's do it to  
"Bolero."



BUNNY

Love machine? What happened to tuna casseroles and needlepoint? All I wanted was some hot chocolate.

The Donnahews leap for her. Bunny turns tail and runs.

BUNNY

Doctor Hunt! Help!

DONNAHEWS

Hot mama! Chick! Chick! Chick!

Margo sleepily sticks her head out to see what's happening. Bunny runs by. The Donnahews tear after her.

Margo's eyes widen. She gives chase.

The Donnahews corner Bunny next to a tree trunk. They pile onto her. A shot rings out. The Donnahews spin toward the sound.

Margo stands firmly a few feet from them. She has just fired a warning shot into the air. She aims her gun directly at them.

MARGO

Alright, back off.

The Donnahews slowly move away from Bunny. The Leader is on the bottom of the pile with Bunny in his arms. He looks at Margo like a kid caught with the cookie jar.

MARGO

Get your hands off Bunny. Now.

He unwraps himself from her and shuffles away. Bunny delicately rearranges her sheet.

The Donnahews continue to withdraw under Margo's disapproving stare. They turn and run off into the jungle.

Margo puts her arm around Bunny, comforting her, as she goes back and searches through the camp. She discovers Jim passed out near a pile of crushed beer cans.

She kicks him.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Owww!

MARGO

You jerk!

EXT. - JUNGLE RIVER - MORNING

The Patna chugs down the river with Margo at the helm. Jim and Bunny sit nearby.

JIM

I'm sorry, okay? I said I'm sorry.  
We were just having a party and the  
boys got a little carried away.

MARGO

A little carried away? They tried  
to gang rape Bunny.

BUNNY

And they wouldn't make me any hot  
chocolate.

JIM

Gang rape her?  
(almost proudly)  
Hmmm -- Gee, I didn't know they had  
it in them.

Margo kicks Jim's feet out from under him and he falls to  
the floor.

MARGO

You jerk!

JIM

I didn't mean it that way. I just -  
you know what I meant, don't you,  
Bunny?

She doesn't.

BUNNY

Umm -- I guess so.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Given how faggy they acted, I was merely glad to see that they were developing a healthy interest in the opposite sex.

MARGO

Yeah, and to you a healthy interest means a violent one.

Jim jumps to his feet.

JIM

Oh, and I suppose your little Piranha Girls never resort to violence, huh? They kill, slice up, and eat men!

MARGO

Quite true. And I'm beginning to wonder if they don't have the right idea!

Tense Music Flares. Margo continues to steer the boat. Jim looks at her, horrified. Bunny watches them both, worried.

EXT. - JUNGLE RIVER - DAY

The Patna drifts in a part of the river thick with grass. Jim and Margo are at the rear of the boat examining the propeller.

JIM

The propeller is stuck again. The grass is too thick in this area.

Margo sighs.

MARGO

Then we'll just have to drag the boat until we get to a part of the river that isn't as shallow.

EXT. - RIVER - DAY

Margo and Jim wade through the water dragging the boat by two ropes. They fight their way through the thick grass.

(CONTINUED)

Jim stops. Margo pauses and looks at him.

JIM

Ah! Oh!

MARGO

(worried)

What is it? Leeches?

JIM

No, catfish.

MARGO

Catfish? Catfish don't bite.

JIM

No, but they keep swooshing around my ankles and it feels icky.

Margo sighs and continues dragging the boat.

Inside the boat, Bunny wears her bikini as she sunbathes and reads Jim's copy of Penthouse. She holds it up and looks at one of the nude women inside, comparing herself to it.

Back in the water --

JIM

I've always hated catfish. Ever since I was a kid. There's nothing as icky as a catfish swooshing around you. What if one got caught in my pants leg and swum up into my

-

MARGO

(irritated)

Enough with the catfish! If you want to get back in the boat just do it.

JIM

You know, Margo -- Methinks thou doth protest too much.

(CONTINUED)

MARGO

What's that supposed to mean?

JIM

You always yell at me and get mad at me. I think that's a cover for what you're really feeling.

MARGO

Which is?

Jim wades through the water and takes Margo by the shoulders.

JIM

That you really love me.

Margo pushes him away.

MARGO

I don't love you. I don't even like you.

JIM

Then why does your voice quiver when you say that?

MARGO

My voice isn't quivering.

JIM

Yes it is. I can always tell when a woman is in love because her voice quivers when she talks.

MARGO

My voice isn't quivering!

JIM

Why are you getting so emotional?

MARGO

I'm not getting emotional.

JIM

Your voice is quivering.

(CONTINUED)

MARGO

I am not quivering or emotional!

JIM

Margo, are you having your period?

MARGO

I am not having my period! It isn't due for two weeks!

Margo clutches her head, annoyed and a tiny bit embarrassed.

MARGO

Why am I telling you this?

JIM

(gently)

Because I care --

Margo grabs Jim and dunks him into the water.

EXT. - DEEPER INTO THE LUSH AVOCADO JUNGLE - DAY

The Patna drifts down the river.

MARGO (V.O.)

Eventually we pulled the boat far enough that the downstream current picked us up. As we were low on gas we decided it would best to let the boat drift and save the fuel for our trip back upriver.

Bunny, Jim, and Margo talk together.

MARGO

There is no such thing as a vaginal orgasm! It was a figment of Freud's chauvinistic mind.

JIM

Oh, yeah? What about the G-spot? I read all about it in Penthouse "Forum."

MARGO

There isn't any G-spot. It's a media-created myth. There is no empirical evidence to support it. They're trying to re-market the vaginal orgasm.

BUNNY

(wistfully)

All I know is that I have an orgasm every time I see a picture of Jon Bon Jovi.

MARGO

(roughly)

That's not an orgasm. That's mental masturbation.

Margo turns away. Bunny pouts. She looks over at Jim.

BUNNY

Why is she so cranky?

JIM

She's having her period.

BUNNY

(sympathetically)

That's too bad.

MARGO

It's not due for two weeks!

BUNNY

(more sympathetically)

And you're already having cramps?

Margo, too angry by this point to even speak, slumps in her seat. They are slowly driving her insane.

MARGO

If we don't get out of this jungle soon, I'm going to lose my mind.

EXT. - DEEPER INTO THE LUSH AVOCADO JUNGLE - DAY

As Margo narrates we pan across the thick jungle foliage.

(CONTINUED)

MARGO (O.S.)

As we went ever deeper into the jungle, I grew more nervous and edgy. Would we reach the Piranha Women? Would we see civilization again? Would Bunny and Jim ever shut up?

The boat comes into view. Bunny and Jim sing merrily as Margo tries desperately not to listen.

BUNNY & JIM (singing)

"Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall, ninety-nine bottles of beer! Take one down and pass it around and ninety-eight bottles of beer on the wall! Ninety-eight bottles of beer on the wall -- ninety-eight bottles of beer!"

EXT. - RIVERSIDE CAMPSITE - DAY

They sit around the pitched tent. Bunny and Jim eat Fritos and guacamole dip. Margo isn't eating. She stares blankly ahead.

MARGO (V.O.)

Supplies had nearly run out, fraying tempers even more. Thoughts began to whirl through my mind. Dark thoughts. Thoughts inappropriate to a mainstream women's scholar --

JIM

Have some Fritos and guacamole dip.

MARGO

I don't want any guacamole dip! I'm sick of guacamole dip! I'm sick of avocados! I want meat!

Margo stares at Jim fixedly. Jim looks back at her, horrified.

(CONTINUED)



JIM

You want to eat me. Don't you?

MARGO

(weakly)

No. No. I didn't say that.

JIM

But you thought it. Didn't you? I could see it in your eyes. You wanted to eat me!

MARGO

Only for a moment -

JIM

Ha! Moderate feminist, eh? You women's libbers are all alike. A few weeks of jungle living and you're willing to toss aside that phony rhetoric about equality and get to what you really want! The domination and consumption of men!

MARGO

It's the heat. I lost my head for a moment.

JIM

Or found your true self! Look at her, Bunny! She wants to eat me! See for yourself what the women's movement is really about!

Forced over the edge by his taunting, Margo leaps to her feet with a mad gleam in her eye. She draws her bowie knife from its holster.

MARGO

That's it! You're prime rib!

JIM

Wait, no!

Jim runs and Margo chases after him. Bunny leaps to her feet and follows.

(CONTINUED)

MARGO

Chauvinistic pig! Let's see what  
you taste like cooked real lean!

JIM

No! Help! Bunny! Help!

Jim climbs up a tree. Margo is about to climb up after him  
when Bunny rushes to her side and stops her.

BUNNY

Don't eat him, Doctor Hunt!

Bunny's voice snaps Margo out of her madness. She lowers her  
knife. Jim looks down, still terrified.

MARGO

Oh my God -- I don't know what came  
over me. This jungle. This jungle  
is driving me to the edge.

BUNNY

And what with having your period  
and everything -

MARGO

We've got to head back. We've gone  
too far. We're too deep into this  
heart of darkness.

Jim jumps down out of the tree.

JIM

It's too late, Margo.

He points into the distance behind her.

JIM

We've found them.

Three Beautiful Piranha Women with long spears stand  
together in the nearby jungle, staring at them.

BUNNY

Ohhhh - cute outfits.

The Piranha Women bring their spears into throwing position  
and slowly stalk toward them.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

They don't look very friendly,  
Margo.

MARGO

They don't know who we are. Bunny,  
quick, toss me my backpack!

Bunny grabs the backpack and tosses it to Margo. The Piranha Women become tense, ready to throw.

Margo quickly digs through the pack and pulls out a small piece of paper. She holds it up to the Piranha Women.

The Piranha Women step closer and glance at the card. They half lower their spears.

JIM

What is it?

MARGO

Something all feminist cultures, no matter how radical or primitive, recognize. My N.O.W. membership card.

One of the Piranha Women calls out something in French.

BUNNY

What did she say?

MARGO

I'm not sure. The Piranha Women speak a strange, difficult language.

They say something again.

MARGO

Listen. I'm here to find Doctor Kurtz. Do you understand? Doctor Kurtz.

PIRANHA WOMEN

Kurtz?

MARGO

Yes. Do you understand? Is she  
alive?

The Piranha Women begin to mumble amongst themselves. They point off in the distance. They move away. Margo, Jim and Bunny follow.

EXT. - ENTRANCE TO THE PIRANHA WOMEN TEMPLE - DAY

The Piranha Women lead Margo, Jim, and Bunny to the entrance of their temple (which looks strikingly similar to the Frank Lloyd Wright house, "Jaws," on Franklin Avenue in Hollywood).

MARGO

The secret temple of the Piranha  
Women. Their architecture is  
surprisingly advanced.

INT. - TEMPLE OF THE PIRANHA WOMEN / CEREMONIAL ROOM - DAY

The three Piranha Women lead Margo and the others into a large ceremonial room decorated in neo-Aztec style. A long altar is in the middle of the room and a throne is mounted on a series of steps against one wall. Near the altar is a pit filled with murky green water. Standing on either side of the throne are two more Piranha Women.

The three Piranha Women stand off to the side. Margo and the others are left standing in the center.

MARGO

This must be the altar room where  
they -- they -- you know.

BUNNY

Eat guys?

MARGO

Err -- yes.

Jim strolls over to the water pit and kneels next to it.

JIM

Look, an indoor swimming pool. I  
wonder if it's heated.

(CONTINUED)

He is about to dip a hand in to find out when Margo calls out to him.

MARGO

Jim! Wait!

Jim pauses.

JIM

What?

MARGO

Bunny, do you have any of those Fritos left?

BUNNY

Yeah, sure.

Bunny hands Margo a large Frito. Margo tosses it into the water. The waters suddenly come alive with bubbles and thrashing ripples around where the Frito landed.

Jim stands, stunned.

JIM

What is it?

MARGO

Piranhas. The real thing. That must be where the Piranha Women dispose of the fat and bones of their male sacrifices.

KURTZ (O.S.)

Very good, Doctor Hunt. That is quite correct.

Margo turns to see Doctor Kurtz emerge from a secret door onto the throne platform. She is outfitted in the garb of the Piranha Women and carries a tall black staff.

MARGO

Francine Kurtz. Then you are alive.

BUNNY

And she's got one of those cute outfits on.

Doctor Kurtz strides down the stairs to Margo's group.

KURTZ

I have more than just the outfit, Bunny. The Piranha Women have christened me Empress of the Avocado Jungle. I am their supreme ruler.

MARGO

Empress?

KURTZ

I knew the Avocado Board would send someone after me. But I never suspected it would be another feminist. After I did away with the Marines -

MARGO

You mean to say that you led the Piranha Women against those Marines?

KURTZ

Of course. They violated our jungle sanctuary. They had to die. They were pretty delicious too.

MARGO

(horrified)

Doctor Kurtz, I'm unfamiliar with the academic guidelines at Radcliffe. But I would think that any major university would consider warring upon the United States government and eating the prisoners of war a serious breach of ethics. Don't you think you have violated the boundaries of proper participant/observer ethnography?

KURTZ

Always the cautious scholar, eh, Doctor Hunt? I'm not here to study the Piranha Women, I'm here to lead them. The future of feminism lies

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KURTZ (cont'd)  
in this temple.

MARGO  
You're saying that the future of  
women lies in cannibalism?

KURTZ  
Face up to the truth! This is a  
war! A war between men and women.  
Anything short of cannibalism is  
beating around the bush.

MARGO  
Well, it is certainly obvious that  
the Avocado Board sent the wrong  
woman to try to reason with the  
Piranha Women.

KURTZ  
And you are so obviously the right  
one. An academic so naive, so  
trusting, that she actually  
believes that there's an avocado  
shortage.

Margo looks at Kurtz, stunned.

KURTZ  
Yes, that's what they told me, too.  
But I was suspicious enough to do  
some research into the matter. The  
fact of the matter is, the United  
States has a massive avocado glut.  
They're dumping tons of avocados  
into Santa Monica harbor to get rid  
of them.

MARGO  
But - then why?

KURTZ  
You're an ethno/historian! Use your  
head! It's not the avocados that  
the Government is worried about.  
It's the Piranha Women! The  
reactionary male factions are  
terrified of them. Terrified of the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KURTZ (cont'd)

example a nation of strong women might set to the rest of the county. After they succeeded in stopping E.R.A., in the wake of mainstream feminist backlash, they figured it was the perfect time to wipe out the Piranha Women for good.

MARGO

But the reservations in Malibu -

KURTZ

Oh, they're there alright. I did research into those too. Deluxe condominiums. Pool, sauna, exercise room, ample parking. Total luxury living.

(beat)

Only what they didn't tell you about was the thousands of subscriptions to Vogue magazine and Cosmopolitan that were timed for delivery when the Piranha Women took up residence. Not to mention the team of Mary Kay Cosmetics saleswomen who were ready to pounce upon them. They had a secret plan for doing away with the Piranha Women. Something more sinister than an armored division of Marines --

MARGO

(horrified)

--cultural assimilation.

KURTZ

Yes. Within five years the Piranha Women would have just been another bunch of bikini bunnies bouncing around Malibu looking for a good sushi bar.

BUNNY

I know a great sushi bar in Malibu. It -

(CONTINUED)



KURTZ

You see, they would have all ended up like her.

The thought is horrifying. Margo looks at the floor, forlorn.

KURTZ

Now that you are here, you have only one choice. To join with us. Become a Piranha Woman.

MARGO

I'm afraid I can't do that. While I am discouraged, I have not given up hope for equality between the sexes.

KURTZ

I cannot allow you to leave this jungle and reveal the secrets of the Piranha Women. You either join us, or you will all die together.

MARGO

Then kill us. I would rather die than compromise my ethical standards.

JIM

Hey! Speak for yourself. I'm not -

KURTZ

You, idiot male, will die anyway. You look a little tough, but if you were marinated before cooking --  
(to the other Piranha Women)  
Take him.

Two Piranha Women grab Jim by his arms and hold him tightly.

JIM

Bunny, help!

BUNNY

Oh, Jim!

Bunny reaches out to help him, but she is grabbed by two more Piranha Women.

KURTZ

Take Doctor Hunt also.

Two Piranha Women leap for Margo but, with skillful ju-jitsu moves, she flips them to the floor. She draws her pistol and aims it at Doctor Kurtz.

KURTZ

You're outnumbered, Margo. There are a thousand Piranha Women in this temple. You haven't got a chance.

MARGO

If you don't free my friends, I'll shoot you first.

KURTZ

Go ahead. Fire on a fellow feminist. Fire on a fellow anthropologist. You may not personally agree with my tactics, but you know that my only goal is to help the Piranha Women maintain their cultural heritage. Go ahead and shoot.

JIM

Go ahead! Shoot her! Shoot her!

Margo lowers her pistol. She can't do it. Doctor Kurtz takes the gun from her. Two Piranha Women grab Margo.

KURTZ

It will take some time to make the preparations for your initiation into the tribe of the Piranha Women. I will give you until tomorrow morning to make your decision. If you agree to join us, you will sacrifice your first man. If you do not agree, we will throw you into the piranha pit and you will die. Painfully. Take her away.

(CONTINUED)

The guards take Margo out.

KURTZ  
Take the airhead away too.

They drag Bunny off.

Doctor Kurtz strolls over to Jim, who is held tightly by the Piranha Women.

JIM  
Hey, that crack about shooting you,  
I was just joking, you know. I love  
feminists. I voted for Mondale and  
Ferraro. She creamed Bush in that  
debate. I have a subscription to  
MS. Magazine --

KURTZ  
You're going to cook up real good.  
(to the guards)  
Put him with the other men.  
Tomorrow we eat him.

INT. - TEMPLE HALLWAY - EVENING

Jim, his hands chained together, is half carried by two Piranha Women down a hall to the men's quarters.

JIM  
Hah, throwing me in with the  
Piranha Women's guys, huh? Bet  
they're a bunch of wimps like those  
Donnaheaws.

Another Piranha Woman stands guard in front of a barred door. The Piranha Women exchange some French phrases. One guard opens the door and the other two prepare to throw Jim in.

JIM  
Listen, ladies, couldn't we talk  
about this -

They toss Jim inside.

INT. - MEN'S CELL - EVENING

Jim is tossed into the cell. He is surrounded by Half a Dozen Extremely Muscular Men in Loincloths. They have chains bound to their wrists. Jim glances at their muscles.

JIM

You guys are pretty big for wimps.

The men answer with a few French phrases.

INT. - HOLDING BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inside a neo-Aztec bedroom, Margo paces anxiously back and forth. The heavy door opens and we see a Piranha Guard letting someone in. He is yet another very muscular and extremely good-looking man in a loincloth. Jean-Pierre is very lean and strong, but has sensitive blue eyes and a gentle French accent. He balances a tray of food between his chained wrists.

The Guard closes the door behind them.

JEAN-PIERRE

I brought you some food.

He sets the tray down next to the bed.

MARGO

Who are you?

JEAN-PIERRE

I am Jean-Pierre, your sacrifice for tomorrow. It is traditional in the tribe of the Piranha Women for the sacrificee to serve his mistress the night before the ceremony.

MARGO

But you speak English.

JEAN-PIERRE

Some. I learned it from listening to Doctor Kurtz.

(CONTINUED)

MARGO

You must be very smart to have picked it up without any formal training.

JEAN-PIERRE

Alas, intelligence in males is not valued by the Piranha Women. Only muscle tissue.

MARGO

(admiringly)

Well, you certainly have some muscles.

JEAN-PIERRE

They force us to work out with weights. It makes the meat more flavorful.

(pointing to the food)

Please, eat.

MARGO

Thank you, I am hungry.

Margo sits on the edge of the bed takes a piece of dark jerky from the tray. She dips it in the guacamole and takes a bite. Jean-Pierre kneels at her feet.

MARGO

Mmmm. It's very good.

JEAN-PIERRE

I'm glad. He was a friend of mine. Jacques.

Margo chokes.

MARGO

You mean this is - oh, god.

She puts the piece down.

MARGO

How can you be so calm about your friend being killed and eaten when you yourself are destined to die?

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-PIERRE

Social conditioning. It is the way here. There is no point in trying to resist the will of the Piranha Women.

(sadly)

Yet, deep in my heart, I long for a world where men and women could be equals. Where they could share themselves in intimate, nurturing relationships without one sex dominating or inhibiting the other. Alas, I fear that is impossible.

A small tear flows from his blue eye. Margo, deeply moved, wipes it from his cheek with her finger. She touches his face.

MARGO

It is rare to see such strength and sensitivity in a man.

JEAN-PIERRE

I must go now. We'll meet again tomorrow when we will have sex and you will eat me.

MARGO

I could never eat you.

JEAN-PIERRE

You must. If you do not kill me they will kill you.

He stands. As he does, his strong muscles accidentally break the length of chain between his wrists.

JEAN-PIERRE

Oh dear, I broke the chains again.

He picks up the loose link and clips it through the two chain halves. Using his strong fingers, he pinches it together.

MARGO

You broke the chains. Why don't you try to escape? With your strength -

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-PIERRE

Violence is not the answer. What should I do - attack and possibly injure my mothers, sisters, and aunts? Pit my strength against theirs? Would I be any better than them? Why struggle to live in a world where the strong dominate the weak -

Margo rises and goes to him.

MARGO

But it's not right. You must fight them.

JEAN-PIERRE

I am only glad that of all the women who will kill me. It will be one as understanding as you.

They stare into each other's eyes. Margo moves close enough to kiss him.

Suddenly the door to the room flies open. The Piranha Woman shouts something in French. Jean-Pierre pulls back.

JEAN-PIERRE

I must go now. Till tomorrow.

He exits. Margo is left breathless. She sits on the bed in a daze.

MARGO

What a hunk!

INT. - ANOTHER HOLDING BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bunny sits on a bed wolfing down jerky and guacamole. A Muscular Guy sits at her feet.

BUNNY

Gosh this stuff is good. Chewy, but tasty. Kind of like lean pork. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

MUSCULAR GUY

Jacque.

BUNNY

Is it one of those beef  
substitutes?

(shrugging)

Whatever it is, it sure is good.

She pokes his muscles.

BUNNY

You must work out on a Nautilus.  
Got any more dip?

EXT. - JUNGLE TEMPLE - MORNING

The sun rises behind the great Temple of the Piranha Women.

INT. - CEREMONIAL ROOM - DAY

Jean-Pierre is in the process of being chained to the altar  
by several Piranha Women. Doctor Kurtz enters. She gives  
orders in French.

The Piranha Women nod.

INT. - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Two Large Muscular Men help Margo into the bikini of the  
Piranha Women. After seeing her mostly in baggy clothes, we  
discover she actually has a great body.

MARGO

Jean-Pierre - where's Jean-Pierre?

The two Muscular Men shake their heads sadly.

MARGO

Oh, he was your friend. Don't  
worry, I won't kill him.

INT. - CEREMONIAL ROOM - DAY

Doctor Kurtz stands on the throne platform. A line of  
Piranha Women stand guard over Bunny and Jim. Another  
Piranha Woman beats a ceremonial drum.

(CONTINUED)



Margo is led in by two Piranha Women. She is brought before Doctor Kurtz. Kurtz points at Jean-Pierre and holds up a large ceremonial dagger.

KURTZ

There is your sacrifice. If you wish to become a Piranha Woman you must first take his body and then his life. What is your decision?

MARGO

I refuse to kill another human being in cold blood.

(hesitantly)

However, in deference to your cultural traditions, I would be willing to have sex with him --

KURTZ

Forget it! If you want your cake, you'll have to eat it. If you do not use this knife to draw his blood I will have you thrown into the piranha pit!

MARGO

I refuse to join your tribe. I appeal to you as a member of the National Academy of Science to release me and my friends and allow us to go our own way.

Bunny pipes up.

BUNNY

No! I want to be a Piranha Woman.

MARGO

Bunny! What are you saying?

Bunny steps forward.

BUNNY

I want to be a Piranha Woman!

MARGO

Bunny, dammit, I knew I shouldn't have brought you. You haven't had the Women's Studies core classes. You've been seduced by the simplicity of the Piranha Women's philosophy.

BUNNY

No I haven't. I just want one of those cute outfits!

MARGO

Bunny, listen to me -

KURTZ

Silence her!

The Guards grab Margo and cover her mouth.

KURTZ

Are you sure you want to become a Piranha Woman?

BUNNY

Yes!

KURTZ

Are you willing to partake of the blood sacrifice initiation?

BUNNY

Well, if you mean have sex with the guy and then kill him - sure. I'll try it. I've done weirder things at frat parties.

KURTZ

Then I shall allow you to become a Piranha Woman. On one condition -

Kurtz marches down the steps to Jim. She points at him.

KURTZ

He shall be your sacrifice.

Jim glares at Kurtz.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Well, now you've gone too far,  
Doctor Kurtz. I happen to be a  
pretty good judge of character, and  
I've suspected for some time that  
Bunny here kind of likes me. She  
would never -

BUNNY

Sure, I'll kill him.

Kurtz motions to the Guard.

KURTZ

Prepare them both for the  
sacrifice!

The Guards lead Bunny off and grab Jim.

As the Guards haul Jim past her, Margo suddenly breaks away  
from them and runs to Jim's side.

MARGO

Jim, listen to me -

She whispers in his ear as the Guards cart him away.

JIM

(confused)

What? Why?!

MARGO

(glaring at him)

Just do it!

Margo's guards are upon her. They grab her and drag her to  
Kurtz. They force her to her knees.

Jim is dragged away.

KURTZ

And as for you -

Suddenly there is a cry from behind. Kurtz pauses.

With shattering strength, Jean-Pierre snaps the chains  
binding him to the altar and leaps to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

KURTZ

The sacrifice has escaped! Kill him!

Two Guards rush after Jean-Pierre. He knocks them aside.

Margo leaps to her feet, grabs Kurtz's arms and flips her to the ground. She sidekicks both of the other guards.

Jean-Pierre tosses a Piranha Woman across the room. He runs to Margo's side and takes her hand.

JEAN

Quick, this way!

They run up the steps to Kurtz's throne and out the secret door behind it.

Kurtz leaps to her feet.

KURTZ

Stop them! Kill them!

The Piranha Women rush off in hot pursuit.

INT. - TEMPLE HALLWAY - EVENING

Margo and Jean-Pierre run down the hallway. They reach an open window carved into the stone walls.

JEAN-PIERRE

Out the window!

Margo climbs onto the window sill. She looks out. It's a one-story drop to the jungle below.

JEAN-PIERRE

Jump! I'll fight them off from here.

MARGO

No! You're coming with me.

JEAN-PIERRE

Go alone. I can give you time to escape!

MARGO

Jean-Pierre! Stop being a  
sacrifice! Come with me!

Jean-Pierre reaches up and kisses Margo full on the lips.  
She melts. He pushes her out the window.

EXT. - EDGE OF TEMPLE - DAY

Margo falls into the jungle foliage. She jumps to her feet.

MARGO

Jean-Pierre!

She looks above her. No sign of him.

MARGO

Jean-Pierre!

A Piranha Woman appears at the window with a bow and arrow.  
She fires at Margo.

The arrow barely misses. Margo runs.

EXT. - JUNGLE - DAY

Margo runs through the jungle.

The Piranha Women follow in hot pursuit.

INT. - HAIR DYEING ROOM - DAY

Bunny is lying naked on a large slab of concrete with her  
head hanging over the edge. Two Piranha Women are dipping  
her long blond hair into a basin of red dye.

BUNNY

So that's why all Piranha Women  
have red hair. I hope this dye  
doesn't make it frizz. Do you have  
a conditioner for that?

INT. - WASHROOM - DAY

Two Piranha Guards toss Jim into a room and shut the door  
behind him.

In front of him are two Beautiful Piranha Women. One of them

(CONTINUED)

wields a long dagger.

JIM

Err -- hi, ladies. I mean, women -  
err --

The one with the dagger stalks close to Jim. Jim closes his eyes, wincing. She places the dagger in his shirt and rips it from his skin. She chops off his pants. His clothes fall to the ground, leaving him naked. Jim, trembling, opens his eyes.

JIM

Now exactly what did you have in  
mind here?

The Piranha Woman takes him by the hand and leads him to a large tub filled with steaming water.

JIM

What's this? A hot tub. Well, if  
you insist -

Jim gets in the tub. The Piranha Woman kneels next to him and dips a brush into the warm water. She begins scrubbing his back.

JIM

Ohh -- that feels great. Hey,  
you're not such a bad young lady  
after all.

She takes a large ladle and pours water over his head. Jim giggles.

JIM

Nothing like a nice hot bath.

She scrubs Jim some more with the brush.

JIM

Ohh -- lower -- lower -- that's the  
spot. Ohhh --

The other Piranha Woman, behind Jim's back, is tasting the water. She shakes her head and adds some more salt. She takes another sip and adds a dash of pepper.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

It's nice to see that at least one of the girls in this crazy temple knows how to treat a guy right.

He sniffs.

JIM

Hmmm. Something smells good. This bath water. Hmmm.

He tastes it.

JIM

Hey, this isn't half bad. This would make a great soup --

(eyes widening)

Oh my God! You're marinating me!

He tries to climb out of the bath but the Piranha Woman dunks him into the water.

EXT. - JUNGLE CAMP OF BARRACUDA WOMEN - DAY

Margo runs through the jungle. The Piranha Women follow close behind.

Margo dashes through a thick clump of bushes.

Suddenly several hands come out of the bushes. They grab her and pull her aside.

The Piranha Women run past.

EXT. - BUSHES - DAY

Two Barracuda Women, looking very similar to the Piranha Women, but with black hair and lavender scaled bikinis, hold Margo in the bushes. One of them puts a finger to her lips, motioning for Margo to be silent.

They watch as the Piranha Women run past.

They let Margo go. They motion for her to follow them. They lead Margo back into the jungle.

EXT. - CAMP OF THE BARRACUDA WOMEN - DAY

The two women lead Margo into a camp of Half-a-Dozen Barracuda Women. The Leader of the Barracuda Women emerges from a tent. She stares at Margo. They all speak in French.

The Barracuda Leader addresses Margo.

BARRACUDA LEADER

We are the Barracuda Women! We are the sworn enemies of the Piranha Women! If you were escaping from them then you must be our friend.

EXT. - CAMP OF THE BARRACUDA WOMEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Barracuda Women huddle in a circle around a fire. Margo and the Leader sit side by side.

BARRACUDA LEADER

Thousands of years ago, the Barracuda Women and the Piranha Women were one. But we split over ideological differences.

MARGO

What were those?

BARRACUDA LEADER

The Piranha Women believe that men should be slaughtered and eaten with guacamole dip.

MARGO

And you think that's wrong?

BARRACUDA LEADER

Yes! We think they taste better with clam dip.

MARGO

Clam dip? That's it?!

BARRACUDA LEADER

Well, it's a fundamental principle

--

(CONTINUED)



MARGO

You people have been divided for a thousand years over the kind of dip?!

(angrily)

That makes me mad! Why is it that women's groups always fight over such petty differences! No wonder we couldn't get the E.R.A. passed! The damned men can always agree on beer and football!

Margo jumps to her feet.

MARGO

That does it! Much as I hesitate to interfere in other cultures, we're going back to the Piranha Women's temple. The women in this jungle need to unite!

(beat)

And I'm going to settle my score with a certain renegade ethnographer!

INT. - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Bunny, with red hair, is being outfitted in a Piranha Woman outfit by Two Muscular Guys. They tie the bikini ties.

BUNNY

I think I'm going to like being a Piranha Woman.

INT. - CEREMONIAL ROOM - DAY

Doctor Kurtz stands on the throne platform. Bunny stands in front of her with her back to the camera. A Piranha Woman beats a ceremonial drum.

Jim, wearing a loincloth, is chained to the altar.

DOCTOR KURTZ

Here, Bunny, drink the elixir of the Piranha Women.

Bunny sips from a large chalice. Kurtz hands her the

(CONTINUED)

ceremonial dagger.

DOCTOR KURTZ  
Let the sacrifice begin!

The Drums Beat Loudly. Bunny takes the dagger and marches over to Jim.

JIM  
Bunny, you don't know what you're doing. This jungle has mixed you up!

BUNNY  
I know what I'm doing. I want to be a Piranha Woman!

Jim looks into her eyes. They are bright green.

JIM  
Bunny, your eyes! The strange elixir of the Piranha Women has changed the color of your eyes!

BUNNY  
No it hasn't. They're green contacts. Now be quiet while I sacrifice you!

Bunny undoes Jim's loincloth and removes her own bikini. She places the dagger on the altar steps and climbs on top of him.

EXT. - JUNGLE - DAY

Margo leads the Barracuda Women to the Piranha Women's temple.

MARGO  
You set up a joint committee consisting of an equal number of Barracuda and Piranha Women. The committee could meet bi-weekly and air any differences that arise -

INT. - CEREMONIAL ROOM - DAY

Bunny lies on top of Jim making love to him. She gazes into his eyes.

BUNNY

I'm sorry I have to kill you. I did  
kind of think you were cute.

JIM

Bunny, don't do it.

BUNNY

I have to.

Jim thinks to himself.

JIM

(to himself)

Wait, what did Margo say to -  
right!

He starts to hum "California Dreaming." Bunny's eyes begin to glow.

BUNNY

That song -- oh.

The drums beat loudly. She climaxes. The drums stop.

Kurtz waves to them.

KURTZ

Kill him! Now!

Bunny picks up the dagger. She holds it over Jim. Jim is still humming. Bunny can't do it.

KURTZ

Kill him!

BUNNY

I can't!

KURTZ

Do it!

(CONTINUED)

BUNNY

I can't. I love him!

Bunny throws her arms around Jim's neck.

Kurtz slaps her hand to her forehead. She has a headache.

EXT. - EDGE OF TEMPLE - DAY

One of the Barracuda Women throws a grappling hook up into a temple window. It catches. Margo starts to climb up.

INT. - KURTZ'S SECRET STUDY - DAY

Margo climbs up the rope into a small room. There is a desk and piles of papers. As the Barracuda Women climb in one by one, Margo examines the papers.

MARGO

Kurtz's field notes. Wait, an  
outline. For a book.

Margo studies the papers.

INT. - CEREMONIAL ROOM - DAY

Jim and Bunny are being held on their knees by Piranha guards. Kurtz stands before them.

KURTZ

Throw them both into the Pirahna  
Pit!

The guards drag them to the edge of the pit.

INT. - TEMPLE HALLWAY - DAY

Margo leads the Barracuda Women down the hall.

Several Piranha Women try to stop them. A fight ensues.

Margo and the Barracuda Women win.

MARGO

Onward!

INT. - CEREMONIAL ROOM - DAY

Doctor Kurtz watches as the guards are about to throw Bunny and Jim into the pit.

BUNNY

That water really will stain this outfit.

Margo bursts onto the scene with the Barracuda Women.

MARGO

Wait!

KURTZ

What now?!

The Barracuda Women and the Piranha Women square off. Margo approaches Kurtz.

MARGO

According to the traditions of the Piranha Women, I challenge the Empress of the Avocado Jungle to a battle for the right to the throne!

Kurtz lowers her dagger.

KURTZ

That is your right. But I warn you, Margo, you don't stand a chance.

MARGO

We shall see.

INT. - CEREMONIAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As everyone watches, Margo and Kurtz circle each other, preparing to fight according to the intricate ancient traditions of the Piranha Women. Each has a dazzling array of weapons.

Kurtz throws a weighted net over Margo. Margo cuts through it with a two-handed sword.

(CONTINUED)

KURTZ

You handle yourself fairly well.

MARGO

I studied Ancient Weaponry at Berkeley.

Margo throws a bolo that entangles Kurtz's feet. Kurtz cuts it with a dagger and then hurls the dagger at Margo. Margo blocks it with her shield.

KURTZ

Professor Harris?

MARGO

No, Professor Johnson.

KURTZ

Really? I knew Johnson at Stanford.

Margo uses a sling to hurl a stone at Kurtz. Kurtz ducks and pounds Margo's shield with a mace.

KURTZ

Enough preliminaries.

Kurtz throws aside her weapons. Margo does the same. They both walk to a sword stand and draw fencing foils.

They begin to fence.

MARGO

Why don't you tell the Piranha Women the real reason you became their leader?

KURTZ

What do you mean?

The swords glint in the light.

MARGO

I found your study. I read your field notes, the outline to your book. You don't really care about the Piranha Women. You're just planning to write a book about your experiences.

Margo thrusts. Kurtz parries.

KURTZ  
That's not true!

MARGO  
"My Life as A Piranha Woman" by  
Francine Kurtz. Catchy. Should make  
the best seller list.

They continue to fence. Kurtz is fumbling.

MARGO  
The media attention from your last  
book was fading. You needed  
something new to get back on the  
talk show circuit. Didn't you? What  
better than an exposé on the lives  
of the Piranha Women?

Bunny and Jim watch the battle.

JIM  
Do you think Margo is going to win?

BUNNY  
Oh, yeah.  
(low)  
Listen, do you have any of those  
red licorice ropes left?

JIM  
In my back pack. Why?

BUNNY  
We'll talk about it later.

Margo and Kurtz are still fencing.

MARGO  
You were going to exploit the  
complex traditions and culture of a  
group of primitive feminists for a  
cheap paperback potboiler. A kiss-  
sacrifice-and-tell book.

KURTZ

(fessing up)

Yes, it's true. I was planning a book. But it would have been a scholarly work on -

MARGO

Hardly. You've been in the jungle too long, Kurtz! You became a primitive yourself. I read your notes. Your field methodology is sloppy! Your conclusions shaky! Even Sheri Hite couldn't get away with the kind of unfounded generalizations you make in your outline.

With a quick twist Margo disarms Kurtz.

MARGO

You're no better than the chauvinists who sent us here. You'd exploit the Piranha Women for your own aggrandizement.

KURTZ

You don't understand! I had to!

Kurtz pleadingly moves toward Margo.

MARGO

Wait, don't!

Kurtz impales herself on Margo's blade. Margo quickly draws it out and tosses the sword away. She runs to Kurtz's side.

MARGO

Francine! Watch out, the pool!

Kurtz falls to her knees next to the piranha pool.

KURTZ

Stay away! You don't understand. I had to do it! I'd been on the talk show circuit for six months. The token feminist! The butt of every bra-burning joke! You don't know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



KURTZ (cont'd)

what it's like trying to face David Letterman with a book on male insensitivity. I needed something more. I thought the Piranha Women -- cannibalism -- who could laugh at me then --

Kurtz rolls to the edge of the pool. Margo moves for her.

KURTZ

Stay back! You're right -- I was exploiting the Piranha Women -- but -- you don't know what it's like. David Letterman -- oh God! The horror! The horror of that show! The horror!

She flings herself into the pool of water. The water bubbles around her sinking form. She screams once. She is gone.

Margo lowers her head.

EXT. - TEMPLE OF THE PIRANHA WOMEN - DAY

The Barracuda Women and Piranha Women stand side-by-side. Margo, Bunny, and Jim are back in their jungle explorer clothes. Margo confers with the Leader of the Barracuda Women.

BARRACUDA LEADER

You are very wise, Doctor Hunt. Now all the women in the jungle shall be united.

MARGO

Yes, and now that you are united, you may want to consider your relationships with the males of your tribe. Perhaps there are other ways that you can relate to them besides as foodstuffs.

BARRACUDA LEADER

We shall consider what you have said and discuss it at our bi-weekly committee meeting. Goodbye. May you make it safely home.

(CONTINUED)

They wave. Margo, Jim, and Bunny head off into the jungle.

EXT. - MALIBU ESTATES - DAY

Establishing shot of Malibu Estates, deluxe condominiums with pool, sauna, exercise room, ample parking. Total luxury living.

Margo drives up in her jeep. She stands in front of the building.

INT. - MALIBU ESTATES REC ROOM - DAY

Mr. Ford Maddox and Colonel Mattel are standing in front of a chart outlining their plan for the cultural assimilation of the Piranha Women.

FORD

-- after the medical checkup and the valium perscriptions there will be tea with Nancy Regan. The next day we'll send them to the seminar on office relations taught by Fawn Hall. Then comes the political orientation.

COLONEL MATTEL

Yes, we have Phyllis Shlafley on standby.

Ford looks at his watch.

FORD

Hopefully it won't be too long before Miss Hunt rounds those girls up.

COLONEL MATTEL

I have to hand it too you, Ford, using a feminist to dupe a bunch of feminists --

FORD

Well, women aren't that smart.

He laughs. Colonel Mattel laughs. They both laugh. A door slams. They both turn.

(CONTINUED)

Margo stands at the door with Kurtz's black staff in her hand.

FORD

Doctor Hunt! How long were you  
standing there -- ? You didn't hear  
--

MARGO

-- anything that I didn't already  
know.

Margo tosses Kurtz staff in front of them.

MARGO

Francine Kurtz told me all about  
you dirty plan.

FORD

Kurtz? Then you found her? David  
Letterman keeps calling -- we  
didn't know what to say and --

MARGO

Doctor Kurtz isn't going on any  
more talk shows. She's dead.

MATTEL

Dead? How?

MARGO

(lying)

She died -- trying to protect the  
cultural heritage of a primitive  
society.

Margo turns to leave. Ford calls out to her.

FORD

Not so fast, professor. We're not  
finished with you. You university  
--

Margo spins and confronts him.

MARGO

Nothings going to happen to my university. Except that the Defense Department will provide a generous grant to Feminist Studies for research on expanding women's oportunities in the military.

MATTEL

You're mad!

MARGO

Otherwise, I go on the David Letterman show myself and tell him all about a division of Marines and millions of dollars in equipment lost in the Avocado Jungle. And of government funds diverted to pay for malibu condos and subscriptions to Cosmo. I can just imagine the sacastic tone in David's voice as --

FORD

You wouldn't --

MARGO

Don't push me.

EXT. - SPRITZER COLLEGE CAMPUS IN GLENDALE - DAY

Establishing shot of the campus. Students stroll past. All is back to normal.

INT. - MARGO'S OFFICE - DAY

Margo sits in her office, back in her professor attire. She seems rested and relaxed. She picks up an old copy of Doctor Kurtz's book "Smart Women, Stupid Insensitive Men." She studies it reflectively.

Margo sets the book down. Someone taps on her office window. Margo, curious, walks to the window. Bunny is outside. Margo opens the window.

Bunny climbs into the office. She is wearing a huge wedding dress complete with veil and wedding bouquet.

(CONTINUED)

BUNNY

Doctor Hunt, I've got to talk to you!

MARGO

Bunny, what's going on?

BUNNY

I'm getting married to Jim in ten minutes, but -- I don't know - do you think I'm doing the right thing?

MARGO

Well -

BUNNY

I mean, which would be better? Getting married, being a housewife with a bunch of kids, and watching Jim get old and fat; or finishing school and becoming the first woman president?

MARGO

Bunny, that's a personal decision.

BUNNY

Of course I'd rather just be a housewife, but -- I feel like I'm letting you down. All that you taught me about -

MARGO

Bunny, Bunny. You don't have to live your life to make me happy. The important thing is for you to be happy. And as for everything I've taught you, well -

(pause)

I've always believed that every woman should have as much education and intellectual stimulation as possible. That they should develop their mental abilities to their utmost potential.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)  
But in your case, there really  
isn't any point. -

BUNNY  
(happily)  
Really!? Then I should marry him!

MARGO  
(hesitantly)  
If that's what you want. Yes.

JIM (O.S.)  
Then you give your blessing?!

Jim, dressed in a tux with a red carnation boutonniere,  
sticks his head in through the window.

MARGO  
Don't push it.

BUNNY  
Oh, Doctor Hunt, I am going to  
marry Jim! But -- I feel sorry for  
you. All alone, losing one of your  
best students -

MARGO  
Who?

BUNNY  
Me!

MARGO  
Oh, right. Well, Bunny, don't worry  
about that. I'll have other  
students.

Margo hugs her. Bunny goes to the window and climbs out. She  
and Jim kiss. She throws Margo the bouquet.

Margo catches it and half smiles.

Bunny and Jim wave and run off into the sunset together.

Margo returns to her desk and sits down, shaking her head  
thoughtfully. She sets the bouquet off to the side.

There is a soft knock at her door and someone enters. Margo smiles brightly as he enters. It's Jean-Pierre, dressed in comfortable college student attire. He comes in and sits down.

MARGO

Jean-Pierre, how did it go? Did you get all your classes?

JEAN-PIERRE

Yes. I got all the courses you told me to take: Introduction to Feminism, Understanding Human Relationships, The Sensitive Male. They sound wonderful. Thank you so much for helping me, Doctor Hunt.

Margo reaches across the desk and warmly touches his hand.

MARGO

Call me Margo.

FADE OUT.