

D A R K E R T H A N A M B E R

Screenplay by

Ed Waters

from the novel

by

John D. MacDonald

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DARKER THAN AMBER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

1

south of Marathon, Florida Keys. Post lamps cast an orange glow on weathered concrete. Moonlight traces the Overseas Highway bending into the distance. No one afoot, no cars. Faint HUMMING of bugs and, from below, gentle PURLING of water.

A piece of litter -- page of newspaper -- stirred by a soft breeze, drifts errantly from the low center rise into the foreground, skids toward the edge, snags momentarily under a railing, now sails over the side.

2 FROM BENEATH - TRACKING

2

the paper as it glides, swoops, now lands astraddle a fishing line. CAMERA HOLDS, reveals a skiff -- half in shadow, tied to one of the pilings under the northern end of the span -- and two sportsmen languidly watching their surface plugs bob in the tide run.

In the bow... TRAV (TRAVIS) MCGEE -- late thirties, big, loose-jointed, marks of wear enriching deep virility and natural good looks. The sleeves of his bleached fishing jacket have been sheared off at the shoulders, leaving a ragged fringe.

Weighing down the stern... MEYER -- late forties, a ponderous hairy Neanderthal but patently benign.

The paper has come to rest on Meyer's line, jogging his dry wit. He gestures flamboyantly.

MEYER

You see? There it is. The modern predicament. Turn your back on the world, the world comes looking for you. There's no escape.

(While Meyer has been making his comment, Trav has taken a knife from a jacket pocket, reached out and speared the paper on the tip of the blade.)

TRAV

(depositing the
paper at Meyer's
feet)

Didn't land on my line.

(CONTINUED)

Folds the knife, returns it to the pocket.

MEYER

(mock annoyance)

Ah-h... abstractions are wasted
on you. I should know that by
now.

Trav smiles easily, blocks a yawn with a fist.

MEYER

(continuing;
reeling in)

One more cast... what do you say?

TRAV

One more, ten more. Whatever
you'd like.

DRONE of an engine approaching the bridge from the
north. Trav looks up idly.

deserted a brief moment longer. The DRONE PEAKS
SHARPLY, headlight beams stab through... and a sleek
convertible, top down, WHIPS INTO FRAME FROM BEHIND
LENS, speeding south. CAMERA HOLDS IT jouncing over
the bridge, slowing, swinging a wide U-turn and
parking on the shoulder. Headlamps go out. Now
CAMERA ZOOMS IN TIGHT on the convertible -- well back
on the dark rim of the shoulder, engine idling.

Behind the wheel... MACK -- fifty, balding, thick-
bellied, wears an expensive sport-shirt, chews gum.
Intent on the highway, scanning in both directions.

Rear seat, left side, but folded into the corner...
VANGIE -- twenty-two, delicate Eurasian features, amber
eyes, ivory skin, long dark hair, dancer's figure,
perfect legs, wears skirt and sleeveless blouse, no
jewelry -- obviously under extraordinary pressure,
fighting to stay on top of her fear, eyes fixed across
the seat toward the other corner and...

TERRY -- late thirties, an overdeveloped brute, proto-
type of the body culturist, form-fitting polo shirt
accentuating huge muscles and narrow waist, hairpiece
a bit too blonde, bit too curly -- working on a new
cigar, avoiding Vangie's eyes. Tension almost palpable.
A terrible ugliness is caught here within the leather-
lined interior. Moments plod. SILENCE festers.

- 4 VANGIE - EXTREME CLOSE UP 4
Eyes drill deep toward...
- 5 TERRY - EXTREME CLOSE UP 5
Feels the surge, blocks it. Won't look over.
- 6 ON MACK 6
watching the highway. THROB of a heavy engine.
- 7 HIS POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD 7
Headlights approach the bridge. SOUND BUILDS. A massive diesel rig thunders over the short span. CAMERA PANS it pounding past. SOUND DIMINISHES.
- 8 BACK TO MACK 8
adrenaline pumping. Another look in both directions. THROBBING FADES COMPLETELY... DEAD STILLNESS again. Decision to start.
- 9 INT. CONVERTIBLE - WIDER 9
Mack shoots Terry a look. Terry nods tightly, flips cigar over the side. Vangie goes rigid before the crush of terror. Mack jams into "Low." A lurch. AFRO-CUBAN DRUM BEAT COMMENCES.
- 10 EXT. SHOULDER 10
The convertible rockets forward. Lights still out. Barrels onto the highway... dipping, straightening, heading back for the bridge.
- 11 INT. CONVERTIBLE - ON VANGIE 11
Closes her eyes, braces against the battering of panic.
- 12 ON THE BRIDGE 12
The convertible hurtles in... brakes savagely. Dives to a SCREECHING stop... wrong lane. Mack twists around but Terry is already in motion... scrambling past Vangie, vaulting over the side. Vangie doesn't move. Terry reaches in, grabs under her arms, heaves violently. She comes up and over.

13 ZOOM SHOT - VANGIE'S LEFT FOOT 13

fitted with a black "iron boot" -- a physiotherapeutic device, wheel-shaped weights on either side. Straps secure boot to bare foot... supplemented by ordinary clothesline, lashed round and round the ankle.

14 SERIES OF SHOTS 14

Breaking the ensuing action into a stylized mosaic: Terry carrying Vangie to the railing -- ZOOM and FREEZE on Vangie's face, the look of hatred so concentrated that the eyes form a silent shriek -- EXTREME CLOSE UP'S of Terry, Mack, Vangie again... all in flashes of arrested action -- Terry swinging her up and over the railing... FREEZE FRAME -- and, finally, he lets her go. Throughout, DRUM BEAT MOUNTS... in contrast to Vangie's absolute and terrifying silence.

15 ANGLE FROM BELOW 15

Vangie falling -- feet first -- through the pallor of moonlight. Skirt swept upward, exposing the long and perfect legs. THWACK as water erupts at the point of entry -- a few feet in from Trav's surface plug.

16 ANGLE WIDENS ABRUPTLY 16

with the geysering spray, revealing the skiff. Simultaneously, MAIN TITLE bursts up and through, hitting hard. DRUM BEAT STOPS... THEME and LYRICS BEGIN. Trav is tugged forward as his fishing line is suddenly taken out and down, bending in five feet off the bow.

From above, SOUNDS of the convertible -- engine ROARING, tires WHINING -- bolting away.

Meyer, half-standing, is thrown by Trav's motion, lurches back down, rocking the skiff. Trav, a blur of action, wedges the rod under a thwart -- keeping an even tension on the line -- rips his shoes off, snatches a lantern, flicks it on, jams it at Meyer... and slips over the side.

17 ON TRAV 17

in the water. Ducks under... as CREDITS BEGIN -- SUPERIMPOSED over the following action:

18 MEYER 18

scrambles forward, beams the lantern over the side.

19 UNDERWATER

19

Trav, diving through the cloudy light, follows the taut monofilament down, tracking it hand-over-hand.

Near the bottom... touches Vangie's drifting hair. Probes deeper, reaching into the thickness of it, getting a firm hold. Reverses posture, tries to start upwards. Is stopped short... can't lift her.

Vangie's hands extend up slowly, close ever so gently around Trav's wrist.

Trav reacts -- driven now by awareness that the girl is still conscious. Pulls his way down her body... down to the ankles.

Finds the weighted boot... the straps... and, over them, the multiple lashings of clothesline.

Claws for the knife in his pocket. Starts hacking at the lowest turn of rope. Severs it. Tries to unwind the length of it but discovers it looped and re-looped through the underside of the boot.

Frantically -- lungs screaming -- slices the lashings one by one. Agonizing effort. Slashes through the final wrapping, losing the knife in his desperation.

Grapples wildly at the buckle that binds the ankle strap... unhitches it. Wrenches her slim foot out of the toe strap. Clamps an arm around her waist. Pushes off the bottom. Claws upward as CREDITS CONCLUDE. MUSIC STOPS.

20 THE SURFACE

20

Trav lunges through -- coughing, choking, gulping air.

21 WIDER

21

Meyer stretches a hand out, draws Trav in, reaches for the unconscious Vangie. Works her aboard over the stern... tumbles her face down over a seat. Stands straddling her. Reaches under her waist... pulls up slowly... lets her drop... pushes down against her back. Repeats the respiration technique over and over.

Trav squirms over the transom. Sits there -- limp, breathing hard. Watches Vangie for a show of life.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Meyer works on grimly. Vangie gives a small shallow cough. Moment later, she gags, moans. Meyer straightens, watches as her breathing assumes a cadence.

Trav takes a pair of fish pliers, snips the monofilament that tangles Vangie's legs. Notices something metallic under her bunched skirt. Sees his lure hooked deeply into the flesh of her thigh. Clips the leader off at the eyelet.

TRAV

Guess we caught ourselves a fish.

MEYER

We? Didn't land on my line.

Keeps the poker face. Trav gets the message.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - NIGHT

22

Trav's 52-foot barge-type houseboat... moored port side to a pier at Thompson's Landing, Marathon. PUTT-PUTT of a small outboard. The skiff glides INTO FRAME off the stern -- Trav at the tiller, Meyer on the middle seat... Vangie against the gun-wales in the bow, teeth chattering.

X

Trav guides the skiff alongside the starboard rail of the Flush, cuts the engine. Meyer wobbles aboard, holds the skiff steady. Trav leaps onto the Flush. Takes Vangie, leads her to a nearby cabin door.

X

23 INT. FLUSH - TRUCKING

23

Trav and Vangie descend into a generous, well-appointed lounge... and on into a handsome master stateroom.

Trav takes a heavy robe from a locker, tosses it on the huge bed. Exits to an adjoining head. SOUND of water pouring into a tub. He returns with a big towel, drops it by the robe.

TRAV

Peel off that stuff and get yourself dry.

Retreats immediately, closing the door.

24

INT. LOUNGE AREA

24

Meyer enters with lantern, tackle box, etc. Trav approaches from the other direction, crosses to a liquor locker, removes a bottle.

TRAV

Those hooks in her thigh. That's not my specialty.

X

MEYER

(hamming with an
Austrian accent)

Doctor Meyer is here. I will operate at once.

Trav pours a double shot of brandy into a glass. Meyer moves to the galley, opens a drawer.

MEYER

(continuing -
maintaining
the accent)

You will assist me, no?

Locates needle-nose pliers and wire cutters. And, from another drawer, alcohol and band-aid patches.

TRAV

(playing along)

A privilege, Doctor Meyer.

They start toward the master stateroom -- Trav carrying the brandy, Meyer the "surgical instruments." Trav raps, reaches for the knob.

25

INT. MASTER STATEROOM

25

Vangie is just belting the robe around her waist as Trav and Meyer enter. Her discarded clothing lies in a sodden pile at her feet. Trav hands her the glass. She takes it down in three tosses. Shudders.

MEYER

Those barbs have to come out.

(sees her
wariness)

Trust me?

She shrugs, turns, stretches on her stomach. Meyer folds the robe back. Trav swings the bed lamp over.

The elegance of the legs has an impact on both men. The long muscles of buttock and thigh tense and firm. Meyer steadies the triple shank with the pliers... Trav nips through it, then nips the one exposed hook. The other two hooks are imbedded.

(CONTINUED)

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25 CONTINUED:

25

MEYER

This part you're going to feel.
I'll try to be quick.

No response. Meyer leans in closer, starting a slow, steady twist with the pliers.

26 VANGIE'S THIGH - EXTREME CLOSE UP

26

The barbed points make two tiny tents in the flesh, now pierce through. No sound from the patient.

27 VANGIE'S FACE - CLOSE

27

Eyes open... controlled... almost relaxed.

28 THE THIGH - EXTREME CLOSE UP

28

Trav's hand reaches in with the cutters, snips off the barbs. Two dark droplets of blood dapple the ivory patina. Meyer's hand smoothly rotates the other way, bringing the curves of metal back out through their entry channels.

29 BACK TO SCENE

29

Trav dabs alcohol on the four small holes.

TRAV

A great honor, doctor, to assist
you in the technique which bears
your name.

Meyer applies a large waterproof patch to the area. Vangie sits up slowly, regards both Trav and Meyer -- trying to evaluate them.

MEYER

My assistant will escort you
to Therapy.

TRAV

That's hospital talk for big
hot tub.

MEYER

To whom do I send the bill?
(seeing she
doesn't get it)
Your name, dear. What do we
call you?

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(CONTINUED)

VANGIE
(eyes suddenly
masked, leaden)
Jane Doe is good enough.

MEYER
(cheerfully)
Your surgical team is Meyer and
McGee. I am Meyer, known as
Meyer. The tall, rugged type
here is Travis McGee... known as
Trav. He's your host. This little
barge -- be it ever so simple --
belongs to him.

VANGIE
(salty, guarded)
Charming. Just... charming.

Moves between them, heads for the bath... closes the
door. Trav and Meyer exchange a flat look.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. GALLEY - CLOSE ON BLUE BRA - NIGHT

30

being rinsed in a basin of clear water by Meyer's
hairy paws. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Meyer lifts it,
searches for a label. Other items of Vangie's --
lacy blue briefs, sleeveless blouse, wrap-around
skirt -- are laid out to towel-dry on adjacent
counters. Meyer, absorbed in his inspection, starts
as he hears...

TRAV'S VOICE
You'll find the size on a tab
inside the strap.

Meyer wheel slowly, casts a dour look.

31 ANOTHER ANGLE

Trav in the doorway -- attired in dry clothes, hair
freshly groomed -- strapping his wrist watch in place
and eyeing Meyer with a mischievous grin.

MEYER
(jiggling the
bra)
Such dainties as this are not
completely unfamiliar to me.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

VANGIE'S VOICE

(from down the
passageway)

Hey, out there... any more brandy?

TRAV

(calling back)

On its way.

MEYER

(low voice)

Both skirt and blouse come from
a shop in Broward Beach. The
Doll House.

Indicates the label on the blouse. Trav glances at it.

MEYER

(continuing)

Everything here is good quality.

TRAV

Our Jane Doe goes to drownings
in high style.

Moves to retrieve the brandy bottle.

MEYER

(warming to
the subject)I estimate the age at about
twenty-two. I note the long
fingernails, and I draw your
attention to the elegant shape
of the legs. X

Trav pours brandy into the glass.

MEYER

(continuing)

Some sort of dancer, perhaps.
Maybe one of the so-called
exotics. What's your appraisal?

TRAV

Someone took those legs...
and deliberately threw them
away. X

Exits with the tumbler.

32 INT. PASSAGEWAY

32

Trav moves to the door of the head.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

TRAV

Room service.

VANGIE'S VOICE

Come on in.

Trav hesitates briefly, now enters.

33 INT. HEAD

33

An unusually large, embarrassingly mirrored and decadently luxurious bathroom -- the huge (7' x 4') pale-blue tub, a voluptuary's delight. Vangie lolls complacently on her stomach, balancing on toes and elbows in a sea of soapy foam... her back exposed to a provocative degree. Trav pauses, shows no surprise. Vangie smiles, reaches for the glass.

VANGIE

This is quite a pool.

TRAV

(tilting against
the shower-stall)

Compliments of the former owner.

VANGIE

(eyeing the
mirrors)

He must've had a thing about
looking at himself.

TRAV

The thing he had was female and
extracurricular -- about five-foot-
four, dark eyes, with maybe two
feet of blonde hair. A very
delightful export from Brazil.

X

VANGIE

And all this was for her, huh?
Not bad for a little piranha.

(beat)

What happened? The guy's wife
get hip and blew her out of the
tub?

TRAV

No, I did. We got involved in a
poker game. Lasted thirty hours.
I wound up with his cash, the boat,
the gold watch and everything.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

VANGIE

Everything? Miss Brazil, too?

TRAV

She was offered. I passed.

(beat)

I like my winnings duty-free.

She eyes him a beat... now breaks a wide smile, twists
pleasurably in the creamy water.

TRAV

(continuing -

preparing to go)

I found some things that will
fit you. They're in on the bed.

VANGIE

(craftily)

You know... floating around like
this -- it feels so good -- I
guess I was crazy to do it.

TRAV

You can tell us all about it
tomorrow.

VANGIE

Nothing to tell. I tried to
kill myself and it didn't work.

TRAV

You just hopped up to the railing
with that weight on your foot...
and vaulted over. Just like that.

VANGIE

Wasn't easy.

TRAV

You bet you, Jane Doe.

Slips out.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 EXT. SKY - DAWN

34

A hot new sun sends brilliant bands of color across
the vault of deepening blue.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to reveal the bridge... and lone pedestrian, Trav -- boat shoes, swimming trunks, zippered sweat shirt -- CAMERA FOLLOWS him down embankment to water's edge... and skiff, beached just under the bridge.

35

CLOSER

35

Pulls off his shoes, steps into shallow water alongside the skiff. Removes shirt. Takes coil of medium-weight manila line -- already fastened to a ring on the transom. Strides deeper into channel, letting line snake out. When water is up to his shoulders... dives down, angling for spot where Vangie made her plunge.

Several long moments later, he surfaces abruptly... strokes toward shore.

Grasps the transom, tugs skiff into channel. Slithers aboard. Now pulls in on the line -- thus guiding the skiff, stern first, to its approximate position of the previous night. The line no longer responds to an easy pull. Trav begins hauling in with heavy strain. Presently, a dull THUMP beneath the stern. He reaches over, muscles the iron boot into the skiff.

Tips the outboard into place, starts the engine, heads up channel.

DISSOLVE TO:

36

EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - MAIN DECK - MORNING

36

Meyer steps through a hatch... carrying a cup of coffee. Stops, peers in direction of heavy THUMPS.

37

HIS POV - TRAV

seated on gear locker... iron boot strapped to left ankle... exercising in approved fashion -- jerking the leg straight out from the knee, holding it extended a brief second, lowering slowly. As the weights (four on either side) come to rest on the deck... THUMP.

TRAV

Greetings, black bear.

38

ANOTHER ANGLE

38

Meyer moves in for a closer look -- at Trav.

MEYER

What in the name of early morning
tropical madness are you...

TRAV

(indicating
the boot)

The sinker that made the splash.
Formerly known as an iron boot.
Now enjoying new popularity as a
Jane Doe Overshoe.

(another lift

... THUMP)

Used one just like it... number
of years ago... after I picked
up this fine example of
veterinarian hemstitching.

(indicates gash
on left thigh)

Had to rebuilt the muscle.

(the breezy
lecturer)

You see, every time you --

(demonstrating)

... do like so, you --

(indicates muscle
above the knee)

... work the quadriceps.

(lowers...

THUMP)

Whole thing goes about eighty-five
pounds.

MEYER

Pretty good anchor... for a
hundred-and-ten-pound girl.

CUT TO:

39

INT. MASTER STATEROOM - MORNING

39

Vangie stirs in the big bed, surfacing from heavy
sleep. Twists, stretches... opens her eyes. Now,
sits up sharply. Alarmed, confused -- surroundings
not familiar. Gets out of bed. Crosses to a
porthole, looks out.

40

HER POV - THROUGH THE PORT

40

A section of the jerry-built and dilapidated marina.
A shack centrally located, and, above it, a big board
sign -- "THOMPSON'S LANDING."

41 BACK TO SCENE

41

Vangie turns from the porthole slowly... pieces are falling into place. Feels the sore spot on her thigh. Becomes aware of an enticing aroma.

CUT TO:

42 INT. LOUNGE AREA - CLOSE ON COFFEE - DAY

42

streaming from percolator into a mug, trailing a curl of vapor. CAMERA PULLS BACK, reveals Trav and Meyer in the booth adjacent to the gallery. Breakfast over. Trav refilling Meyer's mug. A clean place-setting remains.

MEYER

The whole time they were stopped above us, I seem to remember the motor being revved.

Casually, Trav nods concurrence, refills his own mug.

MEYER

(continuing -
amateur detective)

Then there had to be two men with her. At least two. An anxious one at the wheel, and a muscular brute holding her.

X

TRAV

(throwing it
away)

In a convertible with the top down.

Begins to sugar and cream his coffee. Meyer is jolted by the rapidity of Trav's deductive process... but, after a moment of confusion, sees the logic.

MEYER

Now that you mention it, that's true. I never heard a door open or close.

(beat)

Alright... here's the picture. The convertible lurches to a stop. The muscular brute leaps over the door... scoops up our unconscious Jane Doe -- anchor and all -- and lets her fly. He leaps back in and away they go. Right?

X

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

TRAV

Unconscious? When I got down to her she reached up and put her hands on my wrist...gently as a sick child. That's what kept me down there longer than I had any right to expect. I knew it was the last and only chance to bring up a live one.

MEYER

Conscious, she would have screamed on the way down. You don't fall into a wet black ugly grave without some kind of protest! No, the water woke her up.

TRAV

(broodingly, more to himself than to Meyer)

Maybe nearly everybody yells. But that one has been all the way and back. Read it in her eyes. That one . . .

(beat; Then direct to Meyer)

She could just take it...like that's sparc of what it is. Sooner or later they have you off a bridge. (hard smile. Or maybe she just wouldn't give them that simple little satisfaction of hearing the lady squeal before she died.

Ponders the grim paradox of the girl's remarkable control as Meyer studies him.

MEYER

Do I feel a certain kind of vibration? Is the old familiar engine running? You are wondering if you can find the action? Involvement?

TRAV

(with broad fake astonishment)

Meyer! I have the next six months installment of my retirement all paid for. A client on his knees, snuffling and sobbing, couldn't get my attention until I begin to get a case of the shorts. You know that.

MEYER

Good thing. She's likeable in a way. But a very hard-case child. I think she'd make Apple Annie feel naive.

(beat)

Walk away. Saving her life is enough. You too could be dropped off a bridge.

TRAV

Is this a variation of the Meyer con?

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42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

MEYER

I've seen it a hundred times. You spot a wounded bird on the side of the highway. Do you keep going? Not you. Back home you run with the little creature... and the rest of the night, you're mending the broken wing.

(beat)

Money moves you, McGee... but so does indignation, so does sympathy, so does --

TRAV

(annoyed)

What I used to like about you, Meyer, you knew when to shut up.

MEYER

(undismayed)

You're particularly susceptible to the ones that don't chirp a lot... the ones that keep a stiff upper beak.

VANGIE'S VOICE

Good morning to Meyer and McGee.

Both men are taken by surprise... swivel.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE

43

Vangie -- in borrowed clothes, lace-cuffed shirt and snug short shorts -- poses at the entrance to the lounge. Smiles warmly, advances.

44 BACK TO SCENE

44

Meyer returns her smile of greeting, salutes her with his coffee mug.

TRAV

Morning.

Vangie approaches. Trav stands, ushering her into the booth. As she slides around to the middle seat, Meyer begins removing the dirty plates.

MEYER

How did you sleep?

(CONTINUED)

VANGIE
(a deliberate
play on the
phrase)

Like I was dead.

Extends her cup. Trav does the honors -- fills the cup with steaming coffee.

VANGIE
(continuing)
Who do I thank for the personal
laundry service?

Helps herself to the cream.

MEYER
(a little bow of
acknowledgement)
No trouble, my dear.
(beat)
I see you found a good fit from
McGee's emergency locker.

VANGIE
(a gentle needle)
Quite a collection. Very complete.

TRAV
(shrugs)
Stuff has a way of piling up.

MEYER
(with special
meaning)
So true, so true. Another good
season could sink the boat.
(squeezes out
of the booth)
How would you like how many eggs?

VANGIE
Oh... couple, I guess. Over easy.

Meyer pads into the galley to prepare the order.

VANGIE
You stay here in the Keys? I
mean, all the time?

TRAV
No. Home port is Fort Lauderdale.
Bahia Mar Yacht Basin. Meyer's
boat is moored there, too. That
makes us neighbors.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

TRAV (Cont'd)

(beat)

Our plan before you... uh, dropped
in... was to start back that way
scmetime this morning.

(beat)

What's your plan?

VANGIE

(with a shrug)

Fort Lauderdale, huh? What's
wrong with that?

CUT TO:

45 EXT. FLUSH - CLOSE ON STARBOARD EXHAUST

45

A LOUD POP, a bellow of smoke and a ROAR... as the
diesel engine ignites. Immediately below, the water
begins to churn and bubble.

46 THE BRIDGE - ON TRAV

46

peering astern, observing the churning. Listens
briefly to the steady THROBBING, seems satisfied.
Turns to the console. Flips a toggle, thumbs down
a button. CRANKING SOUND. Looks over his shoulder.

47 HIS POV - TOWARD THE PORT EXHAUST

47

Thin fumes... then the POP, the smoke and the ROAR.

48 TRAV

48

signals toward the port quarter, jabbing a thumb
straight up.

49 THE PIER

49

Meyer releases the after mooring line, flips it onto
the Flush. Hurries forward along the pier.

50 WIDER ANGLE

to include pier, Flush and surrounding basin. (Note:
The quarters in this inlet are exceedingly close...
seems there isn't enough room to navigate.) Trav spins
the wheel, throws the port engine into reverse... backs
down.

(CONTINUED)

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50 CONTINUED:

50

The stern cribs out. Trav signals forward. Meyer releases the remaining line, hops aboard with it -- managing to make the simple task an occasion of near peril.

X

A bronzed, wiry, little man -- apparently THOMPSON -- stands in the doorway of the rental shack, coolly observing.

Trav backs the Flush expertly into the cramped basin. Starts bringing her about. The stern nudges up close to another pier, hesitates there -- no less than half a foot away. Finally, the Flush labors into a lackadaisical pivoting.

51 INT. LOUNGE

51

Vangie -- standing on the yellow couch -- peers through a slit in the drapes.

52 HER POV - PANNING THROUGH THE PORTHOLE

52

As the Flush slowly maneuvers.

53 EXT. BASIN

53

The Flush eases to its proper heading. Trav brings the wheel back amidships, levers both engines ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. LOUNGE AREA - DAY

54

Moments later... Vangie still peering through the porthole. Meyer enters, notices.

MEYER

Not worried, were you?

She turns, propping herself atop the back rest.

VANGIE

McGee handles this thing pretty good.

Meyer removes his wrist watch, proceeds toward the galley to do the dishes. Vangie's eyes hold.

55 HER POV - THE IRON BOOT

55

in a corner... next to the hi-fi cabinet.

staring at it. Now slides from her perch, crosses. Stops several feet from the boot, eyeing it. After a moment, ANGLE WIDENS as she moves to the counter, leans on elbows, watching Meyer at his chore.

VANGIE

You the maid around here?

Meyer laughs genuinely.

MEYER

To most people, I'm an economist. Make projections, write articles, occasionally give a lecture. It supports me very well... and I like it. Always new ground to break. Things changing.

(pauses)

And being a prophet... or, at least, claiming to be... that's a strong and zesty brew. I like that part best of all.

Returns to his task. Vangie wanders away.

VANGIE

If you're a prophet, what's going to happen to me?

MEYER

You don't give me much to work with, Jane Doe. I don't know who you are, where you came from, what you did.

If these are questions, she has no intention of answering them. Instead, she prowls and probes, little bit at a time... feeling her way. Eventually, she tracks back to the counter to watch Meyer work up a shine on the copper bottom of the pan.

VANGIE

You really scrub those things.

Meyer merely smiles. Vangie studies him.

VANGIE

(continuing)

Bet you've never been married.

MEYER

No one ever asked me.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

VANGIE

Maybe you don't get around enough.

MEYER

(amused at her
concern)

In my case, a little goes a
long way. I'm hard to miss.

(beat)

I've been stumbled on... and
into. They always bounce off.

VANGIE

Then, you're too easy. Know
what I mean? Women have to be
told.

MEYER

I rather think it's the thought
of children. They take one look
at me, then visualize four or
five smaller me's running around.

(beat)

That's enough to scare any girl.

VANGIE

(impulsively)

We can drop the Jane Doe routine.
My name is Vangie.

DISSOLVE TO:

57

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

57

Under a blazing sun, Trav -- sporting pipe and sun-
glasses, and stripped to the waist -- sits tilted back
in the comfortable pilot's chair... bare toes curled
about the topmost spokes of the wheel. Relaxed,
content. Vangie ENTERS FRAME -- wears bikini, long-
peaked fishing hat and thick-framed sunglasses. Eases
into the co-pilot's chair. Stretches her legs out,
mimics his pose... pretending to puff on a non-existent
pipe. He looks over, realizes the rib... chuckles.

TRAV

Fortunately, it's hopeless. You
couldn't possibly look like me.

She laughs, drops the pose. Now wiggles out of the
chair, moves past Trav, bends forward over the railing.

VANGIE

(after a moment)

What, Trav McGee? What's
your way to go?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

TRAV

Keep it simple. Mostly, just
take it as it comes... and get
the flavor.

VANGIE

Got it made, huh?

TRAV

Times like this... comes pretty
close.

She turns, studies him quizzically... eyes his scar
briefly but shows no reaction to it.

VANGIE

Meyer says you're in the salvage
business.

Trav shrugs -- a noncommittal acceptance of the label.

VANGIE

(continuing)

What kind of salvage?

TRAV

Name it. Something you've lost.
I go get it back.

VANGIE

(musing)

What I've lost...
(shakes her
head)

No such thing as salvage.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN abruptly, FREEZING FRAME ON ECU OF
VANGIE... frowning deeply, painfully.

OPTICAL BLEND TO:

57A INT. STATEROOM "X" - NIGHT

57A

visualizing Vangie's mental image.

It is a typical stateroom on a cruise ship. Vangie
and a middle-aged man, ED JUDSON, seem to be having
a private bash. Half-reclining on a bunk. Vangie's
every move is seductive. Judson is wet-mouthed with
lust. FRAME IS FROZEN... now ROLLS.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

Vangie crosses to fix fresh drinks. When Judson follows, pawing amorously at her, she, with playful, amorous, impatience turns and guides him back to the stateroom bed where he half reclines, with drunken smile, watching her as she returns to finish making two drinks.

57B CLOSER

Screened by her body, Vangie removes a small packet from under the ice bucket...opens it...drops contents into one of the glasses, stirs. CAMERA BEGINS TO FOLLOW Vangie as she carries drinks toward the bunk, then recedes out through the round port, showing her in diminishing size in the lighted stateroom, looking in from the night.

57C INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT. ANGLE CLOSE SHOT ACROSS SHOULDER OF UNIDENTIFIED MAN, SHOWING VANGIE LEANING TOWARD HIM, HER EXPRESSION INTIMATE, DRAMATIC, PLEADING.

VANGIE

(echo chamber effects)

My darling, if we could only get away from here. On a cruise. Just the two of us. Without him knowing or finding us. Ever.

57D CLOSE SHOT ACROSS VANGIE AT NIGHTCLUB TABLE, FOCUSED ON DAZED, GULLIBLE FACE OF A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

The face of the man keeps changing, to a different individual of the same approximate age level, and she keeps giving the above lines with echo chamber effect, each time leaving off a few words, until she is saying only "My darling", and each time she says it, the face changes.

57E INT. STATEROOM NIGHT -TWO SHOT

. . as Vangie brings Judson the loaded drink. Judson beams, CLINKS glasses, takes a large gulp. Vangie slides down beside him, encouraging another CLINKING of glasses, another gulp.

57D ECU on Judson at first frowning, slack-faced awareness of the impact of the chloral hydrate. Harpsichord distortion of violence theme swells, and all the faces of all the men seen in the nightclub setting are momentarily in focus in almost subliminal cuts, reverting at last to Judson just as his eyes close and his head topples back.

57E WIDE

Vangie untangles herself, stands, tries to rouse him, and then goes quickly to the stateroom door, opens it, looks up and down empty corridor, then makes two clicking sounds with her tongue. A big man appears from around a bend in the corridor where obviously he has been waiting.

57F CLOSE - Holding on GRIFF's hard face as he walks swiftly to the stateroom where Vangie holds the door for him, the night

lights of the corridor striking his face at changing angles.

57G WIDE - TWO SHOT - As Vangie lets him in and the door swings shut.

n57H WIDER - LOW ANGLE - Vangie standing by door as Griff starts toward the unconscious man on the bed.

57I ECU - Vangie's face watching whatever action it is we can't see. She is troubled, moistens her lips, swallows hard, seems as if to speak and changes her mind. CAMERA moves back to CLOSE shot of Vangie as she lifts her arm in the beginning of a weak gesture of protest, then lets it fall and stands head bowed, eyes nearly closed, her stance one of slack-shouldered resignation and acceptance. FRAME FREEZES...and cutaway terminates.

57J EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

....picking up CLOSE OF VANGIE IN FROZEN FRAME ... in identical posture, standing by rail. Sound of cawing of gulls. FILM BEGINS ROLLING. CAMERA PULLS BACK. Trav is regarding Vangie with concern and curiosity, but apparently decides not to press for an explanation.

VANGIE

(stirring, straightening)

This thing is sure slow.

TRAV

Six dazzling knots. High speed cruise.
Brute power.

The exchange fails to distract Vangie; her mood of depression intensifies, and when she turns her back toward him, Trav sees that her shoulders are hunched, her body shaking with silent sobs. He takes a quick look forward, throws it into automatic pilot, goes to her, turns her very gently against her resistance, cups her chin, but she wrenches herself away.

VANGIE

Don't! Don't try to be so damned nice!
Don't treat me as if I was . . .

(beat)

... something you damn well know I'm not!

Plunges blindly toward the ladderway and clatters down.

58 ANGLE ON WALKWAY

Meyer is just about to start up...sees her swift descent, pauses and moves aside. She whips past. He watches her go inside. The door slams.

59 EXT. FANTAIL - ON LOUDSPEAKER - SUNSET

mounted on bulkhead above lounge door. Latin MUSIC floods through. CAMERA RETREATS. Door flies open and Vangie comes half-dancing out, smiling, mood mercurially changed. She has changed to white shorts and a red blouse with long full sleeves. She is

59 CONTINUED

barefoot, has a tall drink in one hand. She holds the door for Meyer who comes out carrying a small tray on which, among other items, are his and Trav's drinks.

The Flush is anchored in Tarpon Bay, well off to one side of the marked channel.

Trav is tending a roast on a spit. Meyer sets the tray down near Trav and takes his own drink. After taking a sip, Vangie has put her drink down in a safe place. She makes pouting invitation to Trav to dance with her.

TRAV

Never distact he who watches the meat, woman.
Teach the dancing bear how to cavort with the young.

VANGIE

Come on, Meyer baby. Watch my feet and see
if you can stay with it.

MEYER

(setting his drink aside)
Promise you'll be patient.

59A TWO SHOT - MOVING

Like most people of his build, Meyer is exceptionally light on his feet. In addition he is of almost professional skill, yet at the same time, with expression and inventiveness, seems to mock those who take dancing with great seriousness. CAMERA takes quick cuts of feet, faces, moves in and back, as never touching, but in constant relationship to each other, they weave ever more intricate patterns, and use up more and more of the open deck areas.

VANGIE

(laughing)

Teach him! Teach him what? Oops. Fell
off at the curve. Sorry. More of that,
Meyer.

59B CLOSE - VANGIE'S FACE:

...in the red light of sunset, biting at her lip in concentration, dark hair snapping to her movements. There is an effortful innocence, absorption, joy.

59C WIDE - THE WHOLE DECK FROM ANGLE BEHIND TRAV -

The long number ends, with a special flourish by Meyer.

MEYER

Enough! Thank you. When I get winded, it
spoils the effect.

59D TWO SHOT

of Trav and Vangie as a gentler and more sensuous rhythm begins. She begins her own dance. It seems totally self-involved, eyes hooded, expression inward, but in her spatial relationship to Trav, and in the patterns she weaves around him, there is the atavistic ceremony of woman, the invitation and retreat, the quick sly glance from time to time.

59E WIDER

to take in Meyer seated beyond them, watching her broodingly and expressionlessly. Quite suddenly he gets up and goes below. The music ends, and she stands staring directly at him with bold speculation.

TRAV

Now I'm supposed to be at a table beside the floor and you come and put a lipstick kiss on my bald head and the crowd laughs and my wife is furious.

VANGIE

You sure know how to turn a girl off.

TRAV

I enjoyed watching you.

VANGIE

Thanks terribly much. Mostly I just dance for myself, by myself. Everything kind of goes far away.

The music has begun again, this time a Polynesian melody, and she picks it up and moves away from him, dancing. CAMERA moves with her and when once again Meyer's chair is in the frame, Meyer is there, with a SLR camera with a fat fast lens, handling it with a knowledgeable skill in the fading light, manipulating the focus and the film advance lever. Vangie suddenly notices the camera, stumbles awkwardly and freezes.

59F CLOSE - VANGIE -

...alarmed and angry.

VANGIE

What kind of smartass trick are you guys trying to pull? I'm not going to have any sneak pictures taken of me, and . . .

59G CLOSE - TRAV

TRAV

(in a deadly, measured tone)

We were parked under that bridge because that's where they dispose of used girls, and we wanted to grab us one and take pictures and put a big ad in the Miami News to see if anybody wanted her back.

59H WIDE - HIGH ANGLE FROM BEHIND VANGIE

looking down at the two men.

MEYER

I just didn't think, my dear. You looked very lovely, and I am a part time camera nut.

TRAV

Mostly he goes crawling along the beach on his knees taking real arty shots of little hunks of seaweed.

59I She walks slowly, shyly over to Meyer kneels on the deck beside his chair.

59I CLOSE - MEYER'S POV

VANGIE

When a girl gets jumpy, she forgets maybe she has friends.

(beat)

Hey, take some closeups. Maybe in this light I don't look too beat. How about this, honey? This is my good side.

TRAV

Anytime you two are done, so is the meat.

60 EXT. TARPON BAY (POV) - NIGHT

A schooner, sails furled, PURSES smoothly along the channel, Miami bound.

61 ON THE SUN DECK

Trav, Vangie and Meyer in deck chairs, enjoying the night.

MEYER

Looks like the one we sailed to Hawaii.

TRAV

Bigger

MEYER

(turning casually to Vangie and speaking a fluent Polynesian)

When was the last time you saw the Islands?

VANGIE

Gee. Not since I was a little . . .

(beat)

Meyer, you're a lousy sneaky tricky . . .

MEYER

(with a self-satisfied little chuckle)

Dear girl, you have the unique loveliness of of the Hawaiian mix.

61 CONTINUED

VANGIE
(bitterly)

Oh, I'm a livin' dream, man. I'm so way too
much, I can't hardly stand it.

Meyer turns to Trav, and rambles on in a professorial manner.

(CONTINUED)

MEYER

Macronesian strains. Add Irish, French, Japanese and what all... stir for a few generations in a tropical climate and the results can refute the foes on mongrelization.

(to Vangie)

I did a survey of the Islands a few years before statehood, a tax-structure prediction.

(beat)

What's your full name, dear?

VANGIE

Evangeline Bridget Tanaka Bellemer. Like you said... the Hawaiian mix.

(stands)

I think I'll try the big tub again.

TRAV

Before you do, how 'bout a temporary appointment as dishwasher?

VANGIE

(sharply)

You serious?

TRAV

(pleasantly)

On this barge, everybody works.

VANGIE

(sullen)

I was in a place for a while -- they called it a Home. Had to do every bit of scut work there was. I swore I'd never do it again. It's kind of a thing with me.

TRAV

No problem. Don't worry about it.

She looks at him closely.

VANGIE

You're not mad.

TRAV

Go get in the tub.

She eyes him a moment longer, turns, goes inside.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED (2)

MEYER

That's a break with tradition.

(no answer)

Where's the old Captain Bligh we've
all learned to love?

TRAV

(amiably)

Tell you what. There is one very turbulent
girl....carrying a lot of weight...fear, guilt,
self-hate. You want to add to all that for the
sake of a few lousy dishes, you go roust her
out and hand her the soap.

MEYER

I knew she was getting to you too, so
I just wanted to know how much.

Trav doesn't respond.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 INT. LOUNGE - ON HIGH-FI TURNTABLE - NIGHT

Music playing at edge of audibility in last couple of
grooves. ~~MUSIC ENDS.~~ Arm lifts automatically, swings
back onto the rest and with the click, the little amber
light winks out. ~~CAMERA~~ PULLS BACK to reveal darkened
lounge, moves over and down to ECU of Trav asleep on the
yellow couch. ~~SILENCE~~ aboard.

Now a thin shaft of light probes from the passageway...
widens. A figure steps into the glow somewhere farther
along, casting a widened indistinct shadow across the
lounge. The light narrows and pencils out. SOUND of
the stealthy closing of a door.

63 HEAD OF THE PASSAGEWAY

Nothing at first. Now Vangie appears -- more silhouette
than substance -- in diaphanous hip-length shortie nightgown,
moving hesitantly, tentatively. CAMERA MOVES IN TO ECU,
showing in the faint light the lip caught under the teeth,
glint of eyes. CAMERA PULLS BACK as she pauses, stares
toward the couch then tiptoes forward.

64 ON TRAV

sleeping soundly on side, breathing deep and even, and faint
shadow of Vangie drifts across him, stops, remains motionless.
Now she slides into frame, reaching to touch his shoulder,
as she rests one round knee on the couch. He erupts from
the stillness of sleep into shockingly swift and violent
movement, whirling, slashing out, SOUND of whispering rip of
nylon, grunt of effort. He clamps her arm, spins her face
down onto the couch, pinning the arm behind her--starting his
knee toward the small of her back.

(CONTINUED)

VANGIE

Trav! It's me!

He stops all motion, and then releases her abruptly, stands up as she pushes herself up into a sitting position.

TRAV

Hurt you?

VANGIE

Just a dislocated shoulder and a small heart attack. Nothing at all, hardly. You blew up like some crazy rocket or something. I'm all shaky. You got a cigarette?

He goes to a nearby table, finds cigarettes in a drawer, goes and stands over her. He is wearing faded, ragged kahki shorts. He gives her a cigarette, strikes a light and holds it. As she leans up to the light she is trying to assemble the ripped strips of nightgown.

VANGIE

Salvage business, the man said. Wow!
Some salvage business, you wake up like
a wild man. Tell me about it some time.

He turns and reaches and retrieves his T-shirt from the back of a chair and tosses it to her.

TRAV

Not much salvage left in what you were wearing
when you came in.

She gets up casually in the vague light, puts the glowing cigarette aside, turns her back to him, sheds what is left of the nightgown, pulls the T-shirt on over her head, pats her hair, picks up the cigarette and sits on the couch again.

VANGIE

I found it in that big drawer thing under the
bunk. A girl goes calling she wants to
look nice.

TRAV

And smell nice.

VANGIE

Remind me to look at the name on the bottle
again. It sort of seems to suit me.

TRAV

Maybe it's called Night Crawler.

VANGIE

You make everything so easy, you know. You
make people feel so welcome and everything.

He goes to the far side of the lounge and turns on a low lamp, comes back and sits on the coffee table, facing her from about

(CONTINUED)

five feet away.

TRAV

Hello, there! How do you do? And how are you this lovely evening?

VANGIE

Okay okay okay. So I couldn't sleep. And there's no place to take a long walk. I . . . I thought I'd see if the Captain had any good ideas what to do.

TRAV

The garment and the perfume gave the Captain some ideas, kid.

VANGIE

Unless you told me, I'd never guess.

TRAV

But it isn't the way I collect the fare for a cruise.

VANGIE

Suppose it's the way I'm used to paying the fare? Or maybe I never had to think up a way to say thanks for saving my life before. Oh hell anyway. I'm not Miss Universe, but I'm not exactly a dog either. We're grownups, and here we are. So?

CAMERA is on alternating POV.

TRAV

Miss Evangeline, you are in the dreary presence of one of those old-timey kooks who are turned off by freebies. Sentimental old Captain McGee. I can't make it as a health kick, or a way of your saying thanks, or a substitute for shaking hands. Without the emotion going for it, I learned that the romp has no sweet aftertaste at all.

VANGIE

Not too many of you around,
(stands up, yawns and
stabs out cigarette)
Win a few, lose a few. But why should I resent you make me feel slutty?

TRAV

Whoa! Would I now give any passing slut a sleeping potion of the very best brandy aboard? Never!

CAMERA TRACKS Trav to the liquor locker. He turns on a soft overhead light. Vangie wanders INTO FRAME. She stands thoughtfully,

(CONTINUED)

languidly, hipshot, hair tousled. The T-Shirt is a most provocative garment, revealing and concealing. As Trav is pouring two drinks she picks up a round tray, balances it on her palm in practised fashion.

VANGIE

Mom was a waitress.

(puts tray back)

Got crushed against the back of a restaurant.

By a truck. On purpose.

(beat)

She knew something she wasn't supposed to know.

But she didn't have the sense to run . . . either.

Trav hands her glass to her, hoists his in a small "cheers" gesture. They sip. He is leaning against the locker.

VANGIE

(continuing)

A waiter she knew, a friend, he scooped up all her tips and gave them to me. Three dollars and thirty-five cents. Big inheritance. Big night for her.

(beat)

First night at that lousy Home some fink kid slipped it out from under my pillow.

(sour smile)

I spent a year trying to find out who took it.

TRAV

Find out?

VANGIE

(with thoughtful frown)

I found out that the way to get it is to take it, and you take it as big as you can, and as often as you can.

(slants a smile up at him)

Now you know my philosophy, Captain, and I know yours, I think.

(drains her glass and sets it down)

Thanks for the hospitality. It's been almost too much. 'Night.

(Stops abruptly and turns back)

What shakes me up . . . so that I'm doing dumbass things, Trav . . . it's the way you and Meyer keep making me feel as if . . . you like me.

(her eyes slowly fill)

Damn fools! Idiots! It just makes everything just that much worse.

She whirls and flees and in the far silence he hears the stateroom door close.

as, brandy in hand, he roams the boat. From time to time CAMERA switches to his POV, and each time the background music is that same Polynesian melody as before the evening meal, and each time he sees Vangie, semi-transparent so that the background shows through her body, dancing, but wearing the T-shirt he had so recently thrown to her.

He goes topside and we see as CAMERA MOVES IN FOR ECU - his hand clamping a stancion in the moonlight, knuckles white.

CAMERA MOVES AWAY for two-shot of Trav and the imaginary dancing girl, and moves in for close and tantalizing shot of her.

MEYER

Lovely night.

Vision of girl and imagined music disappear simultaneously as Trav whifls to see Meyer leaning against the rail about ten feet away. Trav saunters toward him.

TRAV

Doesn't anybody ever sleep aboard this bucket?

MEYER

I'm up because I woke up. What are you doing up?

TRAV

I was looking for a T-shirt I think I lost.

MEYER

Need any help?

TRAV

No thanks. I remembered where it is.

MEYER

Going to go get it?

TRAV

Just decided I don't really need it. I'll just go below and knit another.

MEYER

A hidden talent! I never knew you could knit.

TRAV

(moving away)

I can't. But I heard it's good for the nerves.

5 EXT. SIDE DECK - NIGHT

CLOSE on Meyer's wise grin as he stands alone. A night bird suddenly startles him as it flies over, making a hoarse cawing laugh.

(continued)

65 (CONTINUED)

MEYER

(softly, looking upward)

So maybe it's funny, bird. But it is not
that funny. Nothing is that funny.

66. INT. MASTER STATEROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA moves from CLOSE to ECU, Vangie in the middle of the big bed, hair fanned dark on the pillow in the moonlight, eyes haunted, the tears spilling, one by one, from the corners of her eyes as the SOUND of the night bird's laughter comes again, from a greater distance, and then the SOUND of the airhorns of a far-away cruiser.

DISSOLVE TO:

67. EXT. INTERCOASTAL WATERWAY - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS... Documenting the passage of the Flush from Miami to Lauderdale. Idyllic, picturesque. Trav is on the fly bridge. Meyer sits like a hairy Buddha up on the bow. Vangie is sprawled on a sun pad on the sun deck.

68. EXT. BAHIA MAR YACHT BASIN - DAY

The Flush works its way in through the interior channels.

CUT TO:

69. EXT. ALABAMA TIGER'S YACHT (POV) -- DAY

A broad-beamed, sprawling, over-elaborate affair... scene of a continuous floating houseparty... Domain of the ALABAMA TIGER -- fifties, wild red hair, sporty, flamboyant yachting attire - expensively casual, one paw grasping a tumbler of bourbon, the other arm possessively around a Lovely Young Giggling Thing.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

The party-that-never-stops pulses both inside and out -- down there, a group dancing... forward, someone twanging a mandolin... in the after lounge, others serving themselves from a buffet.

Guests come and go freely... mostly girls, mostly youngish. Through it all, the Alabama Tiger roams with easy delight -- the Diamond Jim of Bahia Mar. Now, spotting the Flush, he raises both hands in an extravagant gesture of welcome.

ALABAMA
(bellowing
across)

Well, flush my busted! Welcome back, you Yankee sea scouts. Get the paddles out. Come on. (gesturing them in)
Come on. Keep a-comin'. Bring that little ol' rowboat on in. Welcome back, hyah? Welcome, welcome...

70 THE FLUSH

70

Trav and Meyer return the wave. Trav gives a TOOT-TOOT on the ship's horn... a cheery hello. Almost immediately, it is answered by a raucous electronic BURP from Alabama's yacht.

Trav cranks the wheel. Meyer rigs a last fender. The Flush pivots toward slip... F-18.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 INT. GALLEY ON SINK - DAY

71

half-filled with water... semi-clear... lunch dishes soaking. CAMERA PULLS BACK, reveals Vangie -- in shorts and blouse (tied to reveal her midriff) -- staring at the dishes, trying to bring herself to do them. She trails a finger through the water, stirring up a light froth of bubbles.

The Flush is moored in its slip. Neighboring craft are visible through the window above the sink.

From the opening of the scene, Trav's voice, conversational and breezy, carries from the passageway.

TRAV'S VOICE
... and then there's Meyer, myself and the Tiger. We're the only ones who live aboard all year long.

x

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

VANGIE
(abstracted)
The who?

72 INT. HEAD

72

Trav -- wrapped in a towel, face covered with lather
-- is shaving.

TRAV
The Alabama Tiger.
(glances out
the port)
On the big cruiser. Character
in the white jacket. Our local
Diamond Jim.

73 BACK TO THE GALLEY

73

Vangie seems about to tackle the task... but can't.
Turns away, reaches for a cigarette.

TRAV'S VOICE
That little blast he's got going
... are you ready?... been rolling
a year and a half. Non-stop.

VANGIE
(mechanically)
You're kidding.

TRAV'S VOICE
World's only permanent floating
house party.
(beat)
Where's my Plymouth on the rocks?

VANGIE
(reminded)
Coming up.

Sets aside the unlit cigarette, pivots to the counter.
Pours Plymouth gin into a glass of ice. Scoops up the
drink, moves into the passageway.

74 INT. HEAD

74

Trav shaving. Vangie enters, delivers the drink.
Trav takes a sip, turns back to the sink.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

VANGIE

(almost questioningly)

Meyer said he'd print those pictures himself
in a friend's darkroom.

(no response)

I guess he wouldn't go hanging them up
in the city hall or anything.

(beat)

I guess I just have to go along with
the idea I've got about you two guys.
That you stay cool.

TRAV

And you want to stay dead. You're
keeping out of sight. Who can prove
when pictures were taken? And how
much would your name mean to anybody?

VANGIE

(challengingly)

You think I made that name up?

TRAV

I think it's your real name. But a
little rusty with disuse, Miss Bellemer.

VANGIE

~~What's that supposed to mean?~~

TRAV

~~At first it was taking you a half second,~~
~~too long to react to the name. Now it~~
~~fits.~~

VANGIE

Did you used to be a cop, honey?

TRAV

I watch too much, and listen too much.
A dirty habit - sometimes useful. Whatever
game you're in, the stakes are high. If
it was legal, you'd have told us all about
it. Either you tried to cut a bigger piece
of the action, or it got so rough it turned
you off, and your associates decided you
should be retired.

VANGIE

(uneasy)

Let's change the subject. Could you make me
a small loan?

TRAV

In the stateroom there, second drawer down,
next to the hanging locker, there's some cash.

(CONTINUED)

VANGIE

There was two hundred and seventy something.
Now there's two hundred and twenty something.

TRAV

(with no reaction)

Take more if you need it.

VANGIE

It's enough. I'll mail it back soon.

TRAV

(studying her somberly for a moment)

Running - really running - is a fine art, Vang.
An expensive art. Hair, face, habits, geography.

VANGIE

I'm going to go pick up what I squirreled away,
a little at a time. Like thirty thousand.
Expensive I can manage.

(beat)

And I'm scared enough to be careful.

TRAV

Can you get to it and get away? Will it
still be there?

VANGIE

(shrugging)

Like you mentioned, I'm dead. And it's inside
my apartment where nobody can find it.

(beat)

What are you trying to do, McGee? Set up
a nice salvage contract? I can't afford your
rates.

TRAV

I thought I heard you prying away at Meyer.

VANGIE

I still had to fill in some blanks. People
lose something, if you get it back you keep
half. Thanks, but no thanks. Your customers
must be flippy to pay those rates.

TRAV

(amused)

I was going to offer my services as a favor.
No fee. Get your money and bring it all back
here. What if you got up there and found your
cupboard bare? Shrug and walk away? Call in
the law? Or come back and give me a salvage
contract?

VANGIE

(after a startled thoughtful moment)

Okay, I would be flippy enough to pay your rate,
man. Half is an awful lot better than nothing.

(beat)

But . . . why offer to help for free? How do

(CONTINUED)

VANGIE (Continuing)
you know that if you knew how I made that money you wouldn't . . . run to the railing and throw up, then blow the whistle on me?

TRAV
(taking her hands in his)
I make moral judgements. Too many. But how a person gets into a dirty bind is one thing, and how bad they want to get out and how hard they try to get out...That's something else.

VANGIE
(in a wonderment of self revelation)
I . . . did get out. Yes.

TRAV
I care about what happens to you. That's all. That's why I offered.

VANGIE
(obviously moved by his declaration)
Thank you. Thank you very much.
(Then with a brittle cheerfulness)
Thanks anyway, but I can manage. Just let me hang around until dark and then get me a cab. After I've gone, go say goodbye to Meyer for me. Now get out of here so I can take a last dip in that crazy blue pool.

75 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR TO HEAD - DAY

SOUND of water thundering into the blue tub, and Trav walking into frame.

VANGIE
Trav? Trav! Trav, come in here a minute!

76 TRAV'S POV

He opens door and walks into the steamy room. She is standing sheathed in a bright beach towel, standing with her back to him, and staring into the big steamed mirror in front of her. He approaches to where his POV reveals the blurred but recognizable couple reflected in the mirror.

VANGIE
I just wanted to find out something.
Last night you said something to that dumb night crawler about emotion.

TRAV
Lecture number 58 B, wasn't it?

VANGIE
Would what . . . happened to us . . . to me anyway when you said about caring what happens to me.... Would that sort of count?

77. ECU - VANGIE'S REFLECTION

TRAV
(husky)

I think it would. I think it would count
pretty good.

Vangie wears a secret smile as she, still staring into the mirror, raises Trav's brown hand with both her hands and presses her lips to the palm of his hand.

CUT TO:

78. EXT. STORE FRONT - REFLECTION - NIGHT

EERIE ELECTRONIC DISTORTION OF HARPSICHORD BALLAD (reprised from opening) under. ECU of Vangie's reflection in the plate glass, with a hand across her mouth as was Trav's. Her eyes are wild and she is struggling.

79. TWO SHOT, WIDE

of burly GRIFF seen earlier in Vangie's visual memories, in the doorway of a darkened Broward Beach arcade, holding Vangie easily helpless and silent despite her frantic struggling. The big arm around her waist also pins both her arms at her sides. He is holding her off the ground, a heavy paw clamping her mouth. He is staring down the empty avenue. Diagonally across the street is a glaringly lighted little all night hamburg place, with a few customers, a couple of languid waitresses.

80. VANGIE, CLOSEUP

Not a reflection. Obviously in total terror, struggling.

81. GRIFF, CLOSEUP

Head tilted slightly, watchful and apparently listening. He has the calm and workmanlike expression of a man doing any customary and practiced thing, from holding a fire hose to holding a jack hammer. There is enough of her face in the lower corner of the frame to make a strange contrast between her panic and his stolid competence. SOUND of a car coming at high speed. His eyes narrow as he stares into the distance to make certain of proper identification.

82. GRIFF'S POV - BEYOND THE INTERSECTION

A maroon sedan streaks toward CAMERA, driver invisible, amber parking lights glowing.

83 TWO SHOT, WIDE

CAMERA follows with erratic, tilting, angled effort to match Griff's explosive run of several steps, terminating in the halt, pivot, heave, that throws her, arms flailing, legs sissoring, directly in front of the racing hood, grill and bumper. The scene is shadowy and indistinct, but light enough to see Griff trotting at an angle away from scene.

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84. ECU, GRIFF

Looking back over his shoulder, CAMERA follows as he jogs along. SOUND of sickening THOMP of metal striking flesh at high speed, SOUND of car roar diminishing.

CUT TO:

85. MEDIUM SHOT - HAMBURG STAND

from middle of street, like a bright stage set, as the body in dead parabolic flight smashes in through the big front plate glass window. SOUND of long musical jangling of falling shards.

CUT TO:

86. MEDIUM CLOSE - MASHED FRONT OF SEDAN

as it turns a corner at sedate and legal speed.

CUT TO:

87 INT. HAMBURGER JOINT - WIDE

Reaction shot is like a frozen tableau. SILENCE. Customers and help all stare fixedly at something just out of camera frame. Then, in a whisper which increases to a loud empty cawing:

God. God. God. GOD GOD GOD GOD !

OUT TO

88. GRIFF, MEDIUM, WIDE.

Jogging to corner, slowing abruptly, strolling around corner and down a quiet block. A SOUND of his whistling quietly to himself, the same Italian ballad as presented, in distortion, in opening and reprise.

CUT TO

89. MASHED SEDAN

parked in a silent dark unidentified place, lights out. SOUND of someone walking swiftly away, after SOUND of car door slamming. SOUND of sirens far far away.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - ON SIGN - DAY 90

"DOCTORS PARKING ONLY."

91 CLOSE ON ENTRANCE METER 91

A man's arm extends from a car window, thrusts a metal tab into the slot. CLICK. HUM OF MACHINERY.

92 ENTRANCE BARRIER 92

An orange-and-white spar (abbreviated version of the familiar railway crossing barrier) pivots upward.

93 THE HOSPITAL PARKING LOT 93

A new Impala pulls into a space, parks. The driver, DOCTOR JERRY FRANCIS -- early thirties, good-looking, intense -- alights energetically. Carries the standard black bag.

Trav -- in slacks and linen jacket -- sits on the low wall that borders the front of the lot... near a break which provides access to the street. His back is to the lot.

Jerry angles toward the path, strides through... sweeping past Trav. A few steps farther on, he halts abruptly, belatedly registering a suspicion of recognition. Hesitates a moment before turning.

TRAV

Well, little buddy... turn around.

Jerry wheels, beaming.

JERRY

Trav!

Rushes forward. Old friends -- they pump hands enthusiastically.

TRAV

How's professional life?

JERRY

Great. Going like crazy. That's the only complaint... no time. Not like the old days when -- hey, the girl... she still with you?

TRAV

You kidding? We're married.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

JERRY
Wife-stealer. Where... I've
got to see her.

Trav gestures toward the street. Jerry pivots.

94 ANOTHER ANGLE

94

Parked parallel to the curb a few cars down... Miss Agnes, Trav's bizarre 1936 electric blue Rolls Royce -- back end customized into a makeshift stake-bed. Jerry charges over... delightedly appraises her, affectionately strokes a fender. Trav ambles up.

JERRY
(pleased)
You didn't change a thing.

TRAV
After you got through, what was
the point?

JERRY
(addressing the
car)
You loyal old broad. You drove
me, sheltered me, carried my
surfboards...
(kisses a
fender)
Miss Agnes... I love you.
(shakes his
head)
To think I turned you out. How
could I?

TRAV
You had to. The lady is a tramp.

Jerry turns, appraises Trav.

JERRY
What, Trav?

Trav nods, indicating the hospital. They start across
the street. Trav throws an arm around Jerry's
shoulder.

TRAV
You had a hit-and-run last night.
A girl. D.O.A. and still
unidentified.

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

They move out of earshot. CAMERA PANS them up the steps and through the main entrance of Broward Memorial Hospital.

CUT TO:

95

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

95

framing double doors that give onto a stairwell. Trav and Jerry are seen descending. Now they push through into the hallway, pause.

TRAV

The radio description sounded like her, so... well, I'd just like to find out... privately.

JERRY

Without going through the police and having to make up a phony story.

TRAV

(with a smile)

Jerry, I couldn't have said it better.

Jerry flashes an answering smile, leads the way toward a door at the end of the hallway.

CUT TO:

96

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

96

A gray room... pipes and ducts suspended from the ceiling... modular installations, four-high, along one wall -- storage cases for bodies. Tiny ruby lights glow on five of them (the ones at the handiest height).

An ATTENDANT -- late twenties -- bloated, pustular skin, hairy hands, gray denim workclothes -- leads Trav to one of the lighted compartments.

Jerry waits near the door... peruses a clipboard of death certificates.

97

CLOSER

97

The Attendant opens the wide steel door... pulls out the tray. Now turns down the sheet that covers the body... turns it all the way down to the waist.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

(The tray is at chest-height. CAMERA REVEALS little more than the girl's hair, a section of profile... but, discreetly, nothing of her torso. At the same time, it must be clear that the sheet is pulled back far enough so that her torso is exposed to the Attendant and to Trav.) The Attendant's gaze is focused on the torso.

Trav eyes the girl's face for just a flash, sickens, shifts his glance to the Attendant... notes the unprofessional absorption.

TRAV
(barking)

You!

The Attendant starts in shock.

ATTENDANT
(fumbling)
Uh... can you put a name on her?

TRAV
Never saw her.
(turns away)

ATTENDANT
Man, somebody ought to come up
with an I.D. A stack like this...
it don't just wander around
without being noticed.

Trav looks back. The Attendant is once again scrutinizing the girl's torso.

ATTENDANT
(continuing)
I mean... even now, you can see
it was all there.

Trav clamps the Attendant's fleshy neck in his right hand, squeezes hard.

TRAV
(icy,
authoritative)
Pull up the sheet.

ATTENDANT
(scared)
Like... you know, man... it goes
with the job.

Trav steps in, pulls the sheet back in place. Maintains his grip on the Attendant's neck.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

ATTENDANT

(continuing)

Hey... hey, man...

Trav forces the Attendant's head around.

TRAV

Show the face. That's enough
for an I.D. Leave the rest
covered. Dig?

x

ATTENDANT

(hoarsely)

Yeah... yeah, I dig.

Trav gives him a final look, releases him. Now turns,
moves to rejoin Jerry.

98 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

98

Trav and Jerry emerge from the morgue. Trav nervously
shakes a cigarette from a pack. Offers one to Jerry
... who turns it down. Jerry watches Trav closely.

JERRY

You recognized her.

A statement requiring no response. Trav lights up,
inhales deeply.

x

JERRY

(continuing)

They found the car this morning.
It was stolen last night. Bunch
of kids probably. They start out
for a joy ride... they end up
taking a life.

TRAV

Uh-uh. No kids last night. That
was a sophisticated job of murder.

JERRY

(amazed)

On a main street... in the center
of town?

TRAV

The police and the papers chalk
it up to a bunch of hot-rodding
kids. That's the end of it. No
one looks for another explanation.

(beat)

She was beautiful, Jerry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

TRAV (Cont'd)

She had amber eyes and great legs
... she was beautiful. And she
took off before I could even say
goodbye.

JERRY

(sensitive to
Trav's feelings)

I know it looks brutal, but...
there are worse ways. At least,
when it comes that hard and that
fast, you never get the message.

(beat)

In a way that's the gentle touch
of mercy.

TRAV

If it is, it's the only one she
ever got.

Flips the cigarette onto the floor, mashes it with a
foot, starts through the double doors. Jerry follows.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. SEA CRESCENT CIRCLE - DAY

99

An exclusive shopping area in Broward Beach. Trav
emerges from a men's store, carrying a couple of
packages. His basic outfit -- slacks and jacket --
remains the same... but he sports a new green silk
shirt, pale-yellow ascot and boat shoes... conveying
the impression of casual money, the kind that arrives
on an elegant ketch. Crossing to Miss Agnes, he flips
his packages onto the seat. Pauses a moment to adjust
the ascot, leaving just an edge showing. Now strides
along the row of shops.

100 ANOTHER ANGLE

100

favoring the candy-striped awning of the Doll House.
Trav saunters in.

101 INT. DOLL HOUSE

101

Posh and precious... artfully divided -- by slight
changes of level, poster-screens and variations of
floor coverings -- into areas for shoes, dresses,
hats, handbags, bathing attire, etc. Trav drifts
casually toward the rear... eyeing the smart displays.
A saleswoman approaches... ROZ -- early thirties,
attractive, slender frame, chic maternity smock draped
loosely over a fullness of waist.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

ROZ
(brightly)
Good morning.

Assuming an air of genteel charm -- Cary Grant minus the Cockney -- Trav pauses quite deliberately, takes her in with a totally flattering smile.

TRAV
Doll House... complete with doll.
The perfect touch.

ROZ
(obviously charmed)
In the seventh month, that's good for the morale.

TRAV
(bowing)
McGee. Travis McGee.

ROZ
No wonder the blarney. But I like it.
(beat)
Now, Mr. McGee, are you looking for a gift?

TRAV
(peers at the name embroidered above her breast)
May I call you Roz?

ROZ
Please do.

TRAV
As a matter of fact, Roz... I'm looking for a very lovely young lady. A customer of yours. Being a bachelor and naturally shameless, I'm hoping to impose on you for her address.

ROZ
It's against store policy.

Trav hangs his head... gives her a sheepdog look.

ROZ
(continuing - amused by his hamming)
Alright. What's the lady's name?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

TRAV
 (gestures
 hopelessly)
 Gone. Total blank.

ROZ
 Then I don't see how --

TRAV
 (whips a snapshot
 from a pocket)
 Just happens to be my hobby.

Roz accepts the snapshot, beams at Trav and crosses to the Louis Quatorze desk... to put on her glasses and examine the photo under the light.

TRAV
 (continuing -
 crossing after
 her)
 We met only briefly. Her escort
 was discouragingly possessive.
 But -- you know how it goes --
 she intimated that, if I were
 ever down this way --

While he has been rambling on, Roz has recognized the girl in the picture... and suddenly tightened.

ROZ
 (cutting in
 flatly)
 Tami Western.

TRAV
 (as if
 remembering)
 Tami... Tami Western! Of course!

Roz hands the photo back, starts behind the desk.

ROZ
 (clipped -
 cold)
 She's not a charge customer.
 (pulls out
 card file)
 I'll check the delivery file.

Flips through rapidly. Trav has caught the obvious chill... but pretends he hasn't.

TRAV
 Roz... you're the light in the
 dark.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

101

Finding the appropriate entry, Roz quickly conveys the data to a memo pad. Rips off the sheet, extends it stiffly across the desk. Trav examines it eagerly.

TRAV

8000 Cove Lane... apartment 1B.

Yes... that rings a bell.

(big smile)

Thank you... Thank you so much.

ROZ

(businesslike)

Not at all.

Trav starts for the door... now pivots back.

TRAV

You looked at the picture, and --

like that -- the air turned cold.

All of a sudden, I'm Typhoid Tom.

ROZ

(trying to

beg off)

Really, Mr. McGee...

TRAV

Something offended you. I feel responsible.

ROZ

Well... I'm not being catty...

but, of all the attractive girls

who come in here, a girl like

Tami Western is the last one I'd

expect to see you with.

(beat)

Now, I've dampened your dream.

I'm sorry.

x

TRAV

(simply)

I'm sorry, too.

She smiles at him, perhaps a little indulgently -- unaware of his deeper meaning.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. COVE LANE - ON SIGN - DAY

102

at the junction of a sidewalk and a path that leads back -- between manicured bands of turf and matching fountains -- to a small, but dramatic, rental office.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

Gold letters against an avocado backing carry the legend... "COVE LANE GARDENS"... and then, in smaller print, the typical razzmatazz: The ultimate in prestige... decorator furnished... etc.

In the b.g., Trav EMERGES from the rental office... accompanied by the rental agent, a fortyish blonde. She points off. He nods, smiles... approaches along the path, twirling a borrowed key.

CAMERA PANS him to the nearest of several groupings -- four to a cluster, with access drives, concrete walkways and high basketweave fencing around the patios.

103 UNIT 1-B

103

so marked. Trav proceeds to the door. Withdraws a wallet-sized burglar-kit, begins to work on the lock.

 GRIFF'S VOICE
 (a sharp summons)
 Hey, chief...

Trav drops the kit in a pocket, and without maneuvering, attempts to fit the obvious key in the lock.

 GRIFF'S VOICE
 (continuing;
 sharper)
 Hey, chief... hey... hey...

Sound of a gate banging shut. Trav turns.

104 ANOTHER ANGLE

104

Griff advances from a patio in the neighboring cluster. The supporter-sized orange trunks, the shaved body, the flyboy sunglasses and the towel around his neck accentuate the image of the practicing narcissist. But the brute strength is unmistakable; so is the aggression and hard-eyed suspicion.

 TRAV
 (as if surprised)
 You talking to me?

 GRIFF
 Nobody else here, is there?
 (approaches)
 What do you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

TRAV
(only a slight
edge... not really
belligerent)
Trying to find a place to live.
You mind?

GRIFF
Yeah... I mind. 'Cause this
one's taken, see. A chick has
it.

TRAV
The woman in the rental office --
the... the blonde -- she said it
was vacant.
(exhibits the
tagged key)
Said to let myself in.

Griff snatches the key, examines the tag.

GRIFF
You don't read too good. You're
looking for 1-C. This is B.
(jabs the B
on the door)
B.

Hands the key back. Trav peers at the tag.

TRAV
(looks at
Griff; shrugs)
Sorry.

A day maid, pushing a cleaning cart along the concrete
walkway, rounds the corner of the building, almost
runs into them... NOREEN WALKER - black, thirty,
pretty, saucy face, keen wide-set eyes, belted dusting
shift over blouse and capris. As she passes...

NOREEN
(pleasantly)
Why, Mr. Griff...

GRIFF
Yeah, honey... how you?

She guides the cart a few paces farther... unlocks
an exterior service closet. Griff taps Trav on a
shoulder... now points toward the rear.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

GRIFF

Right on around. Next one back.
(obvious sarcasm)
Big C on the door... that's C
like on the tag there.

Trav glances sourly at him, starts off down the curving path. Griff -- eyes still hard, still suspicious -- watches him go OUT OF SIGHT... now turns, sees Noreen storing her cart in the closet.

GRIFF

Noreen... you through already?

NOREEN

Sure am, Mr. Griff.

105 EXTERIOR UNIT C

105

Trav pauses at the door, listens.

GRIFF'S VOICE

Got yourself a racket, haven't you?

NOREEN'S VOICE

I ain't complaining. What about Miss Tami? Should I do in there today?

GRIFF'S VOICE

Naw. She'll be gone another couple of weeks.

NOREEN'S VOICE

If you hear she's coming back sooner, you let me know, huh?

GRIFF'S VOICE

Sure, honey.

Trav hurriedly turns back to the door, lets himself in. Leaves the door open... begins going through the motions of inspecting the apartment.

106 ANGLE TOWARD NEIGHBORING CLUSTER

106

Griff crosses toward his patio, goes in. After a moment, emerges again... carrying a small container of yogurt and a spoon. Leans against the gate, casually eating the yogurt and shifting his interest from the C-unit to...

107 NOREEN

107

has already removed work gloves and shift. Now takes off rubber-soled flats, bends over to pull on another pair of shoes. Though unintentional, the pose is provocative. INTERCUT with above.

GRIFF

Noreen... when you going to come work for me?

NOREEN

(laughs)

You already got you a girl.

GRIFF

But I like you.

(beat)

Maybe it's the way you clean... maybe it's something else.

Noreen doesn't answer. Hurriedly pulls a scarf around her hair, ties it under her chin.

GRIFF

Come on over. We'll talk about it.

NOREEN

I got a bus to catch.

GRIFF

There you go again. Always running off.

Noreen grabs her pocketbook, shuts the door... checking to be sure it's locked. Turns, looks directly at Griff.

NOREEN

Something you don't maybe understand, Mr. Griff... I'm a church-going woman.

GRIFF

(lascivious smile)

No, honey. You're just a little old suntanned pussycat.

NOREEN

(moving off)

You got the devil in your mouth.

Griff roars with laughter, watches her go.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 EXT. DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION - DAY 108

Black district. Big drugstore on one corner. A bus swings into view, rounds the corner. A few moments later, Miss Agnes makes the same turn, follows.

109 FARTHER DOWN THE STREET 109

The bus approaches, glides in toward the curb, stops. Noreen alights... sets off down the side street. The bus pulls out. Miss Agnes corners slowly.

110 THE SIDE STREET 110

lined on either side with frame cottages -- yards tidily kept. Noreen walks rapidly along the sidewalk. Trav, keeping Miss Agnes abreast of her, inches along past the parked cars -- hoping to draw her attention. Various blacks, young and old, pause to watch.

111 INT. MISS AGNES - ON TRAV 111

senses the general hostility. Sees an open space just ahead... angles in. Stops, leans over... swings wide the passenger door.

112 ANGLE NEAR THE CURB 112

Noreen never shifts her glance or changes stride.

TRAV
(as she approaches)

Noreen?

She pauses... eyes him with suspicion.

TRAV
Cove Lane Apartments. Remember?

Very reluctantly, she steps toward the car.

TRAV
(continuing)
I looked at one of the units.

NOREEN
If you're wanting maid work, I
ain't got no free day.

TRAV
I just want to talk to you.
(beat)
Please... sit for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

NOREEN
(defensive as ever)
Somebody con you wrong, mister.
I don't mess with no white stud.

Trav whips out the snapshot of Vangie, holds it up.
Noreen recognizes the face.

NOREEN
(continuing)
So I work for her. So?

TRAV
She's dead.

For the first time, Noreen looks directly into his
eyes. Studies him coldly.

NOREEN
Where you from, mister?

TRAV
Lauderdale.

NOREEN
Down there, any chance you know
Sam Dickey?

TRAV
B.K. Dickey? Sure. Damn good
lawyer.

NOREEN
Likely he know your name?

TRAV
(handing her
his card)
It's likely.

X

NOREEN
(appraises him
once more -
expressionlessly)
Corner of Seventh and Chandler...
there's a drug store.
(beat)
Parking lot in back. 'Long about
nine.

TRAV
See you there.

NOREEN
Could be you will.

Flips the card onto the seat, strides away.

113 EXT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

113

Various blacks moving in and out. SEVERAL YOUNG STUDS idling just outside. Trav -- dressed less flamboyantly now... as he was earlier in the day -- EXITS the store. The young blacks eye him coldly. Trav stops at the newspaper stand, buys a paper. Two of the young blacks amble over, stand just behind him. Trav turns, sees them in his path. Eyes them levelly -- not belligerent but clearly not intimidated. Now moves around them, avoiding any incident.

CAMERA PANS him along the side of the building.

114 DRUG STORE PARKING LOT

114

Trav angles over to Miss Agnes, opens the door.

115 INT. MISS AGNES

115

Noreen is sitting there. Trav lowers himself behind the wheel... looks over. Her appearance is simple and tasteful.

TRAV

Here?

NOREEN

No. I'll tell you where.

He cranks the engine.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 EXT. "DOC'S BAR-B-Q" - NIGHT

116

A short-order joint just off the highway... characterless but for an excessive use of neon. Row of cars in front... Miss Agnes among them.

A dinky roadster (foreign make, basically a two-seater) sprints in -- slung low with the weight of four college kids. The headlights are darkened -- just for sport -- but ROY, a husky boy in the back, holds a flashlight high, beaming it ahead of the advancing hood. PHIL, the driver, ducks the car into an open slot, tramps on the brake. The four leap out -- Roy and the other boy in back vaulting over the sides. (Note: these are not toughs, just young men in a rowdy mood -- result of several beers and no females.) They move to the entrance. A couple EMERGES -- a scholarly boy and his attractive date.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

Roy pauses to make a show of staring at the girl. She whisks past. He beams his light on her derriere as the others start in. Phil turns from the door, grabs Roy in good-natured reproof. Roy snaps off the light and follows him IN.

117 INT. DOC'S

117

MUSIC throbs with a heavy bass. Wood-backed booths run parallel to the long counter. The patrons... mostly young, mostly couples. This must be the place for after the bash or after the flick.

CAMERA TRACKS the four toward vacant stools at the far end -- where the juke is -- HOLDS as they belly up... and DISCOVERS Trav and Noreen in the next-to-last booth. A waitress impersonally deposits two cokes on the table... slaps the check down... moves off. Trav removes the straw from his glass, eyes Noreen as if encouraging her to begin. (Note: at this meeting, Noreen's speech exhibits no trace of dialect... is, in fact, almost too precise.)

NOREEN

Sam Dickey said I could trust you a hundred percent. He doesn't say that very often... not even about our own.

Reaches for a cigarette. Trav proffers a light, but she pointedly uses her own match.

TRAV

(sizing her up)

Your tie-up with Sam... I'd say you're involved somehow with the movement.

NOREEN

I'm the regional director for Broward.

TRAV

Big job. Doesn't the daytime work get in the way?

NOREEN

I need it as a cover.

(tight smile)

We're fighting a war, Mr. McGee...

TRAV

(still easy)

Where'd you go to college?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

NOREEN
 (sipping from
 the straw)
 Michigan. Graduated in fifty-
 nine.

(quickly)
 Anyhow... about what we're here
 for. Tami Western. I can't
 say much good about her, but it
 did shock me to learn she was
 dead.

The four boys at the counter have AD-LIBBED their
 orders... and now Roy has swiveled around to stare
 at Trav and Noreen.

TRAV
 Murdered.

NOREEN
 On a boat?

TRAV
 (surprised)
 No... why?

NOREEN
 (shrugs)
 She was always going on cruises.

With no attempt at subtlety, Roy has drawn the at-
 tention of his buddies to Trav and Noreen -- thereby
 making a comment on what is singular about them...
 the mix of black and white.

TRAV
 How often is always?

NOREEN
 Seven, eight times a year. Always
 the same trip. Nassau, the Bahamas.

Roy swivels back to join his friends in CONVERSATION.
 Trav takes a swallow of coke.

TRAV
 What about when she was home?
 Any pattern?

NOREEN
 (reflecting)
 The first week or ten days after
 a cruise, she'd hang around the
 apartment. Watch TV... or put on
 some records and just dance.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

NOREEN (cont'd)
Dance all by herself. For hours.
(stubs out
cigarette)
Then there'd be the shopping
phase. She had a fetish for
clothes. Next, she'd start
going out. I could tell because
she'd be hours on the phone.

Roy pivots around once more... eyes fixed on Trav.

NOREEN
(continuing)
Soon, she'd be staying out all
night.

At this moment, Roy flicks on his light. The beam
hits Trav first... shifts to Noreen... now back to
Trav. And holds. Trav sits absolutely still, con-
trolling a surge of anger. Doesn't say anything,
doesn't turn. Noreen is unnerved. Phil and the
others notice the byplay. For a moment, it seems as
if Roy is going to brazen it out. But Phil elbows
him sharply. Roy, pleased with his little perfor-
mance, finally wheels back to the counter.

TRAV
(picking up
again)
These men Tami went with. Ever
see any of them?

NOREEN
Sorry.

TRAV
Don't be. You're doing very well.

NOREEN
(a sour smile)
You mean... not bad for a black
girl?

TRAV
Noreen... you may be entitled
to that chip on your shoulder,
but you don't need it with me.

NOREEN
Oh? How do I play it with you?
Just lie back and say let's
integrate?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (3)

117

TRAV
(level, straight)
Not till I ask.

NOREEN
(jarred)
When you do, I say go to hell.

Trav laughs -- appreciating her spunk. After a moment, Noreen allows a smile. She realizes her answer was a woman's answer... any woman's. And she senses now that this is what Trav was probing for.

The moment of new understanding is suddenly spiked -- the light again. On both of them.

118 ROY

118

slumped on the stool... back to the counter, elbows resting on it. A silly smirk. And the flashlight jiggling in his right hand.

119 BACK TO SCENE

119

Noreen is tense... apprehensive about what may happen and bridling with inner rage. She fumbles for a cigarette. Trav offers one of his. She takes it ... and, this time, allows him to light it. Her eyes flare to Roy.

TRAV
(low, calm)
Cool it.

His control masters the moment. Her eyes lock on Trav's... and she seems to relax a bit. Abruptly, the flashlight flicks out.

NOREEN
Alright, you want to know what
I really think about Tami Western?

TRAV
Go.

NOREEN
No facts, now. Just guessing.
But Tami, and her girlfriend --

TRAV
(interjects)
Name?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

In the b.g., Roy slides off the stool... but turns to the juke. He has left the flashlight on the counter.

NOREEN

Del...

(probing for
the rest of it)

... about the same age, blonde,
figure like... like, I don't
know, too good. And the dirtiest
mouth you ever --

(suddenly
remembers)

Whitney! Del Whitney! I knew
I'd get it.

(sly smile)

Not bad for a black girl.

Noreen laughs, enjoying the rib. Doesn't notice Roy turn from the juke and start a slow arrogant approach.

NOREEN

Anyhow... from what I pieced
together... those girls were
whoring. They'd line up their
customers, get them off on those
cruises... then clip them for
all they could get.

Roy puts both hands on the table, hunches in, stares directly and defiantly into Trav's face.

ROY

Trying to change your luck, fella?

The gauntlet is down. Trav eyes Noreen with bored disgust. Now simply reaches up, grabs Roy's ear and twists. Roy's eyes go wild with pain and surprise... his mouth opens to protest but the words don't come. Trav keeps twisting. Roy is doubled over awkwardly -- arms poised but frozen, forehead almost on the floor. Trav has yet to look at him. Noreen has watched in fascination -- for the moment, too stunned to be amused.

TRAV

(same easy tone)

Now what about that neighbor of
hers... the ugly who was giving
you the pitch?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

NOREEN
 (forcing herself
 to overcome the
 distraction)
 His right name is Walter Griffin
 ... but they call him Griff.

TRAV
 That's the one.

120 ROY - CLOSE

120

contorted in pain. Tries to move slightly, stops
 immediately. Trav's grip is brutal. Any attempt
 at escape means a badly ripped ear.

121 THE COUNTER

121

Phil and the other two boys are transfixed by Roy's
 predicament. Trav's effortless control intimidates
 them.

122 BACK TO SCENE

122

Noreen casts a nervous glance about but is drawn
 back by the intensity of Trav's concentration.

NOREEN
 As I say, I'm guessing, but...
 I have Griff figured as the
 protection for Tami. In case
 the customers get out of line.

TRAV
 Is that pure theory, or have
 you got a reason?

NOREEN
 All I know is that whenever
 Tami went away... he'd be gone
 too. Never failed... at least,
 until this last time.

TRAV
 Okay. I'll buy that.

NOREEN
 (increasingly on
 edge about Roy)
 I think that's everything.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

NOREEN (cont'd)
 (sudden recollection)
 Oh... one other name. Terry.
 I never saw him but I know he's
 Del's guy. Del used to talk
 about him. Same way Tami would
 talk about Griff.
 (checks her watch)
 I've got a meeting.

TRAV
 I'll drive you.

Levering on Roy's ear, he stands out of the booth.
 Slowly, draws Roy erect. Still without looking at
 the boy, he turns him, moves him toward the counter.
 Noreen stands. Trav takes the check from the table.
 Very casually, he follows Noreen up the aisle. The
 couples in the booths regard Trav with appreciative
 interest.

123 TOWARD ROY

123

massaging his ear ever so delicately. Phil and the
 others now release their tension in nervous CACKLING.
 Roy eyes them blackly -- anxious to find an outlet
 for his pent-up venom and wounded pride.

DISSOLVE TO:

124 EXT. COVE LANE GARDENS - POV - NIGHT

124

... through side window of Miss Agnes. Quiet. Late.
 No pedestrians, no traffic. Most units darkened.
 Exterior lighting defines the development.

125 INT. MISS AGNES

125

(Parked across street, snuggled among others parallel
 to curb.) Trav behind wheel. Slight glow beneath
 dash. Trav shifts attention to seat alongside.

126 THE SEAT

126

illuminated by map light. Arrayed on leather up-
 holstery: box of shells and compact weapon (.38
 Bodyguard Special). Trav has been loading the
 weapon. Feeds a round into the chamber, checks it.

- 127 ON TRAV 127
Pauses... looks up. Switches off light, sits perfectly still.
- 128 THE STREET 128
Police vehicle -- two-man car -- approaches slowly... cruises past. Neither officer notices Miss Agnes; attention is focused toward apartments.
- 129 TRAV 129
checks rear-view mirror. Satisfied police are continuing their routine patrol, again flips on map light.

Re-checks weapon... closes box of shells, stows it in compartment under dashboard... withdraws pair of gloves, tool pouch and pencil-type flashlight... slips pouch and flashlight into jacket pocket... pauses.
- 130 HIS POV - COVE LANE GARDENS 130
Group by group, landscaping lights flick off. Now pathway lights. Only post lamps remain lit.
- 131 EXT. MISS AGNES 131
Trav extinguishes map light, opens door. Reaches under seat for a tire iron. Aligns... guides shaft of tire iron up a sleeve. Closes door. Checks bulge beneath jacket (shoulder-holster position) and routinely taps right-hand trouser pocket. Starts off.

CUT TO:
- 132 OUTSIDE FENCED PATIO OF UNIT 1-B 132
The gate is being closed -- slowly, noiselessly -- from inside. Clicks shut. Trav's head appears just over the top.
- 133 HIS POV - GRIFF'S UNIT 133
darkened. No sound.

134 INSIDE PATIO

134

Heavy plantings to either side of entrance and along borders of decking. Wrought-iron furniture. Trav pads to the glass slider. Removes tire iron from sleeve. Dons gloves. Wedges tire iron between door and jamb, levers smoothly. Flat, SNAPPING SOUND... inner latch shears. Trav slides door partly open, steps in... slides door closed, gropes to find opening in floor-to-ceiling drapes.

135 INT. VANGIE'S LIVING ROOM

135

as he EMERGES through drapes. Beams flashlight around, takes in the room -- attractively decorated in Moorish modern... big stereo outfit... case full of LP's... undistinguished paintings, white rug, red couches, etc.

Crosses to bar, lays out equipment. Removes jacket -- revealing shoulder holster strapped to chest. Drapes jacket over stool. Shines light behind bar... noting framed photograph of Vangie. Opens tool pouch, takes screwdriver and knife... turns, ambles through dining alcove.

136 HALLWAY

136

Trav glances at linen closet... shines light overhead on globular light fixture... continues on.

137 BEDROOM

137

lavish, dramatic. Trav ENTERS, appraises the room. Steps to wall of closets, pivots open the several doors. Racks tightly packed with dresses, slacks, blouses -- shoes rainbowed in every style covering the floor -- hatboxes and handbags burdening overhead shelves.

He crosses to the large dresser, scans its display: perhaps fifty perfume bottles, cut-glass bowl heaped with costume jewelry and, propped against the framed mirror, an ugly threadbare rag doll. Picks up the doll, examines it curiously -- certainly a keepsake from childhood, tattered now, barely holding together, a pathetic symbol of the girl's life. Props it back in place. Turns to the bed -- ready to embark in earnest on his search for the hidden money. Rips off coverings, drags mattress onto floor. Prepares to wield knife along a seam. Sees it won't be necessary. Binding has already been slashed; someone had made a prior inspection.

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138 INT. VANGIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 138

Few hours later. Trav, damp with perspiration, unscrewing a section of wall oven -- already partly disassembled.

Refrigerator and dishwasher have been completely torn down, cabinets and drawers emptied, wall vents removed, etc.

Trav removes a last screw, separates the insulated interior wall of the oven from its housing. Finds nothing secreted. Sets the pieces aside dispiritedly. Mops brow, looks for a cigarette. Can't find his pack. Gets up, taking flashlight... picks through the jumble, EXITS.

139 INT. LIVING ROOM 139

also a shambles. Furniture upended, records removed from storage case, stereo dismantled, etc. Trav zigzags through, hoping to spot his cigarettes. Checks bar counter. No luck. Moves to hallway.

140 HALLWAY 140

cluttered with disarrayed linen, etc. Trav moves past.

141 BEDROOM 141

Everything formerly in closets or drawers is piled on the carpeting. Trav spies the pack of cigarettes on a mound of dresses. Retrieves the pack, EXITS.

142 KITCHEN 142

SOUNDS of Trav coming back down hallway. Now he ENTERS, lighting a cigarette. Leans against sink -- tired, frustrated, ready to call it quits. Checks watch. Seems surprised. Turns to shutters above sink. Tilts louvres.

143 HIS POV - THROUGH THE LOUVRES 143

First light spreads across the sleeping settlement.

144 BACK TO SCENE 144

Trav re-closes louvres. Knowing the outside light will absorb any trace of interior illumination, he flips toggle that should activate fixture over sink.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

No effect. He frowns... leans against sink again, dragging on cigarette. Now glances at fixture with new curiosity. Seems about to dismiss the thought, decides to investigate. Ditches cigarette in sink, climbs onto counter, begins to undo knurled screw that holds fixture in place.

145 CLOSER

145

Screw drops into his hand. Round base comes down, hangs by wiring. Trav notes crude rectangular opening cut into the inset housing. Eases a hand in. Withdraws glass jar filled with coins. Smiles sadly, realizing this must be the "inheritance" - her mother's \$3.35. Reaches up again. Gropes farther into the rectangular opening... feels another object. Withdraws a packet of bills -- two inches thick. Riffles through. Seems impressed. Drops it down the front of his shirt. Reaches up again...

DISSOLVE TO:

146 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

146

Minutes later. Trav -- shirt front bellied out with bulky cargo -- dons jacket. Quickly stows tool pouch and flashlight in pockets, grabs tire iron. Picks his way across the littered room.

147 EXT. INSIDE OF PATIO

147

Trav parts drapes, opens slider. Steps into gray-white light. Eases slider shut. Pauses, listens. All quiet. Removes gloves... stuffs them in pocket. Pads to gate. Reaches for latch.

Shock. From the dense shrubbery alongside, Griff looms INTO FRAME, brandishing a Luger. Trav starts to wheel. Too late. The Luger cracks down hard over his left ear. He staggers. Tire iron slips from his grasp, CLANKS on the decking.

148 TRAV - ECU

148

eyes rolling.

149 SERIES OF FLASH IMAGES

149

documenting Trav's consciousness at the moment of shock.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

Vangie dancing -- Griff eating yogurt -- Vangie falling from the bridge -- the iron boot dropping onto Trav's head -- a frame of deep blotchy red -- Vangie dancing, whirling -- an alleyway... and a truck pinning a woman against a wall -- quarters and dimes rolling on a pavement -- another frame of red, medium saturation -- Trav down in the waters of the Marathon channel -- Vangie on the tray in the morgue -- the boot hitting Trav again and again -- final frame of white streaked with jagged lines of red. All images in such rapid sequence -- each the merest flicker -- as to create a sense of wild disorientation.

150 ON TRAV

150

rubber-legged, reels against the wall adjacent to the sliders... doesn't go down. Stunned but conscious. Fighting waves of nausea. Eyes focus now.

151 WIDER

151

Griff stands at a professional distance... Luger aimed at Trav's chest. Wears sneakers, bleached denims, T-shirt, hooded warm-up jacket, flyboy glasses and the characteristic towel around his neck and tucked into the jacket.

GRIFF

(low voice)

Real slow now... face around.

All the way around.

(as Trav
complies)

Hands on the wall.

(as Trav
complies)

Walk your feet back.

(waits)

More.

(waits)

More.

(satisfied)

Nice.

Trav is tilted in the awkward posture common to police friskings. Griff steps in, nuzzles the Luger against the base of Trav's skull. Deftly -- with quick taps -- he probes Trav's chest. Finds the shoulder-holster, withdraws the gun, drops it in a pocket. Reaches in again, grabs the front of Trav's shirt, yanks it up. Four packets of bills slop onto the decking. Being very cautious -- Griff kicks the packets from under Trav's feet. Backs up.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

Keeps the Luger levelled... stoops... gathers the packets... drops three of them inside his shirt. Straightens up... examines the fourth with obvious pleasure.

GRIFF

Nice. Very nice. You saved me a lot of work.

TRAV

Get off it. You looked plenty. I saw your calling card in every room.

Griff drops the fourth packet in with the rest, shifts.

GRIFF

What we do now is we walk out to your car. Like buddies. Like you came to pick me up and maybe we're going for a little jog.

Trav straightens, turns -- still trying to clear his head.

GRIFF

(pulls the towel from his neck)
Keep something in mind, chief...
(uses the towel to grasp the tire iron)
This here belongs to you, and...
(eyeing the slider)
... over there's where you used it. That makes you a bad guy. But me?

(smiles)

I'm protecting a friend's property. Get the message?

TRAV

Old good neighbor Griff. You ought to get an award.

GRIFF

(taps the bulk in his shirt)
Got one.
(nods toward the gate)
Open it slowly and open it wide.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: (2)

151

Trav does as told... opens the gate. Griff slips the Luger into the slash pocket just below his rib cage ... follows Trav out. The gate closes softly.

GRIFF'S VOICE

Now walk nice. And keep your hands where I can see them.

152 INT. MISS AGNES - DAWN

152

Trav driving -- Griff hitched against the passenger door -- Luger accurately aimed and resting on his left thigh. They ride in SILENCE for a moment. Trav guiding Miss Agnes at a moderate speed along a section of coast highway. Very little traffic.

TRAV

If you weren't such a screw-up, you might be curious about me. How come I know about Terry and Del... that kind of thing.

GRIFF

Couldn't care less.

TRAV

You ought to. 'Cause you're going to screw up again. Same way you did with Vangie at the bridge.

GRIFF

Try again, Chief. That wasn't my goof. I wasn't there.

TRAV

I get you mixed up with Terry.

GRIFF

Both hands on the wheel.

TRAV

(complies)

Where is old Terry, anyhow? Off on another cruise?

GRIFF

Slow down.

Trav eases the accelerator.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

TRAV

You and Vangie... you worked
the racket together... lived
next door to each other... tell
me, what was it like when you
shoved her out in the street?
When you heard the car hit...
when it mashed into her... what
did you feel?

GRIFF

(nodding ahead)

Pull off.

153 EXT. COAST HIGHWAY

153

The big Rolls drifts onto the shoulder, brakes dustily to a halt. Waits. A car WHOOSHES past, WHINES into the distance. No other traffic. The Rolls diagonals across the pavement, burrows up a rutted track, disappears behind a huge billboard.

154 ANGLE TOWARD BILLBOARD

154

rising on stilts from a sandy knoll, its legend tout-ing "BROWARD BEACH... friendliest town in Florida." Miss Agnes dips to a stop. Passenger door opens. Griff backs out. Trav, following instructions, slides across, alights, slams the door... starts trudging in a seaward direction. Griff moves directly behind him.

155 ANOTHER ANGLE

155

With a summer sun lofting from the sea, the procession files on. Trav steps over a weathered four-foot length of one-by-six. Griff stoops quickly, grabs the board... continues on.

156 WIND-FORMED HOLLOW

156

A natural pocket between brown dunes... shielded from the road and the main expanse of beach. Griff gives a low, sharp WHISTLE -- signal to halt. Trav waits. Griff mounts one of the dunes, reconnoiters. Climbs down. Drags a corner of the board in the sand, describing a rectangle roughly eight feet by four feet. Trav watches -- fully aware that his grave is being designed. Griff retreats a few paces... flips the board at Trav's feet.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFF
 (an order)
About two feet deep.

 TRAV
Sure that's enough? I've got
a pretty big chest.

X

 GRIFF
 (low... cold)
Dig.

Trav gets down on his knees, begins scooping out a shallow grave -- using the piece of board as plow and shovel. Takes his time. SOUND of the surf CRACKING sharply, rhythmically.

 TRAV
I keep thinking about Terry and
Del. There they are... making
the swing through the Caribbean
... working the old routine.
Del turning on the phony heat
... the sucker going hard for it
... thinking he has it made
forever... an eager chick and
tropical paradise... 'till
suddenly...

 (pausing as
 if relishing
 the picture)
... in comes Terry... like the
outraged husband, threatens to
tear the sucker apart --

 GRIFF
 (disdainful)
You got all the answers, haven't
you, chief?

 TRAV
I've got one big answer... Terry's
number one and you're the flunky.

 GRIFF
 (stung)
Terry's sick. He's number one
crazy, that's what he is.
 (beat)
With that freak, you know what'd
happen? He'd crunch your spine
and bury you alive.

 TRAV
 (easily)
That right?

(CONTINUED)

GRIFF

Yeah, that's right.

(to regain
his cool)I'm giving you all this so you'll
feel good. It's always nice to
die lucky.

TRAV

(sardonic)

Appreciate it. You're very
thoughtful.

(beat)

Tell me... did you do the same
for Vangie? Did you cheer her
up like this before you shoved
her out in the street?

GRIFF

If I were you... I'd move more
of that. You want it deep
enough so the flies don't bite.

X

Trav makes a show of deepening the trench. After
several more moments, pauses again.

TRAV

There's one thing I've got to
warn you...(sitting on
his heels)... when it gets right down to
the moment... I die kind of hard.

GRIFF

(with bitter
amusement)I don't know what you're on...
but you're dreaming real big.(gestures pointedly
with the Luger)

This thing's a regular cannon.

X

TRAV

(blandly)

Someone's going to get hurt,
then.

GRIFF

(rising)

Can't fool you.

(indicating
the board)

Flip it here...

(CONTINUED)

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156 CONTINUED: (3)

156

Trav complies... never taking his eyes off Griff.

GRIFF

(continuing)

What you do is you slide in there, see... and you lie down. On your back.

TRAV

(not moving)

Just like that? No prayers, no last cigarette?

GRIFF

No nothing. When you goof a play, the cost comes high.

(steps closer,
indicates with
the Luger)

Now, chief. Right now. Stretch out nice.

157 ON TRAV

157

Shifts about on his knees -- as if preparing to arrange himself. Slides a hand into his trouser pocket. Puts one foot into the grave... suddenly whirls, brandishing the compact .38... fires in the same instant... simultaneously diving to the right... rolling hard. Ends up in a prone position, braced on elbows ... left hand clamping gun wrist to steady it... poised to fire again.

158 GRIFF

158

itches INTO CAMERA, almost parallel to the trench ... on his stomach... arms limp, awkwardly pinned beneath his chest. The Luger rests about a foot from the hand... barrel sunk straight down in the sand.

159 TRAV

159

Trav -- the .38 in readiness -- shuffles over on his knees. Circles carefully to the Luger... kicks it aside. Still very cautious... reaches into Griff's jacket pocket, withdraws the gun Griff took from him on Vangie's patio, a bulkier revolver. Griff lifts his head, straining up to focus on Trav... expression incredulous, lips moving soundlessly.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

TRAV
 (quietly... not
 with malice)
 You poor son of a bitch.
 (indicating the
 larger revolver)
 This one's not even loaded.

Shoves revolver in holster. Snaps the safety catch on the .38, starts to remove slug from chamber. Pauses as Griff shudders deeply along the length of his frame. Finally, the head drops, chin and mouth sink into the sand. Trav checks for a pulse; there is none.

Trav stands, finishes disarming the .38, slips it in his pocket. Looks about, sprints to the nearest dune, scans the beach. Charges back, stares at Griff, hesitates.

After a brief moment, shakes himself from his torpor, kneels alongside Griff. Rolls him over into the impromptu grave. Quickly unzips the warm-up jacket -- exposing the irregular red stain. Yanks shirt from waistband. Gathers the four packets of bills, drops them inside his own shirt once again.

Trav is working quickly now. He takes the towel from Griff's neck... drapes it over the face. Grabs the board... slides it under the Luger... guides the weapon into the grave.

Now starts manipulating the board like the blade of a bulldozer... shoving great sweeps of soft sand into the grave. Works furiously... feverishly. In moments, only Griff's feet protrude. Another few sweeps of the blade... and the body has disappeared. Trav makes a final sweep to level off the surface.

Sits back on his heels, resting a moment... trying to think things through. Has he forgotten anything? Decides not. Stands, looks around, checking the area. Eyes the spot where Griff is buried. Freezes.

160 HIS POV - GRAVE

160

Something is moving just beneath the surface... bulging slightly... causing grains of sand to tumble and slide. Something alive. Something fighting for air.

161 TRAV - CLOSE 161

still frozen. Unwilling even to consider an explanation. Stops breathing... waits.

162 THE GRAVE 162

Sand grains shift more actively. Now, two crusty fingers thrust through... clawing, slipping. Moment later, the sands part... a big crab emerges... legs (resembling a man's fingers) working furiously. It waddles off swiftly.

163 TRAV 163

resumes breathing. Now spins, drops piece of one-by-six... strides toward the Rolls (out of sight near the billboard).

DISSOLVE TO:

164 INT. FLUSH - ENGINE COMPARTMENT - DAY 164

Trav reaches the bottom of the vertical ladder, steps to the port side, kneels, sets two bricks of money to one side.

165 CLOSER 165

Reaches down along a section of fake hull -- below the waterline. Pulls a concealed lever. Closes a sea cock. Applies pressure to an area of the hull, forcing one end up slightly. Grabs the end, muscles it open... swinging it on concealed bronze hinges. Water rushes into the bilge. SOUND of the automatic pump starting up. Now reaches down into the double hull section, pulls up a watertight aluminum box. Brushes excess water off the top. Sets the box down on the deck, unfastens two hasps. Pries the top off, breaking the seal of the rubber gasket. Dumps in the two bricks of bills. Rises.

166 ENGINE COMPARTMENT - WIDER 166

Crosses to the ladder, holds out his hands.

MEYER'S VOICE

I was saying, I guess this winds it up.

A brick of bills comes tumbling down. Trav snares it. Stands ready for the next one.

167 TOP OF THE LADDER

167

Meyer leaning in from the passageway...preparing to drop another fat brick of money.

MEYER

I mean, even if...

(guides another
brick down)

... you wanted to pursue the
matter, this thirty thousand
compromises your position.
Wouldn't you say?

168 ENGINE COMPARTMENT

168

Trav has caught the second brick. Now holds one in each hand... awaits the third.

TRAV

(noncommittal)

Could be.

MEYER'S VOICE

Unless, of course, there's some
way to crack the thing wide
open, turn it over to the police
and withdraw without any fuss.

The third brick comes flying down. Trav catches it neatly. PHONE RINGS in the lounge.

TRAV

Would you mind?

Turns to cross toward the port side.

169 PASSAGEWAY

169

Meyer frowns -- put off by Trav's evasiveness.
Rumbles along the passageway.

170 THE LOUNGE

170

Meyer strides to the phone, fields it.

MEYER

(into phone)

Hello...

171 ENGINE COMPARTMENT - PORT SIDE

171

Trav has closed the aluminum box, is re-fastening the hasps. Now lowers the box into the double hull section... pushes it down against its buoyancy, guiding it into the brackets. Leans back up. Swings the heavy curve of wood into place. Opens the sea cock. Hears the GURGLINGS as the water pours in (refilling the now concealed section... even with the outside waterline). Rises. CAMERA PANS him to the ladder. He starts up.

172 PASSAGEWAY

172

Meyer backs out of the access doorway.

MEYER

Virginia... from some travel agency.

(as Trav
emerges)

Says you're expecting the call.

Trav moves up the passageway.

173 INT. LOUNGE

173

Trav enters, takes the receiver. Meyer ambles in.

TRAV

(into phone)

Ginny...

(listens... now
excitedly)

Beautiful! Wait a minute, honey.

Punches a button, activating the speaker-phone. Sets the receiver down, crosses towards the bar-counter.

TRAV

(continuing;
as he crosses)

Ginny, I put you on the speaker.
Go ahead.

GINNY'S VOICE

(piped into
the room)

Well, as I said... there is a
Terry on the passenger manifest.
A Roger M. Terry.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

TRAV
 (grabs the short
 stack of bills)
 Mr. and Mrs.? Or so listed?

GINNY'S VOICE
 Correct. That's how we found
 it. I relayed your description
 of the blonde and they knew
 immediately.

TRAV
 (moving toward
 stereo console)
 They've made the cruise before.

During the ensuing conversation with Ginny, Trav goes through a process of depositing a short stack of money in yet another hiding place, a wall safe. Meyer watches with skepticism.

The wall safe is concealed behind one of the speakers mounted above the stereo console... on the bulkhead that runs athwart the Flush, partitioning lounge from forward area. The safe is a barrel-type affair with combination dial.

The various steps of the process are obvious; swinging the hinged speaker out from the bulkhead, dialing the combination, and so forth.

The iron boot rests on the floor... alongside the console and just beneath the hinged speaker -- its placement making access to the wall safe somewhat awkward. Trav's annoyance at the hindrance naturally draws CAMERA'S ATTENTION to the boot.

GINNY'S VOICE
 Many times.

TRAV
 That's the party. Now what's
 the schedule?

GINNY'S VOICE
 It's a seven-day cruise.
 (RUSTLE of
 paper)
 Name of the boat is the
Maddalena. She left Port
 Everglades last Tuesday at
 10:00 P.M. Arrived Friday --
 yesterday -- at Kingston,
 Jamaica at 7:00 A.M. Lays
 over in Kingston till --

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(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (2)

173

TRAV
(cutting in)
Honey, excuse me... all I care
about is the last leg.

GINNY'S VOICE
Let's see. She docks at
Nassau on Monday. At one in
the afternoon. Departs at
five.

TRAV
(closes the
safe)
Docks here the next morning.

GINNY'S VOICE
Check.

TRAV
(twirling the
dial)
Okay. I'll need two tickets,
Nassau to Lauderdale. Two
staterooms. Different decks.

GINNY'S VOICE
Can do.

TRAV
And a hop down... say tomorrow
afternoon.

GINNY'S VOICE
There's a flight at noon.

TRAV
(swings the
speaker into
place)
I like it.

GINNY'S VOICE
Two seats.

TRAV
(nudging the
boot with a
toe)
Three. Three down and one
return. The return, that
evening.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (3)

173

GINNY'S VOICE

You got it.

(beat)

Trav... this sounds a bit
... oh... unusual. Can I ask
what it's about?

TRAV

This Terry fella lost some
exercise equipment.

(turns, crosses)

It's important he knows it's
been found. Understand?

GINNY'S VOICE

(confused)

No.

TRAV

Right, Ginny. See you later.

Immediately breaks the connection.

TRAV

(continuing;
checking his
watch)

We've got to run down to Miami.

Starts to unbutton his shirt.

MEYER

Fine. But... a... before we go...

TRAV

(impatient)

I know, Meyer. I've heard
your lecture about banks.

MEYER

(pointing to
the wall safe)

I'm talking about that thing.
You put a few thousand in there.

TRAV

So?

MEYER

Any thief in town could find
it blindfolded.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (4)

173

TRAV

That's the idea. A man who
finds something doesn't keep
on looking.

(starting down
the passageway)

Ten minutes. Meet you outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

174 EXT. SUNSHINE STATE PARKWAY - DAY

174

Southbound traffic moves at a brisk pace... but a
late-model gray Chevrolet -- Meyer's car -- surges
past smoothly in the speed lane.

175 INT. MEYER'S CAR

175

Meyer driving... Trav -- freshly showered and shaved
-- slouched in the passenger seat. The RADIO is on
-- low. Meyer, hearing the words "Broward Beach
Police", quickly reaches over to turn up the volume.

NEWSCASTER

(on radio)

... made a positive identification
of the mystery woman in Thursday
night's hit-and-run fatality.
Word came back her fingerprints
are definitely those of Miss
Vangie Bellemer, age: twenty-
two. Last known address,
Jacksonville. She had an eight-
year record of arrests for
soliciting and extortion.
Police are conducting an
intensive hunt for the driver
of the stolen car, and expect --

X

Trav jabs the signal-seeker bar, changing the setting
to another station -- MUSIC.

MEYER

(after a moment)

Eight from twenty-two is
fourteen. That's what you
call an early start.

TRAV

They tried to drown her, then
they steamrolled her with five
thousand pounds of metal at
seventy miles per.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

TRAV (cont'd)

I don't give a damn what she did or when she started. Nobody deserves that kind of treatment.

(beat)

When I was leaving the morgue, the doc filled me in on a few of his surgical triumphs... the ones he hauled back from the doorstep when it didn't look possible. "They become your people," he said. "Your kids. No matter what they are or what happens to them after that, they're important to you."

(beat)

It's that way.

176 EXT. SUNSHINE STATE PARKWAY

176

The Chevy glides onto an off-ramp... downtown Miami.

DISSOLVE TO:

177 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

177

A chunky SALESMAN waits before an elevator. Frowns up toward the floor-indicator.

178 HIS POV - THE DIAL

178

The needle sweeps steadily toward the last number, "7". A BELL RINGS. The "7" lights up.

179 BACK TO SCENE

179

The salesman stoops for his heavy case as the doors slide open... straightens, reels back. A golf cart seems to burst out of the elevator... swerves to head up the corridor. The driver is JAKE KARLO -- fifties, a dynamic, if comic, bantam who speaks and moves in double-time. Riding reversed on the tail-bench, his very tall secretary. Jake dictating... the secretary transcribing in shorthand. Bold printing on the side of the cart proclaims "KARLO PRODUCTIONS."

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

JAKE

Paragraph two. In addition to
complete studio space...

(over his shoulder)

-- throw in the thing about
how we now got six stages --

(dictating again)

Karlo Productions can also
provide full lab facilities
for on-the-spot processing of
both color film and black-and-white.

The salesman stands rooted in amazement as the cart
wheels away... and the elevator doors close.

180 END OF HALLWAY

180

The cart skims toward double glass doors ("Executive
Offices"). Electronically, the doors swing open.
The cart, never slowing, barrels through.

181 INT. JAKE'S OFFICE

181

Dramatic, vast, posh. Trav and Meyer awaiting Jake's
arrival -- Meyer seated on a couch, Trav standing by
a huge window. Double mahogany doors whip open.
Jake and secretary tool in.

JAKE

(with a shout)

McGee!

Expertly brings the cart to a stop alongside his desk,
Leaps off, rushes to pump Trav's mitt.

JAKE

(continuing)

McGee... McGee... monster, Irish
monster.

TRAV

Jake... meet my good friend,
Meyer.

Jake half runs to greet him.

JAKE

(shaking
Meyer's hand)

Mr. Meyer, Mr. Meyer... pleasure,
pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

Meyer mumbles inaudibly -- overcome by Jake's ebullience. Behind them, the secretary has unwound her towering frame from the cart.

SECRETARY
(brandishes
the steno pad)
Pardon me, Mr. Karlo... I'll
hold this for later.

JAKE
Yeah, sweetheart... and hold
the calls. No interruptions.

She nods, crosses swiftly. Jake is momentarily distracted. Appraises her with obvious approval. The doors fly open. She exits. They close.

JAKE
(continuing;
to Trav)
Is she too much, eh?
(not waiting
for a reply)
Smart, too.
(turning to
Meyer)
Maybe I marry her, eh? What do
you think, Mr. Meyer?

MEYER
(fumbling)
Well, if --

JAKE
I think so, too. She's right
for me, know what I mean?
(gesturing)
Sit, sit, Mr. Meyer. Please.

Immediately turns, stares up at Trav.

JAKE
(continuing)
Monster... Irish monster.
(including
Meyer with a
quick glance)
He ever tell you he saved my
life?
(goes right in)
Believe it. Thieves from
Hollywood in their shiny black
suits. They knew everything
... how to peel old Jake like
a banana.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (cont'd)
(gesturing
vigorously)
Ha! McGee put 'em through
such paces, it was like ten
reels of a horror flick. When
they leave, it's by Greyhound
bus. All he lets 'em keep is
the black suits.

Trav has gone to Jake's desk and laid out several
photos of Vangie -- head shots and full length (in
bikini) poses. Jake now notices.

JAKE
(continuing)
McGee... he never comes to see
an old man just for friends.
No... he wants.
(crosses to desk)
Call it, monster? Jake Karlo's
studio? His theatres? His
right arm? All you do is ask
... you got.

TRAV
I need a girl to play a part.
I want you to cast her for me.

JAKE
So! Gonna crowd me, eh? McGee,
the producer. Big film man all
of a sudden.

A wink to Meyer.

TRAV
She's got to be mistaken for
this girl.
(taps photos)
Take a look.

Jake moves behind his immense desk, sits.... peruses
the photos with an alert and practiced eye. Trav
perches on the desk, watches. Meyer comes over.

JAKE
You look, you say lovely. Oval
face... delicate... few quarts
Oriental blood. From the islands
maybe. Great eyes, absolutely
great. Then more and more you
see animal. Like a warning...
like watch out.
(looking up at Trav)
The size, the build... how?

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: (3)

181

TRAV

About five-five. Hundred and ten. But a body that looks riper than the weight. Physical condition of a dancer.

JAKE

(nodding)

Sure. What gives it the illusion, the middle is practically nothing.

(jabbing one of the photos)

Waist to hips, you've got like maybe a fourteen-inch difference.

(glancing up again)

How close you want her to work?

TRAV

Say a hundred feet.

JAKE

(opening a drawer)

So the face is important, but what you gotta get right is posture -- way she moves, way she walks.

Whips out a thick leather-bound album. Rapidly flips through -- photographs (eight-by-ten glossies in acetate sleeves) on one side, pertinent information on facing pages. Stops at a particular photo. Holds one of the snaps of Vangie beside it. Looks from one to the other.

JAKE

Perfect.

Spins the book around for Trav's appraisal.

182 INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

182

of Merrimay Lane -- blonde, blue-eyed, pretty.

183 BACK TO SCENE

183

Trav eyes Jake.

TRAV

Are you putting me on?

(CONTINUED)

Jake jumps up, leans across... with an air of forced patience, points out the features one by one.

JAKE

Shape of face... oval. Right?
Cheekbones... high. Right?
Mouth... same. Right? Eyes...
don't worry, we fix. Hair...
so what? How many wigs we got?
Maybe two thousand.

(taps facing
page)

Read here. Twenty-three. Five-
five. Hundred and twelve.
Specialty, dancer. Some acting.
Believe it... this is your kid.

(scoops up the
snapshots, moves
out from behind
the desk)

She's working lunches at
Ralphie's. We'll catch her.

(hops onto the
golf cart)

Come, come.

Taps the bench on the rear, indicating he wants Trav
and Meyer to climb aboard. Trav complies.

MEYER

(reluctant)

I don't mind walking. Really.

JAKE

So who minds?

(taps the bench
imperatively)

Sit, Mr. Meyer. This way, we
save two minutes.

Meyer -- however unwillingly -- heaves aboard next to
Trav. The cart is already in motion -- wheeling,
bucking. The doors fly open.

JAKE

(continuing)

Two minutes here, two there.

How I got to be.

(over his shoulder)

Right, monster?

TRAV

(greatly amused)

Right, Jake.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: (2)

183

Meyer holds on for his life as the cart barrels away,
accelerating through an outer office.

JAKE
(gesturing wildly)
Time is money, time is money...

CUT TO:

184 FISHBOWL SHOT - DAY

184

Capturing the illusion that a naked Lilliputian girl
is swimming therein. The performer, MERRIMAY LANE
-- twenty-three, blonde, delicate features, same
figure as Vangie's ... lithe, leggy, lovely.

185 INT. RALPHIE'S - THE BAR

185

Trav and Meyer are peering into a fishbowl -- one of
several spaced along the bar. The gimmick is attrac-
ting excellent business.

186 TWO SHOT - TRAV AND MEYER - DISTORTED

186

seen through the water and glass of the fishbowl.

MEYER
But how does she breathe?

JAKE'S VOICE
McGee!

187 BACK TO SCENE

187

Trav looks up.

TRAV
Through her nose.

188 TRAV'S POV - A DOORWAY

188

beyond the far end of the bar. Jake signals as if to
say "this way, come on."

CUT TO:

189 INT. RALPHIE'S BASEMENT - DAY

189

Exposed piping, fenced storage areas. Trav has opened a door. Meyer peers over his shoulder. Jake paces nervously a few feet away... just outside a dressing room of jury-rigged partitions.

JAKE

(calling in)

Darling girl, please. Time is money. Wrap something around it. Anything.

MERRIMAY'S VOICE

Half a minute, Jake.

TRAV

The bar is directly above.

190 THEIR POV - BARE ROOM

190

Light banks on four sides.

TRAV'S VOICE

Mirrors and optics do the rest.

191 BACK TO SCENE

191

Meyer is still perplexed.

MEYER

You could swear she's swimming.

TRAV

She's dancing. Very slowly and with sort of stroking motions. Perfectly high and dry.

192 ANOTHER ANGLE

192

Merrimay emerges -- dressed in a chic summer suit. Snapshot in one hand, purse in another. She bends, kisses Jake on the top of the head.

JAKE

(guiding her over)

Merrimay, darling girl... the monster here is the one I'm telling you about, Trav McGee, a very dear personal friend who I would trust with all six of my own lovely daughters. And his associate, Mr. Meyer.

Smiles are exchanged... the only greetings possible with a run-on talker like Jake.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

JAKE

(continuing;
pausing only
for breath)

What I can say is this
beautiful girl is strictly pro.
Moves great, works hard.
Reliable, got class. Big
things ahead. Right?

(squeezes her
cheek)

Gentlemen, Miss Merrimay Lane
is in your hands. Take care,
the merchandise. All my
departments will be at standing
by -- wardrobe, makeup,
hairdressing. Feel free.

(moving away)

Later. Time is money.

(blowing a kiss)

Darling girl, darling girl.

Small legs pumping, he bolts through a door marked
"Stairs." Merrimay turns, holds snapshot of Vangie
by her face... frowns dubiously, now smiles.

MERRIMAY

If Jake says I can, then I can.

TRAV

(taking her arm)

Darling girl, you're on.

CUT TO:

193 NASSAU - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

193

Compact and colorful on the edge of New Providence
Island. Surrounded by an emerald sea and the darker
ridges of coral visible beneath the shallows.

CUT TO:

194 NASSAU RUNWAY - DAY

194

A jet SCREAMS in, touches down.

CUT TO:

195 LOADING APRON - DAY

195

Passengers file down the ladder from the parked jet-liner. Trav appears... now Merrimay and Meyer. Merrimay carries a small wigbox. At the bottom of the ladder, she arranges herself between Trav and Meyer, takes each by the arm. Her familiarity is expressive -- clearly, she has come to know and like both men in a brief twenty-four hours. They move past and into the terminal.

DISSOLVE TO:

196 INT. PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL ROOM

196

A tasteful suite, noticeably old world. Balcony doors reveal a panoramic view of Nassau. Meyer is seated at a table, working on a dainty Japanese doll (about six inches high), painstakingly refashioning it to bear a resemblance to Vangie. Trav enters from a connecting suite.

MEYER

The more I think about tomorrow,
the more I realize it's a long
way from economic theory.

(beat)

I'm certain I'm going to make
some terrible blunder.

X

TRAV

You'll do fine.

MEYER

If this whole thing is going
to work... then Terry has to
believe his iron boot did the
job.

Phone RINGS.

TRAV

(crossing
to phone)

He didn't see us pull her up,
and, by the time she
reappeared in Broward, he was
already on the cruise.

The TINNY BELL again. Trav lifts the receiver.

TRAV

(continuing;
into phone)

Yes...

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

TRAV (cont'd)
 (to Meyer)
 It's darling girl.
 (into phone
 again)
 Now? Right now?... Okay.

Hangs up. Crosses toward the balcony.

TRAV
 Put that aside for a second?

Trav gestures Meyer to the balcony. Meyer puts down the doll, follows Trav outside.

197 EXT. THIRD FLOOR BALCONY

197

Trav and Meyer move to the railing, look down. After a moment, Trav points.

TRAV
 On the steps.

198 THEIR POV - BELOW

198

A gracious courtyard -- fountains, tea tables, etc. Pool at one end. Merrimay appears on the steps leading from the lounge -- but with dark wig, make-up, particular skirt and sleeveless blouse, she looks like Vangie. The bearing is the same, and now, as she walks, the dancer's leggy stride is virtually identical. She pauses saucily, glances up, waves.

199 ON THE BALCONY

199

Meyer is effusive.

MEYER
 She's good. She's damn good.

Trav gestures below, signaling Merrimay to come on up.

TRAV
 We can use her a lot closer than we thought.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

MEYER

(a la Jake Karlo)

McGee, Irish monster... an arm,
a leg, you got. But one of my
people should get hurt is not
to happen.

TRAV

(a la Jake)

Please... we'll take care the
merchandise.

CUT TO:

200 SAME HOTEL ROOM - SUNSET

200

ANGLE ON DOOR a minute later -- but cinematically
continuous. Merrimay sweeps in, mimicking Vangie's
look of brooding challenge. Shakes back a wing of
dark hair, stands hipshot.

MERRIMAY

(Vangie's tone)

You guys... I thought you were
gonna be laughs. Let me tell
you, it's getting to be a drag
hanging around here.

Turns away, does a dance step... a la Vangie.

TRAV

You've got the moves.

MERRIMAY

(in character)

I dance when I dance. For
myself.

Relaxes, drops the pose. Begins removing the wig.

MEYER

Merrimay... you're more than
just a good student... you're
an actress. You've identified
totally. It's almost scary.

MERRIMAY

I've been thinking about her
so hard, I feel I actually
knew her.

(pensive)

Wish I had. I think I would
have liked her.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

TRAV
 (quiet
 sincerity)
 You would have.

DISSOLVE TO:

201 EXT. WHARF - DAY

201

The Maddalena coming in. A single-stack, single-class cruise ship -- flapping with multicolored pennants and bunting. Officers and crew in white. Passengers in gaudy array, packing the rail. On the wharf, riggers prepare to position the gangplank. Ship's loudspeaker -- heavy Italian accents -- barking a repetitive reminder of the ship's departure four hours hence... "Passengers will be back aboard, please, by five o'clock. Your attention, please. Passengers will be..."

202 BY CUSTOMS SHED

202

Trav, Meyer and Merrimay -- in a crowd of onlookers. Taxis and limousines lined up in the background.

203 MADDALENA

203

The gangplank is lowered into place, secured. The herd rushes down onto the cement dock, up another ramp past the customs shed... and out to the street. Guides, solicitors and vendors -- advance men for the tourist-grinding machine of downtown Nassau -- waylay them... wheedling, promising, hawking.

204 BY THE CUSTOMS SHED

204

Meyer and Merrimay scanning the passengers. Trav has already spotted the first of his quarries. Meyer takes note, fixes in the same direction.

TRAV
 For some players, you don't
 need a scorecard.

205 THEIR POV - TOP OF THE GANGPLANK

205

DEL WHITNEY - twenty-four, sand-blonde, a moving, breathing mass of soft taffy molded to pin-up proportions. Big, wide-brimmed hat. She has gauged the moment perfectly; most of the rabble has debarked, allowing her a solo spot.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

Slowly, theatrically, she oozes down the gangplank.

TRAV'S VOICE
(continuing)

You tell them by the equipment.

MEYER'S VOICE

So true, so true.

206 BACK TO SCENE

206

Merrimay, too, is now observing Del.

MERRIMAY

They do great things with
plastic today.

Trav smiles. Meyer is thoughtful.

MEYER

That has to be Del, but she's
alone. Where's the sucker?

TRAV

Well fleeced and long gone by
now. Probably hanging his head
in some saloon and mumbling to
himself.

MEYER

If it were me who got fleeced
I'd raise one very loud fuss.

Trav's gaze has shifted.

TRAV

I doubt that.

MEYER

Just what do you think would
stop me?

Trav nods toward the ship. Meyer and Merrimay turn
to look.

207 THEIR POV - MAIN DECK

207

... and Terry -- the mastodon seen in the opening
sequence, perhaps a shade tanner now, wearing polo
shirt and madras slacks. In conversation with a few
of the ship's company... his manner smooth and gra-
cious... seems to be waiting for some reason. Now
a STEWARD runs up, delivers a small valise, (contain-
ing Terry's work-out togs).

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

Terry tips the steward -- apparently very generously -- nods courteously to all, hurries down the gang-plank.

MERRIMAY'S VOICE

Terry?

TRAV'S VOICE
(affirmation)

Terry.

Terry catches up with Del on the dock, gallantly proffers an arm... escorts her up the ramp into f.g.

208 BACK TO SCENE

208

Trav, Meyer and Merrimay -- eyes shifting with the progress of their quarry.

MEYER
(low voice)

Seems quite the gentleman.
Very polished.

TRAV
(same low tone)
He'll have a dull finish when
I get through. Then the police
can sand him down the rest of
the way.
(to Merrimay)
Got it?

MERRIMAY
(concentrating)
Locked in.

The three pivot farther around, eyes tracking.

209 BEYOND THE RAMP

209

Unaware they are being watched, Terry and Del move off toward the straw market.

DISSOLVE TO:

210 EXT. BAY STREET - DAY

210

at Rawson Square. All the provocative shops. Del approaches -- no longer escorted by Terry. Strolls past the windows, drawing appreciative stares. Now enters the Nassau Shop. After a few moments, Trav appears. Pauses, feigns an interest in the display ... goes in.

211 INT. THE NASSAU SHOP

211

featuring wearing apparel, jewelry and boutique. Del, dismissing the attentions of a shopgirl, wanders away from a skirt rack, idles at a counter to survey some ceramic bracelets. Trav is discovered at the end of the counter. Del's glance rests on him momentarily; her eyes register a subtle automatic appraisal. She moves across the aisle, peers into a case at a row of watches. No shopgirl or other customer is nearby. Trav seizes the opening, steps alongside.

TRAV

(low)

Del... Del Whitney? I've got words for you. From a friend of ours - Vangie Bellemer.

DEL

You have me confused with somebody. I don't know any Vangie.

Starts to turn away. Trav blocks her.

TRAV

If you want to play the name game, we'll call her Tami. Point is... she asked me to find you. Begged me.

(beat)

That was just before they killed her.

(withdraws a news clipping)

They ran her down in Broward. Blasted her right through a plate glass window.

(shoves the clipping at her)

Don't take my word, kid. Read it.

Stunned, Del peruses the clipping. Her hands begin to tremble.

TRAV

She was trying to bug out... but Griff got to her first.

DEL

(a whistly whisper
...bordering hysterics)

Oh God! Oh God, oh God, oh God...

(CONTINUED)

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211 CONTINUED:

211

Eyes lift to Trav. The clipping rattles in her palm.
Trav relieves her of it, pockets it.

TRAV

You, too, can be an accident.
'Less you do something fast
and bright.

(takes her arm)

We got an hour. We'll talk.

Starts to guide her toward the door, but she plants
her feet -- rigid with panic.

TRAV

(feigning impatience)

Look, this is no hustle. I'm
not asking for the next dance.

DEL

(terrified)

But what if... what if --

Can't enunciate the object of her fear. Trav inter-
polates immediately.

TRAV

You mean Terry?

(sees her
eyes widen)

He's busy trying to make one
leg look like the other.

(nods to
the exit)

C'mon.

Guides her toward the door.

TRAV

What you'll learn about me...
I check everything.

His voice trails off as he escorts her out.

CUT TO:

212 INT. CARLTON HOUSE LOUNGE - DAY

212

Scattered afternoon drinkers at the bar. Trav and
Del in a booth. Del tilting a scotch to her lips,
taking compulsive gulps. Trav talking low and hard.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

212

TRAV

Smashed one whole side of her
head flat. And, from the waist
down, she was ground sirloin.

(beat)

Nobody's pretty in a morgue.
Not even Vangie.

DEL

(gagging)

What are you doing to me?

TRAV

Terry and the others got shook
the law was closing in. So,
to cut the risk, they made a
policy decision to close the
ranks. Vangie's been had.
Guess who's next?

(beat)

To open your eyes, kid. That's
what I'm trying to do.

DEL

Who are you?

TRAV

At this particular minute in
your nervous little life...
I'm your national guard.

(beat)

You're a very lucky broad, Del.

CUT TO:

213 INT. EXERCISE ROOM - ON TOY DUCK - DAY

213

a wind-up plaything, key in the side. The tin feet
clatter on the wooden floor. The tiny head bobs
vigorously. CAMERA PULLS BACK to detail the limited
facility. Various guests using various contraptions.
One man, a short West Indian, pulls wall-weights.
Nearby, his son -- a big-eyed little BOY of five --
amuses himself with the duck... but his attention is
drawn to Terry, massive on a bench before a tall
mirror, working rhythmically with a weighted iron
boot. As he thrusts, a rubberized money belt shows
between the top of his shorts and bottom of his
T-shirt.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

The boy drifts hesitantly toward Terry -- first live giant he's ever seen. Terry smiles reassuringly... pantomimes "Want a ride on my other foot?" The boy balks momentarily... but, in the most gentle way, Terry guides him onto his free ankle. The boy allows it, sensing that this is a kind giant... seeing the softness in his eyes. Terry alternates each leg -- now lifting and lowering the boy, now lifting and lowering the boot. Again and again. The boy is delighted, breaks a gap-toothed grin.

214 CLOSER

214

on the action of Terry's legs. The boy's face tilts INTO FRAME and OUT... the iron boot tilts INTO FRAME and OUT. As the boot lowers, the scar beneath Terry's kneecap -- white against bronzed flesh -- snakes to its full length.

215 BOY'S FATHER

215

pausing to watch. Beams with pleasure. After a moment, turns from the wall-weights, moves to an exercycle. CAMERA PANS with him TO REVEAL the hairy, heavy-set man halfheartedly doing calisthenics on a mat in the corner. The man is Meyer.

CUT TO:

216 INT. CARLTON HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

216

Del, crying quietly, dabs at her eyes with a tissue, blows her nose. Looks at Trav.

DEL

Terry and me... we've been together since I was sixteen. I was third runner-up for Miss Oceanside Beach and he was third for Mr. Body.

(sniffing)

I just can't believe he'd --

TRAV

(snaring her wrist)

Smarten up, will you... the racket you're in, they don't shell out travel money and sing "For She's a Jolly Good Broad."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAV (cont'd)

(beat)
When they retire you, it's
only one way.

Makes a chopping motion with his other hand.

DEL

(shaken but
wary)

And now your neck's out.

TRAV

But just so far and no more.
(releases her
wrist)

I figured the odds. I mean
on paper... and to three
decimals.

(takes out
cigarettes)

Mathematics. Everything by
the numbers. I don't even
grow my nails 'less the odds
are right.

(jabs a
cigarette
between his
lips)

Take this move I'm making
with you. The numbers rate it
an okay gamble. 'Cause,
together, we could have
ourselves a nice shot. Like
good.

(lighting up)

And with me, your skin stays
whole. Remember that.

(shaking out
the match)

But I don't push. You want to
be stupid, that's your rap.

Exhales heavily, feigning disinterest.

DEL

(reflective)
Terry's been acting so kookie-
crazy. More this cruise than
any of the others.

(beat)

Mean, too. Sometimes brutal-
mean.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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DEL (cont'd)
 (maudlin)
 Knowing he has to dump me --
 that's what it is, I guess.
 It's made him sick.

TRAV
 (acidly)
 Sure. And after he tucks you
 into some swamp, he may even
 get a case of heartburn.

(pulling out
 a bill)
 You know what, dumb-dumb...
 I'm wasting my time, scamming
 how we could work in combo,
 set up our own game. Hell
 with it. You stay here and
 weep in your scotch

Starts to slide out of the booth. Del reacts in
 alarm, grasping the hem of his jacket.

DEL
 Don't leave me... please, Trav!
 God, I've never been on my own.
 I don't know what to do.

TRAV
 Scratch, kid. The gamble's
 getting too heavy. Numbers are
 coming up minus.

Attempts to rise, again allows her to hold him.

DEL
 (desperate)
 Please! Talk to me. I'll
 listen. Tell me what to do.
 (sees him hesitate)
 I trust you, Trav. All the way.
 You're strong. You got a brain
 ... I can see that. I'll work
 for you. I'll belong to you.
 Whatever you want... please,
 honey... please!

Trav eyes her intently, makes a show of reluctant
 decision... now eases back to his original position.
 Ship's WHISTLE HOOTS over...

DISSOLVE TO:

217 EXT. MADDALENA - DAY

217

well beyond the Nassau breakwater... slicing through light chop on a northwesterly course. In the distance, a jetliner (perhaps the one taking Merrimay back) angles heavenward on a similar heading... leaving a fiery trail in the sunset.

218 CLOSER - PORT RAIL

218

Trav looking off, tracking the plane. Now he turns, crosses to a doorway, disappears inside.

219 B-DECK

219

Trav descends a stairway, moves along a passage TOWARD CAMERA... stops at cabin "115." Raps. Meyer opens the door. Trav steps in.

220 INT. MEYER'S CABIN

220

Meyer re-bolts the door. Trav moves to the dressing table where Meyer has been working on the Japanese doll. Picks it up, examines it... appreciating the resemblance to Vangie.

MEYER

The hair was too frizzy... so I cut it off, soaked it in hot water, and glued it back on.

TRAV

Even got the amber eyes.

Meyer holds up a scale model of an iron boot.

221 TIGHT ON THE DOLL

221

as Meyer demonstrates how the tiny boot will fit.

MEYER'S VOICE

To complete the picture, I'll wrap some string around the ankle.

222 WIDER ANGLE

222

Trav scrutinizes the doll's legs.

TRAV

But the real ones were better.

DISSOLVE TO:

223 INT. SHIP'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

223

almost filled. The patrons celebrating the last night at sea. Trav near the exit at a small window-table -- nursing a Plymouth gin. Nothing visible through the window. Terry slouches in a corner of the bar -- drinking, staring at the mirror and the array of bottles -- occasionally swiveling around when a woman enters.

CUT TO:

224 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

224

Del, in slacks and sleeveless knit... nervously stuffing newly purchased articles in a plastic sack -- lipstick, makeup, eyebrow pencil, cheap sunglasses, ice-green jama shift, etc. Keeps stopping to listen for footsteps.

CUT TO:

225 INT. SHIP'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

225

Terry finds his glass empty. Rises... begins counting out a few bills to pay the tab. Trav gets up immediately, exits.

CUT TO:

226 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

226

Trav hurries past several staterooms. Looks behind him. Sees nothing but HEARS steps. At stateroom "10" draws a knuckle down the louvered door panel.

227 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM

227

Del -- perched on one of the bunks, scribbling a note -- HEARS the signal, freezes. Now bursts into frantic activity. Folds the note, stuffs it under the pillow ... the pen, too. Jams the plastic bag under the bunk. FOOTSTEPS in the passageway. Del throws herself face down on top of the covers. The door is unlocked from the outside. Terry enters, glances at her.

TERRY

First no dinner... now no booze.
What's the bit, baby?

DEL

(into the
pillow)

Just don't feel like it.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

TERRY

You don't feel like booze?

(pursing his
lips)

What do you know 'bout that...

No answer. He crosses... reaches under Del's side,
roughly rolls her over. She winces.

TERRY

How many did you have in Nassau?

DEL

(alarmed)

What are you talking about?

Terry catches the extra hint of guilt in her tone,
measures her coldly.

TERRY

Tell me, baby. What am I talking
about?

No response.

TERRY

(continuing)

You had three drinks with that
guy.

Purely a shot in the dark... but Del can't be sure.
For want of any other tactic, she decides to brazen
it out.

DEL

There wasn't any guy.

TERRY

(icily)

I saw you.

DEL

I was shopping. The whole time.

TERRY

What did you buy, baby? Show me.

DEL

(really shaken)

Nothing. I just looked.

Her performance has been less than convincing. Terry
knows she's lying.

as he leans over her -- huge hands knuckling under the pillow to either side of her neck. Del's panic immediately doubles with the thought that he might discover the note. Slowly, Terry lowers his meaty face till his eyes are directly over hers... fixes her with a penetrating stare, his mouth set in an acrid smile. Del is breathless with terror.

DEL

(stammering)

I swear. I didn't go near a bar.
I didn't talk to one guy. Swear.

TERRY

(menacingly
soft)

Known you a long time, Del.

DEL

S-s-six years.

(dodging his
eyes)

Be nice. Please be nice.

Struggles with her hysteria. Diabolic -- he waits until her eyes meet his again.

TERRY

Know you good, Del.

No answer.

TERRY

(continuing)

Serious, Del. Serious business
we're in. No room for games.
Or talk. Or hang-ups with
outside guys. No room, Del.

DEL

(almost losing
control)

You're getting crazy, Terry.
You really are.

TERRY

A lot in the pot, Del. Lot of
money, Del. A serious big lot
of money.

The repetition of her name further unnerves her. Now Terry leans even closer. Del tries to wriggle out... but she can't.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

228

DEL

Terry! Terry, please!

(whining)

Please, please, please, please...

Dissolves into a blubbering, shaking, pathetic thing. Finally, Terry straightens... CAMERA PULLS BACK. He regards her a moment longer, pivots toward the door.

DEL

Sometimes, you make me want to die.

TERRY

(turning)

If you're playing games, that might be something to think about.

(acrid smile

again)

Lot in the pot, Del. Lot in the pot.

Opens the door, exits. Del doesn't move for several moments. His FOOTSTEPS recede. Now, she gets up... lunges to the door, locks it. Grabs hold of herself. After a few deep breaths, crosses back, takes note and pen from concealment. Scratches Terry's name on the outside. Steps to the other bunk... with a hair-pin affixes note to bedspread over the mound of the pillow.

CUT TO:

229 INT. TRAV'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

229

Trav peers out the porthole. Now turns away, looks at his watch. Moves to the dressing table. Takes out several sheets of ship's stationery, lays them on the table. Sets his pen down. Crosses back to the porthole. A LOW KNOCKING on the door. By the time he pivots, Del is already entering. She shuts the door, bolts it. With a gesture of abandon, flings her plastic sack on a bunk, throws arms wide, rushes to Trav.

DEL

Darling, darling, darling...

I'm safe.

Trav gently disengages himself from the unwelcome embrace, eyes the plastic sack.

(CONTINUED)

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229 CONTINUED:

229

TRAV

I told you not to bring anything.

DEL

These are just cheap little
tide-me-overs I bought in a
rush. He's never seen 'em.

Displays some of them.

TRAV

You're sure?

DEL

Positive. I left the old stuff
... every bit of it. Even my
heart-shaped watch.

(pulling out
the jama
shirt)

Brand new.

(holds it
against her
torso)

You like?

Markedly diaphanous... it hardly reaches the tops of
her thighs.

TRAV

The note. What about the note?

DEL

Uh-huh... word for word, just
like you told me.

(spieling)

That, all along, this feeling's
been building inside... and now,
all of a sudden, it's really hit
me. I can't live with it...
etcetera, etcetera... so this is
good-bye and I'm going over the
rail.

(recalling)

Oh, and I put honey on the
biscuit with the routine about
him not caring for me any more.
Lay you money he buys that part.
He's got an ego big as his chest.

(indicating the
jama shift
again)

You didn't answer me.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED: (2)

229

TRAV
(without much
enthusiasm)
Yeah... cute.

DEL
(puts the shift
aside)
I've never worn green in my
entire life. Always pinks and
reds.
(approaches
him)
It's a new kick, honey. Just
for you.
(wraps her arms
around his neck)
Now that Del's found her Trav,
everything's new. New... and
dreamy.
(giving him
the passion-
eyes)
Everything, baby... everything.

She forces an urgent kiss. Trav's response, though
less than electric, is sufficient to satisfy the
moment.

DEL
(continuing)
Ooh, honey, I can tell.

Trav eases out of her clutch... drags a chair in
front of the dressing table.

TRAV
(gestures to
the chair)
I'll dictate. You write.

DEL
(pouty)
Gee, honey, on an empty stomach?
I mean, I don't mind... it's
just --

Breaks off, seeing him cross to a night table and peel
back a napkin to reveal a tray of cold cuts.

TRAV
Later, after you've filled
some pages.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED: (3)

229

TRAV
(starting to
dictate)
To the Police Department, Broward
Beach, Florida. Dear Sirs.

DEL
(shocked)
Hey! Are you out of your --

TRAV
(crisp, author-
itative)
Mathematics, Del. This way,
there's no bad risk. Now either
you get the message or go play
with Terry.

DEL
(peevishly -
as she sits)
Alright, alright...

Starts writing.

TRAV
(dictating
again)
This is a confession. Before
I take my own life, I think
everyone connected with what
I've been doing should pay for
their crimes. Period.
(waits again)
That's why I'm laying out...
what we did... how... who...
and where you can find them.

DEL
(still writing)
You sure want a lot of insurance.

TRAV
For you, too, baby. Use your
head. If you don't turn them
in, you'll always be afraid to
answer the door.

DEL
I guess. But... I don't know,
it's like you don't trust me.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED: (4)

229

TRAV
When you're all through... then
we'll talk about trust.

DEL
(appraising
him)
You're hard, aren't you? I
mean, really hard.

TRAV
Complaining?

DEL
No. I like that in a man.
Hard but fair. Makes me feel
secure.

TRAV
(with his own
meaning)
Don't worry, honey. You'll be
secure.

CUT TO:

230 INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

230

almost deserted now. A few patrons playing bridge at
one of the tables. Bartender not in evidence. Lights
dimmed. Terry, alone at the bar, starting to fall
asleep on the stool. Jerks up abruptly, seems to
realize his condition, decides to call it a night.
Rises noisily.

231 INT. PASSAGEWAY

231

Meyer -- with nervous backward glances -- hurries to
Del's stateroom. A bulge beneath his jacket. Opens
the door, steps in.

232 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM - TOWARD DOOR

232

Meyer bolts the door, leans against it for a moment.
waiting for his pulse to assume a more normal cadence.
Looks about. The washroom door is closed but light
shines from underneath.

233 MEYER'S POV - TOWARD BUNK

233

Del's note is still affixed to the bedspread... spot-
lighted by the reading lamp above.

234 BACK TO SCENE 234

Meyer reaches inside his jacket, withdraws the tiny doll... seems to be pondering where to place his handiwork for greatest effect.

235 INT. PASSAGEWAY 235

Terry moves unsteadily toward his stateroom.

236 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM 236

HEARING the footsteps, Meyer rushes to the door... listens. The doll is no longer in his hands.

237 INT. PASSAGEWAY 237

Terry approaches the stateroom... gropes for the key. Finds it. Has difficulty inserting it.

238 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM 238

SCRATCHING SOUNDS... the key seeking the slot. Meyer stares at the lock.

239 INT. PASSAGEWAY 239

At last, Terry slips the key in. Tries to turn it.

240 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM 240

Meyer is holding the bolt... with both hands. His face a study in round-eyed terror.

241 INT. PASSAGEWAY 241

Terry frowns in annoyance, tries harder. But can't turn the key. Pounds on the door.

TERRY
(low voice)
Del... open up.
(pounds again)
You dumb broad... get out of
the sack. The lock's jammed.
(angrily)
Del...

242 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM

242

Meyer still holding the bolt. Suddenly, a WHACK (Terry's punch) rattles the door. Meyer almost loses his grip.

TERRY'S VOICE
(muttering blackly)
You just tore it, baby.

SOUND of his footsteps moving away. Meyer sags with relief. Listens breathlessly. The FOOTSTEPS FADE.

Finally, Meyer summons the courage to unbolt the door and ease it open. Peers out. Looks up and down.

243 INT. PASSAGEWAY

243

Meyer EMERGES. Closes the door, hurries away.

244 A STAIRWAY

244

Meyer descends, scuttles to "115." Lets himself in.

245 INT. MEYER'S CABIN

245

Meyer bolts the door, heaves onto the bunk, lies back heavily -- exhausted by his experience.

246 INT. PASSAGEWAY

246

A steward precedes Terry to Del's stateroom. Uses a master key to open the door. Terry, ever courteous, favors him with a forced smile and a crumpled bill... goes on in.

247 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM

247

Terry swings the door closed. Glowers, looking for Del. Washroom is still lit... door slightly ajar. He glances in, finds it empty. Isn't really concerned. Cares only about getting to bed. Hunches out of jacket, flips it on a chair. Unhitches belt, yanks out shirt-tails. His eye catches the note. He snatches it up, reads it. Confusion. Sitting heavily on his bunk, he scans it a second time. Thinks a moment, trying to assess the situation. Skepticism gives way to disdain. He crumples the note, fires it toward the washroom. Turns off the bunk light, stretches out -- feeling the insistent heaviness brought on by the liquor.

CUT TO:

248 INT. TRAV'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

248

Del on a bunk, enjoying her belated supper... chewing as she talks. Trav in a chair, listening, nursing a drink. Several handwritten pages rest in his lap -- the part of Del's confession thus far completed.

DEL

Once we're on the boat, you might say we got it made. The rest just sort of falls in.

(laughs)

I made a funny.

Trav finds humor at this juncture incredibly crass; besides, doesn't see the connection.

TRAV

Go on. You've just left port. You got the sucker in the room with you.

DEL

Yeah. The party and little sweetheart me. Just the two of us.

(half bored)

I pour a few good jolts. The party gets charged up... mouthing about how great it's gonna be, romping around some fruity island.

(shakes her head)

They're all the same. Like puppies. Wagging their rear ends and licking their lips.

(stuffing in food)

Take this last party.. Powell was his name. Dewey Powell. Got a couple of kids back in North Carolina somewhere... but he acts like he's the teen-ager. All he's got in the world is twenty-six thou... and what's he gonna do with it? Gonna blow the whole thing on me.

(laughs)

He blew it alright. But not the way he thought.

Trav crosses to the night table, tilts a bottle of Plymouth gin, pours himself a stiff refill. Del takes a mouthful of cheese.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

248

TRAV
(annoyed)
Get on with it.

DEL
Where was I? Oh... me and the
party, we're celebrating like a
few hours now. He is, anyhow.
All I'm doing is waiting for the
knock-knock.
(acts it out,
raps the headboard)
The party always thinks it's the
steward.
(laughs again)
Boy, that's some steward. I mean.

Laughs harder. CAMERA ZOOMS IN abruptly, FREEZING
FRAME ON ECU OF DEL... caught grotesquely in the con-
tortion of laughter.

OPTICAL BLEND TO:

249 INT. STATEROOM "X" - NIGHT

249

visualizing Del's mental image... dovetailing and
slightly overlapping Vangie's recollection... thus
completing the reconstruction of the group's prototypal
crime.

The staging is identical with that of the earlier cut-
away. But the people have changed: Del has replaced
Vangie; Dewey Powell sits in for Ed Judson. He and
Del lounge on a bunk.

Unlike Judson, Powell has not passed out. Del is folded
around him. FRAME IS FROZEN... but, with the sound of
KNOCKING, it BEGINS ROLLING.

Powell is startled. Del allays his fears with a kiss
and a gesture. She rises, moves to the door. Unlocks
it, swings it open. Terry bulls through. Del rebolts
the door. Powell leaps to his feet... but Terry is on
him at once.

Terry and Del are a skilled team -- performing with
fluid precision, anticipating each contingency, working
swiftly and without exchange of words.

Terry spins Powell about, clamps his mouth. Drives a
knee into Powell's spine, jerks his neck and shoulders
backward savagely. A sickening DULL SNAPPING.

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED:

249

Powell slumps, his spine brutally fractured. Paralyzed but still conscious, his eyes roll in total shock.

Without even turning, Terry sticks out a hand. Del -- who has crossed to retrieve a linen napkin from a tray -- is ready. Slaps the napkin into Terry's hand. He stuffs it into Powell's mouth, effectively gagging him.

Del moves directly to her large suitcase, flips it open. Digs down beneath the clothes for a diver's weight-belt. Struggles to lift it out.

Terry has deposited his victim on the bunk, ripped at his shirt to expose a moneybelt -- the one Terry was seen wearing in the exercise room. Yanks it off, throws it aside. Powell can't even struggle... just lies there, eyes fixed in terror on his sadistic assailant... swooning in pain.

Del delivers the weight-belt. Terry tugs it beneath Powell, locks it around his middle. Jams the shirt back into Powell's trousers, thus concealing the weight-belt. Levers Powell to his feet.

Del eases the door open, looks into the passageway. Signals to Terry to come ahead. Terry, supporting Powell with one brute arm, exits into the passageway. Powell's legs drag uselessly.

250 EXT. LOUNGE DECK - NIGHT

250

Ship darkened. All passengers and most of the crew are asleep. A door opens. Del eases out. Seemingly casual... looks about. Sees no one. Steps back to the door, opens it. Terry emerges with Powell.

CAMERA TRACKS them angling forward a short distance... now behind a lifeboat. Terry pauses at the rail. Del moves several more paces to a vantage point. Checks forward and aft, peers up toward the bridge. Determines that the coast is clear. Turns, CLUCKS HER TONGUE... TWICE.

Terry lifts the paralyzed Powell with amazing ease, holds him extended horizontally above the rail. Tilts him so he can see the water below. Tilts him upright again. Powell's eyes shout at Terry... desperately, eloquently pleading for mercy. Terry seems to relent, starts to bring Powell in. But it's merely a trick, a satanic embellishment.

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

250

For the brief moment that Powell can dare hope for reprieve, Terry's madness is pre-eminently revealed... his pleasure recorded in a monstrous smile.

But the moment is past. Once again, Terry extends Powell's body out over the side. Hesitates. Suddenly, jerks big hands back. Powell drops out of sight. The crime is complete. The cutaway terminates as FRAME FREEZES ON TERRY... peering down at the black sea in ultimate satisfaction.

OPTICAL BLEND TO:

251 INT. TRAV'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

251

... picking up on ECU OF TRAV IN FROZEN FRAME -- his face a mask of incredulity and horror. SOUND of ice dropping into a glass. FILM BEGINS ROLLING. CAMERA PULLS BACK. Trav is standing by a porthole, still gripped by what he has heard. Del is fixing herself a drink.

DEL

They're wearing so much weight,
they just go right on down.
Splash and it's over.

(turns)

I guess that part's not so bad.
Know what I mean? They say
drowning's pretty fast.

Trav can't even answer. He starts to turn away, but stares out the porthole instead. Del drifts to the bunk, sprawls comfortably.

DEL

(continuing)

It's what he does to 'em first.
That's wrong. That's really
wrong.

(sipping the
drink)

If you're gonna kill a party, why
not make it easy? Right?

(no answer)

Snapping their spines like that...
that's sick.

(matter-of-
fact again)

He didn't used to do it that way.
Just the last three times.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

251

DEL (cont'd)
(thinking
about it)

The other way was safer, too. I'd
slip the guy some knockout drops,
and that was the last thing he'd
remember.

(beat)
That's how Griff and Vangie always
worked it with their parties.

Now Trav forces himself to get on top of his emotions...
strides to the dressing table. Turns, holds the pen
out meaningfully.

TRAV
(peremptory)
Over here.

Del rises, moves to the dressing table... taking the
pen as she sits. Looks up at Trav.

DEL
(pouty)
Don't be mad at me, lover. I
didn't do anything.

DISSOLVE TO:

252 INT. MEYER'S CABIN - NIGHT

252

Meyer -- in awning-stripe pajamas and propped against
pillows -- perusing Del's longhand confession. His
deep frown reflects his revulsion. Trav puffs on a
cigarette. Meyer scans the last page, finishes the
narrative.

MEYER
They dump a man overboard and
nobody misses him. Question.
How?

TRAV
His name never appears on the
manifest.
(sees Meyer's
puzzlement)
The girl convinces him she's got
a violent ex-husband spooking around,
and they've got to be ultra-conscious.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAV (cont'd)

So he comes aboard separately... with a visitor's pass. He sneaks into her stateroom and stays under glass. Meanwhile, Terry has also come aboard separately. But he's on the manifest... as the husband.

MEYER

(getting it)

There's so much confusion when the ship pulls out, a platoon of visitors could stowaway and never be noticed.

(beat)

But what about Terry. I suppose he --

TRAV

Yeah... he just cools it in the lounge 'til it's time to go to work.

Meyer nods. Now straightens the pages of the confession.

MEYER

The police will be drooling over this a half hour after we dock.

(shakes his head)

Thirty-seven murders... spread over two years... and not a single investigation.

TRAV

They send telegrams to the victim's relatives from places like Spokane and Toledo. Nobody thinks to start looking in Lauderdale.

Meyer rises, pads to the dressing table, opens a drawer, pulls out an envelope.

MEYER

There's an extension of Jungian theory I read once... Something called "The I and The Not I."

(places the confession in the envelope)

The concept is that there are those who lack the imagination to see that other people are real the way they are.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED: (2)

252

MEYER (cont'd)
 Other people are mere objects.
 (sealing the
 envelope)
 A convenient way of regarding
 your fellow man... particularly
 if you're engaged in murder.
 (sees Trav putting
 out his cigarette)
 You discard that cigarette with
 no feeling at all. Why? Because
 it's only an object.
 (waving the envelope)
 They discard people the same way.
 (getting no reaction)
 You're not hearing me.

TRAV
 (standing)
 I'm thinking about Powell. The
 one they just killed.
 (beat)
 Those two kids of his. They
 shouldn't come up empty. It's
 not right.

Meyer eyes Trav, intuiting his imminent departure.

CUT TO:

253 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

253

Trav has just stepped inside. Noiselessly closes the
 door. Stands, barely breathing... surveys the room.

254 TRAV'S POV - OTHER END OF THE ROOM

254

A subtle change in lighting as vision adjusts to
 semi-darkness. Slowly, shapes emerge.

255 WIDER

255

Trav creeps forward. Stands over the massive form of
 Terry -- on left side, semi-prone, right leg bent.

Now, with ultimate caution, takes Terry's shirt tails,
 folds them upward -- exposing the wide band of the
 moneybelt. Terry abruptly STARTS TO SNORE. Trav
 pauses a moment. Now proceeds, guiding fingertips
 around Terry's waist to the belt's double buckles.

256 CLOSER

256

Delicately, Trav guides first one strap, then the other, through the first part of the buckle -- adjusting to Terry's inhalations and exhalations.

After a pause, begins working the metal prongs out of the strap holes. A muffled POP -- first one is freed. Now the second. The straps are drawn clear of the buckles. Alarming -- but conveniently -- Terry shifts position. Trav uses his move to slide the belt from under him. Pauses as Terry GRUNTS... waits until the SNORING resumes.

Now Trav steals toward the bathroom (intending to recover the doll).

257 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM BATHROOM

257

Carrying the moneybelt and moving soundlessly, Trav eases the door open a little wider. Eyes the basin. Suddenly, Terry towers behind him -- the massive forearm clamping Trav across the throat. He is yanked backwards violently... OUT OF FRAME.

258 ANOTHER ANGLE

258

Terry's knee cracks into Trav's spine. He levers viciously on Trav's shoulders, bending him -- trying to break his back. Trav strains desperately. Realizes he's not going to win the tug-of-war. Does the only thing possible. Pushes mightily off the deck, tucking knees against chest. Heaves up and back. Terry is thrown by the maneuver, loses his balance. Both men, locked together, tumble backwards onto the deck. As they hit, Terry loses his stranglehold. Trav scrambles around.

The fight is on.

Terry lunges, slamming a shoulder into Trav's chest. Trav is driven back on the empty bunk. Terry pounds in savagely with big fists... Trav chopping at his neck but unable to get enough force into the blows... finally working thumbs under Terry's jaw, levering. Terry clubbing Trav in the throat. Trav, galvanized by the pain, driving Terry onto the deck. Terry worming out, somehow getting to his feet.

And now, with a panther-quick move, Terry gets Trav in the deadly hold once more -- forearm locked, knee crunching against the spine. Again, Trav tries the counter-maneuver. But Terry is ready. It doesn't work.

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED:

258

For a terrible moment, Trav struggles against the incredible pressure. Finally -- in a last frantic bid for life -- Trav swings his right foot in a violent downward arc. The heel finds its mark, sledging upward into Terry's crotch. Terry emits an AGONIZED MOAN. As he reels, manages to stun Trav.

Trav goes flying backwards -- for the moment, immobilized. Terry sinks onto the edge of the bunk, head between his knees, CROONING IN PAIN. Now, doubled over, he staggers up, reels toward the washroom, lunges in, GAGGING.

259 INT. WASHROOM - ON TERRY

259

bent over the sink. But now, wounded and sick as he is, focuses in shock.

260 HIS POV - SINK BASIN

260

filled with water... and sunken there, swaying gently with the motion of the ship, Meyer's handiwork -- the Japanese doll, image of Vangie. Terry's hand reaches in.

261 ON TERRY AGAIN

261

lifts the dripping doll up in front of his face... stares in total fixation, thoughts tumbling. Trav looms in the doorway. Terry doesn't seem aware, just stands there -- stooped over, staring. Trav grabs a hand towel, wraps his right fist tightly... takes aim on the shelf of Terry's jaw, uncorks a single, vicious chop. Terry moves a half step to the side, collapses to the tile floor... lies motionless. The doll rolls away.

Trav discards the hand towel, stoops quickly, removes the moneybelt, flips it out into the other room.

262 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM

262

Trav drags Terry out of the washroom and alongside the bunk. Now, with great effort, lifts him onto the mattress. Returns to the washroom, recovers the doll, releases the sink stopper. Moves back alongside the bunk, gathers the money belt. Terry is SNORING heavily. Trav EXITS.

DISSOLVE TO:

263 EXT. INTERCOASTAL WATERWAY - DAY

263

The Maddalena steaming smugly toward Lauderdale and Port Everglades. A bright early-morning sun gives promise of a magnificent day. A handful of passengers stand about the promenade deck, taking in the lush scenery on either side of the channel.

CUT TO:

264 INT. MEYER'S CABIN - DAY

264

Meyer is packed, showered, shaved and partly dressed in shoes and trousers. But having a struggle lashing the money belt around his prestigious expanse of stomach. He has tied strips of toweling to the twin buckles to bridge the gap... but even these barely reach. Finally, he gets them secured to his satisfaction. Hurriedly dons his shirt. Starts to button it, notices the doll. Goes to the porthole, grabs the doll, drops it out. Hears a loudspeaker announcement: "Please... your attention, please... we are approaching Port Everglades... Kindly to put all baggage in the corridor. Your attention, please..."

X

265 INT. DEL'S STATEROOM - DAY

265

The announcement carries over: "Kindly to put all baggage in the corridor." Terry is sitting up in his bunk, heavy from sleep. Swings his legs over the side. Stares at the floor. Suddenly, after a few moments, jerks his head up -- recalling. Feels his waist. The money belt is gone. Now another recollection -- the doll. He leaps up, rushes to the washroom.

266 INT. WASHROOM

266

Terry looks into the sink, finds nothing. Scans the floor. Just the hand towel. Grabs a cigarette, lights it with shaking fingers.

267 TERRY - CLOSE

267

The eyes convey his deep confusion -- how much of the recollection is real, how much is not real?

CUT TO:

268 INT. TRAV'S STATEROOM - DAY

268

Del at the dressing table, back to CAMERA, combing her hair. Wears only the jama shift. Coffee service nearby. Her mood patently apprehensive... she eyes Trav through the mirror.

Trav, fully dressed, closes his small suitcase, pours himself a cup of coffee.

DEL

What happens at the dock? He might see us.

TRAV

(disinterested)

He won't.

DEL

Then there's customs. I'm a suicide ... remember? What do I tell those inspectors?

TRAV

Nothing. We skip customs. We stay aboard 'til everything's quiet. Mathematics, baby. I paid off the steward.

Del rises saucily, demeanor suddenly brightened. Wraps arms around Trav's waist.

DEL

(her baby voice)

From now on, little Del's gonna leave all the worrying to her big smart sexy Trav.

(no response)

Honey? Isn't that good?

TRAV

(flat)

Yeah. Fine.

(pulls away)

I'm trying not to spill this.

Carries his cup to a chair, sits. Del, not to be dismissed, perches on the arm -- fleshy thigh against his shoulder. Begins stroking his hair. Trav's revulsion is acute, but he tries to conceal it.

DEL

(moving a leg
across his lap)

All this time and nothing to do.
Might as well relax, huh lover?

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

268

TRAV
 (pushes her
 legs away)
 Not 'til we're clear.

Del doesn't sense the rigidity of his determination,
 moves directly in front of him... back to CAMERA.

DEL
 I can change your mind.

Draws the front of the shift upwards.

269 TRAV - CLOSE

269

absolutely unruffled.

TRAV
 (as if bored)
 Now that I know you intimately,
 why don't you get dressed.

X

Looks through her. Now scans left. (Del is flouncing
 past.) SOUND of the washroom door slamming.

CUT TO:

270 EXT. PORT EVERGLADES - WHARFSIDE - DAY

270

The Maddalena is in... snubbed starboard side to.
 Debarkation has begun. Excitement, confusion, HUBBUB.
 Impatient passengers -- clutching customs declarations
 and health cards -- file down a gangplank extending
 from amidships on the promenade deck. Baggage travels
 a gravity roller conveyor from a cargo hatch.

Above and forward of the promenade deck, other pass-
 engers look condescendingly on the jostling.

Ashore. Behind a long sweep of chest-high hurricane
 fencing, people waving and calling to passengers.
 Sunlight shimmers off cars in the parking lot beyond.

Deck crews are affixing rat guards to mooring lines,
 and hooking up shoreside service systems.

At foot of conveyor, porters snare baggage onto hand
 trucks... roll trucks into the shed.

Ships officers, customs officials, photographers, et
 al, mill around the customs shed.

Debarking passengers are led along a corridor between
 wire fence and ship. To the shed and in.

271 CAMERA PARTICULARIZES

271

Spots Meyer -- third in line among the first ashore; Trav on the lounge deck -- searching for Terry, Meyer and Merrimay; Terry on the sundeck -- seeking the shape of reality, looking for clues with which to make a tactical assessment; Merrimay behind the wire fencing -- a perfect look-alike for Vangie.

Trav has located Terry. Now he picks Merrimay out of the crowd on the wharf. A moment later, her eyes sweep past him, return, hold. He makes a poking gesture -- shielding it with his other hand. Merrimay follows the lead... spies Terry.

272 ON MERRIMAY

272

moves to an open space behind the wire mesh... waves.

MERRIMAY
(shouting)
Terry! Terry... hey, Terry!

273 TERRY

273

Body tightens. He squints... freezes.

274 MERRIMAY

274

tugs off sunglasses, poses in Vangie's hipshot way, stares back with a mocking smile -- an astonishingly accurate impersonation.

275 TERRY

275

Big hands clamp the rail. Mouth falls open.

276 MERRIMAY

276

kisses her palm, blows a kiss.

277 TERRY

277

Thoughts reeling. Shine of spittle on chin. Suddenly, whirls, sprints for the stairway. A middle-aged couple is just turning from the rail. Terry blasts between them. The man is slammed into the rail, the woman sent flying.

detailing the ensuing pandemonium. Terry -- a bull hippo on a rampage. Vangie -- for, to him, she is Vangie -- is the one blinding imperative. He must get to her and finish it again.

Trav sprinting down a nearby stairway.

Terry disappearing down yet another ladderway.

Trav, dashing for the gangplank, collides stunningly with a fat man. Both are dazed. Two ship's officers block the access. Trav grapples with them, trying to get off.

Now, Terry APPEARS on the roller conveyor!... sitting up, riding backwards amid luggage, clubbing at a burly deck hand who has a grip on his ankle. Knocks him away. Grabs the side rail of the rig, vaults onto the wharf.

SHOUTS and SCREAMS increase in number and level.

Terry bulls directly toward Merrimay.

At the fence. People peel away, shoving to get clear. Merrimay holds her ground.

On the gangplank. Trav weaves through the queue.

A wiry porter leaps on Terry's back, locks a stranglehold around the massive neck. Terry doesn't even slow down. A dock guard moves in, whops Terry across the belly with a billy club -- hard enough to stop a normal man. Terry keeps going... grabs the club, makes a swinging motion, a hammer throw. The thong is wrapped around the guard's wrist. Terry whirls the club away. The guard goes with it -- wrist bone snapping -- lands on the cement.

To get rid of the annoyance on his back, Terry derricks forward violently, sends the little man sailing fifteen feet away into the wire mesh.

The burly deckhand who had failed to halt Terry on the conveyor makes a renewed effort. Grapples a shoulder, turns him, rams a hard right to his mouth. Terry reels but delivers a crushing fist to the man's middle, doubling him into a slow-motion collapse.

Others converging now. Another dock guard... baggage handlers... more deck hands. They swarm Terry.

Trav on the edge of the pack, clawing to get through.

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED:

278

The guard wields his billy club, bouncing it off Terry's blond curls. Baggage handlers lunge in. Deck hands throw roundhouse rights and lefts. Most of them stagger back... GROANING, trickling blood. Still others rush in. Bear Terry down. Somehow, he gets up again. His hair piece falls off, is kicked away. Now the guard bolos a vicious blow with a club. Terry blocks it, then staggers the man with a forearm smash to the head. Once again, he turns toward the fence. For one horrifying moment, it seems as if he won't be stopped. But Trav finally lunges through... cracks him with a combination of blows to the chin, the nose and either side of the head. Terry sinks to the ground.

The guard jerks Terry's arms behind him, snaps handcuffs around huge wrists. Blood streams from Terry's scalp and face. Several men hoist him erect, lead him off to the customs shed. Trav drifts back toward the gangplank... as police sirens WHINE in.

DISSOLVE TO:

279 INT. TAXI - DAY

279

moving along a main artery of Fort Lauderdale. Del, feeling expansive and affectionate, cuddles close to Trav in the rear seat.

DEL

(low voice)

What kind of place you going to
hide me out in?

TRAV

You'll see.

DEL

Whatever you pick... that's good
enough.

(kisses his ear)

Soon as you figure out our move,
I'll be the best bait you ever had.
I'm good... really.

(beat)

I do the housewife bit, college
girl, model, young widow...
anything. All you gotta do is
pick the action.

(grabbing his hand)

Little Del's a moneymaking baby,
lover... and she's yours. All
yours.

CUT TO:

280 EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - A DRUGSTORE - DAY 280

A large, cut-rate establishment. The taxi glides to a stop near the entrance.

281 INT. TAXI 281

Trav leans forward, puts a five in the driver's hand.

TRAV

In case you get restless.

(swivels to Del)

Just a couple little arrangements.

We want everything to go smooth.

By the numbers... right, kid?

She smiles agreeably. He pats her knee, gets out.

282 INT. DRUGSTORE 282

Trav sweeps IN, nods toward far end to...

283 PHONE BOOTH NEAR REAR EXIT 283

... Merrimay (still disguised as Vangie) -- just waiting. Catches Trav's nod, begins dialing.

284 ANOTHER ANGLE 284

Trav proceeds casually toward the rear exit. Merrimay is visible in the booth -- delivering her message to the police. Trav moves past, EXITS.

285 EXT. REAR OF DRUGSTORE 285

Meyer's car in readiness... Meyer at the wheel. Trav crosses, climbs into the back seat. A moment later, Merrimay EMERGES, hops in front, swivels around to speak to Trav. The car pulls out.

286 APPROACH STREET 286

A patrol car -- no siren but blue blinker light revolving -- darts into the main parking lot.

287 FRONT OF DRUGSTORE 287

The patrol car swoops TOWARD CAMERA with amazing swiftness... SQUEALS to a stop behind Del's parked taxi. Two officers pile out.

(CONTINUED)

287 CONTINUED:

287

Rear door of the taxi flies open. Del springs out, diagonals toward the slanted rows of cars. Shoppers stop, gawk. Del runs well.

The police close in. One circles. Del veers between two cars. Runs into the officer who circled. The other comes up. She flails and kicks.

CUT TO:

288 INT. ALABAMA TIGER'S LOUNGE - ON GIRL - DAY

288

exotic, in a shift of psychedelic patterns. Dances frenetically. Legs, arms, everything in motion... a display not unlike the flailing and kicking of Del. MUSIC BOOMING. She spins. Her young partner reaches up, grabs the zipper tab at the back of her neck... draws it down in one slash. The girl never misses a beat as the shift peels from her shoulders and slips to the deck -- revealing that her bikini-clad body is painted in bold patterns that duplicate the design on the shift.

CAMERA MOVES PAST, blithely pushing through the tangle of dancers -- mostly vacationing college kids... bronzed boys and emancipated bunnies. FINDS the Alabama Tiger. Natty as ever, tall drink in hand... the Sultan surveying what he has wrought. A gaggle of girls surrounds him, caught in the web of his extravagant drawl.

ALABAMA

... and I said to him... Mistuh President... MIS-tuh President, if you puh-lease... with all due respect, suh... with all due respect to you as my elected leader and as the Commander-in-Chief of the great army of these great United States... suh...

(long pause... then
a sly smile)

... I surrender... I bow to you.
Hit me, jail me... but, sweet
daddy, puh-lease don't tax me!

289 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BAR

289

The DELIGHTED SQUEALS of Alabama's audience carry over.

(CONTINUED)

289 CONTINUED:

289

Trav is pinned in a corner -- staring at his two empty glasses and contemplating escape from a voluptuous CO-ED.

CO-ED

But how perfectly marvee! I mean
... marine salvage! Why not? I
mean for a man, what else is there?
It's the frontier! The whole ocean!
Why not? Don't you see what I mean?
It has size!

TRAV

(the minimum)

Yes, I suppose so.

Pushes through to the bar... catches the bartender's eye... hands him the two glasses.

TRAV

(continuing; to
the bartender)

Plymouth over. Both of them.

The Co-ed has squeezed through next to him.

CO-ED

Travis, darling... you've got to
see. I mean, it's so exciting.
It's your thing and it's marvee.
You've got to be committed. Fully,
totally... every last inch of you.
You have to feel it. Don't you
feel it?

TRAV

Look, honey... it's what I do, see?
I like it. I like it fine. But --

CO-ED

Darling... you don't have to
underplay it for me. I know you.

TRAV

(this is
too much)

What do you mean, you know me?

CO-ED

I knew you the minute we met.
You walked in that door and I
knew you.

(CONTINUED)

289 CONTINUED: (2)

289

The bartender hands the refilled glasses to Trav.

CO-ED

(running right on)

And I knew you'd have a marvee world. Marine salvage! I could have guessed it.

Trav wriggles away from the bar, starts for the exit... holding the drinks high to carry them safely through the press. The Co-ed stays right with him.

CO-ED

(continuing;
as they go)

It's the concept, Travis. The concept! The whole thing of inner space. Don't you see?

290 EXT. STARBOARD WALKWAY

290

Meyer and Merrimay at the rail, taking in the beauty of the yacht basin. Meyer has a full drink in hand. Now Trav and the Co-ed EMERGE. Trav hands one of the glasses to Merrimay.

TRAV

Meyer... this is the most marvee girl. She's from Wisconsin.
(aside to the
co-ed)

I forgot your name, honey?

CO-ED

Darling... what are names? We're people.

TRAV

Of course. Anyhow, this is Commodore Meyer. He's the largest living diver in the world. And honey -- believe me -- he feels it.

Immediately grabs Merrimay, starts away. Meyer is covering his amusement. The Co-ed snags Trav's sleeve.

CO-ED

Wait a minute, wait just a minute.
(indicating Merrimay)
What's so special about her?

(CONTINUED)