

"The Deep Blue Good-by"

Screenplay

by

Sandy Stern

(from the novel by
John D. MacDonald)

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Walter Seltzer -- Jack Reeves

FINAL DRAFT - 9/16/70

1. EXT. BAHIA MAR, LAUDERDALE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 1.

Slowly panning over the community of assorted boats. It is late afternoon of a sunny, warm day; the fishing boats have already returned and dumped their tourists; the private owners have either returned to their homes on dry land or are taking booze or siestas aboard their boats. One hardly sees a human anywhere as the camera soaks in the lazy quiet and finally picks up a pier piling on which is a push-button and a sign below reading 'IF YOU DON'T RING, DON'T ENTER'. The camera moves past the sign to reveal the Busted Flush, a 52 foot, barge-type houseboat, moored in the slip. The camera continues towards the deck topside zeros on Chookie McCall.

2. EXT. BUSTED FLUSH TOPSIDE - CHOOKIE - DAY 2.

She is 24, tall, slender, with the round-smooth-gracefull muscles of a professional dancer. Her face is pretty without help. She wears a bathing suit and has her hair tied back with a scarf. At the moment she is doing some limbering exercises using the boat's railing as an exercise bar.

Perched precariously on the bar with his back leaning against an upright is Travis McGee. He wears casual clothes and studies a Nautical map of the Florida Keys. He seems to be paying no attention to her.

CHOOKIE

(as she exercises)

Trav?

(no response)

Trav?

(still nothing)

She brings her long leg up and catches her foot under his map.

TRAVIS

(startled, grabbing at the map)

Hey.

CHOOKIE

I want to talk to you.

TRAVIS

(going back to his map)

All right.

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2. CONTINUED

2.

CHOOKIE

Aww Trav. Come on. I've got a date with Frank and he's going to be mad if I'm late and I want to talk to you...

TRAVIS

I'm listening.

CHOOKIE

No you're not. You're reading.

TRAVIS

You said 'Trav' twice and then kicked my map. I'm listening...
(continues to study his map)

CHOOKIE

(grimacing at him)
It's very disconcerting to talk to somebody who doesn't look at you...
(but Trav studies his map and she is forced to give in. She doesn't stop her dancing)
Remember I introduced you to that new girl in the show? Cathy Kerr?
(without moving his eyes from the map, he shakes his head)
You remember. Brown eyes. Comes from the Keys....
(Trav nods his head, he remembers)
Well she's got a very interesting story and...

TRAVIS

(interrupting)
No.

CHOOKIE

It won't cost you to listen. And maybe there's a case for you....

TRAVIS

(emphatically)
No.

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2. CONTINUED

2.

CHOOKIE
 Aww. Trav. I told her you could help her.
 (he looks at her with chagrin)
 She's really, really nice....

3. NEW ANGLE

3.

Neither of them notice a 40 foot yacht barrelling along the channel towards a slip and about to pass them on its way.

TRAVIS
 So is this map and so are the Keys. And that's where I'm heading.

CHOOKIE
 I thought we were buddies.

TRAVIS
 Don't take advantage.

The yacht sails past at full throttle.

CHOOKIE
 There might be a lot of money in it.

TRAVIS
 I don't need any money right now.

The wake from the yacht hits the Busted Flush and pitches Chookie, who is on one leg, into the railing. Travis loses his balance and grabs onto the rail, losing his map over the side and almost going over with it...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 What in hell?
 (he looks up and sees the yacht already well past)
 YOU DAMN IDIOT!!!

It is a 40 foot Standel custom, grey with blue trimm

4. NEW ANGLE - THE STANDEL CUSTOM

With the Busted Flush in the distant b.g. The boat turns at full throttle towards a guest slip and is expertly maneuvered by using the engine in sudden reverse and comes gently to the dock.

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5. TRAVIS AND CHOOKIE

5.

As he helps her up.

TRAVIS

Are you all right?

(she nods.

Grudgingly about
the other boat)

Another reason I want to get
out of here.

(looking for
his map)

Doesn't anybody want to drift
anymore?

(angrily)

I lost my map...

(looking over the
side towards the
water)

CHOOKIE

(grinning)

Does that mean you'll speak
to Cathy Kerr?

6. TIGHT ON TRAVIS

6.

Perplexed by her persistence; frustrated by the loss
of his map; angry at the boat owner who caused it all.

7. INT. BAHAMA ROOM (MILES O'BEACH HOTEL) - CATHY - NIGHT 7.

She is attractive with soft brown eyes and hair. She
is wearing a brief costume and is a member of a dance
group headed by Chookie. The seven girls are on stage
dancing to a jazz-calypso type orchestration. ZOOM
back to reveal the uncrowded room and to include Travis
seated at the bar.

8. TRAVIS

He has his eyes on Cathy. On the bar in front of him
is a bottle of Dos Equis beer which he is emptying into
a glass. Shamus, the bartender, steps in to pick up the
empty bottle. He is a portly, displaced New Yorker with
an open face and hound dog eyes.

SHAMUS

Another, Trav?

(Travis nods. Shamus
leans his elbows on
the bar)

(MORE)

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8. CONTINUED

8.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

You know what I was thinking,
today?

(Travis turns to
look at him and
shakes his head)

I was thinking that given an
infinity of space and an eternity
of time that a guy could come up
with a pretty good case for
reincarnation.

TRAVIS

(amused disbelief)
That's what you were thinking,
today?

SHAMUS

(nods)
It's pretty interesting stuff.
You see it's a meeting of science
and religion. The physical and
the metaphysical. I was reading
Bergson, see, and he has this
theory of the Mind At Large and...

TRAVIS

(interrupting
quietly)
Shamus. Can I have my beer?

SHAMUS

(disappointed)
Sure Trav.

He moves off reluctantly, his need for self-expression
stifled. Travis looks after him for one moment of awe
and turns his attention once again on Cathy Kerr.

9. CATHY

There is a kind of clean, small-town look about this
girl. She is counting her dance steps in her head
and you can almost see her lips move. Her eyes seem
turned inward, reading her dance chart; the room is
outside of her as she concentrates. Then suddenly,
her eyes spot something in the room. They become
alert and she is startled by what she sees. She
forgets her next dance move and...

10. TRAVIS 10.

He spots her miss that dance step.. She is out of synch with the others and she is staring towards the far corner of the room. Travis's eyes follow her direction of vision.

11. TRAVIS POV 11.

An empty chair at an empty table near the door.

12. TIGHT ON TRAVIS 12.

He turns back to Cathy.

13. TRAVIS POV 13.

Cathy is gone from the stage.

14. TIGHT ON TRAVIS 14.

Intrigued.

15. EXT. MILES O'BEACH HOTEL - REAR DOOR - NIGHT 15.

It opens and Cathy comes out. She is putting on a coat over her costume. She looks about, furtively, sees no one and moves away quickly.

16. NEW ANGLE - HOTEL - WIDE 16.

Cathy is moving away from the hotel along the beach.

17. TIGHT ON CATHY 17.

As she hurries along the beach, eyes searching in fear, in front and behind her...

18. EXT. BEACH - WIDE - NIGHT 18.

Cathy is moving towards CAMERA. The beach is deserted. A number of large palm trees dot it and cast shadows in the moonlight. Every shadow is a menace to the frightened girl. Her fast walk becomes a run. She is running full out towards CAMERA. HOLD ON her as she comes into CLOSE-UP and stops dead as a large, powerful hand comes from nowhere and clasps her throat. It holds tight. She can't move, she can't breathe. Her eyes bulge in terror and anoxia.

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19. NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT 19.
From the rear of a very big and very powerful man. We cannot see his face. In the darkness, he is only a bulky shadow. He holds Cathy with one hand against the large palm tree which a moment before concealed him.
20. TIGHT ON CATHY 20.
Unable to move, eyes wide, pleading.
21. CATHY'S POV 21.
As his other hand comes smashing down towards her face. The lights of the buildings in the distance go out of focus as the fist strikes; they refocus and become blurred, coalescing into each other in brilliant hues as we hear the sound of the man's fist striking repeatedly.
- DISSOLVE TO:
22. EXT. BEACH (TIME LAPSE) - TIGHT ON RED LIGHT - NIGHT 22.
It is out of focus and sharpens to reveal the red, spinning light atop an ambulance.
23. NEW ANGLE - WIDE 23.
On the beach are a small crowd of people...ambulance men, police, onlookers; an ambulance and police cars. A stretcher is being hoisted within a circle of people.
24. NEW ANGLE - MISS AGNES (TRAVIS CONVERTED ROLLS ROYCE) 24.
As Travis and Chookie get out of the car and move towards the crowd. Chookie is wearing an coat over her dance costume.
The stretcher breaks from the circle and the attendents carry it towards the ambulance as Travis and Chookie intersect their path at the ambulance doors.
25. TRAVIS AND CHOOKIE
Shooting up from the ground so that the head of the stretcher is in f.g. with them looking down on the occupant. They both flinch.
26. THEIR POV - CATHY
She lies unconscious, her face battered, her lower jaw slack.

CONTINUED

26. CONTINUED

26.

They have wiped away the blood and packed her nose and she is a ghastly white. It is hard to find the pretty face that danced with Chookie.

27. TRAVIS AND CHOOKIE

27.

She turns away, feeling physically sick. Travis stares at the girl as though soaking in her pain and her tragedy. The stretcher moves onto the ambulance. The doors close. Travis stands with a growing sense of outrage and guilt. Chookie shakes off the nausea finally. The ambulance pulls away with siren coming to life.

CHOOKIE

(about to say something)

Trav...

TRAVIS

(quietly, voice trembling)

Chookie. Don't say a word.

She sees his rage and stays silent.

28. EXT. OCEAN BEACH - WIDE - NIGHT

28.

Shooting towards the ocean as a swimmer far out in the moonlit water trails a foamy wake as he swims strongly towards the shore.

29. CHOOKIE

29.

She sits on the sand, Trav's jacket around her shoulders, watching the swimmer approach. The beach is silent and deserted.

30. CHOOKIE'S POV

30.

As Travis reaches shallow water and begins wading towards the beach. He is stripped naked though the darkness and the distance reveal little. He picks up a towel and wraps it around himself.

31. CHOOKIE

31

Watching him come towards her. She is silent, still. His legs come into frame and his hand reaches down beside Chookie and picks up his trousers.

32. TRAVIS 32.
As he slides into his trousers.

TRAVIS
Now say a word.

33. TRAVIS AND CHOOKIE 33.

CHOOKIE
I don't think you have to feel
guilty....

TRAVIS
(interrupting)
Wrong word. I know what I don't
have to feel. I also know what
I feel. Now tell me what you
know.

CHOOKIE
Junior Allen. That's the guy
she was living with until two
months ago. She was terrified
of him.

TRAVIS
Are you shoving me into a
lover's quarrel?

CHOOKIE
Maybe. But I don't think so.

34. EXT. HIGHWAY - WIDE - DAY 34.

Miss Anges is moving along the highway in the sparse,
early morning traffic.

CHOOKIE (O.S.)
The guy was broke six months ago.
After he left her he showed up
with money to burn and a nice
big yacht to burn it on.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
So maybe he robbed a bank.

CHOOKIE (O.S.)
Are you interested?

TRAVIS (O.S.)
I'm getting there.

The camera pans with the car as it passes a road sign
which reads "WELCOME TO MIAMI".

35. EXT. YACHT BROKER - TIGHT ON SIGN - DAY 35.

It reads 'R.G. AGNEW. BOATS FOR SALE'. WIDEN to reveal Travis and Chookie through the window of the office. They are talking to a man who stands behind the counter shaking his head. The conversation is mime. They head out of the building.

DISSOLVE TO:

36. EXT. YACHT BROKER 2 - AGENT - DAY 36.

He sits on a chair in front of the building where the sign reads 'YOUNG & BELL. BOATS'. He is using a reflector board under his chin to catch more of the sunrays, though he is fully clothed. At the moment he is shaking his head in answer to a question from Travis.

DISSOLVE TO:

37. EXT. YACHT BROKER 3 - TIGHT ON SIGN - DAY 37.

It reads 'FELIX RUSTIN FOR BOATS'. WIDEN as Travis and Chookie come out the door and head for the car. They look discouraged.

DISSOLVE TO:

38. EXT. STREET (BUSINESS) - TIGHT ON CHOOKIE - DAY 38.

She is looking at something in a window. She is in profile and in the b.g. we can see a broker's sign jutting over the sidewalk. It reads ABC Boats For Sale or Rent. Travis comes out the door beneath the sign and moves towards Chookie. PAN to pick up what she is looking at with hungry eyes. It is the menu taped to the window of a small restaurant. Travis enters frame again and takes her arm. She holds her stomach and looks at him with pleading eyes. He shakes his head and pulls the reluctant girl from the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. EXT. KIMBY-MEYER OFFICE - WIDE - DAY

The sign reads 'KIMBY-MEYER. BOATS'. In the open doorway, a young girl is pointing out a direction for Travis and Chookie. They move in the direction offered.

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40. INT. MEN'S HAIR STYLIST'S - TIGHT ON FOOT BATH - DAY 40.

The water is steaming and a very large foot soaks in the bowl. The CAMERA PANS UP the foot, up the thick hairy ankle and calf to the rolled up trouser leg and up the massive body to the face of Joe True. Joe is having his hair cut. A buxom, bleached blonde named Trudy is manicuring his nails.

Meanwhile.....

JOE

(as the camera is
panning up)

So I said to that little son-of-a-bitch quack doctor. 'I've had ingrown toenail's since before you was born and there ain't nobody gonna shove no needle into my toe 'less he wants to spit syringes for a week'. Then he says he can't do nothing except operate and goodbye that'll be ten dollars please. Hot damn. I near tossed him out the window.

Travis and Chookie enter the place. There is one another customer getting his hair styled.

TRAVIS

(to Joe)
Are you Joe True?

JOE

(eyeing him
suspiciously)
Who wants to know?

TRAVIS

Travis McGee.

JOE

Why?

TRAVIS

You sold a boat to a guy named Junior Allen. A couple of months ago. Remember?

JOE

Are you police or revenue?

CONTINUED

40. CONTINUED

40.

TRAVIS

I'm a friend of a friend. I need some information.

JOE

(relaxing a bit
and sizing up
Travis and Chookie)
How much do you need? And how badly?

TRAVIS

(not liking him
as he produces
a twenty with
resignation)
That much.

Joe takes the twenty in his meaty hand and holds it. Trudy is completed her manicure.

JOE

(to Trudy)
Dry the foot. It's had enough.
(eyeing
Chookie
appreciatively)
Who's she?

TRAVIS

You're holding my money.

JOE

(winks at
Chookie.
To Travis)
The guy showed up maybe five weeks ago. Signed his name, Ambrose A. Allen. Bought himself a forty foot Stadel custom. Registered as "The Play Pen". Twin 155's. Nicely appointed. Good hull performance in a rough sea. He took it out and handled it like he knew where he was at. Bought it for twenty-four thou.
(he is cruising
Chookie lewdly)

CONTINUED

40. CONTINUED

40.

TRAVIS

Cash?

JOE

(ignoring Travis
as he puzzles
over Chookie)
I've seen you before.
Where?
(Chookie shrugs)

TRAVIS

Did he pay cash?

Trudy is drying Joe's foot and presses too hard on
the tender toe...

JOE

(flinching)
Hey. Easy.
(she pats it
tenderly)

I figured the guy for a deadbeat.
You know. Grease under his
nails. Tatoo on the arm.
Smiling all the time like he's
got some big joke working for
him. I used to know a guy
like that when I was wrassling.
I'd be pounding his head against
the post and he'd be smiling.
Used to scare the shit out of
me.

TRAVIS

(unimpressed)
I'm waiting.

Trudy is gingerly putting on his sock and then a
slipper.

JOE

Five cashier's checks. All
from different banks in
New York. About twenty-one
thou all told and another
three in hundred dollar bills.
Didn't even gimme a tip.

CONTINUED

40. CONTINUED

40.

The barber is finished and hands Joe a mirror. He looks and suddenly....

JOE

Mile O'Beach. Hot Damn.
(to Chookie)

I seen you dance.

(Chookie smiles at
the compliment. Joe
to barber)

Can this chick ever move her
little ass. OOO-EEE!!

TRAVIS

Have you seen Allen since then?

JOE

(eyeing Chookie like
he's got her number)

I seen him two weeks ago. Came
screaming in here telling me the
generator wasn't working on the
boat and I should fix it. He didn't
have no warrenty on no generator.
Man, I thought I was gonna have to
tangle with him but he just put on
that smile and went away real
friendly-like.

(he hobbles to his
feet and we can see
that he must be at
least six foot seven)

TRAVIS

Where did he go?

JOE

(grinning like the
cock of the walk at
Chookie)

That ain't covered in my hand.

(Travis places another
twenty in his hand)

I sent him over to Hack Wicker
at Robinson-Rand.

Travis turns and starts for the door to pick up Chookie

JOE (CONT'D)

(holding up the two
twenties to Chookie)

Hey little sweetheart. Drop in
some time. I'll give you a Joe
True special.

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40. CONTINUED

40.

Travis wheels before reaching Chookie and returns to Joe.

TRAVIS

For forty bucks I'll give you a Travis McGee special.

JOE

(towering over him. Grins)

Yah. What's that?

Travis snatches the two twenties from Joe's hand and at the same time stamps down hard on his delicate foot.

41. TIGHT ON JOE

41.

As his face reacts to the excruciating pain.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

That.

42. TRAVIS

42.

He turns and walks away from the helpless man, picks up Chookie and exits as Joe falls moaning to the floor.

43. EXT. ROBINSON-RAND SHIPYARD - WIDE - DAY

43.

Moving over the area with it's large storage and shops and taking in the long rows of covered slips. Travis and Chookie are walking with Hack Wicker. He is a man of fifty. Small. He uses an electronic voice box to speak, holding the gadget to his throat.

HACK

(chuckling)

I wouldn't worry none about Joe. He's big and tough but he don't hold grudges. Now your friend, Ambrose A. Allen. He's a different breed of whale. Killer. He's got all them cute freckles and that smile, but those eyes, mister. He come in here with a generator that Joe had no business putting in that boat and Allen knew it. Joe wouldn't pay for a new one and this guy takes it calm like nothing.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED

43. CONTINUED

43.

HACK (CONT'D)
Doesn't say a word. But I'm
seeing past that smile and
those eyes tell me Joe was
an idiot.

TRAVIS
Have you put the generator
in yet?

HACK
(shakes his
head)
Got it on order. Should be
here in about a week.

TRAVIS
Do you know where the Play
Pen is, now?

HACK
Nope. But he's supposed to
call me to find out when he
can bring her in here.

TRAVIS
(scribbling
a number)
Will you call me when you
know he's bringing her in?
(handing Hack
the note)
Collect.

HACK
(taking
the note)
Am I right about the eyes?

TRAVIS
I don't know, Hack. I never
met the man.

HACK
(grins)
Never figured you had. See
you.
(he walks
away)
I'll call.

44. INT. MISS AGNES - TRAVIS AND CHOOKIE - DAY

44.

She is tired, has her shoes off and her feet up on the seat as she tries to find a comfortable position against the passenger door.

TRAVIS

Now we know that Junior has money. We know where he's going to be in a week or so. Let's find out where he got the money.

CHOOKIE

(yawning)
Does that mean you're taking this case?

TRAVIS

Unless Cathy wants to tell the police. That's up to her.

CHOOKIE

(too tired for
enthusiasm)
That's nice.
(beat)
You know what I think?

TRAVIS

What?

CHOOKIE

I think this damn door is too hard for a pillow. Can I cuddle up and you drive with one arm?

TRAVIS

No.

CHOOKIE

(runs her
foot along
his leg)
Awww.
(he slaps
her foot and
she reacts)
Owww. What did you do
that for?

CONTINUED

44. CONTINUED

44.

TRAVIS

What are you playing? Did you have a fight with Frank?

CHOOKIE

That's not fair. You come at me like I'm some kind of kid sister.

(beat)

Yes, we had a fight. He decided he needed a vacation and he went fighting for two weeks with the boys and he's the most stubborn, selfish person I ever met and I'm sorry I ever fell in love with him.

TRAVIS

(grinning at her histrionics)

Who told you to fall in love?

CHOOKIE

(pouting)

You could fall in love with somebody, you know.

TRAVIS

I could. Who do you have in mind?

CHOOKIE

You're impossible.

TRAVIS

(smiling)

No. I'm easy. That's my problem.

She glances over and sees his smile as he looks her way and though she wants to be angry, there's no reason and his smile is infectious. She grins back.

CHOOKIE

Nut.

45. EXT. MISS AGNES - WIDE - DAY

She heads along the highway towards Fort Lauderdale.

46. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - TWO NURSES - NIGHT

46.

They are both about thirty-five. Nurse 1 is talking while Nurse 2 is listening and nodding. They walk towards CAMERA and it PANS 180'....

Meanwhile....

NURSE 1

...so he says to me; 'You're a nurse. You should be able to get me one of those Aphrodisiacs.' And I say 'Listen Herman, the only Aphrodisiac I've got to offer is my naked body...

As the CAMERA SWINGS with them moving away, they pass Travis, Chookie and an Intern moving TOWARDS CAMERA...

INTERN

...she's conscious and alert. We had to wire her jaw, though. So it's a problem talking.

TRAVIS

Has she said anything to the police?

INTERN

She told them she never saw the man.

They stop at a door, the Intern points, waves and moves off. Travis and Chookie enter the room.

47. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DOOR - NIGHT

47.

As Travis and Chookie enter and move cautiously to the bed. Cathy lies in bed. Her broken nose has been set and splinted. Her jaw is wired shut. What there is of exposed facial skin is black and blue. But her eyes are open and she recognizes Chookie. She speaks with her jaw clenched by the wire and there is no facial movement.

CATHY

Chookie. I'm sorry.

CHOOKIE

(smiles warmly)
Hey. Come on. That's my line.

CONTINUED

47. CONTINUED

47.

CATHY

(her eyes
water)

He broke my nose...
(she can't say
anymore and her
hand wipes away
the tears)

CHOOKIE

(taking her hand
and squeezing it)

You're going to be fine.
Really. The doctor says so.
I brought somebody to see you.
And he's going to help.
(Travis steps
forward)

This is Travis McGee. He's my
friend and he's a real nice
person.

TRAVIS

Hi Cathy.

CATHY

I already told the police....

TRAVIS

I'm not the police. Chookie
told me about Junior Allen.
Did he do this to you?

CATHY

(hesitates, looks
at Chookie who
gives her a
reassuring nod)

If I told the police he would
kill me. He spent five years
in Leavenworth and I think
that made him crazy. He would
kill me before the police got
him. He would kill you, too,
Mr. McGee. Anybody. Cause he
doesn't give a damn if he lives
or dies and that's why he's
crazy. There's just no way you
can hurt a man who doesn't care
what happens to him.

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47. CONTINUED

47.

TRAVIS

Why would he beat you like this?

CATHY

Because he's a thief and because I saw him on the street yesterday and I said he was a thief and he better give back the money to me and my sister.

TRAVIS

What money did he steal from you?

CATHY

I don't know.
(seeing Travis and Chookie exchange puzzled glances)

I know he came to us about six months ago and said he was a friend of my Daddy's from Leavenworth and could my Ma put him up for awhile. He was a nice man, Mr. McGee. Quiet. Real nice smile. I took to him you know and pretty soon we were living as man and wife. But he was always asking things about my Daddy and about Candle Key. And then he started digging around our property.

TRAVIS

You think he found something valuable and then disappeared.

(she nods)

Why was your father in Leavenworth?

CATHY

He killed a man back when I was a baby. They put him there for life. He died two years ago. If you want to know about my Daddy, you better speak to my sister, Christy.

CONTINUED

47. CONTINUED

47.

TRAVIS

(nods)
Where can I find Junior?

CATHY

I don't know. After he left me he went to live with a divorced woman in Candle Key. Lois Atkinson.

TRAVIS

All right. We'll see what we can do.

CHOOKIE

(to Cathy)
I told you he was real nice. Don't you worry. I'll be back to see you tomorrow.

They start for the door.

CATHY

Mr. McGee.
(they stop
and turn
around)
If you get a chance to kill him without getting killed... You can have all the money.

Her tears of fear and hate roll down her face. Travis and Chookie exchange unsettled glances and they exit.

48. EXT. A MIAMI MARINA - WIDE - NIGHT

48.

The hour is late. The Marina is an old one, with dilapidated apartment buildings tight to the dock area. There are few boats in their slips and these are in need of paint and caulking. The dock is quiet except for the gentle lap of the water beneath. A door opens in one of the apartments with access directly to the dock. A shaft of light cuts across the rotting timbers. Two people stand in the doorway. The manicurist Trudy; and the massive figure of Joe True. Joe gives her a kiss...

JOE

(his voice thick
from booze)
Goodnight Trudy, beau(d)y...

CONTINUED

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48. CONTINUED

48.

TRUDY

What about tomorrow?

JOE

Can't. Gotta take my kid fishing.

(tweaking one of her large breasts)

I'll call you.

(hobbling away on his bad foot)

Put it in storage for me.

TRUDY

(sarcastically)

Sure.

He chuckles and limps away. She closes the apartment door, closing out his contact with light and another human.

49. TIGHT ON JOE

49.

He moves along the dock, past the dark, silent boats on one side and the sleeping apartments on the other. The pain in his big toe is occupying his mind and he steps gingerly. Then he hears something behind him... a noise. He stops and turns.

50. JOE'S POV

50.

There is nothing behind him but shadows.

51. TIGHT ON JOE

51.

He is satisfied and turns back to his walking. But his outward sense of security is not totally matched inside because he is moving just a little faster than he was before. He is approaching an alleyway and unconsciously moves closer to the ocean side of the dock as he walks. Once more he hears (thinks) a noise and this time he spins around.

52. JOE'S POV

Again. Nothing.

53. TIGHT ON JOE

He is nervous as he turns back again. Suddenly, there is a loud clatter as a garbage can sails from the alley and lands on the dock near him. He peers into the alley.

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53. CONTINUED

53.

JOE
 Who the hell is there?
 (there is no
 answer and Joe
 takes a step
 forward with
 great bravado)
 Come on you sneaky bastard.
 Step out here.

A figure steps into the half-light so that we cannot see his face. But we can see the harpoon rifle he holds in his hands.

JUNIOR (O.S.)
 Hello Joe Liar...

The trigger is released and the harpoon catches Joe hard and high in the abdomen. He grabs the shaft with a great look of surprise and falls to both knees.

The figure steps forward and Joe looks up with bewildered eyes as the stock of the rifle comes crashing down towards his head.

54. EXT. BERRY HOUSE (CANDLE KEY) - WIDE - DAY

54.

It is an old frame bayfront house of black cyprus and hard pine. There is a narrow road leading to it and plenty of leg room for kids to play. At the moment there are three kids, two girls of eight and nine, and a boy of five. Miss Agnes turns into the driveway and the kids scurry into the house. The car comes to rest in front and Christy Hasson steps out on the porch with the three kids hanging back behind her legs, watching the stranger. Christy Hasson is a woman of 34. She is a little plump but interestingly so. Her face is pretty. She wears a pair of faded jeans hacked off at the knee and a man's white T shirt with a rip in the shoulder. Her hair is tied in dog ears, giving her a younger appearance, and she wears no make-up.

CHRISTY
 Are you McGee?
 (he nods as
 he gets out
 of the car)
 I'm Christy. Come on in.

She turns and sends the kids running with a wave of her hand. Travis climbs the steps towards her and the door she holds open.

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CONTINUED

54. CONTINUED

54.

TRAVIS
(about the kids)
All yours?

CHRISTY
The boy belongs to Cathy.
(wryly)
We Berrys have trouble keeping
our men.

55. INT. BERRY LIVING ROOM - DOOR - DAY

55.

As they enter a room that is cluttered and homey with old and inexpensive furniture.

CHRISTY
Ma's went to prison. Mine got
blown up when the Suprex tanks
went. Cathy's Wally; he just
ran on her.
(beat)
And then there was Junior.
(beat)
Sit. Can I get you a beer?

TRAVIS
Thanks.

He sits down and she moves to the kitchen to get two beers.

CHRISTY (O.S.)
(from the
kitchen)
Now Junior. I wouldn't rightly
call him a man. There was an
animal. I never told Cathy
but he was grabbing at me every
chance he got. And what he done
to that girl. The walls in this
house ain't too thick.
(coming from the
kitchen with the
beers)
And I used to hear them at night.
All night. Every night. He
never left her alone.
(handing Travis
the beer)
I knew Ma was hearing them too.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

55. CONTINUED

55.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I guess that used to bother me most of all. Her hearing it. She was sick then and she didn't last but two months after he come here. I'm not saying that I'm some icicle. They used to turn me on with all that racket. He was like some raving, snorting stud and she used to walk around in a daze half the time. You can't do a woman like that and expect her to keep her senses.

(almost whistfully)

I can't lie to you. There were times when I would have liked to try it. I'm 34 and I've been a widow seven years and I always figured my kids in the stakes so I never wanted to lay my ass on a bed for one night. But I gotta tell you. It's tough. And sometimes I think maybe I priced myself out of the market.

TRAVIS

(shakes his head)

No. You just haven't hit the right market. Yet.

(she likes that and grins her pretty grin)

CHRISTY

O.K. McGee. What'll it be?

TRAVIS

Why do you think your old man had money?

CHRISTY

(collecting her thoughts)

All right. My daddy was Sergeant David Berry. He spent two years in India and Burma during the Second World War. He worked on one of those B-17's. Crew chief, I think.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

55. CONTINUED

55.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Anyway, in forty-five he got out and he was on his way home when he got drunk and killed an officer in San Francisco. He came right home and they came here and arrested him. They sent him away for life. I remember when he was home and he used to talk to me about how we would all be rich someday. And I never thought about it but twice after that. Once I said something to my ma and she smacked me over the face. And then the day that Junior Allen run out, I found the gate posts on the driveway tumbled down and among them was some scabs of rust and rotten cloth that might have been army color once. Now you tell me if I got cause to think.

TRAVIS

(nods)

Did your daddy have any special buddies during the war?

CHRISTY

(shakes her head)

I don't remember him saying a name.

TRAVIS

How about letters? Did your mother save them?

CHRISTY

I think my mother managed to save everything...

(wry smile)

...except her daughters...

(beat)

I'll have to dig around in the attic.

TRAVIS

(nods)

Is Junior still living with that divorcee?

CONTINUED

55. CONTINUED

55.

CHRISTY
 (vindictive grin)
 He ran out on her about two weeks ago.

TRAVIS
 You're gloating, Christy.

CHRISTY
 I guess it's the poor, white trash in me. It's comforting to know that rich ladies live in glass houses.

56. EXT. ATKINSON HOUSE - TRAVIS - DAY

56.

He is getting out of Miss Agnes and getting his first look at the house. DOLLY to pivot and include the house in his frame. It is a low rambling house with plenty of glass. The front lawn is in need of mowing. A dirty white Thunderbird is parked in the double carport. The sound of the ocean on the beach behind the house is the only steady background music; it is pierced irregularly by the cries of the hungry gulls. This could be an abandoned house on a deserted island.

Travis walks to the door and presses the doorbell button. He can hear the bell ringing inside. He waits but no one opens the door. He rings again and this time he notes the movement of a curtain from the corner of his eyes. He knows there is someone inside. Again, he rings. There is silence from the house. He stealthily turns the doorknob. The door is locked. He ponders the situation for a moment, makes a decision and reaching into his pocket, comes up with a plastic credit card. He slides it between the door and the frame and manages to trip the lock. He enters.

57. INT. ATKINSON FOYER - TRAVIS - DAY

57

He enters cautiously, not knowing what to expect.

TRAVIS
 Mrs. Atkinson.

There is no answer. Travis leaves the door wide open in case he has to run fast. He steps on paper and looks down to find mail scattered where it had fallen after being pushed through the slot on the door. Judging from the letters, circulars, magazines; it has accumulated over a long period of time.

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CONTINUED

57. CONTINUED

57.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(trying again)
Mrs. Atkinson.

He moves into the house and in a few hesitant steps is at the archway leading into the living room.

58. INT. ATKINSON LIVING ROOM - POV FROM ARCHWAY - DAY 58.

The room is darkened by the drawn drapes. But even in the dim light filtering through the brocade, the room is a mess to behold. Dirty dishes, glasses, ashtrays, empty whiskey bottles, articles of clothing, uneaten food, things broken in violence.

Travis stands in the archway, wondering what the hell is going on here and who is in the house and why doesn't he walk out.

Then he hears it. It is a faint, stifled sob. Just one. And it is coming from a dark corner of the living room, the view of which is further obstructed by a large, cushy, easy-chair.

TRAVIS
Mrs. Atkinson.

There is no response and he advances cautiously towards the corner. Another stifled sob is emitted.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
My name is Travis McGee. I'm a friend of a friend. Your front door was unlocked...

He has reached the easy chair and hears a woman's frightened muted sobbing.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I've come to help you.... Lois?

He reaches for the window drape and yanks it open with one hand as he side-steps the easy chair to confront....

59. TIGHT ON LOIS ATKINSON

She is huddled in the corner, knees drawn up into her breasts, wearing a floor length cotton nighty, long hair disheveled, eyes wide with fear and filled with tears. And Travis notices none of this because he is stunned by the sudden, shocking confrontation he has just made with an ugly, snub-nosed, revolver that she holds in both hands and is pointing at his face.

59
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60. TIGHT ON TRAVIS 60.
Shocked. Immobile.
61. TIGHT ON LOIS 61.

LOIS
(hysterically)
Oh Jesus.

She pulls the trigger. The firing pin slams down on an empty cylinder.

Travis grabs the gun from her hand and she collapses in a loud, hysterical, sobbing heap.

Travis turns away; his face is pale. He has just been 'killed' and he knows it. The reaction to his 'moment of truth' hits him. He starts to shake and perspire. He checks the revolver chamber and shakes out four bullets into his hand. The panic dissipates and the anger begins to build.

TRAVIS
(wheeling on Lois
who is totally
oblivious to
anything at this
moment)
You stupid bitch.
(he stands in
outraged silence,
unable to find
words to match
his emotion)

He wipes the perspiration from his forehead with his sleeve and his anger gradually begins to dissipate. He pockets the revolver and bullets and walks away to open all the drapes and let the sun pour into the room. Then he returns to Lois. Dry sobs convulse her body now and she begins to heave. She staggers to her feet and runs past him, holding her stomach, gagging. He lets her go and she runs through the archway and into the powder room in the foyer. He hears her retching and the sound of running water. He spies the telephone and moves to it. He dials a number.

TRAVIS
(into telephone)
Christy. It's Travis McGee.
Do you have a doctor?

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62. INT. BERRY LIVING ROOM - CHRISTY - DAY

62.

She is seated on the couch surrounded by shoe boxes of old letters and photographs. She holds the telephone to her ear with her shoulder action. Her hands are busy with letters.

CHRISTY

Doctor Ramirez.

TRAVIS (O.S. FILTERED)

Send him over to the Atkinson house, would you.

CHRISTY

What's wrong with her?

63. INT. ATKINSON LIVING ROOM - TRAVIS - DAY

63.

TRAVIS

Christy. You wouldn't gloat if you saw this glass house.

CHRISTY (O.S. FILTERED)

That bad, eh?

TRAVIS

Worse. Send him over.

CHRISTY (O.S. FILTERED)

Right away.

They hang up.

Travis moves towards the powder room. The door is partly open.

64. INT. POWDER ROOM - LOIS - DAY

64.

Shooting from inside towards the door. She has slumped down on her knees and is rocking back and forth, moaning and weeping. Travis opens the door and stands looking down on her. The anger is gone. He is affected by the depth of this girl's misery. He drops to one knee beside her.

TRAVIS

Hey Lois.

(gently)

I came to help.

But she stares at some transfixing point on the floor and doesn't want to look at him.

CONTINUED

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64. CONTINUED

64.

Travis is looking at her and what he sees is a woman of about thirty. Her hair is long and brown. Her face is delicate, narrow and sensitive. Her eyes are large and deep. Her body is slender and even in that loose nighty suggests the bearing of a high fashion model. Where Chookie is pretty; this woman is beautiful. Travis reaches out and cups her chin in his hand and turns her face to him.

LOIS

(pleading,
afraid)

Don't. Please. Don't touch me.

And Travis takes his hand away, feeling her revulsion and feeling another surge of hate for Junior Allen.

65. INT. HALLWAY - DR. RAMIREZ - DAY

65.

He comes out of the bedroom and gently closes the door behind him. He is a Mexican-American, about fifty, portly, and carries a black bag. He moves along the hallway and into the kitchen.

66. INT. KITCHEN - TRAVIS - DAY

66.

He stands at the sink in his shirtsleeves. He is drying dishes from a pile that he has just washed. Ramirez enters.

RAMIREZ

I gave her a shot of amytal.
She'll be out for eight hours.

He sits down as Travis pours him a cup of coffee.

TRAVIS

Will she have to be hospitalized?

RAMIREZ

(accepting the
coffee)

That depends.

(sizing up Travis
as he sits down)

What's your involvement in
this, McGee?

TRAVIS

I'm a visiting Homemaker.

(seeing that
Ramirez is
not amused)

A friend of a friend.

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66. CONTINUED

66.

RAMIREZ

Not the guy who did this
to her.

TRAVIS

(shaking his
head)

Do you know him?

RAMIREZ

I heard about him.

(beat)

She's in pretty bad shape. She
probably hasn't eaten in two
weeks. She's been boozing a
lot on top of it and has been
hallucinating.

(hesitating about
whether to go
further and
deciding to)

She's been through an extreme
emotional shock. I can guess
why. She's been badly abused,
sexually.

TRAVIS

(angry about that
and finding
an outlet)

You've got some nice town here,
Doctor. That woman could have
starved to death in this house
and nobody would have known
about it.

Ramirez says nothing. He can't defend the town and
won't try.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(realizing that
and cooling off)

Is she suicidal?

RAMIREZ

(shaking his
head)

If she was, the gun would
have been at her head, not
yours. That's her life line
and she's hanging on. Can you
stay here with her?

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CONTINUED

66. CONTINUED

66.

TRAVIS
(mulls it
over)
How long?

RAMIREZ
Until I can swing a hospital bed.
Maybe tomorrow.

TRAVIS
What do I do?

RAMIREZ
(holding up
a vial of
pills)
Feed her one of these every four
hours if she's awake. Otherwise
let her sleep. When she is awake
feed her egg nogs and soup and
let her talk.

TRAVIS
What should I expect?

RAMIREZ
Agitation. Probably some more
hallucinations. And she's going
to be scared of you. Nothing
personal.

TRAVIS
How do you know? Doc, you
don't know me from Adam. How
do you know you can trust me
with her?

RAMIREZ
I'm an excellent judge of human
nature. My friend, Sheriff
Stoner says I have a fantastic
memory. Besides, who could
forget your car?
(getting up)
You make a louzy cup of coffee.
(heading for
the door)
See you tomorrow.

Travis nods and Ramirez exits. Travis turns back to his
pile of dishes.

67. INT. ATKINSON LIVING ROOM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT
The hour is late. The room is dark.

67.

CONTINUED

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67. CONTINUED

67.

The camera pans the neat, tidy room and picks up Travis asleep on the couch. From the bedroom comes the faint sound of whimpering and mumbling.

LOIS (O.S.)
(frightened)
No. Fancha. No.....
(sobbing gets louder)
Junior. Oh Jeez, Make her stop...

Travis opens his eyes and hears her. He gets up and heads for the bedroom...

68. INT. ATKINSON BEDROOM - LOIS - NIGHT

68.

She lies in her bed wearing the same nighty, hair disheveled, twisted in the bedclothes, perspiring in her nightmare of terror. She is sobbing but there are no tears.

LOIS
Don't Fancha..

69. SUBLIMINAL CUT

69.

Fancha. A grotesque Haitian girl. She is short and stalky and smiles with rotten teeth. Her hair is wire brush and she is jumping naked on the deck of the Play Pen and singing some island chant.

LOIS (O.S.)
Keep her away.....

The girl is moving towards camera, face menacing as she sings.

LOIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't....

Fancha fills the frame.....

70. INT. ATKINSON BEDROOM - TIGHT ON LOIS - NIGHT

70.

She opens her eyes and screams in terror.

71. TRAVIS

Stands in the doorway looking at her.

72. LOIS

Sees him there and in her aberration is terrified. She cringes in her bed, sliding away towards the headboard, trying to make herself as small as possible. And all she can hear is the voice of Fancha singing her song.

CONTINUED

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72. CONTINUED

72.

TRAVIS
(moving towards her)
Easy Lois. Easy....

LOIS
(screaming and trying
to cover her ears)
Fancha. You bitch. Stop that
singing.

Travis tries to take her hand to comfort her and she bolts trying to reach the door. He lunges for her and grabs a handfull of nighty. It rips off and the naked girl runs from the room. Travis is so surprised by the grasp for nothing that he loses a beat and Lois uses it. By the time he runs from the room.

73. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - LOIS - NIGHT

73.

She throws open the back door and runs out into the night. Travis enters the kitchen and follows out the door.

74. EXT. ATKINSON BEACH - WIDE - NIGHT

74.

There is a boat dock on the beach. She is running wildly towards it with Travis after her. She gets to the end and dives into the water and swims out. Travis dives in after her....

75. LOIS AND TRAVIS

75.

He catches her in the water. She struggles to get away and he almost drowns her to get her to submit. Finally, she goes limp from exhaustion and he tows her back into shore. When the water is shallow enough he picks up her naked body up in his arms and carries her onto land. He is puffing from the strain of the fight and the weight as he moves towards the house.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Just what the hell do you think
you're doing, Mister?

Travis turns to find a man standing there. In the moonlight he can see the uniform.

TRAVIS
Sheriff Stoner?

STONER (MAN)
You better believe it.

Travis looks at the naked girl and at the sheriff and realizes the implication.

TRAVIS
(resigned)
It figures.

76. INT. ATKINSON BEDROOM - LOIS - DAY

76.

She is propped up in bed wearing pajamas. Her eyes are still glazed from her medication and she mechanically opens her mouth as Travis spoons the last of a bowl of soup into her. Ramirez sits in a chair and sips coffee.

TRAVIS

(gentle admonishment)

...and you're going to be a real good girl and eat up all your soup and egg nog and no more like last night because you almost got me arrested. O.K.?

(she doesn't respond. He answers himself)

O.K.

(the bowl is empty)

All gone. Time for your nap.

(she slides down in the bed automatically and he tucks the covers under her chin)

He jerks his head for Ramirez to follow him and he does. Out of the room.

77. INT. HALLWAY - TRAVIS AND RAMIREZ - DAY

77.

They move towards the kitchen.

TRAVIS

For somebody who doesn't like my coffee, you sure drink a lot.

RAMIREZ

I need the caffeine.

78. INT. KITCHEN - TRAVIS AND RAMIREZ - DAY

As they enter.

RAMIREZ

You're handling this nursing job very well McGee.

TRAVIS

Terrific. Have you got her a hospital bed, yet?

CONTINUED

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78. CONTINUED

78.

RAMIREZ
They're full up...

TRAVIS
And you're about to make a pitch
for me to hang around for another
day, eh?

RAMIREZ
The worst is over. Now she's
just going to be placid, listless.
She'll be easy to handle.

TRAVIS
Doc. This girl has tried to
shoot me, drown me, get me
arrested and...and I don't believe
she'll ever be easy to handle.

RAMIREZ
Nonsense, McGee. You just fed
her like a baby...

The telephone rings and Travis picks it up.

TRAVIS
(into phone)
Hello.

79. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - CHOOKIE - DAY

79.

She is seated in the Lotus position on the floor,
wearing her leotards and holding the telephone.

CHOOKIE
Boy. Are you a hard person to
find. What are you doing?

80. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - TRAVIS - DAY

80.

TRAVIS
(for Ramirez)
A doctor friend is trying to
waltz me around the room. What
are you doing?

81. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - CHOOKIE - DAY

CHOOKIE
You got a collect call from Hack
Wicker.

CONTINUED

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81. CONTINUED

81.

TRAVIS
(os filtered)
Is the Play Pen coming in?

CHOOKIE
No. Joe True is missing.

82. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - TRAVIS - DAY

82.

CHOOKIE
(os filtered)
He hasn't been home for two nights.
His wife won't call in the police
because Joe has a habit of
dropping out of sight for lost
weekends...

83. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - CHOOKIE - DAY

83.

CHOOKIE
But Hack says that Joe usually
let him know if he was planning
a trip. This time he didn't.

84. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - TRAVIS - DAY

84.

TRAVIS
Thanks Chookie. Is Hack going
to report it?

CHOOKIE
(os filtered)
He says he'll wait another couple
of days just in case Joe turns up.

TRAVIS
Good.

CHOOKIE
(os filtered)
When are you coming back?

TRAVIS
As soon as I...
(looking around and
noticing that Ramirez
is not in the room.
Exclaiming)

Hey.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

84. CONTINUED

84.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(he drops the phone
and rushes to the
front door)

85. EXT. ATKINSON HOUSE (FRONT) - DOOR - DAY

85.

As Travis comes out and looks up as he hears the roar.
of an engine coming to life.

Ramirez is pulling away in his jeep...

TRAVIS
Hey.
(he starts running
after him but
Ramirez screeches
away, waving and
smiling)
Wait a minute!!!

RAMIREZ
(shouting back)
You're welcome, McGee!!!

And he is gone. Travis stands frustrated and resigned.
He re-enters the house.

86. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - TIGHT ON PHONE - DAY

86.

It is dangling from the cord...

CHOOKIE (os)
(filtered and small)
Travis. I'm waiting. Answer
me. It's your phone and it's
long distance...

TRAVIS
(picking up the
phone)
I won't be back until tomorrow.
I just lost the race.

87. INT. ATKINSON BEDROOM - LOIS - NIGHT

She lies in bed listening to voices from the other room.
She cannot make out the dialogue but it is a man and
woman. And she is wondering if this is real or imagined.
Is she still alive? Is that Junior and Fancha out
there. She sits up in bed and wonders.

88. INT. ATKINSON LIVING ROOM - TRAVIS AND CHRISTY - NIGHT 88.

They are sitting on the floor beside the coffee table. On the table is a shoebox whose contents are scattered over it.

CHRISTY

The only name he mentioned in full was this here...

(pointing to the letter)

George Brell. He mentions him in about five letters. He was the co-pilot on that crew...

TRAVIS

Where did he come from?

CHRISTY

Harlingen, Texas. And look what I found...

(handing him a snapshot)

My Daddy and George Brell.

89. INSERT PHOTO 89.

It shows two men in airforce uniforms circa 1944. The man on the left wears a very impressive uniform; well-tailored and complete with holsters bearing two pearl-handled revolvers.

CHRISTY (os)

The man with the guns is George Brell. It says on the back.

TRAVIS (os)

Little ostentacious. Eh?

90. INT. ATKINSON LIVING ROOM - TRAVIS - NIGHT 90.

Putting down the photograph.

TRAVIS

If he and your Daddy were partners, old George is sure telling the world.

(he picks up the telephone and dials '0')

I would like information in Harlingen, Texas.

(he waits. Then)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

90. CONTINUED

90.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hello. Could I please have the phone number for Mr. George Brell? I don't have the street address.

(pause and he finds a pencil on the table and writes)

And the area code? (writing it down)

Thank you. (he hangs up)

CHRISTY

How do you know it's the same one? It's over twenty-five years.

TRAVIS

(dialing the number) We'll find out.

91. INT. BRELL LIVING ROOM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

91.

It is a luxurious room, very large and expensively furnished. The telephone rings and Gerry Brell moves to answer it. She is a stunning blonde in her mid-twenties, likes make-up.

GERRY

(into the phone) Hello.

TRAVIS

(os filtered) Is Mr. George Brell in please?

GERRY

No he's not. Who's calling please?

92. INT. ATKINSON LIVING ROOM - TRAVIS - NIGHT

92.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry to be calling at such a late hour. But I'm with the V.I.C.W....

GERRY

(os filtered) What is that?

CONTINUED

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92. CONTINUED

92.

TRAVIS
The Veterans of the Indo-China War. Your husband fought in that campaign in 44 didn't he?

93. INT. BRELL LIVING ROOM - GERRY - NIGHT

93.

GERRY
(disgusted)
He never stops talking about it. Now what can I do for you?

TRAVIS
(os filtered)
We've been considering the publication...

GERRY
(interrupting)
I'm sure my husband would be interested. Why don't you try him tomorrow during the day? Goodbye.
(she hangs up)

94. INT. ATKINSON LIVING ROOM - TRAVIS AND CHRISTY - NIGHT

94.

TRAVIS
(as he hangs up)
Bingo.

He smiles his elation at Christy but she is not looking at him. She is looking past him. He turns.

Lois stands in the doorway looking like a lost child in her pajamas.

LOIS
I heard people.

TRAVIS
(getting up)
Yes, you did.
(moving to her)
It's time for your pill.

LOIS
(even her voice is waif-like)
I'm terribly hungry.

CONTINUED

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94. CONTINUED

94.

TRAVIS

All right. Sweetheart. We'll get you some soup.

He takes her arm and leads her back towards the bedroom. HOLD on Christy, struck by what she has just seen.

95. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - SOUP POT - NIGHT

95.

It is coming to a boil and Travis is stirring it. Christy sits watching.

CHRISTY

I used to see her in the shops sometime. What a beautiful woman. She lived here three years. Came from Connecticut.

TRAVIS

New Haven. I checked it out already. No family. She's been divorced for two years.

CHRISTY

So you're playing guardian? Why?

TRAVIS

Who else is there?

CHRISTY

If you looked hard you'd find somebody.

TRAVIS

Are you telling me I'm not looking?

CHRISTY

I don't know what you're doing. But you better know. I know about sick children and animals. You heal them and they're under your feet all day. You better understand that.

And Travis knows what she means and ponders the possibilities.

96. INT. ATKINSON BEDROOM - LOIS - NIGHT

She is propped up in bed watching with her big eyes as Travis approaches her bed with a tray on which is a bowl of soup and an egg nog.

CONTINUED

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96. CONTINUED

96.

He sets the tray down over her lap. But she is not looking at the tray, her eyes are on him and they express a myriad of emotions, none of which can surface.

TRAVIS
(sitting on the
edge of the bed)
Shall I feed you?

She doesn't answer, just keeps staring at him. He picks up the spoon and dips it in the soup and offers it to her lips. She takes it. As his hand is about to descend for another spoonful, her hand comes up suddenly, grabs it and she bends and lightly kisses the back of his hand. Then she looks at him, a little fearful of his reaction. He is touched. He grins and dishes out some more soup. She is a more active eater now.

97. EXT. DOCK - TRAVIS - DAY

97.

It is early morning and he stands at the end of the dock and casts far out and reels in. He is very occupied with the action.

LOIS (os)
(softly)
You won't catch anything.

He turns and sees her standing behind him. She has put a robe on over her pajamas.

TRAVIS
No. But it's good practice.
Are you hungry?

LOIS
(nods)
I would like some toast, though.
With plum jam.
(he is getting his
rod secured)
Travis.

TRAVIS
Yes?
(looking at her)

LOIS
(smiles meekly)
Nothing. I just said your
name. Travis.

CONTINUED

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97. CONTINUED

97.

He smiles and nods and they walk together towards the house.

98. EXT. BEACH - LOIS - DAY (TIME LAPSE)

98.

She sits on the sand eating a peach. She is wearing jeans and a loose fitting shirt. Travis lies on his back beside her, soaking in the sun.

LOIS

I was living in New York, you know. Fashion magazines. That kind of stuff. I guess I can't blame Robbie. He was busy in the insurance business, trying to carve out a career. It's tough on a guy when his wife's bringing home more dollars and more excitement. Anyway. It all went bust and I decided to get away. Here I am. Gorging myself to death.

TRAVIS

Can I ask you something?

LOIS

(stiffening)
I don't think so.

TRAVIS

I'll risk it.
(beat)
Who is Fancha?

She does not answer and he waits in the silence for something. Then he realizes that something is happening to her. He looks at her but can only see her back and the almost imperceptible shaking of her shoulders. He gets up on his elbows and is aware that she is weeping.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(gently)
Lois?

LOIS

Oh Christ. Are my nightmares so public?

He reaches for her to comfort her and she buries her head in his chest and the tears flow.

CONTINUED

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98. CONTINUED

98.

TRAVIS

O.K.. Sweetheart. Get rid of it. Rip it all open and let it go.

She holds on and bawls loudly, a cleansing torrent of tears.

99. INT. ATKINSON LIVING ROOM - LOIS - NIGHT

99.

The room is lit by a single corner lamp. Lois sits on the floor, her back against an easy chair, her hands on the coffee table where they are busy folding and unfolding a scrap of paper with all the energy she can muster as she talks. Travis sits in a chair across the room, listening where she doesn't have to look at him.

LOIS

(tears gone now,
voice shedding her
fear)

...and it was easier to stay a little bit drunk. He didn't scare me so much that way and he didn't mind it cause there was less chance to run away. And I couldn't have run anywhere. I was either locked in the house or trapped on the boat. Then when I thought it was over...he couldn't do any more to me. He dropped anchor in Bimini and he came back with this native girl. Fancha....She would sing... and both of them...

(feeling revulsion
and directing her
hostility at Travis)

I don't want to talk about it.

(volume rising)

Not any more Goddam it!!!

(she tears up the
paper she has been
folding and sits
sullenly)

Travis gets up and moves to her, fishing the vial of pills from his pocket. He shakes out two into his hand and offers them to her. She looks at them and turns her head away in anger.

CONTINUED

99. CONTINUED

99.

TRAVIS

(gently)
Take them.
(firmly)
Take them.

She takes them. He offers her his glass of brandy and she washes them down.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Now go take a bath and get into clean pajamas and go to sleep.

Her hostility has vanished and she is the big-eyed little girl again. He starts for the door.

LOIS

(afraid)
Where are you going?

TRAVIS

To the ocean.
(he tries to hide from her the effect her story has had on him)
I'll be back to tuck you in.
(he hurries out)

100. EXT. DOCK - TRAVIS - NIGHT

100.

He stands at the end of the dock gazing out onto the ocean, ruminating about himself and Lois and Junior Allen. Gradually he is alerted to the sound of a speedboat in the distance. He looks in the direction of the noise and sees a light on the water, heading towards the dock and moving fast. His expression of interest gives way to curiosity and then a dawning of concern and apprehension. He looks up at the house. There is one light shining from the kitchen window. He turns and starts to walk towards the house...then trots and finally runs full out.

101. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - DOOR - NIGHT

101.

As Travis bursts into the room. He sees...

102. TIGHT ON LOIS

102.

Frightened.

103. TRAVIS

103

TRAVIS

You hear it?
(moving towards her)

CONTINUED

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103. CONTINUED

103.

LOIS
(trembling)
Is it him?

Before he can answer, she answers herself by scrambling for the light switch. He grabs her hand to stop her.

TRAVIS
He'll spot it go out and know you saw him. We don't know if it's him. But if it is. He doesn't know I'm here.

104. EXT. DOCK - WIDE - NIGHT

104.

The speedboat heads for the pier and cuts his engine.

105. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - REVOLVER - NIGHT

105.

A bullet is being thumbed into the chamber. WIDEN to include Travis and Lois. He stops momentarily as they hear the boat cut its motor and the sudden silence is like a death knell.

TRAVIS
(about the shells)
Only four. Have you got any more?

She shakes her head. She is too terrified to speak and he notes it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Lois. I know you're scared. But you're going to have to help me.
(taking her arm and leading her to the wall switch)
I want you to stand here and wait. And when you hear him on the porch, turn off the light.
(she is shaking her head)
Yes Lois. I'm going to be out there. But wait until he's on the porch or he's going to shy off...
(he places her fingers on the wall switch)
Do it. Trust me.
(MORE)

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105. CONTINUED

105.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(she nods her head
still shaking in her
fear)

He moves quickly towards the front of the house. She is alone... frozen at the wall switch.

106. EXT. FISHING PIER - WIDE - NIGHT

106.

The boat is moored and the figure of Junior Allen moves towards the house.

107. EXT. HOUSE FRONT - TRAVIS - NIGHT

107.

Coming out the door and moving quickly and quietly around the house towards the back.

108. EXT. HOUSE BACK - JUNIOR'S FEET - NIGHT

108.

As they climb the stairs to the back porch. There is no attempt at concealment and the boards creak with each weighty step.

109. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - NIGHT - LOIS

109.

She stands in the same position in which Travis left her. The creaking steps increase her terror and her fingers hold on the wall switch. The footsteps are on the porch and she is trying to turn off the light but she can't move. She is staring, eyes fixed on the window of the door...

110. LOIS POV OF DOOR

110.

The footsteps approach.

111. TIGHT ON LOIS

111.

She strains to break from her immobility, her fingers tremble on the wall switch.

112. LOIS POV OF DOOR

The footsteps stop suddenly at the door. ZOOM into the window as the smiling face of Junior Allen appears, nose pressed against the pane, eyes looking at her.

113. TIGHT ON LOIS

LOIS
(screams)
Go away!!!
(MORE)

CONTINUED

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113. CONTINUED

113.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(her fingers flick
the switch)

There is a moment of blackness.

114. EXT. HOUSE BACK - TRAVIS AND JUNIOR - NIGHT

114.

Travis is in f.g. on the ground, revolver aimed at Junior who is up on the porch at the window.

TRAVIS
Hold it right there. I've got
a...

Before he can get the warning out, Junior (still blinded by the dousing of the bright light) leaps off the porch towards the voice. Travis fires once and misses as Junior hits the ground and barrels towards him, head down. Junior is on him. Travis is flattened by the man's momentum; he hits the ground hard and the wind is knocked from him. Before he can recover, Junior picks him up, holds him high over his head and throws him down.

A flashlight flares from the road up in front of the house.

STONER
(shouting down)
What in bejeezus is going on?

The light is moving down towards the beach and Junior starts running for his boat. He is pounding down the pier as Stoner arrives at the point of the fight. Travis is staggering to his feet as Stoner, eyes on the fleeing figure, goes for his revolver.

STONER (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Stop or I'll shoot...

He gets his revolver up and takes aim as Junior jumps into his boat. Travis sees what is about to happen and he 'staggers' into Stoner, holding on as though needing support to stay on his feet...

STONER (CONT'D)
(losing his aim)
What the... Get off McGee...

He manages to get free, too late to do anything about the escaping boat.

CONTINUED

114. CONTINUED

114.

TRAVIS

Sorry, Sheriff. I was kinda
woozy.

STONER

(sceptical)
Sure you were. McGee. What's
going on around here?

TRAVIS

A prowler.

STONER

I don't suppose you know who.

TRAVIS

(shakes his head)
It was too dark for anybody to
see anything.
(moving towards the
house with Stoner
with him)

STONER

Maybe so. But I think you know
who in hell it was. And I want
to tell you, boy, I think you're
up to something and I don't care
what it is but you're becoming a
pain in my butt. My life'll be
a lot easier when you're gone.

TRAVIS

(as they climb the
back stairs)
Just what I had in mind, Sheriff.

STONER

What about the lady?

Travis opens the back door and Stoner's flashlight
picks up...

115. INT. ATKINSON KITCHEN - LOIS - NIGHT

115.

The light picks her up, still standing at the wall
switch, still with her fingers on it. She is blinking
in the light. Travis moves to her...

TRAVIS

It's O.K., Lois.
(MORE)

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115. CONTINUED 115.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(she hugs him tight.
To Stoner)
What about the lady?

116. EXT. HIGHWAY - WIDE - NIGHT 116.

Miss Agnes rolls along in the thin traffic.

117. INT. MISS AGNES - LOIS - NIGHT 117.

She is fast asleep, her head cradled on Travis' rolled-up jacket.

Travis glances over at her and he sees a beautiful woman-child sleeping peacefully. He is filled with a warm feeling for Lois Atkinson. And it feels good.

118. EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - WIDE - DAWN 118.

The sun is breaking over the ocean beyond the marina as Miss Agnes pulls up and Travis cuts the motor.

119. INT. MISS AGNES - LOIS AND TRAVIS - DAWN 119.

She opens her eyes, startled by the sudden silence.

TRAVIS
(grins)
We're here.
(she sits up,
bleary-eyed and
looks out)

LOIS
(yawning)
Did I sleep?

TRAVIS
All the way.

LOIS
I'm still tired.

TRAVIS
You grind your teeth when you
sleep. That means you're working.
(beat)
Let's go.
(he opens the door)

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120. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - DOOR - DAWN

120.

As it opens knocking over a pile of pots and pans with a loud clatter. Travis steps inside. Lois follows.

TRAVIS
(reacting to the
noise and the
litter of pots)
What the hell is going on?

CHOOKIE (os)
(hesitantly)
Trav. Is that you?

121. DOOR TO BEDROOMS

121.

Chookie steps into the doorway. She is wearing Travis' pajamas. The noise has wakened her and she is still half asleep.

CHOOKIE
(eyeing Lois)
I was afraid somebody might
surprise me.

TRAVIS
I just did. Chookie. This is
Lois. Lois. Chookie.
(they both nod a
wary greeting)
Frank still fishing?

CHOOKIE
It was too hot in my apartment.

TRAVIS
Lois is going to stay here for
awhile.

CHOOKIE
(not really liking
that. Kind of hurt)
I'll get dressed...

TRAVIS
It's all right. You can put her
in my room for now.

CHOOKIE
(awkwardly)
That's where I've been sleeping.

CONTINUED

121. CONTINUED

121.

LOIS
 (bone weary)
 It doesn't matter. Please.
 Just a bed.

CHOOKIE
 (realizing by her
 voice and face that
 she is not well)
 Hey. Come on. I'll find you
 one.

She turns and heads towards the bedrooms with Lois following.

122. INT. TRAVIS' BEDROOM - TIGHT ON LUGGAGE - DAY

122.

Travis is packing. Chookie enters the room, still wearing his pajamas.

CHOOKIE
 (hushed)
 Who is she?

TRAVIS
 Lois Atkinson.

CHOOKIE
 The divorcee...

TRAVIS
 Just another victim.

CHOOKIE
 (bouncing on the bed)
 Wow. Some victim. She's
 gorgeous.

TRAVIS
 She's also sitting on an emotional
 powder keg so don't make any sudden
 moves or loud noises and keep a
 close eye on her.

CHOOKIE
 Me? Why me?

TRAVIS
 Why not?

CONTINUED

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122. CONTINUED

122.

CHOOKIE

Cause I'm a normal, everyday glandular female who has a little chemistry working for you and I don't relish the idea of being nursemaid to your girlfriend.

TRAVIS

She's not my girlfriend. In your words she would be described as a real nice person. She needs help.

CHOOKIE

(accepting it
grudgingly)

Where are you going?

TRAVIS

Texas.

CHOOKIE

Texas?!? What's in Texas?

123. EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - WIDE - DAY

123.

A passenger jet takes off.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Maybe the final piece in the puzzle before I hang Junior Allen.

124. EXT. BRELL HOUSE - WIDE - NIGHT

124.

It is a large mansion with vast grounds and a circular driveway. There are a number of cars in the driveway and the lights are on in the house suggesting activity and visitors. A taxi pulls up and Travis gets out. He pays the driver and stands for a moment sizing up the place. Then he ascends the steps.

125. EXT. BRELL FRONT DOOR - TRAVIS - NIGHT

125.

He presses the doorbell. After a long beat it is opened. Standing before him is Gerry Brell. She looks shimmering in her hostess gown. She is immediately taken with him.

GERRY

(sweetly)

Hello.

CONTINUED

125. CONTINUED

125.

TRAVIS
Hello. I'm Travis McGee...

GERRY
(brightening)
Oh yes. The writer. Come in.
(he steps inside)

126. INT. BRELL FOYER - TRAVIS AND GERRY - NIGHT

126.

As he steps into a huge marbeled entrance and she closes the door.

GERRY
(extending her hand)
I'm Gerry. Mrs. Brell.

TRAVIS
(taking her hand
and turning on his
charming smile)
Hi.

GERRY
(there is a delicious
moment of pure sex and
she withdraws her hand)
I want you to know that you are
the first writer we've ever had
in this house.

TRAVIS
I'm honoured.

GERRY
(moving on as he
steps in beside
her)
Are you a straight writer or a
far-out writer?

TRAVIS
I don't know. I write for
Readers' Digest.
(she is
silenced,
not knowing
if it's a put-on)

They enter the living room.

127. INT. BRELL LIVING ROOM - WIDE - NIGHT

127.

As Travis enters with Gerry. There are half a dozen people in the room, all middle aged and all looking rich. George Brell is a trim-bodied man in his late forties, dark and handsome and wears a hairpiece. He has a loud resonant voice and wears twill ranch pants and a crisp white shirt with blue piping. He has a theatrical air about him as he spots McGee.

GEORGE

(loudly)

This must be my writer buddy
from Newww York.

(coming at him
with hand
extended)

How do? I'm George Brell.

TRAVIS

(shaking hands)

Travis McGee.

GEORGE

(elated with
the name)

Travis. Anybody name of Travis
has got to be in like Flynn
in Texas.

(to anybody)

Right.

(people nod)

This here man is gonna put
me in a book about the World
War Two in Burma. You know
how many missions I flew?
Fifty-seven.

GERRY

Everybody knows how many
missions you flew.

GEORGE

Not this man.

(hugging Travis
with his one arm
that isn't holding
a drink)

Not my writer, Trav.

(Trav tries to
look comfortable
but he knows he's
in for an ear bending
evening)

128. INT. BRELL FOYER - TIGHT ON PAINTING - NIGHT

128.

It is an abstract. WIDEN to include Travis as he studies it. In the b.g. is the doorway to the living room and inside we can see George and some of his guests. Travis is holding a drink now.

GERRY (O.S.)

What do you think?

Travis turns and sees her; she is carrying a tray of canapes and she moves in beside him.

TRAVIS

I don't like it.

GERRY

(startled by his candid answer)

Oh? You don't like abstract art?

TRAVIS

I don't like this painting.

GERRY

Maybe you'd prefer the ones in the den.

(Travis shrugs an O.K. beat)

Go ahead. I'll join you after I dump this.

(meaning the canapes)

Third door on your right.

She moves into the living room and Travis moves down the hall to the third door on his right. The door is open.

129. INT. DEN - WIDE - NIGHT

129.

Shooting from the door as Travis enters. The room is large and dimly lit. Over the fireplace is a large reclining nude. Travis moves closer to examine it. As he passes a huge sofa he hears a gasp. He turns to the sound.

130. TRAVIS' POV

130.

There are two people on the couch. One is a young man, well-built, all hair and muscles and jaw corners; his name is Lew. The other is a girl, Angie. She is 17, pretty, blonde, and at the moment is slumped back against the cushions. Her jeans are on but her blouse is unbuttoned all the way down the front, revealing her firm breasts. Her eyes are dull and her face flushed as she struggles to cover her bare chest.

LEW

Why don't you knock, you silly son of a bitch?

131. TRAVIS

131.

TRAVIS

I didn't know it was a bedroom, boy.

132. GROUP

132.

As Lew jumps to his feet. He is tall and impressive.

LEW

You apologize to the lady.

TRAVIS

What lady?

ANGIE

Take him, Lew.

Lew takes a giant swing at Travis and Travis bobs out of it.

TRAVIS

(hands up and open)

Now take it easy.

But Lew is too frustrated and angry to cool it. He tucks his chin into his chest, fighter style, and begins hammering at Travis, who bobs and weaves and catches some on his arms and elbows.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Just cool it, boy.

Lew throws a right and Travis catches him with an overarm left that hits on the jaw. His arms start to float and Travis hits him with a right that sends him down as the girl screams.

Travis rubs his hurting hands as people begin hurrying into the room....

CONTINUED

132. CONTINUED

132.

GEORGE

What the hell is going on?

TRAVIS

I came in here to take a look at the painting and this crotch jockey had his little girl here steamed up and didn't like the interruption.

GEORGE

(to the girl, anguished)

Angie. Is that right?

ANGIE

(face flushed red from angry embarrassment, looking at Gerry. To George)

What the hell do you care who gets laid around here?

She bolts past the crowd and out the door. George looks at Gerry and the anguish of his voice registers now in his eyes.

133. EXT. HIGHWAY - CADDY - NIGHT

133.

It is speeding along at a hundred miles an hour.

134. INT. CADDY - GEORGE AND TRAVIS - NIGHT

134.

George is driving. He is worried, agitated, concerned. Travis has his eye on the speedometer and that is making him nervous.

GEORGE

She's only 17. She doesn't even start college until the fall. What in hell can a guy do? What do you think, Trav? Do you think that ape's screwing my little girl?

TRAVIS

I think you're driving too fast, George.

GEORGE

Yah. Right, Trav.
(he slows down)
What do you think?

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CONTINUED

134. CONTINUED

134.

TRAVIS

I don't think he is or he'd have her off someplace where he could do it in private.

GEORGE

You think so? Yah. I guess you're right.

(as he forgets and the speedometer rises again)

Sure. That bastard's been trying to talk her into it.

(brightening)

But he hasn't yet. And I'll castrate him if he does. Trav. I'm gonna buy you a drink.

TRAVIS

(nervous about the speed)

You're driving too fast again, George.

135. EXT. HIGHWAY - CADDY - NIGHT

135.

It zooms along.

136. EXT. MOTEL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

136.

It is a typical roadside motel with the neon sign, coffee shop and long row of attached rooms with parking in front of each door. There are a few cars parked, suggesting that this is not a busy night.

George's Caddy pulls in from the highway and drives slowly along the driveway, finally pulling into an empty slot.

137. INT. CADDY - GEORGE AND TRAVIS - NIGHT

137.

George slips it into park.

GEORGE

(looking over the motel with distaste)

Trav. You shouldn't have to stay in a dump like this. Why don't you come up to the house? We got plenty of room...

CONTINUED

137. CONTINUED

137.

TRAVIS

Thanks, George. But I'm leaving
in the morning.

GEORGE

But we never even got to talk...

TRAVIS

Then let's talk.
(he reaches over
and turns off the
ignition)
How much did Dave Berry steal
overseas?

138. TIGHT ON GEORGE

138.

His face blanches. Stunned.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

How did he steal it? And how
did he smuggle it into the
States?

139. GEORGE AND TRAVIS

139.

GEORGE

(finding a voice)
Are you Treasury Department?

TRAVIS

(shakes his head)
Just a guy trying to make an honest
dollar.

GEORGE

(recovering)
I knew a Sergeant David Berry once.

TRAVIS

Is that the way you want it?

GEORGE

That's the way it has to be.

TRAVIS

You mean it? Can't I change
your mind?

GEORGE

You can't.

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CONTINUED

139. CONTINUED

139.

TRAVIS

Then I'm sorry, George.

Before George can make a move, Travis gives him a stunning Karate chop to the back of the neck with his left hand. As George pitches forward, Travis puts out his right hand to keep him from falling on the horn.

140. INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - TIGHT ON CLOTHING - NIGHT

140.

They belong to George and they are neatly folded in a pile on the toilet seat. On top of the clothing is his hairpiece. We hear the sound of running water.

141. TIGHT ON TRAVIS

141.

His face is intent. WIDEN to include George. He is sitting in the bathtub, still unconscious but coming around, his head leans against the wall. He is stripped naked including his head, his hands are tied behind his back and he has a hand towel stuffed into his mouth. The shower nozzle is pouring a fine spray of cold water on him.

TRAVIS

Wakey, wakey, George.

He sits on the edge of the tub, hand on the cold water tap. He turns it and the shower drowns George who comes awake, sputtering and shivering. His glazed eyes gradually focus and widen with fear as he realizes what is happening.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

George. Do you think a government agency would allow this? You've been asleep a long time, George. They've been looking for you for three days. Kidnapping is illegal, George. So we have to make a deal or I can't let you go.

(George shakes his head, stubbornly)

I'm after Berry's little package and I need your help. Just nod when you want to talk.

His hand moves to the cold water tap. He turns it off and turns on the hot water tap. George makes panic sounds from his chest as the water hits and the steam rises. Travis turns off the tap.

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CONTINUED

141. CONTINUED

141.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Please give me a nod, George.

George shakes his head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Pretty please?
(George shakes
his head)
Sorry, George.

Travis turns on the hot water tap, again. George nods his head vigorously... Travis turns it off.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Good boy. Now, no shouting.
(he reaches over and
yanks the towel from
George's mouth)

GEORGE
Jezzus H. You scalded me.
What are you doing to me, Trav?
I liked you.

TRAVIS
I still like you, George. But
it's business. There are some
very nice ladies depending on me
so I want some straight answers.
No hedging.

GEORGE
Can I get out of here?

TRAVIS
As fast as you can give the answers.

GEORGE
How do I know you won't try holding
me up?

TRAVIS
You don't, George.
(moving his hand
towards the water
tap)

CONTINUED

141. CONTINUED

141.

GEORGE

All right. All right. Berry and me were buying up precious stones during the war. Blue sapphires, star sapphires, Burmese rubies... We bought them in Ceylon for peanuts. Come the end of the war we cut open our canteens, put them in, resoldered and poured in melted wax to hold them from rattling. Then we filled them up with water and brought them back to the States.

TRAVIS

(leaning over
to untie him)

Thanks, George. How much money do you figure Berry had?

GEORGE

Maybe two hundred thousand, then... worth more now.

(Travis whistles
his admiration)

So what good did it do Berry? Gets off a troop ship and gets mad drunk enough to kill and get put away for life...

(rubbing the blood
back into his hands)

It's ulcer money, Trave. Stay way from it. I got thirty thousand for my share in Mexico and I started feeding it into my business slowly. Those Treasury men, they're like bird-dogs. Once they get on you, forget it. It's cost me over a hundred thousand in legal fees to try and explain where I got the thirty.

The telephone RINGS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And there's no Statute Of Limitations on tax evasion. They're still after me. They'll be upset I'm kidnapped.

CONTINUED

141. CONTINUED

141.

TRAVIS
(moving out to
answer the
telephone)
You've only been out for an hour,
George. Nobody's looking for you.

GEORGE
(shouting after him)
I thought you were my friend.

142. INT. MOTEL ROOM - TIGHT ON TELEPHONE - NIGHT

142.

It RINGS persistently. Travis picks it up.

TRAVIS
(into telephone)
Hello.

143. INT. DANCER'S DRESSING ROOM - CHOOKIE - NIGHT

143.

She is wearing her costume and perspiring.

CHOOKIE
(into phone,
puffing)
Hi Trav.

TRAVIS
(O.S. filtered)
Hi Chookie. What's all that
heavy breathing?

CHOOKIE
I just got off stage. I'm calling
you from here 'cause I didn't want
Lois to hear me.

144. INT. MOTEL ROOM - TRAVIS - NIGHT

144.

TRAVIS
Is she all right?

CHOOKIE
(O.S. filtered)
She wasn't too happy about you
leaving without saying 'goodbye'.
But she slept most of the day.

145. INT. DRESSING ROOM - CHOOKIE - NIGHT

145.

CHOOKIE

The reason I'm calling is they found Joe True. Dead.

TRAVIS

(O.S. filtered)

Where?

CHOOKIE

In New York...and Miami...and Nassau...They're trying to put him back together. How else would you get rid of a seven foot gorilla but chop him up and pack him with tunafish going to the best restaurants in the world and I think I'm going to throw up....

146. INT. MOTEL ROOM - TRAVIS - NIGHT

146.

TRAVIS

Have you heard from Hack Wicker?

CHOOKIE

(O.S. filtered)

He's the one who told me.

147. INT. DRESSING ROOM - CHOOKIE - NIGHT

147.

CHOOKIE

He's scared to death. And he won't go to the police because he says he's got eight kids and he isn't going to get involved. And I think you should start thinking the same thing, Trav. This Junior is not a nice person.

148. INT. MOTEL ROOM - TRAVIS - NIGHT

148.

TRAVIS

Thanks, Chookie. That's why I'm getting involved. See you tomorrow.

CHOOKIE

(O.S. filtered)

Goodbye Trav. And you keep looking over your shoulder.

CONTINUED

148. CONTINUED

148.

TRAVIS
(smiling)
I'll do that. Goodbye.

He hangs up and turns around to see...

149. GEORGE

149.

He is coming from the bathroom, dressing. His hairpiece is on and askew; he is partially dressed. He is the most pathetic sight.

GEORGE
(hurtfully)
Does this mean you're not going to write that book about me?

150. TIGHT ON TRAVIS

150.

Disbelief.

151. EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - TIGHT ON NOVEL - DAY

151.

It is a paperback and lies open on the cabin roof where Lois lies reading in a bikini, face down, propped on her elbows, wearing large sunglasses and a large, floppy hat.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
Ahoy the boat.

She looks up and sees him approaching along the dock. He is carrying his small overnight bag and waves to her. She is happy to see him, grins and waves back. As he comes aboard, she jumps up and comes down from the cabin roof to meet him.

152. TIGHT TWO SHOT

152.

Their meeting is on the deck. She wants to embrace him but has tremendous ambivalence towards him, born of her present fear of a man and her present need for Travis. Travis is knocked out by her appearance and would love to take her in his arms but knows that she must make the first move.

TRAVIS
(about her appearance)
I like it.

CONTINUED

152. CONTINUED

152.

LOIS
 (liking that and not
 knowing how to pursue
 it beyond smiling
 awkwardly)
 Come on. I'll fix you a drink.

TRAVIS
 (as she takes
 his suitcase)
 It's nine o'clock in the morning.

LOIS
 I'll put orange juice in it.

She takes his hand and they move towards the lounge.

153. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - GLASS - DAY (TIME LAPSE) 153.

It holds two cubes of ice. A hand pours vodka from a bottle into the glass to three quarters full.

154. TIGHT ON LOIS 154.

She caps the vodka and picking up a quarter slice of a fresh orange gives one squeeze of it into the glass of vodka. She picks up the glass and turns...

155. LOIS AND TRAVIS 155.

As he enters the lounge. He has changed his clothes and put on casual wear. At the moment he is pulling on a jersey sweater. She hands him the glass and without looking, he takes a drink. He chokes on it, looks at it and looks at her.

LOIS
 (smiling)
 Good morning.

TRAVIS
 Good morning.

As she sits on the couch, he moves to the bar and picking up the orange quarter, squeezes more into the glass. He samples it and is satisfied. He looks at her and she doesn't know what to say to him.

CONTINUED

155. CONTINUED

155.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(lightly to break
her mood)
How was Texas, Trav? Texas was
hot, Lois. Did you have a good
flight, Trav? I had an excellent
flight, Lois. Did you have fun,
Trav? I wouldn't call it fun, Lois.
(seeing that she
is amused)
Any more questions?

LOIS
(smile disappearing
as she decides on
whether to ask)
Just one.
(long beat)
Chookie?

TRAVIS
(understanding that
the fact that she
asks it is important)
My buddy. Nothing more. Never
less.

LOIS
(understanding that
and accepting. A grin
despite her attempt to
conceal the relief)
Did you have breakfast?
(he shakes his head
and she jumps up)
Bacon or ham with your eggs?

TRAVIS
Ham.
(as she starts
for the galley)
Can I ask my question?
(she stops and
turns quizzically)
Where's the stone you took from
Junior?

She is surprised.

156. INT. BOAT'S SPARE BEDROOM - SAPPHIRE - DAY (TIME LAPSE) 156.

It is a large, blue stone about the size of the thumb that holds it to a forefinger. They belong to Travis. He is examining it while Lois sits on the bed and watches.

LOIS
How did you know?

TRAVIS
Junior Allen isn't the type who comes calling for no reason. You had something belonging to him and he wanted it back.

LOIS
It happened one afternoon. We were anchored off an island in the keys. I had been asleep in the cabin when I heard a drunken brawl on the deck. I peeked out and there were Fancha and Junior...

157. SUBLIMINAL CUT 157.

TIGHT on a small pouch with draw strings. The hands of Junior and Fancha are grabbing at it.

LOIS (O.S.)
...so drunk they could hardly stand up, fighting over a small pouch. She managed to yank it away...

The purse is pulled away, dropping...

158. TIGHT ON DECK OF PLAY PEN 158.

As the purse hits and opens, spilling out sapphires and rubies that roll all over the place. PAN one blue sapphire as it rolls along the deck and down the steps to the hand of Lois, who picks it up.

159. TIGHT ON FANCHA 159.

Laughing, drunkenly.

LOIS (O.S.)
The stones were all over the deck and Fancha was laughing and he got madder and madder as he picked them up and she kept teasing him...

160. NEW ANGLE 160.

Fancha is toying with the stones using her feet as Junior's hands grope on the deck to pick them up.

LOIS (O.S.)
...and he just hit her...

161. NEW ANGLE 161.

Fancha's surprised look as she is suddenly hit in the face and knocked backwards into the water.

162. INT. BOAT'S SPARE BEDROOM - LOIS - DAY 162.

Her face is a mask as she sees in her mind....

LOIS
Then he went to the wheel and kept running the boat over her. Back and forth. Over and over until I couldn't hear her screaming anymore. But I had that blue stone and I knew it was important to him and I hid it...

TRAVIS
Did you see where he hid the pouch?
(she shakes her head)
He'd come running for this as soon as he found it missing. It probably means he's running out of cash.

163. EXT. HOTEL PORCH - SOUTH MIAMI BEACH - ESTABLISHING - DAY 163.

PANNING along the octogenarians as they sit in their rocking chairs, moving back and forth and fanning themselves as they watch the world pass them by. Come to and HOLD on Harry. He, too, sits in a rocking chair. But he is a man of fifty. He is nattily dressed, like a man who manages to stay cool in a suit no matter what the temperature. He drinks Boiler Makers as though they were prune juice and he is totally unemotional. Sitting beside him, also rocking, is Travis.

HARRY
The item is worth seven thousand.

TRAVIS
When I'm ready to sell. What about New York?

CONTINUED

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163. CONTINUED

163.

HARRY

My informants tell me that the same classic little items made an appearance on the Street, two months ago. Six clean, Asiastic items garnering a neat forty thousand and handled rather deftly by a savage smiling man of strength and sagacity.

TRAVIS

Could you do as well with the same kind of merchandise? Five percent for services.

HARRY

For five? Probably.

(beat)

For ten. Indubitably.

TRAVIS

(grins at the pitch
and gets to his feet)

You'd better cut down on your drinking, Harry. It's great for your vocabulary but does nothing for your mathematics.

(he starts away)

HARRY

McGee?

(Travis turns and
Harry holds up five
fingers)

TRAVIS

(nods)

See you, Harry.

(he moves on)

164. INT. BUSTED FLUSH - TRAVIS - DAY

As he comes through the door of the lounge.

TRAVIS

Lois.

CHOOKIE (O.S.)

(from the kitchen)

She's out.

Travis moves towards the kitchen.

165. INT. BUSTED FLUSH KITCHEN - CHOOKIE - DAY

165.

She is wearing an apron and preparing an exotic dish as Travis steps into the doorway.

CHOOKIE

I sent her to the store to get some green peppers and tomato paste. She wants my recipe for swiss steak...How come you've been back for a whole day and you didn't call to say hello?

TRAVIS

(pecking her on the forehead)
So now you're my warden.

CHOOKIE

(trying to joke but it doesn't come out that way)
I never put bars around you, love.

TRAVIS

That's why we're still friends.

CHOOKIE

Do you love her?

TRAVIS

(shrugs)
I haven't thought about it.

CHOOKIE

(a sad note)
I think you have.

TRAVIS

(trying to break the trend)
And now you're my Analyst...

LOIS (O.S.)

(terrified)
Trav!!

Travis and Chookie are startled by the sound and the plea in the voice. They bolt for the lounge.

166. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - LOIS - DAY

166.

She stands inside the doorway, her face ashen, body trembling.

LOIS

He's here...
(her voice rises
hysterically)

Travis and Chookie rush to her. She grabs Travis and holds on tight.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I saw him. I saw him.

TRAVIS

Where is he?

LOIS

At the gas dock. Oh Jeez, Trav,
what if he saw me?

As Chookie pours a shot of whiskey...

LOIS (CONT'D)

...God. I was so afraid. I
couldn't run. I just walked
away afraid to turn around cause
he might be right behind me.

TRAVIS

Look out the window.
(she shakes her
head in fear)
Lois. Look out the window.
I won't recognize him.
(he guides her to
the window and she
looks out)

167. EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - POV FROM LOUNGE WINDOW - DAY

167

There is no one on the dock.

168. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - LOIS AND TRAVIS - DAY

168

She doesn't see him and she shakes her head.

TRAVIS

(to Chookie)
Take care of her, Chook.

He hurries out the door.

169. EXT. GAS DOCK - TIGHT ON PLAY PEN - DAY

169.

We are seeing the stern with the name as it kicks up a big wake. ZOOM back to reveal that the boat is far away and heading out to sea. TRAVIS steps into frame TIGHT as he watches the boat getting smaller.

He turns and camera stays with him as he moves to where a boat is getting gas. Willy Lazeer is pumping gas. He is forty, thin, wiry, and forever in a bad mood.

TRAVIS

Hi Willy. Did you just fill up the Play Pen?

WILLY

(spitting)

Well, McGee, that's what I usually do when a boat comes in for gas.

TRAVIS

Do you know where she's docked?

WILLY

Nope. Don't matter to me where she's docking so long as she's buying my gas.

TRAVIS

Did the captain mention anything?

WILLY

Who cared? With all that racket they was making I just wanted them moving on. Damn smart ass kids.

TRAVIS

On his boat?

WILLY

Of course on his boat. Can't you keep a conversation straight, McGee? Three no good, hippy-dippy kids...

TRAVIS

College?

WILLY

(snorts derisively)

College. One of them was that tramp Deleen. Works up at Charlie-Char-Broil.

170. INT. CHARLIE CHAR-BROIL - WIDE - DAY 170.

Shooting from outside through the window. We can see Travis talking to a young girl. On her uniform is the name plate MARIANNE. She is being very cooperative.

171. EXT. CITRUS INN - WIDE - NIGHT 171.

It is a three-story apartment building, circa 1925, in a sleezy, commercial area of the city. The building is dilapidated.

Miss Agnes pulls up in front and parks. Travis gets out and surveys the building. He walks towards and around the unlit side of the building.

172. EXT. CITRUS INN DOCK - TRAVIS - NIGHT 172.

There is rock music playing and voices laughing and talking as Travis comes around the building, staying tight to the wall where the shadows are deeper. He reaches the corner of the building and looks...

173. TRAVIS POV 173.

It is an eroding dock with two darkened hulks moored there. There is also another boat. The dim light from the dock lamp reveals the words 'PLAY PEN' on the life ring. There are lights on board the boat, and music and people. Four youths are visible. A boy, Pete, who is about twenty is dancing with a girl, Corry. Corry is about twenty, dark, likes make-up, wears it badly. Another girl, Deleen, the same age, is seated watching the dancers while she drinks beer. Deleen could be Corry with bleached blonde hair. There is another girl on the boat but she is half-hidden in the shadows. There is no sign of Junior Allen.

CORRY

(tiring)

I can't no more, Pete. I gotta stitch...

(she holds her side and stops)

PETE

(still moving with the music)

Deleen. Come on.

CONTINUED

173. CONTINUED

173.

DELEEN

Not me.

(to the third
girl)

Go on, Patty. Dance with him...

The girl, Patty, rises and moves from the shadows.

174. TIGHT ON TRAVIS

174.

He focuses his attention on this girl.

175. PATTY DEVLIN

175.

She is about seventeen. At first she appears unattractive because of her glasses and gawkiness. But as she dances she reveals a colt-like grace. She wears short-shorts and has long, lovely legs. Her face is sensitive, her eyes grey-blue behind the glasses. Her young breasts are firm and high and press delectably against her sweater as she dances. Her long, auburn hair is tied loosely back with a ribbon and as she dances, the ribbon slips away and her hair tumbles down over shoulders. She might have been Lois Atkinson fifteen years ago. And she definitely does not fit with the rest of this cheap crowd.

176. TIGHT ON TRAVIS

176.

Realizing the victim on this boat. He hears...

JUNIOR (O.S.)

Beautiful....

Travis looks towards the voice.

177. TRAVIS POV

177.

In the cockpit of the boat is the shadowy bulk of Junior Allen obviously watching Patty.

JUNIOR

Just beautiful.

DELEEN

I think she's fantastic, Dads.
And she's got a terrific sense
of humour. She'll be great to
take along.

Junior's response is a loud, barking laugh. He finds her need to sell him on Patty, funny.

178. TRAVIS

178.

He moves back the way he came.

179. INT. MURPHY'S COCKTAIL LOUNGE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 179.

The room is large and moderately crowded and noisy. Travis enters and looks over the room, obviously seeking someone. His eyes finally rest on Chookie and Lois. They are seated at the bar. Lois is in the act of downing a shot of whiskey. She doesn't see Travis; Chookie does. The latter girl gets up and hurries towards him.

CHOOKIE

Boy. Am I glad you're here.
I've got to get to work.

TRAVIS

(eyes still on Lois.
To Chookie)
How many has she had?
(Chookie shrugs but
her eyes betray her
sense of guilt. Travis
notes it. Testily)
Dammit Chookie. I asked you to
take care of her.

CHOOKIE

I'm sorry, Trav. But she was
scared to death. I had to get
her out of there.

TRAVIS

Why didn't you take her to your
place?

CHOOKIE

I tried. She needed people.

TRAVIS

(snapping)
And booze.
(seeing her crushed
feeling of guilt.
Only half-apologetic
in tone)
All right. Go on to work.

CHOOKIE

(nods. Beat)
Trav. Be a nice person.

CONTINUED

179. CONTINUED

179.

TRAVIS
(flaring)
I've been spoon feeding her
for a week.

CHOOKIE
Be a nice person.

She moves off. Travis takes a beat and then moves
to Lois.

180. NEW ANGLE - LOIS AND TRAVIS

180.

As he sits at the bar beside her just as she is
raising her glass to drink. He places his hand over
the top. She looks up and sees him for the first
time. Her glassy eyes brighten and her face softens
in her delight.

LOIS
Hi.

He nods his greeting but his face is still somber
and his hand presses the glass of whiskey down onto
the counter top. She notes it and notes his face
and realizes what's wrong.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(defense and excuse)
I was sitting and I kept thinking
you were dead and he was walking
up the beach...

TRAVIS
Not tonight. He's too busy planning
how to take a little girl named Patty
on one of his cruises. She might be
seventeen if she lies her age...
Come on. Let's get out of here.

He gets up but she sits, staring at the glass on the
desk, too aware of his coldness, too overcome with
her sense of guilt.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Come on.

LOIS
(not looking at him)
I'm really sorry, Trav.

CONTINUED

180. CONTINUED

180.

TRAVIS
(softening)
It's forgotten.

LOIS
(still staring at
her glass)
Do you know I love you?
(he's been expecting it
but is still surprised
and silenced. She turns
now and looks at him)
I do love you and even if you
don't love me back I love you
and I have to tell you things....
explain....
(her eyes plead
and he melts)

181. EXT. PATIO CAFE - TIGHT ON KARAFE OF COFFEE - NIGHT 181.

It is being poured into a cup. WIDEN to include Lois and Travis. They are seated at a table. It is late night and there is no one else present. The owner wants to close and he stands in the doorway watching them with his arms folded, trying to look as politely impatient as possible...

LOIS
(conversation
in progress)
...so you see I've always been
kind of a shy person and even
when I was modeling I never could
be aggressive enough to get the
jobs that really counted...I've
always been afraid of aggressive
people...and aggressive cities...
New York's like that and I was
afraid of it...So when things got
bad between Robbie and me, I had
to get out; I couldn't live there
alone and I couldn't face all the
consoling friends back in New Haven....

The impatient owner is flicking off lights all over the place and they notice and smile and get up.

182. EXT. SANDY BEACH - WIDE - NIGHT

182.

The night is moonlit and balmy. Lois and Travis are walking along the water's edge, feet bare, surf splashing to their knees.

LOIS (O.S.)

...Candle Key was my little convent. I tried to live alone and still blend in with the community. People were polite but suspicious. I guess a female divorcee is every wife's nightmare and every husband's fantasy. Either way you can't win.

DISSOLVE TO:

183. NEW ANGLE

183.

Shooting from the ocean towards the land so that we see them walking with the lights of the city in b.g.

LOIS (O.S.)

(continuing)

Junior Allen was working at the gas station. He was an agreeable guy with a nice smile and always friendly and kind of chatty. And just a little bit fresh. But I'd seen men like that in New York; the bigger the talk, the less the threat. And I could always handle them because they just needed their egos patted. But Junior wasn't that kind of guy. He kept getting more aggressive and finally one day he made a real solid pass at me and I wasn't expecting it...

DISSOLVE TO:

184. EXT. FISHING PIER - TIGHT ON TRAVIS - NIGHT

His face is stolid as he looks out to sea. A wind has sprung up and is striking him head on.

LOIS (O.S.)

(continuing)

...It scared me and I got hysterical and slapped him. It was daylight and at the gas station and there were people around and they saw me hit him. His face got real red and he walked away, smiling still.

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185. NEW ANGLE

185.

High, wide of Travis and Lois standing at the end of the fishing pier, looking out to sea.

LOIS (O.S.)

(continuing)

I didn't see him for a month after that. Then one morning, I was in my kitchen and I heard someone calling my name and looked out the window. There he was. He had a yacht tied to my dock and he sat topside wearing a brand new suit. He kept begging for me to come out. He was on his knees, apologizing....

DISSOLVE TO...

186. EXT. BEACH - TIGHT ON FIRE - NIGHT

186.

It is blazing of scavenged beach wood and dried fronds.

LOIS (O.S.)

(continuing)

He looked so dejected....I finally went out and his face brightened and he wanted to show me the boat. I went...

DISSOLVE TO:

187. TIGHT ON COUPLED HANDS

187.

Lois and Travis. Her hands hold tighter to his.

LOIS (O.S.)

(continuing)

I really can't explain it. There was just nothing that had gone before. There wasn't any future. I didn't even feel revulsion towards him. Or think of him as a person.

PANNING up from the hands to pick up the faces of Lois and Travis. They are lying on the sand, feet towards the fire. He is on his back staring at the sky. She is on one elbow, staring into the fire.

LOIS (CONT'D)

He was a force I had to accept.

(beat)

Can you understand that?

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187. CONTINUED

187.

She turns to look at him. He nods.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I love you very much.

She bends to kiss him, lightly on the lips, then more passionately as she fits her body to his and embraces him. He responds to her. Suddenly, she lurches back...

LOIS (CONT'D)

Don't... I can't...

188. NEW ANGLE

188.

As she sits up, frustrated, frightened, angry with herself. He knows and understands her fear.

LOIS

Dammit. I want to...

189. INT. TRAVIS BEDROOM - TIGHT ON CLOCK - NIGHT

189.

It reads 4:30. The ticking is loud. WIDEN to include Travis' face. He lies in bed, awake, listening to the clock and thinking about Lois and her admission. The grey fingers of dawn are beginning to creep through the porthole. He hears a soft rustle and turns to look towards the sound.

190. LOIS

190.

She stands in the doorway wearing a silky, filmy nighty.

LOIS

(quietly, meekly)

Will you hold me?

191. TRAVIS

191.

Filling up inside with a love for her. He holds out his hand and slides over in his bed. She enters his frame and hesitates before sliding in beside him.

LOIS

(apologetically)

I'm still afraid.

He pulls her in, gently but firmly and they embrace and kiss in the same way...she resists for a moment. He smiles, reassuringly. She relaxes. And they are lost in their love.

192. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - TIGHT ON TELEPHONE - DAY 192.

It is RINGING loudly. Travis comes from the bedroom nude and he looks tired. He picks up the telephone.

TRAVIS

Hello.

193. INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - HACK WICKER - DAY 193.

He seems very nervous as he speaks.

HACK

Mr. McGee. Your man called this morning. He's bringing in his boat tomorrow.

TRAVIS

(O.S. filtered)

Thanks, Hack. I told you to call me collect.

HACK

I don't want no operators knowing my name.

HACK

And you don't even know me. Right?

194. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - TRAVIS - DAY 194.

TRAVIS

Right. So long, Hack.

He hangs up. Ponders his next move and heads back into the bedroom.

195. INT. TRAVIS' BEDROOM - LOIS - DAY 195.

She lies beneath the sheets, looking as contented and lazy as a well-fed cat. She watches him as he comes in and turns on the shower. He is unaware that she is awake and watching.

LOIS

May I have a good morning kiss?

Travis grins and moves to her. He bends to peck her on the forehead...

TRAVIS

Good morning.

CONTINUED

195. CONTINUED

195.

She embraces him and pulls him down so that they are kissing on the mouth.

LOIS

(after)

Good morning. Do I look bad?

TRAVIS

Marvellous. Want to get up?

LOIS

(shaking her head and stretching luxuriously)

Want to go to bed?

TRAVIS

(getting up)

Love to. Can't.

LOIS

Who called?

TRAVIS

A friend. Junior is going to make his move tomorrow. I'm making mine today.

196. LOIS

196.

Concerned.

LOIS

What if I asked you not to go?

197. TRAVIS

197.

TRAVIS

(not liking the unasked question)

Then you would be making a mistake.

198. LOIS AND TRAVIS

198.

LOIS

May I ask you something more important?

(he looks at her)

Do you love me?

TRAVIS

(ponders his answer.

She waits)

I don't know.

(MORE)

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198. CONTINUED

198.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

But when I do, I'll be telling
you, not answering a question.

Can you buy that?

(she nods)

Good.

He steps into the shower. She is visibly worried for him.

199. INT. CITRUS INN CORRIDOR - TIGHT ON DOOR - DAY

199.

Travis, looking like a 'playboy' yachtsman, stands at
the door holding a bottle of bourbon in a brown paper
bag and knocking.

The door is suddenly thrown wide open to reveal Corry
in a bathing suit, hung over, not yet awake, surly.
Behind her is messy, unclean, cheap apartment.

CORRY

Waddya want?

TRAVIS

I'm looking for Deleen.

CORRY

She's not here. Who are you?

TRAVIS

A friend of a friend.

CORRY

Like who?

TRAVIS

Marianne, at Charley Char-Broils.

(he gives her his big
grin and holds up his
bottle. He is being
sexually provocative.)

CORRY

(wavering in her
hostility)

How do you know Deleen?

TRAVIS

I don't. I used to see her at
Charley's but before I got a chance
to ask for a date, she split.

CORRY

(sizing him up and
liking what she sees)

Hang around till I get myself together.

(he nods)

I'm Corry.

TRAVIS

I'm Trav.

(she closes the door,
leaving him standing)

200. EXT. PLAY PEN DECK - DELEEN - DAY

200.

She is lying face down, soaking in the sun in her bikini; lying beside her is Patty. She is still wearing the same clothing from last night and she is badly hung over.

PAN up to pick up Travis and Corry descending the gangplank.

CORRY

Hey Deleen. I brought you a friend.

DELEEN

(looking up
through
bleary eyes)
I don't know you.

TRAVIS

(holding out
the bottle)
I was hoping to remedy that.

DELEEN

(reminded of
her hang over)
Whyncha just kill me and be
done with it?
(she groans and
lies down her head)

TRAVIS

(to Corry)
Must have been some party.

CORRY

Look at poor Patty. She can't
even move. She was throwing
up half the night.
(to Deleen)
Where's Dads?

DELEEN

Gone with Pete to order the
food. We're leaving tomorrow.

CORRY

Tomorrow? Oh great. I thought
I was gonna get time to grab a
date. I'm not going to no
Bahamas like some fifth wheel.

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CONTINUED

200. CONTINUED

200.

DELEEN

Aww Corry. Don't be like that.
You'll have fun.

CORRY

Sure. You and Dads and Pete and
Patty; and Corry mixing drinks.

DELEEN

(squinting up at
her and Travis)
What about your friend?
(to Travis)
Wanna go on a cruise?

TRAVIS

(shrugs)
Haven't got much else to do.

CORRY

(to Deleen)
Do you think Dads'll go for it?

DELEEN

Why not? The more the merrier.

JUNIOR (O.S.)

More what?

Travis turns.

201. JUNIOR ALLEN

201.

He leaps aboard, landing lightly on the deck. He is wearing a white yachting outfit. The man is nearing forty. He is broad with powerful shoulders that are menacing in their potential strength. His face is freckled, his eyes blue and his grin, amiable.

CORRY

More people. Dads. This is
my friend, Trav. Trav. This
is Dads Allen. He owns this
boat.

The two men extend hands to shake and they are sizing each other up by staring into the eyes. Travis is wondering if Junior will recognize him. Junior is trying to figure if this is someone to fear. He clasps Travis hand hard and squeezes to display his dominance, grinding Travis' knuckles and smiling all the while. Travis grimaces in pain and Junior lets go.

CONTINUED

201. CONTINUED

201.

CORRY (CONT'D)

Me and Deleen was wondering if
Trav might come with us, tomorrow.

JUNIOR

(moving towards
Patty)

Don't know if there's enough room
for another passenger...

(bending to
Patty)

Feeling all right, Kid?

(she shakes
her head)

CORRY

One more won't hurt
nothing...
(to Deleen)
If I'm a fifth wheel,
I won't come.

JUNIOR

(to Patty)
You're going to be fine.
I'll have Pete drive you
home to pick up your
clothes....

JUNIOR

(to Corry)
Stop fussing. We'll work
something out. Go and get
some ice and some glasses.
The man's holding a bottle.

He kneels beside Patty, stroking her hair as Travis
looks on, trying to hide his revulsion for this man.

202. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - TIGHT ON IRON PRY BAR - NIGHT

202.

The short bar is being taped to a bare leg. WIDEN to
reveal that it is Travis who is doing the taping. Lois
is seated nearby, watching him and feeling an increasing
sense of alarm as the ugly brutality of that bar brings
home the mortality of this confrontation.

TRAVIS

There won't be any Corry or any
Pete on this trip. Junior will
make sure of that. It will be
a cozy threesome. Him, Deleen
and Patty.

(rolling his trouser
leg down to cover
the bar)

CONTINUED

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202. CONTINUED

202.

LOIS

How will you get on the boat?

TRAVIS

A farewell drink.
(he pulls a heavy
can of birdshot
from a drawer and
fills the toe of
a silk sock)

LOIS

I could call the police and
have him charged with rape.
Cathy could charge him with
assault. They would put him
away for a long time. Maybe
forever.

(Travis nods as
he knots the end
of the sock)

You don't have to do this.

TRAVIS

Maybe Cathy would testify.
Maybe she'd be too scared.
The best that could happen
is that they would put him
behind bars forever. But
Cathy and Christy would still
be broke...

LOIS

And you.

TRAVIS

Lois. This is my business.

LOIS

You could get killed.

TRAVIS

(hefting
the sock)

I don't take chances. I've
got him off balance and I'm
going to keep him that way.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

202. CONTINUED

202.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 (seeing her fear
 as he puts the
 sock in his
 pocket. He takes
 her in his arms)
 It's going to be fine. You
 just make those phone calls on
 time. And stay right here.

She nods and they kiss. She holds tightly, not wanting to let go. He breaks away.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 See you when I'm rich.
 (he grins at
 his joke, she
 doesn't find it
 amusing)

He heads for the door and walks out, closing it behind him. She stands frozen, staring at it. A long beat and it opens again.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 (meaning it)
 I love you.
 (he walks out)

203. TIGHT ON LOIS

203.

Her face lighting up and then even more afraid for him.

204. EXT. PLAY PEN - WIDE - TRAVIS - NIGHT

204.

As he comes onto the boat. Deleen is seated on deck, drinking.

TRAVIS
 Hi.

DELEEN
 (sullenly)
 Hello Trav.

TRAVIS
 What's the matter?

DELEEN
 That louzy Corry. That's what's
 the matter. She and Pete dropped
 Patty at home and then decided they
 didn't want this cruise after all.
 They decided to take off together
 and shack up some place.

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CONTINUED

204. CONTINUED

204.

TRAVIS
(sitting down)
Is it off, then?

DELEEN
It ain't gonna be as much fun.
Just me and Dads. And maybe
Patty if she gets here.

JUNIOR
(coming up from
the galley with
booze in a glass)
She'll get here. And it'll be
plenty of fun. You wait.
(to Travis)
How you doing McGee?

TRAVIS
Thirsty.

JUNIOR
There's booze below...
(as Travis rises
to go below)
There's no room for you on
this trip, Trav.
(Trav sees the
warning in
Junior's eyes)

TRAVIS
I couldn't make it anyway.
(to Deleen)
Need a refill?

DELEEN
(holding up
her glass)
Scotch, lover.

He takes her glass and goes below.

205. INT. PLAY PEN GALLEY - COUNTERTOP - NIGHT

There is a good display of booze on top. Travis pours
a large shot of scotch into Deleen's glass. He pulls
two barbiturate capsules from his pocket, twists the
glycerine in two and empties the powder into the
glass. Then he stirs to mix.

206. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - LOIS - NIGHT 206.

She sits beside the telephone. She watches the clock. When it reaches 9:00, she dials a number.

LOIS
(into phone)
Hello. Mrs. Devlan? I'd like
to speak to you about Patty...

207. EXT. PLAY PEN - JUNIOR - NIGHT 207.

He stands on the deck, one leg on the dock, watching for Patty.

208. TRAVIS 208.

He nurses his booze and his eye moves from Junior to Deleen.

209. DELEEN 209.

She is on her way to dreamland as she finishes the last of her drink.

DELEEN
She's not coming, Dads... We
don't need her. She's a little
kid...We could have a party...
You and me and Trav...
(yawns)
I'm tired...You know I never
slept last night....

JUNIOR
So go get some sleep.

DELEEN
(staggering to
her feet)
I think that's a great idea.
(pat Trav's
cheek)
You're a nice guy, Trav.
(to Junior)
Wake me up when we get to
Bimini.

She totters down the stairs to the sleeping quarters. Junior keeps his eyes on the dock, expectant, growing frustrated. Travis sits and nurses his drink and relishes his operation.

210. INT. BUSTED FLUSH - CLOCK - NIGHT 210.

It reads 10:00. WIDEN to include the telephone. It is dialed. PAN up to include Lois.

LOIS
(into phone)
Hello. Apex taxi? I would like you to deliver a message for me....

211. EXT. PLAY PEN - TRAVIS - NIGHT 211.

He sits quietly, nursing his drink and watching Junior. Junior is pacing the deck, nervous. He flops down in a chair opposite Travis, picks up Deleen's glass from the table where she left it, is about to drink and sees that it is empty. He taps the glass, nervously, deciding against another drink and studies Travis.

JUNIOR
What are you doing here?

TRAVIS
(holding up the glass and grinning)
I'll be honest, Dads. I never pass up free booze.

JUNIOR
I never pass out free booze.

TRAVIS
(acting the confidante)
Meaning all those little girls are gonna pay for it...
(grins and winks)

JUNIOR
(not accepting the approach)
Finish your drink and say goodbye.

Travis nods and shrugs his acceptance. Junior gets up, puts down the glass and moves to the railing. The sound of footsteps alerts him. He looks towards the Citrus Inn.

212. EXT. REAR OF CITRUS INN - POV FROM BOAT - NIGHT 212

A man comes into sight, approaching the boat. He wears a gaudy shirt and bright red fishing hat. PAN him to the boat...

CONTINUED

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212. CONTINUED

212.

MAN
Anybody here name of Allen?

JUNIOR
I'm Allen.

MAN
Apex taxi.
(displaying
a note)
Got a message for you...
(Junior holds out
his hand)
I got a buck eighty on the
meter.

JUNIOR
So?

MAN
So. No money, no message.

JUNIOR
Who's it from?

MAN
A lady.

Junior digs in his pocket and comes up with two dollars.
He pays the man and takes the message.

JUNIOR
(reading)
It's just a phone number.

MAN
This lady said to call her
there.

JUNIOR
What lady? What did she look
like?

MAN
I don't know. I got it over
the radio. They just give me
the number and the message.

TRAVIS
Probably from Patty.

CONTINUED

212. CONTINUED

212.

Junior ponders that. He looks at Travis who takes a pretended big swig of his scotch.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Go ahead. If she gets here while you're gone I'll tell her to stick around...

Junior nods and strides away in the same direction as the man with the message. He disappears around the corner of the building. Travis sits for ten beats and then satisfied that he is gone, gets up. He moves below.

213. INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS (PLAY PEN) - DELEEN - NIGHT

213.

She lies face down on a bunk, snoring soundly and loudly. Travis enters. He switches on the light and begins opening drawers, tossing clothing on the floor, overturning mattresses, with no apparent aim except to mess up the place. Deleen snores soundly through it all.

214. EXT. PLAY PEN DECK - TRAVIS - NIGHT

214.

He comes out of the large cabin (sleeping quarters), switches on the light in the cockpit, jumps onto the dock and turns off the dock light, twisting and breaking the switch. He returns to the deck of the boat and reaching into his pocket, comes up with the blue sapphire. He places it on the deck so that the light from the cockpit will strike it. Then he climbs up on the cabin roof.

215. EXT. CABIN ROOF - TRAVIS - NIGHT

215.

As he presses himself flat against the dinghy, pulls out his weighted sock and waits.

216. EXT. CITRUS INN DOCK - WIDE - NIGHT

216.

The dock is empty for five beats and then Junior appears from around the building. He is in an ugly mood as he strides towards the boat. Suddenly, he stops, aware that the dock light is out and the boat lights on. He moves purposefully but wary towards the boat.

217. EXT. PLAY PEN DECK - JUNIOR - NIGHT

217.

He jumps down on the deck and in a second spots the blue sapphire. He snatches it up. He looks into the cabin and spots the mess. Quickly, he moves into the forward cabin.

218. EXT. PLAY PEN CABIN ROOF - TRAVIS - NIGHT 218.

He hears the footsteps in the forward cabin beneath him. Very cautiously he slides to the edge of the roof and leans over so that he can peer through a window.

219. INT. FORWARD CABIN - JUNIOR - NIGHT 219.

He puts the sapphire into his right pants' pocket. With both hands, he slides out the drawer beneath his marine radio rig. As the drawer comes out completely there is a buzzing sound. Junior reaches inside and does something to stop the buzzing. Then he reaches further in and comes out with a drawstring pouch. He opens it and checks the gems and money inside. They are intact. He replaces the pouch, sets the alarm and replaces the drawer. He looks towards the sleeping quarters, moves in menacingly.

220. EXT. CABIN ROOF - TRAVIS - NIGHT 220.

He slides across the roof and leans over to peer into the sleeping quarters.

221. INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - JUNIOR - NIGHT 221.

He looks at the sleeping Deleen, his face is furious. He lifts her face up by grabbing her hair, but she is sound asleep. He drops her and moves towards the door...

222. EXT. CABIN ROOF - TRAVIS - NIGHT 222.

He slides to position himself over the door. The lights go out in the cabins. Travis closes his eyes for two beats to get used to the darkness. He is poised with his weighted sock. Junior comes through the doorway beneath him. The man seems to sense a presence because he half-turns towards Travis as the weight comes crashing down on him, striking him behind the ear.

223. JUNIOR 223

He is hurt as he staggers and falls to his hands and knees, trying to get up.

224. TRAVIS AND JUNIOR 224

He jumps down from the cabin and strikes Junior another blow to the head. Junior's hands go up to his head but he just sighs and tries to get up. Travis hits him again.

CONTINUED

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224. CONTINUED

224.

Junior falls flat on his face on the deck and doesn't move again.

Travis shoves the weighted sock in his pocket and heads for the forward cabin.

225. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - LOIS - NIGHT

225.

She sits on the edge of her chair, watching the clock, listening for Travis footsteps. The clock reads 10:30.

226. INT. PLAY PEN FORWARD CABIN - DRAWER SPACE - NIGHT

226.

The buzzer is sounding. The drawer is out. WIDEN to include Travis as he is pocketing the pouch. He picks up the drawer and slides it back into place, cutting off the alarm.

He rises and exits the cabin.

227. EXT. PLAY PEN DECK - JUNIOR - NIGHT

227.

From a low angle. He lies face down on the deck. Travis comes out of the cabin and moves towards him. He bends over him and shoves his right hand into Junior's right pocket to get the blue sapphire. Suddenly, Junior rolls onto Travis hand and arm; at the same time, his left arm locks around Travis head and his right fist punches Travis in the face. He hits him twice before Travis manages to plant his knees on the deck and get his left arm under Junior. He heaves and rips his hand free of his pocket. Junior bounds to his feet and as Travis is about to get up, Junior kicks him, catching his left shoulder and numbing his arm. Travis hits him with a hard right, but Junior hits him in the gut with his head. Travis goes down gasping for air and Junior calmly picks up a chair and smashes it down on Travis' head. And Travis is knocked unconscious.

Junior bends down and takes the pouch from Travis pocket. He stuffs it into his pocket and stands over Travis deciding what to do with him...

PATTY (O.S.)

Dads?

Junior looks up to see Patty standing on the dock...

CONTINUED

227. CONTINUED

227.

PATTY (CONT'D)
 (seeing Travis
 and the bloodied
 faces of both men)
 What's going on?

JUNIOR
 The guy tried to rob me.

PATTY
 (coming aboard)
 You mean it? That guy, Trav?

JUNIOR
 (nods)
 Why are you so late?

PATTY
 Somebody called my mother and
 told her what I was going to
 do. She locked me in my
 bedroom and I had to sneak out
 the window.
 (looking
 at Travis)
 What a mess. What are you going
 to do?

Junior takes the phone number from his pocket and
 looks at it.

228. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - TELEPHONE - NIGHT

228.

It rings. Lois picks it up.

LOIS
 Hello.

229. INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - PATTY - NIGHT

229.

Standing outside the booth is Junior.

PATTY
 (into phone)
 Hello. This is Patty Devlan.
 Trav asked me to call. He told
 me to tell you that Junior's out
 of the way and he needs you to
 help him search the boat...

230. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - LOIS - NIGHT 230.

LOIS
Where are you?

PATTY (O.S.)
At the boat. I snuck out of
the house.

LOIS
(accepting that)
Give me the directions....

231. EXT. CITRUS INN - WIDE - NIGHT 231.

A cab pulls up in front. Lois gets out and the cab
pulls away.

232. LOIS 232.

Trepidation brought on by the sudden silence and
loneliness and sleaziness of her surroundings. She
spots Miss Agnes parked on the street and gets some
comfort from that.

She moves around the building towards the dock.

233. EXT. BACK OF CITRUS INN - CORNER OF BUILDING - NIGHT 233.

As Lois comes into view. She stops in the shadows and
looks towards the Play Pen.

234. EXT. PLAY PEN - LOIS POV - NIGHT 234.

It is ominous. The dock light is out. There is one
small light emanating from the boat's cockpit. There
is silence and nothing moves.

235. EXT. BACK OF CITRUS INN - TIGHT ON LOIS - NIGHT 235.

Growing sense of uneasiness.

LOIS
(calling)
Trav?!!
(no response.
Her fear grows)
Trav???

JUNIOR (O.S.)
(close behind her)
Hello Lois.

She wheels.

236. TIGHT ON JUNIOR 236.
He is right behind her, smiling.

237. TIGHT ON LOIS 237.
LOIS
(terrified gasp)
Oh God!!!

238. TIGHT ON JUNIOR'S FIST 238.
It is coming at camera. We hear a loud crack.

239. EXT. PLAY PEN DECK - TIGHT ON TRAVIS - NIGHT 239.
He lies on the deck, crumpled in a heap near the railing. We can hear the rumble of the motor and the boat vibrates from it. Travis' eyelids flicker and his eyes blink as consciousness returns.

PATTY (O.S.)
(thin, pleading,
helpless)
Please. Don't. I don't like that...

JUNIOR (O.S.)
Don't be silly, little button. You like it...

PATTY (O.S.)
I'd like to go home now....

Junior laughs uproariously. Travis moves his head with great stealth and looks towards the voices.

240. JUNIOR AND PATTY 240.
They are not far from Travis. Junior has her pinned against the rail, holding both her wrists behind her with one of his meaty hands. His other hand is carressing her breasts. At the moment, he is laughing at her 'girl guide' request.

PATTY
Please. I won't say anything. Just let me go home....

JUNIOR
We're on our way, little button. You're gonna have fun...

He lets go and moves towards the cockpit. She rubs her bruised wrists and weeps.

241. TRAVIS 241.

With Junior moving away from him, raises his head and sees...

242. TRAVIS POV 242.

The boat is moving towards the ocean through a channel. The banks may be a few hundred yards from the boat.

243. TRAVIS 243.

He gets to his feet beside the startled Patty, hooks one arm around her waist and goes backwards over the rail with her.

244. EXT. OCEAN CHANNEL - TRAVIS AND PATTY - NIGHT 244.

As they hit the water and bob to the surface. The Play Pen is moving away.

TRAVIS
(to Patty)
Swim, baby.

She looks at him with big terrified eyes as he starts swimming for shore. She follows. He keeps looking towards the Play Pen and before long the running lights are moving in an arc.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(urgently
to Patty)
Swim. Faster.

The Play Pen is coming about fast and heading back towards them. But the shore is greeting them and they are waist deep and wading through the water. Patty turns and almost freezes in terror as the boat seems to be bearing down.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Run. He'll ground her.

They are in knee deep water and running as the Play Pen veers off and heads back out into the channel, turns about and races for the open sea.

245. EXT. BEACH - TRAVIS AND PATTY - NIGHT

As they stagger out of the ocean and flop down exhausted on the sand. They lie there trying to catch their breath.

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245. CONTINUED

245.

TRAVIS
(finally)
You were supposed to be locked
in your bedroom.

PATTY
He tried to... to... Oh God. I
was scared. And you lying there
all covered in blood... And then
the woman....

246. TRAVIS

246.

TRAVIS
What woman?

PATTY
He hit her and brought her
on the boat...

TRAVIS
(panicking)
What woman?...

PATTY
The woman he had me call...
Lois...He said you two were
trying to rob him....

But Travis isn't listening any more. He staggers to
his feet and looks out towards the open sea.

247. TRAVIS POV

247.

Far in the distance are the running lights of the
Play Pen.

248. TRAVIS

248.

Yanking Patty to her feet.

TRAVIS
Run.
(he starts running,
dragging her)
Dammit. Run.

They run, staggering, panting towards the road
parallelling the beach.

249. INT. PARKED CAR - YOUNG LOVERS - NIGHT

249.

They are teenagers, going at it hot and heavy in the front seat of the car. Suddenly, the driver's door opens and Travis stands there.

TRAVIS
(as they look up, startled)
I need your car...
(he grabs the boy and pulls him out the door)
Sorry...

YOUNG GIRL
(terrified as Travis jumps in)
Lester!!

TRAVIS
(to her as he starts the motor)
Out.
(she is too scared to move. He leans over and opens the door)
Out.
(the girl gets out)

Travis leans over and closes the door.

250. EXT. CAR - WIDE - NIGHT

250.

The young boy sits on his ass in the sand where Travis has shoved him. Travis speaks out the open window to him.

TRAVIS
There's a girl back along the road. She'll be here in a few minutes. Go to the police with her.

He zooms away.

251. EXT. HIGHWAY - WIDE - NIGHT

Travis' stolen car is hitting a hundred.

252. INT. CAR - TRAVIS - NIGHT

His eyes are wet with all the emotions of love, guilt, fear, anger.

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253. INT. BUSTED FLUSH LOUNGE - TRAVIS - NIGHT

253.

He has put on dry clothes and is just getting into a sweatshirt when the door opens and Chookie comes in. She is wearing a coat over her dancing costume.

CHOOKIE

They've got it on the radio,
Trav. Patty Devlan talked
to the police...

He moves to a drawer and unlocking it, takes out a revolver and checks to see if it's loaded.

Meanwhile...

CHOOKIE (CONT'D)

The Coast Guard's going to
look for him....

TRAVIS

They'll wait until morning.
I won't. That's too many
hours for Lois.

CHOOKIE

(surprised)
Lois?!? How....?

TRAVIS

(exploding
at himself)
Because I'm a stupid bastard
who wants to be his own
army that's how.
(he is so furious
that he is trembling)

CHOOKIE

What are you being now?

TRAVIS

I've got Diebert's boat and
I'm going after them. He can't
get far with that bum generator
and he's heading for Bimini...

CHOOKIE

Trav. Why don't you call the
Police?

TRAVIS

It's my responsibility...

CONTINUED

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253. CONTINUED 253.

CHOOKIE
To get yourself killed?

TRAVIS
(heading for
the door)
At this point. I really don't
give a damn.

TIGHT on Chookie's worried face as he slams the door
behind him.

254. INT. RUT CRY COCKPIT - TRAVIS - NIGHT 254.

The fast boat is skimming the water, pushing forty
knots. He is steering, face grim, water spraying him.

255. MONTAGE OF SHOTS..... DISSOLVING THROUGH 255.

EXT. THE RUT CRY

INT. TRAVIS SEARCHING EYES - DESPERATION MOUNTING

EXT. BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT

FINAL DISSOLVE TO.....

256. EXT. RUT CRY - TRAVIS - NIGHT 256.

He spots something on the horizon and cuts his running
lights.

257. EXT. PLAY PEN - TRAVIS POV - NIGHT 257.

The boat is sputtering along, disabled in the water.
The lights are on.

258. INT. RUT CRY COCKPIT - TRAVIS - NIGHT 258.

He cuts back his engines to a low cruising speed and
heads towards the Play Pen. He takes the revolver
from his jacket pocket and tucks it into his belt.

259. EXT. PLAY PEN - TRAVIS POV - NIGHT 259.

Shooting over the prow of the Rut Cry as he maneouvers
it towards the Play Pen. It approaches and he cuts his
engine as it slides under the Play Pen's bow and he tosses
a rope over the prow of the bigger boat and fastens it.
Now he is suddenly aware of the silence. The Play Pen
motors have stopped. The running lights go out. Travis
knows that Junior has spotted him.

260. TIGHT ON TRAVIS 260.

As he clambers aboard the Play Pen. He rolls onto the deck just as a shot rings out and the bullet splinters the wood beside his ear. He reaches into his belt for his revolver but it is gone, lost as he was getting aboard. Another shot hits close by, ricocheting off metal. The flash comes from the cabin doorway. Travis dives, rolls and another bullet misses him. His hand comes up with a boat hook. He heaves it towards the darkened door. There is a thud and a grunt and Travis moves.

261. EXT. PLAY PEN CABIN ROOF - TRAVIS - NIGHT 261.

As he leaps noiselessly onto the roof and hides behind the dinghy. He waits. There is silence. He peers down. Nothing is visible. Deftly, quietly, he loosens the lines holding the dinghy. After a few beats, Junior's shadowy figure is seen moving stealthily along the deck, gun ready. Travis places both hands under the dinghy and heaves. It hits Junior a glancing blow. Travis leaps down after it.

262. EXT. PLAY PEN DECK - TRAVIS AND JUNIOR - NIGHT 262.

As Travis clamps both hands on Junior's gun arm, trying to shake loose the revolver. The ocean swells are bobbing the stationary boat making footing difficult. They both lose balance and are pitched by their momentum into the stern railing. Travis smashes Junior's hand against the side of the boat and the gun clatters to the deck. Travis crawls, searching and finding the gun. Junior leaps at him just as Travis raises it and fires. The bullet hits him in the stomach but he keeps coming, screaming his exasperation. He lands on Travis as he yanks the trigger without effect.

Junior straddles Travis, clasps his left hand at his throat and begins choking him and banging his head on the deck. Junior's right arm hangs loosely at his side, injured badly when Travis smashed it against the railing. Blood is staining his shirtfront.

Travis gets the heel of his hand under Junior's chin and flips him off. They are on their knees trading blows. Junior is using his left hand; Travis is hitting with his right. Suddenly, Junior ducks a Travis swing. Travis sprawls. As he turns, he sees an object in Junior's hand descending towards his head. He rolls his head; it strikes the deck. It is the gem pouch used as a weapon. It breaks on hitting the deck.

CONTINUED

262. CONTINUED

262.

The gems scatter, some of them rolling out the scuppers. Junior gives a cry of dismay and scrambles to pick them up. Travis times the roll of the boat and Junior's moves. As he lifts a bit too high, Travis drives at him, gets his shoulder into the pit of his belly and sends him over the starboard rail into the ocean.

Travis stands at the rail, gasping and gagging, as Junior disappears below the surface, reappears and begins swimming for the Rut Cry. It has drifted closer. Travis looks for something he can use and comes up with a Danforth anchor. He raises it high and throws it with all his strength. It arcs through the air and lands on Junior's head and shoulders, taking him down. He does not come up again.

Travis heads for the sleeping quarters...

263. INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - TRAVIS - NIGHT

263.

He tries the light. It is weak but it works. He moves towards the bunks. Deleen is still sleeping.

264. TIGHT ON LOIS

264.

She lies on a bunk, unconscious. There is an ugly bruise over the side of her face. Travis' face appears in frame. He sees and flinches.

TRAVIS
(choking)
Lois.

There is no response. He listens to her heart, hears a faint beat. He covers her with a blanket and hurries out.

265. INT. FORWARD CABIN - MARINE RADIO - NIGHT

265.

Travis cranks up the power and flicks on the transmission switch.

TRAVIS
(into mic)
Play Pen calling Coast Guard.
Play Pen calling Coast Guard.
Come in Coast Guard...

RADIO (filtered)
This is Coast Guard. Come in
Play Pen.

CONTINUED

265. CONTINUED

265.

TRAVIS

I'm about forty miles south east of Lauderdale and heading in with a disabled boat. I have a medical emergency on board. Please send a helicopter and doctor...

RADIO (filtered)

Roger Play Pen. Message received.

Travis hangs up, thankful for small mercies.

266. INT. PLAY PEN COCKPIT - TIGHT ON THROTTLE - NIGHT 266.

It is pulled out and the engine is roaring, sputtering, missing. PAN up to reveal Travis as he gets the boat moving, but it moves slowly. He tries pulling out the throttle more but there is no more left. He lashes the wheel and leaves the cockpit.

267. EXT. PLAY PEN DECK - TRAVIS - NIGHT 267.

He is about to enter the large cabin when his eye is caught by something. He moves to the rear of the boat, looks over the stern and sees....

268. EXT. OCEAN - WAKE OF THE PLAY PEN - NIGHT 268.

Riding in the wake is the grotesque, smiling face of Junior Allen. The anchor has wedged itself so that the edges of the points have grabbed him at the angles of the jaw, pushing up the corners of his mouth and giving him a 'death mask smile' (rhisus sardonius).

269. EXT. PLAY PEN STERN - TIGHT ON TRAVIS - NIGHT 269.

He flinches at the sight of the apparition. He looks down and sees that the anchor rope is taut. He kneels and fumbles with the rope, hands clumsy from hurrying. Finally, he loosens the knot and lets the rope slide away with the weight of the anchor.

270. EXT. OCEAN - JUNIOR ALLEN - NIGHT 270.

He slides into the sea for the last time.

271. EXT. PLAY PEN STERN - TRAVIS - NIGHT 271.

Staring after it, as though not ready to believe that the man is finally gone.

272. EXT. HELICOPTER - TIGHT - NIGHT 272.

Starting on the noisy whirring blades and zooming back to see it hovering over the Play Pen and Rut Cry. A stretcher bearing Lois is ascending into the belly of the helicopter. On the Play Pen are a couple of Coast Guardsmen with Travis.

273. INT. HELICOPTER - STRETCHER - NIGHT 273.

It is unhooked from the rope and pulled into the belly where a young doctor waits and moves to Lois.

274. EXT. PLAY PEN - WIDE - NIGHT 274.

As Travis gets into the hoist chair and is pulled up to the helicopter. Leaving a Coast Guard Sailor on board to bring the boat in.

275. INT. HELICOPTER - TRAVIS - NIGHT 275.

Shooting from the belly as he comes into it and is helped from the chair.

TRAVIS

How is she?
(the noise is too much and the doctor cups a hand to his ear. Travis shouts)
HOW IS SHE!!!

DOCTOR

(shouts)
SHE'S DEAD!!!

276. TRAVIS 276.

Face aghast as he hears but wonders if he hears right. He shakes his head to say 'no'.

277. DOCTOR 277.

Thinking that Travis can't hear. He gives him the thumbs down sign.

278. TRAVIS 278.

Disbelief. Anger. Guilt. He moves to the stretcher and sees that the sheet has been pulled over her.

CONTINUED

278. CONTINUED 278.

He pulls it down and looks at her. She lies there. Dead. Beautiful. Her head turned on one side as though to hide the ugly bruise that killed her. Travis sits down beside her and takes her hand and settles there for the flight back.

279. EXT. HELICOPTER - WIDE - NIGHT 279.

It flies towards Lauderdale.

280. EXT. HELIPORT (GROUND) - WIDE - NIGHT 280.

An ambulance sits waiting, its red light flashing. A police car sits with it. Beside that sits Miss Agnes. It is a nice night and the ambulance attendents and the policemen are standing outside, talking and smoking. Chookie stands alone beside Miss Agnes. The helicopter comes to rest and cuts its engine. The doors open and the stretcher is wheeled out. There is no panick. The ambulance attendents take over and wheel it towards their vehicle.

281. CHOOKIE 281.

Sees the sheet, knows that it means death. She feels sick. She looks up and sees Travis coming off the helicopter. Two policemen nove towards him. They talk. He nods. He sees Chookie and moves towards her. The policemen wait.

282. TRAVIS AND CHOOKIE 282.

She sees the fatigue and the sorrow in his face.

TRAVIS

I have to go with them and make a statement.

Surreptitiously, he pulls some gems from his pocket and places them in Chookie's hands so the police won't see.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

For Cathy. The rest are gone.

CHOOKIE

(her heart breaking for him)

Trav. I'm sorry. I liked her very much.

CONTINUED

282. CONTINUED

282.

His eyes glisten and he smiles his appreciation. He starts away...

CHOOKIE (CONT'D)

Oh God, Trav.

(he looks
at her)

Wouldn't it be nice if we could
choose who we would fall in
love with?

He moves towards the waiting policemen. She is left standing with tears pouring down her face. The ambulance pulls out silently. The police cruiser leaves with Travis and the cops and Chookie is left alone with her tears.

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