

SCENE 6

Margaritaville Hotel Beach

(J.D. eats a mango...sitting next to him are TONY JAFFE and his wife, ALIX JAFFE from London, England...MARLEY is attending to the GUESTS)

J.D.

Do you mind passing the salt?

TONY JAFFE

The salt is right in front of you, sir.

(J.D. squints)

J.D.

Where?

MARLEY

Right in front of you!

J.D.

What?

TONY JAFFE

The salt is inches away, if you just tilt your head down.

(J.D. looks down and picks up the salt)

J.D.

Bloody hell! Thank you, Milord. Speaking of mangoes, did I ever tell you about the time I ate the last one in Paris?

TONY JAFFE

No. But that's probably because I just met you two minutes ago when you pilfered my whiskey.

MARLEY

I'll get you another one, sir.

(J.D. picks up a napkin and starts to read it)

J.D.

It was 1968. Throughout the European continent, mangoes were scarce.

MARLEY

Just ignore him, sir.

(MARLEY grabs J.D.'s napkin from him)

J.D.

Hey! Give me that back! Those are my memoirs.

MARLEY

Memoirs? These are lies written on dirty napkins.

(reading the napkin)

How you expect people to believe you buried a treasure on the island when you can't even pay your bar tab?

(J.D. snatches the napkin back)

J.D.

Shhhh. Watch what you say about my treasure. Someone on this island is a real gossip.

MARLEY

Your imaginary secret is safe with me. Now, I know you mean well, but you need to find a better way to fill your days than bothering the guests.

J.D.

Well, I don't know what you want me to do, Marley. You hid my plane...

(J.D. tosses a few napkins in the air)

You won't listen to my stories... I'm seventy-six years old. There's only so many things I can still do.

(suddenly J.D. gets an idea and a huge smile on his face)

#4A ONLY SO MANY THINGS

Jamal--you got any more of those little blue pills that give an old guy a little get up and go?

(JAMAL pulls a bottle from his apron and hands it to J.D.)