

NAUTICA

By Richard McBrien

**Directed by
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**Property of Escape Artists
Draft Date: 5/14/01**

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

A God-awful night - wind, rain, raging sea. A battered yacht, its mast snapped off, is tossed mercilessly by towering waves. A half-submerged orange emergency raft tugs at a line still attached to the stern. The yacht must have been impressive once, now it's only just managing to stay afloat, its name half-submerged: 'NAUTICA'.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Title on screen '50 miles off US Virgin Islands'.

A US Coast Guard helicopter thunders through the night, its rotors straining against the storm. A powerful searchlight cuts through the rain, sweeping the waves for signs of life.

ANDERSON (V.O.)

You hear a lot of stories in this business. Mostly they're bullshit. But if you concentrate, if you listen real hard, you can hear the truth. It's always there. Someplace.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Inside, the three CREWMEN peer through rain-stained windows. Despite the frantic windshield wipers, it's impossible to see anything. The PILOT struggles to keep on course as the chopper lurches sickeningly. The crewmen shout to each other above the roar of the engines.

A sole PASSENGER (GEOFF ANDERSON) sits in a jump seat. Pale and nauseous, he'd rather be anywhere but here. He grips a battered leather folder as if it's a talisman against the fury of the night.

A flash of white in the searchlight's beam. Could it be a boat? The RESCUERMAN, in a bright orange protective suit, shouts instructions into his microphone. The chopper banks to the left.

There it is again, clear now in the searchlight - a listing, crippled YACHT. The Rescueman clips his harness to the descent line. As the chopper drops sixty feet, the downdraft from the rotors blasts the yacht's deck clear of water.

Free of the aircraft, the Rescueman is blown violently sideways. The WINCHMAN shouts into his mike and the Pilot eases the chopper forward to compensate.

Anderson watches from his seat as wind and rain lash at the Rescueman, spinning him round.

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The deck heaves up and down with each wave - one second the Rescueman is ten feet above it, the next his feet scrape the damn thing. He times the movement, makes his move and lands with a THWACK. His boots slip on the salty deck, pitch him violently towards the edge. He lashes out, grabs a rigging line and holds on for dear life. Desperate, he fumbles for his clip. Yanking it out, he whacks it onto the rigging. Secure. For now.

He unclips the line from the helicopter. It snaps and whips in the wind.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - NIGHT

Bowed by the downdraft, the Rescueman crawls along the deck. A wave crashes over him, hurls him against the remains of the mast. He takes a moment to recover then doggedly starts again.

At last he hauls himself into the cockpit. The door to the main cabin is in splinters, what's left smashes back and forth in the wind. The Rescueman shines his flashlight inside.

The place is a wreck - cushions, bits of food and disintegrating charts float in a foot of water. The flashlight catches something else - the body of a MAN slumped in the corner. His face is battered, a mass of sores crowd round his mouth. It looks as if he hasn't eaten for days.

RESCUEMAN

(Through intercom)

Got him.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Suddenly Anderson is all attention. This is what he's been waiting for.

ANDERSON

(Shouting)

Is he alive?

The Winchman shrugs. Anderson peers out at the battered yacht below. He can see the Rescueman dragging a body out.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - NIGHT

The yacht pitches violently as another wave crashes over the two men.

The chopper descends, the downdraft sending up a wall of spray.

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The rescue line, now with a sling attached, slowly pays out. It's coming closer. The Rescueman reaches out to grab it. Suddenly the chopper lurches to one side. WHACK! The cable and sling slam into the cockpit, smashing a hole in the wood, only just missing the men.

The sling swings back and forth just a few feet above their heads. The Rescueman grabs at it again - his hands close on the cold metal. He's got it.

He snaps the clips into place then heaves the sling over the body's head and under its arms. He gives the thumbs up. The Winchman starts to haul them in.

The two men sway back and forth in the wind, battered by lashing rain. At last they're swung into the hold. The door slams shut. They're safe.

As another monster wave slams into the yacht, the chopper banks and heads for home.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Anderson watches anxiously as the Rescueman pushes an oxygen mask onto the Man's face. Anderson takes out a RED ENVELOPE with NYPD stamped on it. He pulls out a PHOTO, glances at it briefly, then looks back at the Man in front of him. The Man's eyelids flicker, then pop open. He looks round, confused. Anderson leans closer, shouts above the roar of the engines.

ANDERSON

Mr. Shilton?

The Man looks blank.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Max Shilton?

He nods his head. Anderson pulls out a police badge. The Man squints at it.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Anderson, St. Thomas PD.
You're under arrest for the murder of
Frank Cotter.

EXT. SEA/LAND - DAWN

The chopper sweeps over the ocean, finally crossing onto land.

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE, CRUZ BAY - DAY

The next morning. A calm and sparkling sea stretches for miles to a distant, hazy horizon. It's a beautiful day, the ocean as benign as a mill pond.

A young woman, KATHY ASTON, sits a table outside a hotel cafe. In her early 30s, she's dressed in a sarong and short top. She has an aura of natural beauty, an easy sexuality about her.

She tries to read a book but can't concentrate, her eyes constantly drawn to the ocean. She picks up a pair of binoculars and scans the horizon for the hundredth time. Disappointed, she puts them down again.

A COUGHS O.S. Kathy turns to see Anderson standing by her table. He's immaculately turned-out in a linen suit but seems awkward, perhaps unnerved by being so close to such an attractive woman.

ANDERSON

Miss Aston?

KATHY

Yes.

ANDERSON

Sorry to disturb you. The hotel said you were out here. I'm Anderson. Lieutenant Anderson.

He shows her his badge.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

From the main island.

KATHY

How can I help you, Inspector?

ANDERSON

Mind if I sit down?

He eases himself into a chair.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

It's about a Frank Cotter, Miss Aston. I understand you knew him?

She nods, apprehensive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

(Awkward)

I guess there isn't an easy way to put this. We think we may have found his body.

She reacts - almost knocks her drink over.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

A Puerto Rican trawler picked him up yesterday. I'm very sorry.

Kathy's devastated, fights back the tears.

KATHY

You're sure it's him?

Anderson nods.

ANDERSON

Would you like some water?

She shakes her head, regains control.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

There's something else you should know. Because of the condition of the body we think ... well, we think Mr. Cotter was murdered.

Kathy reacts - she's stunned, can hardly speak.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

We've arrested a suspect. A man named Shilton. Max Shilton.

KATHY

Max?

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE, CRUZ BAY - DAY

The door opens into Anderson's office. It's a nondescript place with whitewashed walls, a creaking ceiling fan and an old wooden desk. On one wall, several framed photographs: a police academy passing-out parade; a formal squad photo with a New York city backdrop; a police academy certification scroll.

Anderson ushers in a handcuffed MAX SHILTON (30s). Max's cuts and bruises from the yacht have been cleaned a little but he still looks a mess.

(CONTINUED)

The room's hot - humid and hot. Anderson unlocks one of Max's cuffs and SNAPS it onto the arm of a metal chair.

MAX

Is this really necessary?

Anderson ignores him. Cool and composed, he goes behind the desk and opens his leather folder. It has a space for loose papers on one side, a notebook on the other and four new, unsharpened pencils slotted into fabric bands.

MAX (CONT'D)

You don't honestly think I killed Frank, do you?

Anderson goes on ignoring him, carefully laying several official-looking documents on the table, amongst them the RED NYPD ENVELOPE.

MAX (CONT'D)

I didn't do it!

No response from Anderson.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'd like to see an attorney, please.

Anderson removes one of the pencils and starts to sharpen it with a pocketknife, taking care to keep the shavings in a neat pile.

MAX (CONT'D)

I do have that right, don't I?

ANDERSON

There are no attorneys on the island, Mr. Shilton. I can request one from the mainland but it'd take a while.

MAX

(Frustrated)

Look, I'm not trying to be difficult here. I just want to clear this up and get my boat back.

Anderson tests the point of the pencil with his thumb.

ANDERSON

You were lucky we found you when we did. That yacht was in a bad way.

MAX

I'm grateful. Really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

They tell me the emergency beacon hadn't been activated. And no May Day call. Didn't you want to be found?

MAX

Of course I did. There was an explosion on board, it blew out all the electronics.

ANDERSON

The harbormaster at Sarasota raised the alarm - saw you sail out last week. Had you already killed Frank by then?

MAX

(Weary)

I told you, Frank committed suicide. It was in all the papers.

ANDERSON

Frank's body was picked up yesterday - a hundred miles off the coast. Does that surprise you?

MAX

Why would it?

ANDERSON

Because it was two months after you reported his suicide in Nassau.

MAX

There are weird currents out there.

ANDERSON

Must be. He was a mess. What did he do? Beat himself to death then toss himself in the ocean?

MAX

I went through all this with the Nassau police ...

ANDERSON

Mr. Shilton, you seem like a perfectly nice guy, but we both know Frank Cotter didn't kill himself. Only question is, when you did it and why you did it.

They stare at each other - a stand-off. Eventually, Max breaks the gaze, defeated. He buries his head in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

It's not how you think.

ANDERSON

It never is. So, when did you meet Frank Cotter?

MAX

Seventeen years ago, at school.

Anderson is surprised.

MAX (CONT'D)

Then not again 'till two months ago. On a place called Cristos. It's an island. Tiny place.

ANDERSON

What were you doing there?

MAX

It's complicated.

ANDERSON

I'll concentrate.

MAX

I spent the summer crewing then got a long haul out of Miami. German guys, wanted sailing to South Africa.

Anderson looks through his paperwork, trying to check this.

MAX (CONT'D)

It didn't work out. There was a misunderstanding with the skipper's girlfriend, if you know what I mean.

EXT. BAR, CRISTOS ISLAND - DAY (PAST)

A sleepy, picturesque harbor. A few boats bob up and down; a couple of FISHERMEN mend their nets in the brilliant sunshine; an OLD MAN takes his siesta in a hammock.

Max, dressed in faded shorts, sits outside a ramshackle bar playing backgammon with the toothless OWNER. Max exudes sexuality, the sort of guy every woman briefly wonders what it would be like to be with and every man feels a stab of envy for. And right now he's bored shitless.

MAX (V.O.)

It's not true the Germans don't have a sense of humor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They dropped me off without a dime in my pocket. The next scheduled ship wasn't for three months. Then I got lucky. I met Frank.

ANDERSON (V.O.)

You mean re-met Frank?

MAX (V.O.)

Right.

The Owner nudges Max who looks up to see a sleek yacht heading for the harbor. Max screws his eyes up against the sun, expertly taking in the boat's lines and name 'NAUTICA'.

A FIGURE on board wrestles with ropes and sails, getting into more and more of a muddle. Max allows himself a wry smile - this guy's incompetence is his ticket out of here.

EXT. HARBOR, CRISTOS ISLAND - DAY (PAST)

From the harbor wall, Max watches the yacht draw near. The Figure on board's making a real hash of things. About the same age as Max, FRANK COTTER is a lot less fit and much, much whiter. Every inch the city dweller, his pale twiggy legs stick out of brand new shorts. He wears tinted glasses and a large brimmed hat.

Just by looking at him you know he'd be more at home behind a desk than a tiller. He's the sort of guy who buys the best of everything, not because he needs it but because it IS the best.

MAX (V.O.)

Thought at first he was just another rich guy with a new toy. But there was something familiar about him.

Frank catches sight of Max for the first time. Embarrassed, he tries to lasso a bollard but misses. The yacht slides inexorably towards the harbor wall.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hard down to port.

Frank looks startled at the sound of English.

MAX (CONT'D)

The left!

Frank wrenches the helm and the bow slowly pulls clear of the wall. Max leaps on board, grabs a line, jumps back off and ties up. He's professional, impressive.

(CONTINUED)

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MAX (CONT'D)
Welcome to Cristos.

Frank leans over to see if the hull has been scratched.

FRANK
Is it okay?

MAX
She's fine. There's an undercurrent
here, pulls you in faster than you think.

FRANK
Thought I felt something.

Sweating, Frank mops his brow with a handkerchief.

MAX
'spect you could do with a beer.

FRANK
(Smiling)
That'd be great.

MAX (V.O.)
Thought if I could buy him a beer he'd
give me a ride out of there.

EXT. BAR, CRISTOS ISLAND - DAY (PAST)

Max and Frank outside the bar with a couple of cold beers. Frank has his glasses on the end of his nose, peering at the bottle's label. While Max chugs his beer down, Frank carefully wipes the top of his bottle and pours it into a glass. Max look over at the yacht.

MAX
She's a beauty.

FRANK
Oyster DS - best in her class.

MAX
Where you heading?

FRANK
Nowhere particular. Just island hopping.

Frank SLAPS dead a mosquito on his arm. He takes out a bottle of repellent and sprays himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Kind of late in the year to be exploring.
Get some big storms in the Fall.

FRANK

Yeah?

MAX

Sure.

Max stares at him - to such an extent it makes Frank nervous.
Max holds up his bottle of beer, already empty. Frank has
hardly started on his glass.

MAX (CONT'D)

Another?

Frank glances at his watch - an expensive, slim gold job.

FRANK

Why not.

Max calls to the Owner.

MAX

(Indicating watch)

Pretty.

FRANK

(Cocky)

It's an Audemars Piguet. There were only
ten made.

MAX

Impressive.

Max stares at Frank for a BEAT.

MAX (CONT'D)

This is crazy.

Frank looks at him, suspicious. What's with this guy?

MAX (CONT'D)

I know you.

FRANK

I don't think so.

MAX

Sure I do. It's Frank, right? Your
name's Frank.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
(Amazed)
How did you ...

MAX
Derby High School. You lived somewhere
over on Olive Street, right? I was up on
Martin Drive. I'm Max.

FRANK
Max Shilton?

MAX
Right!

Max beams, holding out his hand. They shake.

MAX (CONT'D)
How the fuck have you been?

FRANK
Not bad. Not bad at all.

They sit back and contemplate each other for a moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I thought you were dead. We all did.

INT. HARBOR, CRISTOS ISLAND - DAY (PAST)

Frank and Max head for the yacht. They've both had a few
more beers and Frank is a little tight. He tries to climb on
board, misses his step. Max grabs him.

MAX
Whoa.

FRANK
That's what I hate about the sea. It'll
never stay goddamned still.

EXT. YACHT IN HARBOR, CRISTOS ISLAND - DAY (PAST)

They are both safely on board now. It's a magnificent yacht.

FRANK
Not bad, eh? For a kid from Olive
Street.

MAX
I'm impressed, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

You've seen nothing. Stay right there.

Frank dives into the cabin, leaving Max on deck. He looks around. This thing must be virtually brand new, there's hardly a scratch on it. He glances up at the mast and sees the top RADAR AERIAL dangling off its fixings.

A COUGH O.S. Max turns to see Frank standing next to a stunning woman - Kathy. She's wearing a loose robe. As it moves it reveals tantalizing glimpses of her body. Max is riveted. She yawns seductively, sleepy from a catnap.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Kathy, I want you to meet an old school friend - Maxy.

MAX

Max.

KATHY

Hello, Max.

Max just stares. Frank's delighted, winks at Max.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I'm going for a swim - only way to cool off in this damn heat.

She slips out of her robe to reveal the kind of body Max was hoping for - and probably been dreaming about since he was fifteen. Kathy performs an elegant dive. Both men watch her slim form glide underwater. Frank's beaming with pride.

Max turns away, points at the mast.

MAX

You got a busted radar.

FRANK

That's why we're here. Thought I should get it fixed.

MAX

Want me to take a look at it?

FRANK

You?

MAX

Looks like a loose mounting's all.

Max starts to climb the mast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Are you sure you should be ...

He tails off as Max swiftly hoists himself up the mast. Totally at home, Max clearly knows exactly what he's doing.

Kathy watches from the water, impressed.

Max is forty foot above the deck now. He climbs the last few feet and jams himself into place. Unclipping a Leatherman, he screws the housing back into place. He glances down at Frank, staring up at him, shielding his eyes against the sun. Then over at Kathy, floating on her back, watching.

Max pops his Leatherman back in its pouch, braces himself against the mast - and leaps.

A graceful dive into the ocean below.

He surfaces in an explosion of bubbles next to Kathy. She's laughing, amazed.

KATHY

That was incredible! Wasn't that incredible?

Frank forces a smile, jealous.

FRANK

Incredible.

INT. BATHROOM, YACHT - DAY (PAST)

Max towels his hair dry in the yacht's well-appointed bathroom. He flips open a cabinet. It's like a pharmacist's storeroom in there - packed with suntan oil, skin lotion, anti-diarrhea tablets, insect repellent. Max picks out a packet - seasickness pills. Shaking his head, he puts it back then runs a comb through his hair. Baring his teeth, he picks out a speck. He checks his appearance - perfect.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - DAY (PAST)

As Max comes into the main cabin, he finds Kathy slipping into a dress.

MAX

Sorry, I didn't realize ...

KATHY

Do me up, will you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BEAT. He goes over to her. She stands with her back to him as he gently pulls the zip up her dress, his fingers brush her tanned skin. She can see his face in the mirror.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

They hold each other's eyes for a second, then she breaks away and goes into the bathroom, closing the door after her.

Max looks round. It's more like a luxurious hotel room than a yacht's cabin. A plasma TV is set into one wall, a discrete hi-fi positioned by the huge bed.

He slides open a closet door - a row of empty coat hangers. He tries another. The same, empty. Except for a holdall. Max glances back at the bathroom - the door's still shut. He unzips the bag and stares in disbelief - it's full of cash.

EXT. YACHT IN HARBOR, CRISTOS ISLAND - DUSK (PAST)

Later. A beautiful sunset bathes the yacht in an orange glow. Max, Frank and Kathy are on deck, sharing a meal. Kathy looks stunning in her slinky dress. Frank, now wearing clear glasses, is pouring wine.

FRANK

You'll like this. It's from Umbria - where the Roman emperors got their wine.

MAX

I get mine from a guy at the end of the dock.

Kathy laughs. Frank doesn't think it's funny at all.

MAX (CONT'D)

It's perfect, Frank. Just perfect.

FRANK

Maxy was the original mystery. One day he was at school, the next he'd vanished. Gone. There were a lot of rumors, Maxy - for years.

KATHY

What happened?

MAX

Guess I lost my way for a while.

FRANK

Max's folks - you don't mind me saying?

(CONTINUED)

Max shakes his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Died in a car crash when we were in 12th grade.

KATHY

How awful.

MAX

I was a 17 year old kid with a lot of insurance money and no-one to tell me what to do. Not a good combination.

FRANK

Where did you go? Latin America, Europe?

MAX

All over - till the money ran out. Then all over again.

FRANK

You spent it all?

MAX

Every cent.

FRANK

Jesus, Maxy.

A BEAT.

KATHY

Do you live on the island now?

MAX

(Shakes head)
Passing through.

KATHY

Strange place to pass through.

MAX

Just lucky, I guess.

They exchange a look - there's a real attraction there.
Frank spots it.

FRANK

(Belittling)
Maxy crews. You know, sails other people's yachts. Isn't that right?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

On the money, Frank. How about you?

FRANK

(Slight hesitation)

Construction - shopping malls and stuff.
Got my own company.

MAX

Congratulations.

Max gives Kathy a look. Frank isn't quite sure how to take this - is he being sarcastic?

FRANK

I guess we should be turning in - been a long day.

MAX

Sure.

Max gets up.

MAX (CONT'D)

I was you, I'd leave at first light. The storms build up in the afternoon.

KATHY

(Worried)

What kind of storms?

MAX

Force 9, 10 maybe. You want to be down by Rum Cay by three, case you have to put in.

KATHY

Maybe we should stay here a while.

FRANK

He's hustling for a job, honey. That right, Maxy? Short of cash?

MAX

I didn't say that.

FRANK

Think I can't handle it? Think I need the help of a 'pro'?

KATHY

He was just warning us, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

MAX
It's your boat, Frank.

FRANK
(Insulting)
That's right, Maxy. My boat. And I sail her.

A BEAT.

MAX
Mind if I use your bathroom before I go?

FRANK
Head. We call it a head at sea.

MAX
I'll try to remember that.

As Max gets up, he and Kathy exchange a look - she's clearly embarrassed by Frank.

INT. BATHROOM, YACHT - DUSK (PAST)

Max washes his hands in the bathroom, splashes his face with water. He looks up, mimics Frank.

MAX
'My boat'. Prick.

Then something catches his eye in the mirror - the closet.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - DUSK (PAST)

Max in the main cabin sliding open the closet door. He unzips the holdall, looks at all that cash. He grabs just one bundle and stuffs it down the front of his shorts. He checks his appearance in the mirror - you couldn't tell.

MAX (V.O.)
I know I shouldn't have taken the money, but he was being such an asshole. Besides, he could afford it and I only took enough to get off that goddamn island.

EXT. YACHT IN HARBOR, CRISTOS ISLAND - DUSK (PAST)

Max on deck saying goodbye. Frank has an arm draped proprietorially over Kathy's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX
(To Kathy)
Nice to meet you.

KATHY
And you.

He holds out his hand. She shakes it. A look between them -
lust mixed with regret.

MAX
(To Frank)
Good to catch up, Frank.

FRANK
(Less enthusiastic)
Yeah.

They shake hands. Max jumps ashore and walks back towards
the bar. He turns and waves.

MAX
Safe trip.

INT. MAX'S ROOM, BAR, CRISTOS ISLAND - MORNING (PAST)

The next morning. Max looks at himself in a dented metal
mirror. He lathers up and starts to shave, whistling.

MAX (V.O.)
Tell you the truth, I thought that was
the last I'd see of him. Too bad it
didn't work out that way.

He's in a bare room at the back of the bar, just a simple cot
and a chair surrounded by crates of beer and other supplies.
The bundle of cash sits on the bed. As Max makes another
sweep down his cheek with the razor, there's a BANGING on the
door. He freezes. More BANGING. He quickly stuffs the
money under the pillow and opens the door.

MAX (CONT'D)
Frank.

FRANK
(Amazed)
This where you live?

MAX
It's where I sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Looks like you could do with a little cash injection.

Max reacts - has Frank realized the money's missing?

MAX

I'm kinda busy, Frank.

FRANK

I took a look at the forecast on the computer - said a storm's coming.

(Pause)

I'm not a proud guy, Maxy. I know when I'm beat.

Max is puzzled.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Two hundred bucks a day. Take about 6 days in all, including back to Florida. That's \$1200, tax free. What do you say?

MAX

(Incredulous)

You want me to crew for you?

Frank nods. Max can hardly believe it - is he for real?

FRANK

Next ship out of here's not 'till Christmas, Maxy. I checked.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - DAY (PAST)

The yacht slices through the ocean. A perfect sailing day - blue sky, brilliant sunshine and a stiff breeze.

Max, bare chested, just in a pair of shorts, works a winch, unfurling the spinnaker. His biceps strain with the effort. Frank's at the helm, slathering himself in sun tan oil, his lips painted with white oxide block. Kathy's next to him - trying not to stare too hard at Max's impressive body.

Making his way back to the cockpit, Max dips a bail bucket into the ocean and douses himself with water. It drips off his perfect, tanned skin. He looks up to see if Kathy's watching. As if he needed to - of course she is, which is why he did it. None of which is lost on Frank.

CUT TO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG SHOT of the yacht sailing through an azure sea.

CUT TO

Later. The wind has dropped and the yacht sails sedately over a glassy ocean. Frank is asleep at the back of the boat, a book in his lap, his glasses to one side.

Max, still just in shorts, stands at the helm, gazing at Kathy who's sunbathing a few feet away. She's lying on her front, her bikini strap undone. She opens her eyes, catching him staring at her.

MAX

Best view in the world.

She squints at him.

MAX (CONT'D)

The ocean.

KATHY

If you like water.

She lifts her head an inch, exposing the tops of her breasts a fraction.

MAX

You been with Frank long?

KATHY

I wouldn't say that.

MAX

How'd you two meet?

KATHY

At a conference in Buffalo. Three weeks ago.

MAX

For real?

KATHY

I was on one of the stands and he offered me a trip on his big white boat.

Max shakes his head, smiles.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Seemed like a good idea at the time.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

And now?

KATHY

It suddenly got better.

In one swift move she sits up and fastens her bikini strap. A tantalizing glimpse of breast, then it's gone. She lies on her back. If anything, the view has improved.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Where do you go back to, Max? When the guys with the money head home for the winter?

MAX

It's always summer somewhere.

KATHY

Got to have a base.

MAX

Not me.

KATHY

Married?

MAX

Never found the right one.

KATHY

The ocean's your home.

MAX

Something like that.

KATHY

Must get awful lonely.

MAX

Not always.

A charged moment.

FRANK (O.S.)

How's it going?

Startled, Max turns to see Frank standing behind him, his skin red and blotchy from too much sun.

MAX

Good.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Thought I'd take over for a while.

MAX
Sure.

Max steps aside so Frank can take the helm. Max looks over at Kathy.

MAX (CONT'D)
Need to use the bathroom anyhow.

FRANK
The head.

MAX
Right.

Max goes below.

FRANK
All right, honey?

KATHY
Sleepy.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - DUSK (PAST)

Max makes his way into Frank's cabin, sits on the bed - and waits. Sure enough, in a few seconds the door opens. Kathy appears.

KATHY
This is my cabin.

MAX
Yeah?

KATHY
(Coming over)
So what are you doing in here?

She's very close now. She traces a finger across his chest.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Take your time.

Max is about to say something but she stops him with a kiss. And suddenly they're all over each other - hands, fingers, mouths, tongues. They can't get enough of each other. It's like nothing else exists.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (O.S.)
(Shouting from topside)
What's up, Maxy? Get lost?

They freeze.

MAX
Kathy's just showing me where everything
is.

Smiling, Kathy places Max's hands on her breasts.

ANDERSON (V.O.)
So when did you kill him?

MAX (V.O.)
You got it all wrong. Okay, so I took
some of his money and some of his girl -
but I didn't kill him.

INT. MAX'S CABIN, YACHT - NIGHT (PAST)

Max asleep on the narrow bunk in the aft cabin.

MAX (V.O.)
I went to bed early.

A KNOCK on his door. His eyes spring open.

MAX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
At first I thought it was her again.

The KNOCKING turns to loud BANGING.

FRANK (O.S.)
Heh! Wake up! Wake the fuck up!

Max grabs some clothes, pulls them on.

MAX
One second.

Louder BANGING.

MAX (CONT'D)
Okay, okay!

He opens the door. A furious looking Frank.

FRANK
What the hell's going on?

Max stares at him, confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)
We've stopped, for Christ's sake!

MAX
That's right, Frank. We're anchored.

Frank storms out onto deck, Max following.

EXT. YACHT ANCHORED - NIGHT (PAST)

Frank stabs a finger at a hazy silhouette in the distance.

FRANK
And what the fuck's that?

MAX
Rum Cay. It's an island.

FRANK
I can see what it is! What are we doing here?

MAX
Just anchoring up for the night. It's no big deal.

FRANK
Excuse me, did I give an order to stop?
I don't think so. Now if you don't mind,
pull up the goddamn anchor and get us
moving - now!

Kathy appears, dressed.

KATHY
What's going on?

FRANK
Captain Max here seems to think he's in charge.

MAX
Guess I haven't been entirely straight with you, Frank. I never really fancied Florida - just had to get off that damn island. This is the end of the line for me. I'm sorry.

KATHY
You're leaving?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Think that's best for everyone.

(Before she can react)

You'll be fine - it's an easy sail from here.

KATHY

So that's it, you just walk away?

MAX

Never was too good at sticking around.

FRANK

What's wrong, Max? Couldn't hack it a kid from Olive Street amounted to something, that what this is about?

His face is right up against Max's now.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Did it on my own, too. No rich daddy paid for my sailing lessons.

KATHY

Frank!

Max holds up his hand as if it say, it's okay, let it go.

FRANK

I don't need you.

He storms down to his cabin. A BEAT.

KATHY

Please don't go.

She strokes his face.

FRANK (O.S.)

Kathy? Kathy!

She gives him a quick kiss, then hurries down below.

Max wanders to the bow and stands staring across the water. The wind has picked up and SIGHS in the rigging. A flash of lightning lights up the island, followed by the roll of distant thunder. Max checks the sky - doesn't like what he sees. A few rain drops begin to hit the deck.

The SOUND of voices from below. Shouts. The SLAM of a door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kathy staggers out on deck and leans against a railing, her body heaving. Max watches as she takes out a cigarette and fumbles with a lighter. She can't get it to work.

KATHY

Shit!

She tosses the lot into the sea. Max comes over.

MAX

You okay?

KATHY

(Her face still averted)

Take me with you. Please?

She turns to him. The light catches her face - and her swollen, cut mouth.

MAX

(Enraged)

Did he do that?

She nods. Max starts for the cabin but Kathy stops him.

KATHY

Just get me away from him.

A BEAT as Max considers this.

KATHY (CONT'D)

He's not worth it.

MAX

We'll have to take the dinghy. It could be rough.

KATHY

I don't care.

MAX

You won't be able to take anything.

KATHY

There's only one thing I want on this boat.

She kisses him. He grabs her hand, leading her to the stern.

A flash of lightning and the CRASH of thunder - much closer this time. Huge raindrops smash into the deck as Max pulls the cover off the dinghy. Suddenly an alarm SOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Shit!

KATHY

What is it?

MAX

Depth gauge. Stay here.

Max hurries to the cockpit. The alarm's coming from the sonar depth gauge. A read-out shows the depth in feet - 26, 25, 24.

Suddenly Frank is next to him, dressed now.

FRANK

What the hell's going on?

MAX

We're drifting. Get the anchor up.

Frank hesitates for a second.

MAX (CONT'D)

The anchor!

Still Frank doesn't move. A CRACK of thunder. The storm's right on them, the yacht pitches and yaws. Soaked to the skin, Kathy clambers into the cockpit.

MAX (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake, Frank, just do it!

Scowling, Frank hurries to the bow, rain lashing his face, splattering his glasses. The alarm is still SCREECHING. Max stabs at the starter button and fires the engine into life.

MAX (CONT'D)

(To Kathy)

Get a life jacket.

But she's disappeared. Max looks through the rain to see her helping Frank with the anchor chain. They're trying to haul it in by hand.

MAX (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

The winch! Use the winch!

Frank realizes his mistake and turns to the winch. Max pulls on a rope and a sail edges out above Frank's head. It flaps loudly in the wind, unnerving him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

What the ...!

MAX

We need to steady her.

An enormous wave breaks over the bow, obliterating Kathy and Frank. Are they okay? It clears. They're hanging on for dear life. Frank's glasses have gone.

FRANK

My glasses!

MAX

Get back here! Get back!

Max watches as they battle the storm, slipping and sliding their way back to the cockpit, Frank squinting through the rain. At last they make it. The alarm is still SOUNDING.

MAX (CONT'D)

What's the draft?

FRANK

The what?

MAX

The draft - the depth of the keel.

FRANK

I don't know, fifteen, twenty feet?

They look at the depth gauge, it's still counting down - 22, 21, 19.

MAX

We're going to hit the reef.

Max pulls hard on the helm and wrenches the throttle open. Slowly the yacht begins to turn. But they're still drifting. 18, 17, 16. It stops counting. A BEAT, it starts to climb back up - 19, 20, 21, 22. A few more feet and the alarm goes silent. Everyone looks relieved.

Then the engine cuts out.

Max stabs at the start button. Something WHIRS but the engine doesn't catch. He tries again, nothing. The alarm SOUNDS. He flicks a glance at the depth gauge - 24, 23, 22.

MAX (CONT'D)

We'll have to sail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
There's no time!

Ignoring him, Max pulls on a rope, unfurling the mainsail.

MAX
Stand-by to tack.

FRANK
This is crazy!

Kathy takes up her position but Frank doesn't move. The alarm keeps SOUNDING above the rain and wind.

KATHY
Frank!

He snaps out of it, takes his position next to her. Max is at the helm.

MAX
Ready about.

Kathy steadies the rope on the winch, Frank gets ready to wind.

MAX (CONT'D)
Lee ho.

Frank works the winch, tightening the rope, pulling on the mainsail. Slowly, the yacht turns. An agonizing wait as it seems to remain stationary. The alarm is still SCREECHING. At last the wind catches the sail and the yacht picks up speed. The alarm goes silent. Smiles all round.

Max peers out into the rain - and spots a green flashing light.

MAX (CONT'D)
We're in a channel. Ready about!

Kathy and Frank just stare at him.

MAX (CONT'D)
Now!

They hurry across to the other side of the yacht and take up their positions.

MAX (CONT'D)
Lee ho!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They strain on the rope as Max pulls hard on the helm. The yacht creeks and groans - and tacks the other way, just missing the flashing buoy.

But now they are faced with a red light on the other side of the channel. They'll have to turn again.

MAX (CONT'D)

Ready about!

Kathy and Frank hurry across.

MAX (CONT'D)

Lee ho!

Frank desperately winds the winch as Max pulls on the helm.

A series of quick SHOTS as they tack across the channel, first to the green light, then back to the red, then to the green again. Rain lashes the sails as waves crash into the bow. Sheets of water sluice over the deck. Thunder CRACKS overhead and lightning lances into the sea.

Frank strains at the winch, the veins in his neck standing out with the effort. Max braces himself at the helm, every muscle fighting the storm. They start to work as a team, professional, choreographed.

At last they come through. The yacht's out of the channel, in open sea. The rain has turned to drizzle, the rolls of thunder are miles away and the lightning just flickers on the horizon.

The three of them are elated, bonded by the storm. Then the moment is broken.

Grabbing a flashlight, Max lifts the engine cover off and looks inside. He fiddles then presses the start button - the engine kicks in immediately.

FRANK

What was it?

MAX

Flooded carb.

Max replaces the engine cover and takes the helm. The yacht has taken a battering - torn sails, broken stays. At the top of the mast, one of the steel rigging lines has snapped and dangles in the wind.

MAX (CONT'D)

We'll have to put into the island.

10

CONTINUED:

FRANK

No way!

MAX

We can't sail her like this, Frank.

(To Kathy, pointing at compass)

Here. Keep the needle on 150.

As she takes the helm, Kathy squeezes his hand for second.

FRANK

It's just some loose ropes. She's fine!

Max ignores him, goes down into the cabin.

INT. CABIN, YACHT - NIGHT (PAST)

Max pulls out a chart and studies it as he heads back on deck.

MAX

There's a fishing port about five miles up on the east side.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - NIGHT (PAST)

Max emerges to see Frank trying to climb the mast. He shakes his head - the guy really has no idea.

MAX

(To Kathy)

What the hell's he doing?

KATHY

Proving a point.

MAX

For Christ's sake, he can't even see!

(Shouting to Frank)

Grip with your legs. Your legs!

Frank slips back down, humiliated.

FRANK

Shit!

He looks at bloodied hand.. Max starts to climb the mast.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I can do it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Max ignores him. He makes it look easy as he hoists himself up higher and higher. The yacht is leaning into the wind, the mast swaying back and forth. Up and up he goes.

Max is right at the top now, next to the broken rigging line. He jams himself into place, holding on to a halyard with one hand, taking out his Leatherman with the other.

Suddenly, the halyard jerks out of his hand. The Leatherman goes flying, twisting and turning and landing with a clatter on the deck fifty feet below. Max looks down - and can hardly believe his eyes.

MAX

What the fuck?

Frank's staring up - holding the halyard. The bastard just tried to shake him off! Frank gives the halyard another vicious tug. Max loses his grip, just manages to get his fingers round a steel rigging wire and pulls himself back in.

Frank tugs on the halyard again - and again. It catches Max's foot and whips it away. He's left dangling, only one hand gripped tightly on the steel wire. The mast sways from side to side. Max desperately tries to pull himself back. The wire cuts into his palm, blood seeping out.

Max glances down, sees Frank's distorted face, his arms swinging back to yank the halyard again. Kathy is shouting something. Frank turns to her and Max sees his chance. He waits until the mast sways out across the water - and jumps.

Max WHACKS into the water - no elegant dive this time.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT (PAST)

Max surfaces in a spray of bubbles. Buffeted by the waves, he tries to orientate himself. The yacht's only twenty feet away. He's got to get on board or he stands no chance.

A flashlight cuts through the darkness, scanning the waves.

FRANK (O.S.)

Max?

Any second now the beam will pick Max out. A few more strokes and he's almost there. The hull heaves and falls in front of him. Behind him, the flashlight pans back and forth over the water. He reaches out. No way can he scramble up, there's nothing to get hold of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hugging the hull, Max swims round to the stern. He's just a few feet from the ladder now. He looks up, can't see anyone. He reaches out for the first rung, grabs it.

WHACK! A metal boathook slams onto his wrist. Max screams in pain, flies back into the water. He looks up to see Frank leaning over the stern, a spare pair of glasses in place.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(Menacing)

Should have kept your hands to yourself,
Maxy.

Down comes the boathook, narrowly missing Max's arm.

Max desperately swims for the safety of the hull. If he can get in close enough, the curve of boat will protect him.

MAX

Kathy? Kathy!

The boathook stabs down again, ripping into his shoulder. Max grimaces with pain as a blotch of blood spreads into the sea. One last stroke and he's tight by the hull, hidden from Frank.

Silence. Just the slap of the waves against the yacht's side. Suddenly the CHUG of the diesel motor. A cloud of water and fumes belches out into Max's face. He chokes and splutters. The bastard has started the inboard. The yacht begins to move. Max desperately tries to keep up, to get some sort of grip on the hull but his fingers slide off the slippery fiberglass. There's only one choice.

Max strikes out for the ladder. As soon as he reaches for it, down comes the boathook again. CRACK on his forearm. Max winces but keeps his grip.

MAX (CONT'D)

What the fuck's wrong with you?

The boathook starts down, it's coming for his head. Max dodges, grabs it with his free hand. The sharp end cuts into his fingers but he refuses to let go. He yanks it hard. Frank's caught off balance - and tumbles into the sea. Max hauls himself up the ladder.

MAX (CONT'D)

Kathy!

But Frank resurfaces, lunges for Max's foot and manages to get a grip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Max kicks out, trying to free himself but no way will Frank let go. Max's grip on the ladder is going, his fingers peeling off. He looks up to see Kathy above. She's holding a winch handle.

MAX (CONT'D)
For Christ's sake!

He stretches out a hand towards her. For a moment she is frozen in horror, then drops the handle and reaches down. Their fingers entwine.

Max can turn now and, with his free leg, lashes out at Frank. His foot THUDS into Frank's shoulder but the bastard still won't let go.

KATHY
Don't!

But Max kicks out again. THWACK! Full contact with Frank's face. A sickening CRUNCH. Frank falls back without a sound. Max heaves himself onto the deck.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - NIGHT (PAST)

Max flops down, exhausted. Kathy's wide-eyed with panic. The yacht chugs on as Frank's body floats into the darkness.

FADE OUT

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Max looks pale and drawn. Anderson stops writing - his pencil worn down to just an inch or so.

MAX
(Upset)
I didn't mean to kill him, I swear. I had no choice. It was him or me.

ANDERSON
You tell a good story.

MAX
(Pleading)
It's *not* a story.

Anderson remains impassive as he slips the pencil stub into his folder.

MAX (CONT'D)
What happens now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

I continue with my inquiries.

Anderson sweeps the pencil shavings into a small wooden box, careful to get every last piece.

MAX

Can I apply for bail?

ANDERSON

If you know someone on the island who'll post bond.

Frustrated, Max glares at him.

EXT. HARBOUR, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson, folder in hand, walks along the picturesque harbour. He goes past a tanned SALESMAN showing a couple round an ocean-going yacht, 'HURLY BURLY'. He catches some of the Salesman's patter: 'Best yacht in its class', 'Representing excellent value in the sub-million range'.

As he goes by, Anderson trails his hand along the side of the hull - fat chance he has of ever getting a boat like that.

Anderson heads for a tied-up trawler. He shows the CAPTAIN his badge.

INT. CABIN, TRAWLER - DAY (PRESENT)

The Captain opens the door to a small cabin. A white sheet covers a body on the cot. Anderson pulls it back. His face says it's not a pretty sight. He checks the body's wrists.

ANDERSON

Was he wearing a watch?

CAPTAIN

(Spanish accent)

Excuse me?

ANDERSON

A watch. Did he have a watch?

CAPTAIN

No watch. Only this.

The Captain hands him a battered leather wallet. Anderson pulls out a credit card 'F. Cotter'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON
(Sceptical)
And no cash either, right?

The Captain shrugs.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

A tray of cool drinks is placed on a table by a MAID. Kathy, sits opposite Anderson in a well-appointed hotel room. She looks dauntingly beautiful. Anderson's unnerved by her easy sexuality.

KATHY
Thank you.

The Maid leaves as Anderson opens his folder and takes out a new pencil. He starts sharpening it with his pocketknife.

KATHY (CONT'D)
How's Max?

ANDERSON
(Looking up, interrupted from
his ritual)
Max?

KATHY
You think I could see him?

ANDERSON
He's still under arrest.

KATHY
Just for a few minutes. It would mean a lot.

She reaches out, touches his arm. Flustered, Anderson nicks himself with his knife, drawing blood.

KATHY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

ANDERSON
It's okay, really. It's nothing.

KATHY
Here.

She takes a handkerchief and dabs at Anderson's bleeding finger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (CONT'D)

You don't really think he killed Frank?

She ties the handkerchief in place.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Is that okay?

MAX

Fine. Thank you.

KATHY

I mean you've got our statements to the Nassau police, right? It was suicide.

ANDERSON

I'm afraid that's no longer certain.

KATHY

(Unnerved)

What has Max told you?

ANDERSON

His story.

KATHY

Whatever he said, it was to protect me.

ANDERSON

Why would he need to do that?

A BEAT as Kathy struggles with this.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Miss Aston, it would be best for both of you if you told me the truth.

Kathy pauses, indecisive, then finally:

KATHY

Frank went crazy and I panicked. I just ... went berserk.

ANDERSON

Are you saying you killed him?

KATHY

(Reliving it)

I don't know. I hit him, he fell into the water. It was terrible.

She breaks down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Forgive me, Miss Aston, but why should I believe you?

KATHY

You think I'd lie about something like that?

ANDERSON

You lied to Max. You told him you'd only known Frank for three weeks.

She reacts.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I made some calls. You'd been with Frank Cotter two years.

Kathy's confidence is wiped out at a stroke. She reaches for her drink, playing for time.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

That is correct, isn't it?

KATHY

(At last)

It's not how you think, Lieutenant. Not at all.

ANDERSON

It never is.

KATHY

I did tell Max the truth. Eventually.

INT. GALLEY, YACHT - NIGHT (PAST)

Back on the yacht, Max and Kathy in the galley. Max is wired, pacing. Kathy upset, shaken.

MAX

We've got to get out of here.

KATHY

And when they find the body? You can't run your whole life, Max.

MAX

You got a better suggestion?

KATHY

I don't know, we report it, tell them it's suicide or something.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Suicide? Are you crazy? Who the hell's going to believe that?

KATHY

(Cowed)

Why not?

MAX

For Christ's sake, Kathy! Frank had everything! Why would he kill himself?

KATHY

He had his reasons, believe me.

MAX

No way. If we've got to tell them anything, we tell the truth. Frank found out about you and me and went crazy. It was him or us.

KATHY

(Quiet)

That isn't a good idea.

MAX

Why the fuck not?

KATHY

There's stuff you don't know, Max. A lot of stuff.

Max stops pacing, glares at her.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I didn't meet Frank three weeks ago. We lived together - in New York.

MAX

What?!

KATHY

I'm sorry.

She tries to touch him - he pushes her off.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I can explain.

MAX

What with? Another lie? Jesus! Did you tell him about us? Or maybe he knew right from the start.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX (CONT'D)

Is that the way you got your kicks -
getting off with other men in front of
him?

KATHY

It was nothing like that.

MAX

Then what the fuck was it like?

He glares at her, hurt and angry.

KATHY

Things hadn't been good between us for a
while. Frank was restless. Never
satisfied. Like he always had to prove
something. We talked it over, he said
he'd try to change and I'd agreed to give
it 'till Christmas. And then everything
just exploded.

She takes a swig of her drink.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I was working in a travel agency on 52nd.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy in a small but busy travel agency. She's packing up
for the day, saying goodbye to COLLEAGUES.

KATHY (V.O.)

We had a routine. After work I'd head
downtown to meet him.

Montage as she speaks

1. New York subway, Kathy in the commuter crush
2. Kathy emerging into the Wall Street area
3. Kathy going into a coffee shop

OVER above

KATHY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Frank was a foreign exchange trader, on
the Asian desk. He had these weird night
shifts 'coz of the time difference.
Every evening we'd meet in a coffee shop.
I'd have a cappuccino, he'd have
breakfast. Only that day he was late.

INT. COFFEE SHOP, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy sits at a booth with a empty cup of coffee. A TV plays in the background. She looks at her watch then pulls out a cell phone and dials. The faint SOUND of Frank's recorded voice 'Leave a message and I'll get back to you'.

KATHY

Frank, where the hell are you? I told you, I got to see Mel tonight. Give me a call.

She hangs up and tries to get the attention of the WAITRESS. As she does, she glances up at the TV. What she sees stops her dead. She runs to the counter.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(To Waitress)

Turn it up, will you?

The Waitress, busy brewing coffee, scowls. Kathy leans over the counter, grabs the remote and flips up the volume.

WAITRESS

Heh!

Kathy ignores her - she's riveted to the screen. A REPORTER stands in front of an impressive office building, cordoned off by police tape. A banner runs along the bottom of the picture 'Two dead in trading room shooting'.

REPORTER

(On TV)

... though police still refuse to confirm or deny that rumor. What is clear, Matt, is the two traders were shot at point blank range. Bank spokesperson Lee Taylor said earlier ...

But Kathy is out of the door and running.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OFFICE BLOCK, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

It's chaos - police cars, an ambulance and TV trucks jostling for position. Half-a-dozen COPS struggle to keep back the rubbernecks. Kathy fights her way to the front, trying to get to the ambulance.

COP

Keep back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

My boyfriend's in there for Christ's sake!

COP

His name, please?

KATHY

Frank, Frank Cotter.

The Cop goes over to a huddle of SENIOR OFFICERS. Kathy waits impatiently but then can't stand it any more. She ducks under the tape and runs to the ambulance.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Frank? Frank!

COP

Heh!

The Cop runs after her, pulling her back. Kathy watches impotently as a PARAMEDIC slams the ambulance doors. It drives off, siren blaring. Numb, she lets the Cop lead her over to the other Officers.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER

I understand your boyfriend works in the building?

KATHY

On the sixth floor. On the Asian desk.

The Officers exchange a look - clearly it's not good news.

KATHY (CONT'D)

He's dead. I know it.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER

If you'd like to come with me?

INT. POLICE CAR, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy sits in the back of a patrol car, too stunned to take anything in. Up front the Cop, next to him the Senior Officer. She stares out the window as the car edges through the crowds and out into the traffic.

Her cell phone RINGS. Kathy seems oblivious.

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am?

Realizing, Kathy fumbles in her bag, pulls it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY
(Into cell phone)
Yes?
(Cupping mouthpiece,
whispering)
Frank! For Christ's sake!

The Senior Officer looks back at her.

FRANK
(On cell phone)
Where are you?

KATHY
(Into cell phone; whispering)
I'm with the police, on the way to the
damn hospital.

FRANK
(On cell phone)
Get out.

KATHY
(Into cell phone; whispering)
What?

FRANK
(On cell phone)
Get out and call me back.

He's hung up. Kathy is stunned.

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy standing by the roadside as the patrol car pulls away.
She stabs the buttons on her cell phone.

KATHY
Frank?

FRANK
(On cell phone)
Listen ...

KATHY
Frank, what's ...

FRANK
(On cell phone)
Go home, get the passports and some
clothes then ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

What's going on? Are you all right?

FRANK

(On cell phone)

Will you fucking listen?! Just get the passports and meet me at O'Rielly's in 20 minutes. Got that? Twenty minutes.

KATHY

(Frightened)

Okay.

FRANK

(On cell phone)

And Kath - watch your back.

OUT on a totally confused Kathy.

INT. KATHY & FRANK'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

A fashionable SoHo apartment, decorated straight out of a glossy mag. Kathy bursts and starts searching - pulling out drawers, rummaging through files. At last she finds what she's after - the passports. She stuffs them into her handbag.

CUT TO

Kathy in the bedroom, ransacking the closet, shoving clothes into an overnight bag.

CUT TO

Kathy in the bathroom, sweeping bottles and make-up into the bag.

CUT TO

Back in the main room. Kathy looks round - has she forgotten anything? She spots a blinking light on the answering machine. The indicator reads '6'. She taps a button. The machine plays back the first message - a hang-up. It reads out the time: 'Six twenty-five p.m.'

Then three more hang-ups with three more times, just a few minutes apart. It's spooky, frightening. The machine reads out the last time: 'six thirty-eight p.m.'

Kathy looks at her watch - 6:45. They could be on their way.

She runs out, slamming the door after her.

INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy glances over the banisters - three landings extend below. There could be somebody waiting on any of them. She glances at the fire exit - 'Alarmed Exit - Emergency Only'.

KATHY

Shit.

Grabbing the bag, she starts down the stairs, keeping to the wall. She quickly scans the landing. Empty.

She starts down the next flight of stairs. Pauses. Listens. She scans the second landing. Empty. One more to go.

A BUZZER shatters the silence. It's coming from an apartment right next to her. Kathy freezes. Listens. There's no answer. Then another BUZZER - from the apartment next to that one. Then another. Someone is trying them all.

Kathy peers through the banisters. Down below, through the frosted glass of the front door, she can make out a FIGURE.

Another BUZZER in another apartment. This time the muffled tones of someone answering. It's from the landing above.

Grabbing her bag, Kathy runs as fast as she can down the last flight. But as she hits the lobby, she hears the BZZZZ of the front door opening. She dodges into the doorway of one of the apartments, pressing herself against the wood.

She glances down, sees the toe of one of her shoes sticking out. Should she move it and risk a noise or leave it and risk being spotted? She does nothing.

The SOUND of footsteps as the Figure walks across the lobby. They stop. Has she been seen? An agonizing wait.

The footsteps start again. A muffled SOUND as they hit the stairs. An apartment door CLICKS open.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Yes?

The footsteps don't stop.

OLD MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Heh, where'd you think you're going?

Kathy creeps out from her hiding place and tiptoes across the hall. As she opens the front door, she hears the SOUND of splintering wood from above. She hurries out.

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy runs down the street, the heavy bag slamming into her legs. She turns a corner, spots a cab and waves desperately. It doesn't even slow.

Across the road she sees a bus. She hurries over, just manages to slide in before the doors HISS shut.

INT. BUS, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy slumps into a seat. The bus slows - then turns the corner, back onto the street she's just come from. She watches with horror as it crawls through the traffic, heading right for the apartment. She cowers as it drives past then risks a glance up. Through the dirty glass she sees someone staring out of her apartment window - a blurred, unrecognizable face.. She hunkers down as the bus pulls away. She's safe. For now.

INT. O'RIELLY'S BAR, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

A crowded, crammed with early-evening drinkers. Kathy sits at the counter, sipping a Coke, the bag by her feet. She looks out of place - disheveled and tense. She glances at her watch, looks round. Still no sign of Frank. A MAN knocks into her as he tries to get the BARMAN's attention, spilling her drink.

MAN

Sorry.

Kathy gives the briefest of smiles, looks away.

MAN (CONT'D)

Least let me get you another.

KATHY

I'm okay.

MAN

Come on, what you having?

KATHY

(Snappy)

I said I was okay, all right?

MAN

Heh, bitch, don't take it out on me.

He knocks into her again, deliberately this time. She's about to say something when a hand lands on her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She spins round. It's Frank. He looks pale and haggard, his \$1000 suit creased and messy.

FRANK

Let's go.

He grabs the bag and hurries off. Kathy has choice but to follow..

EXT. OUTSIDE O'RIELLY'S BAR, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy runs after Frank, only just keeping up.

KATHY

What the hell's going on?

He ignores her, dashing into the impressive lobby of Penn train station.

INT. PENN TRAIN STATION, NEW YORK - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

They run across the crowded concourse, dodging commuters.

KATHY

Where are we going?

Increasingly frustrated by his silence, Kathy grabs him.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Frank!

FRANK

Florida.

KATHY

By train?

FRANK

They don't have passenger lists. Come on!

He grabs her, runs down a platform. A whistle BLOWS. The train's about to leave. They just manage to climb on board.

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Frank and Kathy stand in the train corridor, breathless.

KATHY

You mind telling me what the fuck's going on?

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Somewhere outside New York City the train roars round a curve.

INT. SLEEPING CAR - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Outside a night landscape flashes past in a blur. Frank sits opposite Kathy in a sleeping car.

FRANK

I should have been there, that's the thing. Tom and I, we went for a smoke and when we came back ... They didn't stand a chance, Kath, they shot them at their desks. We just ran - ran and ran.

KATHY

Why didn't you go to the police?

FRANK

That wasn't an option.

KATHY

Not an option? Frank, what the hell have you done?

A BEAT.

FRANK

It seemed so easy, so foolproof. We trade a hundred, a hundred and fifty million a day. No-one's going to miss a little here and there.

KATHY

You stole from the bank?!

FRANK

From a client. It's dirty money, Kath. Drug money. They use the bank to launder it.

KATHY

How could you be so stupid!

FRANK

I did it for us. So we could do anything we wanted.

KATHY

Only we can't, can we? We can't do a damn thing.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
It'll be okay, I promise.

KATHY
They killed your friends, Frank! And then they came to kill us. How's that ever going to be okay?

FRANK
We'll get through it.

Exasperated, Kathy forces herself to get a grip.

KATHY
How much did you take?

FRANK
(Pause)
Fifteen million.

KATHY
For Christ's sake! Are you insane? We can't keep it. You'll have to give it back.

FRANK
And then they'd just leave us alone? Get real. That's not how these guys operate. They want us dead.

KATHY
Not me. I've got nothing to do with this.

FRANK
You're with me, Kath, and they know it. I'm sorry.

INT. GALLEY, YACHT - NIGHT (PAST)

Back on the yacht, Kathy fills Max's glass and then her own.

KATHY
It was typical of Frank. Always money, like it could solve everything.

MAX
Did he bring it with him?

KATHY
(Shakes head)
Just some cash for the trip. The real money's in off-shore accounts someplace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She lights a cigarette.

KATHY (CONT'D)

We had to get away, lie low for a while.
Somewhere they'd never find us. Never
even look.

MAX

The yacht.

She nods.

KATHY

A tiny speck in 100,000 square miles of
ocean. Who'd ever find that?

MAX

So what was the problem?

KATHY

You, Max. You were the problem.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

The yacht sails through a turquoise sea towards the small
harbor on Cristos. Frank's at the helm, Kathy next to him.

KATHY

It's beautiful.

FRANK

You should keep out of sight.

KATHY

We're in the middle of nowhere, Frank!

FRANK

You want to take the risk?

Irritated, Kathy heads for the cabin.

INT. GALLEY, YACHT - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy hovers in the galley, watching as Frank tries to bring
the yacht into harbor.

MAX (O.S.)

Hard down to port.

She moves to try and spot who's talking but can't see anyone.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The left!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She briefly catches sight of Max tying up.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's an undercurrent here, pulls you
in faster than you think.

Worried she'll be spotted, Kathy slips into the cabin.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy waits nervously. Frank comes in, heads for the closet.

KATHY

What the hell are you doing? I thought
we weren't supposed to talk to anyone?

Frank grabs some bills from the holdall.

FRANK

I know him.

KATHY

You can't. It's impossible.

FRANK

I tell you, I fucking know the guy!

KATHY

Did he recognize you?

FRANK

I don't know. I don't think so.

KATHY

Then we go - now.

FRANK

I've got to find out for sure.

KATHY

What?! It could be them, Frank, they
could have found us.

FRANK

Don't be ridiculous.

KATHY

Then what the hell's he doing here? You
think it's a coincidence? We can't risk
it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
(Leaving)
Just keep out of sight.

KATHY
Frank! It's a trap!

Frank hurries up onto deck, leaving a frustrated Kathy.

FRANK (O.S.)
They take dollars here?

MAX (O.S.)
They take anything.

KATHY (V.O.)
I was terrified. I couldn't believe he
was so dumb to talk to anyone, let alone
bring him back on board.

EXT. YACHT IN HARBOR, CRISTOS ISLAND - EVENING (DOUBLE PAST)
Max leaves the yacht after the meal.

MAX
(To Kathy)
Nice to meet you.

He holds out his hand. She shakes it.

MAX (CONT'D)
(To Frank)
Good to catch up, Frank.

FRANK
(Less enthusiastic)
Yeah.

They shake hands. Max jumps ashore and walks off. He turns,
waves, then heads for the bar. Kathy's smile vanishes.

KATHY
That was crazy.

FRANK
It's okay. He thinks we live in Miami.
He won't put it together.

KATHY
And if he does?

FRANK
He won't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank heads down below. Kathy isn't convinced.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy comes down into the cabin to find Frank getting ready for bed. The TV plays in the background. As Kathy slips out of her dress, Frank comes over, slides an arm round her.

FRANK
Everything'll be fine.

He kisses her neck. She's beginning to relent when something on the TV catches her eye.

KATHY
Turn it up.

FRANK
Kath!

She grabs the remote and turns up the volume. On TV a REPORTER stands outside a country house. A banner headline reads: 'Third trading floor victim found'.

REPORTER
(On TV)
... who discovered the body earlier today. The dead man has been named as Tom Wilkes, one of the so-called trading floor victims. Police say he was tortured before being executed.

Frank and Kathy look at each other.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
(On TV)
This only leaves one of the four still unaccounted for - Frank Cotter.

The picture cuts back to the studio.

ANCHORMAN
(On TV)
In international news ...

Turning off the TV, Kathy slumps onto the bed, stunned.

FRANK
He couldn't have seen it, I would've known.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

And if he turns on a TV, listens to the radio?

FRANK

We'll be out of here.

KATHY

A few miles up the coast, Frank! I told you not to talk to him. Why do you never listen?

FRANK

You think he's got satellite TV in that tin hut of his?

KATHY

We'll have to take him with us.

FRANK

Sure, you'd like that, wouldn't you?

KATHY

I'd prefer it to ending up like Tom, yes.

A BEAT. Frank knows it makes sense.

FRANK

Okay. But we work out a story - and we stick to it, understood?

Kathy nods.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - DUSK (DOUBLE PAST)

The yacht sails sedately over a glassy sea. It's the same scene from earlier, with Frank asleep at the back of the boat, a book in his lap. Max is at the helm, gazing at Kathy who's sunbathing a few feet in front of him. OVER

KATHY (V.O.)

He came up with that Buffalo stuff - thought it would put you off the trail.

MAX (V.O.)

And later, in the cabin? Was that a lie too?

KATHY (V.O.)

You know it wasn't.

MAX (V.O.)

Did Frank tell you what he was planning?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (V.O.)

Of course not. I thought he'd buy you off. He had enough cash with him.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - DUSK (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy, in bra and panties, prepares to take a shower. She glances over at Frank. He's kneeling by the closet, pulling wads of cash out of the holdall. As she walks by, Kathy catches the glint of metal.

KATHY

Frank?

He spins round, guilty, trying to hide the gun in his hand.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(Horrificed)

No! You can't!

Frank ignores her, feeds bullets into the magazine.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Don't be a fool, Frank.

FRANK

Got attached, have we?

KATHY

Give me the gun.

He still ignores her.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Give it to me!

She tries to take it from him, a tussle. He shoves her - hard - sending her crashing into the wall.

FRANK

Why did you make me do that!

He comes towards her. She cowers.

KATHY

Get away from me!

FRANK

You said yourself we couldn't risk it. This is the only way, don't you see? The only safe way.

Frank tries to stroke her face, she jerks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm thinking of us, Kath. I've only ever been thinking of us.

Seeing the madness in his eyes, she relents slightly, lets him kiss her. He lays the gun aside and helps her towards the bed, slipping his hand over her breasts.

INT. GALLEY, YACHT - DAWN (PAST)

Kathy stares out of a porthole, distressed. The first rays of dawn are breaking over the sea.

KATHY

It was the only way I could think of stalling him.

She turns to see Max's reaction. He doesn't like it but seems to accept it.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Then when he realized you'd dropped anchor he went crazy. Said I'd planned it. Accused me of betraying him.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy in bed, frightened by the BANGING from the other cabin.

FRANK (O.S.)

Heh! Wake up! Wake the fuck up!

MAX (O.S.)

One second.

More BANGING. She goes to the door, listens.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Okay, okay!

Kathy spots the gun on the floor. She grabs it, stuffs it under the mattress. She quickly pulls on some clothes and heads up on deck.

EXT. YACHT ANCHORED - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

She comes up to see a furious Frank confronting Max.

MAX

I just had to get off that damn island. This is the end of the line for me, Frank. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY
You're leaving?

MAX
Think that's best for everyone.

FRANK
What's wrong, Max? Couldn't hack it a
kid from Olive Street amounted to
something, that what this is about?

His face is right up against Max's now.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I don't need you.

Frank storms back down to his cabin.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Frank's searching the floor.

FRANK
(Ominously calm)
Where is it?

He spins round to face Kathy in the doorway.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Where's the fucking gun?

Before she can move, he's on her, slapping, punching. She
tries to defend herself but she's no match. He throws her
across the room - she crumples against the bed.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I don't need either of you.

Ignoring her, he tears through the room, looking for the gun.
Kathy, lip cut, staggers to her feet and stumbles out.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy on deck, leaning against a rail, her body heaving. She
takes out a cigarette and fumbles with a lighter. She can't
get it to work. Furious, she tosses the lot into the sea.

KATHY (V.O.)
I tried to tell you. To warn you.

Kathy and Max talk earnestly as they head for the dinghy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then that damn storm blew up.

A flash of lightning and the CRASH of thunder. The alarm SCREECHES out.

MAX

Shit!

Max hurries back. Kathy watches helplessly as Frank appears in the cockpit. Has he found the gun? She tries to follow Max, battling the wind and rain, desperate to get there in time. The yacht pitches and yaws violently, almost throwing her overboard. Finally she makes it. Max is already in the cockpit, shouting at Frank to pull up the anchor.

MAX (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake, Frank, just do it!

Scowling, Frank turns to go. As he does, a gust of wind blows open the flap of his jacket. Kathy spots the gun, tucked into his waistband. She sets off after him.

MAX (CONT'D)

(To Kathy)

Get a life jacket.

She ignores him, catches up with Frank as he tries to pull the anchor in by hand. She catches sight of the gun again - here's her chance to grab it. She edges forward.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(From the cockpit)

The winch! Use the winch!

Realizing his mistake, Frank moves to the winch - and away from Kathy. Her chance has gone. Just then the sail edges out above Frank's head. It flaps loudly in the wind, unnerving him.

FRANK

What the ...!

Kathy doesn't hesitate this time - she lunges for the gun, manages to get her fingers round it. Furious, Frank turns on her, knocking it out of her hand - it scuttles across the rain-soaked deck. It's out of both their reaches now, sliding back and forth on the woodwork.

Frank stretches for it but dare not let go of the rigging with his other hand. It's just out of reach. The yacht plunges down a trough, sending the gun sliding towards Frank. His fingers curl round the barrel. He's got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHOOSH! A huge wave breaks over both of them. When it clears, the gun has vanished.

FRANK (CONT'D)
My glasses!

MAX (O.S.)
Get back here! Get back!

Shaken, Frank and Kathy pull themselves back towards the cockpit and flop down into safety.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

The calm of the hotel room. Kathy takes out a pack of cigarettes, offers one to Anderson. He shakes his head. She lights up, inhales.

KATHY
I thought after the storm that'd be it, he'd stop. I mean Max had saved our lives, for God's sake. We'd never have made it without him.

ANDERSON
And that's when Max killed him?

KATHY
Is that what he told you?

Anderson just looks at her.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Frank wouldn't give up. He tricked Max into climbing the mast then threw him off. I knew then it was him or us.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Max falls from the mast in to the black sea. Horrified, Kathy runs to the bow, leans over.

KATHY
Max? Max!

Frank SNAPS on a flashlight and scans the waves.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Max!

FRANK
Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns off the flashlight. It's pitch black. Suddenly Kathy's frightened.

KATHY

Frank?

She creeps towards the cockpit in the darkness. A CRACK and YELP of pain from the other end of the boat.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Max!

Someone's running along the deck. Kathy crouches down, terrified. The SOUND of the engine starting. She glances up to see Frank running towards the stern, the vicious boathook in his hand.

She looks round for a weapon, there's nothing. Then she spots the winch. She yanks off the handle and starts running. She can just make out Frank raising the boathook and bringing it down with all his strength.

KATHY (CONT'D)

No!

She redoubles her efforts but by the time she gets there, Frank has vanished, pulled into the ocean.

She looks over, sees the two men struggling in the water.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Stop it! Stop it!

Max manages to get a grip on the ladder but Frank has an arm clamped round his legs. Max's fingers begin to peel off the cold metal. He looks up at Kathy above.

MAX

For Christ's sake!

He stretches out a hand towards her. For a moment she is frozen in horror, then, dropping the winch handle, she reaches down. Their fingers entwine.

Max lashes out at Frank. THWACK! Full contact with Frank's face. A sickening CRUNCH. Frank falls back without a sound. Max heaves himself on deck.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Max flops down, exhausted. Kathy's wide-eyed with panic. The yacht chugs on as Frank's body floats into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX
Get the flashlight.

But Kathy is too stunned to take anything in.

MAX (CONT'D)
(Pointing)
The flashlight!

Snapping out of her daze, Kathy picks it up and CLICKS it on. Struggling to his feet, Max limps to the life buoy.

MAX (CONT'D)
Over here.

She shines the beam at him. Max unstraps the life buoy and hands it to her.

MAX (CONT'D)
Don't throw it 'till you see him.

Before she can say anything, Max heads back to the cockpit and revs the engine. The boat begins to swing round. Kathy, standing by the ladder, pans the flashlight across the water.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Frank? Frank!

Suddenly there's something in her beam. She moves it back - it's Frank's body. She can see he's still alive, his eyes desperate, blinking in the light. Max hasn't seen him yet.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Frank! Frank!

A BEAT. Kathy moves the beam away.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm going to cut the engine.

The engine stops. SILENCE. Just the SLAP of water against the hull. Kathy is terrified Frank will make a sound.

KATHY
Maybe he's drifted.

MAX (O.S.)
Shhh!

They wait. Kathy bites her lip, keeping the flashlight beam well away from Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Frank!

KATHY

I think I saw something. Over there!

She points away from Frank.

Max starts the engine again. Suddenly a hand leaps out and grabs Kathy's wrist. She shrieks, tries to jerk free but it won't let go. Frank's bloody face stares up at her.

With her free hand, Kathy brings the flashlight down hard on his head. Still he won't let go. His nails dig into her flesh; rivulets of blood run down into her hand. She raises the flashlight again. WHACK into his skull. And again. WHACK! At last his fingers release - he slides back into the water.

Kathy is panting, hyperventilating. Max is by side.

MAX

What happened?

But Kathy can't speak. Max grabs the flashlight, flicks the switch - nothing. He shakes it, a weak beam shines across the water. He spots Frank, floating on his back.

MAX (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Is he dead? No, he's spluttering, gasping for breath.

MAX (CONT'D)

He's still alive. We've got to get him.

Max reaches for the life buoy but Kathy grabs it too.

KATHY

No!

Max stares at her, amazed.

MAX

We can't just leave him.

Kathy looks at him.

MAX (CONT'D)

(Realizing what she means)

No. No way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

He tried to kill you! You think he
wouldn't again if he got the chance?
He'd kill us both.

Max is reeling. He looks out across the water at Frank,
slowly drifting away, his SPLUTTERING getting weaker and
weaker. Kathy reaches across to the flashlight.

CLICK. Blackness.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson puts his pencil down - now much shorter from his
meticulous note taking. Kathy stares out the hotel window,
exhausted by recounting her story.

ANDERSON

It was all you?

KATHY

All me.

Anderson flicks back through his notebook.

ANDERSON

You docked at Rum Cay on the tenth.

She nods.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Quite a risk, reporting it as suicide.

KATHY

I know it sounds crazy, but I couldn't
think of anything else.

ANDERSON

Why not tell the truth? It was self-
defense.

KATHY

What if they didn't believe us? They
have the death penalty there, you know.

Anderson thinks on this.

KATHY (CONT'D)

We gave them what they wanted, a credible
story.

ANDERSON

Along with a faked suicide note?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
And if the police saw through it?

KATHY
We had to take that risk. Besides, we
figured they wouldn't want to.

Anderson doesn't follow.

KATHY (CONT'D)
It was their lucky day. They'd solved
the mystery of the disappearing Wall
Street trader. And I told them where the
money was. They were heroes.

ANDERSON
So why change your story now?

KATHY
It's not a story, Lieutenant.

Anderson starts to sweep up the pencil shavings. She puts
her hand on top of his. A charged moment.

KATHY (CONT'D)
I wouldn't lie to you.

EXT. HARBOR, CRUZ BAY - DUSK (PRESENT)

Anderson strolls along the small harbor, folder in hand. A
beautiful sunset. He stops for a moment near Hurly Burly,
the ocean-going yacht. The Salesman is on board, having a
beer with a GIRL in a bikini. She laughs at something he
says. Anderson takes in the scene, watching the sun dip into
the ocean.

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson SNAPS one of Max's handcuffs round the arm of the
metal chair. Max looks as if he's hardly slept.

Anderson takes a new pencil from his folder - yesterday's two
worn stubs are carefully replaced in their fabric bands. He
sharpens the new one.

ANDERSON
You're impressive, Mr. Shilton. A lot of
nice touches - the innocent bystander,
the protector of women, the reluctant
killer. Only we both know it's just a
story, don't we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BEAT. Max doesn't react.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I've been talking to a pathologist.

Anderson picks up an official-looking report.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

(Reads)

'There was no evidence of saline water in the trachea or bronchial system.' Do you know what that means, Mr. Shilton? It means Frank was dead before he hit the water. It means he was beaten to death.

MAX

Maybe I hit him harder than I thought.

Anderson picks up another document.

ANDERSON

(Reads)

'Sample analysis suggests the body had been in the water between thirty-six and seventy-two hours.' Two to three days, Mr. Shilton. Not two months. Frank Cotter was killed by blows to the head within the last week. So please, can we cut the bullshit?

Anderson snaps shut his penknife. A long moment.

MAX

I thought Frank was dead. We both did. After a couple of weeks we went back to New York. We just wanted to put the whole thing behind us, start over. Kathy got her job back at the travel agency and I took whatever I could get.

EXT. PARKING LOT, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

Max in faded overalls cleaning a Mercedes on a parking lot.

KATHY (O.S.)

You missed a bit.

Max turns to see Kathy, smiling at him. They kiss.

MAX (V.O.)

We had no money but we were happy. And we had plans.

EXT. CANAL STREET, NEW YORK - EVENING (PAST)

Max and Kathy, eating a take-away, walk down Canal Street.

KATHY
I found the perfect place today.

MAX
Again?

KATHY
No, really. This is the one.

She rummages in her handbag, hands him a travel brochure.

MAX
(Still eating)
Heh, I'm busy!

KATHY
Give me that.

She takes his burger.

MAX
That's all I've had all day!

KATHY
Page fifteen.

Max flips through pages of beautiful resorts and aquamarine seas. He stops at a ringed photo of a stunning white beach. He looks at Kathy, impressed.

MAX
Where is it?

KATHY
St. John. It's one of the smaller US Virgins Islands. It's just gearing up for tourism. And the best thing? There's not a single charter company. I checked.

MAX
Yachts don't come cheap, Kathy.

KATHY
I told you, we start with the one we've got.

MAX
It'll need a lot of work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY
Why are you always so negative?

MAX
I'm just saying ...

KATHY
I'm going to have to punish you - again.
She snatches his French fries and runs off.

MAX
Heh!

KATHY
You got to learn.
She dodges down a side street. Max follows - but she's gone.
He slows to a walk, smiling.

MAX
You are in trouble!
He goes through a door.

INT. HALLWAY, NEW YORK - EVENING (PAST)

Kathy's in a dingy hallway, checking a mailbox. A phone rings in the distance. She laughs as Max bears down on her, pinning her against the wall.

KATHY
Okay, okay!

He kisses her.

KATHY (CONT'D)
(Producing burger)
Thought you were hungry?

MAX
I am.

He takes the burger, tosses it away and kisses her passionately. Kathy drops the French fries and suddenly their hands are all over each other. He practically has her top off.

KATHY
Not here!

She starts to maneuver towards the stairs. They giggle as they struggle to get up them while still kissing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In one move, Max picks her up and marches up the stairs.
O.S. the phone stops RINGING.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(Mock)

Help, help, I'm being abducted by a mad
yachtsman!

But Max isn't laughing. He's stopped. Kathy turns to see
what he's looking at - the smashed door to their apartment.
He puts her down, edges forward.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Don't.

He gestures for her to keep quiet as he takes out his
Leatherman and flips open a blade. He creeps in.

INT. MAX & KATHY'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - EVENING (PAST)

The place is trashed, ripped apart. Not a single piece of
furniture left untouched. Even the holiday brochure has been
ripped apart. Max picks his way through the debris, glancing
into the kitchen and bathroom. There's no-one there.

MAX

(Relaxing)

Probably just kids.

KATHY

No. It's them. They've found us.

MAX

They couldn't have.

KATHY

Look around, Max! Nothing's missing.
I'm telling you, they've been here!

She's right - this doesn't look like a burglary. Suddenly
the phone RINGS. They look at each other. Kathy picks up
the receiver.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Hello? ... who is this? ... my God ...
yes ... yes.

A BEAT. She hangs up. She's shaking. Terrified.

MAX

Who was it?

No answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX (CONT'D)

Kathy!

KATHY

It was them. They want the rest of the money.

MAX

There is no more money! They think we'd be living here if there was? Why didn't you tell them?

KATHY

(Snappy)

It wasn't a conversation, Max!

MAX

Could Frank have kept some back. Hid it some place?

KATHY

I don't know. Maybe.

MAX

We'll have to go.

KATHY

Where?

MAX

Somewhere they don't know the phone number.

KATHY

We'll never be safe. Never.

MAX

At least let's make it difficult for them.

He smiles but Kathy isn't convinced.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION, NEW YORK - NIGHT (PAST)

Max and Kathy in the lobby of a cheap hotel. They count out a few bills to the CLERK and get a key in return.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, NEW YORK - NIGHT (PAST)

Max and Kathy make their way along a dark, grubby corridor, one suitcase between them. A TV plays somewhere, the SOUND of a couple arguing rising above it. Max finds their door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK - NIGHT (PAST)

It's a hole. A real dive. A bare light bulb swings from a cracked, peeling ceiling. The bedclothes look worn, greasy.

Max glances into the bathroom. A used condom floats in the lavatory bowl. He flushes it away, comes back into the main room. Kathy just stands there, not wanting to touch anything.

KATHY

We've got to get out of here.

MAX

It's only for a night or two.

KATHY

Not just here. The city. The country.

Max looks at her.

KATHY (CONT'D)

We could go to St. John.

MAX

We haven't got half the money together.
Not a quarter.

KATHY

We'll get work down there. Start over.

Max isn't sure.

KATHY (CONT'D)

We can't risk it here, Max. Really we can't.

A BEAT. She's right.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I'll need to renew my passport, it's only got a few months to go.

MAX

Do it there. There must be a Consulate or something.

KATHY

And leave a paper trail right to our door? I don't think so. You'd better check yours, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Aren't you being a little paranoid?

KATHY

Max, I told you what they did to Tom?

Max takes this in, starts looking in the suitcase.

KATHY (CONT'D)

There's an express passport place on
52nd, they can do it a day.

Max produces his passport, flips to the expiry page.

MAX

One year to run.

They exchange a look. He hands it over.

KATHY

I'll book the tickets at work. We can be
out of here by tomorrow night.

A BEAT. It's dawning on them what this really means.

KATHY (CONT'D)

We'll be all right, won't we, Max?

MAX

Of course.

Neither looks totally convinced.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

Max sits staring straight ahead. An electric flash bleaches
out his features for a second. He steps out of the chair as
the PHOTOGRAPHER removes the Polaroid image. Kathy is
signing documents on her knee.

KATHY

Sign here and here.

She steps up into the chair while Max signs the forms.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Ready?

KATHY

One second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She composes her looks. Max picks up his photo, now developed and grimaces - it's not flattering. He holds it up so Kathy can see. She makes a face

KATHY (CONT'D)
I still love you.

Flash!

MAX (V.O.)
If I'd known that was the last time I'd see her, I'd've told her I loved her too.

EXT. DRUGSTORE, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

Max, shopping list in hand, dumps a bunch of goods at the check-out - half-a-dozen bottles of sun cream, anti-diarrhea pills, several boxes of Tampax, two large ones of condoms. The CLERK gives him a look. Max shrugs.

EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

Max, carrying his drugstore bag, approaches the hotel. He slows - there's an ominous-looking CAR pulled up outside. Inside the hotel, Max can see a MAN in an overcoat talking to the RECEPTIONIST. The Man turns to come out. Max dodges into a doorway.

Peering round the lintel, Max watches the Man get into the car. He waits for it to drive off - but it doesn't. It just sits there. Waiting.

Max fumbles in his pocket, pulls out a cell phone and dials.

KATHY
(On phone)
Hi, you've reached my cell phone. Leave a message and I'll get back to you.

MAX
It's me. I think they've found the hotel. Don't come back, stay where you are.

Max hangs up, dodges out of the doorway and, as nonchalantly as he can manage, hails a cab.

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

The cab drops Max off outside a travel agency.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

A busy travel agency. Max takes in the dozen or so AGENTS sitting in front of computer screens. He can't see Kathy, so sits at a free desk, opposite a YOUNG AGENT.

YOUNG AGENT
Hi, what can I do for you?

MAX
I need to talk to Kathy.

YOUNG AGENT
Excuse me?

MAX
Kathy Aston.

YOUNG AGENT
(Puzzled)
I'm sorry, there's no-one of that name here. Can I help?

MAX
There must be. She's worked here for years.

YOUNG AGENT
So have I.

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

Max is reeling. Cars HONK as he wanders into the road. PASSERS-BY stare. He stops by a wall, trying to get his head round it all. His cell phone WARBLER. He flips it open.

KATHY
(On phone)
Max? It's me. I just got your message.

MAX
Where are you?

KATHY
(On phone)
At work.

Max looks over at the travel agency. A BEAT.

KATHY (CONT'D)
(On phone)
Are you okay?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (CONT'D)

(Pause)

Max?

MAX

I'm fine.

KATHY

(On phone)

You're sure there was someone at the hotel?

MAX

Positive.

KATHY

(On phone)

Okay, this is what we're going to do. You know the Port Authority on 42nd? Meet me there at six, bay 30. Got that? Bay 30.

MAX

Kathy ...

KATHY

(On phone)

See you at six. I love you, Max.

CLICK. She's hung up. OUT on a totally confused Max.

INT. LOBBY, OFFICE BUILDING, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

Max, still carrying his drugstore bag, hurries into an anonymous-looking lobby and scans the list of businesses. He focuses on one: 'Express Passport Expeditors'.

INT. EXPRESS PASSPORT EXPEDITERS, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

A rundown office. A YOUNG WOMAN comes to the counter.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hi.

MAX

Hi. I have some passport renewals with you. Aston and Shilton.

YOUNG WOMAN

No problem.

She taps on a keyboard.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

There's nothing under Aston.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Are you sure?

YOUNG WOMAN

I've got Shilton. Max, right?

MAX

Right.

YOUNG WOMAN

It's gone out.

MAX

I'm sorry?

YOUNG WOMAN

To the Passport Agency, it'll be
couriered to you at five this evening.

MAX

There must be a mistake. They were going
to be picked up.

YOUNG WOMAN

Not according to our records, sir.

MAX

Can you tell me where they've gone?

YOUNG WOMAN

(Suspicious)

To the stated address.

MAX

And where's that?

She gives him a look.

MAX (CONT'D)

It's my passport, for Christ's sake!

She gives him another, sharper look.

MAX (CONT'D)

(Calmer)

I'm sorry. I'm flying out tonight and my
girlfriend told me I could pick them up.

YOUNG WOMAN

Then I suggest you speak to her - sir.

A BEAT. Max takes out his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Could you give me a moment?

The Young Woman goes back to her desk. Max dials a number. As he does, he leans forward, trying to see the computer screen. It's just out of sight. One eye on the Young Woman, he gently eases it round enough to read the address: 'Apt 3, 287 Hudson Street, Brooklyn'. He turns the screen back.

The Young Woman looks up from her work - but Max has gone.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

A cab crosses the Brooklyn bridge.

EXT. HUDSON STREET, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

The cab pulls up in seedy street, full of rundown brownstones, abandoned cars and overflowing trash cans.

Max, still with his drugstore bag, gets out and climbs the steps to number 287. He presses the button for apartment 3. No answer. He presses it again. Nothing. He leans over and tries to peer in through a dirty window.

JANITOR (O.S.)

Yes?

Startled, Max spins round to see an old JANITOR.

MAX

I wanted number 3.

The Janitor just stares at him.

MAX (CONT'D)

Know when they might be back?

He keeps staring. MAX looks round, takes in the layout of the building - the alley to the side, the rusty fire escape running up to all floors.

MAX (CONT'D)

Guess I'll wait.

JANITOR

Not that sort of neighborhood.

Max sits on the wall. The Janitor stares at him for a while longer, then goes back down and disappears into the basement.

Max presses another buzzer button. No answer. He tries the next one. A CRACKLE of static.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE
(On speaker)
What?

MAX
(Scanning buttons)
Apartment 9? Got a package for you.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(On speaker; snappy)
Leave it with the janitor.

MAX
Need you to sign.

Unidentifiable CURSING then the BZZZZ of the lock.

INT. ENTRY HALL, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

A dingy hallway, all peeling wallpaper and flaking paintwork. As Max's eyes adjust to the gloom, he quickly checks out the apartments. Number 3 looks like any other.

Max KNOCKS. No answer. He looks through the spy hole and gets a fish-eyed view of a desk and chair. He presses his shoulder to the door - it doesn't give even a fraction.

The SOUND of a door opening above.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You coming or what?

MAX
Sorry, Ma'am. Got myself the wrong package.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Jesus.

A door SLAMS above. Max looks round, there is nothing he can use to break in. Then he spots a rack of mailboxes.

He runs a finger down the numbers - no name next to number 3.

The SOUND of a key in a lock. Max glances over at the front door. Through the glass he can see the outline of the Janitor. He dodges down the stairs leading to the basement.

The Janitor gets the front door open. If he comes this way, Max has had it. Shit - here he comes. Max presses himself against the wall. The Janitor is getting closer. A door opens O.S.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That you again?

JANITOR (O.S.)
What's that?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You got the right one this time?

JANITOR (O.S.)
Marjorie, what are you jabbering about?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
My package.

JANITOR (O.S.)
What package?

While they argue, Max tiptoes down the stairs into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

It's even darker down here. Max can't see a thing. He stumbles over something, curses under his breath. Spotting a glimmer of light, he heads for it.

A small, dirty window. Opening it, he pushes his bag out, then squeezes through himself.

EXT. ALLEYWAY/STREET, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

Max drops down into a stinking alley. He picks up his bag - covered in mud and slime. He spots the rusty fire escape hugging the side of the building.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

Max climbs to the first floor. A walkway runs past a couple of windows. He creeps along to the first one. Inside, a WOMAN is ironing. Just as she turns, Max hurries out of sight. Did she see him? The next room is empty - just a desk and chair. He recognizes it from the spy hole.

He tries the window. Jammed. Tries again, it still won't move. He spots the latch keeping it in place. He rummages in his bag but there's nothing useful there, just packs of condoms and Tampax. He tears a piece of cardboard off one of the pill packets and slips it through the gap in the window frame, trying to dislodge the catch. It crumples impotently.

He looks in the bag again, comes out with a blister pill packet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pops the pills out, sending them PINGING down the fire escape. He's left with a stiff, metalized sheet. He pushes it through the gap. The latch moves.

INT. APARTMENT, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

Max drops down into the apartment and freezes. Not a sound. It's a sparsely decorated room, just an armchair, a cheap TV, a desk and phone. Pizza boxes and take-away cartons are neatly piled in a corner.

Max creeps into the kitchen. It's spotless. He opens the fridge door - plenty of juices and a few takeaways.

He tries the bedroom - a perfectly made bed with a stack of newspapers and books to the side. He picks one up 'Nautical Emergencies - Seamanship for the Unexpected'.

CUT TO

Max in the main room, spots a drawer in the desk. He opens it. A scalpel, a ruler and some glue. He slides open the next drawer. Inside, half-a-dozen envelopes. He picks one up - it's addressed to him, Max Shilton.

He pulls out the letter - a First National bank statement in his name. And at the bottom a total: \$1,345,400.

Max flips through the other letters - all to him, all documents in his name. Now he spots a magazine cutting. He unfolds it - a photo of five guys holding up a huge Marlin. Someone has circled a FIGURE in the background. Max looks closer - it's him. Younger, with longer hair, but him.

The SOUND of footsteps, then keys in the door. Max desperately tries to shove everything back in the drawer.

O.S. the front door CLICKS shut. Max hurries into the bathroom and stands in the tub, drawing the shower curtain round him. The SOUND of footsteps, something being put down on the desk. The HISS of a Coke can being opened.

Max eases back the shower curtain and peaks out. All he can see is an arm and something on the desk - a gun. The Figure opens one of the drawers and puts the gun inside. Then he turns. Max almost lets out a gasp of surprise. It's Frank. Clean shaven, smartly dressed but definitely Frank.

Max dodges back behind the curtain. He can hear Frank making for the kitchen. The SOUND of water running. Max desperately goes through his options. He steps out of the tub and gingerly looks round the door - Frank is still by the faucet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stay with Frank as he hears the SOUND of the front door shutting - CLUNK! He freezes. Then hurries out into the main room. He looks round - it's empty. He hurries to the desk, yanks open the drawer.

MAX (O.S.)
Looking for this?

Frank spins round to see Max by the window - gun in hand.

FRANK
(Trying to be light)
Maxy!

Max says nothing.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Guess I owe you an explanation.

MAX
Among other things. Sit down.

FRANK
Listen, I can ...

Max tosses the chair at him.

MAX
Sit the fuck down! Over there, away from the window.

Frank picks up the chair, places it by the wall and sits. Keeping the gun trained on him, Max pulls the curtains shut.

FRANK
Don't do anything stupid, Max.

MAX
Why not? You're a dead man already, remember?

Max takes out a handkerchief, starts to wipe fingerprints off surfaces.

FRANK
(Unnerved)
It was nothing personal, I want you to know that. I always liked you, Max. Really.

MAX
That why you tried to kill me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

You got it all wrong.

MAX

She told me, Frank. She told me everything.

FRANK

She did?

MAX

The shooting, the train to Florida, the yacht out of Sarasota. And then she told me how you were going to blow my brains out.

FRANK

(Laughing)

She told you that? She really is very good.

MAX

Shut up.

FRANK

She was in on it, Max. Right from the start.

Max goes on wiping away prints.

FRANK (CONT'D)

She helped plan it, for Christ's sake!

MAX

I'm not interested in your stories, Frank.

He puts away his handkerchief, satisfied he's erased everything.

FRANK

(Desperate)

You think we just happened on your little island? 'Of all the islands in all the oceans in all the world, she walks into mine'? Use your head, Max!

Despite himself, Max is beginning to have doubts.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I needed to disappear, right?. Or someone to do it for me. Someone with no job, no ties, no family.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)

Then I remembered you, mysterious Maxy. A few years back I'd come across a photo of you in an old angling magazine. You were perfect - as far as everyone else knew, you were dead.

MAX

You couldn't have found me. Not on Cristos.

FRANK

It took us a while but then we had a break - came across your wife. Your ex-wife. Remember her? The one you said didn't exist?

MAX

Maria had no idea where I was. She hasn't known for years.

FRANK

She knew you were crewing. We made a few phone calls. Tracked you down to Miami. Harbormaster there said you'd hitched up with some Germans. Kathy gave them a call on the land-to-sea. They were very cooperative.

MAX

Bullshit.

FRANK

Thomas Heider and Stefan Grieborg. Oh, and of course Thomas's girlfriend. Guess you two got pretty close.

Max looks sick - this could all be true.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Modern technology's a wonderful thing, Max. Just tap a map reference into one of those GPS gizmos and the yacht practically sails itself. Even I could manage that.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

The yacht cutting through a perfect sea. Kathy's on deck, looking through binoculars.

KATHY

That's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hands them to Frank, who takes a look. Brief CUT to his POV - the little harbor through binoculars.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Ready?

He nods. They unhook a bosun's chair from the mast. Frank climbs into the harness and Kathy winches him up.

Frank's right at the top now. He takes out a screwdriver and works the radar reflector loose.

FRANK (V.O.)

Wanted to make you feel important, see?

EXT. YACHT NEAR HARBOR - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

As the yacht nears land, Frank makes a mess of things. Max appears on the quay and watches the boat slide inexorably towards the harbor wall.

MAX

Hard down to port.

Frank looks up to see Max for the first time. OVER

FRANK (V.O.)

Tell you the truth, I wasn't sure it was you at first. You've filled out, Max.

Max leaps on board, grabs a line, jumps back off and ties up.

MAX

Welcome to Cristos.

EXT. BAR, CRISTOS ISLAND - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Max and Frank outside the bar with a couple of beers. OVER:

FRANK (V.O.)

Had to hope to God you'd recognize me.

The two men shake hands, laugh.

MAX

How the fuck have you been?

FRANK

Not bad. Not bad at all.

EXT. YACHT IN HARBOR, CRISTOS ISLAND - EVENING (DOUBLE PAST)

Frank watches Max at the top of the mast fixing the reflector.

FRANK (V.O.)

Fact is, you hadn't changed at all. You never could resist showing off.

Max braces himself against the mast - and leaps. A graceful dive into the ocean below.

KATHY

That was incredible! Wasn't that incredible?

Frank smiles.

FRANK

Incredible.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

The yacht sails over a glassy sea. Max is at the helm, Kathy sunbathing a few feet away.

FRANK (V.O.)

From there on I just left Kathy to work her magic.

Frank pretends to be asleep at the back of the boat, a book in his lap - in fact he's watching Max and Kathy.

MAX

Best view in the world.

Kathy looks up, smiles.

MAX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Bullshit.

FRANK (V.O.)

Get under your skin, did she? That was the idea. Needed you out of the way so I could do my business.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

Kathy goes into Frank's cabin and sees Max waiting for her on the bed. Frank observes from the steps, unseen as Kathy kisses Max. Suddenly they're all over each other. Frank smiles and creeps down the steps into Max's cabin.

INT. MAX'S CABIN, YACHT - DAY (DOUBLE PAST)

A much smaller, cramped cabin. Frank quickly rifles through Max's few possessions until he finds what he wants - Max's PASSPORT.

FRANK (V.O.)

Then it was just a matter of practice.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Frank sits in front of a lap-top. The display shows the scanned image of the signature page from Max's passport. Using a stylus and graphics tablet, Frank carefully follows the signature on the screen. Kathy brings over a drink.

KATHY

How you doing?

FRANK

Not bad.

The computer BEEPS and highlights on screen where his version differs from the original.

KATHY

Naughty boy. Start again.

She stabs a key and the image refreshes. Frank tries again.

FRANK

How about you?

KATHY

Good. It all checked out.

She strokes his neck.

FRANK

I'm trying to concentrate here.

KATHY

Just like you said - no brothers.

She kisses him. The computer BEEPS.

FRANK

Kath!

KATHY

No sisters.

More kissing, more BEEPING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (CONT'D)

All on his lonesome. Poor kid.

She kisses him full on the mouth - the computer emits one long BEEP as they slide onto the floor.

FRANK (V.O.)

Then you had to pull that anchoring shit.

INT. OUTSIDE MAX'S CABIN, YACHT - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Frank BANGS on Max's cabin door.

FRANK

Heh! Wake up! Wake the fuck up!

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Kind of threw us for a while. Had to start improvising.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Frank paces up and down.

FRANK

I knew this was crazy. Right from the start.

KATHY

Will you shut the fuck up and let me think?

Frank pours himself a drink, knocks it back in one go.

FRANK

Crazy.

KATHY

Hit me.

FRANK

What?

KATHY

He's got to think you beat me up.

FRANK

No way.

She slaps him hard across the face.

KATHY

Fucking hit me, Frank!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He WHACKS her, she crashes into the bed. She touches her lip with a finger - it comes away bloody.

KATHY (CONT'D)

That's better.

INT. COCKPIT, YACHT - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Frank hovers in the cockpit. He watches Kathy go up on deck and lean over a railing. She puts a cigarette in her mouth, fumbles with a lighter - she can't get it to work.

KATHY

Shit!

She tosses the lot into the sea. Max comes over. Frank strains to hear their conversation.

MAX

You okay?

KATHY

Take me with you.

INT. APARTMENT, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

Max stares at Frank, reeling.

FRANK

She had it all worked out, Max. She'd tell you I was drunk, you guys would get busy lowering the dinghy and whack! Winch handle in the back of the head. We'd stow your body and a few days later ... man overboard! Goodbye Frank, hello Max. We'd be home free. It was perfect - 'till that goddamned storm blew up.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

The storm rages as Frank struggles with the anchor, his hands slipping over the wet chain. Kathy joins him.

MAX (O.S.)

(Shouting)

The winch! Use the winch!

KATHY

Here.

She holds out the gun. Frank looks horrified.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

It'll be too obvious.

The sail flaps loudly above his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What the ...

KATHY

We'll change the story.

A BEAT. He takes the gun. An enormous wave breaks over them.

MAX (O.S.)

Get back here! Get back!

Glasses gone, Frank stares at his hand - the gun's vanished.

KATHY

Idiot!

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

The yacht has come through the storm. Frank's elated, bonded by having survived. He gives Max a high five. Kathy shoots him a dismissive look. Max checks the rigging.

MAX

We'll have to put in to the island.

FRANK (V.O.)

She couldn't let you do that.

MAX

(To Kathy, pointing at compass)
Here. Keep the needle on 150.

Max leaves.

FRANK (V.O.)

And then she had an idea.

CUT TO

Frank climbing the mast. He looks back to see Max emerging from the cockpit with a chart.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I didn't know what she meant at first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX
(To Kathy)
What the hell's he doing?

KATHY
Proving a point.

MAX
For Christ's sake, he can't even see!
(Shouting to Frank)
Grip with your legs. Your legs!

Frank lets go on purpose, slips back down, apparently humiliated. He looks at his bloodied hand.

FRANK
Shit!

Kathy gives him a withering look, then glances at Max. He takes the hint and steps up to the mast.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I can do it!

Ignoring him, Max starts to climb.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I guess she knew you well enough by then.

Kathy hands Frank a halyard. For a moment he doesn't understand. She looks up. He follows her gaze - to Max swaying precariously, holding on to a single line.

Frank waits until Max is right at the top, next to the broken rigging. Then he gives the halyard a sudden jerk. Max's Leatherman goes flying and lands with a CLATTER.

MAX
What the fuck?

Frank gives the halyard another vicious tug. He almost got him that time. He yanks the halyard again, then again. It catches Max's foot and whips it away. He's left dangling, just one hand gripping tight on the steel wire. The mast sways from side to side. Max desperately tries to pull himself back.

KATHY
Finish it, for Christ sake! Finish it!

Frank pulls the halyard back for one last yank, his whole body arched with effort. But Max jumps - and WHACKS into the sea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

For a moment Frank is too surprised to move, then he rushes to the side and looks over. No sign of Max, just the heaving black waves. He runs to the cockpit, grabs a flashlight and a pair of glasses.

Snapping on the flashlight, he scans the waves. No sign.

FRANK

Max?

Kathy puts her fingers to her lips to shut him up. They strain to hear any tell-tale sounds.

There - an unusual SPLASH. Kathy points to the bow. There it is again. She holds out the boathook. Frank takes it, giving her the flashlight. He creeps forward.

Frank is right at the back of the boat now. Very slowly he leans over. He just catches sight of a hand as it edges along the hull towards the ladder.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(Menacing)

Should have kept your hands to yourself, Maxy.

WHACK! Frank brings the boathook down hard on Max's wrist. A SCREAM of pain, a SPLASH. Frank peers over the edge - all he can see in the blackness is bubbles and waves.

MAX (O.S.)

Kathy? Kathy!

Frank raises the boathook, stabs down - no contact. He raises it again, another stab. Something more solid this time. When he brings it back up there's blood on the metal.

Frank leans out further - where the hell is he? He can't see anything. Realizing Max could be right under the boat, Frank tries to get his boathook in there but it keeps bouncing off the curve of the hull.

Suddenly the CHUG of diesel motor. A cloud of water and fumes belches out. Frank looks up to see Kathy in the cockpit - she's fired up the engine.

Realizing what her plan is, Frank leans over the edge of the boat. Sure enough there's Max, choking in the fumes, desperately reaching for the ladder. His fingers curl round a rung. Frank smashes the boathook onto Max's forearm.

MAX (CONT'D)

What the fuck's wrong with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Max grabs the next rung with his other hand and pulls himself up. Frank aims the boathook at Max's head and thrusts down. Max dodges, grabs the shaft. One almighty heave and Frank loses his balance, tumbles into the water.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT (DOUBLE PAST)

Frank plunges into the swirling blackness. Which way up is he? Where's the surface? Panicking, he lashes out. All he can hear is a dull thud. Then he realizes what it is - the rhythmic pounding of the propeller - and he's being sucked into it.

Desperate, he lashes out, flailing. Above he can see the dark shape of the hull. The propeller is getting closer - any second his foot will be caught up in it. He makes one final effort - and erupts onto the surface in an explosion of bubbles.

It takes a second to orientate himself. There's the boat, just a few yards off. And there's Max, pulling himself up the ladder. Frank lunges forward - and grabs Max's foot.

He holds on for dear life. Max lashes and kicks but no way is Frank going to let go. He looks up to see Kathy leaning over the rail, a winch handle in her hand. Their eyes meet.

MAX

(To Kathy)

For Christ's sake!

Max stretches out a hand towards her. Frank watches as she freezes for a moment. Then she drops the handle and reaches down. What is she going to do? Shove him off? But their fingers entwine.

Max turns and with his free leg kicks out at Frank. His foot THUDS into Frank's shoulder.

KATHY

Don't!

But Max kicks out again. THWACK! Full contact with Frank's face. A sickening CRUNCH. Frank falls back without a sound.

Swirling darkness. Frank floats lifelessly, a trail of dark blood staining the sea, his eyes wide open.

MAX (O.S.)

Get the flashlight.

(Louder)

The flashlight!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank's eyes blink. He turns painfully in the water, somehow manages to reach out and grab the bottom rung of the ladder. He just has enough strength to pull his head above water but he's in a bad way.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Over here.

The SOUND of the life buoy being unstrapped.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't throw it 'till you see him.

A light dazzles Frank's eyes. He can just make out Kathy staring down at him.

KATHY
(To Frank, quietly)
Can you hold on?

He nods.

MAX (O.S.)
Frank! Frank!

Kathy pans the beam away, across the black waves.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Frank! Frank!

No answer.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm going to cut the engine.

The engine stops. Silence. Just the slap of water against the hull. Frank holds on for dear life, forcing himself to stop shivering.

KATHY
Maybe he's drifted.

MAX (O.S.)
Shhh.

Silence. Frank can't last much longer without moving.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Frank!

KATHY
I think I saw something. Over there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The engine starts again.

KATHY (CONT'D)
(To Frank)
Let go.

He looks at her, amazed.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Trust me.

A BEAT. Frank uncurls his fingers - and drifts away.
Suddenly Kathy's screaming, smashing the flashlight on the
edge of the boat. Frank can hear Max running over.

MAX (O.S.)
What happened?

Kathy's panting, hyperventilating. Frank keeps as still as
possible. A weak beam from the flashlight picks him out.

MAX (CONT'D)
Jesus!

A wave washes over Frank and he splutters involuntarily.

MAX (CONT'D)
He's still alive. We've got to get to
him.

KATHY
No!

MAX
We can't just leave him.

A BEAT. Frank is drifting further and further off.

MAX (CONT'D)
(Realizing what she means)
No. No way.

Now Frank is too far away to make out any more.

CLICK. Blackness.

INT. APARTMENT, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

Max sits on the desk, the gun still pointed at Frank.

FRANK
I swam back, hid in the dinghy. Kath
knew I was there. She brought me food.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)

And dessert, if you know what I mean.
(Smiles)

It was her idea, Max, right from the start. And it never changed.

MAX

You're lying. She wouldn't do that.

FRANK

Told you she was good.

MAX

Shut up.

FRANK

Good in the sack, too, yeah? Convincing.

MAX

I said shut up!

He WHACKS Frank with the gun butt, sends him flying, smashing his glasses. A BEAT. Frank wipes the blood from his mouth.

FRANK

Check her out. Give her a call at 'work'. Only she won't be there because she never was. She's been on this deal full time, for a long time.

Slowly, Frank gets up, rights the chair and sits down.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Forget her, Max. She eats people like you for breakfast.

He puts on his cracked glasses.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But I can make it good for you. You could have your own yacht, your own business. No more crewing for assholes like me. I can do that for you, Max. I can make that happen.

MAX

I already got money. At the First National, remember? In my name.

FRANK

That's nothing - a feeder account. Let me show you something.

He stands up. Max is wary, his finger tensing on the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)
(Putting his hands on his head)
I'm cool. No tricks. It'll be worth it,
I promise. Okay?

Max nods, Frank steps towards the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

Frank stops in front of the closet and is about to open it.

MAX
Back off.

Frank shrugs, steps back. Max yanks open the closet door.

FRANK
In the back.

Max peers in - and sees a small safe.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Want me to open it?

Max thinks - is this a trick?

MAX
One hand - and any false moves ...

FRANK
I know.

Frank reaches in - the CLICK of the combination lock as he spins the dial. CLUNK - the tumblers fall into place. Very slowly Frank pulls out a red folder. Gripping it between two fingers, he holds it up for Max to see - and smiles. He's about to open it but Max stops him.

MAX
Drop it.

Frank drops the folder onto the floor with a THUD.

MAX (CONT'D)
Kick it over.

Frank obliges, sending it scuttling over to Max. The gun still trained on him, Max picks the folder up and opens it - a single sheet of paper flutters to the floor.

FRANK
Numbered accounts, Max.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Max stares at the row of printed digits.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Know how much is in there? Millions.
Millions for you, millions for me.

MAX

Kathy already told the police where the
money was.

FRANK

Some of it - enough to be convincing.

MAX

What now? You pay me off and I just
disappear?

FRANK

It's what you're good at.

MAX

And you?

FRANK

I'm already dead. And I've got a police
report to prove it.

Max raises gun.

MAX

That's right.

FRANK

Don't be a fool, Max. You kill me, you
get nothing.

Max isn't convinced.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(Spelling it out)

You don't know which bank. Without me,
those numbers are worthless.

MAX

Stand up.

Frightened, Frank stands.

FRANK

We can make this work - for both of us.

MAX

Put your hands against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank does it.

FRANK
I always thought you were a smart guy,
Max.

Max kicks his legs further apart.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You don't want to do this. Kill someone
in cold blood?. It's not who you are,
Max. You're the good guy, remember?

MAX
Is that right?

FRANK
(Frightened now)
Max, please ...

MAX
I never did like you, Frank.

BZZZZ! It's the entryphone. Frank turns his head, smiling.
WHACK! Max hits him on the head with the butt of the gun.
Frank slumps to the floor.

He goes to the entryphone, buzzes up whoever it is. Putting
the gun in his pocket, he pulls the bedroom door to and
waits.

A KNOCK. Max peers through the spy-hole. He can't see
anyone out there. With one hand on the gun in his pocket, he
carefully opens the door.

A COURIER is kneeling down, taking a package out of his bag.

COURIER
Mr. Shilton?

Max nods.

COURIER (CONT'D)
Package.

He holds out a clipboard. Max signs.

COURIER (CONT'D)
Thanks.

And he's gone. Max shuts the door and opens the package.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

You fuckers.

It's a passport - just the one. He opens it. It's in his name - but with Frank's photograph.

A GROAN. Max flings open the bedroom door. Frank's come to.

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson looks up from his writing.

ANDERSON

You killed him there? In New York?

Max shakes his head.

MAX

Frank was right. I couldn't do it. I just wanted to get away. Never wanted to see either of them again.

INT. BEDROOM, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

Max searches Frank's pockets, fishes out a set of keys. He hauls the body into the closet.

INT. HALLWAY, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

Out in the hall, Max pulls the apartment door shut and locks it. He doesn't take the key out but forces it over until it snaps, leaving half still in the lock.

He runs down the stairs and out into the street. As he leaves a door opens and the Janitor appears - but Max has gone.

EXT. HUDSON STREET, BROOKLYN - DAY (PAST)

Max running along the street. OVER

ANDERSON (V.O.)

You could have gone to the police.

MAX (V.O.)

And say what? That I lied about Frank's death? Faked a suicide? I didn't want to spend the rest of my life in some god-awful island jail.

ANDERSON (V.O.)

So you took the Nautica?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX (V.O.)

I just wanted my old life back.

Max hails a cab and climbs in.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - DAY (PAST)

The yacht sails through a beautiful sea. Max is up the mast, fixing a stay. He climbs down, admires his handiwork. The boat might not be in perfect condition but he's done a good job making it seaworthy. He goes down into the galley.

INT. GALLEY, YACHT - DAY (PAST)

Max pours water into a pan, places it on the stove and lights the gas. He whistles to himself as he reaches for a mug.

WHACK!

He crumples to the floor, felled by a blow to the head. He peers up through bleary eyes - is that Frank standing above him?

FRANK

Should have taken my offer, Maxy.

Before he can reply another WHACK! Blackout.

INT. MAX'S CABIN, YACHT - DAY (PAST)

BLACK. The sound of gurgling water. Max opens his eyes. He's lying on his back in his bunk, his arms behind his head. Water is already lapping over his chest. He tries to move, realizes his hands are caught.

The water is rising fast. Taking a gulp of air, he bends his head back so it's under water and opens his eyes. Through the murk he sees a rope lashed round his wrists, tying him to the metal bunk post.

He comes up for air. The water is higher now. He strains at the rope - not an inch of give.

Taking another deep breath, he bends back again, this time pushing his legs over his head so his face is right by the knot. He bites into it. It eases a fraction but he can't hold his breath any longer. He bursts up, gasping. The water is up to his neck now.

Another gulp of air and he bends back again. He manages to tug at the knot a little more, it's beginning to give. But he needs air. He tries to come up but can't - the water's over his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His lungs bursting, he desperately works at the knot with his teeth. It loosens a little more. He wriggles his hands but the effort's costing him oxygen - he's on the verge of blacking out.

Finally the knot gives, the rope falls away - he's free.

But he's still under water. Frantic, he looks up - the water is up to the roof. He swims towards the cabin door, pulls on the handle but the pressure of the water against it is immense - he can't get it open.

Bracing his legs against the doorjamb, he strains at the handle. Unless it gives soon he'll run out of air. It opens a fraction, water starts to pour out. If he can get a foot into the gap ... He just manages to and forces the door open.

WHOOSH! He's swept into the corridor, bashing his head on the wall. But at least there's air. He gulps it in - never has it tasted sweeter.

But even here the water is rising. It's swirling in from under a door. Max pulls it open - it's the head. He dives down and sees the SEACOCK has been opened and the pipe to the head itself yanked free. He forces the lever on the seacock shut - the water stops gushing in.

Max swims back to the surface. The water is up to his waist but at least he can wade through it.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - DAY (PAST)

Soaked and exhausted, Max climbs out on deck. The yacht is dangerously low in the water. He looks round - no sign of Frank. Then he spots the dinghy a hundred yards away, its outboard pushing it through the waves. He squints at the figure in the boat - it can only be Frank.

Max runs to the cockpit, tries to fire up the engine. It WHIRS, dies. A BEAT as Max thinks what to do.

He runs to the stern, yanks on a cord and fires the emergency life raft.

The hard shell SMACKS into the water, splits open with a CRACK. A loud HISS as the bright orange raft inside starts to inflate.

CUT TO

A green flare shooting into the sky.

CUT TO
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV through binoculars. Frank watches the flare drift through the air. He looks back, spots the orange life raft. He hesitates - then turns the dinghy and heads back.

EXT. SEA - DAY (PAST)

The dinghy edges towards the life raft. Frank has a gun in his hand.

FRANK

Max? Max!

Silence. CRACK! CRACK! Two bullets rip into the raft. A HISS as it collapses in on itself. Gingerly, Frank unzips the door - empty. He's confused, suddenly anxious.

Frank opens the throttle on the outboard - but the boat doesn't move. He looks down through the water - a mass of rope is tangled round the propeller. Frank is going nowhere.

Where the hell is Max? In the water? There's no sign. On the yacht itself? There's only one way to find out. Pulling on the life raft's rope, Frank brings the dinghy close to the yacht. Grabbing the ladder, he hauls himself on board.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - DAY (PAST)

Gun at the ready, Frank creeps along the deck, sweating in the sun. Every sound makes him jerk round. He reaches the cockpit - three feet of water slops about inside.

Slowly, he eases himself down the steps.

INT. FRANK'S CABIN, YACHT - DAY (PAST)

Frank wades back into the cabin, peers into the bathroom. Empty. He spots the closet door - it's slightly ajar. He smiles, squeezes the trigger. The SOUND is deafening as the mirror shatters into a thousand shards. He fires again. Then pushes open what remains of the door. Empty.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - DAY (PAST)

Max lies prone on the deck above the cockpit, a winch handle in his hand. It's the perfect position to get anyone coming up on deck. He can hear the SOUND of Frank wading through the water inside. He tightens his grip on the handle.

INT. COCKPIT/DECK, YACHT - DAY (PAST)

Frank wades into the cockpit. He's puzzled, can't work out where Max is. A NOISE above his head, he jerks round, gun at the ready. A sea gull squawks and flies off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Relaxing, Frank pushes on. Another noise, instinctively he jerks to one side. The winch handle smashes into the woodwork, just missing him. He fires off a round but it's a wild shot. The winch handle comes swinging back, slamming into his arm, sending the gun flying.

Above, on the roof, Max is on his knees, trying to get down. But Frank grabs his arms, yanks him into the cockpit.

Max falls with a SPLASH, the winch handle CLATTERING onto the deck outside. Frank punches him hard in the face. Max goes under. Frank scrambles up onto the deck.

Max splutters to the surface, manages to haul himself up the steps. He sees Frank looking for the handle, goes after him. THWUMP! He lands a punch to Frank's kidneys.

For a moment Frank goes down. Max desperately looks round for the handle, spots it. THWACK! Frank hits him in the face. Max staggers back. WHACK! Another blow to the head.

Max reels, dazed. He can hardly see straight now. He gropes for the winch handle, feels his fingers close round the metal. He forces himself to stand up, ready to swing.

But Frank is in front of him - gun in hand.

FRANK

You know, Maxy, I think I'm going to enjoy being you.

He takes aim.

MAX

Don't.

FRANK

Is that it? Don't? Not even a please?

Frank shakes his head in mock disapproval. Max glances at the rope holding the boom.

MAX

There's no need. I can disappear.

FRANK

Exactly what I was thinking.

Frank raises the gun. As he does, Max jerks the rope from the cleat, the boom swings across and WHACKS Frank in the head with a sickening CRUNCH! It throws him clean into the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Max hurries across and looks over the edge. Frank's lifeless eyes stare up from the sea, a halo of crimson spreading out in the aquamarine water.

Max stands panting, staring at the body. At last he staggers back to the cockpit, tries the engine again - a sickly WHIR.

CUT TO

INSERT - gas HISSING from the extinguished ring on the cooker.

Max tries again. Another WHIR.

A spark somewhere.

And a colossal explosion.

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson's still writing, with a stub of pencil by this time.

MAX

I don't know how long it was after that.
The next thing I knew I was in the
chopper - and you were charging me with
murder.

ANDERSON

I still am.

Anderson starts sweeping the pencil shavings into the wooden box.

EXT. HARBOR, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

A tug pulls the wrecked 'Nautica' into harbor. Anderson watches from the quay as it ties up next to the new, gleaming white Hurly Burly - a sad comparison.

He steps on board the wreck, flashing his badge at one of the TUG WORKERS.

EXT. WRECKED YACHT, HARBOR, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson, wearing white cotton gloves, picks his way through the debris. Most of the cabin is charred, there's obviously been an explosion. Anderson spots the discarded winch handle. He gets out a Polaroid camera. The flash POPS.

CUT TO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POP! A photo of a blood smear on the boom.

CUT TO

POP! A photo of the bullet holes in the emergency raft.

CUT TO

Anderson in Frank's cabin. It has been badly flooded but is still recognizable from Max's description. He opens the smashed closet where Max said he found the holdall with the money. There are a couple of drawers - in the first, nothing, in the second the red folder.

CUT TO

POP! A photo of the folder and the single sheet of paper from inside it with the account numbers.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Kathy being ushered into a police car. Anderson gets in next to her. They are driven away.

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Kathy's on her feet, watching Anderson slowly sharpen a new pencil - his last one. There are now three stubs back in their fabric bands in his folder.

Kathy looks round the office, takes in the photos on the wall. She's flirtatious, well aware how awkward her beauty makes Anderson feel.

KATHY

Know what puzzles me, Lieutenant? What a guy like you's doing in a place like this.

Anderson says nothing.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(Seductive)

Was it a woman? Did she treat you so bad?

ANDERSON

If you'd sit down please, Miss Aston.

KATHY

(Sitting)

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Like I said in the car, there have been developments. I'm afraid we're no longer satisfied with your story.

KATHY

Satisfied?

ANDERSON

There are gaps. Inconsistencies.

KATHY

I'm sure we can clear them up between us.

ANDERSON

Possibly. They're about Frank's suicide. And how he survived it.

A BEAT. Kathy wasn't expecting this. She plays for time.

KATHY

I don't understand.

ANDERSON

I guess Max was kind of confused too. He thought he could trust you.

KATHY

That's not fair. I wouldn't do anything to hurt Max. Never.

ANDERSON

Except lie to him.

A BEAT.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

We know Frank turned up in New York, Miss Aston. Is that when the two of you got it together again. Started the plot over?

KATHY

No!

ANDERSON

But he did contact you?

Defeated, she nods.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

What did he want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

Max's passport. He'd set up all these accounts in his name.

ANDERSON

Where?

KATHY

Here, in one of the off-shore banks. Max's passport was the final piece of the puzzle. With that Frank was free.

ANDERSON

And you agreed to help.

KATHY

I didn't have any choice.

INT. MAX & KATHY'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - EVENING (PAST)

Max and Kathy in the trashed apartment. Suddenly the phone RINGS. Kathy picks up the receiver.

KATHY

Hello? ... who is this?

FRANK

(On phone)

Guess who?

KATHY

My God.

FRANK

(On phone)

Nearly. You've got something I want. You know what it is?

Pause.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I don't have time to fuck around. You know what I need, right?

KATHY

Yes.

FRANK

Good. Bring it to O'Rielly's, three o'clock tomorrow. Got that?

KATHY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

And Kath. Try anything and I'll kill you
both - I promise.

INT. O'RIELLY'S BAR, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

Kathy waiting anxiously. She glances at a clock - it's a
minute to three. Her cell phone PINGS. She looks at it. An
icon shows there's a message. She listens to it, then dials.

KATHY

(On phone)

Max? It's me. I just got your message
... At work ... Are you okay? ... Max?
... You're sure there was someone at the
hotel?

She spots Frank coming through the door.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(On phone)

Okay, this is what we're going to do.
You know the Port Authority on 42nd?
Meet me there at six, bay 30. Got that?
Bay 30 ... See you at six. I love you,
Max.

She hangs up just as Frank comes over. He looks good in his
expensive suit, back to his old self.

FRANK

Hi, honey.

He gives her a peck on the cheek - she recoils.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know it's not too late. For us.

Kathy scowls, hands him a package. He looks inside, seems
satisfied.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We really should be together.

KATHY

Just leave us alone.

Frank takes this in, shrugs.

FRANK

I'll be seeing you, Kath.

She watches him walk out.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY, NEW YORK - DAY (PAST)

Kathy waits at bay 30. PASSENGERS board a bus. Kathy checks her watch. It's past seven.

KATHY (V.O.)

All I wanted to do was see Max and explain everything. It didn't matter about the rest of it. It was over. We could start again, I knew we could.

ANDERSON (V.O.)

And when he didn't show?

KATHY (V.O.)

Then I came down here. That had always been the fallback plan. To meet down here. I knew he'd come. He did come, didn't he?

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson sharpens what remains of his last pencil.

ANDERSON

You went back to your old job in New York, is that right? At the travel agency.

She looks at him, trying to work out how much he knows.

KATHY

No.

ANDERSON

So you lied to Max about that too?

KATHY

(Embarrassed)

I didn't want him to know where I really worked.

Anderson looks at her. Suddenly she seems vulnerable, all her confidence and flirtatiousness gone.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I was a hostess, okay? In a scummy strip joint. It's how I met Frank. But I didn't want Max to think of me that way. I wanted to start over. Fresh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

You don't like being honest, do you Miss Aston?

KATHY

Not if it means risking what I value most.

ANDERSON

But you knew Frank planned to kill Max. You'd been in on it from the beginning.

KATHY

That was before I met him. Max wasn't exactly how Frank described.

ANDERSON

All those plans, all those preparations and you let Max sweep you off your feet?

KATHY

Maybe you've never fallen in love, Lieutenant. It's not something you plan.

ANDERSON

Are you still in love with him?

KATHY

Of course.

ANDERSON

Despite everything?

KATHY

Despite everything.

Anderson starts to sweep up the pencil shavings.

KATHY (CONT'D)

It's not every day you get the chance to put a mistake behind you. When you do, I figure you got to grab it. Is that so wicked?

ANDERSON

You haven't asked what happened to Frank.

KATHY

I know you think Max killed him.

ANDERSON

Do you believe that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

I'm not sure that matters anymore.

Anderson puts the last the of shavings in the wooden box and replaces the lid.

ANDERSON

Maybe you'd like to see him. I think you deserve that much.

Kathy reacts, the first ray of hope since all this started.

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson leads Kathy along a corridor. They stop in front of a cell door. Anderson slides back the cover on the spyhole and looks through.

Max is lying on a bunk. Anderson unlocks the door.

INT. POLICE CELL, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

As soon as Max sees Kathy, he's on his feet, hugging her.

MAX

Kath!

She's too overcome to speak.

MAX (CONT'D)

(To Anderson)

Mind if we have a moment?

Anderson nods, they are shut in.

They look at each other - Kathy's face is distraught. Anderson watches through the spyhole. Max kisses her. The spyhole closes. Kathy pulls away.

KATHY

Frank?

'MAX'

Shhh!

KATHY

Jesus!

'MAX'

We're almost there, Kath. We're almost home free.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

What the fuck's going on?

Approaching her

'MAX'

Keep it down, honey.

KATHY

Get away from me!

She pushes him away. He backs off.

'MAX'

Okay, okay.

KATHY

Where's Max? What have you done with him?

He looks at her. It dawns on her what this means. It's as if she's been punched in the stomach. Her legs begin to give, the world's spinning. She has to steady herself against the wall.

'MAX'

It was him or me, Kath.

She flies at him, fists flying, claws clawing. For a moment 'Max' is caught unaware as the blows hail down.

KATHY

You fucking bastard!

'MAX'

Shut up! Shut up!

Finally he manages to pin her arms. She glares at him, impotent - then uses her only weapon and spits in his face. 'Max' doesn't react as the saliva drips down his cheek.

'MAX' (CONT'D)

You knew the deal, Kath. From the beginning.

She's calming down.

'MAX'

Okay? Okay.

He lets her go, wipes the spit from his face. For a moment she doesn't react then she heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

'MAX'

I wouldn't do that. I go down, you go down.

She hesitates.

'MAX' (CONT'D)

Conspiracy, Kath. Conspiracy to murder.

She backs away from the door, turns on him.

KATHY

I trusted you.

'MAX'

We're supposed to be together, Kath, we always have been. You and me.

KATHY

Never.

He comes over, close to her face.

'MAX'

(Quiet)

He got to you, huh? Golden boy Maxy. I can understand that, really I can. Half the school was in love with him, the other half wanted to be him. And now I am.

KATHY

You could never be him.

He moves away.

'MAX'

So you're in love with Max. I can live with that.

(Hard)

And so can you.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE POLICE CELL, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson waits outside the cell. A KNOCK on the door. Anderson opens it and Kathy appears.

ANDERSON

Okay?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
There's just one more thing. I'd like
you to identify the body. For the
record, you understand. Would you do
that for me?

OUT on Kathy.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MORGUE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson fiddles with keys in a door lock. Kathy is behind
him.

ANDERSON
Afraid we don't have a proper morgue on
the island.

He manages to get the door open.

INT MORGUE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson leads Kathy over to gurney covered in a sheet.

ANDERSON
You sure you're ready for this?

She gives an almost imperceptible nod. He eases back the
sheet.

Kathy stares at the body, fighting back the tears.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Is this Frank Cotter?

A BEAT. She nods.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Out loud, please.

KATHY
Yes. Yes it is.

She breaks down. Anderson doesn't know what to do with this
outpouring of grief. He leads her out of the room. As she
goes, Kathy reaches out and brushes her fingers softly
against Max's dead hand.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MORGUE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson waits while she gathers herself together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

I'll arrange for a taxi to take you to your hotel.

KATHY

I'm free to go?

Anderson nods.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(Puzzled)

What about the Nassau police?

ANDERSON

I'll pass on my report but I doubt they'll want to take any further.

KATHY

And Max?

ANDERSON

He'll need to sign a statement.

KATHY

And that's it? You're letting him go too?

ANDERSON

Is there any reason I shouldn't?

A BEAT.

KATHY

I guess not.

ANDERSON

So, end of story.

He holds out his hand.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Thank you for your help.

Surprised, she takes it.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

There's a ferry to the main island in an hour. I suggest you take it. The next one's not for a week.

A MOMENT and she's gone.

EXT. HARBOR, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Kathy hurries towards a ferry tied up at the quay. As she climbs the gang plank she takes one last look at the burnt out wreck of the yacht. But a MAN bumps into her, throwing her concentration. The ferry HOOTS. She hurries on board.

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Anderson is at the small table, typing up the next page on his ancient typewriter.

'MAX'

I'm really free to go?

ANDERSON

I can't hold you any longer. It'll be up to the Nassau police if they want to take things further. I'll need a contact address.

'MAX'

No problem.

Anderson pulls out the sheet of paper along with several carbon copies underneath. Peeling away the top sheet, he hands it to 'Max', who quickly scans it, holding it close to his face, squinting to make out the small print. Anderson pulls out a pair of reading glasses.

ANDERSON

Would these help?

'MAX'

I'm fine. Looks like you could do with a new ribbon. Where do I sign?

Anderson takes back the two top copies and starts to assemble them with the carbons. 'Max' raises his eyebrows at this antiquated procedure. We just catch sight of an ornate scroll on the last sheet. Anderson places them all in front of 'Max'.

ANDERSON

If you could press hard.

'MAX'

Modern policing, huh?

He signs. Anderson takes off the top copies and hands them to 'Max'. The others he puts to one side.

(CONTINUED)

ANDERSON
Thank you, Mr. Shilton.

'MAX'
Call me Max.

He holds out his hand. A BEAT. Anderson shakes it.

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

'Max' comes out, blinking in the sun, wearing the shit-eating grin of a man who just got away with murder. Dipping into his pocket he pulls out his fancy gold watch, straps in onto his wrist and continues down the street.

EXT./INT. WRECKED YACHT, HARBOR, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

'Max' climbs on board the wrecked yacht and makes his way to the main cabin. He opens the closet and slides open the drawer - sure enough the red folder is still there. He smiles to himself.

INT. BANK, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

'Max' signs a form at a counter and hands it to the TELLER. She taps at a keyboard.

TELLER
You'd like to withdraw all the remaining funds, Mr. Shilton?

'MAX'
That going to be a problem?

TELLER
No, no of course not.

He opens a drawer and slides a single DOLLAR BILL across the counter. For a moment 'Max' almost laughs, thinking it a joke. But the Teller isn't smiling. 'Max' looks up, squints at the scroll on the back wall - and it begins to fall into place.

FLASHBACK to 'Max' signing his statement. As Anderson collates the copies, he spots the bottom sheet - with the same bank scroll at the top.

BACK TO PRESENT - and 'Max's' stunned face. He knows he's been conned.

EXT. STREET, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

'Max' hurtling along a street towards the police station. He flings open the main door and runs in.

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

'Max' storms down the corridor towards Anderson's office.

'MAX'
Anderson? Anderson!

He SLAMS open the door.

INT ANDERSON'S OFFICE, CRUZ BAY - DAY (PRESENT)

'Max' stops in his tracks - a MAN in a suit sits behind Anderson's desk - the same Man who bumped into Kathy as she boarded the ferry.

'MAX'
Where the fuck's Anderson?

MAN
Excuse me?

'MAX'
Anderson, Lieutenant fucking Anderson!

The Man points to the desk - next to Anderson's folder is a torn out page with 'Gone Sailing' written on it.

'MAX' (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?

MAN
Alex Rogers, NYPD. Lieutenant Anderson asked me over to help out on a case. And who the fuck are you - sir?

A BEAT as 'Max' tries to figure out what the hell has happened - and who he should claim to be. At last:

'MAX'
Max. Max Shilton.

MAN
(Smiling)
Isn't that convenient. Max Shilton, you're under arrest for the murder of Frank Cotter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

'MAX'

Wait a second!

But the Man has produced a pair of handcuffs.

MAN

You have the right to remain silent. If you ...

'MAX'

I didn't murder anybody!

MAN

... if you give up this right, what you say may be taken down and used in evidence against you in a court of law.

'MAX'

You got it all wrong. It was self-defence. It's all in there, look!

'Max' manages to grab Anderson's folder. He flips open a page - and just stares at it. Scribbles. He grabs the reading glasses from the desk, slips them on. He flicks to another page - still doodles. Another. The same. The whole damn thing is doodles and scribbles. He rips the glasses from his face and throws them across the room.

Frank realizes he's fucked - totally fucked. CLUNK - the handcuffs snap onto his wrists.

EXT. OCEAN-GOING YACHT - DAY (PRESENT)

The yacht Hurly Burly cuts through an azure sea. Anderson emerges onto the deck. He looks down into the cabin, at a large aluminum suitcase safely stowed.

ANDERSON (V.O.)

You hear a lot of stories in this business. Mostly they're bullshit. But if you concentrate, if you listen real hard, you can hear the truth. It's always there someplace. You just got to pay attention.

Anderson opens the RED NYPD ENVELOPE and takes out a PHOTOGRAPH - it has 'Frank Cotter' printed underneath. And it is of course of the real Frank, who we've known as 'Max'. Anderson glances at it, then tears it into shreds and scatters it to the winds. It blows across the ocean as Anderson sails into the sunset.

THE END

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

End credit sequence.

EXT. BAR, CRISTOS ISLAND - DAY (PAST)

Max and Frank outside the bar with a couple of cold beers. Frank has his GLASSES on the end of his nose, peering at the bottle's label. While Max chugs his beer down, Frank carefully wipes the top of his bottle and pours it into a glass. Max look over at the yacht.

IN OTHER WORDS, THE SAME SCENE FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE MOVIE. ONLY THIS TIME IT IS AS IT REALLY HAPPENED - SO THE ACTOR WHO HAS PLAYED MAX ALL THROUGH THE FILM IS IN FACT NOW FRANK; AND THE ONE WHO WAS FRANK, MAX.

MAX
She's a beauty.

FRANK
Oyster DS - best in her class.

MAX
Where you heading?

FRANK
Nowhere particular. Just island hopping.

Frank SLAPS dead a mosquito on his arm. He takes out a bottle of repellent and sprays himself.

MAX
Kind of late in the year to be exploring.
Get some big storms in the Fall.

FRANK
Yeah?

MAX
Sure.

Max stares at him - to such an extent it makes Frank nervous. Max holds up his bottle of beer, already empty. Frank has hardly started on his glass.

MAX (CONT'D)
Another?

Frank glances at his WATCH - an expensive, slim gold job.

FRANK
Why not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Max calls to the Owner.

MAX
(Indicating watch)
Pretty.

FRANK
(Cocky)
It's an Audemars Piguet. There were only
ten made.

MAX
Impressive.

Max stares at Frank for a BEAT.

MAX (CONT'D)
This is crazy.

Frank looks at him, suspicious. What's with this guy?

MAX (CONT'D)
I know you.

FRANK
I don't think so.

MAX
Sure I do. It's Frank, right? Your
name's Frank.

FRANK
(Amazed)
How did you ...

MAX
Derby High School. You lived somewhere
over on Olive Street, right? I was up on
Martin Drive. I'm Max.

FRANK
Max Shilton?

MAX
Right!

Max beams, holding out his hand. They shake.

MAX (CONT'D)
How the fuck have you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
(Smiling)
Not bad. Not bad at all.

THE END (REALLY)

