

Bonnie Pureheart and the Golden  
Ghost  
(5/23/2015)

This screenplay is the confidential and proprietary property  
of the author and no portion of it may be performed,  
distributed, reproduced, used, quoted or published without  
prior written permission.

by C.G. Masi

**EXT: GULF OF MEXICO OFF FLORIDA BEACH - DAY**

CGI animation of 16<sup>th</sup> Century Spanish caravel being pushed onto the beach by a storm. Approximately 20-foot waves. Ship enters from left with both wind and waves moving toward beach on right. Palm trees blowing violently by wind back from the beach. Ship is 50 ft long. Hull grounds on sandbar 50 yards from actual beach, which stops ship's progress toward beach. Sheet holding lateen sail breaks, allowing sail to turn backwards, flagging downwind. As sail turns to windward, mast breaks loose and whole sail is carried off to right by wind. Trailing lines still fastened to ship pull ship around parallel to the beach and capsize it. Waves push ship onto beach and pound it to kindling.

**EXT: FLORIDA BEACH - DAY**

Storm has blown itself out. CAPTAIN in water-soaked uniform and OFFICER putting on armor discuss situation. SAILORS in background carry boxes from water and stack them on beach. CAPTAIN and SAILORS are obviously frightened. OFFICER is also frightened, but feigns courage in attempt to maintain discipline.

CAPTAIN

(Spanish with subtitles)

*Este lugar pertenece a los indios  
Calusa. Si nos atrapan aquí, nos  
van a capturar y nos venden como  
esclavos - o peor!*

SUBTITLE: This place belongs to the Calusa Indians. If they catch us here, they'll capture us and sell us as slaves - or worse!

OFFICER

*Coraje, mi amigo. No deje que sus  
hombres ven lo peligroso que es  
nuestra situación. Debemos  
conseguir esta plata a la  
seguridad.*

SUBTITLE: Courage, my friend. Don't let your men see how dangerous our situation is. We must get this silver to safety.

CAPTAIN

*La plata no será bueno para  
nosotros si el Calusa encontrarnos!*

SUBTITLE: The silver will be no good to us if the Calusa find us!

OFFICER

*Si volvemos sin él, las autoridades  
pensarán que intentamos guardarlo  
para nosotros mismos. Tenemos que  
traerlo de vuelta, o no podemos ir  
a casa.*

SUBTITLE: If we come back without it, the authorities will think we tried to keep it for ourselves. We must bring it back, or we can't go home.

**EXT: STEAMY JUNGLE - DAY**

Pairs of sailors carry boxes slung from poles, which sag from the weight. Sailors move in single file along jungle path. OFFICER brings up rear. All are continually swatting at flying, biting insects. They are deathly afraid as well as overburdened by heavy boxes and miserable from heat and insects.

Conch horn is heard in the distance. SAILORS forget their misery, stop and look around fearfully. Cut to SHAMAN blowing a second blast on conch horn.

Cut back to SAILORS, who start moving with redoubled effort, all weariness forgotten in their terror. OFFICER is last in line. Calusa warrior tackles OFFICER from behind. OFFICER screams. Sailors drop poles supporting boxes and run, screaming themselves.

FADE OUT:

**EXT: FLORIDA COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

FADE IN:

Start lighthearted music. Aerial view following an old car moving slowly along a paved road while opening credits appear on screen. Car pulls into a clearing off the road. The driver's door creaks as it opens. A good-looking young African-Admerican couple emerges from the car. The handsome man, RONNIE, is early-twenties and wears sandals and shorts with an untucked tee shirt. He reaches into the car, and

helps the woman, BONNIE, out of the car. She is about the same age, and casually dressed in tank-top, shorts and sandals, but is wearing a bridal veil and carrying a picnic basket. He reaches into the car, and retrieves a folded comforter. Both are smiling and laughing, enamored with each other. He pushes the car door hard with his hip. The door squeaks closed with a rattling crash. He twirls her around, and they walk off, arm in arm, toward the trees. At the edge of the forest they kiss.

BONNIE

Happy first anniversary, Ronnie!

RONNIE

I love you, Bonnie.

RONNIE smiles. BONNIE takes his hand, and they walk into the woods.

**EXT: PICNIC AREA - SAME TIME**

BONNIE and RONNIE emerge from the woods in a clearing at the edge of a stream.

RONNIE

Let's set up here.

RONNIE spreads the comforter out. BONNIE places the basket down on it and sits. She opens the basket, takes out a little cake and one small, thin candle. She puts the candle in the cake. RONNIE takes out a bottle of sparkling apple cider and two plastic glasses shaped like champagne flutes. She lights the candle with a match. The candle sparkles. He pours some cider into each glass. He raises his glass to toast their first anniversary.

RONNIE (CONT)

Here's to our First Anniversary!  
The past is history and the future a  
mystery, but this moment is a gift.  
That's why they call it the present.

They both smile and blow out the candle. They share a piece of cake. RONNIE holds his glass up to propose another toast.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Here's to us!

They clink (plastic sound) glasses and drink. RONNIE lays his head down on BONNIE's lap and she scratches his head.

BONNIE

This is so peaceful. I love it here. It's maybe my favorite place.  
(swats mosquito)  
Except for the mosquitos!

RONNIE

(laughs at her)

Pity the poor mosquitos! How would you like it if every time you stopped for a cheeseburger, a giant troll jumped out and tried to crush you?

BONNIE laughs, too.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Seriously, though, enjoy this place while you can. It'll all be gone, soon.

BONNIE

What do you mean?

RONNIE

They're selling the property to a developer. They're scheduled to pass papers next month, and break ground to build condos by next year. This place will be gone forever.

BONNIE

Oh no!

RONNIE

I heard that the people who own it would like to preserve it, but they owe like a million dollars and some developers have agreed to bail them out. The owners have no choice, but to sell the place.

BONNIE

That stinks! If I had a million dollars, I'd buy this land and preserve it so that everyone could come here and appreciate how beautiful it is.

RONNIE

We can't even afford to get our car fixed.

BONNIE

I thought we were going to replace it. I hate to have you always hiding the car behind the building so your clients won't see how poor we are.

RONNIE

We're still saving for a down payment on something that will at least be presentable.

BONNIE

How're we coming on that?

RONNIE

We're almost there. Another couple of months, and we'll have enough. I just hope this one keeps running that long. We have to wait. If we don't have a decent down payment, we'll be saddled with high monthly payments for years. Gotta plan for the long run!

BONNIE

Patience is a virtue! We've worked so hard to get this far, we don't want to screw it up now.

CUT TO: Ghostly face of SHAMAN materializes against a backdrop of forest trees. SHAMAN smiles and nods, knowingly, as if the overheard conversation may be the answer to HIS prayers!

BONNIE shrugs, resignedly. Then she and RONNIE laugh and kiss. RONNIE lifts himself up on his elbows, and looks around. BONNIE smiles.

RONNIE

Let's get a picture.

They both get up and head toward the stream. While standing by the water, BONNIE takes out her smartphone and snaps a series of selfie photos. SHAMAN appears on the opposite bank behind them, and gesticulates. He points to a spot on the beach. BONNIE and RONNIE pose, they giggle, they kiss, they

nuzzle. When they finish taking pictures, SHAMAN fades out. BONNIE and RONNIE leisurely walk back to the blanket and sit down. BONNIE casually looks at the pictures, but can't believe what she sees.

BONNIE

Look at this!

RONNIE looks over her shoulder at the pictures as BONNIE scrolls through them again. The pictures show SHAMAN standing on the beach across the stream in the background, pointing at a spot on the ground.

RONNIE

That is freaky!

BONNIE

(scrolling through the pictures a  
third time)

He's in every one. He was there watching us the whole time. Who do you think he is?

RONNIE

(looks across the stream)

I don't know. He's not there now.

Both to look, but see nothing unusual.

BONNIE

I don't see anything. It's like we imagined him. Or, like the camera imagined him! Let's go look closer.

RONNIE

I don't like spooks sneaking up to spy on us.

They walk back into the stream to wade across and investigate where the Indian seemed to appear. While crossing the stream, BONNIE slips and nearly loses her balance. Looking down, she sees a shiny object in the water and retrieves it. It's an old Spanish silver coin covered with mud. She cleans it off and calls to RONNIE.

BONNIE

(Excitedly holding up the coin)  
Look at this!

RONNIE takes it and scrutinizes it.

RONNIE

This looks like an old Spanish coin.

BONNIE looks around for more, but finds none.

BONNIE

There aren't any more here. Or anything else for that matter.

RONNIE

I know just the guy who can tell us about this.

**EXT. OUTSIDE LOCKWOOD OFFICE - SAME DAY**

Sign on door reads: "Archeology - Dr. Erasmus Lockwood."  
RONNIE opens door with left hand on knob to allow camera with BONNIE POV to enter first.

**INT: LOCKWOOD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

LOCKWOOD sits behind desk facing door. He looks up, face showing friendly curiosity. Sign on his wall reads: "Archaeologists do it in the dirt." Another wall hanging is a map of southwest Florida with colored tacks marking archeological sites. Calusa-made artifacts are on a shelf unit against the wall.

LOCKWOOD

Ronnie Gainsborough! I haven't seen you since you graduated. What was it, two years ago? How are you doing?

BONNIE and RONNIE stand before LOCKWOOD's desk.

RONNIE

Hello, Dr. Lockwood. Yes, it was a year ago last June. We're doing pretty well. This is my wife, Bonnie. We got married soon after I graduated.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

We're both working. She does catering, and I'm working in real estate. We came to pick your brain about something.

LOCKWOOD

How may I help you?



RONNIE

We found an old coin in a pool in a forest glade near here. It looks really old, and we hoped you could help us identify it.

LOCKWOOD

Come, sit down. Let me see it.

RONNIE and BONNIE sit in guest chairs facing LOCKWOOD across his desk, their backs to camera. BONNIE has the coin, now wrapped in facial tissue, already in her hand. She shows it to LOCKWOOD. LOCKWOOD reaches out to it, extending his hand flat, palm up. BONNIE unwraps the coin, then places it on LOCKWOOD's outstretched palm. He turns his chair around and holds the coin up so that the room light falls on the coin's face. That puts his back to RONNIE and BONNIE. He buffs the coin on his sleeve, then inspects both sides of it.

LOCKWOOD

Very interesting!

BONNIE

We took some pictures and we can see an Indian in them -- in the background across the stream behind us. When we turned around, he was gone. We went to look for him, and that's when we found the coin.

LOCKWOOD turns his chair back around to face BONNIE.

LOCKWOOD

May I see the pictures?

BONNIE

Sure.

BONNIE fishes around in her large handbag for her smartphone. Not finding it immediately, she begins pulling out items: some facial tissues, a compact, a lipstick, and a wallet, and puts them on LOCKWOOD's desk. Finally, she finds her smartphone, pulls it out, and finds the camera app. Then, she turns it to show LOCKWOOD, who puts the coin down on his desk to reach for the smartphone. BONNIE hands it to him, and he leans back in his chair, then again turns it around again while scrolling through the pictures. He ends up making a slow 360 degree turn, finally ending up facing BONNIE and RONNIE, again.

While LOCKWOOD is turned away, RONNIE surreptitiously grabs a piece of fudge from a box open on the desk, and stuffs it in his mouth. BONNIE makes an angry face at him, mouthing the words:

BONNIE  
(silently)

Stop it!

Finishing with the pictures, LOCKWOOD puts the phone down on the desk, and picks the coin back up. He reaches into a desk drawer for a magnifier. Then, again turning around so that the room light falls on the coin, he uses the magnifier to examine it more carefully.

LOCKWOOD  
This is authentic - mid-sixteenth  
century.

RONNIE reaches for another piece of fudge.

LOCKWOOD  
Pure silver ...

BONNIE again makes an angry face at RONNIE.

BONNIE  
(silently)

No!

RONNIE picks up the fudge, smiling mischievously.

LOCKWOOD  
Peruvian, I think.

As LOCKWOOD turns around to face him, RONNIE quickly puts the fudge in his mouth, but doesn't chew it. He looks sheepishly, like he's trying to avoid being caught. LOCKWOOD puts down the magnifier and gives the coin back to BONNIE.

LOCKWOOD  
This is one of the famous "pieces of  
eight." It's an eight-real silver  
coin weighing an ounce. It's really  
quite valuable, in fact!

BONNIE  
How valuable?

LOCKWOOD

Well the silver itself is worth less than twenty dollars. As an antique coin, however, its market value would be quite high. Pieces of eight in good condition from the famous Atocha wreck go for one to three thousand dollars. The market value of this coin would be much less because of its less famous provenance. I'd guess probably a few hundred dollars, but I'm not an appraiser.

He stops talking and looks off into space to think.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

Some other people have told me about strange things happening over there, but I've never heard of anything like this.

He sits back in his chair, scratches his chin with his thumb contemplatively, then smiles at RONNIE.

LOCKWOOD

How do like that fudge?

RONNIE

(talking with his mouth full and shaking his head up and down)  
Uh huh ... Good ....

LOCKWOOD

It's from the Fifth-Avenue Confectionary in Naples. My granddaughter works there. That key-lime is my favorite.

RONNIE looks relieved, shakes his head affirmatively again, and starts chewing the fudge enthusiastically.

LOCKWOOD

(holding up the coin)  
The land where you found this was once considered sacred by the Calusa Indians.

BONNIE

The whoosa?

LOCKWOOD

The Calusa Indians. They were the indigenous people here before the Spanish arrived in the early 1500s.

The couple listen intently, baffled by what they are hearing.

LOCKWOOD

They're mostly gone now, though.

BONNIE

(waving smartphone)

Well, who is this guy? I mean he's obviously some kind of Indian.

LOCKWOOD

(leaning forward and speaking tentatively and delicately)

There is a legend about a Calusa mystic who still roams this land. The Indians say he's a spirit.

The Calusa believed that people had three souls. One in their reflection in water, another in their shadow, but the primary one was believed to be in the pupil of the eye.

They believed that when you died, the souls in reflection and shadow disappeared, but the one in your eye would go into a smaller animal, and when that animal died it would go into a still-smaller animal. It would continue this way until it was eventually gone.

Archeologists joke that mosquitoes and no-see-ums are the revenge of Calusa spirits.

You're the first people I've heard to have seen your shaman as a man. No one has ever found any artifacts over there - well, not any coins, anyway.

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

There is a story about a small Spanish transport ship loaded with silver coins minted in Peru that was headed for Havana. There, its cargo was to be transferred to one of the big treasure galleons headed for Spain. It was caught in a hurricane, and blown so far off course that it beached on the wrong side of Florida - not far from here.

The ship was too badly damaged to repair, so the crew tried carrying the cargo down the coast to one of the larger settlements. They ran afoul of a powerful shaman, however.

The Calusa actually had a very advanced civilization, despite being relatively primitive technologically. Their technology was mainly based on stone tools and woven reeds, but they were highly organized and fierce as warriors. Generally, when the Spanish encountered the Calusa, the Spaniards came off rather badly. In their first encounter, the Calusa captured two hundred Spanish prisoners and sold them into slavery.

That was before our shipwreck, and the sailors knew the Calusa's reputation. So, when the Calusa attacked them, the Spaniards were so terrified that they abandoned all the silver. Just dropped it and ran!

LOCKWOOD (CONT'D)

There was a piece of Calusa literature found near where you photographed your spirit and found that coin. Your coin might connect that shipwreck story to that piece of literature.

RONNIE

What kind of literature?

LOCKWOOD

It was just a few figures on a wood carving. The Calusa didn't have written language, but they did use pictographs. As best it can be interpreted, it says "The silver shall belong to they with the purest of hearts."

BONNIE and RONNIE look excited, but confused and skeptical.

BONNIE

And you think this coin came from that treasure?

LOCKWOOD

It seems pretty likely.

RONNIE

How much was there?

LOCKWOOD

Not much by Spanish-galleon standards, but it was still a big load for a bunch of sailors to carry through the jungle. Probably a couple of tons.

RONNIE

A couple of tons!

BONNIE

And, you think it's still there?

LOCKWOOD

It could be. There's really only one way to find out.

RONNIE

(suppressed excitement)

We have to go back and look!

EXT. PICNIC AREA - DAY

The ground appears saturated by a thunderstorm. Drops are heard falling from the trees to the ground. BONNIE and RONNIE are splattered by drops as they brush through the undergrowth to reach the stream where they took the pictures. They wear

foul weather tops over bathing suits. Lightning flashes, startling RONNIE and BONNIE. Half a second later a loud crack of thunder is heard. They emerge from the forest near the stream where they had their picnic.

BONNIE

I smell brimstone!

RONNIE

It's just ozone from the lightning bolt.

Heavy rain is heard from the forest nearby, but none seems to fall where they are standing.

BONNIE

Weird weather! I can hear it raining over there, but nothing is falling here.

RONNIE

I'm pretty sure this is where we found that coin.

BONNIE

There's where the Indian appeared in the photos, but there's nobody there, now. I wonder if he left any tracks.

RONNIE moves off to look around the glade, while BONNIE checks the photographs.

BONNIE

The Indian seems to be pointing to the ground over there (points toward opposite bank)

BONNIE wades into the stream near where she found the coin. Crossing the stream, BONNIE stumbles. She looks down into the water, and sees where a ray of sunlight escaping between the clouds reflects from something bright. She reaches down, and pulls out another coin. She steps forward, and sees yet another coin, and pulls it out, too. Then another, and another. She follows the trail of coins to the beach, where she sees a cache of silver coins mixed with bits of old rotted wood.

BONNIE

Ronnie! Look at this!

RONNIE splashes across the stream to join her. He reaches down to brush the sand away, and uncovers a dense pile of silver coins contained by the remains of a wooden box.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

It's the treasure!

RONNIE stands up, hands on hips, staring down at the coins with a concerned look on his face.

RONNIE

Cover it up. We don't want anyone else to see it until we can get it out of here. Don't say anything to anybody about it.

BONNIE

Even Lockwood?

RONNIE

Especially Lockwood!

**INT: KITCHEN - NIGHT**

BONNIE is making a spaghetti dinner while RONNIE paces back and forth, plotting their next moves. BONNIE dumps water containing the pasta from a large pot into a colander she's positioned in the sink. Then, she picks up the colander and dumps the drained pasta back into the pot. Finally, she takes a jar of red sauce that she's heated in the microwave, and spoons some over the pasta. As she reaches into a drawer for a wooden spoon to stir the sauce into the pasta, RONNIE absentmindedly reaches into the pot, scoops up some sauce on his finger, and puts it in his mouth.

RONNIE

(coming out of his reverie)  
Say, that's good!

BONNIE

What're you doing? Get out of there!

BONNIE pushes RONNIE away from the pot, threatening him with the wooden spoon.

RONNIE

Sorry. It's good. I'm hungry.

BONNIE

Go sit down and wait 'til I serve it.



RONNIE sits at the table and broods over his problem. BONNIE plates the pasta, adds more sauce on top, and carries the plates to the table. Finally, she sits down opposite RONNIE.

RONNIE

If Lockwood's right about there being a couple of tons of silver out there, we're going to need to rent a truck, and get some help loading it.

BONNIE

Well, we know where to rent a truck. We go by the rental place every day. Can we just hire a couple of guys to load it?

RONNIE

Where? Who could we trust? We don't want to use anybody we know. Too much explaining to do.

BONNIE

I dunno. I agree: the less they know, the better. How about we go down to a local bar, and hire a couple of guys, and don't tell 'em what they're loading?

RONNIE

How about a couple of college kids from FSU? We'll tell 'em they're old slot tokens that your uncle dumped there. Kids wouldn't know enough to suspect what's really going on. By the time they figure it out, the job will be done and we'll have the treasure under lock and key.

BONNIE

That might work.

RONNIE

I think, technically, that the treasure actually belongs to the people who own the land. We'll have to make a deal with them. They'll probably be thrilled if we offer to share the treasure with them, and cover their debts.

BONNIE

You said they wanted to preserve the land. We want to, too, so that's another incentive for them to work with us.

FADE OUT.

**EXT: PICNIC AREA - DAY**

FADE IN. Wide shot of informal work camp. Heavily loaded pickup truck parked pointing to left. Rental company sign on side. Tailgate is open (horizontal). BONNIE stands behind pickup truck weighing a heavy bag of coins on a bathroom scale placed at the passenger's side of the tail gate. She holds a clipboard, reads a number from the scale, makes a notation, then nods to WORKMAN 1, who is standing in the truck bed. WORKMAN 1 struggles to lift the bag off the scale, then puts it with a large number of similar bags stacked in the truck bed. Meanwhile, WORKMAN 2 walks from the truck to a hole in the ground in which RONNIE squats. RONNIE pours silver coins from his hands into a bag beside the hole, then closes the bag with its drawstring and ties the drawstring to secure the bag. Then, WORKMAN 2 picks up the bag and carries it heavily to the truck. RONNIE climbs out of the hole, and walks to BONNIE.

RONNIE

That's it. That's the last bag of the last load.

(to workmen)

Please fill the hole in, bringing dirt from over there

(points offscreen)

to restore the natural shape of the ground. Then, come back to pick up your paychecks. Thank you very much.

BONNIE

(whispers)

Do you have any idea how much this is all worth?

RONNIE

(whispers back)

Yeah, millions! Even after the government takes its cut. We're rich!

BONNIE

The first thing we have to do is buy  
this land and start our nature  
preserve.

RONNIE

(somewhat disappointed)

How important is that, really?

BONNIE

Hey, it was the shaman's ghost that  
led us to this treasure. We owe it  
to him.

RONNIE

Yeah, you're right. We've gotta do  
it.

FADE OUT.

**EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE BONITA NATURE PLACE - SUNNY MORNING**

FADE IN.

Birds are heard twittering all around. Sound of a light plane  
flying low overhead.

TITLE OVER: Two years later

Sign next to walkway leading to building entrance says  
"Bonita Nature Place" in large letters, and "Thank you,  
Bonnie and Ronnie Gainesborough" at the bottom.

SHAMAN dissolves in, standing behind the sign. He steps  
around to read the sign, putting his head between the camera  
and sign. Then, he turns his head to face the camera with a  
big smile. Pointing to the Ronnie and Bonnie acknowledgment,  
he expands his smile into a belly laugh. Finally, the Indian  
dissolves away, but the laughing continues. The laughter  
becomes ghostly (echoes) before fading away.

FADE OUT.