

SERENITY

This Small Dark Look

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June 29th 2016

EXT. CARIBBEAN, OCEAN - DAY

It is another perfect day in paradise.

A flat ocean is an empty blue page apart from a single white dot. We move across the water toward the dot and see a tuna fishing boat at anchor with outriggers loaded and lines in the water.

As we approach we see the name of the boat is 'Serenity' out of Plymouth Island. We board the boat and find hot, woozy silence, apart from a beer bottle that rolls very, very slowly with the almost nonexistent swell.

This is a boat that is waiting for fate to take a hand, waiting for the moment of ecstasy, the moment when a big fat blue fin tuna takes the bait and all hell will break loose. Until then, this is a time out of time, when nothing happens and nothing matters apart from the line, the hook and the fish.

A hook and knife scarred tattooed hand picks up the rolling bottle and drops it in a trash bucket with some anger. We rise from the hand to discover the men aboard the Serenity.

The scarred hand belongs to the skipper of the vessel, BAKER DILL. He is late thirties, a creature of the ocean, half crusted in salt and dressed in rolled up chinos and a T shirt bleached by a thousand voyages. His hair is dressed by the ocean and the wind.

He is taking the silence and the lack of a bite personally and he's getting madder with every silent tick of the clock.

He gets a calming glance from his first mate, DUKE. Duke is a man of every race mixed and is greying into his fiftieth year. He will become a fish one day and he knows the ocean even better than Baker Dill.

Duke glances up at a Frigate bird which is circling over head. The frigate is a giant, prehistoric looking sea bird that soars above the ocean on warm air currents, flapping its wings maybe twice a day. It is the spirit of the ocean and is made out of time. Fishermen know that where the frigate circles there will be mackerel and jacks, and where there are mackerel and jacks, there should be tuna.

That's the theory....

In response to the bird, Duke goes to tighten a line. As we follow him we find two AMERICAN TOURISTS, both fast asleep in the game fishing chairs which are bolted side-by-side to the deck. The chairs have seat belts to prevent the fisherman being pulled into the ocean. The seat belts are unbuckled and dangle, swaying gently.

The two sleeping tourists are dressed in shorts and tennis shoes and T shirts with logos that read '*Drink beer, catch fish*'. They both have beer cans in the metal sleeves meant for the rods and we guess from all the empties in the trash they have drunk themselves to sleep.

The two men, (*RON and APE*) are of no consequence to Baker Dill as they slowly turn crimson in their sleep under the burning sun. Baker Dill steps around their big feet to squint into the glare of the ocean, as if by looking and praying he can summon the fish.

Duke glances at the tourists....

DUKE

Dill, you think we should wake them
and tell them to spray some more
lotion?

Dill doesn't even register the concern over two burning tourists. He gestures at the ocean and Duke comes close. There is a log floating in the water. Duke half smiles. Dill tenses just a little and looks up to his outrigger snaps on either side of the boat.

Duke turns to the tourists....

DUKE (CONT'D)

Guys? Guys. We got a log floating.

Ron and Ape are between drunk and hung-over and thirsty as hell as they stir.

RON

Got a what?

DUKE

We got a frigate bird in the air
and a log in the water. Both mean
tuna near...

Dill hears the word 'tuna' like a bullet in his back. We should sense Duke just broke some superstitious rule and silently Dill curses him and, silently, Duke tells him to go to hell.

They are like a married couple with their use of silence.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Also, maybe you should put on a
little more lotion.

The log has galvanized Dill and he skips back around the tourists toward the cabin....

APE

...Chance of another cold beer
Captain?...

Dill has gone up to...

INT. SERENITY, CAPTAINS WHEELHOUSE, DILLS PRIVATE WORLD

Dill lights a cigarette without interrupting his process of starting the engine, spinning the capstan and shifting a big gear stick to get the boat chugging forward. The exhaust coughs black smoke. This boat needs a service.

The cabin is a wreck of cigarette packs, soda cans, gum wrappers, and lots and lots of chunky metal fish lures that begin to swing and clank as the boat slowly comes to life....

Dill begins to circle the floating log, giving it a twenty yard berth. As he does he keeps looking up at the frigate bird which is spinning in an opposite circle but getting lower.

He looks ahead and narrows his eyes at the glistening open ocean. He whispers to the air as he speculates in his mind....

DILL (SOFTLY, TO THE AIR)
What do you think? You think the
beast is close?...

As yet we don't know who he is addressing.

EXT. SERENITY, DECK

We then cut close to Duke. He is also mumbling to himself as he surveys the sky...

DUKE
Hope times mercy equals
opportunity. Chance times virtue
equals providence....

The boat circles the log as Ron and Ape stumble around getting their own beers. Duke is at the stern, studying the ripples in the water, smelling the air, *listening* for fish somehow.

Duke will ramble like this occasionally. Dill doesn't hear it anymore. Dill leans out of the Captains Wheelhouse and calls out...

DILL
Duke?

DUKE
Little faster Dill.

Dill speeds up and Duke growls....

DUKE (CONT'D)

Now split the difference racer boy.

Dill finds a speed in between. He takes a swig of hot coca cola from the dash. He is praying now like a penitent. He looks up and sees the frigate circling away. He sees Duke straighten up, take off his cap and wipe his brow. He knows this is bad news....

DILL

Fuck...

Suddenly....

APE

Boat we had last year had a fish finder....

Ape has lumbered up to the wheelhouse and half stepped inside...

APE (CONT'D)

You got a fish finder in here or is it just logs and birds?

DILL

Sir, can you step away from the cabin. Guests stay out of the wheelhouse, first rule.

APE

Going round in circles here....

DILL

Yeah, like the bird...

APE

Ron? You got a picture of that big bird at least.

DILL

Please don't photograph the bird....

APE

What?

Duke knows Dill hates civilians in his cabin so he's approaching and on the case and soon close...

DUKE

Guys, maybe you come back and reel in, we'll move on to the edge of the reef.

Ape is half irritated, half laughing....

APE

Ron, get a photo of the bird. We sure as hell won't get a photo of a tuna on this boat...

Dill steps out of the cabin and confronts. The boat chugs on at slow speed with the wheel loose...

DILL

Sir? Please don't say that word on my boat.

Ape angles his head, squints. He's a big guy....

APE

Say what word?

DUKE

Guys come on, lets get those lines in the boat...

Ape looks back to Ron for security then turns to Dill...

APE

You mean don't say 'tuna'? What, you think it's bad luck? Well tuna, tuna, tuna....

Dill is just about to react when SNAP. One of the lines explodes from its trace on the outrigger and the reel begins to scream. The stout tuna rod bends like a slave as the fish that has the hook cruises toward the open ocean.

DILL

Holy...

Dill almost shoves Ape overboard as he runs across the deck to the screaming, bending rod which is now a living thing on the deck. Dill grabs the rod from its steel sleeve and takes the weight for just a few seconds. He gets the size and weight of the fish in two seconds before dropping into the chair and putting the rod into the metal pocket between his legs.

DILL (CONT'D)

Duke!! Strap me in!

Duke is already on it and bends close to snap the seat belt closed. As he does...

DUKE

Dill, when he's set you're going to have to hand over the rod to the paying customer....

Dill heaves the rod back and then lets the line scream away. He speaks darkly and with certainty....

DILL

No. It's him.

We see Duke understands something more in the simple words. He straightens.

DUKE

Dill, how can you possibly know
it's the same fish?

DILL

I feel it.

Ron is on them....

RON

OK, Sir, could I take over the rod
now?

Dill heaves the rod back slowly and then reels like a crazy man as he bows the rod forward again. He repeats the motion, which uses the rod and muscle to slow the tuna...

RON (CONT'D)

Sir? We paid seven hundred bucks
for this.

Dill is already sweating. The beast on the hook is three hundred pounds of power and Dill's veins bulge in his arms and neck as he heaves back again to slow the fish. The reel is still losing line, screaming. Duke uses an adjustment to the reel tension to come close and whisper..

DUKE

Dill. You struck, he's hooked, get
out of the chair.

Dill heaves again and reels fast. Ape arrives and puts his meaty hand on Dill's shoulder....

APE

That's my brothers' fish Sir, get
out of the fucking chair...

Dill whips open the belt and jumps to his feet. He has the rod secured in the metal pocket and knows he has some time for the fish to take the line as he pulls a huge, sharp knife from a sheath on his belt. He keeps one hand on the shaft of the rod and brandishes the knife with the other...

DILL

Get in the hold, sit down, shut up.

APE

Son of a bitch, we paid you seven
hundred plus gas...

Suddenly Dill lets out a chilling, animal roar from the pit of his stomach and it sounds like the screaming of the reel. He needs to make his point fast and words are too slow. The knife, the yell, the eyes, make Ape and Ron step back. This guy is crazy and he has a knife. Duke uses the momentum to shuffle them back toward the cabin....

DUKE

Looks like this is a trophy fish
guys. Go get some beers and enjoy
the show.

Dill is back in the chair and has snapped his belt back on. He has the rod in both hands, letting the reel scream between his legs. He calls out...

DILL

Duke, get on the wheel. He's
heading for Havana, follow him.

Duke skips into the wheelhouse. We come close to Dill's face, the sweat burning his eyes, the veins throbbing as he feels the fish, communicates with it down the line.

We see that for this man, the fish is all that matters in the universe. Not just in this moment but in his life.

EXT. OCEAN, SUNSET

We see the sun setting gloriously on the horizon. The Serenity is a silhouette. We can just make out a rod gently heaving and a line glistening.

EXT. SERENITY, SUNSET

In crimson light we see Dill's face as he fights the fish. It's been three hours and both are now exhausted. In the cabin the two tourists are sleeping once more. There are extreme pornographic magazines strewn around which Duke keeps for the purpose of placating tourists that Dill excludes. There are more beer cans strewn all around too and they roll with the swell.

Duke is coming round from the cabin and comes to Dill. Duke studies the way the rod moves in Dill's hand. Dill reels and his arms are now nerveless pieces of machinery. His breathing is shallow...

DILL

He's spent. Get the gaffe....

Duke hooks a finger around the tight line and pulls gently.

DUKE

No. He still has spunk in him
Dill.

DILL

I said he's spent. Get the gaffe.

Dill finally turns sharply to Duke and he obeys. He unhooks a long gaffe from its housing and holds it up against the setting sun. He also mumbles...

DUKE

Patience times hope equals
eternity.

Dill dares to gently unclasp his seat belt. He slowly stands up. The reel is sleeping at last, the rod bending under a dead weight rather than against the fight.

A precious silent moment as Dill drags the exhausted tuna closer through calm water. As he stands he just glimpses a huge dark shadow under the crimson water....

Then, suddenly, the reel screams again. The rod explodes into life. The line, stretched and burnt, finally snaps.

The tuna has gone.

Dill stands motionless with the straight rod in his hands. It is now light as air, it is nothing, it is emptiness. The line blows crooked and hopeless in the breeze. Duke daren't even look at Dill, whose face burns with the very last light of the sun.

Ape has woken. He supports himself in the doorway of the cabin as he scratches his balls.

APE

If you think we're paying you a
fucking single dollar for this
fiasco you're out of your fucking
mind.

EXT. ST.JOHN'S HARBOUR - EVENING

Dill has tied up the Serenity and is now tossing away bait, organizing the lures, swabbing the deck, anything to take the fury out of his head. He works in the lights from the harbour lamps and the searchlight on the boat.

In the near distance we see the lights of a small ramshackle fishing village. There's a boat gas station and a store that advertizes 'Beer, bait, ice and tackle'. Beyond the store, wood built shacks and some stone built colonial houses make a half hearted attempt to climb a hillside, but the money or the power ran out a hundred and something years ago and this town is almost all slumped down on the dock side.

A cat licks its paws on the dock and Dill tosses it a bait fish. Duke appears in the lamp light, a long shadow...

DUKE

Lieutenant Gonzalez said without a paper contract there's nothing we can do.

Dill doesn't hear. He keeps swabbing....

DUKE (CONT'D)

So the gringos don't pay. No Kingfish to sell to Lionel because you spent all day on tuna...

Dill nods but works on. Duke hesitates. Finally Dill looks up briefly.

DILL

I'll pay you, Duke, OK?

A pause. Dill goes back to work. After a long pause...

DUKE

Yeah? How?

INT. HALF LIT BEDROOM

Dill is having sex with a woman called CONSTANCE.

The curtains are half open and we glimpse the slick water of the dock reflecting the lights of the village. Somewhere, someone is playing tango music and we hear people talking and laughing outside.

Constance is late forties, beautiful still but not so sure anymore. We watch Dill do something that he does very well and, soon after we join them, Constance reaches orgasm.

Dill rolls away. A moment taken by the tango music and then some applause (as if applauding Dill's performance). Constance sits up and lights a cigarette which she will share with Dill. As she shakes her match...

CONSTANCE

There's some skinny guy in town asking after you.

Dill hardly hears. Already his mind is back on the lost fish.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Says he's from Fontaine. You owe them money?

Dill stares at the ceiling. Constance offers the cigarette and tries a different way in to his head....

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Jack said he heard two fat guys in the Rope say you pulled a knife on them.

Dill takes the cigarette.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

You ever thought of taking a course in customer relations?

Dill gets out of bed and begins to dress. Constance isn't hurt or offended as he begins to pull on his salty fishing clothes. Constance has an agenda...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

By the way, did you see my damn cat?

Dill sniffs his shirt...

DILL

Up by Joe's place. I think old Joe is feeding him sprats.

Constance springs a gentle trap.

CONSTANCE

So you got all the way up to the cannery before you decided to turn around and see me.

Dill continues to dress. The band is playing Salsa now...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Why did you come Dill?

Dill takes the cigarette again....

DILL

Why d'you think?

CONSTANCE

It's just I heard you went to the Mercantile Bank this morning.

Dill is pulling on his shoes...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Who did you get?

DILL

Carter. Asshole.

CONSTANCE

How did you do?

DILL

Constance, you know how I did. In this place everybody knows everything.

Constance leans across the bed and opens a drawer. She pulls out a roll of US dollars. Dill rubs his eyes wearily, as if a pretence has been dropped.

CONSTANCE

Heard the bank refused to extend your loan.

She begins to count out twenties...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

So now you can't afford gas.

She continues to count...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I'm just a little hurt you got all the way as far as Joe's place before you decided on the last resort.

Dill runs his hand through his salty hair and looks out of the window. Constance has counted two hundred and fifty. She offers it.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Baker Dill, you're no more than a hooker.

Dill sits on the bed.

DILL

Hooker who can't afford hooks.

They both smile. Dill kisses her with genuine tenderness. He takes a breath and peers out of the window, sitting on the bed. She hooks an arm around him. With the business out of the way they can relax.

DILL (CONT'D)

How's your kid doing?

CONSTANCE

Still pumping gas in Miami. Why?

A pause.

DILL

He was good around the boat. If he ever gets sick of pumping gas I'd take him on.

CONSTANCE

What's wrong with Duke?

DILL

Oh I don't know. Getting a little crazy.

CONSTANCE

Him or you?

Dill takes a moment. They are intimate now and he decides on the truth...

DILL

Duke's got a grandkid in college.
He should find work that pays.

Constance sees the concern for Duke. She knows that deep down under the salt Dill is OK. She kisses him.

CONSTANCE

How dare old Joe feed my cat. I
like my cats to depend on me.

He smiles and she begins to unfasten the buttons on his shirt.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

My sweet kitty.

EXT. ST.JOHN'S HARBOUR - LATER THAT EVENING

Dill walks down the 'main' street of the fishing village. Most places are closed but the Rope and Anchor bar is the source of the music and there are a few people sitting outside on plastic chairs smoking and drinking rum. The music is slow now.

Dill goes to walk by but slows as he peers in at the lights. He fights his conscience and wins quickly. He goes inside.

INT. ROPE AND ANCHOR BAR

We come close to a twenty dollar bill as Dill passes it to a middle-aged barman (JACK) in return for a beer and a shot of rum. We might see a flicker of regret that he's spending Constance's money like this. Dill lights a cigarette and adds...

DILL

And one for old Wes.

Dill gestures into a dark corner. In the lights of a passing fish truck we glimpse an old fisherman, beaten and defeated, huddled around an empty glass, staring into space. Jack pours another shot of rum and takes it onto the shadows.

Meanwhile, Jack's son (MIKE) dares to approach Dill as he drinks. We might see he kind of worships Dill. Dill takes out a small battered notebook from his top pocket and a stubby pencil. He begins to make a record of his day...

KID

How was your day Mr Dill?

DILL

You ever been on a boat?

KID

Yeah.

DILL

It was like that.

The kid withdraws. The bar owner (JACK) returns from Wes's table and sees Dill being sour.

BARMAN

Heard you had him on again, Dill.

The comment raises hidden smiles on the faces of a couple of guys down the bar. Dill knows it, knows these people, everything is known already. Jack is feeling playful...

BARMAN (CONT'D)

Old Wes wonders if it isn't the same big old tuna that broke *his* heart.

Jack gestures at old Wes as he downs his shot in one then goes back to staring into space. The other guys smile. On the pages of the notebook we glimpse tightly written lines of latitude and longitude with crosses and ticks. We glimpse a system of recording catches and in the left hand column a list of percentages.

Jack glances at the book...

BARMAN (CONT'D)

You've hooked that same fish five times since New Year, right?

Dill turns the page....

DILL

Four.

BARMAN

You got a name for him yet? Me and the boys were saying earlier you should give him a name.

Dill nods, drinks. It is evident Dill is seen as obsessed, and a little crazy...

BARMAN (CONT'D)

That way Americans who don't know
better wouldn't say the word 'tuna'
on your boat and have you reaching
for your knife.

Dill finishes his drink in one go.

DILL

I already got a name for him.

He closes his notebook, puts it into his pocket and gets to
his feet...

DILL (CONT'D)

He's called 'justice'.

Dill leaves. Old Wes watches him pass by...

EXT. SMALL CATHOLIC MISSION

The door to the small church is open and a light burns. The
ramshackle stores either side are closed. Dill enters the
church, where Duke is sweeping the floor.

Dill goes to him and hands him a hundred dollars.

DILL

Tomorrow morning five thirty, OK?

Duke takes the money....

DUKE

You got money for gas?

DILL

If I didn't, where would we go?

Dill turns to leave...

DUKE

How many we got?

Dill walks and Duke smells evasion....

DUKE (CONT'D)

Dill? How many paying customers we
taking out tomorrow.

Dill turns in the doorway of the church....

DILL

No one. OK? Just me and you.

DUKE

Dill, you can't afford to waste
gas....

DILL (INTERRUPTING)
That was him today Duke. We get him
on the boat, we make fifty grand.

Dill walks. Duke leans on his broom...

DUKE
Dear Lord can't you put that man
and that damn fish together?

EXT. DILL'S SHACK

Dill approaches his small lodging as he finds his door keys. His house is on a hill and is little more than a shack next to a long abandoned gas station. A cat strolls through a street light.

DILL
Hey. Momma wants you home.

The cat disappears. Dill unlocks his door.

INT. DILL'S SHACK

It's more of a garage than a home, a place where Dill parks up his body for the night. There's a big chart of the waters around Plymouth Island on the wall and we see no other land, just shelves and troughs on the sea bed. There are lots of ticks and crosses on it.

Other than that a table, a kitchenette, a cupboard and some doors onto a yard not visible in the darkness.

Dill goes to a shelf and grabs a bottle of rum. He goes to a cupboard and takes out the only cup. He pours some rum into the cup and sits.

As he drinks and stares in the half light we face him and read that the mug has the words 'The World's Greatest Dad' on it.

He speaks softly to the darkness....

DILL
Sorry kid.

A pause.

DILL (CONT'D)
I swore he was spent. I felt his
weakness in my hands.

Dill finishes his rum and puts his cup down. We stay on the cup as Dill goes to bed.

INT. DILL'S SHACK, BEDROOM

Dill lies on his bed and smokes, looking at the ceiling, thinking about just one thing. The fish. On the air we hear the gentle industry of a tuna cannery. Dill stubs his cigarette and closes his eyes.

EXT. SERENITY, BLEACHED OUT OCEAN

In colors that almost blind us we see the boat in shimmering water. Two rods are out and we see Dill in silhouette against blinding light. Then a boy, twelve years old, approaches him on the deck. He is also in silhouette. Dill turns round and we hear the boy close....

KID

Dad. I don't care about catching
the fish. I need you to help me. I
need you to do something for me.
Only you can do it, Dad. Listen...

Dill kneels down on the deck like a penitent in church and the boy comes to him, all in silhouette. He leans forward and whispers in Dill's ear...

INT. DILL'S SHACK, BEDROOM

...Dill wakes with a start. He looks all around. Outside the sun hasn't yet risen and a cool breeze blows the curtains. Dill takes a while to come to. A cockerel crows. Another day in paradise. Dill lies back and considers.

He then gets out of bed and grabs a small spinning rod, already rigged with feathers, from beside the open window.

EXT. PLYMOUTH ISLAND - DAWN

There is no other traffic around as Dill drives his battered pick-up with the spinning rod in the back. The pick-up has been worn down to the bones by sea air.

Dill arrives at a red light and stops. He checks his watch. He sees there is no other traffic around and decides to run the light. He shifts gear and goes to pull away but the engine just revs.

He checks the hand brake is off. He tries again. The engine revs. Dill looks puzzled. Then the light changes to green. He hits the gas and the pick-up pulls away.

EXT. PLYMOUTH ISLAND, HARBOUR - MORNING

Dill is sitting on the dockside like a kid with his legs dangling.

He is using the skinny little spinning rod, dropping feather bait into the oily water. Each time he reels in, there are three or four little sprats and jacks wriggling on the hooks. They are silver and beautiful as the morning sun, which is just reflecting off the window panes of Plymouth.

He drops the little fish into a bucket of sea water, which is already filled with tiny fish.

Duke approaches, buttoning his coat. It's chilly in the early morning. Dill gets to his feet, wipes his hands and picks up the bucket. As Duke joins he takes the bucket and peers in it as he walks.

DUKE

Going to try mackerel?

DILL

Sprats for the mackerel, mackerel
for the lure. Wind's south west.
Always mackerel on a south west.

Duke smiles....

DUKE

So sprats times mackerel equals
justice.

Dill half smiles as they step aboard the boat.

DILL

You heard about that, huh?

DUKE

Is 'Justice' really his name?

DILL

Hell no.

Duke heads for the captain's cabin, filled with hope, just as he is every time he boards the Serenity.

EXT. SERENITY, OCEAN - MIDDAY

The boat is anchored and Dill is trying live mackerel as bait. The lines though are taught but the reels are silent. We study Dill's face beneath the brow of a battered Panama hat as he waits and waits and waits. His notebook is just visible poking out of his top pocket.

Duke scans the skies for a Frigate bird but there is none. Dill dumps his cigarette and gets to his feet.

DILL

OK Duke, reel in, we'll try the
edge.

Duke is standing in the doorway of the cabin.

DUKE
That's more gas, Dill.

Dill brushes past him. Duke almost challenges but instead goes to the rods as Dill fires the engine. Duke mumbles to himself as he reels in.

DUKE (CONT'D)
Eternity in the flap of a wing.

EXT. SERENITY, OPEN OCEAN - SUNSET

It is the glorious conclusion of a sunset. The Serenity is at anchor with lines out. We see a cigarette being lit at the front of the boat. We see a cigarette being lit at the stern of the boat. Dill and Duke are at opposite ends of the boat.

There is tension.

INT. CONSTANCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We are with Constance as she peeks out of her window and sees the Serenity chugging into harbour. She can see from the deck and the way Dill prepares to tie up that they have caught nothing.

EXT. SERENITY - DARK

Dill goes about the business of cleaning the boat and stowing tackle with a clipped, fierce fury. Duke is at the end of his rope.

DUKE
I'll take the mackerel to Lionel
and at least get something.

DILL
No. Let 'em go. We don't deal
fucking bait.

Duke nods...

DUKE
Dill, look....

Duke grabs a bucket of live mackerel and pours it over the side...

DILL
You know something? Maybe it's
about luck. OK? Maybe you're
bringing me bad luck.
(MORE)

DILL (CONT'D)
Since your Marie died we haven't
caught jack shit....

Duke is furious at a reference to his dead wife but he's a gentle man. He turns and walks away quickly. Dill pushes it and calls out.

DILL (CONT'D)
Yeah that's it. Go. Find yourself
a fucking commercial Wahoo boat!

Duke keeps on walking. Dill stands alone on the deck. We know he got rid of Duke for a good reason. He takes a moment to stare at the sun and then out to sea.

As he stares at the sunset he mumbles softly...

DILL (CONT'D)
Just me and you now.

He blinks salt and wind from his eyes.

EXT. CONSTANCE'S BEDROOM

Constance watches Duke walk quickly away. She turns and lights a cigarette.

INT. ROPE AND ANCHOR BAR

A Mexican Mariachi band plays a mournful ballad.

There are a few groups of harbour men and some tourists drinking and listening to the Tango music. Old Wes is sleeping at his table. Dill walks by Wes and glances down at him once. He then sits alone at the bar and summons Jack...

DILL
Give me a swizzle.

Jack mixes the drink...

JACK
You know Dill, there's an Indian
woman up by Mace's boat yard who
says she can adjust people's luck.

Dill nods, turns around in his seat to turn his back.

JACK (CONT'D)
She got that Argentinian couple a
baby. Just some smoke and beads.

DILL
I don't need a baby.

Jack gives Dill his drink.

JACK

You need *something* man.

DILL

Yeah I need a drink. I thought we'd established that.

Jack glances at the notebook.

JACK

Percentages are not science. You can't tell the future from the past. You need instinct. And I hear you just lost that.

Dill looks up. Jack passes over the drink.

JACK (CONT'D)

Duke came by an hour ago. He asked if I had anything sweeping up or taking bottles to the recycling.

A pause.

JACK (CONT'D)

Said he's available for morning shift.

Dill nods and reaches for some cash.

JACK (CONT'D)

Doctor Bob was drinking here and he heard about the knife and said maybe you should go see him and talk about your state of mind.

DILL

Before or after his third tequila?

JACK

Dill, we laugh about it but some of the guys are concerned.

Dill hands over a ten. Jack pushes it back...

JACK (CONT'D)

There's money in fishing albacore at night. No asshole tourists on board. Lionel pays for grunts and flatfish too...

DILL

I fish tuna.

JACK

You fish for one tuna and it's a tuna that's only in your head.

Dill pointedly pushes the money back. A pause as Jack hesitates to take the ten dollars on the bar.

Then suddenly fate takes a hand. A female voice...

VOICE

I'll get that.

Dill and Jack turn. It is almost a miracle. From the shadows a beautiful woman in her thirties has appeared whole. An elegantly dressed, perfectly groomed woman from another world is framed against the mariachi band. She has a hundred dollar bill in her hand and places it on the bar. This woman is KAREN ZACHARIAS.

Dill stares at her. He wouldn't be more surprised if it were the devil himself. She peers at him and smiles....

KAREN

How you doing John?

Jack hesitates at the name. Karen looks at him and he takes the hundred...

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'll take a sparkling water too.

JACK

Ice and lemon?

KAREN

Why not?

Jack withdraws and Karen sits down beside Dill. He is utterly shocked but keeps a lid on it. She angles her head at him...

KAREN (CONT'D)

So what do you say?

Dill takes a moment then growls softly...

DILL

I say I'm not called John anymore.

KAREN

Fate's funny huh.

Dill is bewildered, angry at this woman but also many other things. He loved her once and maybe still does. But still he keeps a lid on. One of the regulars is staring at her, a vision from another world. Karen confronts...

KAREN (CONT'D)

What is this, a staring contest?

The guy looks away.

DILL

OK, Karen, I don't believe in coincidence.

She turns to him...

KAREN

Neither do I.

Jack returns with change and a sparkling water. Karen very pointedly pushes a twenty back at the barman as a tip. Dill and Jack react.

JACK

Welcome to Plymouth ma'am.

He withdraws again to start the speculation about the woman down the bar. The Mariachi band finishes and there is applause.

KAREN

You smell pretty bad.

DILL

Yeah? Well when you wear so much perfume everything real smells bad.

KAREN

Actually I'm not so sure you're real at all. Took so long to find you.

Dill was a little sleepy-drunk but Karen has woken him up. He confronts...

DILL

Why would you be looking for me?

She looks around at the bar where all eyes are now on them.

KAREN

You have a place here?

DILL

Sometimes.

KAREN

Or maybe we can go to dinner.

DILL

Only place is the Rope and you're in it.

Karen sips her drink then puts it aside.

KAREN

I'd like to talk to you somewhere private.

DILL

And I'd like to know what the fuck
you're doing here at the edge of
the world.

All local eyes in the bar have now turned to Dill and the
stranger.

KAREN

I came to tell you that you were
right and I was wrong.

Dill is hooked and she sees it. She gets to her feet...

KAREN (CONT'D)

I hear you have a boat.

She glances at the staring faces as she pulls on her jacket.
Dill finishes his drink.

INT. CONTANCE'S APARTMENT/EXT. ROPE AND ANCHOR

From her apartment on the hill Constance sees Dill leaving
with Karen and heading for the boat.

EXT. SERENITY, DECK

Dill steps aboard and Karen joins him. She looks around at
the state of the vessel.

KAREN

It looked better in the photo.

Dill is untying the dock rope, finding his ignition keys.

DILL

What photo?

KAREN (NOT ANSWERING)

You own this boat?

DILL

Me and the bank. We take turns.

He skips into the wheelhouse and fires the engine. She
reacts and steps into the doorway of the cabin....

KAREN

What are you doing?

DILL

Going fishing.

KAREN

Are you serious?

DILL
All the fucking time.

He noses the boat away from the dock and sets off toward the mouth of the harbour.

EXT. SERENITY - MOONLIT NIGHT

In the glistening night lights of the harbour, the Serenity chugs through the calm water on a blade of moonlight.

KAREN
You always fish at night?

DILL
Nope.

A Mexican woman on the quay waves to Dill and Dill just nods. Karen takes it in. Dill lights a cigarette in his one handed way....

DILL (CONT'D)
Old Jack said I should go after
Albacore. A second later you showed
up. I figure that's a sign.

Karen lets the wind blow her hair as they head for the harbour wall....

KAREN
A sign of what?

He wipes his hands on a wet towel.

DILL
How the hell should I know?

Karen peers at him and smiles....

KAREN
Man, you haven't changed at all.

DILL (POINTEDLY)
People don't.

Dill's observation is evidently a dig at Karen. They are approaching the mouth of the harbour. Against the lights of the town they see the silhouette of a skinny man carrying a small suitcase who is running at full speed along the harbour wall. He yells....

SKINNY GUY
Mr Dill! Mr Baker Dill! Can I
speak to you?!

Dill doesn't look up. The mouth of the harbour is offering open seas....

SKINNY GUY (CONT'D)

Mr Dill! I'm from Fontaine. Can I
make an appointment to see you
Sir?!

His voice echoes as he stops at the end of the harbour wall,
breathless. Dill doesn't even glance at him as the boat
passes through his shadow. Karen is amused...

KAREN

You owe him money?

DILL

I guess.

Karen concludes to add to the mystery...

KAREN

Good.

Dill glances at her then, as they reach the mouth of the
harbour, shifts gear sharply....

The boat suddenly revs and roars and hits top speed, almost
knocking Karen off her feet. In both their reactions we
should see they knew each other well once and there is a lot
of business unresolved.

EXT. HARBOUR WALL

We come to the skinny guy with the small case. He is panting
for breath and bitterly disappointed as the Serenity roars
out to open seas. He is framed against the moon. He takes off
his round rimmed glasses and wipes them on his shirt. He has
extraordinary eyes.

This man is REID MILLER and we will meet him later.

Then, to our surprise, he sits down on the harbour wall, puts
his head back against a street light and instantly closes his
eyes. We stay with him for a while.

EXT. SERENITY, MOONLIT OCEAN - NIGHT

The boat is anchored in blissful moonlight. Dill is busy
with the boat, dropping anchor and then dropping a couple of
lines, baited with live mackerel. Karen watches him work and
sees the intensity. She also sees his pack of Marlboro and a
lighter beside the bait box. She takes one and lights it. She
takes a big drag of relief...

KAREN

First cigarette in fifteen years.

Dill walks by her, grabbing a bucket of fish gut. The anger between them is all from his side but he's trying to hide it, or convince himself it doesn't matter anymore.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Something about you makes me want
to smoke again.

She takes another drag. Dill dumps the ground bait over the side...

DILL
So. This is as private as it gets.
How did you find me and what do you
want?

He sets his reels...

KAREN
Back in the real world there's this
thing called Facebook.

Dill nods and tightens his line....

KAREN (CONT'D)
When I decided to track you down I
began to ask some of the guys from
school.

Dill stares at the rod tips angled against the moon.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You remember Dotey? The relentless
one?

Dill doesn't answer...

KAREN (CONT'D)
She put together a class reunion a
couple of years ago. The only two
who didn't show was you and me.

Dill is busy tightening his lines.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Anyway, no one knew where you were.
Everybody knew about Iraq and the
medals...

Dill dunks a bucket on a rope into the swell and washes it out. He physically dismisses the topic and Karen sees it....

KAREN (CONT'D)
Then little Greg put me in touch
with Ian who said a friend of Leon
had been out on this fishing boat
on some island in the middle of
nowhere.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

And he caught a fish and had a photo taken with it and he showed the photo to Leon and he said there was this guy in the shot who looked just like John Mason. But he said the guy was calling himself Baker Dill.

DILL (STARING AT THE RODS)

Was it a big fish?

KAREN

Excuse me?

DILL

If he had his photo taken it must have been a big fish.

A pause. Karen gets it. Dill is impressing on her that his only concern these days is fish, not people. She lets it ride and presses on....

KAREN

So I tracked down the photo. Couldn't tell if it was you standing there or not. But the name gave it away. Baker Dill.

He finally turns to her.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Dillon Baker was the only teacher you respected at Morgan. He taught mathematics, right?

DILL

You still haven't told me what you want.

She takes a moment and looks down a ripple of moonlight as she prepares to get to the point...

KAREN

I figured if you were using an assumed name you were on the run.

DILL

Just waiting for some things back home to lose their significance.

KAREN

But you being outside the law would be OK. In fact it would good.

She stops. Dill's curiosity is now aroused but he keeps busy with his lines. Karen knew Dill well once and is watching his every move to see where his feelings are after all these years. A pause as she looks down the road of moonlight.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Because, like I say, you were
right. And I was wrong. About
Frank.

Dill hears smothered emotion and glances at her.

KAREN (CONT'D)
He got richer and bigger and
drunker and angrier. Hands turned
into fists...

DILL (INTERRUPTING)
So get a divorce.

Karen doesn't reply. Dill has a line and a hook in his hand
and he is tying on with precision. He looks at Karen and
half smiles...

DILL (CONT'D)
Except, I guess you can't.

KAREN
No I can't.

A pause. Dill has fastened his hook...

KAREN (CONT'D)
He's even more connected than he
was. Cubanos out of Miami. If I
tried to leave he'd find a hole for
me in one of his construction
sites. That's the truth. Not just
because he owns me. I know his
secrets.

Dill baits the hook with a chunk of mackerel....

DILL
Come on Karen. The danger and the
violence was what made you wet in
the first place.

KAREN
He was ok at first.

He lets the baited hook drop on the line....

DILL
How would I know? I was in
Fallujah.

He casts the baited hook out into the darkness and rattles
the rod into the sleeve.

KAREN
Dill, I didn't come here thinking
you might forgive me.

Dill has a bloody knife in his hand and stands over her. He sees what looks like grave upset and needs to reach his own agenda...

DILL
He's violent with you, right?

Karen stubs her cigarette.

KAREN
Different kinds. He's refined it lately.

Dill sits down beside her gently, his anger clothed in gentle movements.

At last Dill touches on the real bruise in his life...

DILL (POINTEDLY)
And how is my son, Karen?

A pause.

DILL (CONT'D)
How is my son taking this 'refinement'?

Karen peers at Dill, knowing from the start this will be his weak spot..

KAREN
He kind of hides away. Plays games.

Dill turns away.

KAREN (CONT'D)
He has his computer. Plays for hours and hours. He seems kind of broken down in front of it.

She stops, always giving Dill just enough to rouse his emotions.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Dill. Saving Patrick is the reason I'm here.

Dill hears the name of his son like a stab in the back. He is disgusted and angry and runs his hands through his hair.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I'm in hell now Dill.

Dill gets to his feet and tightens a line to stop the emotion. Perhaps he remembers his dream when his son asked for help. He stares up at the Moon.

KAREN (CONT'D)

This can be just business. You need money, me and Patrick need to get free. My husband has never seen your face.

Dill knows where this is going. Silence. Finally...

KAREN (CONT'D)

Day after tomorrow he is joining me here for our tenth wedding anniversary. I said I'd charter a boat to fish tuna. He's kind of obsessed with fishing tuna.

A pause. Dill waits for the hook....

KAREN (CONT'D)

I want you to take my husband out on your boat, let him get drunk, then drop him in the ocean for the sharks.

Dill stares at Karen's face in the moonlight and sees she is deadly serious.

KAREN (CONT'D)

In return I will give you ten million dollars cash.

Suddenly Dill's rod springs to life and the reel begins to scream. He carries on staring at Karen...

EXT. DILL'S SHACK - DAWN

Dill pulls up in his beaten up Chevrolet pick-up. He jumps out and goes to the back to lift out a cooler box covered in dried blood.

As he turns he sees Constance approaching. For the first time Dill looks a little upbeat.

DILL

What you doing up here Constance?

CONSTANCE

Looking for my damn cat.

Dill knows it is only half true and walks up to her with the cooler in both hands.

DILL

Key's in my pocket.

Constance is a little surprised but reaches into his pants pocket and takes out his keys (house, boat ignition) which are bloody too. Dill gestures for her to open the door and, again, she is surprised.

CONSTANCE
I'm allowed inside?

DILL (IRONIC)
If you wipe your feet.

INT. DILL'S SHACK

Constance enters and we can see it's her first time in Dill's place by the way she looks around. Dill goes to the kitchenette and puts the cooler box down.

CONSTANCE
I heard you got lucky last night.

Dill takes three big juicy cuts of albacore from the cooler...

DILL
Damn right. Three albacore above
fifty pound. Eight hundred bucks.
Plus I cut out the tongues for
breakfast. You want some?

He holds up a strip of glistening albacore tongue.

CONSTANCE
Eight hundred dollars huh?

Constance is teasing but Dill hears a prompt and reaches into his other pocket for a roll of notes. He begins to count out the two hundred and fifty he owes but Constance puts her hand over his.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
See what tomorrow brings.

Dill puts the cash away then takes one of the fillets and begins to slice it. Constance studies him...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
They say she looks like some kind
of model.

DILL
Who?

Dill continues to cut....

CONSTANCE
She's taken a suite up at the
American Hotel.

Dill opens a cupboard and finds a small dish....

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Rosita who cleaned her room said
all her clothes were from Paris or
Europe...

DILL

Paris or Europe....

CONSTANCE

Phil, the manager, said her husband
is joining her tomorrow from New
York.

Dill puts the chopped up fillet onto the dish.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

And Consuela googled the husband
and he's some billionaire
construction guy...

Dill licks his fingers of raw fish juice....

DILL

Doesn't anyone in this town ever do
any work they're paid to do?

To Constance's surprise he heads for the front door with the
cut up fish. Constance follows.

EXT. DILL'S SHACK

Dill puts the dish onto a small whitewashed wall and wipes
his hands on his pants....

DILL

Cat bait. I'll catch him. Your cat
have a name?

CONSTANCE

He doesn't come when you call. By
the way half the Rope heard her
call you John.

Dill looks at her.

DILL

Did you tell your son about my
offer? I need a first mate.

CONSTANCE

I didn't know it was an offer. Is
John your real name?

Dill goes back into the house and Constance follows.

INT. DILL'S SHACK

Dill is unbuttoning his shirt as he walks and pulls it off.

CONSTANCE

You want me to take your things to
the laundry.

He shakes his head as he unbuttons his pants.

DILL

You'd wash off the luck.

CONSTANCE

Phil said the lady said her husband
was coming here to catch tuna. Is
that why she came to see you?

DILL

Yep.

CONSTANCE

Are you going to take him out?

Dill has taken off his pants so that now he is naked.

DILL (FIRM, CERTAIN)

Nope.

Dill turns and walks through the kitchenette and out the back
door into the strip of grass that serves as a yard. He then
walks to the edge, climbs over a broken down fence...

EXT. DILL'S SHACK, CLIFF FACE - WIDE

We now see Baker Dill's shack is perched on the edge of a
cliff and we see Dill, naked, walking to the cliff edge.

He jumps.

He falls thirty feet into the swirling ocean. Still wide, we
see Constance walk to the cliff edge and look down.

We come close to her and see she is as surprised as we are
that this is Dill's routine. Dill has surfaced. Constance
half smiles. A second later a cat jumps over a low wall and
comes to rub itself against her leg with a piece of Albacore
in his mouth. Constance calls down....

CONSTANCE

Dill? My cat says thanks for
sharing your breakfast.

Dill ducks under the waves like a fish. Constance waits.

EXT. OCEAN, UNDERWATER

We enter a sequence that should puzzle and begin to alert us to many possibilities.

We see a fizz of bubbles and a hand and a part of Dill's face as he swims under water.

He appears to be swimming down and down into the darkness at the bottom of the ocean. The images are uncertain but there is light above and darkness below.

These images begin to transform into computer generated images though we can't be clear that this is what they are. We see an arm, a leg, the side of a face, and a dark shape swimming down below.

(We might be reminded of underwater swimming sequences in computer games such as GTA or Skyrim but, for now, the connection should be oblique).

Dill swims in pursuit of the dark shape. Suddenly...

INT. DILL'S SHACK, SMALL SHOWER

...Dill suddenly opens his eyes in a shower of cold water. He is standing in his small (ancient) shower and reacts as if he has woken from a dream.

He takes a shocked breath as water pours on him. He has woken from a vision and has no idea how he got here.

As the water pours, he slowly looks up to the left and the right before fully coming to. He looks deeply confused for a moment before reaching out and turning off the water.

INT. AMERICAN HOTEL, LOBBY

...The lobby is fifties chic with four ceiling fans all switched off. There is cane furniture, wooden blinds and a parrot in a cage.

The desk clerk CONSUELA is sleeping with her head on the desk. The place is apparently waiting for something. We hear a car pull up outside and CONSUELA immediately wakes up and begins to shuffle papers.

A fat guy in a crumpled white suit enters, wheeling an expensive suitcase. He is half Cuban American, half Irish but he uses the name FRANK ZACHARIAS. He has a golf cap on his head and he wears heavy gold jewelry. From outside a porter in ragged uniform follows pulling a second large suitcase.

Zacharias walks to the counter and slides an American driver's licence across the oak desk.

ZACHARIAS

Zacharias. My wife's here already.
Get me a key.

Consuela smiles. Zacharias taps the desk with one of his gold rings, as if his body is impatient already.

CONSUELA

Welcome to Plymouth Island Mr
Zacharias. I'll call your wife and
let her know you're here.

Zacharias turns away from the desk and suddenly engages in a frenzy of sparring with the air. Like a boxer or a boxing fan who sometimes just practises. He stops as suddenly as he began. He then speaks coldly, without humour...

ZACHARIAS

No, I'd like to surprise her.
She's not expecting me until
tomorrow.

Consuela hesitates and checks the ID. Within half a second Zacharias makes a joke without humour...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

What? She with someone?

CONSUELA

No Sir...

ZACHARIAS

So give me the key. Fun, you know,
surprise.

He taps the counter quickly. Consuela is uneasy but she reaches to a line of hooks and finds a spare key to the Ocean Suite. Zacharias turns to the sweating porter....

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Kid. Get me a bottle of Champagne.

As he walks, he spars with the air again.

INT. AMERICAN HOTEL, KAREN'S SUITE, BATHROOM

Karen is in the shower. We stay with her for a moment as she closes her eyes into the water. She steps out and grabs a robe. As she does she hears the door open and then close. She jumps a little and within a second Zacharias is in the bathroom, checking it out even as he grabs her...

KAREN

Frank? My God....

ZACHARIAS

Rolled them a day early.

KAREN

But there were no flights today...

ZACHARIAS

Rented a Leah jet. Had to come and get ya.

He grabs her and kisses her neck.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Some fucking place. I say 'Champagne?' and it's like it was moon rock. Come here.

He takes her arm and leads her toward the bedroom.

INT. AMERICAN HOTEL, KAREN'S SUITE, BEDROOM

Zacharias walks smartly to the bed and sits down on it.

ZACHARIAS

OK I paid a jet for this, take off your robe.

We sense Karen is trapped in some kind of vortex around this big guy. She is afraid of him and resigned to obeying. She unties the belt of the robe and lets it slip off. Seagulls scream outside. Zacharias twirls his finger at Karen and she turns around on instruction. Zacharias reaches into his pocket and takes out a silver hip flask. He unscrews the top.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

You been a good girl for Daddy?

He takes a swig. Karen still has her back turned.

KAREN

Yes.

Zacharias comes close to her. He begins to study her back and her ass.

ZACHARIAS

So what's this?

He examines a mark just above her buttock....

KAREN

Just a little scratch.

ZACHARIA

Just a little scratch huh. A cat maybe?

KAREN

I don't know.

He pours some liquor from the hip flask onto the scratch then onto her back so that it trickles between her buttocks. She reacts with a shiver...

ZACHARIAS

Forty year old single malt. Tastes good in your ass huh. OK, let me take a look around here....

He turns her around and puts on a pair of spectacles. He begins to inspect her body. She is frozen. After a long, intimate search he is satisfied.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Well OK. OK.

He straightens and then unbuckles his belt and pulls it through the loops slowly.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

You've been a good girl. So no stick today. Just the belt. A little treat for you...

KAREN (QUICKLY)

Honey they hear everything here. The walls are like paper.

Zacharias gently takes her face in his hand.

ZACHARIAS

I paid a jet for this. Now what do you say to me?

Karen fights every emotion as the belt snaps free from the rings of his pants. His eyes are dead in his head as he waits. Finally...

KAREN

Please Daddy, I've been a bad girl.

He folds the belt in half.

ZACHARIAS

So what should Daddy do?

A pause. Karen looks down at her feet.

KAREN

Punish me.

INT. TRADE DRY GOODS AND TACKLE

A bell tinkles on the door.

The store is for professional fishermen and sells tackle for game fish along with some firearms, knives, feed for chickens, lures and general hardware.

It is a chaos that makes sense to LOIS, the sixty two year old lady who runs the store. As we find her, she is reading a Harpers and Queens magazine while standing at the counter in a brown overall.

Dill enters on the bell. He is taking a roll of notes out of his pocket.

LOIS

Man of the moment. Your ears burning?

DILL

I came to settle up.

Lois straightens her bad back with a wince of pain. She goes to a battered ledger on a back shelf.

LOIS

Well, if you want my opinion, I didn't think she was so special.

DILL

Jesus.

LOUIS

Parading right there on the quay with some big hat and shades you'd think it was ninety degrees.

Dill is counting out cash.

DILL

I owe for twenty spoons, hooks, thousand yards of line right?

She glances at her ledger and nods.

LOIS

And her husband. Man. Three hundred pounds. Like a fat tuna.

Dill looks up from the count, surprised. Lois likes to be the bearer of news.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Yeah. Her husband arrived on a jet decorated like a cake. Consuela said he came early to surprise her. Romantic you know. Gave Carlos a hundred and fifty for finding Champagne at ten am.

Dill nods gently as he hands over twenty five dollars.

DILL

Also give me a dozen regular sevens
and some traces.

She goes to the lure rack...

LOIS

Going after Albercore again?

Dill is now flicking through a sports fishing magazine,
finding the equipment for sale section.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Guess you've got to pay the bills
now Duke's gone.

Dill rides the knowledge about Duke. It's routine. Lois
gasps as she reaches up for a giant wooden lure...

LOIS (CONT'D)

Poor old Duke got some day work up
at the boat yard.

DILL (SOFTLY, READING)

Yeah 'poor old Duke'.

LOIS

You shouldn't have blamed his wife
for your bad luck.

Dill is so used to everyone knowing everything he doesn't
look up....

DILL

I don't. I blame your damn hooks.

Lois smiles as she lays the tackle on the counter.

DILL (CONT'D)

And two cedar Jennies.

Lois is surprised...

LOIS

For tuna?

DILL

What else?

Lois hesitates.

LOUIS

Albercore at night, tuna in the
day. When you going to sleep?

DILL

When I've bought my boat from the
bank.

(MORE)

DILL (CONT'D)

Then I'm going to sail to a place
where nobody knows your business.

LOIS (CASUALLY)

And what name you going to use
there?

Dill almost reacts to her knowledge that he's been called by a different name but decides to let it ride. He hands over some cash and Lois hands over his lures. She then adds in a deadly calm voice...

LOIS (CONT'D)

Consuela said the big guy beat her
with his hands and his belt. Hour
and a half. She didn't make a
sound. Except to say 'thank you
Daddy'. I'm guessing the shades
were to hide her bruises. Miami is
some crazy place, right.

Dill scoops up the lures. He hides deep emotion which we may see for the first time....

DILL

Yeah.

Dill heads for the door...

LOIS

Oh and there was some skinny guy
from Fontaine looking for you. He
left his card...

Dill has gone. Lois immediately picks up the phone and begins to dial. On answer....

LOIS (CONT'D)

Baker Dill wearing cotton pants and
a clean shirt that looked like he'd
pressed them. And when I mentioned
the husband he lost his count.

EXT. SERENITY - EARLY EVENING

Dill is approaching his boat with his tackle and sees Karen and Zacharias waiting in the shade of a big Coca Cola ad. Karen is wearing a broad brimmed hat and dark glasses. As soon as Dill appears, Zacharias gets to his feet and stands facing, with his feet apart, as if waiting for a gun fight.

Dill registers incredulity but continues.

ZACHARIAS

Hey Captain. My wife says you're
being difficult.

Zacharias wants to be light hearted but everything he says comes out dark and revealing of his true nature. He holds out his hand...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)
Frank Zacharias.

DILL
Baker Dill.

He glances at Karen.

DILL (CONT'D)
And as I explained to your wife last night, I don't have a mate right now. By law I am not allowed to take tourists out alone.

Dill goes to step aboard his boat but Zacharias takes his arm....

ZACHARIAS
Law? Here?

He gestures around...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)
I haven't seen any law that'd cost more than ten bucks since I left Miami.

Karen and Dill again glance at each other....

DILL
I can't afford to lose my license, OK?

He steps down onto his boat. Zacharias isn't a man accustomed to not getting his way.

ZACHARIAS
Four years in a line I won the Bermuda yellow fin tournament. Fifty six, seventy, seventy three, fifty four. Pounds.

Dill is getting his boat ready for an albacore hunt....

DILL (UNTYING A ROPE)
Your proficiency does not alter the regulations.

ZACHARIAS
Talks like a fucking professor...

Zacharias steps aboard the boat uninvited and Dill bridles, turning and straightening and confronting. Zacharias speaks softly and with threat in his voice...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Look. My beautiful wife arranged this trip to celebrate our tenth anniversary. She researched on the fucking internet night after night to find the perfect boat. She wants this to be perfect. Perfect for me. Now myself....

He puts a heavy hand on Dill's shoulder and speaks softly so Karen can't hear...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

...I'd say son of a bitch runs a bucket same as any other and I'd fly to some other island but I don't have time. I only have two days.

He reaches into his pocket and produces a huge bundle of hundred dollar bills.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning. Here at seven. Just me and you and the tuna.

Dill looks up at Karen and speaks to her more than Zacharias....

DILL

I already told you. It's too much of a risk. I'm not going to do it.

Zacharias turns and steps off the boat. Karen is looking over her shades at Dill and we just see a yellow halo of a bruise around her left eye. She calls out...

KAREN

Please think about it Mr Dill.

Zacharias takes her arm and stares down at Dill, his shadow large over the boat...

ZACHARIAS

It's OK honey, every man has his price.

He stares at Dill...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning at seven I will be here.

Zacharias casually lets his jacket fall open and Dill sees a revolver in a holster tucked into the fat of his chest.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

So will you.

Zacharias takes Karen's arm firmly and walks her away. Dill watches her go as the sun sets behind him. He is already in deep turmoil but, for now, he seems resolved. He goes to his sanctuary in the wheelhouse of the Serenity, where he fires up the engine and pulls away.

A few moments after he has gone, Reid Miller races onto the dockside with his small suitcase.

REID MILLER
Mr Dill! Mr Dill!

He sees the boat disappearing and growls with frustration. But once the boat is gone, he sits down on a bench. He blinks once then closes his eyes.

INT. LIONEL'S FISH PLANT - NEXT DAY, DAWN

Dill drives a fork lift truck laden with two large boxes of ice. In each box is a decent sized albacore tuna. The fork lift rolls into a large warehouse which is stacked with boxes of ice and boxes of freshly caught fish and live lobsters.

The fork lift glides through clear plastic strips into a gutting plant where fish are being processed. A short guy with a cigar is making lists on a clipboard as Dill brakes and jumps out of the fork lift. The short guy is LIONEL. He's Spanish Creole.

Lionel comes to examine the fish on the fork lift....

LIONEL
Two nights in a row. Moon changed
your luck.

DILL
I'd say fifty six and sixty two
pounds.

Lionel begins to examine the fish quality by drilling a tube into the belly. He pulls out red meat and sniffs it...

LIONEL
I've never known you to guess more
than one pound out so I won't even
bother to weigh. Say five hundred
dollars the two...

Dill instantly turns and goes to get back on the fork lift.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
OK, OK, six hundred.

DILL
Six fifty.

LIONEL

Deal.

Lionel has a money belt strapped around his waist and begins to peel off hundreds.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Yesterday when you came in with Albacore, I thought at last Baker Dill has seen sense. Then I hear from Lois you bought new tracers.

Dill takes the money. Of course Lionel knows everything.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

So even though you're making money on night fish, you're still going to go out after that fish that's in your head.

Dill takes the cash and puts it in his pocket.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

You do know he's just in your head, right?

DILL

Yeah. That's why I've got to get him out of there.

Dill turns to walk. As he goes....

LIONEL

Oh and there was some skinny guy out of Fontaine...

Dill has gone....

EXT. LIONEL'S FISH PLANT

Dill's battered pick up is parked in the morning sun beside trucks that will take fish to the ferry. As he approaches he sees Constance's cat sitting on the hood.

DILL

Hey. What the hell are you doing all the way down here?

He comes to the cat and the cat begins to lick his fishy fingers. Dill gently picks him up.

DILL (CONT'D)

I'll take you home. Collect my reward.

As Dill carries the cat to the driver's door a dusty, beaten up island POLICE CAR pulls up by the side of his pick up.

Dill opens the pick up door and puts the cat inside. From inside the cop car a very languid island policeman climbs out with a cigarette dangling. This is GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ
Hey Baker *que pasa?*

Dill and the cop hug briefly like old friends (they play cards and chess). Dill replies in good Spanish and we get sub-titles.

DILL
(My luck has returned my friend).

GONZALEZ
(So I hear. Albacore, right? You gave up on the blues?)

Dill shrugs and looks away. Gonzalez becomes serious....

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)
(Listen, I hear there's some rich gringo up at the American hotel. With his beautiful wife).

Dill answers in English....

DILL
Yeah I hear that too.

Gonzalez looks all around as if checking the coast is clear. There are some Hispanic workers nearby so he continues in English..

GONZALEZ
I hear something else.

Dill is patting his pockets for cigarettes and Gonzalez offers him one, which he takes and lights...

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)
I hear the rich guy wants to go fishing but you say you can't because you don't have Duke anymore.

DILL
Yeah, look, it's OK. When I have money for gas I prefer to go out alone anyway.

Gonzalez gets closer....

GONZALEZ
Fat guy is throwing money around all over. No reason some can't come to you. You're a good guy.
(MORE)

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

I'm off the island two days from this afternoon, OK? If you can't persuade Duke and you want to bend the rules you go ahead.

Gonzalez winks....

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

Charge the fat bastard times ten. He'll pay, no question. Take him out on your own and make some money.

Gonzalez blows smoke and concludes significantly...

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

Life gives you an opportunity, you take it.

Dill hears a different meaning to the one Gonzalez has. Gonzalez slaps his shoulder and walks back to his car...

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

We'll play chess when I get back. What's the score? Two hundred twenty plays two hundred and five right?

Dill is deep in thought.

DILL

Something like that.

It's almost as if fate is tempting him to do what Karen wants him to do. As Gonzalez opens his car door...

GONZALEZ

Also some skinny guy from....

DILL

Yeah, yeah I know.

GONZALEZ

I think he's trying to sell you something.

Gonzalez drives away. Dill peers at Constance's cat, licking its paws on the passenger seat.

INT. CONSTANCE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Dill and Constance are having sex. It's not quite the success it was before but eventually Dill rolls and Constance lights a cigarette. After a moment...

CONSTANCE

Things on your mind?

DILL

I need to get out on the ocean
before ten.

Constance shakes her match, (a daylight repeat of the night time scene?) We come close as the match tinkles in the ashtray exactly as it did before. Dill grabs his shirt, sniffs it....

CONSTANCE

So tell me the truth. You knew her
before, right?

He grabs his pants. Constance studies him...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I hear she needs to be saved.

DILL

Yeah?

CONSTANCE

He gets drunk and beats her up.

DILL

So call the cops.

CONSTANCE

Gonzalez is off the island.

DILL

What about Philip? It's his hotel.

CONSTANCE

Consuela says he gave Philip two
thousand to go away. Lady was just
laying there on the bed.

Dill stands and buttons his shirt....

DILL

Maybe she's OK with it.

He glances at her. She is incredulous. Dill speaks with bitterness...

DILL (CONT'D)

Some women *like* men who treat them
badly.

Constance feels he's making a comparison. She goes to the window.

CONSTANCE

Don't flatter yourself Dill, you
don't treat me badly. We just lean
on each other a little.

(MORE)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I give you cash when the fish don't bite and you find my cat when they do.

She turns to him and speaks evenly...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

That's our game. 'Catch the cat for Constance'.

Dill straightens his hair in the mirror and Constance comes close. Dill grabs his Panama hat. Constance is reflective...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

OK Dill. Say fate gave you the choice. You get the lady or you catch that tuna in your head. Which would you choose.

Dill slows a little. The question has reached him and Constance sees it even though it's only a flicker. She is amused (but also hurt).

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Ah. New game in town.

Dill heads for the door and opens it. The cat slips inside. Constance draws on her cigarette. She picks up the cat and speaks softly to it...

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Dill brings the cat. Dill wins.

Constance lays back on the bed and closes her eyes.

EXT. DOCK SIDE - MORNING

Dill is walking around the dock toward the Serenity. Suddenly Duke is at his side....

DUKE

Dill, the fat guy is aboard your boat already strapped in the chair, drinking Champagne from a bucket of bait ice. Lois says he's been there since seven am.

Dill only slows a little then walks on....

DILL

Then I will unstrap him.

DUKE

They say he drew out ten thousand in cash from the mercantile.

Dill walks on but reacts inside to the size of the amount...

DILL

And you want a piece of the action,
right?

Duke grabs his arm and stops him.

DUKE

You listen to me. Consuela heard
the guy say to his wife that he was
going to offer you the whole ten
grand. Like he was going to do it
to prove a point. Prove that some
little fucking guy can't say no.

DILL

So what?

DUKE

So I need the money. You need the
money. We take him out and let him
fish and I'll take two, you take
eight. The Serenity needs an
overhaul. My granddaughter needs
money for the next semester.

Dill looks away....

DILL

Why would I take you, Duke? You're
bad luck.

DUKE

No, no, no. Constance told me the
real reason you fired me. Pity's
worse than a fist in the face.

Dill reacts to everyone knowing everything and shakes his
head...

DUKE (CONT'D)

I'm not begging you Baker Dill, I'm
just telling you.

A pause.

DUKE (CONT'D)

When life offers you an opportunity
like this, you have to take it.

A pause. Dill hears the repeat of the phrase but doesn't
react. He looks across the harbour. He looks back to Duke
and decides. Finally...

DILL

OK. OK.

Duke reacts...

DILL (CONT'D)

But Duke, you just stay close to me. I need you to deliver me from temptation.

Dill walks on and Duke calls out....

DUKE

Temptation? What temptation?

Dill walks.

DILL

You don't need to know.

Duke catches him up.

EXT. SERENITY, DOCKSIDE

Dill and Duke approach the moored boat. They see instantly that Zacharias is strapped into the game fishing chair with two ice buckets at his feet. As they come close, Karen comes to Dill from the shadows....

Dill gestures for Duke to go aboard. Karen takes off her sunglasses to reveal a lemon yellow ring around a heavily made-up eye. They are face-to-face.

KAREN

My husband is offering ten thousand dollars.

Dill nods....

DILL

This is Plymouth. I already know.

KAREN

You're going to take him?

A pause.

DILL

Yes.

The moment he speaks they both hear the screech of a bird overhead. Dill looks up and see a frigate bird circling. He looks a little puzzled at its presence but this isn't the moment to dwell. He turns back to Karen. He sees hope in her eyes which he quickly addresses...

DILL (CONT'D)

I'm going to take your husband fishing. That's it. My first mate Duke will be with me. We will fish until sun sets and then we will return.

She is about to speak....

DILL (CONT'D)
All three of us.

Karen dares to grab his hand and Dill glances at the boat, where Zacharias is pouring another glass. Duke peers at them...

KAREN
Something I didn't tell you John.
If you do it, we can be together.
Me, you and Patrick.

DILL
I don't know any Patrick.

Before Karen can speak, Dill releases some of the anger that he always holds inside.....

DILL (CONT'D)
He was two years old when you left
me. I don't even have a
photograph...

Karen continues fast and even because time is short...

KAREN
You don't need a photograph. Look
in the mirror. He looks just like
you.

A pause. Dill looks away.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I know you think about him. All the
time. I know you do Dill.

Dill looks up again at the circling frigate bird.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You talk to him. About catching a
particular fish...

Dill looks down at Karen with shock. She is certain...

KAREN (CONT'D)
He says he hears you through his
screen.

As Dill reacts, Duke interrupts, calling out from the boat....

DUKE
Captain? Gentleman has brought
hard liquor aboard. Against the
rules, right?

Dill and Karen have locked eyes. After a pause Dill calls out.

DILL (TO DUKE)
No it's OK Duke. New rules.

Dill turns to board the boat....

KAREN
John? Are you going to do it?

Dill doesn't answer. He skips aboard the boat. Karen watches as Duke unties and Dill goes to the wheelhouse and fires the engine. Zacharias is now on his feet beside the game chair with a bottle of Champagne in his hand. He bows to Karen...

ZACHARIAS
Farewell baby. Daddy's going to
bring you a big, big fish.

Karen watches the boat leave the harbour not knowing how many men will return.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DROWSY MIDDAY

Dill has both outriggers loaded and the boat is coasting with wooden lures bouncing on the surface. Duke is checking the sky and has seen the frigate bird circling.

DUKE
Take a look, Dill.

Dill looks up and speaks half to himself and half to Duke...

DILL
Yeah I saw him close in. Circling
around right over the harbor.

Duke peers at him, a little puzzled.

DUKE
A frigate?

Dill nods gently and they both look up at the bird.

DUKE (CONT'D)
Frigates don't fly over land.

DILL
Damndest thing. It was like he was
coming in to collect me, you know?

Duke looks a little concerned at Dill's state of mind.

DUKE

Frigates don't fly over land Dill.
You must have been mistaken.

Zacharias is already drunk and suddenly bellows across the wave...

ZACHARIAS

Hey *tuna*!!!! Come to Daddy!!
Tuna!!!

The ultimate offence for Dill, but Dill just steers and smokes. Zacharias laughs as his voice echoes. Some sea birds take flight. We come close to Dill's face as Zacharias bellows again...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Tuna!!! Tuna!!!!

Duke glances up at Dill who gestures to let the horrible sacrilege pass as he gently holds the wheel. Zacharias then unzips his fly and sways to the edge of the boat to take a piss over the side. Duke comes to him...

DUKE

Sir? Sir, that is extremely dangerous. We have facilities inside.

Zacharias pisses anyway and bellows....

ZACHARIAS (PISSING)

Tuna!!!

Zacharias almost falls forward on a swell.

DUKE

Sir, our bait will have attracted sharks....

Zacharias fights free and zips his fly.

ZACHARIAS

Fuck sharks, OK? Didn't get a fucking Leah jet to catch sharks. Plenty of those in New York.

He grabs a rod and jerks it.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

I came for....TUNA!!!!!!!!!!

Suddenly Dill is at his side.

DILL

Sir, if you just want to take a seat, we'll go try out on the shelf.

ZACHARIAS

No, no, no, I got a feeling. I got a feeling here. I feel them, you know? Old guy? You get that? When you feel them?

Duke glances at Dill....

DUKE

Yeah, sometimes.

Zacharias slumps in the game chair and pours himself a glass of rum from a bottle in the melted ice bucket.

ZACHARIAS

We stay here and we wait.

Duke and Dill silently agree. The water slops around the sides of the boat as Zacharias drinks. He doesn't care for silence....

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

So how do you guys live in a place with only one fucking bar?

Duke peers into the water....

DUKE

Rope's not so bad.

Zacharias lights a cigarette and tosses the match on the deck. Duke can see Dill smouldering too and tries to lighten the mood.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Used to be called the *Hope* and Anchor. Then old Jack decided there wasn't much hope to be had in Plymouth so he changed 'hope' to 'rope'. Lots of rope in Plymouth. Enough to hang yourself. Isn't that right Dill?

Dill doesn't reply as he picks up Zacharias's smoking match and tosses it over the side. Zacharias gestures at the ocean with his cigarette....

ZACHARIAS

Maybe we don't have enough bait out there. Throw out some bait.

Dill and Duke swap looks and silently agree he's wrong but 'what the hell'? They busy themselves with throwing out bloody shovel fulls of bait from buckets of guts and fish head.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

So what do you guys do for girls in
this fucking place?

Dill and Duke work on....

DUKE

Not much.

ZACHARIAS

What? You too old? What about you
Mr Dull?

Dill shovels blood and guts into the calm water....

DILL

Kind of a small island.

ZACHARIAS

Yeah, well, a guy up at the hotel
said in the poor part of town round
by the commercial harbour there are
little girls who take it in the ass
for ten dollars. Is that right?

Dill steams as they toss out bait. Then Dill sees the
protruding fin of a shark circling the boat...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Just little, you know, harbour
rats. Fuck them in the ass for ten
bucks. Is that right?

DUKE

I really wouldn't know about that
sir.

Another shark has appeared. Duke and Dill watch it go
around...

ZACHARIAS

I'm going to go check it out
tonight. Fuck one of those little
girls in the ass.

Dill speaks up in an even voice to stop himself killing the
guy...

DILL

You don't have kids yourself Mr
Zacharias?

Zacharias drinks and laughs...

ZACHARIAS

Nah. My wife has this son. From a
previous fuck up. Creepy little
bastard.

Dill gets busy with lines. Zacharias snorts with smoke...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

I try, you know? I say come on, come outside and throw a fucking ball. Come out and play football like a man. And he sits there and looks at his fucking screen all day long like he's looking out of the window. All fucking day with the curtains closed....

The sharks are circling...

ZACHARIAS

So one day I grabbed him and pulled him off his chair and I looked at what he was doing. Expecting, whatever, pornography, or ninjas, or some guy stealing cars. But you know what he was doing?

Duke and Dill have clattered their bloody buckets onto the deck, both empty...

ZACHARIAS

He was catching fish. Some dumb game where you have to catch a fish. There's this boat, some guy, catching fish. Catching tuna.

Dill is tying a line but reacts as Zacharias continues...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

I said how can you do this same thing all day long? You know what he said?

A pause. Zacharias half chuckles, though he is evidently still a little shocked.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

He said 'if I didn't go fishing all day, I would find a way to kill you'. I swear to God that's what he said to me.

Zacharias is drunk and his mood changes quickly. He takes a big swig of rum. We can see the memory freaks him out...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Creepy little fuck. Gives me the shivers. One day I'll find a hole for him...

Dill is almost bursting. He steps close so that his shadow falls over Zacharias. But he speaks evenly....

DILL

And why would he want to kill you
Mr Zacharias?

Duke knows Dill well and feels the emotion, knows something is different here. Zacharias pours another drink...

ZACHARIA

Who the fuck knows? He caught me
fucking his mother once. Fucking
her good and hard the way she likes
it. Maybe he misunderstood the
game we play.

Zacharias turns and finally sees the murder behind Dill's eyes and, even though he is drunk, is a little puzzled by it.

ZACHARIAS

What the fuck do you care Mr
Dull?...

Duke is studying Dill. He has instincts about many things and begins to read the possibilities. Zacharias suddenly gets to his feet...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Anyway, maybe you guys can give me
the name of the street...

Zacharias kicks over the ice bucket and the water pools....

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

...where these little girls hang
out...

He stretches and burps. The temptation, the desire to throw this asshole overboard is getting stronger. Zacharias suddenly begins to punch the air, the way he does, a flurry of punches. When he stops...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Hotel guy said there's only one cop
and he left the island. So I guess
I can do whatever I want, right?

We might see a possibility in Dill's eyes that he might just do this.

DILL

Yeah, there's no law on Plymouth
Island right now...

The moment Dill thinks the unthinkable, an outrigger snaps, a rod bends and the reel begins to scream.

Dill almost slips on the spilled water but grabs the rod. Zacharias struggles to his feet....

ZACHARIAS

Give me that damn thing.....

Dill has judged the pull and the fight on the rod in a second...

DILL

Sit down, it's just a shark.

ZACHARIAS

Don't give a damn, give me the fucking rod....

DILL

It's a shark, you said you don't want sharks.

Zacharias steps up and confronts Dill.

ZACHARIAS

You mean you get no money for the meat. I'm here for sport. Give me the fucking rod.

A moment. Dill hands the weight laden rod to Zacharias. The sudden pull of the fish jerks him forward....

The deck is slippery from the spilt water and he stumbles against the side of the boat. His weight gives his upper body momentum and he almost falls over the side with the rod bending in his hand. There are sharks all around and a shark on the line.

Just one push and this obnoxious monster would be shark food. Just one push. It is as if time stands still for Dill and Duke sees it. Duke knows Dill well and sees the workings inside his mind.

The two seconds of opportunity pass slowly.

Zacharias could fall but then Dill grabs his arm and pulls him back to safety. Time resumes....

DILL

OK, take the chair and enjoy the pointless death of a beautiful animal.

Zacharias is too drunk to hear over the noise of the reel. Duke and Dill ease Zacharias into the chair and Duke snaps on the belt. The reel screams and the rod bends some more. Zacharias whoops...

ZACHARIAS

Oh man, now this is being alive!!!!

Duke watches Dill as he heads for the wheelhouse.

INT. CONSTANCE'S BEDROOM

Constance watches as the Serenity glides back into harbour. A shark hangs from a hook, around eighty pounds. Dill and Duke are preparing to dock. Constance registers surprise at the sight of the shark.

Constance sees a woman in white emerge from the shadows as the boat approaches.

EXT. SERENITY, DOCKSIDE

Karen steps into the light as the boat chugs to its mooring. She reacts when she sees Zacharias emerge from the hold and wave his arms....

ZACHARIAS

Hey baby! Look what Daddy caught!

Karen's hopes are dashed as the boat swings to and Duke steps aboard to tie off.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Fucking shark, man!

He whoops and his voice echoes.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

But I swear, tomorrow honey I'll get you a tuna.

The boat bumps against the harbour wall. Dill appears from the wheelhouse to help heave the boat's stern into place and tie it off. Karen peers at him then accepts a bloody hug from Zacharias.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

You got a kiss for daddy?

She kisses his cheek. Dill glances up then buries his head in his work. Karen speaks to Zacharias loud enough for Dill to hear...

KAREN

You're going out again tomorrow?

ZACHARIAS

Oh baby, I have to teach these guys some things, you know? They're set up for fucking sharks. Tomorrow I'll show them how to catch tuna.

He turns and calls out to Dill....

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

School for you tomorrow, right, Captain Dull?

We can almost see Dill grind his teeth....

DILL

If that's what you want. You're the boss.

Zacharias wipes his hands on his pants....

ZACHARIAS

Let me go wash my hands. You pay the guy and watch his fucking eyes pop out.

Zacharias goes to the harbour hose twenty yards away and turns on the tap. Karen steps close to the boat. Dill wipes his hands and steps ashore. She hands him a wad of notes.....

KAREN

So, tomorrow.

Dill is counting the money fast.

DILL

If you pay me another ten, we will do exactly the same again tomorrow.

KAREN

John...

DILL

We fish, we come back.

KAREN

You spent a day with him. I've had ten years...

Dill growls....

DILL

You have money. Go to Europe. Get my son away from that fucking animal...

Karen sees that Zacharias has provoked Dill into fury about his son. She can use this...

KAREN

We'd never make it. The house is a fortress. Only you can stop him, John. You're Patrick's father, only you can save him....

Zacharias has put his head under the hose and whoops...

ZACHARIAS

Man, I got blood all over!

Karen continues quickly....

KAREN

The ten million is dirty money.
It's in cash. It's yours.

Dill has finished his count and finally looks up. Dill and Karen are eye-to-eye, smothering their emotions. In the spotlight on the deck, Duke is observing, reading things. Karen sees Zacharias approaching..

KAREN (CONT'D)

John, your son wants you to do it.
This was his idea...

Dill reacts. These quickly spoken words are a catalyst. Zacharias returns...

ZACHARIAS

Come on honey, let's go up to the
hotel and get a drink.

He takes her arm and they walk but Karen gives him one last look. Dill watches them go. Then Duke is at his side. Duke and Dill communicate in silence. After a moment...

DUKE

Talk to me about temptation Dill.

INT. ROPE AND ANCHOR BAR

Rain is falling outside and the place is sparsely populated. Dill brings drinks to a table in a bay window. Rain dribbles down the window pane. Across the bar Old Wes sits alone in his usual place and sips a glass of rum. A candle burns. As Dill sits....

DUKE

Temptation times love equals
damnation.

DILL

Where does love come into it?

Duke sips his drink as Dill lights a cigarette from the candle...

DUKE

I know you Dill. The way you
looked at her. The way you looked
at him.

Dill peers out at the rain.

DILL

At high school we were King and
Queen.

A pause.

DUKE

What happened?

Dill plays with the ash in the ashtray with his cigarette....

DILL

I went away to war. When I got back
she was with him. Except I didn't
come back. Baker Dill came back.

A pause. Duke takes a moment...

DUKE

Well she sure as hell made a poor
choice in shark man. That sticks in
your gut, right?

DILL

Nope. You get what you deserve.

A pause. Duke dares confirm...

DUKE

But that kid he was talking
about...

Dill interrupts...

DILL

When I first hired you, I told you
I have rules about discussing the
past.

Dill swigs rum, stares at the window....

DUKE

I'm not talking about the past,
Dill. I'm talking about today. On
the deck. I spent so long on boats
with you, I hear you thinking.

Dill looks up at Duke in the candlelight. Duke waits.
Finally....

DUKE (CONT'D)

How much did she offer you to kill
her husband?

Dill looks out at the rain.

DILL

Now who's crazy?

DUKE

The whole island knows he beats her
up...

Duke puts his hand on his.

DUKE (CONT'D)

But there is a God Dill. Even if you think you could get away with it. Even if that bastard deserves it. Even if Lieutenant Gonzalez wouldn't raise a finger. There is right and wrong, heaven and hell...

DILL (INTERRUPTING)

OK, Duke, you made two grand today, why don't you go and put it somewhere safe.

A pause. He nods gently....

DUKE

And what about tomorrow?

DILL

The look of this weather, there will be no tomorrow.

DUKE

This will blow over by morning and you know it. So tell me about tomorrow. Am I hired to come along or are you going out with him alone?

A long pause as Dill smokes. Then he looks up...

DILL

I'm going to sleep on it.

Duke realizes that Dill is on the edge. A dark moment as thunder rumbles.

DUKE

I doubt you'll sleep.

Duke gets to his feet...

DUKE (CONT'D)

But there is a God Dill. And you're a good man.

A pause.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Catch the fish in your head. That is what you must do. Only that. Do not kill the fat man.

Duke turns and walks. Dill looks out at the rain. He then glances at Wes, who is drinking alone and studying a small notebook, exactly like the one Dill uses.

Dill finishes his drink and leaves...

EXT. SERENITY, DECK - LATER

Dill sits in the game chair on the deck as rain pours on him. He stares out toward the open ocean through the sheets of rain.

We come close to his face. Then a rumble of thunder which turns into a whisper...

BOY'S VOICE (OOV)
Dad? I need you to do it. ..

Dill turns sharply but there is no one there, only a lure swinging more quickly than the swell. Dill gets to his feet and stares into the darkness of the hold. Then he turns and looks up at the sky where there is another flash of lightning....

EXT. CONSTANCE'S BEDROOM

Constance has her cat on her lap as she stares down at Dill through a rain spattered window. The cat purrs. She sees Dill looking again into the hold and then returning to his game chair in the pouring rain....

CONSTANCE (SOFTLY)
Oh sweet kitty...

EXT. SERENITY, DECK

We return to Dill as he sits down in the game chair, soaked to the skin. His mind works. Then a shadow. He turns. Karen, dressed in dark clothes, walks across the deck quickly and disappears into the covered hold. In shock, Dill stands and follows...

INT. SERENITY, HOLD

Rain drums on the roof. The hold is lit by a single lamp. Tuna lures sway and jangle on the small swell. Dill is soaked and steams as he walks into the warmth of the hold. Karen turns....

DILL
What are you doing here?

She is shivering.

KAREN
He went to look around the
commercial harbour. John....

She comes to him and they face each other...

KAREN (CONT'D)

All these years I never stopped thinking about you. Look.

From her drenched pocket she produces a small brass ring.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You put it on my finger when I was sixteen. Remember? Outside the Fix in the parking lot. I kept it.

Dill takes the ring and holds it up to a blade of harbour light.

KAREN (CONT'D)

The same one. Brass. You took it from the burner on the stove on your dad's boat....

He studies it. He then hands it back to her.

DILL

Some old ring you found...

KAREN

No. You said 'with this stupid ring I thee wed baby'. I remember it word for word and you laughed. I kept it. I wear it when I'm alone.

She takes it and slips it onto her finger.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You remember that night too, right? We went to the bridge. You were fishing.

DILL

Eels and jacks....

KAREN

Then we had sex. First time. For me the first time ever...

Karen is trying to make Dill engage....

KAREN (CONT'D)

Man. If we could go back to that bridge that night. Would you go?

Dill considers (she is hooking him). At last he engages...

DILL

Would I go back? You mean no war. No fuck up. No pieces of my friends' bodies laying around in the sand.

Rain drums on the deck and the roof of the hold. We come close to Karen. She is playing him.

KAREN

I love you John.

Dill is like a fish that has almost been caught but breaks. His expression changes. His eyes die in his head. He leans her away and speaks without emotion.

DILL

OK, Karen here's the deal.

Dill lights a cigarette.

DILL (CONT'D)

Tomorrow I will take him out. He will drink, he will fall over board, the sharks will get to eat and I get ten million in cash.

She is about to speak...

DILL (CONT'D)

Shut up and listen.

She nods...

DILL (CONT'D)

Afterwards I'll go somewhere. Set up somewhere. Havana maybe. You bring the kid to me. We see what happens.

Karen nods again, not wanting to resist anything at all.

DILL (CONT'D)

But don't try to bullshit me with 'love' OK? I'm doing this for him. You and me is *not* part of the deal.

KAREN

OK, OK...

A pause. Dill looks at her and is convincing himself...

DILL

People don't change.

KAREN

Then I'm still the girl at the bridge...

He peers at her. The deadly metal lures jangle on the swell...

DILL

There's one other part to this deal.

Thunder rumbles....

DILL (CONT'D)

I fuck you right now.

Karen reacts. Dill is still expressionless. Karen adjusts quickly.

KAREN

Yes. Not even part of the deal.

DILL (INTERRUPTING)

Just take off your fucking clothes...

She begins to unbutton her wet coat. She laughs out of relief and cold, shivering a little...

KAREN

Dill, you can do anything you want.

She pulls off her coat.

DILL

That's right, I can.

Dill takes her in his arms. We might expect brutality but he is gentle. They kiss and both are consumed by passion. The lamp gets knocked over and begins to roll on the swell.

In the rolling light of the lamp, they have passionate sex which is not inflicted or vengeful.

Dill sees the bruises on her body and gently kisses them. She finds scars on his body, a bullet wound, and kisses it...

KAREN (WHISPERING)

Both damaged, right? Both damaged different places...

The light rolls with the rain pouring outside. Without words we see a relationship apparently reborn, but only for those few minutes.

When they have finished having sex, Dill picks up the lamp and puts it upright.

DILL

That's it. I win. I beat him.

The light stops moving and Dill is once again his dispassionate self. He speaks evenly...

DILL (CONT'D)
Tell him not to get here until
noon. We'll leave on the ebb.
I'll do it at high water. Current
will take what the sharks leave
into the Gulf Stream.

Dill throws her coat to her.

DILL (CONT'D)
Now get out of here.

INT. CONSTANCE'S APARTMENT

Constance is watching the boat and sees Karen emerge from the deck. She sees her taking off the ring and hurrying away. Constance smokes and strokes her cat with no visible emotion.

INT. SERENITY, HOLD

Dill is buttoning his shirt, lighting a cigarette and finding his car keys in the half light. He is preparing to leave and is securing the equipment. As he works, he mumbles...

DILL (TO THE DARKNESS)
Your mom says you can hear me when
I talk to you. How can that be?
Makes no sense.

He pulls a strap tight.

DILL (CONT'D)
Never know what's real with her,
right? But always opportunity
around her. Opportunity just pours
off her like rain. So yeah..

He looks resolved as he snaps his car keys around his hand and stares into darkness.

DILL (TO THE AIR) (CONT'D)
...We'll do this together OK? Then
you can open the damn curtains and
step outside.

EXT. SERENITY, DECK

Dill steps out into the rain and stares up at the sky. It's as if he has somehow begun to believe that Patrick is up there somewhere. Dill's eyes are open as the rain pours and he blinks quickly and speaks tenderly...

DILL
Why don't you go outside and throw
a football, kid...

Suddenly.

INT. DILL'S PICK UP/EXT. DOCK

Dill is in the driver's seat and the windshield wipers are sloshing away rain. His head is lowered but he lifts his head sharply and looks all around. Once again, we see he has no idea how he got here.

He checks his watch and sees it's just after two in the morning. He looks a little scared. In the rain he sees old Wes walking by with purpose with his head lowered. He walks through the beam of the headlights and away into the half darkness.

He reaches the edge of the dock and stands dead still, staring down into the water. He looks like a man planning to jump. Dill opens the door of the pick up and calls out...

DILL
Wes? You OK?

Instantly Wes turns and walks back the way he came, quickly and with his head lowered. Dill slams the pick up door closes and considers the road ahead.

EXT. DILL'S SHACK - NIGHT, THUNDER STORM

Dill pulls up in his pick up and, in a flash of lightning, sees Reid Miller waiting for him. Miller steps into the beam of headlights with his small case held over his head against the rain.

Dill is shocked and half gets out of the car.

MILLER (OOV)
Mr Dill? It's quite a bit
unpleasant out here. Can we go
inside.

Miller hurriedly finds a business card in his pocket and offers it.

MILLER (CONT'D)
My name is Reid Miller. From
Fontaine. The boat and fishing
tackle suppliers. I am a technical
representative and head of regional
sales in the latitudes that include
Plymouth. May I come in and talk to
you?

Dill is incredulous at the formal introduction and looks at the card in the rain.

DILL

It's two thirty in the morning...

MILLER

You're out at sea mostly. I thought
I'd take my opportunity.

He takes the case off his head and offers it. His eyes
glisten as rain pours....

MILLER (CONT'D)

What I have in my hands may change
your life and give you the one
thing you've always dreamt of.

Dill turns off the headlights and heads for the door.

DILL

Yeah I have kind of a big day
tomorrow.

A flash of lightning. Miller steps in Dill's path and cuts
him off.

MILLER

Yes, Mr Dill. I know all about your
big day...

Something in his voice and expression alerts Dill that this
isn't all it seems...

MILLER (CONT'D)

...And I think you should hear what
I have to say.

Dill studies Miller then pushes the door and it swings open.

INT. DILL'S SHACK

Dill and Miller enter. Miller shivers and looks for a place
to sit. He looks nervous as hell. Dill closes the door as if
he now has the situation in his control..

MILLER

They say this weather is going to
be gone by morning, do you think it
will?

He moves a reel in a broken box and sits on a chair. Dill
picks up his mug and pours rum. Thunder rumbles...

MILLER (CONT'D)

Fishermen always know.

DILL

What the fuck do you want, man?

Miller is clipped and neat and precise. Everything Dill isn't. But he is also brave and relentless.

MILLER

Mr Dill, inside this suitcase....

DILL (INCREDULOUS)

Wait. Wait, wait, wait. Are you going to try to sell me some fucking fishing tackle?

Miller's glasses are wet and steaming up and they reflect the lamp light.

MILLER

Yes. Yes I am.

DILL

At two thirty in the morning?

MILLER

As I say, you're often at sea.

A pause. Dill laughs with incredulity. Rain drums and thunder rumbles. Dill offers the rum bottle.

DILL

I recognize persistence as a virtue but here's what you do. You take a drink to keep out the cold then go back to wherever the hell it is you came from. I have an early start tomorrow.

Miller takes the bottle...

MILLER

Actually, tomorrow you don't sail until midday.

Dill reacts to his knowledge and Miller retreats a little....

MILLER (CONT'D)

That is to say low tide is noon and as a rule you sail at low tide.

Dill angles his head.

DILL

You know a lot about me.

MILLER

Yes. Almost everything.

A roll of thunder. Miller takes a tiny sip of rum as if daring himself to drink. He gasps a little. Dill sees he's no drinker. Then Miller speaks evenly. He has a stillness and certainty which is unnerving...

MILLER (CONT'D)

Mr Dill, I know there is a particular fish that you have been seeking for almost two years. You keep getting him on the line and he keeps getting off. Four times this year already.

Dill reacts to his knowledge. Miller puts a hand on the briefcase.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Fontaine have eyes and ears all across these islands. We listen out for obsessions. We listen out for people who want things so badly. We see them as our people.

A pause. Dill is now deeply unsure where this is heading...

MILLER (CONT'D)

We are a very determined company. That's why I was out in the rain at two thirty.

A pause. Dill is deeply uneasy about this guy and wants the truth. He sips his rum then gestures at the bottle in Miller's hand...

DILL

I hate to drink alone.

Miller hesitates then takes another swig of rum.

DILL (CONT'D)

There you go...

Miller smothers the sting like someone trying to prove how tough he is but who isn't accustomed to drink. Then he glances down at the small suitcase. Dill's eyes naturally fall on it too.

DILL (CONT'D)

So? What's in the case?

A theatrical pause. Miller opens up the case with a double click. Inside there is an electrical contraption that looks like something out of the fifties with two insets that look like speakers and a small metal aerial like an old fashioned TV aerial. Miller takes it out and lays it on the table between them with a sense of wonder (even though it is less than impressive).

MILLER

This, Mr Dill, is the all new, Fontaine marine Sonic fish finder.

Miller peers at Dill through his shining spectacles.

DILL (INCREDULOUS)
A fish finder?

MILLER
It uses sub aquatic sonar
signals...

DILL
I know what a fish finder is.

MILLER
Ah but Mr Dill....

DILL
Let me see that fucking card.

Miller finds a dry business card and puts it on the table.
Dill holds it up to the lamplight. It looks real but, even
so...

DILL (CONT'D)
This is a joke. The guys at the
Rope.

MILLER
It's no joke. We are prepared to
give you this model, the Fontaine
White Wave, free of charge for one
week. A trial.

Miller takes another sip of rum and this time admits to a
cough.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Perhaps you could try it out
tomorrow.

Miller's emphasis on 'tomorrow' makes Dill uneasy. Miller
takes another sip of rum, apparently to ease his tension.

DILL
What's so special about tomorrow?

Miller hesitates and evades.

MILLER
Mr Dill, all I can say is I am a
representative of Fontaine and they
really want you to catch the fish.

Miller suddenly looks deeply anxious and looks down at his
lap. He speaks as if his life depends on what happens next...

MILLER (CONT'D)
And I want you to take this piece
of equipment on trial.

Dill gently pushes the finder across the desk to indicate his rejection. Miller appears to panic a little. He then continues more evenly....

MILLER (CONT'D)

Just take the fish finder and try it and it will work. I promise you. They are the rules. It is about decisions. You just have to decide to use it and it will work.

Miller is filling with emotion way out of proportion to the issue. Dill is now deeply suspicious.

DILL

So you wait for me all night in the rain to sell me some piece of junk.

Miller looks desperate. He swigs more rum.

MILLER

It's not junk, it's....

DILL (INTERRUPTING)

You know something about tomorrow. What do you know?

Miller looks away to hide his eyes. Thunder rumbles. Then he takes a swig of rum.

MILLER

Mr Dill, please just decide to catch the fish...

A pause. Then under a rumble of thunder...

MILLER (CONT'D)

....Don't kill the fat man.

Dill needs to make sure he heard correctly...

DILL

Don't *what*?

Miller now panics. He gets to his feet but his wet shoes skid a little under him.

MILLER

I really shouldn't drink. I can't say anymore, I have to go....

Miller almost reaches the door but Dill grabs him and shoves him against the wall, against the map of Plymouth. Rain is pouring in sheets at the window.

DILL

Tell me what you know about the fat man.

MILLER

I'm sorry. I am being played badly.
I took a drink...

Miller has tears in his eyes. Dill is close...

DILL

Who told you about the fat man? Did
Duke send you here?

Miller shakes his head and we see a terrible desperation in his eyes. Dill shoves him with a clatter against the door.

DILL (CONT'D)

You don't leave until you tell me
how you know so much.

Dill grabs his knife and holds it to Miller's throat.

MILLER

Mr Dill, if you're going to kill
me, then kill me. It really doesn't
matter. My part in the game is
over anyway.

Their faces are close...

DILL

What fucking game?

Lightning flashes. Dill puts the knife close to Miller's throat. Miller is a little drunk now but holds Dill with a penetrating stare. He makes a decision and speaks firmly.

MILLER

The game your son is playing.

Dill steps back.

MILLER (CONT'D)

The game he plays over and over and
over again. In his room. With the
curtains closed.

Miller almost smiles at Dill's reaction. He has some power now. He gestures out at the storm and the harbour...

MILLER (CONT'D)

This is it.

Miller gestures at the map of Plymouth Island.

MILLER (CONT'D)

A game called 'Plymouth Island'
made by Fontaine.

Miller puts his finger to his lips and shushes, then
whispers.

MILLER (CONT'D)
You and I are characters....

Dill's face is lit by lightning....

MILLER (CONT'D)
...Programmed to *believe* we are
real.

The rain pours.

MILLER (CONT'D)
The game is meant to be about
catching a particular fish. You get
logs and frigate birds and fish
finders. The game wants you to
catch it...

A pause.

MILLER (CONT'D)
But your son has changed the rules.
He doesn't want the fish. He wants
to kill a man....

There is a crash of thunder. Suddenly...

INT. DILL'S SHACK, BEDROOM

Dill wakes sharply. It is still dark and raining outside. There is a distant rumble of thunder. He sits up and looks around. There is an empty bottle of rum beside the bed. Again Dill is unsure how he got here. He runs his hand through his hair.

Was that conversation just a dream? He thinks for a moment then gets out of bed....

INT. DILL'S SHACK, LIVING ROOM

As thunder crashes, Dill goes to the desk. He finds Reid Miller's business card on the desk, half wedged under the 'World's Greatest Dad' mug.. He holds the card up in a flash of lightning. He looks into the darkness.

EXT. DILL'S SHACK - SUNRISE

In the early morning light we see Dill run and jump naked into the ocean from his high cliff. He hits the water with a splash.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

We see Dill rise from the deep and shake the water from his face. He treads water and looks all around. He looks up at the sky. Miller's words from last night are in his head. He's almost sure it was a dream he had when he was drunk, but the card is real. He swims for shore. He sees someone is waiting for him.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Constance is waiting on the beach with a big white towel. She holds it open as Dill emerges and wraps it around him like a mother.

CONSTANCE

I looked at a map and worked out
where you'd come ashore.

Dill begins to dry himself.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

You walk back up the hill naked
every morning?

DILL

If there's no one to see, you're
not naked. You have a cigarette?

She hands Dill a cigarette and lights it. He is wrapped in the towel. Constance's expression doesn't change....

CONSTANCE

So, did you have sex with her last
night?

Dill sets off toward a small path that leads back up to his shack with his towel around him. Constance waits, then follows...

INT. DILL'S SHACK, BEDROOM

Dill is pulling on the same clothes he's been wearing for a while. Constance is in the other room.

CONSTANCE (OOV)

She was on board for twenty
minutes. I timed her. You knocked
over the lamp and didn't bother to
put it upright for around seven
minutes. So I'm guessing seven
minute sex...

Dill's face darkens a little as he buttons his shirt. She is starting to sound like a witness...

INT. DILL'S SHACK, MAIN ROOM

Constance is sitting at Dill's desk beneath the map of Plymouth Island. She is studying the mug that reads '*World's Greatest dad*' as Dill comes back into the room.

CONSTANCE

I didn't even know you had a kid.

Dill slips his knife into its leather sheath...

DILL

I have to go.

Constance gets to business as she puts the mug down. She explains casually.

CONSTANCE

Dill? Duke came to see me last night. He told me what you're planning to do today.

Dill freezes.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

He asked me to come up here and talk some sense into you and I said...

Dill quickly takes her arm and lifts her to her feet.

DILL

You said what?

DILL (CONT'D)

I said if Gonzalez asks, I will tell him nothing.

He stares into her eyes and she touches his face.

CONSTANCE

And I told Duke that, even though murder is a sin and he's a Christian man, he would never testify against you either.

Constance studies him.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

We both love you, Dill.

She puts her hand to his face and smiles.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

And we both want you to think again about what you're planning to do today.

A pause and a chaste kiss. Dill angles his head at her...

DILL

You want me to just catch the fish,
right?

Dill stares at her and now sees two motives. One is live, the other is wildly unthinkable. After a moment Dill heads for the door...

CONSTANCE

Dill, don't listen to that woman,
this is crazy....

He has gone. She raises her head and closes her eyes.

EXT. PLYMOUTH, MAIN STREET

Hardly anyone is around this early. Dill cruises down the street in his pick up with his window open, lighting a cigarette. He checks his watch. It's now 7.15 am.

From now until noon his life is against the clock.

Constance's cat licks its paws on a porch as Dill drives by. The radio is playing on low volume and we hear a weather guy....

WEATHER GUY

...low tide noon and twenty five,
high tide twenty one hundred, set
fair for a beautiful day around
Plymouth today, a great day to go
catch a fish....

Dill turns off the radio and reaches a red light. He stops. Again, there is no traffic. Dill decides to try to shoot the light again. He shifts gear and revs but again the pick-up doesn't move. He tries neutral, then drive again, but the engine just revs. The light changes to green. The pick-up pulls away.

EXT. LOIS'S BAIT AND TACKLE

Dill cruises to a halt outside the bait and tackle store where Lois is just lifting the shutters. Dill gets out of the pick up and Lois goes inside, leaving the door open, evidently expecting Dill....

INT. LOIS'S BAIT AND TACKLE

As they enter....

LOIS

So, I got you six Fontaine lures
and six spoons in case you need
them. And I got you a surprise.

She goes around the counter as Dill comes close. She grabs a
Fed Ex box which is already opened and hands it to Dill.

LOIS (CONT'D)

The latest thing. Specimen tuna
lures that wriggle like a bitch.
The latest thing on the Grand
banks. Never fail.

Dill pulls the contents out of the box and sees a collection
of fancy, brightly colored lures still in their clear plastic
wrapping. He looks up at Lois...

LOIS (CONT'D)

Got tired of seeing your damn face
so disappointed every morning. So I
spoke to the representative from
Fontaine.

DILL

The skinny guy?

Dill looks to Lois who hesitates, then continues....

LOIS

It's OK Dill. I know times are
hard. You can have those free of
charge.

DILL

Strange guy, right?

Lois simply smiles and pushes the lures across the
counter....

LOIS

He gave me these for free. A free
trial.

Dill wipes unease and tiredness from his eyes with his
sleeve.

DILL

He knew a lot about me.

LOIS

Who?

DILL

How do you explain that?

LOIS

Explain what?

Dill is about to continue but realizes he sounds crazy. He looks down at the lures and taps the box.

DILL

Lois. You know how people say in
Plymouth, everybody knows
everything.

He looks up at Lois.

DILL (CONT'D)

It'd be funny if the truth was,
nobody knows anything.

Lois's face loses all expression for just half a second. It's as if a switch has been flicked (or so it seems to Dill). But then she grins....

LOIS

Dill, well you just have yourself a
good day and do what's right, OK?

Dill nods gently. He is half certain he is going crazy. Lois goes back to fussing with her cash register.

LOIS (CONT'D)

All of it on the house. Go catch a
fish Dill.

Dill scoops up the box of lures and walks.

EXT. THE ROPE AND ANCHOR, BACK YARD

Dill pulls up and finds Jack, the barman, carrying crates of empty bottles out for loading for the recycling yard. Dill pulls up and we see that this is a routine. Jack grabs a big clear plastic-wrapped crate of water bottles. He begins to haul them to the pick up...

JACK

Hey Dill. Weather blew over just in
time.

Dill opens the pick up and Jack dumps the water bottles.

JACK (CONT'D)

I got a feeling that today might be
the day.

DILL

Yeah. Today is the day.

Jack dusts his hands...

DILL (CONT'D)

I'm also going to need some beers
and a bottle of rum too.

Jack appears to be suddenly uneasy.

JACK
You got customers today?

DILL
Yep.

JACK
I thought you had rules about
taking strong liquor aboard.

DILL
Rules change.

Jack nods and looks away as if momentarily lost. Then....

JACK
You know Dill, if you want to catch
old Justice you should go out
alone. Tourists just get under your
feet.

Dill speaks evenly but with menace....

DILL
Why would you say that Jack?

Jack looks back to Dill.

JACK
What's that?

DILL
Do you even know?

Jack looks genuinely puzzled and peers at Dill.

JACK
Know what?

Dill again comes to his senses...

DILL
It's OK. It's me being crazy. I may
go see Doctor Bob.

A pause....

DILL (CONT'D)
I think this island is finally
getting to me.

Jack slaps his shoulder...

JACK
Oh yeah. It'll do that OK.

DILL

How long have I been here Jack?

JACK

What's that?

DILL

How many years have I been here on
Plymouth island.

Jack laughs and looks up at the sky....

JACK

It's like we've all been here
forever, right?

Jack turns and heads for the door of the Rope...

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll go get you those beers.

Jack is walking....

DILL

And the rum. Don't forget the rum.

Jack disappears inside and we stay with Dill. He looks up at
the sky and sees a frigate bird hovering right over the yard.
He quickly looks away.

DILL (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)

Fuck.

EXT. CALL BOX

It's still early and there is hardly anyone around. There is
a battered call box in the shade beside a store and Dill is
dialling the number on the card that Reid Miller left. As he
waits for an answer, he checks his watch. It's exactly
9am...

DILL

Hi, I'm trying to make contact with
one of your sales people. A Mr
Reid Miller.

A pause.

DILL (CONT'D)

Yeah. Miller. He showed me a
piece of equipment last night.

He waits....

DILL (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know he's out of the office, he's right here in Plymouth. I wondered if you knew where he was staying.

He waits and reacts.

DILL (CONT'D)
You don't keep a record. OK.

A pause.

DILL (CONT'D)
But he's *real*, right?

He hears puzzlement.

DILL (CONT'D)
What I mean is...

Dill has no words. After a pause he cuts the call. He lights a cigarette and puts the card back into his top pocket. Then he sees Constance's cat rubbing around his leg. He takes a moment then heads for his pick up.

EXT. PLYMOUTH, MAIN STREET

There are a few more people around now and Dill cruises down main street with his buckets in the back. As he drives, he begins to laugh. He is sleepless and uncertain but he chooses to laugh at the absurdity of the thoughts inside his head.

Then he pulls up and gets out of the vehicle. He leaves the door open and looks all around.

DILL (TO THE AIR)
Look...

A pause. Perhaps for the first time in these conversations he uses the name...

DILL (CONT'D)
...Patrick. You are...

He wipes his eyes and looks around...

DILL (CONT'D)
...You're the only company I've really cared to keep these past something whatever years. All through Iraq. Miami. Here. I pictured you in my head...

He laughs with incredulity...

DILL (CONT'D)
And you know, I always....

He takes a breath...

DILL (CONT'D)
...I always felt you could hear me
when I talk to you. Somehow. And
those dreams. When you and me go
fishing...

Suddenly...

VOICE
Mr Dill?..

Dill turns sharply.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Remember me?

A skinny mixed-race late teen boy has emerged from the
shadows with a shy grin. We will learn this is SAMSON.

SAMSON
Samson. Constance's kid. My mom
said you offered me a job.

Dill adjusts quickly. Did Samson hear Dill talking to
himself?

SAMSON (CONT'D)
I quit my job pumping gas in Miami.
And well...

A pause.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Here I am.

Dill looks away, looks up at the clear blue sky...

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Sorry I startled you. I was running
after your pick up. When you
stopped, I thought you'd seen me.

Dill shakes his head...

SAMSON (CONT'D)
You Ok Mr Dill?

He peers at Samson.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
You always used to say I was good
around the boat.

Dill shakes his head gently and leans on his pick up.

DILL

No. I always said you were lucky.
The lucky kid. Always thought if
you were on board, I'd get him.

SAMSON

You mean the big one? The beast?

DILL

And now here you are. Right out of
the blue sky.

He studies Samson.

DILL (CONT'D)

That's something huh?

SAMSON

Hey, you don't look so good Mr
Dill.

DILL

Yeah, I had kind of a strange
night.

SAMSON

In the good old Rope, right? You
sank a few, right?

Samson is all smiles as he swings his nap sack from his back
and offers it.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

I brought some lures I picked up in
Boca Raton....

Dill picks up the nap sack and hands it back to Samson.

DILL

I don't need a man today, Samson.

Samson looks crestfallen instantly.

SAMSON

Mom said you asked for me. I quit
my job....

From now on every conversation for Dill has an edge. Dill
has decided to put the craziness of last night out of his
head but now he can't help but see everything in two ways...

SAMSON (CONT'D)

I got a flight all the way from
Miami for this...

DILL

I don't need anyone today.

Samson appears to panic a little and looks out to sea....

SAMSON

But I've got a feeling about today.

DILL

Yeah, so have I. And I have made my decision.

Dill looks up at the clear blue sky. The frigate has gone.

SAMSON

Mr Dill....

DILL

I don't care about the rules, he wants me to do it, I'm not going to change my mind.

Samson doesn't understand. Dill gets into his pick up and drives away.

INT. AMERICAN HOTEL, KAREN'S SUITE, BEDROOM

Karen is sleeping and her alarm clock wakes her. It is ten am. She opens her eyes and sits up. She sees a *blood soaked shirt* on the bed and the pillow is stained with blood beside her.

She reacts and sees Zacharias's Chino pants, also stained with blood. She jumps out of bed and sees a stray shoe near to the bathroom door. Karen gathers courage and goes into the bathroom.

INT. AMERICAN HOTEL, KAREN'S SUITE, BATHROOM

Zacharias is sitting unconscious in his underwear on the bathroom floor, propped up against the lavatory. The sink is filled with bloody water and the lavatory bowl is bloody. His face is cut and bruised, his hands are cut and swollen.

Karen stares in horror and her entrance rouses Zacharias. He opens his eyes and sees Karen's reaction. He immediately begins to chuckle, reacting to the pain of a broken rib as he talks...

ZACHARIAS

I look that bad huh?

He tries to stand but grunts in pain.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)
You should see the other fellas.
Six of them. Sons of....

Karen helps Zacharias to stand as he leans on the sink.

KAREN
They attacked you?

Zacharias evades...

ZACHARIAS
Gringo in the wrong part of town I
guess.

He looks at his reflection and gives a wheezy laugh...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)
But it'll take more than a few guys
and a length of pipe to finish old
Zach, right?

As he leans on the sink, he growls in agony and checks out his right hand. It is horribly swollen around the knuckles. He holds his hand up and sees Karen's horror. He tries to flex his fingers.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)
Broke, baby.

He offers his hand to Karen.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)
Kiss Daddy better.

Karen is in shock but she instinctively kisses his hand as her mind begins to work...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)
It was kind of good sport, you
know? Me against six. Whack, whack,
whack...

He tries to spar with the air but his rib screams in pain. He turns and looks in the mirror...

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)
But I guess there'll be no more
sport for me for a while, honey...

Karen looks at him and a horrible realization dawns.

EXT. SERENITY, DOCK

Dill's pick up arrives at the Serenity and Dill gets out. He hauls the buckets of bait aboard. As he steps on the deck and checks his watch, Duke emerges from the hold.

Dill drops his buckets.....

DILL

Duke, I'm going out alone today.

Dill begins to go about the business of preparing the boat.
Duke studies him.

DUKE

Yeah, alone is right.

DILL

I just saw Samson. Why don't you go
and say hi...

DUKE (IGNORING)

You'll be alone because the fat man
won't be showing up.

A pause. Dill stops and turns...

DUKE (CONT'D)

I made arrangements. He won't be
coming.

DILL

What arrangements?

Duke is confronting, meeting Dill's eye...

DUKE

I used my two thousand dollars to
pay some Argentinian cannery guys
to break his hand.

Instantly...

DILL

Fuck...

DUKE

I didn't do it to save him, I did
it to save you.

Duke steps up and grabs Dill's arm.

DUKE (CONT'D)

'Deliver me from temptation'.
That's what you said. And that's
what I have done.

Dill shoves him away, pulls a knife and pushes Duke against
the cabin. He growls....

DILL

My son. Sits alone in the dark.

Dill is in Duke's face and Duke looks genuinely concerned for his sanity...

DILL (CONT'D)

I hear him. I *feel* him. He needs me to do this.

Duke looks scared. Dill sees it and finally relents. He steps back...

DUKE

Dill? You're not right in your mind. Ever since we first hooked that damned fish. And that woman has pushed you over the edge....

Dill sits down on one of the buckets and curses.

DUKE (CONT'D)

You should go see Doctor Bob.

Dill stands and roars....

DILL

Get off my fucking boat!

Duke hesitates.

DUKE

See someone Dill.

DILL

I said get off my boat.

Finally Duke walks. Dill steams for a moment then pulls the notebook from his shirt pocket and throws it into the ocean.

DILL (CONT'D)

I. Quit!

Duke has paused and is watching. He looks even more concerned and looks up toward Constance's apartment....

INT. CONSTANCE'S BEDROOM

Constance is staring down at Dill and hears the echo of his voice. She grabs her jacket and heads for the door...

INT. AMERICAN HOTEL, KAREN'S SUITE, BATHROOM

Karen is helping clean up Zacharias's face. She has also decided on a strategy. Their faces are close to each other in the mirror as she uses cotton wool pads to wipe away the dried blood...

KAREN

Doesn't look so bad underneath.

ZACHARIAS

Hey, how come your coat was wet?
When I came in you were sleeping
but your coat was wet.

Karen swills a cloth....

KAREN

I went looking for you Daddy. It
got so late, I got scared.

She supports him and he straightens. She kisses one of his
wounds...

KAREN (CONT'D)

Should've known my Daddy is
indestructible.

Zacharias straightens, tries to hide his pain.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'm so mad about this....

ZACHARIAS

It's OK. They got what was coming.
I beat them pretty good.

He spars a little with the air...

KAREN

No, I mean I so wanted my Daddy to
catch me a big fish today. Spent
so long planning this. All those
nights on the internet.

She cleans another wound and gently holds his shoulder. She
kisses him and gently strokes his hand...

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'm so sad my dream isn't going to
come true.

ZACHARIAS

I'm beat pretty bad honey.

She then puts his broken hand around her own throat.

KAREN

OK imagine my throat is your big
old fishing rod. See if you can
hold it...

ZACHARIAS

My hand's broke baby.

KAREN

Just try.

His hand flexes a little...

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh daddy I *feel* that. So strong.
They can't stop you. No one can
stop you.

She reaches down and grabs his cock.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You know if you decided to go I'd
come with you. I'd help you.

ZACHARIAS

You would?

Karen begins to speak softly into his ear as she massages his
cock...

KAREN

Oh like a shot. I want to be there
when you catch it. I want to help
you hold the rod and feel the
power. The pull. The end of the
thing. The end of his freedom. The
moment of death. The knife, the
blood, the meat. I want Daddy to
cut me a piece of belly and squeeze
the blood into my mouth. On my
knees. Taking the sacrament from my
lord.

Zacharias squeezes her throat as she massages his cock. Then
with his other hand grabs Karen's hair.

ZACHARIAS

OK, OK. For you baby, I will try.
First we fuck. Then we fish.

INT. ROPE AND ANCHOR BAR

Jack is preparing for the day and hears a hammering on the
door. He opens up and Dill enters.

DILL

Rum. Give me the bottle.

JACK

I already gave you a bottle.

DILL

I drank that bottle.

Dill sits at a table and waits, steaming mad.

JACK
You're sitting in old Wes's seat.

DILL
So give me Wes's bottle.

Jack goes behind the bar.

JACK
What happened? You don't drink
before you go out Dill.

DILL
I'm not going out.

Jack brings the bottle and a glass. He sits opposite Dill and pours...

JACK
Why not?

A pause. Dill knocks back his drink. Jack watches as Dill pours another.

DILL
It's a fucking game. And my kid...

JACK
What kid?

Dill shakes his head and swigs rum. Jack can see Dill is in a bad way.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dill, you want to eat something? I
got ham and eggs.

Dill drinks. After a moment....

JACK (CONT'D)
OK Dill, here's how we all see it.
Three days ago you pull a knife on
some tourists. You yell bad things
at Duke. Joe at the cannery says
you walk naked in the morning.
Last night everybody says you were
sitting on the deck in the rain
talking to the air.

He puts his hand in Dill's hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
Whether you like it or not I'm
going to call Doctor Bob, OK?

Dill shakes his head. He takes another swig.

DILL

You're part of it Jack. Yeah. Go ahead, call, I don't care...

Jack gets up and goes to the phone behind the bar and begins to dial. Dill speaks to the air...

DILL (CONT'D)

Can't talk to you right now kid.

From the bar Jack looks across at Dill who is mumbling to himself just like old Wes. Jack is dialling a number.

INT. AMERICAN HOTEL, KAREN'S SUITE, BEDROOM

Zacharias is fucking Karen as best he can with a broken hand and rib. He is coming and yelling in agony at the same time. He clutches his broken rib with his broken hand as he pumps into Karen. We come close to Karen's face.

He withdraws with a grunt of pain. After a moment Karen glances at her watch.

KAREN

We have one hour.

INT. ROPE AND ANCHOR BAR

Dill is half-way through the bottle of rum as Jack returns from the phone and sits down. Jack looks grave as he bites a bullet.

JACK

Today really is some day.

DILL

Yeah.

Jack pours himself a rum and swigs...

JACK

Conchita at Doctor Bob's office said the Doc's out at the old oil pipe. There's been a fatality.

Dill looks up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Old Wes washed up on the high tide.

A pause.

JACK (CONT'D)

They think it's suicide.

Dill pours another drink. He takes this on board and begins to smile to himself. He then looks up at the ceiling and all around...

DILL
Yeah. I get it. It's OK. I understand. Now it's me. This seat is mine now.

A pause.

DILL (CONT'D)
Game over.

At that moment Dill gets to his feet, grabs the bottle of rum, and walks. Jack calls out...

JACK (OOV)
Dill, why don't you go out and fish. Go catch the big one. For Christ's sake....

Dill leaves. We stay with Jack.

EXT. PLYMOUTH, MAIN STREET - DAY

Dill gets into his pick up with his bottle in his hand. He gets in and fires the engine. Constance is arriving. She calls out...

CONSTANCE
Dill, let me drive.

Dill slams the door and drives away....

EXT. SHORE LINE

On a beautiful paradise beach Dill is staring out at the ocean. He finishes the rum bottle and hurls it into the sea. Then he sees someone approaching. It is Reid Miller. He is barefoot but still wearing his suit. As he comes close he takes off his tie and drops it into the ocean.

DILL
How did you know I was here?

Miller stares out to sea.

MILLER
In Plymouth everybody knows everything.

After a moment...

DILL

So if it's a game, tell me the rules.

MILLER

I don't know the rules. How can we know the rules?

Dill nods.

DILL

Your office said you're real.

MILLER

That's very kind of them.

A pause.

MILLER (CONT'D)

There's a girl there called Letitia. She answers the phones. She's in love with me. And I'm in love with her. But it's kind of futile when you know nothing is real.

They both stare out to sea. Dill begins to laugh.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What's funny?

DILL

Nothing...

A pause.

DILL (CONT'D)

You know, with respect to your own interesting theory, I think the real truth is I've been on this island so long, I've gone crazy.

Miller shakes his head.

MILLER

You're not crazy. Your son created you. His hero dad. You are how his hero dad would be.

Miller throws a pebble into the ocean.

DILL

And he wants me to kill the bastard who beats up his mom, right?

A pause.

MILLER

I guess.

A pause.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Everything is a guess. Every wave
that breaks is a guess.

Dill nods gently. The rum bottle Dill threw into the water
washes up at his feet. Miller picks it up and studies it.

MILLER (CONT'D)

There are lots of games. Catch the
cat for Constance. There's violence
in the commercial dock. Frank
fights the cannery guys. In the
American hotel there's pornography.
'Karen loves her Daddy'. There's
catching sprats in the harbor for
pre-schoolers. In fact I believe
there is an infinite number of
gaming opportunities right here on
Plymouth Island.

Dill takes the bottle and throws it out again.

DILL

And when did you come to this
conclusion?

MILLER

It's not a conclusion, it's just a
beginning.

DILL

I mean, how did you find out?

Miller thinks.

MILLER

I didn't.

He turns to Dill...

MILLER (CONT'D)

You did. Otherwise I wouldn't be
here. I am just a nagging doubt.
Like your fish. I told you
everything is a guess.

The waves break and Dill rubs his eyes. After a moment...

DILL

Ok, so what do you want with me?

Miller takes a moment and checks his watch.

MILLER

Well my *compulsion* is to help you
to catch the fish.

Miller shrugs.

MILLER (CONT'D)

But I decided to break the rules
too.

A pause.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Consuela told Lois who told Philip
who told me.

A pause.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Karen has persuaded the fat man to
be on the boat at noon.

Dill takes a moment. He looks to Miller who shrugs.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You don't have much time.

Dill leaps to his feet and checks his watch. It is ten
minutes to midday.

EXT. PLYMOUTH, MAIN STREET

Dill is driving fast and talking to himself.

DILL

OK kid, I'm going to do it. Show
you how it's done. OK? I can be a
hero. Did you know I have medals?
Iraq was some game, you know? Iraq
was like Call of Duty. Yeah...

He lights a cigarette and drives and looks up at the sky.

EXT. SERENITY, DOCK

Dill pulls up fast and parks. He finds Karen hovering near
the boat and Zacharias sitting in the shade on a bench with
his head back and mouth open, breathing heavily.

As Dill gets out....

KAREN

I gave him medication and he's also
been drinking rum. He's been
throwing up. Let's get him aboard
before he changes his mind.

Dill nods and they both head toward Zacharias. Karen is talking feverishly.

KAREN (CONT'D)

This is fate, John. He's broken up so he can't fight back. My one anxiety was when you got him out on the ocean he would beat you, but now it's taken care of...

DILL

Just stay calm, OK?

Dill walks....

DILL (CONT'D)

Does he have a gun?

KAREN

Left side by his heart. But his right hand is broken so he won't be able to grab it fast. *Fate* John.

They arrive at Zacharias and Dill is now shocked at the state he's in. Karen has bound his hand but his wounds are still bloody.

DILL (TO ZACHARIAS)

You OK?

Zacharias lifts his head...

ZACHARIAS

What's that?

DILL

You want to drink something cold? Tide's turning, we have to get onboard...

Zacharias throws up. Dill steps back. The weakness of Zacharias is an unexpected complication and Dill speaks like a soldier....

DILL (CONT'D)

He's pretty badly wounded.

Karen growls....

KAREN

Just get him on board. He wants to fish.

Karen kneels and mops his mouth and speaks softly....

KAREN (CONT'D)

You want to fish, right?

Zacharias finds a reserve of strength and defiance.

ZACHARIAS

Let's show Mr Dull how it's done.

DILL

Damn straight.

He tries to stand and growls in pain. Dill uses his military training to hoist him without pain and begins to lead him toward the deck. Karen walks alongside, holding Zacharias's hand.

As they walk, Constance's cat suddenly comes to Dill's leg. He looks up at Constance's apartment and sees her staring down.

Karen meets her eye too. Dill hauls Zacharias aboard and he and Karen drop him in the game fishing chair. Dill is trying not to think. He wants to hide in his routine. He hurries towards the wheelhouse...

DILL (CONT'D)

Give him rum. Much as he can hold down.

INT. CHURCH

Duke is at the back of the church, sweeping the floor. In a gap in a doorway in a blade of light he sees Dill's boat chugging out of the harbour.

He drops his broom and sees Zacharias in the chair and Karen pouring him a drink. Dill is in the wheelhouse. Duke falls to his knees...

DUKE

Oh fisher of men. Please understand he is a good soul whose mind has been disturbed by other possibilities.

He crosses himself....

DUKE (CONT'D)

Amen.

The boat disappears from view....

EXT. SERENITY, DECK

The outriggers are loaded and the boat is trolling. Karen sits in the shadows, her eyes lost under the brim of her hat. Zacharias is drunk, medicated and in pain and is singing unevenly...

Dill is in the wheelhouse, smoking, anxious. He cuts the engine and there is silence apart from Zacharias's drunken singing. Land is now three miles away and they are through the reef.

The boat rocks gently on the calm ocean. Karen looks up from under her brim as Dill walks by and begins to dump fish guts into the water. He works with speed and venom. Zacharias is hardly aware but calls out...

ZACHARIAS

When a fish hits, put the rod into
my good hand, OK Mr Dull?

DILL

You're the boss.

Dill looks up and sees a frigate bird circling. He half smiles to himself...

ZACHARIAS

Honey, make sure he gives me the
fucking rod.

KAREN

Yes.

ZACHARIAS

Yes what?

KAREN

Yes Daddy.

As Dill dumps bait into the ocean, he also sees a log floating. He reacts. Any other time this would be golden but now it's a detail....

ZACHARIAS

You hear that Mr Dull? She likes
to call me Daddy.

DILL

Yeah.

He drops more guts into the ocean. The first shark fin appears....

DILL (CONT'D)

Does your boy call you daddy too?

ZACHARIAS

What's that?

DILL

The creepy kid. Does he call you
Daddy...

KAREN

John. Stay cool....

Zacharias hears 'John'.

ZACHARIAS

What did you call him?

Zacharias turns and peers at Karen. His eyes are watery in the bright light. Karen and Dill now know they are so close to killing him, it almost doesn't matter what he knows. Dill speaks to Karen around Zacharias.

DILL

OK so I put out a lot of blood so the sharks will come.

ZACHARIAS

But we're looking for tuna, right?

DILL

Yeah. We're looking for tuna.

Dill has said the forbidden word aboard the boat but appears OK with it. The frigate bird calls out above their heads. Dill goes to a rod and checks a line and glances at Karen.

DILL (CONT'D)

When there are four or five sharks around the boat we do it.

ZACHARIAS

Do what?

Suddenly....

SAMSON

We catch the famous fish of course.

Dill spins. Karen looks up from under her hat. From inside the hold Samson has appeared, grinning and a little defiant.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Hello Mr Dill.

Dill and Karen stare in horror.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

I figured it was last night's rum talking when you said you didn't need me. I stowed away. I want to prove to you that I'm lucky.

Karen stands up and speaks evenly....

KAREN

Who the hell is this?

Samson smiles and steps closer to Dill....

SAMSON

I see you have paying customers. I can get them beers and cold drinks. I'll attach the bait and haul anchor. And maybe bring you some luck.

KAREN

John?

Zacharias is turning in his seat, half hearing...

ZACHARIAS

What are you calling this guy?

Dill is still thunderstruck and Samson is surprised at the fury....

SAMSON

I'm sorry Mr Dill, I thought you'd be OK with it. You don't even have to pay me.

Dill is thinking fast. Karen is about to speak but Dill steps in and takes control...

DILL

Yeah, Samson, OK, it's OK. You go up into the wheelhouse and tidy it up. Ok? Find my cigarettes.

SAMSON

Yes Sir Captain.

Samson hurries away. Zacharias tries to stand and Dill turns.

DILL

Sit down Mr Zacharias. And watch the rigs.

Zacharias peers at Dill and then at Karen.

DILL (CONT'D)

Mrs Zacharias, you asked for the bathroom, I'll show you where it is.

Dill gestures at the cabin....

INT. SERENITY, CABIN

Dill opens a can of beer and swigs. Karen enters. They can hear Samson moving around upstairs....

KAREN
What the fuck?

DILL
Shut up.

KAREN
OK, offer the kid money. Ten thousand.

Dill is in despair, he shakes his head....

KAREN (CONT'D)
Twenty. Whatever.

DILL
He won't take it. He's a good kid.

KAREN
Good kids have a price.

He glares at her. She is thinking fast.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Ok, so you put him over the side too. Who is he? Some kid....

Dill glares fury...

DILL
Fuck. People don't change.

KAREN
So what do you propose?

A pause. Dill stares out at Zacharias, bleached in sunlight.

DILL
We turn around and take the son of a bitch back to Plymouth.

Karen grabs his knife.

KAREN
If you don't have the balls?

Dill twists the knife back. They are face-to-face.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I can't go back to my life John.

DILL
I don't even have a life.

A pause.

DILL (CONT'D)
But we have no choice.

He sits.

DILL (CONT'D)
Game wins.

A long moment of despair for them both.

DILL (CONT'D)
We lose.

Then suddenly they hear Samson yell.

SAMSON (OOV)
Fish on!!

Dill looks out of the cabin door. The outrigger has snapped. The reel is screaming.

EXT. SERENITY, DECK

Dill instinctively races to the rod which is bending almost double. Zacharias is stirring. Karen follows Dill and Samson is scooting down from the wheelhouse.

Dill grabs the rod and heaves it out of its sleeve. He pulls back just once and reacts...

DILL
Jesus Christ. It's him.

KAREN
What do you mean 'it's him?'

Samson is now close...

DILL
Samson? It's him.

Samson whoops with delight....

SAMSON
I knew it! I knew I'd bring you
luck.

Dill slips through the gears of the rod to allow the line to run. Karen sees he is engaging with the fish....

KAREN (CLOSE)
Are you fucking nuts?

The fish heaves and Dill is lifted out of his chair and onto his feet by the sheer power of the fish. Samson whoops. Dill uses all his strength to get back in the chair.

DILL

Samson, strap me in.

Samson buckles Dill's seat belt. Zacharias is drunk and in pain but he turns....

ZACHARIAS

Hey, give me that fucking rod...

DILL

All in good time Mr Zacahrias.
Samson, weigh anchor and get on the wheel and ease her into first.

SAMSON

Aye, aye Captain.

Dill's muscles pump as he takes the weight of the giant tuna. Karen hisses at Dill....

KAREN

You're seriously going to catch a fish? Now?

Dill gestures at Zacharias.

DILL

Nope. He is.

We hear the rattle of the anchor as it is weighed. Karen sees a steely look on Dill's face as he calls out....

DILL (CONT'D)

OK Mr Zacharias we have a fish on the line and it is a big one.

Zacharias takes a fast breath.

DILL (CONT'D)

You want him?

Dill glances at Karen to tell her he has a plan. She is fast...

KAREN

Daddy? You want to take the rod?

Zacharias is reacting to pain but looks up at Karen then growls at Dill....

ZACHARIAS

Give the fucking thing to me.

Samson is hurrying toward the wheelhouse and Dill calls out....

DILL

Samson! My paying customer has insisted that he take the rod, OK?

SAMSON

Ok Mr Dill.

Dill heaves the rod back as the line screams off the reel...

DILL

People been telling me I'm crazy for not letting the customer hold the rod! So here goes...

Dill gets to his feet with the rod held in both hands. The huge pull of the tuna makes him slide to the edge of the boat and he uses all his strength to stay aboard.

Dill yells....

DILL (CONT'D)

You strong enough to hold the beast
Mr Zacharias? You man enough?
Because this is the beast.

KAREN

Daddy, I want it to be your fish.

Zacharias eases himself to his feet.

ZACHARIAS

Put it in my left hand. My left, my left OK?

Dill glances up and sees Samson in the wheelhouse....

DILL

Samson, you put her into neutral...

SAMSON

Sir? We should go with her.

DILL

I'm transferring the rod. Put her into neutral.

SAMSON

Yes Sir Captain!

Dill has to use all his strength to hold on to the rod as he moves it toward Zacahrias, who is now on his feet and unsteady.

DILL

Now Mr Zacharias, you only have one hand so I'm going to hook the rod under your shoulder, OK?

ZACHARIAS

Give me the fucking rod. This is my fish...

SAMSON

She's in neutral. Dead in the water Sir!

Dill is almost hugging Zacharias as he hands over the rod....

DILL

There you go Mr Zacharias. The beast is yours.

Dill pushes the rod into Zacharias's chest. He hooks his good arm around the rod. Dill then, fast as a snake, yanks a lure into the rod and wraps it around Zacharias's body. The reel screams. Zacharias immediately begins to slide toward the edge of the boat.

KAREN

Don't let him go baby.

Zacharias slams against the side of the boat and screams in agony. He tries to stop himself with his broken hand but his hand and rib make him crumple.

He tries to let go of the rod but the line is wrapped around him.

The mighty tuna pulls and Zacharias is dragged over the side and pulled into the ocean like a fat tuna. There is a mighty splash. Shark fins glide. Dill yells....

DILL

Man overboard!!! Cut the engine!!

There is a swirl and fizz in the ocean and the water begins to foam red. The engine is cut and there is silence. We see the reel glint before it is pulled down into the deep. The sharks are feasting. Karen and Dill are looking over the edge of the boat.

We study their faces. Samson joins them as they all look down into the ocean. One-by-one they straighten.

A dry wind blows. Dill steps back and looks up at the sky.

All sound is now muted.

We only hear Dill breathing as he looks up at the blue sky, where a frigate bird circles. We move around him slowly and we stay only on his face as he stares upwards.

Then he yells from the bottom of his belly, the way he did in the opening scene.

INT. PLYMOUTH POLICE STATION, SMALL INTERROGATION ROOM

The echo of the scream dies away.

A fly buzzes. Gonzalez is sitting in a hard-backed chair with a cardboard file open. There is a hand-written account and some times noted. He also has Dill's fishing licence and some other documents.

Across the desk Dill and Karen are calm. Dill is lighting a cigarette. Karen occasionally dabs her eyes.

GONZALEZ

You had a first mate aboard as per regulations.

DILL

Samson. Good kid. Constance's kid.

GONZALEZ

And he heard the American insist on taking the rod.

KAREN

You have the boy's statement.

Gonzalez glares at Karen. He doesn't trust her but he has enough trust for Dill to get him through. He turns to Dill....

GONZALEZ

The guy was drunk.

DILL

I explained the rules to him. I couldn't stop him.

Gonzalez turns to Karen....

GONZALEZ

And he was injured from a previous incident in the harbor....

KAREN

He'd hired a jet to get here and go fishing. His heart was set. He thought he'd be OK.

Gonzalez looks from one to the other....

GONZALEZ

And his body was consumed by sharks.

Dill smokes and nods gently. Karen looks down and dabs tears from her eyes. But this is Plymouth. Everyone knows everything. Gonzalez has his deep suspicions but closes the file.

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

OK. You're both free to go.

Dill and Karen get to their feet and leave. We stay with Gonzalez's uncertain expression.

EXT. PLYMOUTH, STREET

Dill and Karen exit a faceless building into a deserted, empty street. It is as if Plymouth has begun to deconstruct itself. They are in a place we've not seen before and there is construction rubble all around.

Dill and Karen walk side-by-side with purpose through the desolation. Ahead we see two suitcases left in the middle of the devastation.

They walk staring straight ahead and talk evenly....

DILL

There's a bar called
'consternation' in Havana. I will
meet you there.

Karen is *almost* robotic...

KAREN

I was telling the truth when I said
I love you. I love you. We will
live happily with our son.

Dill doesn't reply. The suitcases are close.

DILL

See you in Havana.

KAREN

See you in Havana.

They both pick up their suitcases and begin to walk away in different directions.

As they walk, we hear a female radio news announcer in voiceover...

NEWS ANCHOR (OOV)

In Bearwood County last night, a
patrol responding to a 911 arrested
a fourteen year old boy, Patrick
Zacharias on suspicion of murdering
his step-father, Frank Zacharias.

Suddenly...

INT. DARKENED ROOM

A teenage boy's bedroom with the curtains drawn. The only light apart from a blade of sunlight is a computer screen.

On the screen we see a computer generated image of Baker Dill, looking very much true to life, turning slowly around and around against a clear blue sky.

The news anchor continues in voiceover...

NEWS ANCHOR (OOV)

It is believed the boy had become obsessed with computer games and may have been inspired to kill by gaming content.

We begin to drift slowly away from the screen and see the debris of a teenage boy's life on the desk. We reach a small photograph of Karen, smiling into camera. As we move...

NEWS ANCHOR (OOV) (CONT'D)

However, his mother Karen Zacharias claimed her son was protecting her from her husband, who had a history of abusive violence.

We continue to move and reach a photo of Baker Dill as we know him in full military uniform...

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (OOV)

The boy's real father, Captain John Mason, was awarded the Medal of Honor in 2003 after being killed in action in Iraq.

We stay on the photo of Dill (Captain John Mason) and see beside the photo a mug which reads *'World's Greatest Dad'*.

INT. HOLDING CELL

In a half lit room with a barred window we see the boy we met on board the boat in Dill's dream. He is face on to camera with his eyes closed.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

Patrick Zacharias is now being held in a secure location while he undergoes psychiatric tests.

Patrick half smiles, with his eyes still closed....

EXT. DOCK - SUNSET

Dill is in silhouette on a harbor wall. Patrick is running toward him, in silhouette.

Then we come close as Dill hugs his son tight. They hold each other in a tight embrace.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Patrick still has his eyes closed. A single tear trickles...

PATRICK
Hello Dad.

EXT. DOCK - SUNSET

In silhouette, we see Dill and Patrick hugging. Then Dill takes Patrick's hand and they walk away together along the dock in deep silhouette.

THE END