

"THE DEEP BLUE GOOD-BY"

Screenplay

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Novel

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Current revisions

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BLUE

Water. Light piercing the surface from above. We're down deep looking up. Gram Parsons' *Love Hurts* as CREDITS BEGIN.

A SLOW MOTION RIPPLE disturbs the hypnotic patterns in the water as THE HULL OF A BOAT SLOWLY COMES TO REST ABOVE.
A good sized Cabin Cruiser.

As CREDITS CONTINUE, there's A SPLASH and a small FIGURE hits the water. A WOMAN. We know that from the bikini. She starts swimming. Everything still SLOWED WAY DOWN...

And now there's a SECOND SPLASH as something else hits the water. A CINDERBLOCK. Tied to her feet. And down she goes. Her long hair swirling about her head, obscuring her face.

CREDITS CONTINUE as she drops toward us. Everything slowed like an underwater ballet. We see her tied legs pumping. We see HER HANDS ARE BOUND, too. A SMALL OBJECT taped to them.

As she gets close, we see the object is a little GO PRO camera. Pointed at her face -- wide, horror stricken eyes, the only features visible behind her swirling hair.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
I have this addiction.

WE PAN as she sinks past us, all hair and limp arms, moving into the depths, as CREDITS END and she disappears into...

BLACK

TRAVIS (V.O.)
I'm hooked on death.

OUT OF THE BLACK, WE SEE-- A BOAT

Bobbing in the moonlight. "PLAYPEN" painted on the stern. A FIGURE sitting there in the dark, on the aft deck.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
I'm hooked on the smell, taste and feel
of the nearness of it.

EXT. ON BOARD THE PLAYPEN - VARIOUS SHOTS

Empty liquor bottles roll about the listing deck. Some broken. A chair is overturned. A bikini top. Whatever party happened, it's over now.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
But mostly I'm hooked on the way I feel
when I make a move to keep it from
happening.

Find TRAVIS MCGEE sitting in a deck chair. His features, for the moment, lost to the dark. We don't know yet who exactly he's talking to. He takes a deep hit off a joint. Then--

TRAVIS
That's why I left you.

The BOAT LISTS and we get the idea it's not in good shape. Travis looks around.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I may be out of moves this time.

He grabs a bottle as it rolls past.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
It's a miracle I've lasted this long.

He opens the bottle, looks up for a moment...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Six years since Afganistan. Six years since Matty... Six years since I got off the bus in Miami.

Now he takes a long drink from the bottle, then--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I thought it'd be easy to find a rich lady and retire myself to stud.
(laughs, stops himself)
McGee. What are you doing?

He stumbles-- drunk, stoned, on the listing boat -- and moves to where we see A TINY RED LIGHT IN THE DARK. A CAMERA. A little Go Pro like the one we just saw. He fumbles with it.

Rewinds. Falls back onto the chair. Another swig from the bottle, and then a deep breath before looking up again at that little camera. And now, maybe a bit more sober:

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Hey. In a couple days, you're gonna hear I'm dead.
(then)
I'd like you to know why.

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

Traffic screaming past in both directions.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
Personally, I blame the whole thing on the Red Belly Cooter...

BOOM DOWN so that we're following a TORTOISE as it makes its way across four lanes of perilous blacktop.

Cars pass by at 70 mph, just missing it. But the animal, either fearless or oblivious, continues on its way.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
How's one do that? Become invisible
like that?

It's almost there when A TIRE STOPS JUST INCHES AWAY FROM IT.

The DOOR OPENS and someone in a pair of flip flops gets out and WE TILT UP TO TRAVIS MCGEE, 40, in shorts and sleeveless T-shirt, the sun flaring behind him as he hurries to the front of the car, A BEAUTIFUL BLUE BENTLEY.

TRAVIS
Let me help you, brother--

CARS HONK as they pull around to pass. Travis ignores them, crouches to help the Turtle. That's when the animal turns, quick, and BITES HIM ON THE HAND with a SNAP.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(yanks hand back)
Motherfucker--

Travis watches as the tortoise makes its own way to the safety of the shoulder. Travis looks at his bitten hand, bleeding now, then starts to get into the Bentley when--

--ANOTHER CAR, A DODGE CHARGER, SLAMS INTO THE REAR of the Bentley. MUSIC BLASTING FROM THE INSIDE OF THE DODGE.

Travis stands there staring at the ruined Bentley.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Awesome.

Traffic slows in both directions. The DRIVER of the Dodge, a HUGE GENTLEMAN of the weight lifter variety, unfurls from the front. A startled peroxide blonde in the passenger seat.

DRIVER
WHAT THE FUCK, ASSHOLE?!!

Travis watches him come. Here we go.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Why the fuck did you stop in the middle
of the fucking road?

TRAVIS
Stud, my hazards were on. Maybe you
were too busy with Paris Hilton to--

Any other day, this would've sent the big guy into a tizzy. But right now the big guy isn't listening or even looking at the aforementioned emergency flashers.

No, he's staring into the BENTLEY'S TRUNK which popped open in the accident. He starts backing away. Holds up a hand...

DIVER
I'm sorry. My Bad...

As he now turns and hurries back to his car, Travis looks into the trunk, reacts to whatever's inside.

TRAVIS
Oh, man...

Travis tries without luck to shut the crumpled lid. THE WHOOP OF A SIREN. He looks up to see a TROOPER pull up and join the fun.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Shit...

Travis keeps trying to shut the lid.

TROOPER
Sir, you gotta get the vehicle off the--
(looks in trunk, calls out)
--GUNS!

Both Troopers draw weapons on Travis. And we now see that the trunk is indeed full of ALL SORTS OF BIG GUNS. All illegal.

TROOPER (CONT'D)
I need you to step away from the car,
sir, put your hands behind your head!

The other Trooper's already radioing for assistance.

TRAVIS
Look, Trooper, this isn't my car.

TROOPER
--Hands behind your head! Step away
from the car!

Travis does as he's told and the cop is on him. Shoving him against the car, cuffing him. Travis turns, watches that fucking turtle disappear into the swamp beside the road.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Travis sits on the floor, knees to his chest. Asleep.

VOICE
McGee.

Travis doesn't move.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Travis McGee.

Travis looks up at the beefy STATE COP standing in the door.

COP
Your ride's here.

EXT. FLORIDA STATE POLICE BUILDING - DAY

Travis steps into the bright light. Sees a WOMAN -- around Travis' age, but in a light suit, the jacket off in the heat, GUN AND BADGE on her belt-- leaning against an unmarked car smoking. This is GAIL.

GAIL
You a repo man now?

TRAVIS
How deep in it am I?

GAIL
Up to your lips.
(flicks away the smoke)
But lucky for you...
(opens the door)
You got friends in high places.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

As Gail's car passes underneath us...

TRAVIS (V.O.)
My client got the Bentley in the
divorce...

INT. CAR - DAY

Travis looks at the CONDOS, SIGNS FOR CONDOS, along the road.

TRAVIS
...but his ex-wife took it just to piss
him off. So just to piss her off, he
sent me after it. Took maybe a day
before I found the ex and the car
parked at a motel in Saint Lucie.

GAIL
Was the maid.

Travis looks at her.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Wasn't his ex. Your client was never
married. The maid, Alice Mijares, is
from Argentina. She took the car and
was on her way to Arcadia where she was
gonna break her boyfriend out of jail.

TRAVIS
Where'd she get all the guns?

GAIL
Jesus, you're dumb--
They were already in the car.

TRAVIS
My client?

GAIL
Is a huge dealer. FSP says the man had
a quarter million of iron in the trunk.

Travis shakes his head, looks out at the condos. More of them.

TRAVIS
You remember when you could see the
water from here? The whole south harbor
looks like a fucking galleria now.

GAIL
You didn't think to ask your guy why
he didn't just call the cops?

TRAVIS
I'd have no work if I asked every
client that question. Where is he?

GAIL
In the wind. Along with your fee
I'm guessing.

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - MORNING

Gail pulls along the dock, coming to a stop at slip F-18. Gail looks at an old, peeling, layer cake of a boat. A beauty... once upon a time. As Travis grabs a duffle, he takes in her disdain.

TRAVIS
I won it in a poker game.

GAIL
Ah.

TRAVIS
Should I get a condo like you?

GAIL
A fixed address might be good.

TRAVIS
Fixed as in *permanent*.

GAIL
As in *stable*.

Travis sees a strip of YELLOW CAUTION TAPE stretched between pylons. Blocking entry to his boat.

TRAVIS
Can you do me a favor?

GAIL
I just did you a favor.

TRAVIS
Can you loan me a hundred?

He smiles at her. She just stares back at him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
No. You're right. Never mind.
Thank you.

He kisses her a moment or two or three. He breaks and gets out.
She takes a breath. A beat, then--

GAIL
Hey-- asshole--

He ducks his head back in. She pulls a fifty from her purse.

EXT. DOCK - SAME

Travis ducks the tape and jumps aboard. Comes upon a PADLOCK.
He pulls a PINK SHEET OF PAPER off the door.

Travis look at the words NOTICE OF NON PAYMENT printed across
the top of the pink paper. He watches Gail drive off past--

THE MARINA OFFICE

A MAN sitting in a lawn chair waves.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
The boat doesn't run. I need time to
rebuild the engine.

INT. MARINA OFFICE - DAY

Travis stands across the counter from IRV, the marina manager
who tries to organize a mass of greasy paperwork.

IRV
Then pay the dock fee.

TRAVIS
Irv--

IRV
--tow it or sink it, I don't care
which. Long as you and that floating
shit palace are gone.

Travis pulls out the CASH Gail gave him, mingles it with some of his own -- all he has left.

TRAVIS
How much time this buy me?

Irv takes it, flips through it. Then--

IRV
One week.

EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - NIGHT

Travis rips the caution tape aside, steps onto the boat. Immediately puts his foot through a piece of rotten deck.

TRAVIS
Shit--

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - CABIN - SAME

SOUND OF THE LOCK being broken away from the wood and Travis comes inside. Flips a light switch. Nothing. He stands there in the dark a moment.

TRAVIS
Awesome.

SERIES OF SHOTS. Travis starts a generator. Turns on a tube amp and radio. REGGAE PLAYS. He begins cleaning up. Methodically putting things away. Fixing plumbing. And so on. We see a man who's good with tools, good with his hands...

A can of Pabst on the deck beside the open engine hatch. The sound of tinkering below. A greasy hand reaches up, grabs the beer. A moment later the hand sets the can back down. Crushed.

A HORN SOUNDS and Travis pops up and watches as A BRAND NEW HINKLEY CABIN CRUISER cuts a erratic path. At the helm, a STOUT DUDE, 30's, white dab of nozecoat. TWO GORGEOUS (i.e. EXPENSIVE) GIRLS lounge about. Dressed in boating attire he's clearly not used to this, or any, boat, and honks at kids in Kayaks.

KAYAKER
We got the right of way, dick!

The kids gape as one of the girls lifts her top. The stout guy flips them off and clumsily turns his boat into the slip beside Travis'. The stern now swings into view so we see the name *JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, NEW YORK CITY*.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Mr. McGee?

Travis turns and looks at A YOUNG WOMAN, in a sundress, BACKLIT BY THE LOW MORNING SUN.

WOMAN
Can I speak to you?

TRAVIS
Now's not really such a good--

WOMAN
My name's Cathy Kerr.
(then)
Bud Kerr was my daddy.

Travis looks at her a little more closely. She seems young, but trying to look older.

TRAVIS
I didn't know Bud had family.

He climbs up out of the hatch, shirtless, covered in grease.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
How old are you?

CATHY
Twenty.

TRAVIS
Going on what, seventeen?

She ignores that.

CATHY
Before he died, my daddy said if I ever
needed help, I should go see Travis
McGee.

TRAVIS
So Bud's dead.

CATHY
Few years now.

TRAVIS
Over there?

CATHY
In prison.

She squints, looks around...

CATHY (CONT'D)
There somewhere we can get out of this
sun? I burn real easy.

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - CABIN - DAY

As Travis clears away the mess from the table, Cathy stands out on the deck, tapping at a floorboard with her shoe. Travis motions for her to come in and sit. It's tight.

CATHY
You served with Bud.

TRAVIS
Not with him, per se.

CATHY
He said you saved his life.

TRAVIS
What is it you think I can help you with?

CATHY
Truth is, I don't know what you can do.
Or anybody. Probably nothing.

TRAVIS
Let's just assume it's hopeless and go from there.

CATHY
Something was stolen from me.
From my family.

TRAVIS
What are we talking about?

CATHY
One time, he was home on leave, I was eleven, he said he found something over there. Said that he'd seen to it we'd never want for nothing. He just had to finish his tour and we'd be rich.

TRAVIS
But it didn't work out that way.

CATHY
He got picked up for going AWOL and they gave him 5 years.

TRAVIS
Pretty harsh for Article 87. With Missing Movement, a charge like that, most you get's usually a couple of years.

(then)
Unless he was deserting.

She doesn't say anything. Just looks around.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Where'd they send him, Starke or Gun Club?

CATHY
Starke.

TRAVIS
He pissed somebody off. How'd he die?

CATHY
Cut his wrists with a piece of broken tile. They said.

Travis notices she is playing with something in her hand.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Six years go by. Then a few months back, a man comes to Candle Key. Knocks on the door with his hat in his hand. He says he served with my daddy in Fallujah. His last tour.

TRAVIS
And the man's name?

CATHY
He called himself Junior.

Cathy pulls her cell from her purse; she scrolls to a dim, grainy picture and holds it up for Travis to see.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Junior Allen. He smiled a lot, but he didn't like having his picture taken.

Travis studies the picture. A blur of the rock-ribbed bulk of JUNIOR ALLEN, low-lit and fuzzy. And, sure enough, smiling.

CATHY (CONT'D)
He seemed like a good guy. At least that's what I saw. A man my Daddy knew, a combat veteran down on his luck.

TRAVIS
So you let him stay.

CATHY
He went right to work. He was a real bird-dog with fixing things, hauling, mowing, chopping. Always busy helping out with something.

TRAVIS
He was also busy grid-searching your property.

CATHY

I know that now. I mean, I could tell something was wrong with him. After a few days he started getting weird, asking me questions about my parents and the boys I knew before him. He would sit there in a chair in my bedroom, with the lights out, and ask me things I don't think a man like him is supposed to ask a girl like me. I couldn't see him in the dark. Could just hear his voice. He'd tell me he wasn't really there, that he was just an emissary for the "God of Night."

TRAVIS

The what?

CATHY

The "God of Night."

TRAVIS

What exactly is that?

CATHY

I don't know. But whatever it was, he was some kind of parishioner.

(then)

Anyway, two weeks ago, I woke up and the floorboards in the kitchen were all torn up. And Junior Allen was gone.

She holds up a tiny BLUE SAPPHIRE.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I found this in the dirt beside the strong box Junior broke open.

Travis stares at the stone. It's clear this stone touches a memory in Travis. We will learn more about this memory later.

TRAVIS

...How many of these you think he got?

CATHY

It was a big box.

Travis takes this in. His mind working.

TRAVIS

...and the last time you saw Junior was two weeks ago?

CATHY

No. I saw him again, day before yesterday, in Sugarloaf.

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)
I was applying for a job, at the cafe,
you know, by the marina? And there he
was, standing on this big Cabin
Cruiser.

TRAVIS
He see you?

CATHY
No. He was talking to some redhead.

TRAVIS
You know the name of the boat?

CATHY
It was like *Playmate* or... no-- *Play*
Pen. That's what it was.

She takes pencil and starts to scratch on a piece of paper.

CATHY (CONT'D)
There was like a design on the lower
deck. Like this.

She turns the paper for him to see... **K/M**

CATHY (CONT'D)
I was thinking if you could find the
boat, then, maybe, you could come with
me when I go ask for my daddy's
property back?

Travis looks at her. Looks at the stone, around his mess of a
boat. Doing the math on whether or not this girl's problem
should be his.

TRAVIS
He could be anywhere by now.

CATHY
What he's got belongs to me and my mom.
My daddy died for it. Please, Mr.
McGee. I'll give you ten percent.
(looking around)
I'm sure you could use that.

He looks up from the gem to Cathy.

TRAVIS
My fee is half of whatever's recovered.

CATHY
That sounds high.

TRAVIS

If you want retail results, go to Liberty or Naranja, hire some ballers or vatos. They'll probably find Junior, but they'll probably also rape you, chop you up and dump you in a West Palm landfill. And they'll keep *all* of whatever's recovered.

CATHY

That your sales pitch?

TRAVIS

You came here to sell me.

She regards him a moment, her eyes never leaving him. It's almost unnerving. Until she finally nods...

CATHY

People tell me I got a broken compass
it comes to men.

(gets up)

I hope my daddy was right about you.

EXT. AIA CAUSEWAY TO THE KEYS - DAY

As Travis' pick-up makes it's way over to Sugarloaf. A black Lamborghini pulls up on his tail, flashes its lights.

INT. TRAVIS' PICK-UP - SAME

As the guy in the black Lambo pulls out and passes Travis. The driver's barely thirty. J Lo type in the other seat.

The song on the radio ends. Travis changes the channel.

NEWSCASTER

...word that negotiations with the Taliban over the release of Sergeant George Padilla, held the past six years in Afghanistan, have broken down...

Travis looks out the window. Lots of fancy cars.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

The State Department had hoped a delegation from Pakistan might be able to help broker a release--

Out on the water. Lots of fancy yachts. God Bless America. He changes the channel BACK TO MUSIC...

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

As Travis pulls up to a bait shop. A sign in the window says closed. He looks across the way at the transient dock. A park and street with restaurants is visible nearby.

FISHERMAN (V.O.)
"Playpen" was here a week, if that.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Travis stands on the dock while a local charter FISHERMAN hoses down his 20-year-old Mako.

TRAVIS
He tell you where he was going?

FISHERMAN
The man never told you anything. One of those guys, smiled and talked, but didn't say a damned thing.

TRAVIS
What'd he look like?

FISHERMAN
Built like tight end. Like I said, he smiled a lot. A hit with the ladies. Someone tried to take his picture once. Photographer came around, doing a piece on the new jetty.

TRAVIS
He didn't like that.

FISHERMAN
Threw the camera in the water, the man still holding onto it.

Travis watches as the man turns back to his boat.

TRAVIS
They biting?

FISHERMAN
If you can find 'em.

Travis clocks a YOUNG GIRL coming out of the public restroom across the street carrying her belongings, runaway type.

TRAVIS
Thanks for your time.

Travis crosses to the girl now as she sits down on the curb.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Hey.

She looks up at him. Wary. Says nothing.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You got a minute?

GIRL
Sorry. Super busy.

He holds out a bill--

TRAVIS
My last ten.

GIRL
You want a blowjob?

TRAVIS
Not today.
(sits down beside her)
Just wanna talk.

GIRL
(turns to him)
Fuck off, Born Again faggot.

TRAVIS
Girl, I'm not here to save you.
I just wanna know about a boat was
docked over there a while back. Maybe
three weeks ago?

GIRL
(looks at the Marina)
Which one?

TRAVIS
The Playpen.

GIRL
I knew you were gonna say that.

TRAVIS
So you know it?

GIRL
Shit. I was inside.

TRAVIS
When was this?

GIRL
Couple weeks ago. A bunch of us went
over there for a party. Dude would sit
on deck, play music. Some of us would
hang with him.

TRAVIS
Him?

GIRL
Junior.

TRAVIS

But you were inside the boat?

GIRL

I was on board one night with this girl I know. We decided to go below to get high, maybe fool around. No offense, I just like girls better.

TRAVIS

None taken. I do, too.

GIRL

Anyway... We go below, wander into this cabin and... it was weird.

TRAVIS

How?

GIRL

It was set up for filming. He had a camera facing a chair, but he had ropes tied to it. We weren't there long when he came below.

Travis waits while she lights a cigarette.

GIRL (CONT'D)

He asked if we wanted to see some of his movies. I was all like, no thanks, Dude and got the fuck out.

TRAVIS

And your friend?

She doesn't answer. Travis turns to her.

GIRL

I went back to see if she was okay, but the boat was gone.

TRAVIS

What's her name?

GIRL

Ceci. Cecilia. I don't know her last name. But I have a picture.

She takes out her phone, holds it up for Travis to see a shot of a pretty young girl, long curly hair, smiling in a bikini on the beach. Something about the eyes. Do we know this girl? Was she the one drowning in our opening? May very well be.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE - DAY

As Travis, in his truck, makes his way towards the water. Lauderdale chock full of college kids. One long, endless Spring Break.

EXT. KIMBY-MYER - DAY

Travis walks through the parking lot of a sprawling luxury boat retailer: KIMBY-MEYER. His eyes to their company flag, fluttering along-side Old Glory and the Don't Tread On Me:

K/M

A pair of sad-eyed FLAMINGOES watch him from a penstock.

INT. KIMBY-MYER - SAME

The glass doors whoosh open and deposit Travis into an air-cooled sales floor, bright and gleaming.

Brand names: Ferretti, Atlantis, Princess; elaborate teak yacht models on glass columns.

A fleshy salesman, 40, walks over to Travis, wiping sweat off his brow despite the air-cool.

JOE TRUE
You got a delivery, or--

TRAVIS
I'm in the market.

JOE TRUE
I apologize all over the place. Didn't take you for a buyer.

He pumps Travis' hand in his pot-roast fists.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
Joe True.

TRAVIS
Good name for a salesman.

JOE TRUE
True is the family name and that's no lie.

He winks and gives Travis back his hand.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
And I'll be calling you...?

TRAVIS
 (turning away)
 I saw a boat in Sugarloaf, couple weeks
 back.

JOE TRUE
 Gave you the itch, did she, son?

EXT. KIMBY-MEYER - SALES LOT - DAY

Joe True leads Travis through a maze of yachts and top line
 pleasure craft up on display blocks; sales banners and come- ons
 flap in the breeze.

JOE TRUE
 Know where the word "yacht" comes from?

TRAVIS
 (looking around)
 It's Dutch, means "hunt."

JOE TRUE
 You're the first customer I ever had
 who knew that without I told 'em.

They walk past a group of hispanic workers on a Cigarette Boat
 wrestling an in-board engine on a chain hoist. It is hard sweaty
 work. TWO OTHER CUBANS, hardly wet, sip beer and eat lunch from
 two lawn chairs, apparently supervising the installation as the
 younger one barks spanish to the workers.

Travis looks the Two Cubans over as he passes them -- one, the
 younger one, is covered in military ink. The older one gives
 Travis a smile which sours as Travis moves on.

TRAVIS
 The boat that caught my eye was called
 the Play Pen.

JOE TRUE
 Twin 155's, overhauled, good hull
 performance--

TRAVIS
 You know it?

JOE TRUE
 I ought to. I sold it. Took it out for
 a spin with the buyer.

TRAVIS
 How'd he handle it?

JOE TRUE
 Like a man used to handling things.

Travis looks at him.

TRAVIS
He pay cash?

Joe True doesn't answer, or maybe he didn't hear. He leads Travis down an aisle of GLEAMING YACHTS. Pauses by one.

JOE TRUE
Looked like this one, did it?

TRAVIS
That's her.

Joe True now looks at Travis, something cold in his eyes. Travis stares up at the boat.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I was thinking, if you know where the Playpen is, maybe I could go see it. Ask the man about the options he chose, maybe do mine the same way.

JOE TRUE
She is nice, isn't she?

Travis turns and meets Joe True's frosty gaze.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
Too bad she looks about as much like the Playpen as a Winnebago.

Neither moves for a long second.

TRAVIS
That is too bad.

JOE TRUE
You don't look like a cop.

TRAVIS
We're just talking, Joe.

A PHONE RINGS somewhere.

JOE TRUE
No, son. We're done talking. Get your ass off this lot.

Joe heads for an office in the back passing the TWO CUBANS. Travis watches him go, then heads for the parking lot.

EXT. CUBAN CAFE - DAY

PULLING BACK as Travis crosses the street from the Kimby-Meyer boat yard and sits down at the counter alongside a couple of OLD CUBAN MEN. A CUBAN WOMAN behind the counter.

TRAVIS
Cafe con leche.

As she works, Travis looks back at the boat dealership. Watches Joe True talk with the Two Cubans.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 (SUBTITLED Spanish)
They're going to kill him.

He turns back as The Cuban woman sets down his coffee.

TRAVIS
 (Spanish)
Excuse me?

She indicates the TV OVER THE COUNTER. A NEWSCAST, ALL IN SPANISH. A MAN, long hair, bearded, is awkwardly reading a statement. The name SGT. George Padilla at the bottom.

WOMAN
 (Spanish)
They say he's dead in a week. If he wasn't half Mexican, he'd already be home.

Travis just nods, looks at the shell of the man on the TV. Once a soldier like himself. Now... something else. Travis indicates the boat dealership across the way...

TRAVIS
They get much business over there?

WOMAN
Not during the day.

And she leaves it at that.

EXT. CUBAN CAFE - DUSK

Travis walks to his car. Slows as he sees the older Cuban leaning against it. In SPANISH--

CUBAN
The coffee's good here, isn't it?

TRAVIS
Wanna step away from my car, friend?

CUBAN
We friends now? Okay. That case, my friends call me Pacheco.

Travis takes a step when the YOUNGER CUBAN, the one with the ink, steps up beside him. Travis stiffens as he feels something in his ribs.

CINAGO
That's a gun, *puto*.

TRAVIS
Yeah, I got that.

PACHEO
Cinago is not as nice as I am. Young.
Impatient. Rude. The way they all are
these days. But he can fight rather
well. Alas, I cannot. So...

Pacheo walks up to Travis. But not too close.

PACHEO (CONT'D)
You got a good reach. Can you box?

TRAVIS
I can hit people.

PACHEO
Not the same thing. Boxing is an art.

TRAVIS
I threw a boxer off a roof once. Mark
he made on the cement, that was art.

PACHEO
(smiles)
I like you.

TRAVIS
I can't tell you how relieved that
makes me.

PACHEO
But the truth is, you're getting into
some shit you shouldn't be.

Travis yawns. *Story of my life.*

PACHEO (CONT'D)
You're a working man. Like me. We do
what we're told. What we have to do,
put food on the table. Right? So let's
not go down this road.

TRAVIS
Which road would that be?

PACHEO
The one you taking us down.

TRAVIS
I'm just looking for a boat is all.

The younger one behind looks impatient, but Pacheco keeps him calm with a look, then--

PACHEO
You don't know what I'm talking about.
You stirred the pot today.

TRAVIS
I thought I took us down a road.

PACHEO
You keep this up? My boss will tell me
to find out what you love.

TRAVIS
That'll take some time.

PACHEO
Could be a mom, a dad, a kid, a
girlfriend. And if my boss tells me to
find out what you love and set it on
fire? I'll do it. I'll hate myself. But
I'm a working man. So I will do it.

TRAVIS
By "boss," you mean Joe True? Or is it
Junior who pulls your chain?

For a moment, nobody moves. Then Pacheco nods to Cinago who hits Travis in the head with the gun. Travis covers, then rather easily takes the gun away from Cinago before anyone reacts. He then hits Cinago in the head with it. Twice.

He goes down on all fours. Travis speaks into his bleeding ear.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You like that? Huh? Getting hit in the
fucking head?
(touches wound on his head)
Jesus...

Pacheco makes a move and Travis knocks him on his ass. Cinago tries to get up and Travis kicks him in the head, and he goes down and stays down. Travis puts the gun on Pacheco.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Okay, working man, who do you work for?

Pacheco doesn't answer. Travis grabs Cinago by the hair, puts the gun to his eye...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I see a resemblance. Your son?

PACHEO
Please. Shoot him. Shoot me. I don't
care. This is not a snake you poke.
(MORE)

PACHEO (CONT'D)
Cut off one head, there's another to
take it's place, you understand?

Travis shoves Cinago at Pacheo's feet. Empties the gun and
tosses it. As he's getting in his car...

TRAVIS
Go down a road. Stir the pot. Poke the
snake. Tell you one thing, Pacheo,
maybe you can't fight--
(Travis kicks him, makes
sure he can't follow)
--but you're deadly with a metaphor.

Travis gets into his car, backs up, Cinago having to move out of
the way to avoid getting run the fuck over as...

EXT. KIMBY-MYER - NIGHT

As Joe True gets into a BMW 7 series and starts out of the lot.
A moment later, Travis follows.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AERIAL - NIGHT

As Travis follows Joe True to a neighborhood away from the
water.

EXT. DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

One of Florida's landfill developments, a spiral of cookie
cutter houses and backyard canals. Joe True pulls his Audi into
a drive as TRAVIS CRUISES PAST, watching True greet a BOY IN
PAJAMAS at the door, holding a toy helicopter.

JOE TRUE
What are you still doing up?

As the door closes, Travis notices SOMEONE SITTING in a parked
SUV across the street, lit by their phone.

Travis drives on and parks on a side street. He gets out and
follows the path of the canal back to True's landing.

In the kitchen window, Joe is now having a hushed exchange with
A HISPANIC WOMAN. She explains why Joe's boy was awake.
Something about nightmares.

Travis moves to another window, to hear better as-- Joe gets
himself a beer, then approaches the woman as she plates his
dinner. They both stand there, close, the boy making loud
chopper noises on the back porch.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
Would you like--

NURSE
--I should go-- Orlando's sick.

Joe nods. She grabs a jacket and heads for the door.

Outside, Travis freezes as car passes by, then slides past two lemon trees, and faces Joe True's screened in porch.

A child's bedsheets hang on a line, lit by the mercury lights, a faded yellow stain in the middle.

Joe True joins his son on the porch with his dinner.

JOE TRUE

Nice chopper. Carmina get that for you?

BOY

It's an Mi 35, just like the ones they use in Afghanistan.

Joe True looks up, at his son. Bothered.

JOE TRUE

Where'd you get it?

His son keeps playing. Joe True sets his dinner aside, takes his son gently by the wrist.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)

Tucker. Where'd you get it?

TUCKER

Army man at school.

JOE TRUE

What army man at school?

TUCKER

The one protecting us.

This is when True's phone lights. Call coming in. It says "JR".

BOY

...he said the rockets on the side--
these-- Dad, you're not looking!--
these are stingers missiles with poison
in hollow parts.

Joe True stares at his vibrating phone. He can't answer it, can't dismiss it and can't look up, even though his son continues jabbering. The phone keeps buzzing, blinking. And that's when True notices --

A BURNING RED PRICK OF LASER LIGHT ZEROED ON HIS CHEST.

Joe True whips around. Now the dot is on his neck. He sees it in reflection on the sliding door. He lunges and the dot stays on him, as his son chatters, now about video games...

JOE TRUE

Get inside, Tucker. Now!

The boy starts crying and runs upstairs.

Outside, Travis reacts to True's panicked movements, the red dot tracking him. Looks about for the source of the laser.

Joe True locks doors and windows, his face red and sweaty.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
Tucker, I'm sorry. I'll be right up.
Make sure your window is closed.

Joe True takes a deep breath and answers the phone.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
Hello? Hey, Junior. What's up? Yeah.
Can you get it off me, please? Yeah,
well, I *don't* think its funny.

The dot slides off Joe. He looks toward the stairs from where we can hear his son crying.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
He's playing with it now. Thing is, I'd
appreciate it if you didn't-- its just
that its a special school--

Joe True has his back to us now.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
What-- Which guy? Oh. I didn't--
Because he didn't *tell* me his name. He
came and he went. He was looking for a
boat. Of course not. Talk to Pacheco. He
went after him.
(becoming frightened)
Junior, if you had seen this guy-- he
looked more like a surfer.

VOICE
Daddy? Will you tuck me in?

That's when Joe True turns to see his son on the stairs, listening, in his footies, Junior's red laser dot on his chest. Joe True steps in front of him...

JOE TRUE
Jesus, Junior, please...

OUTSIDE-- Travis moves through the lemon trees and toward the SUV he saw out front. Just as he gets there, the SUV pulls out, hard. Travis starts to run for his own car, stumbles.

He goes down in the bushes alongside THE HISPANIC NURSE, lying her back. Her throat cut. Eyes reflecting the stars.

EXT. I 95 - NIGHT

As Travis approaches, weaving through traffic. He sights the SUV, stays several cars back. He watches as it now takes the LAKE WORTH EXIT.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

As the man from the SUV exits with some "supplies." Gets back in his car. Travis, parked across the street, follows.

EXT. SMALL MARINA - NIGHT

Not many boats. A shit hole, out of the way. The SUV pulls up and the man gets out. He grabs his bag of supplies and walks down to the dock.

Travis pulls up, watches the guy disappear down the stairs. Travis gets out of the car, walks to the SUV.

He glances down at the docks, all quiet. Looks at the license plate of the SUV, writes it down. Tries the door. It's not locked. Lucky.

INT. SUV - SAME

He gets inside. Shuts the door. Opens the glove box. A HERTZ RENTAL AGREEMENT. The name JOHN ADAM. Bullshit. No wonder he didn't lock the door.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Travis quietly moves along the boats. Most dark. He reads the names of each one as he passes. Stopping at the back of a big cruiser. *PLAYPEN*.

A light is on inside. *SHADOW* of somebody moving about. *MUSIC*. The man, JUNIOR ALLEN, lifting weights inside. Travis quietly climbs aboard the boat next door, moves along the rail to get a better look into Junior's boat.

Travis watches Junior, no clothes on, working out, staring at his inked-up self in the mirror. He moves into the center of the cabin, begins an elaborate marital arts *kata* or form.

And then he suddenly stops in the middle of the series of movements. Stares at the dark window. Sensing something? Junior turns, shuts off the music and PICKS UP HIS PHONE.

JUNIOR

Yeah. What?

(now in SPANISH)

Who is this fucking guy?

Travis watches as Junior hangs up. Pissed. He suddenly turns and looks out the window. But Travis has already melted away.

INT. TRAVIS' CAR - NIGHT

As Travis watches the Marina. Junior's rental car over here. The boat over there. He turns the radio on low, reaches into his pocket for some rolling papers, takes a little pill vial out of another, rolls himself a tight joint, lights it, and settles in for a long night.

EXT. MARINA - DAWN

Junior's SUV the lone car in the lot. Travis' car parked across the road.

INT. TRAVIS' CAR - SAME

Travis is sound asleep. Out the windshield we see Junior come up from the dock, duffle in hand, dressed in CAMO FATIGUES. He throws the duffle in the back and slams the back door.

Travis stirs, opens his eyes, watches as Junior gets in the SUV and starts it up. Junior makes a u-turn and drive past. Travis watches the SUV disappear in his rearview mirror and now gets out of his own car and stretches.

EXT. DOCK - SAME

As Travis makes his way to the Playpen. He climbs aboard.

EXT. PLAYPEN - SAME

Travis takes in the deck. Everything in perfect order. In its place. Lines are neatly coiled. The deck is spotless. He sees A LONG ICE CHEST, nearly coffin sized and opens it. Stares at SEVERAL LARGE BLOCKS OF ICE INSIDE.

Travis peers in a window...

INT. PLAYPEN - SAME

Travis' face in the window. REVEAL A FISH TANK IN F.G. On its own pedestal. Only it's not a bunch of neon tetra. It's a fucking BABY SHARK.

Travis enters the cabin. Also neat as a pin. He looks at the shark. A cage on the shelf above. A COUPLE OF MICE inside.

INT. CABIN - SAME

Clearly Junior's cabin. Clothes folded on the bed. Again it's all neat. Travis systematically goes through it. Opens the closet, finds a wetsuit, more camo. Military duds.

TRAVIS
Who are you, fucker?

INT. PASSAGEWAY - SAME

As Travis comes from the main cabin, opens the door across the way and freezes.

INT. SECOND CABIN - SAME

A metal chair in the middle of the room. Coils of rope stacked on it. A tripod in front of it. A GO PRO camera atop. A SPEARGUN on a rack. A rack of machine guns, knives.

Travis takes a step into the room, immediately looks down. THE FLOOR IS COVERED WITH PLASTIC.

TRAVIS

Jesus.

He starts going through this room. Searching. Keeps looking at the camera. Finally goes over to it. He finds the rewind button, hits it. Then hits play--

ON THE SMALL GO PRO SCREEN

A GIRL, no more than 17, long, curly blond hair. The girl from the cell phone shot. The girl from the opening. She's tied up in the chair. Laughs. MUSIC and PARTY SOUNDS OS.

JUNIOR'S VOICE

Too tight?

GIRL

Too loose, dude.

(laughs, drunk)

*Maybe you want my hands to get free.
I've done this before, you know.*

JUNIOR'S VOICE

Not like this.

She giggles.

JUNIOR'S VOICE (CONT'D)

What's so funny, Ceci?

GIRL

*Just dudes... in general... always
thinking they're so different.*

JUNIOR'S VOICE

*What we're doing here, this is
different, Ceci. It's not for fun.*

GIRL

Really? Then like what the fuck?

JUNIOR'S VOICE

This is my practice. Keeps me sharp.

GIRL

For what?

JUNIOR'S VOICE

My job.

GIRL

I thought you were a diver.

JUNIOR'S VOICE

That's my hobby. My job is to get people to say things.

GIRL

What things?

JUNIOR'S VOICE

Secret things.

GIRL

*(beat, giggles)**Awesome.*

JUNIOR'S VOICE

Like the thing you're thinking of right now.

GIRL

I'm not thinking of anything.

JUNIOR

I don't mean the time you fucked the manager at the Copper Rivet in the stock room for the stretch jeans.

GIRL

I never worked at the Copper--

JUNIOR

Don't be literal, Cici.

The camera jerk zooms tighter on her face and now we see Junior come around, his back to us. He moves around the cabin, methodically pulling the blinds.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

It's all over you. On your skin. Like a tat. Like ink that tells a story. I'm guessing Sarasota, a shitty little shoebox smells of pot and bacon fat. Maybe mom's boyfriend's trailer. Who was it who touched you? Your dad? Mom's boyfriend?

GIRL

You don't know shit.

JUNIOR
*Anger. We call that Tell Number One.
 "The truth shall piss us off."*

Junior kneels down beside her. Puts a hand on her leg.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
*No. I think it was an uncle, liked to
 hug you and press his wood on your
 bottom.*

It's dark in there now. Travis sees the fear the girl's face as she realizes she's in trouble.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
*Tell me that thing, Ceci. That thing
 you haven't told anyone. Something just
 between you and the God of Night.*

GIRL
The who?

JUNIOR
You're gonna feel better.

GIRL
I wanna go back up now...

JUNIOR
It was your Uncle, right? Tell me.

GIRL
...It wasn't my Uncle, ok?

JUNIOR
*Cousin, Uncle, neighbor, teacher,
 coach,, I don't give a shit who. Cause
 I see now, that's not what you're
 ashamed about, is it, Cici? Its not who
 he was, its worse.*

GIRL
Stop it.

He puts both hands on her legs, leans close.
 She shuts her eyes. Afraid, upset and something else...

JUNIOR
Oh. He turned you on.

She opens her eyes and looks at him. He's got her.
 She spits in his face. He smiles.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Feels good, doesn't it? To let it go.

Suddenly, she leans forward and head-butts him. *That* pisses him off and he grabs her and punches her, hard. Travis is pulled from the mayhem on the tape when he hears, outside--

A CAR PULL UP. DOORS CLOSE. Travis crosses to a porthole as--

Junior's camo-clad legs enter frame. TWO PEOPLE with him, also in camo, but our angle is too low to see who.

TRAVIS

Shit--

Travis shuts off the camera, cutting off the whimpering that has begun, and gets the fuck out of the room.

INT. MAIN CABIN - SAME

As Travis comes up, quickly looks around to make sure he's left no sign of intrusion. Is about to go when he looks at the shark tank once more.

BOOMING DOWN, PAST THE BABY SHARK swimming back and forth to the gravel where SEVERAL DOZEN DEEP BLUE STONES ARE MIXED IN.

Travis moves to the tank, eyes the shark... and reaches in.

EXT. MARINA - SAME

As Junior makes his way to the Playpen. The other man is Pacheco, the older Cuban. And his son, Cinago. Both banged up, carrying on in Spanish. Clearly about what happened with Travis. Junior stops and looks at his boat a moment.

JUNIOR

Shut the fuck up.

The boat bobs in the water. The other boats are still.

INT./EXT. PLAYPEN - SAME

Junior crosses the deck and whips open the door to the main cabin. BOOM DOWN TO REVEAL THE AQUARIUM. THE STONES ARE GONE.

Junior looks out at the Marina. Not a soul about.

EXT. UNDER WATER - SAME

As Travis swims under the hull of one of the boats, comes up the other side, out of sight of the playpen.

INT. PLAYPEN - SAME

Junior studies the water. Pacheco steps up behind him.

EXT. JETTY - SAME

As Travis hauls himself onto the rocks, the marina in the far distance. He reaches a BLOODY HAND -- SEVERAL TEETH MARKS IN HIS PALM -- into his pocket and pulls out a blue stone...

INT. PLAYPEN - SAME

Junior turns away from the water now. Smiles.

JUNIOR
It's all good.

EXT. BRANNIGAN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Closed for the night. THROUGH THE WINDOW we watch as Cathy cleans up. Refills condiments, usual end of shift bullshit. She looks up as TRAVIS STEPS INTO FRAME.

EXT. BRANNIGAN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Travis and Cathy sit on a bench overlooking the water. She smokes, stares at the cloth pouch in her lap.

TRAVIS
That's all that was there.
(holds out his hand)
Less my share.

She barely looks at the stones in his BANDAGED HAND, nods.

CATHY
And Junior? Did you talk to him?

TRAVIS
I saw him.

CATHY
But you didn't *talk* to him?

TRAVIS
I didn't see the need.

Again, she just nods, starts to get up.

CATHY
I have to go back to work.

TRAVIS
Tomorrow, first thing, go to your bank,
get a safe deposit box.

CATHY
Okay.

TRAVIS
And you're welcome.

As Travis watches her head back to work her tables...

EXT. THE BUSTED FLUSH - NIGHT

Travis sits on his boat drinking a beer, studying one of the blue stones. Something bothering him.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Excuse me?

He looks up and sees a tall, impossibly gorgeous WOMAN, heavy breasts exploding out of a slitted sun dress, a MASSAGE TABLE under her arm. Travis jerks a thumb at the slip next to his.

TRAVIS

Next door.

Travis watches her walk over to the *John Maynard Keynes*, 70's ROCK blasting from the cabin. The Stout Dude steps out on deck in some kind of kimono to greet her. He sees Travis and waves.

STOUT DUDE

Ahoy Matey!

Travis ignores him, gets up, pockets the stone, moves to a grill on the deck, checks a piece of fish that's cooking.

STOUT DUDE (CONT'D)

I am so fucking baked.

Travis sees that the guy has come to the rail of his boat, leaning over, his kimono open. The boat bobs a bit and he nearly falls over, laughing.

STOUT DUDE (CONT'D)

Still don't have my sea legs.

(looks at Travis' boat)

Jesus, look how neat you are. How do you coil your ropes like that?

TRAVIS

Lines.

STOUT DUDE

How's that?

TRAVIS

On boats, they're called lines, not ropes.

STOUT DUDE

Huh. I'm called Meyer.

TRAVIS

McGee.

STOUT DUDE/MEYER

So the man told me. Nice to meet you.
Mind I ask, McGee, what it is you do?

TRAVIS

Salvage.

MEYER

Awesome. Can you salvage my life?

He laughs. He's indeed baked.

TRAVIS

And you?

MEYER

Retired.

ANOTHER GIRL calls for Meyer to come back inside. There's a few girls inside. A party.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Care to join me? I got way more than I
can handle over here. One of them's
cooking something I think.

TRAVIS

(indicates the grill)
I'm good, thanks.

MEYER

Suit yourself. But if you get lonely,
grab one of those... *lines* and swing on
over here.

Travis looks back as the guy turns to go--

TRAVIS

Hey. What *man*?
(off Meyer's confused look)
When I told you my name, you said, *so*
the man told me. What man?

MEYER

Oh, shit. Yeah. You had a visitor come
by this morning. Seemed kinda odd. Was
trying to look like a yachtsman but he
was too big. Like stoved up big.

TRAVIS

What's a *yachtsman* look like? You?

MEYER

(smiles)
Good one.
(indicates Travis' bbq)
Enjoy your Snapper.

Travis watches him disappear into the cabin. Then turns away, thoughtful now.

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - CABIN - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE -- DOWN ONTO TRAVIS IN BED, LYING ON HIS BACK. The MUSIC from next door bleeding through the walls. He holds up the stone, again examining it. We RACK TO IT as--

BUD (V.O.)
You read the bible, McGee?

INT. BIVOUAC TENT - DAWN

A YOUNGER TRAVIS, in uniform, on his back, ranger hat pulled over his eyes, lifts the brim to check out the blue sapphire that BUD KERR -- same age, grin -- holds up in his face.

BUD
You can learn a lot from it.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

The lean-to is connected to a jeep on a jack, missing a tire. They'd gone off the road in the rain. Travis lies back.

TRAVIS
You a religious man, Bud?

Bud smiles and sits back and we see that HIS HANDS ARE SHACKLED. He's Travis' prisoner. He fingers the blue gem.

BUD
Not remotely. But I did enjoy reading about the "Tablets of Stone." You know what I'm talking about, right?

TRAVIS
The Ten Commandments.

BUD
I bet you didn't know that, according to the bible -- the one written by the Jews -- Old Testament-- there were two sets of tablets.

TRAVIS
(trying to sleep)
How 'bout that.

BUD
The first, inscribed by God, were smashed by Moses when he got all pissed off after he came back from Sinai or wherever, saw the Children Israel worshipping the Golden Cow.

TRAVIS

Calf.

BUD

The second set came later, was cut by Moses and then re-written by God. And these tablets were supposedly made of sapphire, as a reminder of the blue sky, the heavens, and the big guy himself.

TRAVIS

The big guy's blue? Like a Smurf?

BUD

No, brah, but the bible describes the foot of God's throne as made of sapphire. Look at the Israeli flag, blue's the main color.

TRAVIS

How do the Muslims feel about that?

BUD

How do they feel about anything? Pissed off. In the Koran, it says that Moses didn't smash the first set and actually refers to THREE tablets.

TRAVIS

So... I've broken thirty commandments.

BUD

And there's a group of Muslims-- fringe of fringe-- that's sworn to uphold ALL thirty of Allah's commandments. These guys think the Zionists stole the sapphire reliquaries and that they're somewhere in Afghanistan. ...Chipped pieces from the tablets.

Travis sits up, looks at the stone. Paying attention now. Bud just smiles, pockets the stone with his shackled hands. Travis peels back the flap of the tent.

BUD (CONT'D)

Hey, the rain stopped.

TRAVIS

How many do you have?

BUD

Enough to share.

Travis looks at him, understands the offer.

TRAVIS

What's to stop me from just hitting you over the head and taking them?

BUD

You think they're on me? I got 'em hidden. Worth ten mil, easy.

TRAVIS

(shakes his head)

You want my advice?

BUD

Nope.

Travis looks at him, starts getting to his feet.

TRAVIS

I need to stretch my legs.

BUD

Have fun. I'll be waiting.

Bud leans back so that we see his legs are in irons, and he's shackled to the axle of the busted jeep.

BUD (CONT'D)

Somebody's gotta offer wine and cheese to the 86th -- if they ever get here.

EXT. A POPPY FIELD - DAY

Rifle slung over his shoulder, Travis walks through it. He stops, takes out a YELLOW STRIP OF PAPER. A print out of a telegram. He reads it--

INSERT - MESSAGE

MATTY'S GONE. SUICIDE. THIS MORNING. PLEASE COME HOME. GRETA

Travis stares at the note, probably for the hundreth time that day. He refolds it, puts it back, then takes a joint from his coat and fires it up.

He takes a deep hit, looks out at the landscape, is about to take a step when he HEARS A DISTANT ENGINE. Looks--

AHEAD, A RED CROSS JEEP approaches from a ways off, along the road AT HIGH SPEED heading in the direction of Travis and the tent he just left. A large herd of goats are crossing the road so the jeep VEERS RIGHT INTO THE POPPY FIELD.

Travis watches as it drives past him fifty yards away-- instead of men and women in Red Cross uniforms, the men inside are ARMED. One of them nods to Travis.

Travis nods back and the next second, THE JEEP BLOWS UP.

Travis freezes, turns to see TWO VILLAGERS now run across the Poppy field towards the burning jeep. Travis shouts at them, tries to wave them off when TWO QUICK EXPLOSIONS vaporize each of them. IT'S A MINEFIELD.

Travis looks at his own feet, doesn't dare take another step.

VOICE
McGee! ...Don't move!

He sees Budd at the edge of the field shouting at him. Travis pulls his radio waves it at Bud who ducks into the lean-to, comes out with another radio:

BUDD
Seems you got yourself into a predicament.

TRAVIS
Seems you lost your leg irons.

BUD
Yeah, how 'bout that?

TRAVIS
I leave a key behind?

BUD
I don't need a key.

TRAVIS
I underestimated you.

BUD
Thought maybe I'd find a ride in that vill we passed a click or two back.

TRAVIS
Okay, then. Better get humpin'.

Both men stand there looking at each other across the field.

BUD
Or maybe I'll just stick around, see what happens.

We hear MOANING OS AND Travis looks over at THE SMOKING JEEP.

TRAVIS
Somebody's alive over there.

THE MOANING GETS LOUDER and now Travis sees SOMEONE CRAWLING AWAY FROM THE JEEP--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Fuck-- STOP! DON'T MOVE! YOU'RE IN A MINEFIELD.

But the person keeps crawling. A SOLDIER, bloody. Looks like he's missing half of himself.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
STOP FUCKING MOVING!

But the guy keeps coming.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Shit-- alright-- I'M COMING TO YOU!
(prepares to take a step)
Fuck fuck fuck...

He looks at the ground, retracing his footprints.

BUD
Retrace your steps.

TRAVIS
No shit.

Travis gets to a spot where his footsteps end. Has to make a decision. The wounded man keeps crawling. So Travis takes a leap of faith, takes three more steps, drops to the ground beside the man, pulls off his belt, wraps it...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What the fuck do you think you're doing?

The soldier grabs Travis...

SOLDIER
Kill him!

TRAVIS
What?

SOLDIER
(looking towards Bud)
Sergeant Kerr. Shoot him! Right now!
Fuck it, I will... Its imperative!

Travis sees he's holding a 9MM pistol in his hand. Got another in his belt. He raises the gun, but starts convulsing...

ON BUD

Waiting, looking into the field.

BUD
LT? What's going on?

TRAVIS
I don't think these guys are Red Cross,
Bud.

CUT TO THE POPPY FIELD - NIGHT

Travis has fallen asleep. He bolts upright. It's pitch black. He can't see anything. He picks up the radio.

TRAVIS
Bud? You there?

No answer. The RADIO'S DEAD. Who knows where Bud Kerr is now. Thoughtful, Travis lies back as we now go to--

BLACK

And NOW THE NOSE OF A DOG APPEARS IN FRAME SNIFFING.

ON TRAVIS - IN THE POPPY FIELD

He sits up. The dead soldier beside him.

VOICE
Easy, sir.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

The 86th is there removing mines. A half dozen MINE SNIFFING DOGS move through the field. He looks up at a YOUNG MEDIC.

MEDIC
You're safe now.

Another SOLDIER crouches down, indicates something OS...

SOLDIER
He belong to you?

Travis looks to the edge of the field. Bud is there, waiting for him. ANOTHER SOLDIER questioning him. Travis considers.

TRAVIS
No. Cut him loose.
(waves at Bud)
Thanks for your help, Soldier!

A moment between them across the field, Bud salutes, and starts walking away as we return to...

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - NIGHT (PRESENT)

A shirtless Travis lies face up on the bed. Sweaty. Still. The glow of the dock and the tube amp playing cuban provide the only light. The water lapping against the boat and the occasional klang of a buoy are the only sounds.

That is until we hear A CREAK OF WOOD. Followed by FOOTSTEPS.

Travis opens his eyes. Sits up. He stares hawklike into the black. ANOTHER CREAK. Above him. SOMEONE IS UP ON DECK.

He reaches beneath his mattress. Finds a AN OLD BASEBALL BAT. The handle wrapped with electrical tape. He grips it tightly, crosses the cabin, silent, snaps off the amp.

All quiet now. Another creak. Travis moves to a portal, looks out. Nothing. Then, he spins, ready to swing the bat when he finds himself facing-

CATHY KERR, barefoot, in shadow, halfway down the steps. She wears a cotton dress. Her hair wet. Travis lowers the bat.

TRAVIS
Jesus... another step, your head
would've been all over that wall.

Cathy takes another step. Looks at him. Tilts her head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CATHY
I don't know. I-- earlier-- I
couldn't... I was rude. I didn't say
thank you.

Travis blinks. Takes this in.

TRAVIS
No. You didn't. Have you been drinking?

CATHY
A little. ...It's hot down here.

A Coast Guard patrol chugs past outside, lights flashing. Water laps against the Flush. Cathy pulls her dress over her head, holding it at her side. Her body glows in the light.

CATHY (CONT'D)
I don't wanna go home. I'm afraid.

TRAVIS
You don't look afraid.

The patrol's wake slaps the Flush. It sways.

CATHY
Maybe I just want to feel good about
something.

Travis says nothing, just regards her, her ivory beauty, as she takes another step. And another. Her hand rises to touch him. That's when he grabs her wrist. Firm.

TRAVIS
Not a good idea.

CATHY
It doesn't have to mean anything.

TRAVIS
But it always does.

They stand there a moment. Then tears come to her eyes. She turns away, humiliated, struggles with her twisted dress. Travis takes her in his arms. Turns her around. She can't look at him. Tears run down her cheeks.

CATHY
God damn him for doing this to us.

TRAVIS
Junior?

CATHY
My father.

Her eyes lift to him. Her lips part. He takes a breath, and instead of kissing her, gently helps the twisted dress back over shoulders and and down her body.

TRAVIS
I'll give you a ride home.

CATHY
I have a car.

TRAVIS
It's no prob--

CATHY
--Please. I feel like an idiot enough
as it is.

And she's back up the stairs and gone, stranding him in the middle of the dark cabin. He listens to her car start up, then sits down heavily on the bed. Rubs his face. *Jesus*.

INT. BACK ROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY

An APPRAISER, an old Jimmy Buffet type, ink all over his arms, peers through a JEWELER'S LOOP while Travis hovers.

APPRAISER
Outstanding. Where'd you get these?

TRAVIS
Why?

APPRAISER
I haven't seen work like this in a long time.

TRAVIS
What are they worth, you had to guess.

APPRAISER
Don't have to guess. I can tell you exactly. Nothing.

Travis just looks at him. *What?*

APPRAISER (CONT'D)
They're fakes.

TRAVIS
What the fuck, Lenny. Just a second ago you said they were outstanding.

APPRAISER
Outstanding fakes.

APPRAISER (CONT'D)
There's always sentimental value. For that special someone.

Travis stares at the stones.

TRAVIS
Fuck.

He starts gathering up the "sapphires."

APPRAISER
Be glad they're not real.
(off Travis' look)
This kinda stone at this kinda weight doesn't belong to people like you and me. If by some fluke we get our hands on something like this? We don't keep our hands for very long. You feel me?

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE STREET - DAY

Exactly the sort of shit neighborhood you'd expect see Lenny the appraiser's "watch repair" storefront. Travis gets in his truck. He stares at the blue stones in his palm...

He notices A CAR PARKED ACROSS THE STREET. A BIG BLONDE MAN, neck bursting out of a polo shirt, dark shades at the wheel.

Travis starts up, pulls out and the car starts to follow. Travis quickly pulls a U-turn across traffic. The other car tries to do the same, but gets caught between cars. Stuck.

INT. TRAVIS' PICK-UP - SAME

Travis thoughtfully watches in the rearview as the big blonde dude gets out of his car, helplessly watches Travis get away.

EXT. THE FLORIDA KEYS - AERIAL

As Travis makes his way across the causeway. This time heading off at the exit marked CANDLE KEY...

EXT. CANDLE KEY - DAY

Travis' car rattles over the timber truss bridge into Candle Key. Dirt roads, old frame houses; thickets of black cypress and hard pine; trash-can dogs root under porches for rats; peacocks perch on roof-tops.

EXT. CATHY KERR'S HOUSE - DAY

Travis parks out front of a weather-beaten house that backs up to the bay; the grounds are well-kept and well-tended; no junkers stacked in the drive, no toys piled in the yard.

The screen door swings open and A WOMAN steps out. She's 35, wears shorts and a man's work shirt. She's taller than Cathy and lovely. She takes in Travis as he approaches, suspicious.

WOMAN

I help you?

TRAVIS

I'm Travis McGee?

WOMAN

Good for you.

She looks at him, waiting--

TRAVIS

I came by to talk to your sister.

WOMAN

That's gonna be tough seeing as I was an only child.

Travis looks at her.

TRAVIS

Cathy--

WOMAN

My daughter.
(extends her hand)
Christine Kerr.

Travis stares back at her. Jesus. She's something.

TRAVIS

Lady, you do not look like anybody's mother.

CHRISTINE
Aren't you sweet.

Travis HEARS SOMEONE POUNDING NAILS, turns to see Cathy on the dock. She looks different in jean shorts. No makeup. A girl.

She looks up to see Travis standing on the porch with Christine. Travis waves.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Something tells me that back when she was letting you charm the apron off her at Brannigan's, she didn't mention she lived with her mom.

Travis looks at Christine. She doesn't know.

TRAVIS
She hired me.

EXT. DOWN BY THE WATER - LATER

Travis walks out on the dock with Cathy. He checks out the work she's doing, replacing rotting boards. An open can of beer beside her.

TRAVIS
You do this yourself?
(she nods)
Some good work.

CATHY
Bud taught me.
(indicates the dock)
We built this. The three of us did-- him, me and Christine

TRAVIS
Your parents always been "Bud" and "Christine" to you?

CATHY
Seemed weird to call'em Mom and Dad.

TRAVIS
Except when you're trying to play me.

She just keeps working.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I don't like being lied to.

CATHY
People lie all the time.

TRAVIS

Probably why I don't like them much.

(then)

You didn't hire me to bring back some worthless rocks.

CATHY

No. I thought maybe...

TRAVIS

What? That I'd find Junior and he'd make some kinda move and we'd dance? That what Bud told you I'd do? That I'd kill him for you?

CATHY

He said you'd do whatever you had to. That you were that kinda man.

TRAVIS

Fuck the lot of you.

CATHY

I'm glad Bud's dead.

Travis stops, looks at her.

CATHY (CONT'D)

What he did to us, the jacked up place he put us, what Junior did to me, that's all on Bud.

She tosses the hammer aside. Grabs the beer off the deck.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Six years ago, he told me he was a dead man. He said that he pissed off some people.

TRAVIS

He say what people?

CATHY

He just said he pissed them off. Told me after he was gone, one of them might come round looking for the jewels. And that I should be real *nice* to this man because he's a stone cold killer, and with men like that, the only thing you can do is please them and hope they move on.

(then)

Bud also said that he had made some fakes jewels for this man to find. So he might leave satisfied.

TRAVIS

He told you this when you were twelve?

CATHY

He didn't have anyone else to tell.

Cathy looks up at the house where Christine now works in the garden, but her curiosity focused on their conversation.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Christine wouldn't visit him in prison on account, she said, of being pissed he threw his life away. But I think she just couldn't see him like that. So she'd drive me out there, wait in the parking lot while I'd visit.

TRAVIS

So six years later Junior shows up.

CATHY

Yeah.

(looks at Travis)

Only I wasn't eleven anymore.

She stops, looks up at Travis.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I had expected him to be a monster. And he smiles at me and looks at me with those eyes, and I know right then that he's not gonna be in any kind of hurry to find anything, fake or real. He's gonna take his time here and do things to me and I'm gonna let him. And I did. At first I couldn't stop. But then I saw what he was.

She keeps looking at him for this next bit:

CATHY (CONT'D)

When you fuck the same person, over and over, you can only hide who you are so long, right?

TRAVIS

Junior had the stones on his boat in plain sight. He knew they were paste.

CATHY

Then I expect he'll be back.

(looks past him, squints)

Hey.

Travis turns to find Christine approaching.

CHRISTINE
You should go take a shower. Ted's
gonna take us out to dinner.

CATHY
(reaches for the beer)
Ted's fat and he hates me.

CHRISTINE
(takes it from her)
Do as I say.

Cathy turns to go, looks at Travis.

CATHY
I'm sorry. I never should have brought
you into this.

She then heads up for the house. Christine watches...

CHRISTINE
She's right.

TRAVIS
I'm gonna assume that you know more
than she thinks you do.

CHRISTINE
That's not a high bar.

TRAVIS
Did you know about her and Junior?

CHRISTINE
There's no good answer to that one, is
there?
(then)
He showed up while I was still up in
Madison, taking care of my father. I
was only gone a few weeks, but that's
all he needed.

She looks at him, takes him in, as if trying to suss out if he's
good or bad. Whatever she decides, she doesn't give it away. She
is a fine woman.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
If we owe you a fee, it'll have to--

TRAVIS
--We're square.

CHRISTINE
Okay then.

But Travis doesn't move. Not yet.

TRAVIS
So. Who's Ted?...

She gives him a polite smile back, shakes his hand...

CHRISTINE
Nice to meet you, Mr. McGee.

...then turns and walks off.

Travis watches her move off for a moment, then starts up the gravel drive. He pauses to look back at the house and sees Cathy pull the drapes in her room.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
You'd say that I was running away.

EXT. PLAYPEN - MORNING (FLASH FORWARD)

Travis watches the strange boat on the horizon. It doesn't seem to be moving. He checks his watch. It's been out there a while. He turns back to CAMERA.

TRAVIS
But this was different. This wasn't like you and me. There's running away because you care and you don't wanna hurt someone. And then there's just getting the fuck outta there while you still can.

Unbeknownst to Travis, the boat starts moving.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I can usually tell the real crazies from the broken birds.

And now Travis hears the engine and turns around watches it disappear in the fog.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
But this time, I got it wrong.

EXT. THE BUSTED FLUSH - EARLY MORNING

Travis works on the engine. A BACKFIRE and then ANOTHER as Travis tries to get the engine running. It quits, belching out a thick plume of black smoke.

He shuts it off. Stands there staring at the mechanical beast when he hears COUGHING OS. He turns to see Meyer in his underwear and a pair of Top Siders, standing on his boat, exhaling a cloud of smoke on the back end of a giant bong hit.

He sees Travis, holds up the bong... *care to join me?* Travis holds up his hand, we see he holds a joint. *I'm good, thanks.*

Meyer seems a bit down. He disappears for a moment, reappears with a CHART. Travis watches him turn it this way and that. *Fuck it*. Finally he climbs onto Meyer's boat.

TRAVIS
You need some help with that?

MEYER
I'm a little nervous about navigating the harbor.

Travis takes the chart from him. Turns it right side up.

TRAVIS
Stays shallow for a ways out. But keep one eye on your fish finder and you should be fine.

MEYER
My what?

TRAVIS
Radar. Tells you how deep the water is. Where the rocks are, etc.

MEYER
Yeah, I think I got one of those. I need to read the manual.

TRAVIS
Just turn the thing on and look at it.
(taps the chart)
Mostly you wanna watch out for this sand bar here. Stay in the channel and you'll be fine.

MEYER
The channel?

TRAVIS
The red and green buoys? Keep the red one on your left going out, on your right coming in.

MEYER
Left going out. Red coming in.

TRAVIS
Red Right Returning is how the fisherman remember it.

MEYER
Red Right Returning. Very helpful. Thank you, McGee.

Travis nods, folds the chart, hands it over--

TRAVIS
Mind I ask you something, Meyer?

MEYER
Not at all.

TRAVIS
The fuck you doing with a boat?

MEYER
Same as you. Taking it day by day.

TRAVIS
What was your gig? Before you were a yachtsman?

MEYER
Mathematician.

Travis takes in the massive boat. Meyer explains:

MEYER (CONT'D)
I invented an app. A computer application.

TRAVIS
What's it do?

MEYER
Nothing anymore.
(holds up the chart)
Thanks for the tip.

Leaves it at that, heads into the cabin. Travis watches him go, intrigued. Travis' PHONE RINGS. He looks to where he left it on the Busted Flush. Jumps back over and answers it. Still distracted by Meyer, Looking up at the quiet cabin now as--

TRAVIS
Yeah.

MAN'S VOICE
Travis McGee?

TRAVIS
Who's this?

MAN'S VOICE
Cathryn Kerr would like a word with you.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Travis enters and heads for a nurse's station.

TRAVIS
I'm looking for a patient--

VOICE

Mr. McGee?

Travis turns around and faces a MAN, a hard ass in a suit who now badges him.

MAN

Dave Banks. Indian River County
Sheriff's department.

Travis looks at the detective. The voice on the phone.

TRAVIS

You gonna tell me why I'm here?

Banks nods for Travis to follow him.

INT. ICU - DAY

As Travis follows Banks to the glass and goes cold, the detective carefully watching Travis' reaction.

BANKS

Surfers found her on the beach near
Sebastian.

TRAVIS' POV - CATHY KERR

In bed. Someone has well and truly fucked her up. Her face is so swollen and bruised, she's nearly impossible to recognize.

BANKS

They induced a coma to try and deal
with the swelling on her brain.

Christine, sitting beside her now looks at Travis. Eyes red from crying, but something else, there, too.

BANKS (CONT'D)

She was nearly drowned. I don't know
whether she was thrown off some boat or
she jumped and swam ashore.

Travis does not move. His eyes fixed on the girl.

BANKS (CONT'D)

She's got burns on her body from a
torch as well as rope burns on her
neck, wrists and ankles. That isn't
enough, somebody beat her pretty good.
(looks at Travis)
When's the last time you saw her?

TRAVIS

Two days ago. In Candle Key.

BANKS

That when you had the argument?

Travis looks at Christine, now understands the look she's giving him, turns to the county cop. Banks holds up one of Travis' business cards.

BANKS (CONT'D)

This was in her car. Which was still in the lot at Brannigan's. Where some people also saw you with her a few days ago. And that Miss Kerr didn't look so happy after you left.

Travis is processing this. Wants to give nothing to this guy.

BANKS (CONT'D)

You're a salvage consultant. What does that mean?

TRAVIS

Means I find stuff.

BANKS

What kind of "stuff?"

TRAVIS

The kind, doesn't wanna be found.

BANKS

Mother says Cathy hired you.

TRAVIS

That's right.

BANKS

So what were you looking for?

TRAVIS

Ask the mother.

BANKS

She said to ask you.

TRAVIS

Sorry. Client confidentiality.

BANKS

You got no confidentiality unless you got a Florida Investigators license.

TRAVIS

Was some jewelry, nothing that important.

BANKS
 (taking him in)
 I would imagine not.

TRAVIS
 We done? Because I'd like to go in
 there now and see her.

Banks looks at the business card.

BANKS
 Bahia Mar. I can find you there?

INT. ICU - CATHY'S BEDSIDE - SAME

Through the glass, we see the cop move off as Travis now comes
 into the room, stands there.

CHRISTINE
 Bud and I promised ourselves her life
 would be better. But she got pregnant
 same age as I was when I had her.

TRAVIS
 Cathy was pregnant?

She looks at him.

CHRISTINE
 You do everything in your life halfway?
 A wonder you're not dead.
 (then)
 Yeah. She's pregnant. Or was.

TRAVIS
 I didn't think he would trace me, or
 anything I did back to you and Cathy.

CHRISTINE
 Then you're either stupid or weren't
 paying attention.

Travis keeps quiet. She's right.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
 What exactly did you think would
 happen, you poke someone like Junior?
 You think he'd just leave us alone?

TRAVIS
 I did what she hired me to do.

CHRISTINE
She's seventeen years old. You're a
 grown man. Or at least you look like
 one. But then, so did Bud.

(MORE)

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

(then)

Don't pretend to give a fuck about us.

She turns away. Visit over. Travis walks out of the room. STAY WITH HIM DOWN THE HALL when he stops, WE PUSH IN. HE'S PISSED.

EXT. KIMBY-MYER - MORNING

Quiet. The place isn't open yet. Joe True gets out of his car and walks to the sales building.

INT. JOE TRUE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Curtains closed. He enters, opens the curtains when--

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Junior Allen came to your house the other night.

Joe True wheels around, sees Travis sitting on the couch.

JOE TRUE

Son, you get the fuck on out of here right now.

TRAVIS

First of all, let's knock off the *son* routine. Second of all, before you lie or say something dumb, I was there.

(then)

Your boy autistic?

He holds the gun up for Joe to see. Joe True isn't sure whether or not to speak. Finally--

JOE TRUE

He's on the spectrum. How far, they don't know. His mom died last year. Cancer. He's regressed some since.

TRAVIS

Boo hoo, Joe. You're harboring some serious assholes. Makes it kinda hard to feel bad.

JOE TRUE

What are you? Some kind a cop?

TRAVIS

You asked me that already. I'm no cop. I'm just like you.

He lifts his sleeve, shows Joe True the army ink there.

JOE TRUE

Special Recon. You're a motherfucker.

TRAVIS
Once upon a time. You a Ranger?

JOE TRUE
I was in Sadr City, second push.

TRAVIS
We just missed each other.

JOE TRUE
I wouldn't have made you for one of them. You come on like a clown.

TRAVIS
My special gift.

Joe smiles, then WHIPS THE DESK PHONE AT TRAVIS who recoils. This gives him time to grab a golf club from the bag beside the desk and swing it full force at Travis' head. He charges--

Gets his hand around Travis' wrist when Travis head-butts him and he falls back against his desk, his nose bleeding. They both stand there breathing hard from the sudden violence.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Get that out of your system?

A SECRETARY comes to the glass wall and Joe waves her off.

JOE TRUE
I got news for you, fucker. You're into some shit that makes whatever you did over there look small. These guys, they're fucking insane. They fucking put it, they put it in all the way. You know what I'm saying? You have no fucking idea what you're into.

TRAVIS
Why don't you tell me what I'm into, Joe? Start with you and Junior.

JOE TRUE
There is no me and Junior.

TRAVIS
You served together.

JOE TRUE
We'd cross paths now and again. He's not regular army. He's something else.

TRAVIS
Special Interrogation. Torture team. Hit squad. Same animal. I'd bump into 'em time to time. Usually in a tavern.

JOE TRUE

Junior Allen ain't like nothing you
ever bumped into, Ranger.

Joe grabs a rag from his golf bag, holds to his bloody nose.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)

All the other specials, they worshipped
him. He was the fucking Babe Ruth of
Interrogation. He could make anyone
talk. Anyone. Nobody knew what his
magic was.

TRAVIS

He worked over there?

JOE TRUE

Over there. Over here. Wherever they
needed him. But always off shore, one
on one. He did whatever he had to do to
get a tee to spill. Told me he never
hurt anyone unless he had to, just
fucked with their heads. Said the "God
of Night" was speaking through him. At
first I thought that shit was some
kinda bullshit patter he made up to
scare his tees. That's probably how it
started. But then, it became something
else, some kind of voodoo. All the
specials he hung with started talking
the same way. They all started
believing it. Whatever it was, it
worked. For the last few years of the
war, Junior was a superstar, jetting
around, first class, first man in on
high profile captures.

TRAVIS

But then the wars ended.

JOE TRUE

They'd throw him a Tee now and again.
But yeah, mostly he was just sitting on
his hands. And a guy like that, with
those skills, he needs to be busy. Or
else--

TRAVIS

He starts playing with civilians.

JOE TRUE

You seen his movies.

TRAVIS

Where do you fit in?

JOE TRUE

Five years ago. I got into some trouble over there. Junior and his boys were the team, cleaned it up.

TRAVIS

They're blackmailing you?

JOE TRUE

They bring me their boats. We modify 'em. Put steel in the hull. Create special holds. Those two Cubans? Pacheco and Cinago? Junior's guys. Ex specials. He makes me pay them to sit there, listen to Marlins games and watch us do the work. I had to fire two good people, make room for them.

TRAVIS

Special holds for what?

JOE TRUE

Prisoners. Like I said, they still throw Junior a job now and again. He picks 'em up, takes 'em out to The Ten Thousand Islands.

TRAVIS

What's out there?

JOE TRUE

I haven't been.

TRAVIS

Pick 'em up from where?

JOE TRUE

Please, this place is probably bugged.

TRAVIS

Guantanamo.

Joe True looks at him. He's not gonna go near that. Travis heads for the door.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I saw what they left in your rose bushes. If I were you...

(tosses the gun to Joe)

I'd keep that under your pillow.

EXT. KIMBY-MYER - MORNING

As Travis exits, Joe True hurries to meet him at the door, sweaty, nervous--

JOE TRUE

Uh. There was this woman with Junior the first time he came to look at the boat. Never said a word. Stood on the stern smoking the whole time we took her out for a test.

TRAVIS

What'd she look like?

JOE TRUE

Pretty damn good. Red hair. Legs from here to there. Drove a rag top Jaguar. Was red, too.

TRAVIS

Okay.

JOE TRUE

There's only one Jag dealer around here--
- Bozzani. Just up the road. Otherwise
you gotta go to West Palm.

Travis nods. Gets in his truck. Watches Joe True turn to go--

TRAVIS

Joe. Do yourself a favor.
(then)
Run.

THUNDER. Travis watches Joe True pop some pills and comb down his hair as he heads back to his business. Lost.

GAIL (V.O.)

You wanna tell me why you're looking
for this chick? She's a naughty one.

INT. LAUDERDALE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Travis sits at a desk, impatiently drumming his fingers as Gail sits down waving a COMPUTER PRINTOUT.

TRAVIS

How naughty?

GAIL

For starters, she's got a missing
husband. As in missing, presumed dead.

TRAVIS

Makes her bereaved, not naughty.

GAIL

Depends how he got that way. By all
accounts, the man was a real peach.

TRAVIS

Who was he?

GAIL

Francisco Mir. Venezuelan, came up here with a lot of money he wanted to hide before Chavez nationalized the silverware. He parked his dough in the usual stuff, cars and a Brickell Avenue condo, but then he got into high end strip clubs, built a 20 million dollar joint in Miami. Word is, with the help of the mob.

TRAVIS

How does one spend 20 mil on a strip club?

GAIL

One calls it a *cabaret* and serves Buffalo wings on china. Anyway, from there Mir got into producing movies-- mostly the straight to video action and titty flicks -- was doing rather handsomely when he *evanescenced*.

TRAVIS

You said he didn't treat the missus well?

GAIL

She had a few visits to the ER at Broward.

Gail passes the printout to Travis. A computer photo of a beautiful red head in her thirties above the info.

TRAVIS

Lois Atkinson.
(stands)
Thanks, Gail.

GAIL

This have anything to do with the girl in the hospital, got her head stoved, up in Vero? Cathy somebody?

Travis looks at her. *How'd you know?*

GAIL (CONT'D)

Detective up there called me to check you out. I have to say, you made a piss poor impression.

TRAVIS

He called you?

GAIL

After your mishap the other day, you and I are now a couple. Linked on the crime cloud or whatever we call it.

TRAVIS

Cathy Kerr. She hired me to find something, got stolen. Turns out the guy who did the stealing isn't so nice.

GAIL

And you think maybe this not nice guy is connected to Ms. Atkinson? Or her not nice husband?

TRAVIS

You never know.

GAIL

If your guy turns out to be material to Francisco's disappearance, you're gonna call me, right?

TRAVIS

(on his way out)
Always.

GAIL

I mean, before you fuck it up.

EXT. WEALTHY ENCLAVE - AFTERNOON

It's full on raining when Travis' battered pick-up makes his way past ocean front villas.

INT. TRAVIS' TRUCK - SAME

Rain pounding the windshield. Travis looks out at the giant homes he passes. One after another. While on the radio...

NEWSCASTER

The countdown continues to the execution of Sergeant George Padillo with the Taliban insisting after holding the Army Ranger for six years--

He shuts it off. Stops in front of a cobblestone driveway, checks the printout Gail got him and now turns in. We stay inside the car as Travis winds his way up the drive.

He comes around a corner and locks the breaks as A RED JAGUAR appears directly in front of us COMING DOWN FAST. Both Travis and the Jag swerve to avoid one another.

But the Jaguar skids out of control, leaves the cobblestone driveway and RUNS HEADLONG INTO A TREE.

EXT. DRIVE - SAME

Travis gets out of his car and hurries over to the Jaguar. The driver's door opens and A BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD SPILLS OUT INTO THE RAIN. A BOTTLE OF VODKA spilling out with her.

Meet LOIS ATKINSON. The third beauty in our sordid tale.

There's a small cut on her forehead. She looks up at Travis, seems to smile, then passes out. Travis clocks the luggage in back. Then reaches in, scoops her up.

INT. LOIS' HOUSE - SAME

PULLING BACK INSIDE. The front door is open as if Lois left in a hurry. Travis carries her inside, takes in the room, a great view overwhelmed by place that's now a mess. It seems our Lois has been on a bit of bender...

Travis kicks the door closed, carries her down the hall...

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Travis lays Lois down in her canopy bed, checks her pulse. He looks around. The room is a pig-sty; heaps of soiled clothes, pill bottles, half-empties of booze.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

Travis walks back down the drive to the wrecked Jag. He pulls the suitcase from the back, sees Lois' CELLPHONE on the seat.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

Travis opens the suitcase, sees that clothes and shoes and various personal items have all been haphazardly tossed in.

Travis next examines her cellphone, scrolls down through her contacts -- NO JUNIOR ALLEN.

He he scrolls through her call log: He finds a number from last month: It has a prefix code: 870-SNAC. Travis stares at the number.

Travis moves to the land line and picks it up. AN ODD CLICK when he does. He notes it, but then dials the number on the cell. Listens to a couple of rings. Then--

MAN'S VOICE
Six Shooter Charters... Hello?

TRAVIS
(thinks a moment, then)
Hey, man. I got a charter with you this weekend, I'm just wondering how far your place is off I 90?

MAN'S VOICE

Pretty damn far. I'm at the end of 29.
Who'd you say you were?

Travis hangs up.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

As Travis hurries back to the Jaguar, gets in.

INT. JAGUAR - SAME

Travis opens the glove box, takes out a map. Opens it. Finds Rte 29... runs his finger along it... to the end... an area marked as THE TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Travis comes back into the room, watches Lois sleep a moment. He finally slips out of whatever thought he's having and pulls a drawer from the dresser, goes around the bedroom, filling it with booze and pill bottles.

INT. LOIS' HOUSE (KITCHEN) - SAME

Travis comes into the kitchen holding the dresser drawer full of pill and liquor bottles. He goes to the sink to flush them but can't --it's too piled high with dirty dishes. He sets down the drawer, takes a deep breath.

INT. LOIS' HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Travis has brought order to the kitchen; he stacks the cleaned/dried dishes in cabinets. In so doing, he finds a bottle of Vodka that Lois stashed and puts it in the freezer.

And in so doing that, he finds some frozen steaks and now takes them out, sets them in the now clean sink to defrost.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

This room is clean and orderly. Like no one has come in here. Leather couches. Dark wood. A bar. Framed photos on the wall. Lots of Lois from various shoots. She was some kind of model.

Shots of her and her HUSBAND: dark skinned, eyes hidden behind shades -- on boats, beaches and other *fabulous* spots. A man with wealth as well as a capacity for cruelty. Somehow we get that just from looking at his asshole face.

Travis goes through the desk. Checks this and that piece of mail. Looks underneath and finds a ROLLED SET OF BLUEPRINTS. He opens them up. AN ISLAND. Hard to say what it is, but it shows various structures, a helipad, a LONG DOCK, etc.

Travis turns to where A LARGE SCREEN TV is set up. He collapses on the couch, turns it on. Surfs channels.

Stops at BREAKING NEWS ABOUT THE KIDNAPPED SOLDIER. George Padilla. CNN now has a dramatically scored intro to their segment: *COUNTDOWN TO DEATH!*

Travis looks at the STACKS OF DVDS ON THE COFFEE TABLE. Examines one. *The Vicky Chronicles*. On the cover, a *photoshopped* LOIS IN A TIGHT POLICE UNIFORM, holding a smoking Glock. A quick rifle of the other DVDS shows there's a lot of "Vicky" to Chronicle. All similarly sexy and dangerous on the streets of Miami.

Travis inserts the DVD into the player, turns on the TV.

Credits roll as a cable mystery movie begins and we see snippets of a slightly younger Lois making busts, grilling suspects, spinning cars and making sweet love. Lois drives undercover through Miami in a convertible Camaro accompanied by a badass Cuban sideman and synthesizer music.

Travis pours himself a drink from the bar and settles onto one of the leather couches to watch. Finds a remote, turns it up.

It's not long before "Vicky" is interrogating a handsome mobster with such focus and heat that she and he are soon making love on the shag carpeted floor of a chrome and white penthouse, a nice view of Key Biscayne out the window.

LOIS (O.S.)
We're not actually fucking.

Travis turns around and sees Lois standing in the doorway, wrapped in a blanket. Her eyes are clear, she's sobered up slightly. She watches herself on screen...

LOIS (CONT'D)
You can tell by the way our hips move.
Plus he was gay. Taught Zumba at the
Equinox in Coral Gables when he wasn't
winning Oscars.

Travis shuts off the TV. Turns around as now out from under her blanket comes a GUN. A black Baretta pointed at Travis.

LOIS (CONT'D)
So. Asshole. Who are you?

TRAVIS
My name is Travis McGee.

LOIS
I gotta say, *Travis*, you don't look
much like my other housekeepers. So
what were you looking for?

TRAVIS
You. I came up here to talk to you,
found you and your car tied around the
Old Oak Tree.

LOIS
So you put me to bed, decided to mop
the floors?

TRAVIS
Seemed like the right thing to do.

LOIS
What are you, fucking Mormon?

TRAVIS
Just tidy.

LOIS
What was it you came to talk about?

TRAVIS
Junior Allen.

She tries to contain her reaction to a blink.

LOIS
I guess there's no point in my saying I
don't know who that is.
(looks around)
Where did you put my medication?

TRAVIS
That's gone.

She blinks. *It's what?* She heads straight for a chair. Lifts the
cushion. Nothing. Travis waits while she goes into the kitchen.
Doesn't find what she's looking for there either--

LOIS (O.S.)
Motherfucker.

Travis watches the TV as we hear more rummaging OS before she
finally reappears once again.

LOIS (CONT'D)
You're good.

Travis finds himself ducking as she wings a heavy POT --
procured from the kitchen -- at Travis' head. He gets up.

TRAVIS
I'm gonna go outside. Cook dinner--

She raises the gun now. He stops, looks at her.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You can take a shot at me or you can
keep throwing more heavy shit my way,
whatever makes you feel better. Or we
can barbecue the T-bones I found in
your freezer, and have a nice dinner.
(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Talk about a few things. Then I'll leave, and you can call the liquor store down the street and order a case of your favorite booze -- this neighborhood, I'm sure they deliver 24/7 -- and you can be back on the horse by bedtime.

LOIS

You wanna *barbecue*? Right now?
(looks)
It's fucking raining out.

TRAVIS

Maybe so, but at least that way whoever's got your house bugged won't be able to hear us.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Travis stands at the barbecue with an umbrella. Lois sits under the overhang smoking, jittery.

LOIS

I was doing mostly catalogues and calendars, living with three other girls in an apartment in Jersey City when a friend of mine, owned a gallery, took me to a party in the Hamptons. I met this producer, done a couple TV shows I heard of. He put me in a cable movie he was shooting in Miami. It got good ratings. We made another one, moved in together-- lather, rinse, repeat until he crashed and burned and went back to New York. I decided to stay. That was eight years ago.

Travis indicates the dark-skinned man in the photos.

TRAVIS

And him?

LOIS

Francisco. My husband. I met him at a club. He'd come up here from Caracas. Had a wife and family down there that didn't know about me. Looking back, they were probably glad to be rid of him. He wore a platinum Daytona on his wrist, spoke perfect English and could fuck all night long. And I was an idiot. Was a match made in heaven.

(takes a long drag, then)

Like my grandmother always said, you marry for money, you earn every nickel.

TRAVIS

What'd he do?

LOIS

He was a Ferrari dealer, wanted to hide his money up here, expand into other businesses. But mostly he wanted to find a way to fuck Hugo Chavez. So... cut to Junior Allen.

TRAVIS

They met up here?

LOIS

I have no idea. One day I came home from Pilates and Junior was sitting by the pool. Francisco bought some swamp out at Ten Thousand Islands. Had this fucking cockamamie idea to pay Junior to train a militia out there to go back to Venezuela.

TRAVIS

Junior worked for the government?

LOIS

He never said. Francisco acted like he was some kind of secret agent. I thought he was a freak, account of he taped everything. He had this little video camera he carried with him. Documented every second of the day. He probably took it into the john with him.

TRAVIS

He bugged your house.

She looks over her shoulder, thoughtful...

LOIS

Yeah, you said that. I never knew.

TRAVIS

Defeats the purpose... if the person you're bugging knows they're bugged.

(then)

I found two so far. There's probably more.

Lois nods, thinks a moment, then--

LOIS

I don't remember exactly how he and I got started. He had this smile. And these eyes that fucked with you in a good way.

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

He'd give me these looks whenever Francisco was an asshole. Like *I see that. I know he's being an asshole.* Like he was looking out for me. Like one day he was gonna take those big hands of his and crush my husband's windpipe. One time he came to see me in the hospital, this was after Francisco hauled me into the shower one morning, tried to strangle me with a wet towel. I ended up slipping, cracking open my skull.

TRAVIS

What was his problem? Jealousy?

LOIS

That particular day, he thought he saw me give something to the gardener. Was a can of Mountain Dew, not a hand job, but Francisco was never one for splitting hairs.

TRAVIS

So you killed him?
(off her look)
Or had Junior do it for you?

LOIS

Maybe you noticed, I drink some. Was drinking a lot then. Doing pills. So I couldn't tell you who brought it up first. All I know is one day a few months back, I woke up and my husband was gone. And Junior was living here. I don't remember much more. I was stoned every day. Junior made sure of it.
(beat)
One psychotic replaced by another.
How's the song go? *Meet the new boss. Same as the old boss.*

TRAVIS

How long was Junior here?

LOIS

He'd come and go. Sometimes, for a few days, come back with bites all over him, smelling of bug spray and booze.

TRAVIS

Out at The Ten Thousand Islands?

LOIS

Who knows. He packed up and left after a month.

TRAVIS

That's the last time you saw him?

LOIS

A couple weeks ago he shows up like nothing happened, says he wants me to go with him to look at a boat. Then somehow, by the end of the day, I was out five hundred grand. Said it was ours together. He took me out on it once. Wasn't a fun trip. He stranded me in Key West or Sugar Loaf, somewhere, and I haven't seen him since.

TRAVIS

You're lucky he left you.

LOIS

Yeah, I feel lucky.

TRAVIS

There's a strange number on your phone.

LOIS

You stole my phone?

Travis takes Lois cell phone from his pocket --shows her the 870-SNAC number.

TRAVIS

Recognize it?

Lois squints at the digits, shakes her head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

870-SNAC is an Inmarsat designation. Single network access code. He called a satellite phone. But it answers as a business.

LOIS

I never made that call. Junior must have.

TRAVIS

What about the "God of Night." Junior ever mention that?

LOIS

Sometimes. When he drank.

Travis brings her a plate. She digs in.

LOIS (CONT'D)

This is amazing.

TRAVIS

Eat up.
(stands)
You want my advice?

LOIS

Not really.

TRAVIS

Get out of here. Leave this place. I don't mean in week. Now.

LOIS

I spent four years decorating this place. I'm not leaving. I mean... where exactly am I supposed to go?

TRAVIS

Anywhere. As of right now, you're the only woman who's fucked him who's still breathing without assistance.

EXT. CHOKOLOSKEE SWAMP - AERIAL - DAY

As Travis drives a narrow highway, his car appearing and disappearing through the mango trees.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Travis pulls up to a rusted metal sign that reads "SIX CHUTER CHARTERS." He opens his door, pulls on a pair of swamp boots.

Travis threads his way through the swamp, beneath a cathedral of cypress thick enough to block most of the sun; a few stray rays spear through, giving off a murky, ethereal glow.

Ahead, in a clearing by the water, a tar-paper shack; smoke puffs out a coffee can chimney. OLD BOATS ON BLOCKS out front.

Travis sees another sign listing the rates for charters. At the bottom is *CAESAR OSCEOLA, CHARTER CAPTAIN*, his license number scribbled below it.

Travis sees a BOAT HOUSE. He moves to get a closer look when Two SEMINOLE GIRLS, 9 & 10, come running around from behind it, playing. Travis raises his hand in a friendly gesture; the kids stop playing and run for the main house.

Travis sees AN OLD MAN sitting in lazy boy in the yard out front of the house. He nods to Travis.

TRAVIS

This your outfit?
(no answer)
I'm looking for a guide, take me out to 10,000 Islands.

VOICE

Waste a time.

Travis turns. CAESAR OSCEOLA comes up from the water carrying a trot line of catfish in his left hand. He's shirtless, his entire upper torso, covered in ink.

OSCEOLA

He's deaf as a fork.

TRAVIS

I'm looking for a--

OSCEOLA

--I heard.

(looks him over)

You wanna do some fishing?

His right arm is gone. It's now just a harsh stub ending just below the shoulder, half a *Semper Fi* tatoo.

TRAVIS

Thought I might.

(re: the ink)

You in the corps?

OSCEOLA

2nd Recon.

TRAVIS

Camp Lejeune. Jesus, all those bugs.

OSCEOLA

(gesturing to his current
surroundings)

Like I give a fuck. Besides, it beats
San Antonio and all those faggot
Texans.

TRAVIS

(shows his own ink)

75th.

OSCEOLA

Well fuck you, Mister Army Ranger.

TRAVIS

What took your arm? I.E.D.?

OSCEOLA

Little kid's Air Jordan lyin' in the
middle of the road.

TRAVIS

Sneaky fuckers.

OSCEOLA

That they were.

Travis watches as the guy deftly rolls a smoke one handed.

OSCEOLA (CONT'D)

What is it, you really want?

TRAVIS

I'm looking for someone. Maybe he's
come out to see you? Calls himself
Junior. He's a big boy. Smiles a lot.

Osceola lights his smoke, eyeballs Travis.

OSCEOLA

You're no cop.

TRAVIS

Nope.

OSCEOLA

What about overseas?

TRAVIS

Just a hunter.

Osceola nods, keeps looking at Travis.

OSCEOLA

And now you huntin' this boy, calls
himself Junior. Why you think he's come
through here?

TRAVIS

There's rumors of a compound out there
on the islands.

Osceola takes that in. Thoughtful. Finally nods...

OSCEOLA

Could very well be.

TRAVIS

Guy at the gas station, few miles back,
said something about planes and
helicopters flying at night.

OSCEOLA

I haven't heard anything. But then I'm
a sound sleeper.

TRAVIS

You haven't been out there?

OSCEOLA
 Not recently. No call to.
 (gestures to the place)
 No customers. All the fish have fucked
 off for good it seems.

TRAVIS
 Maybe it's the God of Night.

OSCEOLA
 The what?

Travis shakes his head, *never mind*.

TRAVIS
 Sorry to bother you.

Travis turns to go when--

OSCEOLA
 Why don't we go out, have our own
 selves a look?

Travis looks back at him. Not sure. Osceola starts yelling in
 Creek. A SEMINOLE WOMAN appears in the doorway. She nods, calls
 the children inside. He jerks a thumb towards the water.

OSCEOLA (CONT'D)
 Boat's down this way.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - OPEN WATER - DAY

Travis sits on the bow of an AIRBOAT as it bounces over the Gulf
 chop away from the Florida coast.

EXT. TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS - DUSK

Osceola steers the airboat into the maze of 10,000 islands, a
 sprawling labyrinth of islands and inlets, swamps and atolls.

EXT. ALLIGATOR BAY - NIGHT

A small CLUSTER OF ISLANDS loom. They enter an inlet and Osceola
 cuts the engine; the huge propeller slows and stops and the
 sudden silence is disconcerting to say the least.

OSCEOLA
 We paddle from here.

Osceola hands Travis an oar. Together they paddle up river.

The inlet begins to open up --ahead, silhouetted like floating
 skeletons in the moonlight, is a series of bobbing jetties and
 cat-walks, connecting a series of islands.

TRAVIS
 Looks pretty recent.

In the gloaming, Travis can just make out a series of OUT-BUILDINGS scattered across the islands, nestled under the middle of MANGROVES; the buildings have been built around the trees, giving them discordant, somehow ominous shapes.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
They built around the trees instead of
tearing 'em up. So any DEA fly-overs
wouldn't pick this place up on
infrared. Smart.

Osceola lays a 10-gauge on his lap as Travis paddles. Travis looks at the gun, at him.

OSCEOLA
I don't like this place.

They paddle the airboat up to the end of a long pier. Osceola grabs a piling, steadies the boat as Travis pulls himself onto the plank-walk.

TRAVIS
You wait here. I'm just gonna have a
quick look around.

OSCEOLA
No fucking way I'm sitting here by
myself.

They tie off the boat and exit onto the plank-walk, both using flashlights.

EXT. ALLIGATOR BAY - COMPOUND - NIGHT

They off the jetty, onto the main island and into the compound. In the SWEEPING OR JERKING BEAMS OF THEIR FLASHLIGHTS:

DOZENS OF UNLIT BAMBOO TORCHES line the compound. Several SMALL THATCHED HUTS form a perimeter around TWO CENTRAL HUTS, much larger, built plantation-style. All structures are built on stilts.

They flash their beams across the windows, which are empty of glass. One building is filled with couches and bars, a covered pool table. The other is cut up into bedrooms, the mattresses mostly stripped bare.

Ahead of them is a massive French colonial CHAPEL, built of ironwood timbers, a stone bell-tower topping it off.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME

The huge burlled walnut doors swing open; they walk inside. Flashlight beams illuminate the inside of the chapel. A bare-bones church inside except for the murals and banners hanging from the walls.

Saints and religious symbols have been placed with murals of weaponry and battle scenes throughout history, paintings of rape and pillage, mass graves.

OSCEOLA

Yeah, this isn't too fucking creepy or anything.

Travis shines his beam at the altar and he and O.C. stop breathing, eyes widening, mouths opening--

Above the altar is a life-sized crucifix but instead of a replica of Jesus, a PAPER MACHE SOLDIER hangs from it.

EXT. ALLIGATOR BAY - COMPOUND - SAME

They walk behind the chapel. One sweep of flashlight finds a pit filled with the CARCASSES OF DECAPITATED SNAKES. At least a hundred of them; large-bodied, six or seven feet in length. The heads are nowhere to be seen.

They start along a boardwalk that rises up a few feet up from the swamp.

Travis' beam catches something. Osceola follows his gaze to the forest that rises in front of them.

On the rocks, on the tree trunks and leaves--everywhere, like eyes watching them--are the letters G O N. No matter where their flashlight beams drift, those letters are waiting.

TRAVIS

God of Night.

Travis hears A SHOTGUN RACK. When he turns around, Osceola's got the gun pointed at his face.

OSCEOLA

You are one smart motherfucker. I'll give you that.

Somewhere in the reeds, A GATOR PUSHES OFF. Travis sees the splash, quick whip of the tail and it's under.

TRAVIS

What's up, Marine? What are you and Junior doing out here? It sure as shit ain't training Venezuelan Freedom Fighters.

OSCEOLA

Actually, from here on, I'll be asking the questions. First, who fucked up, put you onto me?

TRAVIS

Was the phone calls.

OSCEOLA

What phone calls?

TRAVIS

The ones Junior made to you a couple weeks ago. Then I called you and you fucked up and told me where you were. Thank you for that.

OSCEOLA

Mister, you got real sand coming out here all by your lonesome, I'll give you that. But it's not like over there-- you just wade into shit and see what happens. You know what I'm saying?

TRAVIS

You're saying I'm fucked.

OSCEOLA

Well and truly.

TRAVIS

Do your thing.

Okay. For a moment, neither man moves. They just stand there, face each other in the dark. But now...

Osceola has the shotgun up in that one good hand, pointed at Travis' face, Travis moving ahead of the sound of the blast, loud out here, the flame a full foot out the barrel in this dark. Osceola racking the big gun for another one as...

Travis goes off the boardwalk into the black water. Among the muck and the toothy reptiles. Osceola looks out, stays stock still, listening...

OSCEOLA

You best get yourself out of there, buddy boy, or you gonna get snacked on.

(SILENCE)

You understand, whoever it was sent you, they're good as dead. You feel me? Anything you ever touched is now dead. Gone. Done.

Osceola hears a splash behind him and wheels around and fires again into the dark. Nothing there. To be sure, he leans over for a better look when a muddy arm reaches up and grabs that shotgun from his single handed grip...

TRAVIS

If only you had another hand.

He flips the gun right there in the water, points it--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What the fuck is happening out here?

OSCEOLA
Suck my cock, ranger faggot.

--He's fast-- pulls a bowie knife from his boot, gonna throw it when Travis blows him off the dock, launches his already dead ass into the fucking muck.

EXT. SIX CHUTER FISH CAMP - DAWN

Travis materializes from the mangroves via a path. The house is quiet. Travis heads for the boathouse he noticed when he first got there.

INT. BOATHOUSE - SAME

Travis enters the dark space. Full of tools on one wall. And like Junior's boat, WEAPONS of all kinds on another. Travis takes them in, looks at the work bench. Goes through it. He dumps a coffee can full of nails, another full of bolts. He opens a cupboard, rifles through some files, paperwork.

He finds AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH and holds it close to see it. A GROUP OF SOLDIERS. SOMEWHERE OVER THERE. Junior's in it. So is Osceola, smiling, still sporting both arms. Travis looks at another man in the photo...

SOMEONE SIGHS IN THE DARK and Travis freezes. He looks off at the far wall and sees THE OLD MAN lying on the cot, ASLEEP. The deaf geezer oblivious to Travis' presence.

EXT. THE SIX CHUTER FISH CAMP - DAWN

Travis hurries towards his car, opens the door, pauses for a second when he sees Osceola's Seminole wife watching him from the porch.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
I saw you once, a few years ago, out in front of your house.

EXT. PLAYPEN - MORNING (FLASH FORWARD)

The boat is nearly sunk now. Travis hears the engine of another boat. Can't see it through the fog.

TRAVIS
You were gardening. With your son. He must have been three or four. I'm not sure why I went up there. But I knew then, I couldn't stay. That that was the last time I'd ever see you.

Travis now sees the bow of the boat, closer than it was before. Sitting there. Idling. Watching him. Ominous.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
That I'd never come back.

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - MORNING

A tired, filthy Travis walks along the dock towards his boat.

EXT. THE BUSTED FLUSH - SAME

Travis comes aboard, starts for the cabin, hears--

MEYER (O.S.)
...I called it "The Loop."

Travis looks to Meyer's boat. Sees Meyer and Lois sitting at a table over there. Meyer is taking the back off an iPhone... working on it with a q-tip. A box of UNCLE BEN'S RICE sits on the table between them.

MEYER (CONT'D)
It was an app for teenagers to
anonymously share their deepest and
darkest secrets. You know, get things
off their chest.

LOIS
I could have used that, way back when.

MEYER
(working on the phone)
Yeah, well, there were some unforeseen
consequences.

LOIS
How do you mean?

He works on the phone a moment, stares at it as...

MEYER
Bullies overran it. They used it to
post other people's secrets with their
names attached. Kids started killing
themselves.

He looks up at a gobsmacked Lois.

MEYER (CONT'D)
Was up to a dozen before I pulled it.

There's real emotion in his face. He sees Travis standing on the *Flush*, and smiles like nothing's wrong.

MEYER (CONT'D)
Ahoy there, McGee.

And now Lois turns around, sees him, smiles as well. She looks great. Hair pulled back. Face scrubbed. Sober.

LOIS
I dropped my iPhone in the drink. Lucky
for me, your neighbor's an electronics
wiz.

MEYER
Rice absorbs the rest of the water.

Meyer drops the phone in the box. Shakes it up.

MEYER (CONT'D)
Takes a few hours. I'll run it over
later.

LOIS
Thank you.

She gets up, heads for the *Flush*. Travis looks at Meyer--

TRAVIS
How'd it go yesterday?

MEYER
I found the sandbar you were talking
about. Coast Guard had to tow me in.

TRAVIS
You'll get the hang of it.
(to Lois)
Let me give you a hand...

Behind Lois, Meyer looks at Travis and mouths *WOW!* Then fans
himself with his hand, the universal gesture for *SHE'S HOT!*

LOIS
(smiles at Travis)
Ahoy.

TRAVIS
Why does everybody feel the need to say
"ahoy" every time they get on a boat?

LOIS
So that's what this is. A boat.

She looks back at Meyer sitting there on his boat. Alone.
She speaks quietly.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Um. That's a very sad man.

TRAVIS
The guy hasn't stopped partying since
he got here.

LOIS
Doesn't mean anything.

TRAVIS
Want a drink?

LOIS
It's 8 am.

TRAVIS
I need one.

He grabs a beer from the cooler. Takes her in.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You look good.

LOIS
So do you. Really nice.

He looks at himself. Covered in mud.

TRAVIS
I went for a swim out in the swamp last night. Out at The Ten Thousand Islands.

This turns her head.

LOIS
What'd you find?

TRAVIS
Some kind of military camp. But not for training. Something else. I think Junior took your husband for a ride.

She nods. Lost in thought now.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
So what brought you out here? Other than the fine sea breeze.

LOIS
I remembered a couple of things-- funny how sobriety does that. I'm not sure it means anything, but the day after my husband disappeared, Junior drove off in my car and I didn't see him for another three days. When he came back, I found this on the floor--

She pulls a slip of paper, like a receipt, from her purse and shows it to Travis. He shrugs.

TRAVIS
What is it?

LOIS
A parking pass. For some place called Kissimee Prairie Reserve.

Travis goes to a wooden box, opens it up and pulls out a MAP.

LOIS (CONT'D)

What?

TRAVIS

The Kissime Reserve is right next door to the Avon Park Air Force Range.

(runs finger along the map)

Which is not far from Sebastian, where they found Cathy Kerr the other day.

LOIS

Who?

TRAVIS

(ignores that)

What's the other thing? You said you remembered a couple of things?

LOIS

Right after he got back, he got a call. It was late and he didn't say much, but he was strange, very *Yes, sir. No, sir. I will, sir.* I'd never heard him like that. So... deferential. The next day he was gone. That time for three months.

(then)

Who's Cathy Kerr?

He sees the way Lois is looking at him. He just smiles.

TRAVIS

You hungry? I'm starving.

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - CABIN - LATER

Travis works on an omelette. Lois sits at the table, looking at THE PHOTOGRAPH TRAVIS TOOK FROM OSCEOLA'S BOAT HOUSE. A record (vinyl) spins on a turntable kicking out Miles Davis.

LOIS

Who are the other two?

TRAVIS

One's the fisherman tried to feed me to the gators. The other one is Buddy Kerr. Cathy's father.

Travis serves them both, tosses the pan in the sink and sits down. She digs in. Looks at him.

LOIS

Wow. Two for two. I bet your mama was a good cook.

TRAVIS

Not really.

LOIS

So who taught you? Not the military,
that's for sure.

TRAVIS

Who says anybody taught me?

LOIS

You know, Travis, you like asking
questions, but you're kind of a dick
when it comes to answering them.

He shrugs. They eat a bit. Then--

TRAVIS

My brother, Matty. He taught me. He was
good that way, cooking, fishing, could
build anything.

LOIS

Ah. So you have a brother. And is this
Matty a boat bum like you?

TRAVIS

No. He's dead.

LOIS

Oh. Shit. I'm sorry.

(a moment, then)

No-- you know what? I take it back --
Fuck you. You led me into that.

TRAVIS

I didn't lead you anywhere, you asked,
I answered--

LOIS

Let's just eat. And then if you want,
we can go over there on the bunk and
fuck for a while.

(off his look)

If you want.

TRAVIS

Why?

LOIS

Maybe cause you saved my life and
that's kind of sexy. Or... maybe cause
we both want to.

TRAVIS

Did I save your life?

LOIS

You hadn't come around, who knows what
would have happened to me?

They resume eating. A moment, then--

TRAVIS

He killed himself. While I was
overseas.

Now she looks up. He doesn't.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

We were gonna go into business together
after I got out. Construction. But
before we could, some people, Russians,
they took him for all his money. They
were gonna sell us equipment-- backhoe,
front loader, all the toys, when they
disappeared with everything he had.

LOIS

So you killed them.

TRAVIS

I took care of it.

LOIS

You were a good brother.

TRAVIS

Oh, yeah. I was an awesome brother.

He looks up, sees the question on her face. Finally--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I was fucking his wife.

LOIS

Your *brother's* wife.

TRAVIS

Yes.

She nods, considers him a moment, then--

LOIS

Did he ever find out?

Pain here, though Travis does his best to make it invisible.

TRAVIS

...I don't know.

LOIS
Why do you think he killed himself then-
- that business with the business, or
you?

TRAVIS
He didn't leave a note.

LOIS
You ask his wife?

TRAVIS
I haven't talked to her since.

LOIS
At all?

TRAVIS
I went to see her once, a few years
back. She has a husband now, a kid. A
new life. I never got out of the car.

LOIS
Probably for the best.

He looks at her.

TRAVIS
You still wanna go over on that bunk?

LOIS
What, you think I'm turned off because
you're such a *bad dude*?

She reaches across the table, takes his hand.

LOIS (CONT'D)
You're a fucking Webelo compared to the
psychos I've hooked up with.

He has to smile. She gets up on her toes and kisses him long and
deep, then backs off--

LOIS (CONT'D)
You could use a shower.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Eyes closed, Travis rinses off the dirt from the swamp. The
curtain is pulled back to reveal Lois standing there. Travis
opens his eyes as she steps out of the last of her clothes. She
waits for an invitation.

TRAVIS
Think there's room?

That's invitation enough for her. She gets in with him. It's a small shower, barely big enough for one. But somehow Travis and Lois are both in here. Getting really clean.

She looks at him, sees he's somewhere else. She puts a hand under his chin to get his focus--

LOIS
You know what's nice? Someone looks you
in the eyes when they kiss you.

Travis pulls her into him. And off they go once more. But now, somewhere in the cabin, Travis' PHONE STARTS TO RING. AND RING. AND RING. Lois looks off--

TRAVIS
Ignore it.

And so they continue. Are doing rather well. The two of them both well traveled and clearly skilled at this sort of thing. But then THE FUCKING PHONE STARTS TO RING AGAIN. And now it's Travis who looks off... perhaps sensing something...

LOIS
You're kidding.

He gets out, grabs his phone.

TRAVIS
Yeah, what?

INT. HOSPITAL ICU - DAY

Christine Kerr on the phone. She looks over at the bed.

CHRISTINE
She's awake.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

As Travis and Lois walk up the hall.

CATHY (V.O.)
He was waiting for me.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Travis and Christine sit on either side of Cathy. She can barely speak. Lois stands near the door.

TRAVIS
Junior.
(she nods)
Did he say anything to you?

CATHY
 (nods again, then)
 He said, "It feels like you've been
 talking about me to someone."

TRAVIS
 "Feels like?"
 (she nods)
 You remember being on the boat?
 (she nods)
 Any idea where he was headed?

CATHY
 He said there was people needed to talk
 to me. I needed to tell them where the
 stones are. He wanted to know who I
 sent after him. I- I...

She starts to cry...

TRAVIS
 It's alright. Don't worry about it.

She looks at him. Gets hard all of a sudden:

CATHY
 I didn't tell him about you. No matter
 what he did... The fucking asshole
 didn't get shit out of me.

She closes her eyes. Travis stares at her. Feeling both
 admiration and responsibility.

CHRISTINE
 Let's leave her be.

She and Travis get up, move away from the bed. He takes out the
 photo he took from Osceola's boat house. Shows it to her.
 Junior. Bud Kerr. And Osceola.

TRAVIS
 Any idea why your husband would be in
 this picture?

CHRISTINE
 No. But then what's Caesar Osceola
 doing with them?

TRAVIS
 You know him?

CHRISTINE
 He came around a few times when Bud was
 on leave. They were friends in
 Afghanistan. How'd you get this?

TRAVIS

I went to see him yesterday. He took me to Ten Thousand Islands. They've got a whole compound out there.

CHRISTINE

Who's they?

TRAVIS

I don't know yet.

CHRISTINE

What's Osceola got to do with it?

TRAVIS

A question I would have loved to have asked, had he not been pointing a 12-gauge at my face.

CHRISTINE

What did you do?

TRAVIS

I took it away from him.

CHRISTINE

And then?

TRAVIS

I left him there.

She looks at Travis. A huge thing for him to have done.

CHRISTINE

Maybe you should leave it alone. Maybe if we all leave it alone, Junior will, too.

TRAVIS

Junior won't leave you alone. He's not that guy.

She looks at him. Sees LOIS. Standing there in the doorway, cigarettes in her hand, staring at Cathy--

LOIS

I'm so sorry...

Christine gives Lois a long once over. Lois holds up her smokes--

LOIS (CONT'D)

I'll be outside.

Travis waits for her to go, turns back to Christine.

TRAVIS

Do you trust me?

CHRISTINE
I don't know.

He takes a deep breath, has to nod.

TRAVIS
That's probably the right answer.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Travis exits the building, just as Lois gets into a cab.

TRAVIS
Lois.

He comes over to the cab. She looks up at him.

LOIS
Only one person I know can make someone
look like that.

TRAVIS
You can't go home.

LOIS
Where the fuck do I go?

TRAVIS
My boat.

Travis sees A MAN leaning against a parked car -- big and blonde, polo shirt, collar up, loafers.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
There's a guy behind me, across the
lot. You ever seen him before? I'm
thinking with Junior?

She turns casually, watches as he holds his phone up--

LOIS
No... but he's taking your picture.
Acting like he's checking messages.
Very smooth.

TRAVIS
I'm gonna get in the cab with you.

INT. CAB - SAME

As they get inside.

TRAVIS
(to the driver)
Bahia Mar Marina, please.

The cab pulls out. Travis turns, watches as the Blond Guy follows in his car. They get to a red light.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 (to the driver)
 Shit. I forgot my wallet. I'll just get out here.

Travis nods to Lois, gets out in the middle of the street.

EXT. STREET - SAME

As Travis gets out of the cab, but now the Blonde Guy is in his car. Can't park. The light turns green as Travis crosses the street, heads into a mall and disappears.

HORNS HONK behind the blond guy and he pulls out, having lost Travis once again.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AERIAL - DAWN

Travis' truck moves through the flat green landscape, the occasional blue canal or body of water on either side. A fishing pole sticks out the back.

EXT. KISSIME PRAIRIE RESERVE - DAWN

As female RANGER at the leans out of a shack to point to a map.

RANGER
 Best fishing is along the canal, out this way, south end of the park.

TRAVIS
 What about here, in the old Air Force range? That's part of the reserve now, isn't it?

RANGER
 It is, but...

EXT. RESERVE - MORNING

As Travis drives along one of the canals.

RANGER
 ...it's off limits to the public. There's still a lot of unexploded ordinance in that area.

Travis pulls up to a crossing blocked by a rusted chain. A battered KEEP OUT sign dangling from it. Travis gets out of the truck inspects the chain.

Oddly, A SHINY NEW PADLOCK holds the chain in place. Fresh tire ruts in the dirt beyond. He reaches into the back bed, grabs a pair of bolt cutters.

INT./EXT. ROAD/TRAVIS' TRUCK - MORNING

As Travis drives along the other side of the canal, moving further into where he's not supposed to be. A huge leaning sign announces "YOU ARE ENTERING THE AVON PARK AIR FORCE RANGE. ADMITTANCE RESTRICTED. The sign is old and about to fall over at any moment.

A LOUD CLUNK and the Truck lurches to a stop as Travis runs into something. Travis stops, gets out.

He crouches down in front of A FLYING TARGET DRONE. A four- foot long aircraft that landed here after being shot out of the sky a few years earlier when the range was active.

Travis peers through the trees, sees A CEMENT BUNKER. He heads off in that direction.

EXT. BUNKER - MORNING

Three of them. Battered like everything else around here. Travis looks off at the old air strip. These were somehow connected to that operation. Travis enters one of them...

INT. BUNKER - SAME

Long out of use. It appears that someone -- or someones -- had been living here. There's a camp bed, stove, cooler.

Painted on one wall is "SPEAK SOFTLY, BUT MAKE SURE THEY SEE YOUR BIG FUCKING GUN." And on the other wall: "WE ASK. THEY YIELD."

A DOOR TO ANOTHER ROOM IS AJAR. Travis approaches it, gets hit with a bad smell. He slowly pushes it open...

INT. NEXT ROOM - SAME

Leaves and branches cover the floor. Animals have moved, in moved out. Travis recoils at the strong reek in here. Knowing what he's smelling, he kicks aside some of the branches and sees A DECOMPOSING FACE staring up at him.

He pulls aside more green and uncovers A BODY. A MAN. A PAIR OF SCISSORS JAMMED IN HIS THROAT. Been here a while, but we can still see the nice clothes. Flashy jewelry. Travis takes off the Rolex, looks at the back...

INSERT - WATCH

Engraved in fancy script are the initials F.M.

TRAVIS
(looks at the body)
Ola, Francisco.

Travis pockets the watch. Sees something else in MIR'S OTHER HAND. A VELVET POUCH of some kind. The braided cord is loose, something BLUE inside???

LOW ANGLE UP TO TRAVIS

As he starts reaching for the pouch... then suddenly freezes. We RACK FOCUS so that we now see MONOFILAMENT -- a clear line thinner than fishing line -- tied to the bag.

Travis follows the THIN TRIP WIRE with his eyes to a mass of wires and PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES buried in the leaves.

TRAVIS

Nice.

We hear AN AIRPLANE overhead. VERY LOW. Travis stands up.

EXT. BUNKER - SAME

As Travis steps outside, keeps to the shadows as he watches a twin engine Beechcraft circle the weedy runway. Travis stays hidden as the plane finally makes a bumpy landing. It sits there at the end of the runway, props spinning loud, someone inside, we can see a face through dark glass, shades. The pilot takes his sweet time. Finally the engines shut down.

The hatch opens and a MAN IN A LINEN SUIT AND DARK SHADES climbs down. He reacts to the blast of heat and humidity, takes off his jacket, REVEALING A .45 in a shoulder rig.

The man tosses his coat back inside the plane, looks off at the bunker and starts walking that way.

Travis stays hidden, moves behind a tank-target, watches as The Man goes into the bunker.

It's not much of a wait before A GIANT HOLE IS BLOWN IN THE FUCKING WALL. Through that hole, we see the man now stagger -- bloody, armless, vomiting -- a step or two before he falls to his knees and then collapses altogether.

INT. PLANE - SAME

As Travis climbs in and rifles through the cockpit. He sees A FILE FOLDER, opens it up, sees JUNIOR'S PHOTO clipped to the front page. Several photos under it. ALL DIFFERENT LOOKS.

He sees the man's jacket. Grabs it. Finds a PHONE in a pocket and sets that on the other seat. Then finds a BADGE FOLDER.

His name is DARYL BATES. And Daryl is -- or was -- apparently some kind of Military Intelligence officer.

TRAVIS

Uh-oh.

A PHONE VIBRATES. Travis finds the man's iPhone. Tries to get into it, but naturally the device requires a thumbprint. Travis looks out to where Bates now lies face down in the grass.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

As Travis walks past where Daryl Bates lies and heads for the blown out bunker. He hesitates, takes a breath and then steps through the jagged hole.

He looks around, finds what he's looking for. He crouches down, takes -- yes -- one of Bates' severed hands--

TRAVIS
Jesus, McGee--

--and pushes the thumb up against the touch screen. The PHONE UNLOCKS. Travis opens up the messages...

FROM BATES: *I'M HERE. WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?*

FROM A NUMBER: *GETTING BLOWN BY A LOVELY BRUNETTE*

FROM BATES: *ENOUGH BULLSHIT. PEOPLE WILL DIE. STONES?*

FROM A NUMBER: *INSIDE*

Travis thinks a moment, stares at that number. Has a good idea who that is. He texts: *STONES NOT HERE.*

And waits. And waits. Until finally, he gets the following:

FROM A NUMBER: *STAND BY*

TRAVIS TEXTS: *WE NEED TO MEET NOW. WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?*

A moment. And then... *STAND BY.*

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - NIGHT

Travis carries a small take-out bag, walks along the dock, climbs aboard *The Busted Flush*. He sees a FIGURE sitting in a deck chair on the dock. A SMALL TELESCOPE set up beside him.

TRAVIS
Meyer.

Meyer just sits there, in his kimono. More serious than usual.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What are you looking at?

MEYER
Invisible planets.

TRAVIS
Excuse me?

MEYER

You can find them. Before the sunrise.

He looks up at the sky.

MEYER (CONT'D)

When you watch, you see that the visible planets act erratic and confused. Their orbits are... warped. So you apply gravitational theory and a little geometry of moving spheres and you go *Aha*, if there is a planet right there of such and such a mass and such and such an orbit, then all the random movements of the other visible planets suddenly become logical, even imperative.

Travis stares at this strange, clearly intelligent dude.

TRAVIS

Huh.

Meyer looks at Travis and smiles.

MEYER

Better get aboard, McGee. You got your own star waiting for you.

(as Travis goes)

Hey, would I be an asshole if I asked her to autograph a DVD?

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - CABIN - NIGHT

Travis comes down, takes in a nude Lois lying face down on the bed. He starts sets the bag down, starts getting out of his filthy clothes.

LOIS

I'm awake.

She turns to look at him. Watches him undress.

LOIS (CONT'D)

And good thing, too.

TRAVIS

I found your husband.

Buzz kill. She looks at him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

In a bunker, out at the Air Force Range. Somebody cut his throat.

He pulls a watch from the bag, sets it on the table.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
From the looks of him, he'd been out
there a while.
(then)
A guy showed up. Turned out to be
Military Intel.

Now he pulls an ID from the bag.

LOIS
I'm assuming things went south
from there.

TRAVIS
(getting into bed)
One way to put it.

LOIS
What was he doing there?

TRAVIS
I think he was there to deal with
Junior. But Junior had other ideas.

He lies beside her. They lie there a moment.

LOIS
Christine seems like a good woman.

TRAVIS
I think maybe she is.

LOIS
She'd be good for you.

TRAVIS
Yeah? How do you know?

LOIS
I just do.
(then)
My mother used to say that a good way
to detect poisonous women is to watch
how other women react to them. Same way
a woman should stay far away from a man
other men have no use for.

TRAVIS
What about you? How would other women
react to you?

She twists so that she's facing Travis now.

LOIS
They have no use for me. But then, I
can't say that I have much use for
them, either.

TRAVIS

I might be in trouble here.

He kisses her. Pulls all of her close, then rolls so that she's on top of him. It's all happening just right when--

MEYER (O.S.)

I told you he doesn't live here anymore!

And now there's footsteps on the deck above.

MEYER (CONT'D)

You can't just go on there! That's private property! Hey jerkoff!

Travis gently rolls Lois aside grabs his shorts, then pulls a GUN from the paper bag. The one he took off the Daryl Bates, the Army Intel Officer. He moves up the steps, looks back at Lois...

TRAVIS

You might wanna stand over there.

Travis then waits by the door, watches as it starts to open and WHIPS IT OPEN THE REST OF THE WAY, somehow bringing the big blonde dude with it. The guy pitches forward, tripping over Travis' leg.

Lois watches as Travis is on him, hitting him twice in rapid succession. She's seeing this other, violent side of the man.

The big guy starts to get up when Travis kicks him in the head with his bare foot. Travis recoils from that pain of that dumb move.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Shit--

MEYER

(from the door)

Need some help?

TRAVIS

I'm good. Stay outta here!

Travis is on the guy, straddling him, already shoving the muzzle of the gun into the guy's mouth...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Suck on that for a second while you calm down, get your bearings.

Travis reaches in his pockets, finds his wallet. Opens it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Robert Gore.

Travis pulls a card, looks at it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 Harper, Walper and Firestone. St.
 Louis. That's a law firm.
 (looks at the guy)
 You don't look much like a lawyer.
 (the guy shakes his head)
 You their investigator?
 (the guy nods)
 What do you want with me?

Travis pulls the gun from his mouth, puts it in his eye instead.

GORE
 Your brother.

TRAVIS
 What?

GORE
 I have something from him.

TRAVIS
 My brother's dead.

GORE
 His wife-- Greta...

Travis reacts to her name. Exchanges looks with Lois.

GORE (CONT'D)
 She sent me.

The guy starts to turn, holds up both of his hands.

GORE (CONT'D)
 May I please get my briefcase?

Travis now sees that there is indeed a briefcase on the floor where Gore had dropped it. Travis stands up. Let's the guy crawl over and open it. He takes out an ENVELOPE, passes it to Travis.

TRAVIS
 What is it?

GORE
 I don't know. I was just hired to find
 you and give it you.

He pulls another piece of paper from the briefcase. He shakily holds it out for Travis. Afraid to ask--

GORE (CONT'D)
 Would you mind signing this, saying
 that you received it?

Travis, numb, nods. Gore reaches into his coat, pauses--

GORE (CONT'D)
I'm just getting a pen. Please don't shoot me.

TRAVIS
What was with taking my picture?

GORE
She asked me to. To verify you were actually you.

TRAVIS
You could have called me.

GORE
She said you'd run.

EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - NIGHT

Lois drinks a beer, watches through a porthole as Travis paces the deck reading the letter over and over. A PHONE VIBRATES O.S.

She turns and looks around the cabin for the source, finally notices the take-out bag on the table -- the one in which Travis had the gun and Bates' ID folder. We may also note that it's got a bit of BLOOD seeping through it. IT SHAKES ONCE MORE.

Lois doesn't catch this and quickly moves to the bag, spreads it open to reach inside and SCREAMS.

Travis bursts into the cabin. Sees Lois against the wall, pointing at the bag...

LOIS
There's a fucking *hand* in that bag!

TRAVIS
Sorry-- belonged to Bates, Army Intel guy. Was the only way I could get--

LOIS
--I really don't wanna know.
(then)
I think he got a text.

Travis reaches into the bag--

TRAVIS
You might wanna turn around.

Travis unlocks the phone. With the hand.

LOIS
Oh, for fuck's sake...

Travis reads the message, sets the phone down on the table, looks at Bates' ID. Lois reads the message. *NEED A PHOTO*

LOIS (CONT'D)

A photo of what?

TRAVIS

Bates.

(turns to the mirror)

I don't think they've ever met. These guys usually don't, not face to face.

LOIS

Usually? What if they have met and he just wants proof that he's talking to who he's supposed to be talking to?

TRAVIS

I'm fucked.

LOIS

So now what?

Travis once more looks at the ID...

TRAVIS

Get Meyer.

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - CABIN - LATER

Meyer now here examining Bates' ID as Travis shaves. Lois is distracted by that envelope now sitting on the table. Written on the front, in a woman's hand -- *TRAVIS*.

MEYER

So it has to look like a selfie, with the ID somewhere in the picture.

TRAVIS

And my face on the I.D.

MEYER

How much time do I have?

TRAVIS

About five minutes.

Both Lois and Meyer look at Travis. *Seriously?* Travis pulls a wrinkled white shirt from the closet.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I keep him waiting too long, he'll get suspicious.

MEYER

Best I can do right now is blur the image on the ID. Flash on the phone, will blow it out even more.

A FLASH AND REVEAL

Travis is in the truck, holding up the camera with one hand, Bates I.D. With the other. Meyer and Lois on the dock outside.

Meyer leans in, looks at the photo-- Travis, shaven, in the white shirt, holding up the I.D., looking kinda sorta like Bates in the NOW BLURRY I.D. image.

MEYER

I buy it.

TRAVIS

We'll see.

They all stare at the phone, wait.

MEYER

You know, you didn't need to bring the man's hand with you.

(off Travis' look)

Once you unlocked the phone, you could have reset the password yourself.

TRAVIS

Really? Can you--

Travis holds out the phone-- Meyer holds up his hand.

MEYER

I already did. Password's now "Bianca."

(smiles at Lois)

Character you played in *Tallahassee Midnight*.

LOIS

That's so sweet.

Travis is ready to vomit when the phone vibrates...

KAYDEE MARINA. 0800.

He looks up at Lois.

TRAVIS

Stay here with your number one fan.

Meyer lights up like a Christmas tree.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Don't get off the boat, lock the doors.
I'm not back in 24 hours, call Sergeant
Gale Childs at Lauderdale PD.

MEYER
(indicates the phone)
I'm on speed dial. Y'know, in case you
need back up.

Meyer moves away so Lois and Travis can say good-bye. She leans
and kisses him.

LOIS
So that's her?

TRAVIS
Who?

She indicates the envelope on the seat beside him.

LOIS
The one you can't seem to forget. The
one we're all competing with. Greta.

He looks at the envelope, then back at her.

TRAVIS
Stay on the boat.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

As Travis drives along the coast, through some pretty down
trodden territory. No condos here.

GRETA'S VOICE
*Dear Travis. I Found this years ago
among Matty's things.*

INT. TRAVIS' CAR - SAME

As he drives, the envelope on the seat beside him, a small sheet
of paper covered in Greta's handwriting sticking out.

GRETA'S VOICE
*I should have sent it then, but I was
angry. I'm sorry. Wherever you are, I
hope you're ok. Greta.*

Driving, Travis pulls a PHOTOGRAPH from the envelope and holds
it up by the steering wheel...

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

Travis, his brother, MATTY, and Matty's wife, GRETA. The three
of them leaning on bikes, beside a lake somewhere.

Travis turns over the photo and sees A NOTE THERE, written in a different hand. His brother's. Travis looks up and quickly sets the photo aside...

EXT. KAYDEE MARINA - MORNING

CRANING UP as Travis pulls into the oyster shell lot to REVEAL THAT THE MARINA HAS BURNED DOWN.

But it was a long time ago. One wall of the BAIT SHOP is all that's left along with some blackened docks and a burnt out trawler that came to a permanent rest on the jetty.

A lightning strike on the gas pumps. A boat fire. Who knows what happened. But this place is dead.

Travis stands there, looks around, wondering if he's being watched. He looks at his chest, perhaps expecting to see a LASER DOT there. NOTHING. What the fuck? Why's he here?

INT. THE JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES - MORNING

Lois checks out Meyer's pristine boat while the skipper himself works a blender in the galley...

MEYER

I'm fixing us my special patented breakfast smoothie. Whey protein. Chia seeds. Various vitamins and minerals and finally, my secret ingredient...

He reaches for a bottle of rum, dumps half of it into the blender while Lois stops in front of a wall full of CHARTS.

She studies them... looks off at Meyer.

LOIS

Meyer? You planning a trip?

He stops the blender, looks at her. She indicates the charts.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I know what all that is-- My idiot husband was obsessed with it.

MEYER

What all what is?

LOIS

The Bermuda Triangle.

MEYER

(laughs)

You don't believe that shit, do you?

LOIS

No. Do you?

MEYER

Do I believe that I'll disappear if I go out there? No, of course not.

LOIS

(turns to the map)

But it would be a very cool place to take, say, a few dozen Valium and just... drift, see what happens.

MEYER

You suggesting that I might wanna hurt myself?

LOIS

(meets his eyes)

You are kinda responsible for the death of twelve teenagers. Isn't that what you said? My guess is you're facing a gigantic lawsuit. And dealing with huge ammounts of shame and self loathing. Who could blame you for feeling a bit self destructive?

MEYER

Maybe I'm just trying to avoid paying the money.

LOIS

No. You wanna think you're that guy, but I think you've always felt lonely and shitty in general. Even before you destroyed a dozen young lives.

MEYER

How insightful of you.

LOIS

(shrugs)

I Googled you. You set aside a trust fund for all the victims. All of the money you had.

MEYER

Not all. I bought this boat.

LOIS

For your last cruise?

MEYER

I haven't decided yet.

LOIS

So what's holding you back?

MEYER
 (looks at her)
 I made friends.

That hits her. She looks back at him a moment, is about to respond when--

THE DOOR IS BLOWN OFF THE HINGES, knocking Meyer to the ground. Pacheco and Cinago, both in camo, enter the cabin. Meyer tries to get up, Cinago grabs him by the hair and the collar and--

THROWS HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW. Meyer goes over the rail and into the water and doesn't resurface.

Lois makes for the opening, gets her ass out the door when AN ARM BARS HER NECK. HAULS HER OFF HER FEET. We don't see the face goes with the arm, just a TAT ON THE BACK OF HIS HAND: G.O.N.

EXT. KAYDEE MARINA - MORNING

Travis has a bad feeling. Isn't sure what to do next when inside the truck. Bates' PHONE VIBRATES. Travis grabs it:

ON THE PHONE: *Change of plans. Islamorada Marina. Route 1.*

CRANING BACK UP as Travis gets in the car and peels out of the oyster shell lot...

EXT. ISLAMORADA MARINA - DUSK

Travis pulls up. Takes in the boats bobbing on the docks. Knows which one he's looking for. He tucks the gun he took from Bates into his waist, gets out.

Travis starts walking up and down the rows. Stops at the stern of one. MUSIC blasting inside. *Playpen*.

VOICE
 Bates? That you?

Travis looks up and sees Junior, a shadowy figure with a beer in his hand, up on the flying bridge.

TRAVIS
 Yeah.

JUNIOR
 You just gonna stand on the fucking dock all night? Get aboard, m'man!

Travis jumps over the transom onto the boat. Just as JUNIOR ALLEN drops onto the stern in front of him. He and Travis are finally face to face. Junior extends a hand.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 Ahoy.

Junior is that rare thing -- a flawless physical specimen. Built like an NFL tight end --6"4', 220 lbs, dark hair, soulful brown eyes, and a mega-watt smile when he chooses to use it.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you, Daryl.

TRAVIS

You wanna tell me what the fuck is going on?

JUNIOR

Sorry about the confusion.

TRAVIS

Confusion? The place was blown to shit when I got there.

JUNIOR

All that unexploded ordinance out there-- sometimes a coyote steps on something it shouldn't have.

TRAVIS

Where are the stones?

JUNIOR

Osceola's got them. Or I thought he did.

TRAVIS

What the fuck does that mean?

JUNIOR

Cajun fucktard's gone missing. First time ever.

TRAVIS

So?

JUNIOR

This guy doesn't scratch, he doesn't run it by me first. But he also drinks some, so...

TRAVIS

When's the last time you spoke to him?

JUNIOR

I don't know, it's been a few days. I thought we'd run down there in the morning, find out what's what.

Junior walks over to a cooler, takes out a beer.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

You were in the 12th with him?

TRAVIS

2nd.

Junior nods. Right.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

We met at Lejeune.

(then)

If you never had the stones, why'd you
arrange the pick up at Avon?

JUNIOR

Thought I'd have 'em by then. Then
Osceola went missing.

TRAVIS

You could have told me before I flew
out there.

JUNIOR

Had other things on my mind.

(studies Travis)

Know a guy named O'Connell over there?

TRAVIS

Nope.

JUNIOR

He was in the second.

TRAVIS

So were a lot of people.

Junior stares back at him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I was C company, Sixth Battalion. If he
was with the Sixth, I'd know him. If he
wasn't, I wouldn't.

The two men face each other across the deck.

GIRL'S VOICE

Hey Junior?! You up there?!

Junior smiles at Travis. The move to the rail and see...

TWO YOUNG WOMEN

Walking down the jetty toward them-- CORRY, 25, a little used up
and hang-over cranky, carrying two bags of ice, and DELEEN, 18
if she's a day; awkward, stumbling, dropping suntan lotion and
her shades from a beach bag, her flip-flops flopping under
coltish legs; young and fresh and clean.

TRAVIS

What is this?

Travis watches uncomfortably as the girls step onto the boat.

CORRY
I feel like shit. Tequila shots.

JUNIOR
A little hair of the dog...

Junior pulls a tequila bottle and drinks from it while Corry looks at Travis.

CORRY
Who's the party pooper?

TRAVIS
Daryl. And there is no party. Get the fuck off the boat, now.

Junior gets between Travis and the girls.

JUNIOR
Whoa whoa whoa... my boat, Daryl. I'm the Skip. And I say they stay.

TRAVIS
You work for me. I say they go.

JUNIOR
(laughs)
I don't work for anybody anymore.

Junior locks his eyes on Deleen as she removes her flannel shirt to reveal only her bikini underneath.

DELEEN
We get sun in the morning, right?

Junior sweeps his hand at the sky.

JUNIOR
Red sky at night.

CORRY
So?

Again that smile of his.

JUNIOR
Means that come morning, you're not gonna be the only beautiful thing out here. Gonna be a spectacular day.

TRAVIS
I'm confused. We going on a cruise or picking up the stones?

JUNIOR

Both.

TRAVIS

We got weather coming. Red sky or not.

JUNIOR

You can get off anytime, Daryl.

Travis looks at the girls, knows he can't leave them alone with this psycho. Junior leans in...

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(indicates Deleen)

The foal is mine.

Travis watches the two girls chat and giggle. *Now what?*

EXT. PLAYPEN - OPEN OCEAN - DUSK

Travis, Junior, Deleen and Corry --in the spacious cockpit of the Play-Pen as the boat bobs and rises, riding swells.

Deleen and Corry, stoned and groggy, sip warm Margaritas. Travis sips rum straight from the bottle. Junior hits the bourbon hard, leans close to Travis.

JUNIOR

(re: the girls)

The math worked out just right.

TRAVIS

While we're sitting here, doing the math, you wanna tell me why you booby trapped that bunker?

JUNIOR

I don't know you. Tell your Colonel I can't trust anyone until this is done.

TRAVIS

I think he got that message.

JUNIOR

What's your story, Bates?

TRAVIS

My story?

JUNIOR

A man who babysits men like me. Kinda man stays far away from the action.

TRAVIS

I've seen plenty of action.

Junior studies Travis a moment. Really studies him.

JUNIOR
I'm sorry. Yes, you have.
(then)
Once upon a time. But now I hear you're
stationed up at Eglin. You got quite a
tan.

Travis says nothing.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Who you hiding from?

TRAVIS
Who says I'm hiding?

JUNIOR
We're in Florida. The Sunshine State.
Where the sun shines on everything but
the truth.

He laughs, then leans closer to Travis.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Most people come down here to hide
something... their mistress. Their
money.
(eyes on Travis)
Their past.

TRAVIS
Some of us just ran out of gas.
Was a loud war. I like the quiet.

JUNIOR
You think this is quiet?

Travis shrugs, looks around at the sea.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Not out there.
(taps his head)
In here.
(then)
You fight over there. You do what
you're told which is basically to kill
other men. Then you come home. It's all
still ringing in your ears.

TRAVIS
No, man. I'm good.

JUNIOR
It's not quiet in your head. It'll
never be quiet in your head. I bet you
went over there because it was too
quiet over here. You got hands that
work and know how to hurt.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
You can't just sit on them. Not when
there's evil hiding in rocks a world
away you can use them on.

TRAVIS
I didn't go anywhere to do that. I hurt
plenty of people over here.

JUNIOR
So now you hide.

TRAVIS
Fuckin A, I do.

Travis realizes he just lost his cool, exactly what Junior
wanted, the man now smiling back at him. Junior pats his knee.

JUNIOR
God of Night sees everything.

TRAVIS
(grabs his hand)
Hey, Junior--

Before he can say more, A BOTTLE FALLS OVER and Travis sees
Deleen has passed out. A drunken Cory helps her to her feet.

DELEEN
Everything's spinning.

JUNIOR
Shit, I can't fuck 'em after they puke.
Do me a favor, take her below.

Travis goes over to Deleen, lifts her and carries her off.
Junior sits back, finishes the bottle and closes his eyes.

INT. PLAYPEN - NIGHT

Travis carries Deleen below-decks, through the galley and state
room, headed for the sleeping quarters. He can see Junior's
legs, sitting in the chair on the stern.

DELEEN
I think I'm gonna be sick--

TRAVIS
That's alright.

DELEEN
I don't want that guy--

TRAVIS
Don't worry. He's not gonna touch you.

Travis lays her down on a bunk; she whimpers and immediately
passes out. He goes into...

THE FORWARD CABIN

The one he came into the last time with the camera and the chair. The SPEAR GUN on the wall. The knives.

He sees the GO PRO where it was the first time he looked around the boat. He goes back to it, checks the window, sees Junior's feet as he sits in the fighting chair.

Travis plays the back the images on the camera. The GIRL he was interviewing. Travis turns down the volume, fast forwards, glances up, Junior's feet still there, then back at the camera...

He watches as now the girl struggles in the handcuffs. Junior steps into frame and hits her in the face. Out she goes. He then looks back, reaches over and shuts off the camera.

The SCENE CHANGES to the deck of the *Playpen*. The Girl lying there trussed up, the camera somehow attached to her, aimed up at her face while she struggles/screams.

We now see JUNIOR, in a WET SUIT sets A CINDER BLOCK at her feet. Ties it to her...

JUNIOR

*Not to worry. It's shitty cement. Maybe
you can hold your breath long enough
for it to break apart.
(face right near camera)
Whatta you think?*

We then see him pick her up and ROLL HER OVERBOARD. A SPLASH and she begins struggling as she now descends to the bottom of the ocean.

Travis watches as she drowns in real time.

AND NOW A DIVER -- Junior -- makes his way down. We see just a piece of him in the fixed lens. He gets to the girl, draws A LONG KNIFE and CUTS HER THROAT. The water turning RED when Junior reaches for the camera and all goes black.

Travis steadies his breathing, his face growing dark, he turns once more to look up at Junior. But this time...

JUNIOR IS NO LONGER IN THE FIGHTING CHAIR; Travis looks up/around, out the portholes --no sign of Junior. Travis draws the PISTOL from his waist-band and drops into a crouch.

A sudden sheet of rain slaps the Play Pen, making Travis jump; Travis listens, but the storm blowing in plays tricks with his ears; then he hears a muffled GROAN from the far end of below-decks. A woman's muffled voice.

He makes his way to the end of the cabin, past the sleeping Deleen; he comes to a METAL DOOR. A HOLD of some kind.

Travis opens it on--

LOIS, bound and gagged; her eyes roll up to him in fear and shock; Travis blinks, stunned--and then the lights go out.

Flickers of lightning and milky moonlight filter in; Travis takes out the bait knife and cuts Lois free; her wrists are raw and bloody; he cuts the gag from her mouth. Breathless:

LOIS

He knows--

Travis puts his fingers over her lips; he puts a finger to his own lips: Quiet. She nods. He shows her his gun; she nods.

Footsteps creaking above-decks --Junior's heavy tread, a THUD as dead-weight falls out on the stern...

TRAVIS MCGEE

(whispers)

I'll come back.

Lois's eyes pulse in fear, but then she nods; Travis takes a BIG KNIFE down from the wall and hands it to her. He eases the locker door shut, just enough to close it without latching; as the closing door throws darkness over Lois' face, she and Travis share a last look.

Travis turns from her, stands; He peers across the hall at Deleen on the bunk, not moving; the storm is worsening, the Play Pen is starting to roll atop the swells, listing badly to port.

Travis crosses the state room into the galley, the boat listing beneath his feet; he keeps his eyes through the door out onto the stern; no sign or sound of Junior or Corry.

The rain drives into the cabin, spatters Travis' legs; he brings up the gun and steps out into the storm.

EXT. PLAYPEN - NIGHT

Rain slashes Travis' eyes; the fighting chair empty, swiveling and squeaking as it blows in circles in the rising gale.

Travis looks down and sees CORRY, her head smashed in, lying in a pool of blood and brain matter and rain water; his face is blank; he takes another step out onto the stern.

A GAFF HOOK swings down from the above, from the flying bridge; the huge barbed hook spears Travis' gun-arm shoulder and brutally jerks it; the pistol clatters to the deck.

Travis looks up; Junior has him hooked, is trying to wrench the hook back out to land a killing blow to his neck.

Travis tries to jerk himself loose, but the pressure is too great;

Junior grunts and lifts him off his feet, tearing tendons in Travis' shoulder; Travis reaches up, gets a grip on the gaff...

...Junior heaves, shearing Travis' clavicle; the bone spears white out through his shirt; the gaff hook tears his shirt and shears free from the bone; Travis heaves down on the gaff and pulls Junior head-first off the bridge to the deck...

...Junior lands hard; Travis slips, falls back, his shoulder spouting blood; Junior kicks him in the ribs.

JUNIOR

Hey, Travis.

(kick)

You know what's hilarious, m'man?

(kick)

Is that you and that cunt thought you could get over on me.

Junior kicks again --but this time Travis catches his foot and brutally SNAPS his ankle; Junior grunts and falls;

Travis grabs the GAFF, stands over him, rears back; Junior kicks him in the balls; Travis falls to his knees; Junior swings a HICKORY FISH BILLY, the blow slamming Travis' skull, and hurling him over the transom still holding the flying gaff...

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

Travis tossed pell-mell in a churning vortex; he pin- wheels, sucking air, saltwater in his lungs, burning; propeller chop from the Play-Pen spewing bubbles, blinding him...

Junior fires Daryl Bates' 45 at him from the deck. He can't see Travis, but he knows the general direction where Travis ended up. The shots go wide but still add to the mayhem.

Travis holds onto the FLYING GAFF, the rope at the end of the pole tangling in his arms; he breaks the surface; he hears the ENGINE ROAR of the Play-Pen as Junior throttles forward.

...Travis swims, dragging himself through the Play-Pen's wake; he throws the flying gaff's rope around the big cleats on the V-hull; he begins to drag himself towards the transom...

Rolls of thunder; the wind chops the ocean into valleys of whitecaps; Travis swallows bilge; the rope of the flying gaff slices up his hands; he doesn't let go...

...Travis drags himself up over the transom--

EXT. PLAYPEN - NIGHT

--and falls in a shivering heap onto the stern, the water now ankle-high as swells crash over the Play Pen's bow.

Travis ducks behind the SPORTYAK DINGHY lashed to the transom, peers around it:

He sees that Junior has the wheel braced --no one's steering; the Play Pen's bilge pumps are working, but can't keep up with the water it's taking on.

Salt water runs into the deck hatch, the generator is sputtering and coughing and throwing black smoke...

Junior drags Cory's body across the stern, away from Travis; he picks up her dead weight and heaves her overboard into the open ocean; her body instantly lost in the tempest.

Travis --lit up for a split second by a slash of lightning-- stiff-arms Junior's face, SMASHING his nose with the palm of his hand; driving Junior back, almost overboard...

Travis wades in, punches Junior's face repeatedly; the blows have no effect on Junior, who claws at Travis's eyes; Travis slips out of his grip; Junior head-butts him;; they both slip in the knee-deep water and crash to the deck;

Junior draws the 45 from his belt, Travis throws himself down and slides off the edge of the boat. He's hanging on by his fingernails as Junior steadies himself on the roiling deck and takes aim. Junior suddenly arches his back--

He drops to his knees. LOIS stands behind him HAVING JUST STABBED HIM WITH THE KNIFE TRAVIS GAVE HER.

Junior turns and fires at Lois, hitting her in the leg....

She falls. Junior pulls the knife out of his back and whips out his handcuffs. He cuffs her wrists to the gunwale rail as Travis pulls himself aboard.

Travis dives at Junior as the Play Pen is tossed in the storm, hits him head-on -- Junior is thrown across the stern, the gun flies out of his hand and JUNIOR SLIDES OFF THE DECK INTO THE CHURNING OCEAN.

Travis watches him bobbing in the water, trying to grab for the floating ice chest. Then Travis LOSES SIGHT OF HIM.

He goes to Lois. She's starting to freak out a bit.

Travis looks down at her leg. Blood is pouring out of it. He removes his shirt and ties it off below the wound.

TRAVIS

Look at me. You're gonna be fine.

With a MASSIVE CREAK the boat shifts and starts listing to the side. Lois's side. Travis pulls at the handcuffs. He looks around, any hysteria still contained. He sees--

The gun resting precariously against a cleat. He scrambles for it as the boat lurches. The gun slides off the cleat and heads for the edge of the boat and slides off the edge as--

TRAVIS CATCHES IT. He crawls to Lois.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Turn your body as far away as possible.

She turns her head and body away. Travis puts the muzzle against the chain. It takes several tries as the boat continues to list and buffet.

Deleen, awake now, SCREAMS from inside the boat. Travis finally gets the muzzle centered. He pulls the trigger, and--

Nothing. The hammer falls on an empty chamber. Travis checks it -
- empty. Drops the magazine into his palm-- empty.

LOIS

What?

TRAVIS

Okay, okay...

Lois's hair hits the sea. Her face is growing closer to it.

LOIS

Whatever you're gonna do...

They look at each other. He's gonna have to leave her; neither can imagine a worse proposition. Deleen screams.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Just go!

He crab-scrambles off the deck. Lois looks down at her bloody leg, the blood still pumping.

She closes her eyes for a moment and then SCREAMS when her face touches the water. She wrenches her head up, stares at the door where Travis disappeared.

INT. PLAYPEN - MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Deleen shrieks hysterically as the cabin fills with water. Travis is rifling through everything he can think of, trying to find a tool. Anything.

TRAVIS

Get out on deck and hold onto something tight.

DELEEN

No, I'll stay here. I'll--

TRAVIS
Get out on fucking deck!

She moves. He finds A HAMMER. It's old, paint-splattered, cheap.

EXT. PLAYPEN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Lois frantically tries to pull herself up the short rail, buy herself any inch of air. Travis drops to his knees by her, slips the claw end of the hammer between the handcuff chain and the rail. He twists the chain into the claw, until there's zero give and then he snaps the hammer forward.

Nothing. He tries again and again. Once more and the hammer breaks off from its handle.

Travis looks in Lois's terrified eyes, notices they're also getting foggy. He looks at the leg-- still bleeding profusely. No way to stop it.

Another SCREECH from the boat. A violent lurch.

And Lois goes under.

Travis takes a huge gulp of air and dunks his head under water. He points at his mouth so Lois understands what he means to do. She nods.

They kiss and he blows into her lungs. Looks in her eyes as she breathes. Goes back up for more. Takes a big gulp, sees--

DELEEN

Clinging to the ladder that leads to the next deck. Focuses on-- The HAIR CLIP at the back of her head.

Travis drops below the water. Another kiss for Lois, another rush of oxygen.

Then he's up out of the water. He scrambles across the deck, rips the hair clip out of Deleen's hair. Dives across the deck. Breaks the clip in half. Inserts the thin piece in the keyhole of the cuff. Twists. Turns. Twists. Turns. Twists.

THE CUFFS OPEN. Travis pulls Lois up onto the boat. Sees that her eyes are open wide, and empty. Her face, white from the blood she's lost. She is dead.

Travis opens his mouth as if to say something but there is nothing to be said to the dead. He brushes her wet hair back from her face, looking into her lifeless eyes when--

DELEEN
Help me! Please!

Travis looks at Deleen, at the wrecked boat, the surging sea, the raging sky about him. Deleen's about to go over the side.

He lays Lois down gently, kisses her head and slides her body into the ocean. Deleen continues to scream as he watches Lois as she is swallowed by the sea. And then, he moves-- grabs Deleen's hand and drags her across to the dinghy.

Travis frees the dinghy from its spring clamps; he sets Deleen inside. He ties a cord around her wrist to the dinghy's cleat in case she goes overboard...

Which is a good thing because a wave washes over the stern and TAKES THE DINGHY WITH IT...

Deleen screams as she's now carried away from Travis into the roiling water. Travis can do nothing but watch her -- and his ride -- quickly move away from him. He thinks about diving for it, but the boat lists in a swell and he falls back--

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Deleen is panicking as she sees the *Playpen* moving further and further away. A FLASHING catches her eye; a blinding strobe underwater as the SAFE BOX'S BEACON ACTIVATES as water hits it;

Travis watches too and through the pulsing supernova glare, he sees Lois, drifting through the waves, pale and ethereal.

Travis looks to Deleen sitting there in the dinghy.

TRAVIS

Paddle!

She takes up the paddle and begins to row towards the *Playpen*--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

AWAY FROM THE BOAT! IT'S GOING DOWN!

He waves furiously at her, and now, reluctantly, she begins to paddle away from him as he's once more knocked down...

She looks off at the ocean, SEES JUNIOR CLINGING TO THE CHEST, hard to tell if he's alive. She doesn't care. She paddles furiously into the darkness.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - LONGSHOT - THE PLAYPEN - DAY

QUIET. Calm seas. The storm has passed. The boat, a small speck on the horizon, still afloat. PUMPING SOUND OVER...

INT. PLAYPEN - SAME

The bilge pump is working. Travis, wounded, bleeding, wades through the now flooded lower deck searching for first aid.

He grabs some gauze, some tape from a cabinet, starts back up for the deck when he sees the GO PRO camera floating at his feet. He grabs that, too.

EXT. PLAYPEN - DECK - SAME

Travis comes topside, collapses in the fighting chair. He wraps his wounds with the tape he found downstairs.

And then down below, THE BILGE STOPS WORKING. Travis listens to the silence, looks out at the vast, empty ocean, the boat starts listing. Finally--

TRAVIS

Awesome.

Travis grabs a bottle floating in the bilge, takes a drink.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DUSK

The boat lists further. The last bit of the sun goes down...

EXT. PLAYPEN - DECK - NIGHT

Travis, wounded, good and drunk, reaches into his pocket, takes out the soggy, folded piece of paper. As he unfolds it, it tears in half. THE PHOTO Greta had sent. Starts to read the top...

MATTY'S VOICE

*Dear Trav. Sorry to do this to you,
brother, but I'm in a hole and I got no
more moves--*

The saturated paper comes apart. He grabs another piece...

MATTY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*I know you think you can help me, you
always think you can save everybody--*

Travis grabs another piece and continues...

MATTY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*--but you can't. Just look after Greta.
She's gonna need you now. And I trust
no one more than my big brother--*

The soaked picture now comes apart completely in his hands. Falls into the water at Travis' feet and floats away.

His brother never knew. Travis takes that in, watches the pieces float off into the ocean.

EXT. PLAYPEN - LATER

As Travis, very unsteady now, takes the GO PRO and props it up on the cooler, the way we first saw it. He sits back, stares into a moment, then--

TRAVIS
 Hey, Greta. I got the note. God-damn
 you for not sending it to me before--
 Shit--

He stops. Can't say that. He leans over, rewinds. Starts again.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 Hey, Greta...

He sits there a moment, takes a long drink, holds up the bottle.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 Yeah, I'm drunk. As you can see I'm
 once again well and truly, fucked.

He gestures to his surroundings, takes a breath, looks at the deep cut from the Gaff, closes his eyes.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 You always told me that I needed a
 vice. That I didn't drink too much,
 didn't smoke too much or give much of a
 shit about guns. But you know what, I
 have a vice. Not really a vice, I have
 this addiction.

He takes another drink from the bottle.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 I'm hooked on death...

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

PULLING AWAY from The *Playpen* in the moonlight. NIGHT SLOWLY
 BECOMES DAWN.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
 I'm hooked on the smell, taste and feel
 of the nearness of it. But most of
 all...

HIS VOICE FADING as we see that the boat is nearly sunk at this point. SOUND OF AN ENGINE IDLING. And now THE BOW OF A BOAT drifts into immediate f.g. The *Playpen* in the far b.g. moving in and out of the FOG.

THE ENGINE REVS and the boat heads straight for the *PLAYPEN*.

As we get closer, we see Travis dive off the smaller boat. The bigger boat now HONKS ITS horn, then smashes into the *Playpen*.

Travis surfaces from the water, grabs a piece of wreckage, looks up at the figure, IN A YELLOW RAIN SLICKER leaning over the rail of the other boat.

FIGURE
McGee? Is that you?

Travis looks closely at the other boat, at the figure:

TRAVIS
Meyer?

MEYER
Thank God. Hang on. I'm gonna throw you something.

Travis watches as Meyer throws a life jacket into the water. Goes right over Travis' head.

MEYER (CONT'D)
Shit. Hang on--

TRAVIS
Just throw me a line!

And now A BLUE AND RED LINE hits Travis in the head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Thank you.

ABOARD THE JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

As Meyer helps pull Travis aboard, he can't stop talking:

MYER
I'm sorry about the boat. I tried to hit reverse, but pushed it forward instead for some reason -- just isn't intuitive yet-- Jesus, you're bleeding.

TRAVIS
How did you--

MEYER
Took longer than I thought to get out here. But I hit that sandbar again. Then I got lost, And then there was that storm. And I had the chart the wrong way. And then--

TRAVIS
How did you find me?

MEYER
I pinged Lois' phone. And then I used this little GPS program I'd put in when I fixed it the other day, but I didn't tell her because I didn't want her to think I was stalking her or anything. Where is she anyway?

Meyer really takes in Travis' condition. The blood. All of it. Suddenly he understands. They both just stand there in silence for a moment. Travis pulls himself up...

TRAVIS

We can be sad later. Right now we need to get the fuck out of here.

MEYER

I think maybe I broke the boat.

He gets up, tries to start the engine. Won't start. Travis looks off. And now we hear THE SOUND OF A DISTANT HELICOPTER.

TRAVIS

You tell anyone where you were going?

MEYER

No.

TRAVIS

Nobody?

MYER

Well, I did panic at one point.

TRAVIS

And?

MEYER

I said S.O.S. into the radio.

TRAVIS

You made a distress call?

MEYER

I got lost in that storm.

TRAVIS

Shit.

MEYER

(listens)

Oh...

(lights up)

The Coast Guard.

TRAVIS

That's not the Coast Guard.

Travis closes his eyes, all energy gone. Meyer crosses to him.

MEYER

McGee?

And now AN APACHE HELICOPTER appears overhead, A LITTER is lowered from the back towards us and as the soldiers reach for US/TRAVIS... ALL SOUND FADING EXCEPT FOR...

MEYER (CONT'D)
McGee? McGee?

FADE TO BLACK

MEYER (V.O.)
McGee.

SOUND OF A BOLT BEING THROWN OPEN. A METAL DOOR OPENING.

INT. SPARTAN ROOM - DAY

Travis, now in fatigues, sits up on cot, his wounds dressed. But he's still in a lot of pain as TWO SOLDIERS now enter.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

As Travis is led across a MILITARY BASE. He's trying to sort out just where he is. Ocean. Palm trees... ISLAMIC MEN in a fenced in area. Welcome to GITMO.

He comes around a corner and THERE'S MEYER, also escorted by a couple of guards. They fall in side by side.

TRAVIS
Don't say anything.

The then come around another corner, hear LAUGHTER, and then see walking out of a large building is first Cinago, then Pacheco, THEN JUNIOR. Beat up. Banged up. Bandaged. His arm in a thick cast. But still, through all that, he's smiling.

JUNIOR
Daryl m'man. Good to see you again.

Travis just stares back at him. Meyer, however, flips out at the sight of them Starts pointing at his wounds, screaming--

MEYER
Hey!! Those are the fuckers who--

TRAVIS
It's okay. Stay quiet.

Travis grabs hold of Meyer, says nothing as he walks by the three of them. He looks back, sees Junior still smiling at him. Cinago flipping him off now.

INT. BUILDING - SAME

A large space. Like a gymnasium. Travis is led past several tables where several BAGGED BODIES now lie.

Travis looks at the tags... C. OSCEOLA. D. BATES. And... J. TRUE. Travis reacts to that last one.

TRAVIS
You shoulda run, Joe.

He turns, sees two other bags on another table... These tags read: L. ATKINSON and UNKNOWN FEMALE. That would be Cory. Travis stands there staring at the bag containing Lois.

VOICE
Mr. McGee. Mr. Meyer.

At the far end is A MAN in uniform. He looks over a file, says without looking up--

MAN
I'm Colonel Mike McCurry.
(then)
Please, sit down.

He indicates a chair and that's when Travis clocks ANOTHER MAN standing to one side. This guy's in a straw hat, a short sleeved button down shirt with some kind of pineapple print over light khakis and lace-less sneakers. He doesn't acknowledge Travis and Meyer one way or the other. Travis clocks the camera on a tripod filming the "interview."

A SOLDIER comes in with a food tray.

MEYER
Thank God. I'm starving.

...and sets it down in front of McCurry. Some kind of healthy salad and a lovely wrap. There's even a bud vase on the tray.

MCCURRY
(to the soldier)
There's no sesame oil in this, right?

SOLDIER
No, sir.

Travis and Meyer watch while McCurry opens a bottle of San Pellegrino and pours himself a glass. He grabs a lemon wedge from the plate squeezes it into the water, all the while...

MCCURRY
I heard your name for the first time a week ago, Mr. McGee. And in that seven days a simple operation has turned into an epic goat fuck.

Travis doesn't respond, just watches as the Colonel takes a drink, then a takes a bite of his wrap.

MCCURRY (CONT'D)

You don't respect authority much.

TRAVIS

Oh, I do, just not the pricks who exploit it.

MCCURRY

You and Junior Allen have a lot in common, then.

TRAVIS

Junior's a psychopath. I'm more of a sociopath. Or so people tell me.

MCCURRY

I think you're just a smart ass.

MEYER

This is bullshit. I want my attorney present! You can't do this. Not to either of us! I've got a right to call--

TRAVIS

Meyer.

MEYER

No, McGee-- we have rights.

(to McCurry)

Who's in charge here? We need to talk to the person in charge.

Travis indicates Man in the Panama hat.

TRAVIS

That would be him.

McCurry continues eating. Meyer crosses to the Man in the Panama Hat. He holds out a business card.

MEYER

My attorney is Alan Dershowitz. I want you to get him on the phone for us right now. Use the 508 number. On the back. He's in the Vineyard right now. You are so fucked.

MCCURRY

Sit down.

Meyer does. McCurry wipes his hands.

MCCURRY (CONT'D)

Mr Meyer, you need to understand that where you are right now, you're not subject to any concept of due process, defense attorneys, constitutional rights,

(looks at Travis)

--favors from lady cops you've fucked nor any general patience for your charming idiosyncracies. We don't have a lot of time. And you may not either if you're not straight with us. You feel me?

Travis leans over to Meyer, indicates Panama Hat.

TRAVIS

Okay, so Tommy Bahama over there is CIA and commander of the pile of dogshit you and I are now sitting in.

(indicates McCurry)

This guys's here to make it smell better for the New York Times.

MCCURRY

I'm here to get a young soldier home. And the CIA doesn't operate on American Soil.

TRAVIS

Um. A) Bullshit. B) We're not on America soil.

MEYER

Where the fuck are we?

TRAVIS

Guantanamo.

MEYER

What? We're in Cuba? Oh shit.

McCurry nods to a Soldier who activates the video camera.

MCCURRY

It's now 0900. This is the debrief of one Travis McGee and one Lawrence... *Alouiscious* Meyer.

Travis turns to Meyer.

MEYER

Grandfather.

MCCURRY

Gentlemen. Let's talk about the sapphires.

Travis says nothing.

MEYER

What sapphires? Why am I even here?!

MCCURRY

McGee. Can you make this simple and tell us where they are?

TRAVIS

I'd love to. But I have no idea.

McCurry nods, tucks into this salad now...

MCCURRY

I'm sorry, Mr. Meyer. I don't think your friend wants you to go home tonight.

TRAVIS

That's why you're here.

MCCURRY

(to Meyer)

Do you know the name, Private George Padilla?

MEYER

The P.O.W. on CNN. Don Lemon did a whole piece on him last week.

MCCURRY

Then you know that he's been held in a cave for five years and the Taliban is planning on executing him this week if their terms are not met. We had a deal to bring him home. In return for the stones. The stones belonged to a warlord in Pashtoon Province. A wedding gift he was going to give to his son.

TRAVIS

Until Bud Kerr stole them.

MEYER

Who?

TRAVIS

You want me to talk? Let him go. He's a mathematician. He doesn't know shit.

MEYER

(to Travis)

I'm not leaving without you.

TRAVIS

Meyer--

MEYER

I'm not. I'm staying right here. This guy doesn't scare me.

McCurry pushes his lunch aside.

MCCURRY

Enough.

(to Travis)

Bud Kerr had the stones when he went AWOL six years ago. And then you picked him up, and then, for some reason, you let him go.

TRAVIS

I got to know him. He seemed alright. So I cut him a break.

PANAMA HAT

You just got word your brother hung himself in his garage with an extension cord. And you lost it.

Travis leans back cranes his neck to look at Panama Hat.

TRAVIS

Hey, he can talk.

PANAMA HAT

Kerr got picked up again, a month later by a different unit. He didn't have the sapphires on him. He wasn't exactly clear what happened to them.

(then)

What is clear is that had you kept hold of him. Followed orders and brought him in, none of this would have happened.

TRAVIS

I wondered why Bud got six years at Starke. You wanted him to talk.

MEYER

Who the fuck is Budd Kerr?!

TRAVIS

(to McCurry & Panama)

Did you ever meet Bud? He couldn't have done this by himself. He had help. You know that right?

(blank faces)

Junior Allen and Caesar Osceola. They helped him get the stones out of Afghanistan.

They just look at him. They didn't know that. Travis laughs to himself, stands up and crosses towards the table.

The soldiers point their guns. Travis takes the other half of the wrap off the table and holds it up for them to see what he's doing, his hands in the air. Says to McCurry...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You're finished with this, right?

McCurry waves of the soldiers. Travis takes a bite. Nods, *Nice*. Then passes it to Meyer.

MEYER

Thank you...

TRAVIS

Junior and Osceola were the ones got the intel on the stones to begin with, and gave it to Bud. Who then got greedy and fucked everybody. Which means--

(looks at Panama Hat)

--you, in your infinite wisdom, contracted two thieves to find what they'd already stolen. From you.

(looks at the Colonel)

You're right, it was a goat fuck.

MEYER

(mouthful of wrap)

Fucking bureaucracy.

Panama hat is losing his shit--

PANAMA HAT

Junior came to us. If he was involved, why would he do that?

TRAVIS

Because he learned from you how to play both sides.

MEYER

He's also out of his fucking mind. He killed a very fine actress.

TRAVIS

Which one of you geniuses sent him to visit Bud in prison?

(no answer)

I mean, that's what happened, isn't it? Junior killed Bud trying to get him to talk?

(no answer)

Who was it doubled down and sent him to Candle Key, so that he could start raping and torturing Bud's daughter? By my count, he's killed at least six people. I'm sure you've seen his movies by now. That's on you.

PANAMA HAT

Private Padilla was rotting in a cave in Afghanistan under threat of execution. We needed the sapphires to get him out and Junior found them.

TRAVIS

What he found were fakes. Everything after that was him stalling while he tried to find the real ones. For himself. And while you may have your head up your ass, you're not a complete idiot. You figured something was off. So you sent Daryl Bates to check on Junior. And we all know how that worked out. I still have his thumb, by the way, in my glove compartment.

Panama Hat regards Travis for a long moment.

PANAMA HAT

This is a waste of time.

He then shuts off the camera and walks out without another word. McCurry nods to the two Soldiers who brought Meyer in.

MCCURRY

Mr. Meyer, you're free to go.

MEYER

I made myself clear. I'm not leaving without McGee.

TRAVIS

Are you stoned? Get the fuck out of here.

Meyer looks at Travis who nods.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm good.

MEYER

(points at McCurry)

This isn't the last you're gonna hear from me.

MCCURRY

Yes, it is.

McCurry waves at the Soldiers who escort Meyer out.
The DOOR SHUTS.

McCurry now gets up, wipes his hands on his napkin, then sits down in Meyer's seat. He takes out some papers and pouch of Pinch and starts to roll himself a cigarette.

MCCURRY (CONT'D)
What do we do with you?

TRAVIS
That's the question, isn't it?

MCCURRY
No, the question is: Is the world safer
with you in it or out of it?

EXT. TARMAC - SCREAMING BRIGHT SUNSHINE

Everything's white for a moment as the two Soldiers lead Travis out to a WAITING HUEY HELICOPTER.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Travis is pushed up by the soldiers into the open bird. HE SITS ACROSS FROM JUNIOR. Meyer, next to Travis. Terrified. Junior and Travis stare at each other a moment. Finally--

JUNIOR
They set you straight in there? You got
your head on right now?

TRAVIS
Fuck you.

JUNIOR
(smiles)
You don't like me, that's okay. But--
(indicates outside)
--they need me.

Travis sees Panama Hat talking outside with the Colonel. Panama Hat nods, then turns and heads for the chopper. Travis and the Colonel share a look as Panama climbs in and sits beside Junior.

Finally, the two Cubans, Pacheco and Cinago, both in fatigues, climb aboard and sit down on either side of Travis without a word. No wise cracks this time. Both are dead serious as the helicopter now lifts off from the base.

Panama Hat puts his arm up on the seat behind Junior and Travis sees that he's got a HOLSTERED GUN there. Junior catches the look on Travis' face and chuckles to himself, turns and looks out at the blue ocean.

Panama Hat stares at Travis. Travis looks out. Too high to jump. Looks back. Panama Hat is still staring at him. So Travis waits for whatever's coming. He doesn't have to wait long.

PANAMA HAT
Pacheco, open the door please.

Meyer starts to panic.

TRAVIS

It's okay.

Pacheo opens the door. Meyer is shaking. The sound of the chopper blades is deafening. Wind.

And before Travis can register what's happening, PANAMA HAT SHOOTS JUNIOR IN THE HEAD. LEANS BACK AND KICKS HIM OUT OF THE HELICOPTER. A stunned Travis watches the body fall and fall and hit the surface.

Pacheo and Cinago reach for the weapons, but Panama shoots Pacheo snapping his head back before he falls out the open door. Cinago has got his gun on CIA man when the pilot banks the bird and Cinago falls out the door screaming.

Travis looks at Panama Hat, ready for whatever's gonna come. Panama Hat reaches into his coat and pulls out--

--THE SMALL GO PRO.

Travis numbly takes it from him. Looks across at Meyer who we now see is shaking uncontrollably.

MEYER

Is he gonna shoot us?

TRAVIS

(looks at Panama Hat)

Not today.

Travis and Panama Hat eye one another as Meyer hangs on for dear life, the helicopter now banking away from us...

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - DAY

The John Maynard Keyes bobs in her berth. A few spots of bondo.

INT. JOHN MAYNARD KEYES - DAY

Meyer, in his kimono, finishes two espressos as CNN plays.

DON LEMON

Private George Padilla was rescued today--

Meyer looks at the TV.

NEWSCASTER

--after a daring raid by Special Forces in the Kumar province. Eight Taliban fighters holding Padilla were killed.

Meyer hears voices outside, snaps off the television and heads outside to the railing, where he beholds--

EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - DAY

The Busted Flush is a thing of beauty in the morning sun. All her wood varnished. Cleats and rails all sparkle. A new vessel.

Travis in shorts and a T-shirt holds a mop and talks with Gail, parked below on the dock.

GAIL
Boat looks good. Like it might actually
be seaworthy.

TRAVIS
We'll soon find out.

She gets the meaning of that. So does Meyer.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Sure you don't wanna come up?

GAIL
I don't quite have my sea legs.

TRAVIS
Don't kid yourself. They're great legs.

GAIL
I just thought you'd like to know that
Deleen Maywood is back home with her
folks in Seattle.

He nods.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Where you gonna go?

TRAVIS
I don't know.

He smiles at her. A little moment between them.

GAIL
Well, when you get there, drop me a
postcard.

He watches her get in the car and drive off. Sighs. He keeps letting the good ones go. He resumes his mopping.

MEYER (O.S.)
Nothing sexier than a woman with a
badge.

Travis smiles. Meyer shimmies across a plank onto the Flush.
Hands Travis his coffee.

TRAVIS
Don't forget the gun on the hip.

MEYER
Almost too much.
(extends his hand)
I don't say good-bye.

Travis shakes then goes back to mopping toward the bow. Meyer takes a deep breath, looks at Travis' boat.

MEYER (CONT'D)
Quite a transformation, matey.
(regarding the wet deck)
The teak looks beautiful. And all this
brightwork... as you can see, I've been
doing some reading on the wooden boat.

Travis stops mopping. Looks at the deck. He crouches down.

TRAVIS' POV - THE DECK

A pattern in the wood. But something is off. Meyer comes over.

MEYER
Something wrong?

TRAVIS
What do you see?

MEYER
A lovely sawtooth pattern.

TRAVIS
Look at the bungs. The wooden plugs
that cover the set screws.

MEYER
Very nice. I didn't realize you had to
sink the screws, but, of course, if you
think about it, walking on--

TRAVIS
--Look again. Look at the grain.
They're made out of the same wood, so
they have the same kind of grain. A
good carpenter sets them to match the
grain in the planks.

MEYER
You've lost me.

TRAVIS
I'm a good carpenter.

MEYER
(points)
Those two don't match.

Travis pulls out his knife, pries up the offending plugs. The screws underneath are loose, come right out. Travis lifts the plank, looks into the space. He reaches down...

MEYER (CONT'D)

What is it?

Travis holds up a sapphire.

TRAVIS

An invisible planet.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

The Busted Flush out on the water. Travis at the helm. She looks great out here. And Travis does, too. In his element.

ON TRAVIS

As he looks thoughtfully at the blue stones sitting in a jar on the dash. Puts the boat into a wide turn.

EXT. CANDLE KEY - DAY

The Busted Flush is docked at the Kerr house.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

BALLGAME on the radio. Beers in front of them, Travis sits at a picnic table with Cathy and Christine. Cathy, faint bruises still visible, watches as her mother touches one of the blue stones that practically glow in front of her. A quiet moment.

CHRISTINE

Where were they?

TRAVIS

Right where Cathy hid them.

(looks at her)

That night...

Christine looks at her daughter. Cathy doesn't look up.

CATHY

Keep them. They're yours.

TRAVIS

They belong to somebody else. Were meant as a wedding gift when your father stole them.

CATHY

They don't belong to anyone. Bud told me the man he stole them from, had stolen them from someone else.

TRAVIS
Maybe. But still--

CATHY
You don't want them, then return them.
We don't want them either.

Travis exchanges a look with Christine, then--

TRAVIS
Cathy. Junior's dead.

CATHY
You don't know that.

TRAVIS
Oh, I know it. He's gone.
(takes a single gem)
My cut.

Travis then finishes the beer and stands.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I should get moving.

He comes over and kisses Cathy on the top of the head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Your dad was right, you're really
something.

She looks up at him. He leaves it at that.

Christine walks Travis walk down to the boat. Watches as he
unties the line. Jumps aboard. Christine reads the name--

CHRISTINE
The Busted Flush? What's that about?

TRAVIS
I won her in a poker game.

CHRISTINE
Of course, you did.

She watches him pull the line on board.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Where you gonna go?

TRAVIS
I don't know.

CHRISTINE
You could stay here for a while.
If you can make our house look half as
good as that boat--

Travis looks at her.

TRAVIS

I don't know if that's a good idea.

CHRISTINE

I'm not asking you to marry me, McGee.

TRAVIS

I think I need to keep... moving.

CHRISTINE

If that's what you need.

She smiles, waves. He moves to the pilot house. She starts up for the house, listens as HE NOW TRIES TO START THE ENGINE.

It doesn't turn over. She pauses, listens as he tries again. Still NO GO.

Now she turns around and the two of them look at each as he tries again. The engine struggles and struggles and we...

CUT TO BLACK