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The Goonies

By Chris Columbus

Astoria, Oregon:

Scene 1:

A jail guard unlocks a cell block to call the inmates out for their lunch.

Guard:

Lunch time.

Inmates exit their cells and are murmuring amongst themselves.

Guard:

The longer you animals bark the colder your lunch gets. Come on, move it out! (Looks toward the last occupied cell) You too down there. (Walks down the cellblock) Hey turkey...

Guard walks down to an open cell where the expected inmate has not emerged. He walks in and discovers that the inmate, Jake Fratelli, has apparently hung himself. There is a note taped to his chest reading, "To whom it may concern". The guard removes it, turns it over and reads the back.

Guard:

"You schmuck. Do you really think I'd be stupid enough to kill myself?" (Repeats last two words to himself in bewilderment) Kill myself?

Jake was alive. He opens his eyes, cocks his head and grins, assaulting the unsuspecting guard, knocking him out. Jake untangles himself from his makeshift gallows, removing a pipe assembly from his beltline which supported his weight.

Scene 2:

Francis Fratelli, Jake's brother, is pouring a ring of gasoline around the front entrance, while their mother, Mama Fratelli, waits anxiously behind the wheel of their ORV.

Mama F:

Come on!

Francis throws the empty gasoline can in the back of the ORV and then jumps into the passenger seat, loading a semi-automatic pistol. Jake hurries down the front steps of the jailhouse in his street clothes.

Mama F:

Here he comes.

Mama starts the car as Jake runs over to the right rear door. It's

locked.

Jake:

Francis, it's the lock. (Desperate to open the car door) The lock, Francis.

Francis:

Let go of the handle.

Jake:

I don't have the handle. Open the lock!

Mama F:

Jake, up! (Gesturing to the open sunroof)

Jake:

No.

Mama F:

Come on. Move...

Francis:

It's open.

Mama F:

(To Francis) Get down! (To Jake) Come on!

Jake:

(Climbs head first down through the sunroof) Thanks Mama.

Francis now reaches down through the open passenger side window and fires into the now gasoline-soaked pavement. A ring of fire flares up around the entrance, trapping the jail guards who have hastily emerged looking for Jake. Francis laughs victoriously. Mama Fratelli puts the car in gear and screeches away. A number of police cars quickly pursue them.

Scene 3:

Football and Cheerleading Practice

A pretty, young girl, about sixteen, loads a cassette tape into a player and starts it. Andrea Carmichael, known to all her friends as Andi, is the cheerleading captain and is leading her team in practice.

Andi:

Okay you guys, let's try the victory pyramid. Okay so...alright...

(She directs the girls as they assemble as the police chase whisks by, sirens blaring) Let's work on this next move. We can do it. Next row, come on, put your arms up, put your arms up... smile...good.
(excitedly) You got it!

Scene 4:

The Fratellis race through a red light with several police cars hot on their tail. A Hispanic woman, Rosalita, nervously hurries across the street as cars whisk by on both sides of her.

Scene 5:

Clarke Devereux, known to his friends as "Mouth", is watching an unrelated police chase on a small television which is turned up too loud. His father, a plumber, is struggling to make some repairs under a counter.

Devereux:

Turn that TV off son, I can't hear myself think.

Mouth:

Yeah right, dad.

Mouth grudgingly turns off the TV set, but the live Fratelli chase is passing the open window. He slaps the TV a couple times, puzzled as to where the sound is coming from.

Mouth:

Huh? (He walks over to his dad and sits on the counter, looking into the sink.)

Devereux:

The water going down son?

Mouth:

(Looks in the sink) Ugh...no.

Devereux:

Going down now?

Water gushes from the drain, completely drenching Mouth. He is unable to answer.

Devereux:

Sorry, kid.

Scene 6:

Stefanie Steinbrenner, known to her friends as Stef, is helping her dad at the docks. The chase passes behind her while her head is immersed in a fishing barrel. She surfaces with a crab in hand and tosses it aside, oblivious to the commotion.

Scene 7:

Ricky Wang, known to his friends as "Data" for his many little inventive gadgets, likes to think of himself as "007". He is testing a new device of his that shoots a small, suction-cupped harpoon from his belt buckle. It attaches itself securely to a steel drum across the alley. A thread spool in his belt buckle starts to reel it in with considerable torque. The drum starts to move towards him, much to his delight, but gets stuck. Data is drawn uncontrollably across the alley and falls head first into the drum. The police chase speeds by while he is in the drum.

Scene 8:

Lawrence Cohen, whose friends refer to him affectionately as "Chunk" (for his everlasting love of food), is at an arcade game near the front window. He is the only Goonie to have actually witnessed the police chase. He presses against the window, food in his right hand and milkshake in his left, to get the best possible look.

Chunk:

Oh wow...a police chase!
The cars race by and some gunshots are fired.

Chunk:

With bullets!!
The condiments from his food smear all over the window and the milkshake bursts open.

Chunk:

Ah, shit!

Scene 9:

The Fratellis arrive at the beach, temporarily away from their pursuers. Mama Fratelli laughs.

Jake:

What the hell are we doing here?

Mama F:

Ah, trust in your old mother boys. Throw it into four wheel drive and

hold onto your hats.

The annual ORV beach rally is just starting and there are dozens of similar ORV's starting a race on the beach.

Announcer:

Welcome to the third annual ORV rally. Are you ready to go?...Go!
Mama Fratelli lurches the ORV forward in the sand and merges with the rally. They are quickly lost in the crowd of ORVs.

End of Prologue

The Goonies:

It is a drizzly Saturday morning. Greedy land developers, eager to expand their country club with the construction of a golf course, are pushing a foreclosure on all the houses in this part of Astoria, known as the Goondocks.

Michael Walsh, known to his family and friends as Mikey, is a teenage boy about thirteen. He is particularly depressed. With the inevitable foreclosure pending for Monday morning, he feels gloomy about his last weekend with his friends. Mikey is sitting by his bedroom window looking through a telescope at the neighborhood. He is asthmatic and must rely on a Salbutamol inhaler to control the effects the cold damp air outside is having on him.

Mikey's older brother, Brandon Walsh, known to all his friends as Brand, is about sixteen, and has similar feelings about leaving. He tries to bury his feelings in his benchpress.

Scene 1:

Mikey:

Oh, bummer. Nothing exciting ever happens around here anyway. Who needs the Goondocks? Who needs this house? I can't wait to get outta here. (Picks up a copy of MAD magazine and begins thumbing through)

Brand:

Really?

Mikey:

Nah, I was just trying to delate myself. No, no...y'know, um, uh, dic..dictate myself.

Brand:

That's delude yourself, dummy.

Mikey:

That's what I said.

Mikey jumps onto Brand's chest, pushing the weights down on top of Brand.

Mikey:

Thanks, Brand.

Brand:

I know how you feel, wimp. I'm sure going to miss this place too. Brand pushes up hard on the weights, lifting Mikey at the same time. A knock is heard at the front door. Brand and Mikey leave the room.

Brand:

(Throwing Mikey aside) Adopted wuss.

Mikey:

Adopted wuss...I'm no adopted wuss. I'll kill you, Brand!

Scene 2:

Mouth's arrival

Brand peers around the corner and sees Mouth through the glass door. Mouth is there combing his hair. He is wearing a black concert shirt

for Prince:**Brand:**

Oh, it's Mouth.

Brand walks away from the door. He slouches in an armchair, stretching a spring-type chest exerciser. Mikey opens the screen door to let Mouth in.

Mouth:

Hey, Meekey. Yo Mikey. Eh, Mikey, seen Adrian? Hey guys, what's going down? (Puts his foot on the coffee table).

Brand:

Get your foot off the table, Mouth.

Mouth:

You got it. What's going down guys? Hey, what's the matter with you guys? Come on? What's the matter? What is this, a nuclear Saturday or something? Come on, guys. This is our last weekend together, last "Goonie" weekend. We got to be goin' out in style, cruisin' the coast,

sniffin' some lace, downin' some brews...but nooo. The one older brother had to go and screw it up, by flunking your driver's test? (Brand takes a swing at him) Don't know what to do with ya, kid.

Chunk:

(Outside, in background) Hey guys, I just got the best...you're not gonna believe. (shouting) Hey you guys, you gotta let me in. Mikey and Mouth step out onto the veranda. Chunk is down at the gate.

Mouth:

Jerk alert! It's Chunk.

Chunk:

I'm not lyin'.

Scene 3:

Chunk's arrival

Chunk:

I just saw the most amazing thing in my entire life.

Mouth:

First you gotta do the Truffle Shuffle.

Chunk:

Come on...

Mouth:

Do it.

Chunk:

Come on...

Mouth:

(Insistent) Do it!

Chunk groans and then climbs up onto a tree stump near the gate. He rolls up the lower half of his shirt, makes a strange facial expression, and then shakes himself. The layers of fat on his chest and abdomen jiggle as he makes all sorts of silly sounds to accompany. Mouth giggles hysterically.

Mikey:

Cut it out, Mouth.

Mikey pulls on a cord which raises a tin bucket, releasing a bowling

ball. It rolls across the railing and falls into another bucket. A long and complex chain reaction occurs, ultimately turning on the sprinkler, the rotation of which pulls open the gate for Chunk.

Chunk:

Oh guys, guys, thanks a lot.

Mikey:

Tell the truth.

Chunk:

You guys, you're not going to believe me. This time I'm telling the truth.

Brand:

Feed the fish, Mikey.

Chunk steps up to the door, but Mouth closes the screen door just as he gets there.

Chunk:

You turd!

Mouth:

(To Brand) ...flunked your driver's test.

Brand:

Shut up, Mouth.

Chunk:

Listen, okay. You guys will never believe me. There was two cop cars, okay. And they were chasing this four wheel deal, (it was this real neat ORV), and there were bullets flying all over the place. It was the most amazing thing I ever saw!

Mikey:

More amazing than the time Michael Jackson came over to your house to use the bathroom?

Brand:

More amazing than the time you saved those old people from that nursing home fire, right?

Mouth:

Yeah, and I bet it was even more amazing than the time you ate your

weight in Godfather's Pizza, right?

Chunk:

Okay Brand, Michael Jackson didn't come over to my house, to use the bathroom. But his sister did!

Scene 4:

Data's arrival

Data loads a cassette into a Walkman on his belt. James Bond music starts. He has a tightwire strung from the top of his house to the roof overhang over the Walsh's veranda next door.

Data:

Okay Data, don't mess this one up, and prepare for the Wings of Flight.

Data hangs from a wheel-type mechanism that allows him to "fly" over to Mikey's house in a 007 type manner. The others, looking out over the veranda, see his approach.

Mikey:

Uh oh! Screen door! (To Mouth) Open the screen door!

Data:

Mikey! The screen door!

Data crash lands through the door into everybody in the living room; they all fall over. Chunk, at the back of the crowd, catches a tall porcelain ornament that topples from an endtable. Chunk is well-known for his clumsiness and is proud of having caught it in one piece.

Mikey:

Chunk!

Chunk:

Hey, I bet you guys thought I was going to drop it, huh? Ha ha.

(Places ornament back on the endtable). I knew you would think that from good old Chunk.

The ornament falls as Chunk finishes his sentence. He hadn't steadied it to ensure its stability.

Mikey:

Oh my God!

Brand:

You idiot!

Chunk picks it up, apparently in one piece.

Chunk:

Look, it's not broken. It's perfect. Ha ha.

It is a statue of a nude man. Mikey notices that the penis broke off.

Mikey:

Oh my God.

Chunk:

What?

Mikey:

That's my mom's most favourite piece.

Chunk:

What?

Mikey:

(Worried) Ooooh. (Positions the broken piece)

Chunk:

Oh my God.

Mouth:

You wouldn't be here if it wasn't.

Mikey:

Shut up, Mouth.

Brand:

Shut up, Mouth.

Data:

(Changing the subject) Hey, any of you guys ever hear of Detroit?

Mikey:

No.

Mouth:

Soitenly. That's where Motown started. It's also got the highest murder rate in the country.

Data:

Well let me tell you what. That's where we're moving when we lose our house tomorrow.

Mikey:

You shut up about that stuff. It'll never happen. My dad'll fix it.

Brand:

Yeah, sure he will. If he gets his next four hundred paycheques by tomorrow afternoon.

Mikey:

That's wrong Brand. It won't happen!

Scene 5:

Irene Walsh arrives with Rosalita

Irene Walsh, Mikey and Brand's mother enters. She is an attractive lady, perhaps about thirty-seven years of age. Her left arm is in a sling for an unknown injury. Like the others, she too is troubled about the foreclosure and the stress causes her to get her words confused.

Being the practical wife and mother that she is, Irene has hired a local woman, Rosalita, to help with the packing until she regains full use of her left arm. Everybody greets her as she enters.

Mikey:

Oh...hi Mom!

Brand:

Hi Mom.

Chunk:

Hi, hi.

Mikey:

(Again) Hi Mom.

Irene:

I see Data "dropped" by.

Data:

Hi, Mrs. Walsh, how are you?

Mouth:

Hi Mrs. Walsh.

Irene:

(Introduces Rosalita) Boys, this is Rosalita. Rosalita's going to help us with the packing just until my arm is better.

Mikey:

Mouth:

Hola!

Irene:

Uh, boys, Rosalita doesn't speak a word of English, and I know some of you have taken some Spanish in school...

Mouth:

(Interrupts) Well, Mrs. Walsh, I speak perfect Spanish. And if it's any help to you I'd be glad to communicate with Rosalita.

Irene:

You're a lifesaver Clarke. Come with us, will you?

Mouth:

(Innocently, hands together as in prayer) Why certainly, Mrs. Walsh. Mouth follows the two women out of the room, flashing a wicked grin to his friends. He is savouring this gullible opportunity.

Irene:

Mikey, no more potato chips. I've told you... (To Brand) Hello Irvin...Mikey honey...

Brand:

It's Brand, Ma.

Mikey and Chunk have been hiding the broken statue with their bodies.

Chunk:

(His mouth full of food) Do you think your Mom's going to notice?

Mikey:

What?!

Chunk:

(His mouth still full) Do you think your Mom's going to notice...notice that the dick and balls are missing?

Mikey:

I wonder if she'll notice.

Chunk:

That's what I said!

Mikey:

Of course she'll notice. She notices everything.

Irene is now showing Rosalita a chest of drawers and relaying the following instructions to Mouth for a trustworthy interpretation.

Irene:

Pants and shirts are in the second. Jus..just throw them all into cardboard boxes. Forget the suitcases. (To Mouth) Clarke, can you translate that?

Mouth:

Why certainly, Mrs. Walsh.

Irene:

(Whispering to herself, smiling and proud of Clarke) Oh, that's wonderful, simply wonderful.

Mouth:

(To Rosalita) La mota vienen en primer cajona. La coca y la rapidez vienen en segundo. La heroína en el debajo. Siempre hay que separa las drogas. (Translation: MARIJUANA goes in the top drawer. COCAINE and SPEED in the second, the HEROIN in the bottom. Always separate the drugs.)

Mouth walks away, managing to contain his laughter. Rosalita stares disbelievingly at the chest. The others are trying to take advantage of Mikey's mom's business with Rosalita to repair the statue.

Chunk:

Look. How's that? How's that?

Chunk glued the penis on up-side-down.

Mikey:

Oh you idiot. You glued it on up-side-down.

Brand:

You dork. If God made us do it that way you'd all be pissing in your faces.

Chunk:

Looks fine to me.

Irene, Mouth, and Rosalita approach the half-open attic stairs.

Irene:

Now Rosalita, this is the attic. Mr. Walsh doesn't like anybody (tiptoeing to close the stairway with her free hand) up here, ever. (Sarcastically) I guess that's why it's always open.

Mouth:

(Translation:

TORTURE DEVICES.)

Mouth walks on; Rosalita stares at the attic in horrified shock. She is startled when Mouth touches her left shoulder. Irene leads them on to her supply closet.

Irene:

This is my supply closet. You'll find everything you need: brooms, dustpans, insect spray... (Emphasizing) I would really like the house clean when they tear it down. Clarke, can you translate?

Mouth:

(Translation:

cockroaches for two weeks without food or water.)

Irene:

Okay, Rosie? (Kindly, smiling) Okay? You're going to be very happy here. (To Mouth) Come on Clarke, we've got much more to do. You're so fluent in languages.

Rosalita:

(To God and herself) (Translation: I am in a crazy house.)

Irene, now finished "instructing" Rosalita, is coming downstairs with Mouth, praising him on his remarkable skills as an interpreter.

Irene:

You are so fluent in Spanish. That was so nice of you.

Mouth:

(Preserving the deception) "Nice" is my middle name, Mrs. Walsh.

Irene:

(To all) Boys, I'm taking Rosalita to the supermarket. Now listen...

Data:

Hi, Mrs. Walsh.

Irene:

...I'm going to be back in about an hour. Mikey, I want you kept inside. Brand, if he's coming down with asthma I don't want him out in the rain.

Brand:

He should be put in a plastic bubble.

Irene:

I'm serious Brandon. That's not funny. He takes one step outside and you are in deep, absolutely the deepest... (Stammers for a word)

Brand:

"Shit", Ma.

Irene:

I don't like that language, but that's exactly what you're going to be in. (To Data) And you, Dotta...

Data:

Data.

Irene:

...Data, use the back door from now on, okay?

Data:

(Disappointed) Alright.

Irene:

(Points in the statue's direction) What is that?

Chunk:

(Nervous, and unbelieving that she "actually" noticed) Ah shit. What?

Irene:

What is that?! (Still pointing, but at the broken potato chips on the floor in front of the statue) That is a mess! I want it cleaned up boys.

Chunk:

(Relieved) Oh yeah, sure.

Mouth:

You got it.

Irene:

One hour, kids, and I'll be back. Bye baby. (Kisses Mikey) Rosie?

Mouth:

Bye, Mrs. Walsh.

Chunk:

Bye.

Brand:

Bye Mom.

Mouth:

Irene Walsh leaves with Rosalita.

Scene 6:

Brand:

(To Mikey) You want a breathing problem? (Pulls Mikey in the chair with him) You've got one.

Mouth:

Hey guys...(To Mikey) what's your dad going to do with all that stuff that's in the attic?

Mikey:

He's going to give it back to the museum, or whoever they pick to be the new assistant curly, or kerney...

Brand:

Curator.

Mikey:

That's what I said.

Mouth:

Hey, wait a minute guys. Maybe there's some stuff up there for us. Maybe there's some stuff that we can keep from the oldsters. Maybe there's some rich stuff.

Mikey:

No, no, you guys.

Chunk:

Food! Lots of food.

Everybody's talking at once as they all run for the attic. Mikey is objecting.

Chunk:

Food! Lot's of food...Big Macs.

Mouth:

Rich stuff! Gold! Rich stuff!

Data:

Rich stuff!

Mikey:

That's my dad's responsibility, you guys. The museum's probably got a list of it somewhere. You guys listen to me, damn it. That's his stuff.

They open the attic stairs and everybody climbs up.

Brand:

Hey, look at this. I didn't know Dad had all this stuff up here.

Chunk:

Ah, great. Look at that. Neato.

Mouth:

Love it. Isn't this great? I like this stuff!

Mikey:

Hey, come on guys. This is my dad's place. He doesn't want you up here. You heard what my mom said to the housekeeper about not wanting anybody up here...

Mouth:

(Placing his arm around Mikey's shoulders) Mikey, I cannot believe that you actually have something this cool in your house.

Mikey:

You guys, my mom said...you guys, stop, put down the outfit, okay?

Chunk:

Hey Mikey, this is great. We only have old Hanukkah decorations in our attic.

Mikey:

I don't care what you have in your attic.
Thunder outside. It's quite loud in the attic.

Mikey:

(Takes a puff on his inhaler) Okay guys, you saw it. Now let's get out of here, okay?

Data:

Come on, Mikey, let's stay a little.

Brand:

Scared, Mikey?

Chunk:

(Pretending to be a pirate and brandishing a sword) I gotcha right were I want ya.

Mikey:

Ouch. Come on guys, it's dusty in here, my hayfever's acting up, and you always break something.

Mouth:

Meekey...

Mikey:

What?
Mouth has found a sensuous painting of a woman. He poked a hole through the canvas where her mouth is and is now behind the canvas talking through the hole.

Mouth:

(In a silly, falsetto voice) Meekey, come here and make me feel like a woman. Come on, give me a nice, wet lickery kiss.
Mouth now sticks his tongue through the hole and wiggles it. This brings a strange, animated third dimension to the picture.

Brand:

(In background, to Data) Yeah, what is it? Data, look at this.

Data:

That's neat.

Mikey snatches the painting away from Mouth.

Mikey:

Gotcha! Now get out from behind there. You're ruining the painting...

Mouth:

You're ruining my joke! The painting's already trash.

Arguing continues.

Mikey:

Man, you're messing this up.

Mouth:

Who cares?

Mikey

I told you not to touch it. Get off it, alright?

Brand, uninvolved, is fascinated by an old book about pirates.

Chunk:

Hey, Mikey? Mikey?

Mikey:

What?

Chunk:

What is all this neat stuff?

Mikey:

The museum did some kind of... Where'd you get this?

Chunk:

Right there.

Mikey:

They did a show. It was a retropackum, and it was a...

Brand:

Retrospective.

Mikey:

That's what I said. You always contradict me. I was right. I knew what...it was about the history of Astoria, and, these are the rejects.

Chunk:

Kind of like us, Mike, the Goonies.

In the background, Data and Brand are looking at an old lightening ball.

Brand:

How did you turn that on?...Turn it off...

Mikey:

(To Chunk) Yeah.

Mouth:

I'm not a reject.

Mikey:

Take that stuff off. You're going to get me in trouble.
Data is still fascinated with the lightening ball.

Data:

(To Brand) You know, you know how this works? Watch, if you put one finger there...

Chunk:

Neat. Laser beams! (Makes blaster sounds)

Mikey:

Mouth, when you drop something, put it back up.

Mikey finds a dusty old picture frame on the floor facing the wall.

Mikey:

What's this? (Pulls out the picture) Hey, wait a sec.

Mikey turns the frame over and brushes the dust off the glass with his sleeve, revealing an old map. There appears to be something behind the map. To break open the picture frame he has to make it look like an accident to the others. He knows one sure-fire way to make that happen...

Mikey:

Chunk...

Chunk:

I didn't touch it.

Mikey:

I know you didn't touch it. Get over here. (Chunk comes over)

Data:

Don't touch it, Chunk.

Chunk squats beside Mikey. Mikey reflects for a moment, holding the frame, knowing that once he hands it over to Chunk its fate is inevitable.

Mikey:

Uh, hold this. (Hands the frame to Chunk)

Chunk:

(Takes it) Why me, Mike? Mike, Mike, thanks for taking us up here...there's a real big ball, you know...

Mikey:

(To himself, anticipating the shatter)

Five...four...three...two...one.

Chunk:

...and it's got this big thing...

Right on schedule, Chunk clumsily drops the frame and the glass shatters. Mikey immediately empties off the broken glass and pulls out the map, revealing a doubloon behind it.

Mikey:

What are you doing?

Chunk:

Hey, Mike found a map.

Brand:

Is that a map?

Mikey:

Yeah.

Chunk:

(Pointing at the map) Look, look, look. That says 1632.

Brand:

(Mumbling) I've seen this before.

Chunk:

Is that a year or something?

Mouth:

No, it's your top score on Pole Position.

Mikey:

Yes, it's a year, Chunk. Look Data, it's a map of our coastline.

Brand:

What's all that Spanish junk right there?

Mikey:

Uh... (Looks around)

Data:

Who knows?

Mikey:

Mouth, Mouth, you said you could translate. Translate, right here.
(Points to some Spanish text)

Chunk:

Yeah, translate it.

Mouth:

(Translating) Ye intruders beware. Crushing death and grief, soaked with blood, of the trespassing thief.

Brand:

You guys, this map is old news. Everybody and their Grandfather went looking for that, when our parents were our age. I mean, I mean, haven't you ever heard of that guy, what's his name, uh, the pirate guy, One-eyed Willy?

Mikey:

(Whispering to himself in recollection) One-eyed Willy... (Out loud) One-eyed Willy, yeah, he was the most famous pirate in his time. My dad told me all about him once.

Brand:

Dad'll do anything to get you to go to sleep.

Mouth:

(Slight snicker)

Mikey:

No, see, One-eyed Willy stole a treasure once. It was full of rubies, and emeralds, and...

Chunk:

Diamonds?

Mikey:

...diamonds. Then he loaded it all up on to his ship and they sailed away into the sunset. Until the British King, see, he found out about it and then he set up this whole armada to go out after him, then the armada, they...it took em a couple weeks, but then they caught up with Willy, and, and, then there was a whole, big war between the armada and Willy's ship, the Inferno, and during the firefight there was these guns bursting here and cannons bursting there, and then Willy fled, 'cause he didn't want to stay around, 'cause he knew he'd get killed if he stayed around. And then he got into this cave, and the British, they blew up the walls all around him, and he got caved in, and he's been there ever since.

Data:

Forever?

Mikey:

Forever.

Chunk:

And ever?

Mikey:

Trapped.

Chunk:

Wow!

Brand:

You sound just as corny as Dad does.

Mikey:

My Dad tells me the truth. You know what he said?

Data:

What?

Mikey:

He told me that One-eyed Willy and his bunch were down there for five, six years. And they were digging all these tunnels, and caves...setting booby traps... (Data is whispering "Wow" while Mikey is talking)

Data:

Booby traps.

Mikey:

That's what I said. Setting booby traps, so that anybody who tried to get in there would die. And then do you know what he did? He killed all of his men.

Data:

Why?

Chunk:

Why'd he kill all of them?

Mikey:

Because he didn't want them to get to his treasure.

Chunk:

Yeah, wait a minute, Mikey. But if he killed all his men, how did the map or the story get out?

Mikey:

See, I asked my dad the same question. He said one of the guys must have gotten out with the map, and, and the...

Chunk:

Hey Mike, I believe ya.

Mouth:

Yeah, well I don't believe ya. I don't believe ya at all. I think you're full of it. I think...

Data:

I believe him.

Mikey:

Your dad told me...

Chunk finds another frame, this one containing an old newspaper page.

Brand:

Chunk? What'd you break this time Chunk?

Chunk:

Hey, you guys, look at this. Hey, you guys ever heard of this guy?

Look, Chester Copperpot?

Data:

(Reading) Chester Copperpot?

Chunk:

Okay it says, "Chester Copperpot: Missing while in pursuit of local legend. Reclusive scavenger claims, 'I have the key to One-eyed Willy'."

Mikey:

Whoa, do you guys realize what we could do?

Brand:

Nobody ever found nothing, you guys. I mean, why do you think this map would be up here in this attic when it could be in some safety deposit box somewhere, right?

Mouth:

That's right. And anyway, if Chester Copperpot didn't find it, how would we find it?

Mikey:

But, what if? You guys, just what if this map could lead to One-eyed Willy's rich stuff?

Data:

Maybe.

Mikey:

Then we wouldn't have to leave the Goondocks. Come on.

Data:

I don't wanna leave.

Chunk:

I don't wanna go on any more of your crazy Goonie adventures.
Doorbell buzzer sounds in the attic.

Chunk:

Ding dong.
Everybody heads for the stairs.

Mikey:

Guys, come on. Where are you going? You don't wanna do this? (Picks up the map, flips the doubloon and catches it) Sixteen thirty-two.

Scene 7:

Perkins visits with foreclosure paperwork
Elgin Perkins, the local tycoon, is at the door with another man, Bill. It is raining and they are holding umbrellas. Mouth recognizes him.

Mouth:

Senior Jerk alert.

Brand:

Can I help you?

Perkins:

Hello, little guys. I'm Mr. Perkins, Troy's father.

Data:

We know who Troy is. He's such a cheap guy.

Brand:

(Motions Data to stop talking) Shut up. (To Perkins) My Dad's not home, Mr. Perkins.

Perkins:

Is your mommy here?

Brand:

No sir, actually she's down at the market buying Pampers for all us kids.

Perkins:

(Laughs slightly, with Bill) Papers, Bill. (Hands them to Brand) You can give these papers your father to, uh, read through, and sign... Brand steps down from the porch into the rain and collects the papers.

Perkins:

...we'll be by to pick them up in the morning.

Brand:

Thank you.

Perkins:

Thank you. (With some delight, as if Brand is doing him a favour) Brand returns to the others standing on the porch.

Mikey:

Brand, what is all that stuff?

Brand:

(Knows what it represents, and hates it) It's Dad's business.

Mikey:

But what is it?

Brand:

(Annoyed) I told you, it was Dad's business. Brand, Mikey, and the others watch Perkins and Bill return to their car.

Brand:

Look at 'em smilin'.

Data:

They can't wait until tomorrow when they foreclose on all the...whatever you call it.

Mouth:

Trash the Goondocks.

Brand:

When they wreck our house I hope they make it a sandtrap.

Mikey:

And never get their balls out!

Chunk:

(Going back into the house) You know, I think they made me lose my appetite.

Mikey is now alone on the porch. Brand comes out a side door and goes over to Mikey.

Brand:

Mikey? Come on, before you catch a real cold. (Drags a limp and depressed Mikey back into the house)

Bill:

(To Perkins) You seem to be pretty sure of yourself.

Perkins:

The foreclosure is a definite.

Scene 8:

The Goonies Escape from Brand

Chunk is rummaging through the refridgerator. He pulls out a can of whipped cream.

Chunk:

Oh God, am I depressed. (Tilts his head back and squirts whipped cream into his mouth)

Mikey:

If I found One-eyed Willy's rich stuff I'd pay all my Dad's bills. Then maybe he could get to sleep at night, instead of sitting up trying to figure out a way for all of us to stay here.

Data:

Yeah, me too.

Mouth:

Me three.

Chunk:

Me four.

Brand:

Forget about any adventures, limp-lungs. I let you out and Mom'll ground my ass and I've got a date with Andi on Friday, alright?

Mouth:

You're dreamin' kid. There's no way, 'cause that means her mom's gotta drive. Then you gotta make it with her and her mom.

Brand:

Shut up, Mouth.

Mikey:

Shut up, Mouth.

Mouth:

Shut up, Data.

Mouth is sitting on the counter with his bum hanging over the edge of the sink. Brand turns on the faucet, soaking Mouth's pants.

Mikey:

Guys, what are we going to do about that Country Club? It's killing our parents. If we don't do something now there's going to be a golf course right where we're standing.

More thunder outside, but the storm is almost over. Brand is in his chair, stretching his chest exerciser. Mikey, Mouth, Chunk, and Data are playing marbles in front of the TV. A music video of Cyndi Lauper, singing the Goonies' own theme, is playing. The boys all have a little huddle, agree on something and then all walk towards Brand.

Data:

Hey Brand, how far can you stretch that?

Brand:

It's not that hard. (Stretches it the full reach of his arms)
Chunk pins Brand by jumping on his lap.

Data:

Go guys.

Brand:

Get off me, Chunk. Get off. Get off me.

Chunk:

I got you. I got you.

Mikey, Mouth, and Data pull his arms behind the chair and entangle the springs. Brand is helpless and trapped. The four Goonies race out the door. Mouth deflates the tires on Brand's new bike.

Mikey:

What are you doing? It took him 376 lawnmower jobs to pay for that. It's his most favourite thing in the world.

Mouth:

Now it's his most flattest thing in the world. Let's go!

Brand:

(Still trapped in the chair, struggling, and yelling at Mikey) I'm going to hit you so hard when you wake up your clothes are going to be out of style. Hey! Mikey!

The four friends jump onto their bikes and race out into the neighborhood.

Irene Walsh returns home with Rosalita. Brand's chair has now toppled over backwards and Brand is lying on his back like an astronaut.

Brand:

Oh, Ma. Mom, you gotta let me out of here. Ma. Mom...

Rosalita enters and drops a bag of groceries.

Irene:

Can't you learn how to exercise like a normal kid?

Brand:

But Ma...

Irene:

Look at you. You're hyper-ventrilocating here. Where's your brother?

Brand:

(Desperate, she never helped him) Mom! God, what's wrong with you people? Rosalita, come here. Wait, you gotta let me outta here. Rosalita?

Rosalita:

(Laughs, and says something to him in Spanish. She doesn't help.)

Brand:

Rosalita, wait. Come here. Come here. Come here. You gotta let me outta here. Rosa...wait... (She leaves the room.)

End of Act I.

The Goonies:

Scene 1:

It is early afternoon. The rain has stopped and the sun is out. Mouth, Chunk, Data, and Mikey speed by on their bikes. Mikey holds the open map. He is obsessed with following the map; his eyes constantly glance to it. Up ahead is the Stop 'N Snack, a popular teenage hangout. Mouth, Chunk, and Data turn their bikes toward the Stop 'N Snack while Mikey continues forward. He suddenly stops, realizing that the others have left him. Mikey turns and sees them entering the store.

Mikey:

(Holding up the map and shouting) Hey, guys. What about this, huh? Back home, Brand has finally freed himself. He dashes out of the house to find Mikey. His mom calls out after him.

Irene:

Brandon, don't you come home without your brother, or I'll commit hare...Hare Krishna!

Brand:

That's "Hara-Kiri," Ma.

Irene:

That's exactly what I said.

Brand:

(Starting on his bike and discovering the flat tires) What? My new tires! They popped my new tires, (Dashes his bike to the ground in anger) those son-of-a...I'm gonna...

Miss Wang, Data's very young sister is riding around on her little pink bike in front of her house next door. Her little bike has training wheels and she is tooting the horn. Desperate for a bike, Brand lifts her off and takes it.

Brand:

Sorry.

Miss Wang:

(Screams as she is lifted off her bike) My bike! My bike!

Brand:

(Gets on her tiny bike and starts riding) I owe you one.

Miss Wang:

(Stamps her feet) I want my bike. I want my bike.

Back at the Stop 'N Snack, an elderly, obese woman, Sylvia Keester is working at the check-out counter. Data is purchasing a pack of baseball cards. Sylvia rings up the order on the electronic cash register. It jams and Sylvia pounds the machine, frustrated. Data opens a small panel on the register and begins to fiddle with two small wires.

Mouth stands by the magazine rack. A sly look in his eyes, he slips a copy of "Playboy" behind a copy of "OMNI", and begins to look through its gallery.

Chunk is over by a rack of junk food. He looks around, and noticing that the coast is clear, hurriedly tears open a Twinkie. He quickly slurps out the Twinkie's cream filling, rewrapping the now-hollow Twinkie, and placing it back on the shelf.

Mikey enters the store. He rushes over to Chunk and waves the map in Chunk's face.

Mikey:

Hey, Chunk...C'mon...we were gonna look for the rich stuff. We gotta do something now!

Chunk is too busy eating Hostess fillings to speak with Mikey. A frustrated Mikey runs over to Data, who is still fiddling with the cash register.

Mikey:

Data, what if they make us move? Where we gonna go?

Sylvia:

Don't bother 'im while he's workin'.

Mikey sighs with this apathy, and runs over to Mouth.

Mikey:

What if they start tearing down our houses?

Mouth:

Easy, dude--let your folks handle this. That's their job. Our job is to get through the weekend without destroying too many braincells.

Mikey takes a puff from his inhaler. He grabs a copy of "Mad" magazine, and as always, guesses the "fold-in". He suddenly notices something. On the lower magazine rack there is a section of dusty "Cauldron Point" tourist maps. Mikey grabs one of the maps and opens it.

Meanwhile, Chunk has made his way to the frozen treat freezer. He

opens the freezer door and pokes his head deeply inside. Out of sight, from the top and then quickly closes the lid. He grabs another container; he is going to sample everything! Data still fiddles with the cash register. It suddenly beeps and lights. It's working again, good as new. Sylvia gives a satisfied ruffle to Data's hair. Sitting on the floor, Mikey has opened the tourist map and the old museum map. He has laid them side by side and is comparing the two. He notices that the coastline paths of both maps are identical. Several key landforms, rocks and cliffs, also match. His eyes are bright and hopeful.

Mikey:

(Nods to himself, mumbling) I know where this is. Suddenly, Mouths voice echoes through the store.

Mouth:

(Pointing to the entrance door) Jerk alert! Troy Perkins, the rich, spoiled brat son of Elgin Perkins, who dropped off the papers earlier, struts in like he owns the place. He is seventeen years old, tan, and cocky. He is dressed in a white Polo tennis outfit with expensive tennis shoes. He is from the "Hillside" neighborhood. Andi is walking beside Troy. She is sixteen years old with the face of an angel. Smooth, creamy complexion, her thick, bright red hair falling to her shoulders. Her bright green eyes are dazzling. She is slender and filled with energy: a beauty. She is well-dressed in a light coloured three-piece outfit, somewhat similar to her cheerleading outfit: pale yellow short-sleeved shirt, long, white V-neck vest, and an off-white wrap-around style mini-skirt. She has borrowed Troy's yellow school sweater; his name printed on it. Andi also lives in the Hillside district. Beside Andi is her best friend Stef, also age sixteen. Stef is short and pudgy, with dark brown hair and glasses. She is wearing Denim fisherman coveralls. She is tough, quick-witted, and bright. And she lives in the Goon Docks. Troy walks straight to the magazine rack. He grabs the "Playboy" magazine from Mouth and begins to page through it. Mouth glares at Troy, so angry that he has been rendered speechless. He backs off and picks up another magazine.

Mikey sees Andi:

and Mouth do not get along. They exchange a glance and Stef crinkles

her nose.

Stef:

You still smell like a plumber's son.

Mouth:

You still smell like a fisherman's daughter!

Troy:

(Nudges Andi) Hey, Andi!

She turns. Troy is holding up the "Playboy" centerfold. Written about the photo, in large red letters are the words, "Can you measure up?" He gives a lecherous grin to Andi.

Troy:

Can you measure up?

Andi looks away, embarrassed. Troy emits a hoarse laugh.

Mikey:

(Giving Andi a painfully honest look) You're a lot prettier than that, Andi.

Andi smiles, giving a casual, brotherly ruffle to Mikey's hair. Mikey smiles, in heaven. Meanwhile, Chunk still has his head buried in the freezer. Troy notices, and walks over. He brings the freezer door down on Chunk's head, trapping him in the freezer. Chunk panics, Troy chuckles.

Troy:

My mom's makin' a "Goon Pizza" tonight. She's gonna need some fresh dough.

Mikey:

(Shouting) Why don't you leave 'im alone?!?

Troy pauses, releases his grip on Chunk, and walks back to Mikey.

Troy:

Did I hear right? Did I hear a Goonie telling me what to do?

Troy towers over Mikey. He's ready to hit Mikey, when he notices the ancient map resting on the floor. He realizes that it is important to Mikey. He turns from Mikey and grabs the old map. Mikey claws at Troy.

Mikey:

Let go. That's art you're messin' with.

Troy holds the map high in the air, above Mikey's reach. Troy is

confused by the map, but he realizes its importance to the boys. He grabs a pack of cigarette tobacco from the counter and pours it out onto the map. He then begins to roll the map like a huge cigarette.

Troy:

(Giving a evil grin to the boys) Just can't get rolling papers like this anymore.

Mikey tries to grab the map, but Troy gives him a hard shove, knocking Mikey to the floor. Troy finishes rolling the large "cigarette". He removes a butane lighter from his pocket. Flick, a large flame appears. Troy moves the flame to the end of the "cigarette" and lights up! The boys watch in horror as Troy takes a long puff. The end of the map burns and crinkles. Mikey hides his eyes. Troy blows out smoke rings and gives a relieved sigh. A few more puffs and the map will be destroyed! Troy takes another long puff. Mouth walks up. He raises his eyebrow, doing his Jack Nicholson impersonation.

Mouth:

Ya know, the way you're puffing on that cigarette...it reminds me of somethin'.

Troy:

Yeah? What's that?

Mouth:

The time I French-kissed your mother.

Troy's eyes fill with murder; he drops the map, leaping for Mouth. Mikey quickly grabs the map, stomping out the fire. Troy has tackled Mouth. He is throwing punches; Mouth covers his face. Mikey leaps onto Troy, grabbing him around the neck and trying to pull him off Mouth. In the background, Data tries to help Mikey. He opens his shirt and pulls a cord.

Data:

(Shouting) Smoke screen!

A rubber garden hose shoots out of Data's sleeve. But instead of emitting a steady stream of smoke, the hose slowly smolders. Data holds his arm in pain, as if it were on fire. He run to an ice machine and buries his arm into the ice! A smile of relief covers his face. Meanwhile, Troy is busy defending himself against Mikey. Troy turns and grabs Mikey with his left hand. He pulls back his right hand, ready to punch Mikey in the face. But as Troy's hand flies toward Mikey, it is suddenly grabbed, stopped in mid-air by another hand. Brand has grabbed ahold of Troy's wrist.

Brand:

Nobody hits my brother except me!

Afraid of Brand, Troy gets off Mikey. The boys are relieved. Brand grabs Troy by the shirt, ready to fight. Troy looks away, scared, while Mikey watches, his eyes beaming with pride. Brand releases his grip on Troy. Troy stands up, and forcing a cocky grin, he looks at all of the Goonies.

Troy:

Can't wait till Monday...when my dad kicks you all out in the street. (Mimes a golf swing) While you Goonies are pilin' all your stuff into moving vans, I'll be teeing off on what used to be your front lawns. (Chuckles; turns to Andi) Our court time starts in five minutes. I'll be waiting outside.

Andi gives a nonchalant shrug. Brand turns to Andi, shooting her a jealous look. Troy struts out of the Stop 'n Snack. Through the window we see him get into his bright red Mustang convertible.

Mikey has unrolled the map. It has survived the burning with only a tiny singed edge.

Brand and Andi's eyes meet, a look of tragic desire! They want to be together, but this isn't the time. She flashes her pretty eyes...Brand sort of melts down. He turns to Mikey, grabbing the map and slapping Mikey's head.

Brand:

Mom's waiting for you. You just blew your whole life, pal. (To the other guys) The rest of you guys, too...you're all history. We don't need friends like you in our lives!

With that, Brand tucks the map into his back pocket. Mouth walks up to Brand, turns on the phony charm and puts his arm around Brand.

Mouth:

(Singing) Here's to good friends, tonight is kinda' special; the beer we pour, must be something more, somehow... (Still singing, slides the map out of Brand's pocket with his free hand)

Brand:

(Shoving Mouth away) We don't have to drink to make friends, wimp. Mouth turns to the other Goonies and shows them the map. They make a run for it. A befuddled Brand reaches into his back pocket, realizing that the map is gone. He runs after the kids.

Mikey, Mouth, Data, and Chunk hurriedly ride off on their bikes, Mouth holding the rolled up map under his arm. Brand dashes outside, in time

to see the boys ride off into the distance.

Mikey and gang ride past the museum where Mikey's dad, Irving Walsh is lowering the flag. They greet him.

Data:

Hi Mr. Walsh.

Irving:

Uh huh.

Mouth:

Hi Mr. Walsh.

Irving:

Hi Mikey.

Mikey:

Hi Dad.

Chunk:

(Trailing) Hey guys, wait for me.

On a street leading out of town, Mikey is checking the map. They are all riding their bikes, moving further up the coastal highway. Data has a Springsteen song playing on his ghetto blaster. The kids continue to look back. They pass the Hillside Country Club on their right.

Chunk:

(Pointing at the club, looking at Data) My dad tried to join there once, when he still had his job, but they wouldn't let us in.

Data:

You kiddin'? They wouldn't let none of us in. That place is kinda' like the "Dairy Queen". They only got one flavour.

Scene 2:

Now late in the afternoon. The four boys have been out hunting for the three rock pattern described on the map. From the tourist map, Mikey knows of such a place that could fit the doubloon.

Mikey:

That's where we're going. Right around this next curve is Gold Rock Beach. Three rocks, I know it. I've got a feeling about this one.

Data:

You always have a feeling, Mikey. Every time you have a feeling you get us in trouble.

Mikey:

Get us in trouble? You're the one who always gets us in trouble, Double-oh Negative.

Data:

I'm James Bond - 007, not Double-oh Negative.

Chunk:

You guys, I'm hungry. I know when my stomach growls there's trouble.

Others:

Shut up, Chunk!

Chunk:

(Labouriously climbing a hill on his bike) Hey, you make me go up this big hill, and you said, you said you'd give me a Twinkie. Now I'm gonna be late for dinner and my mom's gonna yell at me. And she's not gonna let me eat my dinner and she's gonna punish me. Ah, you guys, ah. Anybody got a candybar? Baby Ruth?
Mikey is holding up the doubloon and seeing the three rocks fit the hole pattern in the doubloon.

Mikey:

Let's see. (Aligns the doubloon) I can't believe it.

Mouth:

What?

Mikey:

(Excitedly) That's it guys. That's it!

Data:

What's it?

Mikey:

The three rocks, out there. (Points to the rocks out in the cove) Take a look, (pointing), one, two, three.

Mouth:

You're right! Let's go get 'em!

Data:

You're right!

Chunk:

Let's go get 'em!

Scene 3:

Brand, in his grey sweatshirt, hood up, and bandana, is riding his little pink bicycle.

Brand:

(To himself, panting and desperate) Mikey, Mikey.

Along comes Troy, driving his red Mustang. Andi is in the passenger's seat and Stef is in the back. Troy grins as he adjusts the rear view mirror to peek at Andi's mini-skirt. She is offended by his actions.

Andi:

Troy! You touch that mirror again and I swear to God I'm going to smash you in the face.

Stef:

(Laughing at Andi's reaction)

Troy:

(Snickering)

Stef:

Hey, there's Brand.

Troy:

Oh, like the bike.

Andi:

What is he doing? (Troy honks at Brand)

Stef:

(Laughing) No wonder he can't get a licence.

Brand:

(Looks back, sees Troy, and mutters to himself) Oh, no.

Troy honks again and pulls up beside Brand. He knows it is Troy and is humiliated, even more so when he notices that Andi is in the car. She offers to help.

Andi:

Brand, can we give you a ride somewhere?

Troy:

(Surprised, turns to Andi) Huh?

Brand:

(Out of breath) No. Thanks anyway, though.

Troy:

(Trying to further belittle him) Yeah Walsh, (Grabs his right hand, holding his wrist firmly against the car door) let us give you a little ride.

Brand:

Hey!

Troy:

Hold on. Here we go.

Troy starts driving quite fast with Brand in tow.

Brand:

Hey! Let go of my hand! Troy!

Andi and Stef are fighting with Troy to stop. Troy holds fast to Brand's wrist and Brand has all he can do to keep control of the bike.

Stef:

Troy, you're gonna kill him!

Brand:

Oh, no! Oh, no!

As Troy goes even faster the training wheels break off the bike.

Andi:

He's gonna die! He's gonna die!

Stef:

Oh, my God!

Brand:

Hey! Let go of my hand!

Troy:

Sure, buddy.

Brand:

(Sees a turn in the road and the approaching woods) Oh my God!
Troy follows the right hand bend in the road at about 45 MPH and releases Brand's hand at that moment.

Troy:

So long, sucker!

Brand cannot stop in time. He goes off the road and flies over an embankment into the woods.

Brand:

Ahhh!!!!

Scene 4:

Mikey and the others are carrying their bikes, struggling up a steep hill by the seaside.

Mouth:

Forget it.

Chunk:

Come on. Gee, this better be it, Mikey.

Mikey:

Shut up, Chunk.

Mikey pulls out the doubloon and verifies another critical alignment.

Mikey:

Guys...I think I have a match. I'm sure of it! The lighthouse, the rock, and the restaurant all fit the doubloon. That must mean that the rich stuff is near the restaurant. So, (pulls the map out of his shirt), wait a second, Mouth, I'm going to need you to translate the map because I don't understand Spanish. (Pointing) Right here.

Mouth:

(Looking at the map) Alright, alright, alright. (Reading) Diez veces diez...

Mikey:

What does that mean?

Mouth:

Ten times ten.

Mikey:

Uh, hundred.

Data:

Hundred.

Mouth:

(Translating) ...stretching feet to nearest northern point.

Mikey:

North. What's north? Which way is north?

Mouth:

That's where you'll find the treat.

Mikey:

The treat...the rich stuff! The treat! The rich stuff. That's it!

Data:

(Checks his compass and points) North is that way.

Mikey:

So, it's near the restaurant.

Mikey and Data start counting paces toward the restaurant. After sixty paces they huddle behind some rocks out of sight. Mikey estimates that another forty paces should put them right into the restaurant. They notice two people in trenchcoats who are walking inside.

Mouth:

Wait a minute, guys. There's somebody there.

Mikey:

Sixty and another forty is an even one hundred, right to the old restaurant. The rich stuff has gotta be there.

Chunk:

(Nervous and shaking his head) I don't know about it Mikey. Hey, it's gettin' late, and hey, that's a summer place; what's it doing open in the fall?

Data:

See, there's nothing to be scared of. See, there's already two

customers who went inside the restaurant.

Chunk:

Yeah, yeah, but what if they're not customers? What if they're drug dealers?

Data:

Drug dealers? Shit man. (Hits Chunk) Did you see their clothes? Drug dealers wouldn't be caught dead in those polyester rags.

The Goonies continue pacing toward the restaurant. Two gunshots are heard from inside the old restaurant.

Chunk:

(Running over and out of breath) Mikey, Mikey, Mikey. That sounded like gunshots. Not the big ones that you hear in war movies, but gunshots, real ones. They're trying to kill us!

Mikey:

Gees Chunk. Turn off your brain, alright? Someone probably dropped a pot.

Data:

Yeah.

Mouth:

Yeah, just dropped a pot.

Chunk:

Ah, ah, are you sure, Mikey? Because if you're sure I'm sure, you know. They might pick up the pots, and they might try to kill us. They're gonna kill us! In fact...

The others run towards the restaurant. Chunk continues whining. Mikey runs over to silence him.

Mikey:

(Whispering tensely) Chunk...shut up!

Chunk finds a pop cooler outside.

Chunk:

Soda pop! Oh boy, am I thirsty. (Opens the cooler but finds it empty) Damn it! (Slams the lid)

Scene 5:

The gunshots were real. The Fratellis, inside the restaurant, have

just shot and killed the two men who entered. They were FBI investigators.

Mouth:

(Peering through the window) What's that?

Mama F:

(To Jake and Francis) Come on. Hurry up, hurry up...Francis...
Jake is dragging the body of one of the FBI men into the kitchen. The boys look in through the dirty windows. They can see movement, but they can't tell exactly what it is.

Mikey:

(Takes a puff)

Data:

Looks like the cook is carrying something to the kitchen, or something.

Mikey:

Yeah, food. Looks like food or some kind of trash.

Data:

Don't let them see us, guys.

Chunk wanders around to the side and see the ORV parked in a garage. He sees bullet holes in the back and then realizes with fright that he has seen this vehicle before.

Chunk:

ORV...bullet holes...bullet holes!

Chunk runs, panicking back to the doorway to warn the others, but they've opened the door and gone inside. The restaurant is old and in shambles.

Data:

Shhh!!!

Mikey:

Shut up, Chunk!

Mouth:

This place is a summer restaurant? Looks like it hasn't been open for ten summers.

Mama Fratelli notices the boys and she stalks over. She is worried

that they might have witnessed the double shooting.

Mama F:

How long you boys been at that window? (Boys, startled, turn around to face her)

Mouth:

L..long enough to see you need about four hundred roach motels in this place.

Jake has been working on something. He slams it down in frustration.

Jake:

How the hell am I supposed to create with that Smithsonian piece of shi..? (Notices the boys and comes over to talk to his mother in Italian)

Jake:

E casa queste soni.

Mama F:

(Blocking the doorway) Jake, these boys are customers. (Boys are gasping in panic)

Jake:

...no ristorante. (Probably, "Mama, this isn't a restaurant.")

Mama F:

Zita, zita, stupido nocha picha jente.

Jake:

Mondena, mondena, mama, agavito.

Jake decides that the best way to get rid of them is just to play along, so he plays the Maitre'd. He puts his hands together to take their order.

Jake:

Eh, boys, uh? You make yourselves comfortable, uh? (speaks to Mama in Italian, then addresses the boys in English) She's going to cook you something.

Mama F:

(Behind them and cross; she doesn't like kids) What do you want? They are startled. They jump around to face her, gasping.

Data:

A glass of water.

Mama F:

(To Jake) Four waters. (To the boys) Is that all?

Mikey:

Ye...

Data:

Yes, yes.

Mouth:

(Acting like he's in a fine Italian restaurant) No! I want the Veal Scallopine...

The other three wish that Mouth would just shut up for once. They are squeaking with anxiety, afraid to talk, and trying desperately to make him shut his big mouth by mime-zipping their mouths shut and turning the key.

Mikey:

(Tense whisper) Mouth...shut up!

Mouth ignores them and continues.

Mouth:

...I want the Fettucini Alfredo...a bottle of Fettucini, a 1981.

(Kisses his thumb and forefinger like a gourmet)

Mama Fratelli grabs him and holds him fast in a headlock, forcing his mouth open by pinching his cheeks.

Mama F:

The only thing we serve is tongue.

She pops open a switchblade in her other hand. The other three boys all cover their mouths in terror.

Mama F:

You boys like tongue? Ha ha ha ha, a ha ha ha. (Closes the switchblade and releases Mouth) That all?

Mouth walks away relieved but just can't keep his big mouth shut.

Mouth:

Then again...

Mikey:

Mouth, shut up.

The other three are still gasping from her shocking action.

Mama F:

(Shouts) Sit down!

In panic, they hurriedly yank out the chairs from the table and sit down. Chunk falls over. Data wonders about the two "customers" he saw earlier.

Data:

You alright, Chunk? Hey guys...

Chunk:

(Trying to tell what he knows) I know...I know...

Data:

What happened to the two guys in the polyester suits that came before us? What happened to them?

Chunk:

I know.

Mikey:

What, what is it? Spit it out.

Chunk:

You guys, if we don't get out of here soon, there's gonna be some...(scared) hostage crisis. Out in the garage, O..ORV, four wheel drive, bullet holes the size of... (panicking) Matzah Balls!

Mouth:

Chunk, I'm starting to O.D. on all your bullshit stories.

Data:

Yeah.

Mikey, Data:

Shut up.

Mama Fratelli returns with four glasses of pale brown liquid. It's water, but probably rusty from old pipes or sitting in a dirty tank for several years.

Mama F:

(Scowling) There's your water!

Data:

Thank you, Sir, uh, Ma'am.

Mikey:

Thank you, Sir...(She looks at Mikey, who recoils) Oh, I mean, Ma'am.

Mouth:

(Holding his glass up to the light) This' supposed to be water?

Mama F:

It's wet, ain't it? (Angry) Drink it!

Mikey changes the subject for two reasons: one, to avoid drinking the water, and two, to get downstairs in hopes of finding some hint of the rich stuff.

Mikey:

Miss, where's the men's room, please?

Mama F:

Can't you hold it?

Mikey:

No.

Chunk knows the Fratellis are dangerous, and must keep the group together near the front door. He tries to dissuade Mikey from leaving.

Chunk:

Mikey, Mikey, this ain't the kind of place you wanna go to the bathroom in it.

Mama F:

(Faces Chunk) Why not?

Chunk:

(Nervously, he has to give her an answer) Because, they might have daddy long legs in 'em...

Mikey:

(Stresses the hint) Shhh! But I gotta go to the bathroom.

Chunk:

(Sees Francis carrying the "trash" through the window. Moves in close to Mikey) ...or dead things Mikey! Dead things.

Mouth is trying to coax Mikey's bladder by pouring the dirty water alternately between two glasses.

Mouth:

(In a deeper voice, while pouring) Eh, Mikey...got to go to the bathroom?

Chunk:

Killer dead things...big...mean...

Mikey:

Lady, please!

Mama F:

(Impatient, so she gives in) Downstairs, first door on the right.

Mikey:

Thank you. (Gets up and heads for the stairs)

Chunk:

Mikey, come on...

Mama F:

Stay to the right!

Mikey:

Yes Ma'am.

Chunk:

(Pleading) Please Mikey, dead things!

Mama F:

(Shouts as Mikey reaches the stairs) Stay to the right!

Mikey:

I know, "Stay to the right." Thank you.

Scene 6:

Mikey pulls out the map and unrolls it as he steps down into the basement. It is dark, musty, and very damp; water is dripping in many places. Mikey bangs his head on a hanging lightbulb as he reaches the bottom of the stairs.

Mikey:

I know you're down here, One-eyed Willy. You gotta be down here. I can feel it, One-eyed Willy. I know you're down here. (Passes the washroom; it's very smelly) Oh man, that stinks! (Hears a roar, like that of a lion) What the hell was that?

Another roar, a bit softer than before. Through a partially open door Mikey sees a hideous creature, like a big ogre. It's back is turned to Mikey and he notices that it is chained to the wall! Jake is in there with the creature, singing to it in Italian. The creature is growling at Jake! Mikey watches for a moment, curious, in morbid fascination. Another growl from the ogre-like creature interrupts Jake's aria.

Jake:

(Hits the creature, Mikey winces at the cruelty) You're ruinin' it. You're ruinin' it. See the feast I made ya? (Points to a dinner plate on the floor) Look at the feast I made ya. You wanna eat it? (Throws a piece of food at the creature) Here, have some.

Mikey glances at the dinner plate. It isn't very scrumptious, more like scraps one might give a dog. Jake, holding a few food scraps in his hand, continues pelting them at the poor creature's face. Mikey shudders, hardly able to watch such intense cruelty, especially when he notices that the creature is attempting to shield its face with its hands.

Jake:

Come on. Go ahead, you'll get something. (Turns to leave the room) You don't leave me any choice.

As Jake is leaving, Mikey hurriedly sits behind the door. He curls up in the darkness, hoping Jake won't see him.

Jake:

(Now at the door, looking back) You don't leave me any choice! (Closes the door) You're just like Mom and Francis. You never let me finish anything.

With the door closed, Mikey is almost in plain sight...if Jake were to only turn his head. A nervous Mikey slinks further back into the darkness, hoping that Jake won't see him. Mikey hears the creature, now alone saying something. It sounds like a cry for mercy, although to him, the words are unintelligible.

Creature:

Please!!!

Jake sings some more, through the closed door.

Jake:

Una fortiva la gremark...

A mousetrap snaps on Mikey's behind. Mikey grits his teeth, clenches his eyes, and manages to keep quiet. Jake doesn't notice him; he disappears upstairs. Mikey relaxes and pulls the mousetrap off his pants. The creature cries some more in frustration, yanking at its chains.

Creature:

Food! Ah! Ah! Hungry! Hungry! Food, please!

Mikey opens the door slightly to take a better look. He notices that the dinner plate is out of the creature's reach. He realizes that this poor creature must be hungry and that it is trying to beg for food. Mikey is unable to walk away without showing a little compassion. A broom is nearby. Mikey picks it up and uses the long handle to push the plate into the creature's reach. Although the creature continues to groan, it hears the scraping sound of the plate on the floor. It turns to face Mikey.

The creature is, in fact, a large man, but with a grossly distorted face. He growls at Mikey, who in fear, drops the broom handle. The man picks up the dinner plate, now within his reach. He laughs hideously, in triumph as he hoists it up to his mouth. Mikey runs out of the basement, terrified.

As he reaches the top of the stairs he is suddenly grabbed from behind, a hand clasped over his mouth. Mikey panics, trying to scream, but it is Brand, who has finally caught up with them.

Brand:

Mikey, why can't you stay at home. Let's get out of here right now. Let's get out of here.

Brand hauls Mikey over to the door. The other three Goonies follow them out. Mama Fratelli chases them out.

Mama F:

Get out of here! And stay out! (Slams the door)

Mama Fratelli leans back against the closed door and breathes a sigh of relief, now that they're gone.

Mama F:

(To herself) Kids suck.

Scene 7:

Out by the rocks in front of the restaurant, where they hid before, the group has reassembled. Mikey is trying desperately to tell them about the strange man he saw in the basement.

Mikey:

I swear on my life, they've got...an 'It', a giant 'It'.

Mouth:

Ooh.

Mikey:

They got it chained to the wall.

Brand:

Come on, Mikey.

Mikey:

When it came into the light it was all gross and distorted, (tries to imitate the face), and the parts were mixed around.

The others 'ooh' and 'aah' over Mikey's impression.

Brand:

Like your brain, right Lamo? Say goodbye to your little pals.

Mama Fratelli comes out with Jake and Francis. They are carrying a large, bulky object in a black bag out to the ORV. Chunk sees them.

Chunk:

Hey look! Look at that.

Francis:

Mom, why'd you have to shoot the guy?

Mama F:

He's a fed.

Francis:

We could have taken him to the side of the road, in the car, and 'bing', we shoot him, in the brain

Mama F:

(Sternly) Just put it in the car.

Jake:

Bring him over here, Francis.

Francis:

Don't give me, "Over here..."

Jake:

Mama, give me over here...

Francis:

I'm the one who's always gotta...

The Goonies are watching them, trying to figure out what they could be doing.

Data:

You know, I'm wondering what is in the bag.

Mikey:

Ah, restaurant trash. Yeah.

Data:

You sure?

Mikey:

Positive.

Data:

That big? That much?

Mikey:

I'm positive. Yeah.

Chunk:

Look, there were bullet holes in the car, (gestures with this hand) this big. Mikey, Mikey, come on. Our parents are worried, it's dinnertime.

Mouth:

Yeah.

Chunk:

Why don't we go home?

Mikey:

Home? What home? In a couple more hours it ain't going to be home any more. Come on, guys, this is our time, our last chance to see if there really is any rich stuff.

Chunk:

(Reconsiders) We got to.

The Fratellis start the ORV and drive off. Mikey huddles the others down behind the rocks out of sight.

Mikey:

Duck down guys. Get down. Get down. Duck down!

Chunk:

See, there are bullet holes in the back of that thing!

Mouth is suddenly grabbed from behind. He jumps in fright, but it was only Stef. Andi is with her. The two girls saw them from afar and managed to come up behind them while they were watching the car.

All:

Ah shit! (Mouth jumps, turns, and sees Stef)

Chunk:

You scared me!

Stef is now enjoying a good laugh at the boys' expense.

Chunk:

Almost gave me a heart attack.

Stef:

Hey Mouth, you look better from behind.

Mouth:

Hey, wanna see something really scary? (Shows Stef a pocket mirror)

Look at that.

Data & Chunk:

That is so scary.

b>Chunk:

...and ugly!

Andi:

(Talking to Brand) We followed you guys...

Brand:

You did?

Andi:

We were out driving with Troy... (notices a fresh scrape on Brand's face) Ooh, (she touches it; Mikey takes a puff) sorry about your face.

Brand:

Oh, don't worry about it. (Brushing the scrape with his wrist) I was born with it.

Andi:

(Laughs slightly)

Brand:

Just kiddin'.

Andi:

Anyway, he was being such a jerk, you know, (folds her arms and looks down) tiltin' the mirror so he could look down my shirt? (Looks up, smiling and pleased with herself) So I elbowed his lip. (Laughs)

Brand:

(Proud of her) You elbowed his lip?

Andi:

(Laughing more) Yeah.

Stef:

(Laughing) Yeah.

The other boys have gone back over to the front door of the restaurant. Mouth tries it but finds that it is locked.

Mouth:

(Disappointed) It's locked. (Turns around)

Chunk:

Thank God!

Mouth:

Hey, wait a minute, Chunk.

Chunk:

What?

Mouth:

You know I got some naked pictures of your mom, takin' a bath. Wanna buy 'em?

Chunk:

(Angry) What?!

Mouth:

(Provoking) Real cheap!

Chunk:

(Enraged) Aaah!

Chunk furiously charges Mouth like a rhino. Mouth, expecting this reaction, neatly steps aside, allowing Chunk to crash into the door instead. The impact of body his breaks it open. Chunk is left lying on the floor. The others step over him.

Mouth:

Thanks, Chunk.

Data:

Thanks, Chunk.

Brand runs back over to Andi and Stef who are waiting by the rocks. Now twilight, it is getting cold and windy. Andi, still wearing Troy's school sweater, pulls it tighter and folds her arms again in the cold.

Brand:

You wait here one second, okay? (He turns back to the restaurant; the girls follow part way) I'll be right back. I'm gonna go get my brother, alright?

Andi:

(Her hair blowing in the cool wind) You guys are gonna get in trouble.

Brand:

Just don't leave, alright?

Stef:

No way.

As Brand returns to the restaurant, the girls walk off on their own for a bit, murmuring amongst themselves.

Andi:

I'm not staying here.

Stef:

I'm not staying.

Inside the restaurant, the other four boys are standing in a circle arguing. Mikey, holding the map, tries to take the commanding lead.

Mikey:

(Commanding) Shut up! We've got to get to the lowest point of the floor.

Brand:

(Scaring the boys, making them jump) Lowest point nothing, Mikey! Let's go. Now!

Outside in the diming light, Stef trods upon a rake. It springs up, a foot from her face. Some rotten old rags and a dead fish are stuck to the end. The girls scream with horror at the sudden gargoyle.

Stef:

(Her hands spread out, screaming) Waaa!

Andi:

(Also screaming) Aaah! My God! Andi and Stef face each other, screaming. They panic and bolt for the restaurant.

Stef:

(Still screaming) Oh my God!

Andi:

(Still screaming too) Oh my God!
Mikey is arguing with Brand.

Mikey:

(Firmly) No, Brando. (He turns)

Brand:

Mikey?

The girls race in, terrified and still screaming. Andi runs straight for Brand.

Mikey:

Turn on the lights.

Stef:

(Looking around) Oh, my God.
Mouth turns a switch, but it is dirty and out of use. A light bulb explodes.

Andi:

(Looking around and seeing the filthy restaurant for the first time)

Oh my God.

Stef:

It was disgusting, you should have seen it.

Andi:

It jumped out from the bushes. It almost killed us, (Hand to her brow)
I swear to God.

Mikey:

Come on, Brand, please?

Data:

Yeah.

Mikey:

What if we find something, huh? A couple more minutes isn't going to hurt.

Brand:

Come on, Mikey. We're going right now!

Mikey:

No.

Chunk:

Listen to your big brother.

Andi:

(While he is talking) Hey Brand, (takes his hand, he looks) give him a few minutes.

Andi, smiling sweetly, pulls his hand up closer to her face. She looks up at him, her bright eyes beaming...

Andi:

...as long as you stay here, (meekly) with me. (Bites her bottom lip)

Mouth:

Wait.

Mikey:

Listen to her; she knows what she's talking about.

Mouth:

Yeah, she does.

Chunk:

Yeah.

Data:

Yeah, listen to her.

Goonies:

Let's go!

Mikey and his friends head for the basement stairs. Brand and the girls follow.

Scene 8:

They all descend the stairs to the basement, Mikey leading. An echoing grunt is heard from the creature.

Goonies:

(Frightened) Aaah!

Stef:

Chunk, I hope that was your stomach.

Mikey:

No. That's the "It".

Chunk:

Sounds like Kong.

Mikey:

Part of it's human. Wanna see it? (Another groan) Don't worry. It's chained to the wall.

He leads the group toward "the room".

Mikey:

Shhh! (Another groan, and the rattling of chains)

Mouth:

(Scared) I don't wanna go, Mikey. I don't wanna go. I just...

Mikey:

Why not? It's chained to the wall.

Mouth:

I know it's chained to the wall, right?

Mikey:

Come on...you wanted to go, didn't ya.

Mouth:

Yeah, I wanted to go. I wanted to go...

Mikey:

So let's go. (Starts to open the door)

Brand and the girls are at the back of the group.

Andi:

(To Brand) I don't want to see it.

Mikey opens the door. The beastly man shouts. Chains rattle. Mikey, Mouth, Chunk, and Data all retreat, frightened. Andi and Brand, about to kiss, are driven back into another room. Brand stumbles backward over a couch; Andi lands on top of him. The others fall like dominos into the room. Andi and Brand try to pick up where they left off, but they are not alone.

Chunk:

Shame, shame.

Data:

We know your name.

The would-be couple, interrupted again, looks at them.

Mouth:

(Hoarse laugh) Come on, Brand, slip her the tongue!

Stef:

That's disgusting. No, I can't even look. Oh...can't...oh...that's sick. That really is sick.

Chunk:

(While Stef is grossing out) Get me up, guys!

Goonies:

One..two..three. (They pull Chunk to his feet)

Chunk:

Thanks, guys.

Mouth:

You're welcome.

Mikey:

Can't you smell it, guys? One-eyed Willy really is down here.

Data:

That's great. You know, you guys? I'm gonna build one like this.

Mikey:

Alright, we're walking right above here.

Chunk:

(Finds a water cooler) Water!

Chunk positions his face under the spigot and opens the valve, but he has misaligned his mouth. Water gushes into his eye.

Andi seems to have a plan...

Andi:

Okay, come on. We can do it. (Whacks Stef on the hip)

Stef:

Ow! Wait a minute. No...

Mikey is looking for the ideal spot to "dig" in the concrete floor.

Mikey:

...back, and the stairs go up, and right about here must have been when we said we got to get to the lowest spot.

While Chunk continues to drink from the water cooler, an obsessed Mikey, quickly grabs a large tool resting against the wall.

Mouth:

What are you doing talking to yourself again, Mikey? (Gets hit with the tool as Mikey passes) Ow!

Mikey:

Sorry.

Mouth:

What the hell are you doing?

Mikey swings at the solid floor.

Mouth:

Mikey, you're gonna lose your filling.

Brand:

Mikey, what are you doing? (Grabs the tool) You little...

Mikey:

Brand.

Brand:

Give me that. There's nothing buried under there.

Mikey:

There is something buried under there, Josh.

Brand:

This is the twentieth century, Mikey. (Throws the tool aside)

Mikey:

The map says there's something buried under there. There's gotta be.

Brand:

Come on, get off it.

Mouth:

Look it! I've got an idea. Why don't we just pour chocolate all over the floor, (grinning), and let Chunk eat his way through? Chunk, still drinking, now stops. He is insulted and stands up, facing Mouth seriously.

Chunk:

Okay Mouth, (growing rage) that's all I can stand. (Raging) And I can't stand no more!

With his sudden movement, Chunk toppled the water bottle. It is now wobbling on the stand, about to fall. Chunk tries to grab it.

Chunk:

I got it. I got it. I got it!

The stand tips over, smashing the glass water bottle on the hard floor.

Chunk:

I don't got it.

Others:

You klutz.

Chunk:

(Smiling) Hope it's not a deposit bottle.

Stef:

This is ridiculous. It's crazy. I feel like I'm babysitting, except I'm not getting paid.

Mikey:

(Motions for silence) Wait. Listen to that.

Mouth:

What?

The growing water puddle is spilling somewhere.

Brand:

So what?

Mouth:

Sounds like my grandfather taking a leak, Mikey. Thrillsville.

Mikey:

No. No, it's deep. Like there's a hole, or a passageway. It's real deep.

Brand:

(Moving in to take a look) Get out of the way.

Andi, dreaming, and reminiscing on her past few moments with Brand, is admiring him.

Andi:

(To Stef) Brand is being so sweet to me.

Stef:

Oh, come on. Come on! Where are you? You're in the clouds and we are in a basement!

Brand's close inspection of the fireplace reveals some old boards covering something. He prepares to pull away the grate for a closer look.

Mikey:

(Ecstatic) I told you! Ha ha! Told you. I told you. (Brand grabs the grate) One..two..three...

Brand:

(Pulls away the grate and feels a slight updraft of air) You can feel the air. There's something down there.

Mikey:

See I told you there was something.

Mouth:

It might be a treasure or something.

Data is toying with another machine across the room, and to his surprise, it begins working.

Data:

Hey, this is working, guys.

Brand kicks out the rotted boards. They crumble into a vertical shaft.

Mikey:

Brand, careful!

Mouth:

Are you okay?

Brand:

Yeah.

Mikey:

I told you there was a passageway.

Mouth:

It's the start of the tunnel.

Mikey:

Look.

This "machine" that Data found turns out to be a printing press. Page after page of fifty dollar bills are being produced. Thinking they're real, Data becomes ecstatic.

Data:

(Curious) Fifty dollar bills. (Puzzled) Fifty dollar bills.

(Realizing) Fifty dollar bills. (Ecstatic) Fifty dollar bill!!

Andi, Stef:

(Looking at each other in bewilderment) Did he say "Fifty dollar bills?"

Data:

(Shouting with excitement) Fifty dollar bill!! Guys, there's hundreds of fifty dollar bill! We have the money to save the Goondocks! Everybody now crowds around this printing press, amazed at its too-good-to-be-true output. Data passes a sheet out to everybody.

Data:

Billions of them.

Mouth:

Hey guys, they're real.

Brand:

Quiet! (Picks up one of the pages and realizes the truth)

Data:

What? What? What?

Brand:

They're fake. They're bogus.

Data:

No, it's not.

Brand:

They're phony. (Crumples the worthless page) They're phony bills.

Data:

No, it's not.

Mikey:

I knew these people were from the ozone.

Data:

No.

Andi:

(Inspecting a page) You get twenty-five years for counterfeiting.

Goonies:

(Disappointed) Oooh!

Stef has found a recent front page from the Astoria Ledger. The headline reads, "Fratellis at it Again" and has their three pictures

beneath.

Stef:

You guys, I recognize these people.

Brand:

Look at it. It's the Fratellis.

Data:

That's the guy from upstairs.

Mikey:

And the guy who tried to sing.

Chunk:

See, you guys, you never listen to me. I said that there was going to be trouble, but you didn't listen to me. You guys are crazy. You know, you guys are self-destructive. There's a funny farm and it has your names written all over it, but I'm gettin' outta here. Tha... (Smells something, change of voice) I smell ice cream.

Chunk follows his nose to a nearby walk-in freezer and opens the door. Inside are several small containers of his favourite ice cream brand.

Chunk:

(Happily reading the labels) They got Swensons! Oh look, they got "Pralines 'n Cream," and they got "Mississippi Mud," (excited) and they got "Chocolate Eruption!" (Panting) And they got, "Apple," oh, and they got, "Grape"...

The others notice the one thing Chunk didn't see: a dead body! The body of the other dead FBI man is standing in the freezer next to Chunk.

Chunk:

They got Grape, and Super-Duper Chocolate Eruption, and... (notices the others, mouths hanging open, staring at something else in the freezer) Wha? Wha? (Turns and notices the dead body. He fills with fear, almost to the point of crying) Aaaah!

He backs out of the freezer trembling with terror. The others catch him as he practically stumbles out. They're all terrified.

Chunk:

Aaah! Aaah! Aaah! Aaah! It's a stiff!

Their fright is cut short. The door opens upstairs and the Fratellis walk in, their footsteps causing the floorboards above to creak. The

last rays of sunlight shine between the old floorboards and they can see the shadows. They all huddle together, desperate to keep quiet.

Data:

It's the door.

Mama F:

(Upstairs) Somebody's been here. The door's open.

Francis:

I thought I shut it. Who left the lights on?

Mama F:

You did.

They have returned with take-out pizza. The appetizing smell has made it to Chunk's nose.

Chunk:

Pizza?

Others:

Shhh!

Chunk:

Pepperoni?

Others:

Shhh!

Upstairs, Jake and Francis are having a little spat over the pizza.

Jake:

Ma, he's eating my pepperoni.

Francis:

You want your pepperoni? (Throws a piece of pizza at Jake) Huh? (Pulls out a gun)

Jake:

(Pulls a gun on Francis) Come on. Come on. Let's kill each other over the pepperoni.

Mama F:

(Angrily) Jake, put that gun away! I said, "Put that gun away now!"

Jake:

(Reholsering the gun) You always take his side, Mom. You always liked him better than me.

Mama F:

(Hits Jake) That's right!

The Goonies realize that they must find a better place to hide. If the Fratellis come downstairs they are sure to be discovered. Some are whispering in fear as they hurriedly stuff the body back in the freezer, with Chunk.

Mouth:

Put it back.

Data:

Close the door.

Chunk:

(Trapped in the freezer) We can go back...Mikey...Mikey.

Brand:

(Whispering) Mikey, come on.

Mikey:

The fireplace, Brand. It's the only way out. You guys'll never get out that way.

Brand:

What?

Mikey:

It all starts here.

They all head over to the fireplace and start climbing down the vertical shaft. Brand first, then Andi, then Mouth, Stef, Data, and finally Mikey. Chunk is still in the freezer with the body.

Brand:

(Climbing in first) Watch your foot.

Mikey:

Huh?

Chunk:

(From the freezer) Guys! I'm stuck with the stiff! He's in here. (The

body slumps over onto Chunk; he pushes it back to a standing position)
(To dead man) Stay! Stay! (Through the window) Guys, come here. He's
in here. (Body slumps over again, onto Chunk) Oh, shit!

Mikey:

Come on, let's go. (Others are whispering) Go Andi, go.

Andi:

Go? (She climbs in after Brand)
The Fratellis are coming downstairs.

Mama F:

Alright Jake, forget it.

Jake:

I'm sorry.

Chunk:

(Trying to get their attention) Help! Help! Help! Guys!
Mama Fratelli is downstairs. She calls back to Jake and Francis, who
are coming down.

Mama F:

Come on, you idiots!

Jake, Francis:

Okay, Mom.

Mikey:

Make sure it's safe.

Mouth:

(Climbing in) It's safe.

Mama F:

Hurry up!

Chunk:

(Still in the freezer, screaming) This is for real! I'm not kidding!
Look in the window!

Goonies:

Come on.

Brand:

Where's Chunk?

Mikey:

Chunk's up there.

Francis:

I don't want him to touch that. I worked two hours on that.

Jake:

You worked...

Mama F:

Shut up! (Walks in, notices the broken glass from the cooler)
Somebody's been here. The cooler's broken.

Jake:

Probably a tremor.

Mama F:

Go check your brother.

Jake:

Well, well, it could've been a tremor, Ma.

Mama F:

I'll show you a tremor! (Hits him)

Jake:

Ooh! (Fake sobbing) I'm going to go check my brother.

Mama F:

He better not have broken those chains again. I'm not going back to the zoo for another set.

Francis:

Ma, just don't upset him.

Mama F:

Hurry up!

Chunk sneezes as Mama Fratelli walks by the freezer.

Mama F:

Gesundheit.

A much-relieved Chunk finally opens the freezer door and leaves. Brand summons him from the fireplace.

Chunk:

It's cold.

Brand:

Chunk.

Chunk:

Huh?

Brand:

Chunk, over here.

Mikey:

Get over here!

Chunk:

What are you doing down there?

Brand:

Go get the police.

Mikey:

Chunk, we're in some serious shit here. You've gotta get the police. Look behind you.

Chunk steps back. A broom falls over, revealing a window!

Brand:

Oh, the window. Go out the window.

Chunk opens the window and starts climbing. Brand and Mikey climb back down the shaft to the others.

Data:

Did you see him, guys?

Mouth:

Wait a minute. Where's Chunk?

Brand:

He went to go to the police.

Mikey:

The Fratellis are there. We gotta go. Come on, guys.

Brand:

Let's go.

Mikey:

He's going to get the police. Go. Move. Move.

The Fratellis return after checking on their "brother".

Francis:

There's nothing the matter with him; nothing to worry about.

Mama F:

Aaah. I knew he couldn't break them chains. Come on, get the body.

End of Act II.

The Goonies:

Scene 1:

Our group of six have been making their way down the dark tunnel, looking for a way out.

Andi:

We've been walking forever. How much further do you plan on going?

Stef:

Ow! Mouth, you stepped on my foot. (A crunch is heard) I dropped my glasses; I can't see a thing. Oh my God.

Mikey:

(Picks up Stef's damaged glasses and hands them to her) I found your glasses. Sorry.

Stef:

You broke my glasses. You broke my glasses! Oh.

Brand:

Listen, guys. Listen, guys. I'm the oldest, so I'm in charge. First, we'll...

Mikey:

Data?

Data:

What?

Mikey:

Do you have a light?

Brand:

(To Mikey) I said I was in charge. (Turns Data to face him) Do you have a light?

Data:

A light... (thinking) sure, guys! Back up. Back up. (Opens his coat and pulls a string) Bully Blinders! (Two small high-powered spotlights spring up from his hips)

Brand:

Alright. Ow! (Shields his eyes)

Data's gadget lives up to its name. With everyone's eyes now accustomed to the dark, the blinding white light is painful. The other five turn their faces away.

Data:

You know, one day when I was walking home with this thing, and a couple big guys jumped me...

Data moves slightly as he is talking and the "Bully Blinders" now shine in everybody's eyes.

Mouth:

Who is it? Oh, Stef...watch out, Data.

Brand:

Watch out.

(Difficult to make out what everybody is saying here)

Mikey:

Data, come on. Turn it off. (The "Bully Blinders" fade out)

Data:

(To himself, disappointed) Oh, Data. Only problems, batteries don't last so long, guys. Oh.

Mikey:

Guys, there's a light up ahead. Maybe we can get out that way. Let's go.

Scene 2:

Dusk has fallen. Chunk has escaped from the Fratelli's basement and is scrambling through the woods, coming to a road. He's still nervous from his near-call with the Fratellis and does not enjoy groping through the woods in the dark. He is relieved at finally getting to the road...if he can just stop a car to get a lift to the sheriff station.

Chunk:

I'm not afraid of the dark. I like the dark. I love the dark, but I hate nature. I hate nature.

A car passes; he tries to stop it, but he is too far away.

Chunk:

Wait a sec! Hold on!

Chunk sees another car coming. He steps out in the road and waves his arms.

Chunk:

Stop! I'm just a kid!

The car stops. Chunk runs over to the driver's side, out of breath, but bold and serious.

Driver:

What seems to be the problem?

Chunk:

Look, mister, I need a ride. My friends and I just had a run-in with these really disgusting people; you might have heard of them: the Fratellis. Well, we found their hideout, and could you please, please take me to the sheriff station. I can describe all three of 'em. The driver turns on the interior lights. It's Jake! Chunk, startled, takes a step back.

Chunk:

(Nervous) Bur...uh...ta...

Jake:

(Singing in Italian) Nim bob iyo qi verenya de Mario...

While Jake is singing, Francis grabs Chunk from behind, and drags him around to the back of the ORV. Jake remains in the driver's seat, singing softly.

Chunk:

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Jake:

Itro la vista di vitro la vista la mama.

Francis shoves Chunk in the back of the ORV.

Francis:

Jake! Jake! Would you get out and help!

He shuts Chunk in the back and then gets back in the car next to Jake.

Jake:

(To Francis) What the hell are you doing? He's only a kid. Can't you handle a kid, even?

Chunk discovers that he is next to the dead FBI man again!

Chunk:

(Fear returning) Aaaaah!

Scene 3:

Back in the tunnel, the group has found an old lantern and some matches. Brand is trying to light it.

Mikey:

Does it work, guys?

Mouth:

Don't worry about it.

They are all surprised and delighted that it actually works!

Mouth:

Yeah!

Brand:

Yeah!

Data:

Yeah!

Several old pipes are now illuminated.

Stef:

I can't see anything. Mouth, your father's a plumber. What are these pipes all about?

The others argue amongst themselves while Mouth examines the pipes.

Mouth:

These look like water pipes, guys. (Looking them over) Gas pipes...drainage... Maybe...wait a minute, guys! Shut up for a minute. Okay, lookit. These pipes must lead to a building or something: a foundation. So maybe if bang on 'em hard enough, (starts banging the pipes) if we make enough noise...

Everybody starts yelling and banging, even yanking on the pipes. Up above, it is the Country Club!

A slightly overweight, balding old fellow exits a tennis court, greets a friend and leans over to a drinking fountain. But as he leans, the fountain lurches down, and further down toward the ground. He tries to lean down with it, but then it suddenly springs up, hitting him in the face and knocking him over.

Over in the men's shower, several of these old coots are about to wash. As one guy reaches for the faucet, it suddenly bursts back through the tiles. Another man is about to touch a pair of valves and they also burst back through the tiles, as well as all the other valves in the shower room!

Finally Troy:

stall, drops his pants and takes a seat. He is browsing through a copy of "Guns 'n Ammo" magazine.

Down in the tunnel, everyone stops as the pipes start making a strange sound. They all look around. Mouth understands this telltale warning sign.

Mouth:

Backpressure!

A high-powered jet of water geisers up from Troy's toilet, thrusting him up into the ceiling. He falls, crashing through the cubicle door and lands spread eagle on the bathroom floor, with water gushing all around him.

Troy:

Daddy!

Down in the tunnel, an explosion is imminent...

Mikey:

Lets...

Andi:

Get outta...

Data:

Here!

Stef:

Like, now! A waterpipe breaks, shooting its high-pressure water against the dirt wall. Mouth tries to control the pipe as the others scramble to safety.

Brand:

Go! Go! Go!

The dirt wall was very thin in this part. The blast of water erodes around a boulder, revealing an opening to a cave. The boulder tumbles into the cave.

Scene 4:

The Fratellis have brought Chunk back to their hideout. In the kitchen, Mama Fratelli is hoping to terrorize him into talking. She turns on the blender and drops a tomato in for a "demonstration". The tomato is quickly pulverized.

Mama F:

First we start with the fleshy little fingers, then the plump little hand. (Chunk, frightened, starts to sob) Then the fleshy arm... Now, tell me where your other little friends are.

Chunk:

(Sobbing) The fireplace.

Mama F:

Don't lie to me!

Chunk:

Honestly. We went over to Mikey's dad's place, and we found a map that said that underneath this place there's buried treasure.

Jake:

Come on, don't give us none of your bullshit stories, huh.

Francis:

Hey kid. I want you to spill your guts. Tell us everything.

Chunk:

Everything?

Francis:

Everything!

Chunk:

Everything. Okay, I'll talk. In third grade I cheated on my history exam. In fourth grade I stole my Uncle Max's toupe and I glued it on my face when I played Moses in my Hebrew school play. In fifth grade I knocked my sister Edith down the stairs and I blamed it on the dog...

Scene 5:

Down in the caves, the gang is climbing down into the new cave opened by the earlier blast of water. It is dark and mucky, and even with their lantern it is difficult to see.

Stef:

I can't see a thing. What am I stepping on? Oh brother.

Mikey:

A lantern! Look, you guys, a lantern! Somebody must have been here before us.

Data:

Maybe they're still here.

Stef:

God, I hope not.

Mouth:

Look at these cigarettes.

It is a mystery as to where these articles came from. They puzzle over them as Andi climbs down into the cave. This is too much for her now. She is nervous and frightened.

Andi:

(To herself) Ten minutes ago...

Mouth:

Come on, Andi.

Andi:

(continuing) Troy was looking down my shirt. (Gasps) Who cares? There's nothing wrong with that, is there? If I wasn't so stupid he'd still be looking down my shirt.
Brand notices that this is not normal for Andi. He realizes that she

is starting to crack.

Brand:

You guys, listen to her.

Data:

What's the matter with her?

Andi walks on ahead of the group. Brand tries to comfort her.

Brand:

Andi...it's okay.

Data:

Is she alright?

Brand:

It's okay. Andi? Andi?

Stef:

Oh, I stubbed my toe.

Andi is not listening to Brand. She is too terrified to face reality, and tries to hide from it by going further off on her tangent. Brand tries to snap her out of it.

Data:

Hey Andi!

Brand:

(Touching her left arm) Andi!

Andi:

I should have let him look at my body. Don't I have a beautiful body?
(To Brand, gesturing to herself) Don't I have a beautiful body?

Brand:

You've got a great body, a great body.

Andi:

(Reassured) I have a beautiful body. How many more years do I have, before I, get old and fat; before, my hair falls out...(points at the ground ahead of her) ...before I look like him.

The skeletal remains of a body lie half buried in the dirt with bugs crawling over the skull and out of the eye sockets. They all shriek with fright at the gruesome find. Andi screams, initially with sudden

fright then, snapping back to reality, her face turns rubbery, eyes wide open as she screams out her accumulated terror.

Andi:

(Screaming) Like him!!!

She turns to Brand, starting to cry.

Andi:

Brand!

A note here...Andi's face resembles that of the Nazi officer Dietrich, in Raiders of the Lost Ark, just as his face melted. I consider this scene one of Kerri's greatest moments.

Scene 6:

Back in the kitchen, and still sobbing, Chunk continues with his lifetime confession.

Chunk:

Then my mom sent me to...to a summer camp for fat kids. And that was third lunch I got nuts and I pigged out, and they kicked me out.

Scene 7:

In the cave, the four guys are examining the skeleton. Andi isn't; she is crying into Stef's shoulder.

Brand:

Look at him.

Data:

Don't touch it guys. You guys, now...

Mikey:

This is one of your tricks, isn't it One-eyed Willy? (Takes a puff)
You wouldn't have gone through all this trouble if you weren't really hiding something, would you?

Andi has buried her face in Stef's shoulder and is completely hysterical. Stef is trying to calm her down.

Stef:

I know. I know. So did I. It's okay. It's okay. There's nothing to worry about.

Andi:

You don't know. You don't understand.

Stef:

Don't be afraid.

Andi:

Andrea Theresa Carmichael does not...
The others continue their examination of the body.

Data:

He's dead for sure. I think he's Chester Copperpot.

Mouth:

Chester who?

Mikey:

Who?

Data:

Don't you guys remember? From the attic...the Don't you guys remember?
From the attic...the news article.

Mikey:

(Remembering) Oh, the news article, right.

Data:

See, they said the last guy who went looking for the rich stuff...they say he went in, but he never came back out. See, that was back in nineteen thirty-five. Oh God, if he didn't make it out, and he was supposed to be an expert, what about us guys? How are we going to get out of here, huh?

Brand:

Oh.
Andi's hysteria has finally passed. She is out of breath and exhausted, and now trusting Stef's words of assurance.

Stef:

Don't worry about it. Just calm down.

Andi:

You sure?

Stef:

I'm positive.

Andi:

You sure?

Stef:

Positive.

Andi:

How are we going to get out?

Mikey:

We can't be sure it's Chester Copperpot.

Data:

I know it's him. I know, I read the article.

Brand:

I bet his ID's in his wallet. Mouth, get his wallet.

Mikey:

(Picking up an old sports card he found with the body) Lou Gehrig?

Mouth:

(Too afraid to go near the body) You get it, Mikey.

Brand:

Mouth, come on.

Data:

Mikey, get it.

Brand:

Get his wallet.

Mikey, the one courageous individual in the group, retrieves the wallet and reads the ID inside. He shows the proof that nobody wanted to see.

Mikey:

It is Chester Copperpot.

Brand:

(Despairingly) Oh God. Oh.

Data:

See? I told you.

Mouth:

We're gonna get killed, too.

Amongst Chester's remaining supplies, Mikey finds some candles, at least one of which is labelled "Dynamite". He hands them to Data.

Mikey:

Hey, look at this. Candles, a whole bunch of 'em.

Data:

Great! Let me have it. I'll put it in my pack.

Mouth:

Oh. He's dead.

Data:

He's dead? (Gets up to leave)

Mouth:

Data, where are you going?

Data:

I'm setting booby traps.

Mikey:

Booby traps.

Data:

That's what I said. See, I'm setting booby traps in case of anybody's following us, like the Fratellis, so we can hear them coming. (Zips shut his knapsack)

Brand:

Okay, hurry up.

Mikey:

Good idea.

Stef:

Hey Data, where are you going?

Data:

I'm setting booby traps.

Stef:

You mean booby traps.

Data:

(Frustrated, and unaware that he keeps saying it wrong) That what I

said:

Andi returns her face to Stef's shoulder; Stef holds Andi, comforting her. Mouth, meanwhile, has found another one of Willy's artifacts with Chester's things.

Mouth:

Guys. Guys, look at this. Look at this.

Mikey:

Yeah, give me that.

Mouth:

It looks like a skeleton of One-eyed Willy or something.

Mikey:

Give me that. Give me this thing. (Mouth hands it to him)

This relic resembles a large key with a skull on the top. Triangular holes appear representing the eyes and nose. As Mikey pulls it out to take a closer look a cord tied to it and around the neck of the skeleton causes Chester's head to dismember. It rolls over, startling everybody.

Mikey:

Oh, man!

Mouth:

(Frightened and gasping) Don't touch that. Don't touch that. Brand respectfully repositions the skull to its proper orientation. Mouth is jittery and shaking while he does this.

Mouth:

Oh God. Oh my God, don't, don't, don't...

Oddly enough, the large boulder that Mouth is standing next to has a chain wrapped around it! Mouth is actually holding the chain, and nobody notices that this is, to say the least, odd.

Mikey:

Hey guys, now that we've got...

Mikey finds a very suspicious wire mostly concealed by the sand on the cave floor. He pulls it up slowly out of the sand. Mikey believes that it is probably a trip wire for a booby trap.

Mikey:

Look at this. You see what I found?

Mikey has pulled that wire a little too far. A gentle tug was all that was required to start a mechanical chain reaction. Mikey drops the wire and freezes, afraid to make another move. A large scathe is swinging back and forth, its blade cutting a rope.

Mikey:

Guys, freeze. Don't move. Don't move. (Warning the girls and Data, who is further down the tunnel) You guys! Don't move back there! Don't move!

Data:

What?

Mikey:

Freeze.

Data looks up and notices several more huge boulders hanging precariously above from chains. They are rocking slightly. Data races back to the group.

Mikey:

Guys! Guys!

Stef:

Let's go!

Mikey:

Run you guys! RUN!

The group runs forward. Data takes cover in what he thinks is a safe spot. He glances up and sees another rock dangling above his head.

Data:

Holy S-H-I-T! (Jumps off the rock and runs down the tunnel toward the others)

The first of the boulders crashes to the ground. Data races to safety with another boulder falling behind him. They all jump over a small ledge for cover as several of these huge boulders fall in sequence. Mikey darts out quickly to rescue the lantern before the final boulder

comes crashing down.

Brand:

That was close.

Data:

That was close.

Mikey:

Oh.

Brand notices a rock covering a small cave entrance behind them. He hears some sounds from behind the rock

Brand:

Wait, wait, wait, listen. Sounds like somebody's down there. (Moves in to listen more closely) Shut up and listen.

Andi:

Maybe it's a way out.

Stef:

Maybe it's the Fratellis.

Data:

Maybe Chunk found the police.

Mouth:

Maybe it's another one of Willy's booby traps.
The rock isn't overly heavy. Brand rolls it aside.

Stef:

Brand, God put that rock there for a purpose, and, um, and I'm not so sure you should, um, move it, or something.
A fine "squeaking" sound is heard from inside the now open cave. Brand calls into it.

Brand:

Hello? A huge barage of disturbed bats flutters out of the cave, seeking the exit tunnel. They flutter in everyone's faces; both girls are screaming. Everyone is waving their hands over their faces to keep the bats away.

Data:

Guys! Guys! Back, back back.

Brand:

Get 'em off me.

Mikey:

Brand. Andi. They're in my hair.

Stef:

Rabies! Rabies! We're gonna get rabies!

Mouth:

(Trying to command the bats) Sit! Sit!

Stef:

Rabies! Rabies! We're gonna get rabies!

The bat swarm flies over the fallen boulders as still more bats pour from the cave.

Scene 8:

Chunk is now bringing his long confession to a climax, the most dreadful thing he ever did.

Chunk:

But the worst thing I ever done, I mixed up all this fake puke at home and then I went to this movie theatre, hid the puke in my jacket, climbed up to the balcony, and then, then I made a noise like this. (Acts like he is throwing up) Huagh. Huagh. Huagh. Huaaah! And, and then I dumped it over the side on all the people in the audience. Then, th-then then this was horrible, all the people started getting sick, and throwing up all over each other. I never felt so bad in my entire life.

Jake:

(Smiles a bit at Chunk's twisted sense of humour) Ma, I'm beginning to like this kid, Ma.

Mama F:

(Tired of this) Hit puree!

One of them starts up the blender as they try to force Chunk's hand into it.

Chunk:

No! I'm too young. No! I wanna play the violin. No, not my hand.

Mama F:

Now, do I get the truth...

Chunk:

Please.

Mama F:

Do I get the truth? Or do you get juice?

They are all cut short. The swarm of bats has burst out through the fireplace and is now quickly filling the room.

Mama F:

Oh! What was that noise?

Francis:

The fireplace blew. The kid's not kidding, Ma, there's a tunnel down there.

Jake makes a sign of the cross with his fingers and tries to shoo the bats away.

Francis:

Watch your hair! Watch your hair! They go for the hair!

Jake:

Watch your face, Mom.

Chunk:

(Shouting) Hey Mikey, if you can hear me, run! Run! They're comin' after ya.

Scene 9:

Data:

Hey, you guys, if we keep going this far down we'll reach China.

Stef:

My feet are killing me. I can't see a thing.

Data:

Maybe I can visit my Auntie or something, yeah, my Uncle!

As they reach a bend in the cave, Mikey exhibits a little chivalry to Andi.

Mikey:

Uh, this could get dangerous, Andi. You might want to hold my hand.

Andi:

(Takes his hand, appreciating his thoughtfulness, and finds it comforting) Thank you.

As they round the bend a shaft of light illuminates an underground waterfall and pond. Even Andi is impressed by the beauty of this place; her face lights up.

Mikey:

(In unison with Data) Oh, wow!

Data:

Oh, neat! That's neat.

Mikey:

You guys, look! It's a beautiful waterfall.

They wade through the shallow pond and discover that it is full of coins, hopefully Willy's.

Mikey:

Wow!

Data:

Wow! It's a giant piggy bank.

Andi:

We're rich! I don't believe it.

Mikey:

You guys, we found it. We found the gold!

Brand:

Gold and silver! It's shining all over the place.

Mouth:

Gold! Guys, we did it!

Data:

Brand, hold the lantern for me.

Mouth:

Rich stuff!

(Lots of talking all at once here. I can't figure it all out. Andi

also scooped some coins into her hand for closer inspection, but when? Mouth is holding up some individual coins. Can you sort this out?)

Data:

Hey, Mouth, what year was that map made?

Mouth:

(Inspecting a coin) Oh, I don't know. Probably a couple hundred years before...

Data:

Oh, wow!

Mouth:

...uh, President Lincoln, (inspects another coin), George Washington, (and another), uh, Martin Sheen...

Stef & Andi:

(Surprised by this name) Martin Sheen? (Stef grabs the coin from Mouth)

Stef:

That's President Kennedy, you idiot!

Mouth:

(Defensively) Well, same difference! I mean, he played Kennedy once.

Stef:

Oh, that's really smart. I'm glad you know you're using your brain.

Mouth:

Yeah, well at least I have a brain!

Stef:

So stupid, Mouth!

Mouth:

Oh yeah?

Stef:

Yes!

Mouth stammers to think of something to say.

Stef:

Shut up! (To the others) Wait a minute, wait a minute. This isn't gold. This is a wishing well. Look. Look.

Brand:

Hey, you guys, it must be the Old Mosgard Wishing Well.

Andi:

(Disappointed) You know, I always used to believe that when you threw your money in, it turned into your wish.

Mikey:

You take that coin, and I'll take two coins. I'll take all your coins and you won't get any.

Data:

Hey, that's not fair.

Stef:

Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Stop. Stop.

Data:

Why?

Stef:

You can't do this.

Data:

Why?

Mikey:

Why?

Stef:

Because, these are somebody else's wishes. They're somebody else's dreams.

Mouth:

(Holding up a coin) Yeah, but you know what? This one, this one right here, this was my dream, my wish, and it didn't come true. So I'm takin' it back. I'm takin' 'em all back. (Dives underwater)

Mikey:

Come on, One-eyed Willy, what does this have to do with the map? Is this just another one of your tricks?

Scene 10:

The Fratellis have given up trying to interrogate Chunk. They're eating ice cream and talking amongst themselves. Chunk watches, with a fierce look of desire.

Jake:

You know, maybe we should keep him alive, just in case, uh, he isn't lying.

Mama F:

Good idea, Jake. Put him in with your brother.

Jake:

Okay, Mom. (To Chunk) Come on, kid.

Jake sets down his ice cream as he reaches to pull Chunk up from his chair. The doubloon falls from Chunk's pocket; Jake picks it up.

Jake:

You drop something?

Mama F:

What's that?

Francis reaches down and picks the doubloon up. Jake, curious, leans over to look. Francis pulls up quickly, the doubloon in hand, and conks heads with Jake.

Francis:

Aaah!

Mama F:

What's that? A Cracker-Jack prize?

Francis:

(Inspecting the doubloon) Holy shit!

Chunk:

(Trying to pull the doubloon out of Francis' hand) We found it on the map. It's got something to do with the buried treasure.

Jake:

Buried treasure? (Yanks Chunk unceremoniously out of the way--he thumps on the ground behind them)

Mama F:

Aaah.

Francis:

Jake, look at this. Look at the date. Look at the date on it.

Jake takes the doubloon from Francis and rubs the surface.

Jake:

(Looking it over, bewildered) Aaah. This is authentic. Ma, this is a doubloon.

Mama F:

Give it to me. (Takes it) Aaagh.

Chunk:

(Picks up Jake's ice cream and continues eating it) I told you so. See, you guys, you never believe me. But I said that there was going to be buried...

Both the Fratellis' look down to him. Jake sees Chunk eating the ice-cream and takes the container from him. Chunk puts the spoon in his mouth to get the remaining ice cream, and Jake pulls the spoon from his mouth. Chunk cries in disappointment.

Scene 11:

After the plumbing disaster at the Country Club, Troy has cleaned himself up and driven out to the Old Mosgard Well to meet a couple friends. Troy is leaning on the well tossing a coin.

Troy's Friend #1:

Hey Troy, how far you gone with Andi?

Troy's Friend #2:

All the way, buddy? (They laugh)

Troy:

You guys are so immature. Why don't you grow up?

Troy's Friend #2:

Come on, tell us.

Troy's Friend #1:

Really.

Troy:

Alright, put it this way. I didn't make it with her yet...and I stress yet. (Tosses the coin into the well.)

Down below the well, Troy's coin pings onto the rocks next to Brand. He looks up, surprised.

Brand:

Huh? What the hell is...

Up above...

Troy's Friend #1:

What'd you wish for?

Troy:

(Grinning) To make it with Andi.

The coin flies back out of the well and lands in Troy's open hand.

Troy is completely taken by surprise. After a moment's hesitation, he looks down into the well.

Troy:

Hey! Who's down there?

Down below...

Stef:

It's Troy.

Data:

Hey guys, it's Troy!

They all shout up to him. Troy hears a familiar voice.

Troy's Friends:

That sounds like Andi. (They all laugh)

Troy:

Andi... (laughing) Is that you?

Andi:

Yes Troy, it's me. We're stuck down here. Please send down the bucket and the rope.

Troy:

What the hell are you doing at the bottom of a well?

Andi:

Don't ask these stupid questions, we're stuck, just send down the bucket. Come on.

Troy:

Oh. (To his friends) See guys. Wishes do come true. (They all laugh at the strange situation)

Scene 12:

The Fratellis have tied Chunk into a chair in the room with Mikey's disfigured "It" that he saw earlier. Strangely, Mama Fratelli has twice referred to the "It" as "...your brother." The "It" is watching an old black and white pirate movie on a TV set in the room. Jake has brought him some food; Francis is talking to Chunk.

In Pirate Movie:

Alright Mahodies, follow me!

Jake:

Don't worry. (Couldn't get everything. Mama F is talking here too).

Jake:

Here. We're leaving. I brought you some more food.

Francis:

Is that too tight?

Chunk:

Yes, it is.

Francis:

If you let yourself out, I'll break your legs.

Jake:

What are you doing? How many times I gotta tell you? You sit too close to the television set you're gonna screw up your enima, alright? (Moves the television set back a bit. The "It" angrily shouts at him).

Francis:

Jake! Leave him alone!

Jake:

I had nothing on him.

Francis:

Hare Krishna...Hare Krishna...Hare Krishna...
Jake and Francis walk out, leaving Chunk alone with the "It".

Chunk:

Come on. Let me out.

In the pirate movie, a man is seen sliding down a tall sail, slicing

it with a knife to break his fall. Chunk turns his head to look at the strange man for the first time. He is frightened, but trying his best to make friendly conversation.

Chunk:

(Laughs a bit) H-H-Hi, s-sir. M-M-M-M-My name's Lawrence. Ha Ha...sometimes people call me "Chunk".

The "It" turns his head to face Chunk and shouts at him. Chunk is horrified by his appearance. He laughs a bit, nervously. The "It" shouts again. Afraid that the "It" will try to hurt him, Chunk tries to hobble away on his chair. Surprisingly, the strange man finds this funny. He starts to laugh.

Chunk:

(Shouting) Help, help! Let me out of here!

Scene 13:

The Fratellis are now gathered around the tunnel entrance by the fireplace with flashlights.

Jake:

You know, Ma, you never know what we're gonna find down here. Could be ghosts.

Mama F:

Okay, let's get down there.

Francis:

(Shining his light down) Whoa, look at this. Look how deep it is down there. Oh.

Jake:

Look at that.

Mama F:

Come on, Jake. You first.

Jake:

I ain't gonna go first, Ma. Wha, you kiddin' me?

Mama F:

(Pulls a gun and points it at Jake). Go!

Jake:

Can't argue with that, Ma. Alright. (Slides in)

Scene 14:

Troy and his friends are finally lowering the bucket into the well, much to the Goonies' anticipation.

Data:

Troy, throw some money down, okay?

Brand:

I can see it. Hey Troy! (To the others) Come on!

Data:

(Reaches for the rope, climbing around the bucket) Hey, you guys. I'm the smartest, so I'm gonna to go first, okay?

Brand:

(Pulls him off) Get out of there. I'm the oldest, so I'll call the shots. Andi goes first. I go second. Stef and Mikey go third. Data, you go fourth. (Andi climbs onto the bucket, holding the rope)

Mikey

(Whispering to himself) Chester Copperpot...Chester Copperpot... (Out loud, to the rest) Chester Copperpot! Don't you guys see? Don't you realize? He was a pro. He never made it this far. Look how far we've come. We've got a chance.

Andi:

Chance at what, Mikey? Getting killed? Look, if we keep going someone's really gonna get hurt, maybe dead. Besides, we gotta get to the police.

Mikey:

Maybe Chunk already got to the police.

Andi:

Maybe Chunk is dead.

Mikey:

Don't say that. Never say that. Goonies never say "die".

Andi:

I'm not a Goonie. I wanna go home.

Mikey:

I forgot. But still...don't you realize? The next time we see sky it'll be over another town. The next time you take a test, it'll be in some other school. Our parents, they want the bestest stuff for us. But right now they gotta do what's right for them, 'cause it's their time. Their time, up there. Down here it's our time. It's our time down here. That's all over the second we ride up "Troy's bucket". Mikey pauses. He gives a long hard look at everyone. They look at each other, remembering what their quest represents. Andi, for the first time, is now beginning to understand their drive. Mikes takes a puff and continues.

Mikey:

Look, a couple years ago, my Mom and Dad got on that big game show. Remember, Brand? Mom spent a month makin' those funny costumes. She was a giant egg. Dad was a frying pan. My Dad kept sayin' we were gonna live in a place called "Easy Street". So we drove all the way to Hollywood. When we got there, they put us in this big audience, with all these other people in funny costumes. Then some dude with lipstick and sprayed hair came down the stairs. He walks up to us. First he makes Mom guess how much toilet bowl cleaner costs; she gets it right. Then he makes my Dad guess what a jar of Ragu Spaghetti sauce weighs; he gets it right. Then he asks my Dad "The Big Prize is behind Door #1? Door #2? or Door #3?" Now my Dad's Lucky Number was always "2". He got married on August Two. He got his job on June Two. And he's got two kids...

Data:

(Getting impatient with the long story) Okay. Okay. We got the point! He took Door #2!

Mikey:

No. That's the weird part. For some reason, he took Door #3. So the game show guy screams, "Congratulations! You've just won...ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND..." (a pause) And the door swings open. And this huge glass jar is sittin' in the middle of the stage...filled with TOOTHPICKS. "One hundred thousand toothpicks." Everyone listens, intersted. Troy shouts from above.

Troy:

Hey Andi!! You comin' or not!
He pulls the rope. Andi pulls back, lingering for another moment, fascinated by Mikey's story.

Mikey:

(continuing) Everybody in the place was laughin'. Even Mom and Dad smiled. But I could see on their faces, they knew. They were never gonna live on Easy Street. They blew their chance. (To the others) This is it guys...On Monday, all our living rooms turn into golf holes. This is our last chance. I mean...I'd feel like a real jerk if some guy like Troy dug up all the rich stuff, 'cause we were too chickenshit to go for it.

Everyone looks at each other. How can they argue? They're going for the treasure! Troy again shouts from above.

Troy:

Hey, Andi, you wanna' stay down there with the Goonies? Or are you comin' up here where you belong? I ain't got all night!

Andi pauses, turning to the others. They stare at Andi, waiting for her decision.

Troy begins to pull the bucket and rope. It is heavy. Troy gives a victorious smile to his friends. The bucket arrives at the top of the well. Troy is met with a shocking sight: the bucket is wearing his letter sweater. Troy grabs the sweater; the bucket is filled with pebbles and rocks. His friends chuckle. Troy stares in disbelief at the bucket. Frustrated, he shouts into the well.

Troy:

Andi! You Goonie!!

Scene 15:

A humiliated Troy turns and walks to his Mustang. He reaches dejectedly for the door handle as the Sheriff's car suddenly pulls up, lights blazing.

Sheriff:

(Leaning out the window) Hey, Troy! Hold up!

Troy:

What are you doing out here, Sheriff?

Sheriff:

Tryin' to stop a lynching, son, (Troy is puzzled) ...mine. All hell's busted loose over a bunch of missin' Goonies. I got their parents callin' me, the newspaper callin' me, the Mayor's callin' me, and I sure as hell don't want to tell you what they're callin' me.

Troy:

Gee, I... (careful pause) ...wish I could help you, Sheriff, but...

Sheriff:

Somebody said they saw you and Andi walking with one of 'em earlier today... (looks at notebook) a Stefanie...God damn these Polish names...

Troy:

Me? Walking with a Goonie? When my ass learns how to chew gum, Sheriff.

Sheriff:

Well when it does, son, you be sure and give me a call. There's a damn few things left in this world I'd pay to see, but that's one of 'em. The Sheriff's car roars off. Troy watches, guilty but defiant.

Scene 16:

Andi stands in front of Mikey, prepared to take the Goonie vows. Mikey gives her a serious look.

Mikey:

Raise your right hand. Repeat after me. (Andi raises her right hand) I will never betray my goon dock friends,

Andi:

I will never betray my goon dock friends,

Mikey:

We will stick together until the whole world ends,

Andi:

We will stick together until the whole world ends,

Mikey:

Through heaven and hell, and nuclear war,

Andi:

Through heaven and hell, and nuclear war,

Mikey:

Good pals like us, will stick like tar,

Andi:

Good pals like us, will stick like tar,

Mikey:

In the city, or the country, or the forest, or the boonies,

Andi:

In the city, or the country, or the forest, or the boonies,

Mikey:

I am proudly declared a fellow... (his eyes go wide, he screams)
LEECH!!!!

Andi:

Leech! (pauses, puzzled) Leech? You mean "Goonie".

Mikey:

I mean LEECH! All over your arm! LEECHES!
Andi looks at her arm. There are countless tiny, black, slimy leeches covering her arm! The kids panic. Everyone is covered with the little bloodsuckers. They dash out of the water!

Scene 17:

So, the beastly man is really a third son of Mama Fratelli's! Sloth, as they call him, is hideously deformed. He sits there in his chair, arms manacled to the wall by a pair of long chains. Gazing at his TV screen, a cooking show is on, demonstrating the frosting of a delicious chocolate cake. Sloth and Chunk are both hungry and they share a love for chocolate.

Show Host:

Spread it around. Try to make your frosting look a little bit rugged.

Sloth:

(Hungering and longing) Chocolate? Ha ha. Chocolate.

Chunk:

Want a candy bar?

Show Host:

What you do now...

Chunk:

Look, I got a Baby Ruth. (Pulls it from his pocket) Sir?

Sloth:

Huh, huh. Wha? Ahh? Ruth..Ruth..Ruth..Baby Ruth.

Chunk:

I'm gonna throw it to you, okay?

Chunk's arms are tied to the arms of the chair. With some difficulty he tears open the wrapper and does the best he can to throw it to Sloth. But all the movement Chunk can muster is a flick of his wrist. The candy bar bounces off Sloth's forehead and lands on the floor just out of his reach. Sloth appears angry that this has happened and Chunk's eyes widen in fear, not knowing how Sloth will react.

Sloth:

(Frustrated) Ahh!

Chunk:

Aaaaaagh! (Tries to hobble his chair over to pick it up for Sloth) Sloth tries desperately to reach for the candy bar, but the chains stop his hands short. He cannot reach it and grows more frustrated.

Sloth:

Aaagh!

Chunk:

I'm sorry, sir. I tried to give it to you. Oh, I'm sorry.

Sloth:

AAAh!

Chunk:

I'm really sorry.

Sloth:

(Frustration increasing) Aaagh! (Starts pulling on his chains)

Chunk:

What're you doing?

Sloth:

(Tugging at chains) Uh!

Chunk:

What're you doing?

Sloth:

(Still tugging) Uh! Ah!

Chunk:

What?

Sloth focuses his strength on one chain and pulls with all his might. The chain's anchor bolt breaks away from the plaster wall. He tries for the candy bar and still can't reach it, so, wildly driven, obsessed, he concentrates his full weight into the other chain. With some effort it too breaks free. He finally picks up the candy bar in delightful victory. He delicately unfurls the wrapper.

Sloth:

(Satisfied) Hey? Ha.

Chunk:

Gees, Mister, you're even hungrier than I am.

Scene 18:

The kids are covered with leeches! They are in a frenzy and helpless. Andi tries to shake the leeches from her arms and fingers. Brand tries to pull off the leeches. Mikey tries to dance off the leeches. But nothing works. The leeches are stuck.

Data thinks fast. Opening his yellow vinyl blanket, He removes a medium sized, 20 volt battery! He hurriedly connects two wires to the battery. Data runs to the edge of the water pool. Keeping his feet in the shallow section, he inserts the ends of the battery wires into the water. A low voltage shock surges through Data and the leeches fall off his body, electrocuted. Data motions for the others to join him. As each person steps into the water, Data inserts the two wires. A success. The device removes the leeches from everyone. Only Andi and Stef remain. Andy steps into the water. She gets her electric shock. A smile slowly appears on her face. Her knees buckle, weak. She emits a sigh, followed by a tiny squeal. The same thing happens to Stef. Once they're out of the water, she whispers to Andi.

Stef:

(To Andi) I got all tingly. (A sigh) Just my luck I'm in love with a pond.

But Andi feels violated by this.

Andi:

Who's responsible for that?!?

Andi looks at Data, who is rolling up the two electrical wires. Data victoriously smiles and wiggles his eyebrows suggestively. Andy slaps Data across the face. This causes a chain reaction on Data's booby

trapped body. A tiny GI Joe doll pops out of Data's shirt and fires a single shot plastic projectile at Andi. The GI Joe goes back down inside of Data's shirt, not unlike a cuckoo clock. Andi rolls her eyes.

Scene 19:

Now past the water pipes and into the main tunnel system, the Fratellis have set off the firecracker "booby traps" that Data left behind.

Francis:

Booby traps!

Mama F:

Booby traps. It's only booby traps. Why you bein' such a sissy?

Jake:

Friggin' kids.

Just past Data's "booby traps" are the fallen boulders. The Fratellis have to climb over them, but Mama is having a hard time. An agonized scream is heard as Jake tries to pull Mama over the top of a boulder while Francis pushes from behind. The lady is spread-eagled over the huge rock as the two boys struggle hard.

Mama F:

(To Francis) Push, goddamn you... (To Jake) ...before this one pulls my arms out. (To Francis) Push!!

Francis gives a mighty shove up on Mama's behind as she lurches forward with a roar. Mama instantly slaps Jake in the face!

Jake:

What was that for?

Mama F:

For what your brother just did!

Jake:

Why didn't you hit him?

Mama F:

He isn't here yet!

At the front of the fallen boulders they come across Chester Copperpot's remains. Jake picks up the empty wallet that Mikey had left.

Jake:

Niente. Kids must have cleaned him out, Mama.

Mama F:

Sure, right before they ate him.

Francis:

Stupid. (Looks around for some clue as to where they went; his flashlight catches a small sneaker-print)

Mama F:

Follow them size fives.

Scene 20:

Sloth has now completely freed himself from the chains. He stands, towering before Chunk, still tied in his chair.

Sloth:

(Boldly strikes his chest) Sloth.

Chunk:

(Pointing to himself) Chunk.

Sloth:

(Hits himself again) Sloth... (Hits Chunk in the chest) Chunk!
Sloth is huge, and the impact of his enormous hand caused Chunk to fall over backwards. Sloth finds this a bit funny, but Chunk is too stunned to say anything. Sloth rocks the chair back upright with a single hand. Chunk is nervous because he doesn't know what else is going to happen to him. But Sloth ever so gently peels back more of the candy bar wrapper and feeds it to Chunk. They enjoy the candy bar together. Then, Sloth suddenly becomes excited about his new-found friend. He shouts for joy and picks up the chair with Chunk in it. Chunk's response is must more fearful. But Sloth is happy; he plants a big kiss on Chunk. He laughs with delight, but Chunk is repelled by Sloth's offensive odour.

Sloth:

Ah! Ha ha ha!

Chunk:

Man, you smell like Phys-Ed.

Scene 21:

Data:

Mouth, hold this.

Mikey:

Translate this.

Mouth:

(Reading the map, translating) Copper bones, westward foams...

Mikey:

(Whispering) Westward foams.

Mouth:

(Continuing) ...triple stones.

Mikey:

Triple stones. (Holding up the "key" retrieved from Chester's remains)
This must be "Copper Bones".

Brand is growing fatigued. Standing against the cave wall, between the two girls, he starts to doze off in Stef's direction. Andi's eyes widen and Stef gives him a strange look.

Brand:

Huh? Sorry.

Brand realizes his mistake and turns around to snuggle in closer to Andi. She caresses his hair.

Mikey, Mouth, and Data have pulled some growth off part of the cave wall to expose an old wooden wheel with stone patters on it.

Mikey:

Wow! Look at that.

Mouth:

What?

Mikey:

Triple stones!

Data:

Triple stones?! We found it, Mikey. Maybe we can find a way out!

Mouth:

(Quietly, almost to himself) Triple stones? What are you talking about?

Mikey:

We got you now, One-eyed Willy. We're comin' up right behind ya. Brand is a little embarrassed by Mikey's enthusiasm.

Brand:

Why couldn't I have a little sister? Just a little sister, instead of that!

Mikey and the others are trying to align the holes in the "Copper Bone" key with the stones on the wheel.

Mikey:

(Whispering, trying to make sense of the riddle) Westward foams...

Data:

Maybe...

Data sees a pattern that might work as Mikey is trying to fit it in other stones.

Data:

No, that's too big. Try the middle one.

Mouth:

You guys are crazy.

Data:

How 'bout the middle?

Mikey tries the key on the right set of stones and it fits perfectly.

Data:

It fits, Mikey! It fits!

Mikey:

We got it!

Data:

We got it. Wait. Wait. Which way do we turn?

Mikey:

We got you now, One-eyed Willy.

Data:

Which way do we turn?

Mikey:

West?

Data:

West; counter-clockwise.

Mikey:

Counter-clockwise.

Data:

Try it, Mikey. Try it.

Mikey turns the wheel.

Data:

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

The clicking of an efficient clockwork ratchet is heard as a pair of wooden stocks close on Mikey's wrist, locking his hand into the wall.

Mikey:

(Surprised) Aaagh!

The mechanism continues to click internally, and a heavy cannon ball is released and is set rolling on an elevated track around the top of the room.

Stef:

What the hell is that?!

The cannon ball passes over Andi, Stef, and Brand. Andi follows it with her eyes as it passes, then looks back in fright with a gasp.

Mikey:

Look out.

Mouth:

Oh my God! It's gonna fall on us or something!

Mikey:

It's another one of Willy's tricks. Get out of the way!

Data:

What?

The cannonball falls off the end of its track around the room. Landing in a net it yanks a rope causing the floor beneath Data's feet to

collapse. Data disappears into the cave floor.

Data:

Aaaaaagh!

Andi:

(Leaping forward) Data!!!

While falling, Data instinctively yanks on a cord on his sleeve. A pair of false teeth on a long spring leap out of his sleeve and catch on a rock. The spring is strong enough to break his fall, which would have been onto long pointed stakes.

The others, horrified that he may be lost forever, crowd around the opening, looking for any sign of him.

Andi:

Data!

Mikey:

Data!

Brand:

Data!

Mouth:

Data!

Mikey:

Data, please!

Mouth:

He's gone.

Andi:

Oh, no...

Mouth:

He's really truly gone.

Andi:

Don't be dead.

Data, meanwhile, dangles safely above some jagged stalagmites from the spring that is attached to his "Pinchers of Peril".

Data:

Pinchers of Peril! You guys, I've been saved by my Pinchers of Peril!
The group hears his shouts and rejoices.

Goonies:

He's alive! He's alive!

Data, the near tragedy averted, looks around his new location with interest.

Data:

Guys, I'm in another room!

Scene 22:

with

Sloth

Chunk and Sloth have freed themselves and Chunk has found a phone in which to call the Sheriff. Sloth, meanwhile, is rummaging through the cooler.

Chunk:

Hello, Sheriff? I'm at the old Lighthouse Lounge and I want to, and I want to report, ah...a murder.

Sheriff

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Just hold on here. Is that you again, Lawrence?

Chunk:

Sheriff, look. This time I'm telling you the truth. I'm locked inside the Fratelli's basement with this guy...

Sloth emerges from the cooler with a container of ice cream.

Sloth:

Rocky Road, heh heh.

The Sheriff has heard Chunk's "stories" before and isn't taking him too seriously.

Sheriff:

Yeah, like the time you told me about the fifty Iranian terrorists who took over all the Sizzler Steak houses in the city?

Sloth, however, is now interested in the tunnel under the fireplace.

Chunk tries to stop him while staying on the phone.

Chunk:

Sloth, get back here. Sloth, what are you doing?

Sheriff:

(continuing) Just like that last prank about all those little creatures that multiply when you throw water on 'em? While trying to stop Sloth, Chunk has stretched the phone cord over to the fireplace, but Sloth is already starting to climb in.

Chunk:

Sloth! Sloth! We're not going in the fireplace. Now Chunk's phone cord breaks from the wall and the Sheriff is cut off with a dial tone.

Sheriff:

Lawrence?
Sloth is a bit frightened by the echoing of his own voice in the tunnel.

Chunk:

(Trying to explain) No Sloth, it's just your echo.

Sloth:

Echo! (echoing) Whoa. (more echoing)

Chunk:

No Sloth, I'll show you. Don't go down there. It's all dark down there, Sloth. It's your echo, Sloth. Echo.

Scene 23:

Mikey:

(To himself) I gotta go to the bathroom. (Announces to group) Pee break. Who's gotta go?

Mouth:

Me.

Data:

Me.

Andi:

Me.

Stef:

Me.

Brand:

(Quietly) Me.

Mikey:

Okay then, this is the little boy's room, and that tunnel's the little girl's room. Let's go.

Mikey:

Brand, where are you going?

Brand:

This is the men's room

Mikey:

Where are you guys going?

Data:

Men's room, Mikey.

Mouth:

Yeah, we're going to the men's room.

End of Act III.

THE END: