

"THE DEEP BLUE GOOD-BY"

Screenplay

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1/27/15

BLUE

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

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

CREDITS CONTINUE as a FIGURE hits the water. A WOMAN. We know that from the bikini. She starts swimming. Everything still SLOWED WAY DOWN...

And now a SECOND SPLASH. Something else hits the water. A CINDERBLOCK. Tied to her feet. And down she goes. Long hair swirling about her head.

CREDITS CONTINUE as she drops to us. Her tied legs pumping. HER HANDS ARE BOUND, too. AN OBJECT taped to them. As she gets close, we see the object is a GO PRO camera. Pointed at her face.

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

WE PAN as she sinks past us, hair and arms, moving into the deep, 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 sits 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

Empties roll on the listing deck. A chair overturned. A bikini top. Whatever party happened, it's over now. The water takes hold of A CHEST WHICH SPILLS ITS CONTENTS: LARGE BLACK EELS.

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

Off the dozen large slithering eels, we find TRAVIS MCGEE (40) sitting in a deck chair, water to his waist.

TRAVIS
I think that's why I left you.

He takes a hit off a joint and watches the eels head to sea.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I may be out of moves this time.
It's a miracle I've lasted this long.

He grabs a bottle as it rolls past. He opens it...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Thirteen years since Matty. Ten years
since Afghanistan. Eight since I got
off the bus in Miami.

Now he takes a long drink, then--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I thought it might be easier down here.
To find a rich lady. Retire to stud.
(laughs, stops himself)
Fuck. McGee. What are you doing?

He stumbles-- drunk, stoned, on the listing boat -- wades
through the chest high water toward A TINY RED LIGHT IN THE
DARK. A CAMERA. A little Go Pro like the one we just saw.

He fumbles with it. Rewinds. Then sloshes back to his chair.
We see he's bleeding. Another swig from the bottle, and a deep
breath before looking up again at the camera.

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

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

Camera is low. Traffic screaming past in both directions.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
I'm gonna say the whole shitstorm
started two Tuesdays ago when I came
across this Red Belly Cooter.

A TORTOISE enters frame, making its way across four lanes of
perilous blacktop. Cars pass by at 70 mph, just missing it. But
the animal, fearless or oblivious, continues on its way.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
I had to wonder-- How does one do
that? Become invisible like that?

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

The DOOR OF A SILVER MERCEDES OPENS and someone in a pair of
flip flops gets out. CARS HONK, pull around. The flip flops
scuff over to the turtle and, as their owner crouches down, we
see TRAVIS MCGEE, 40, sun flaring behind him.

TRAVIS
Let me help you, brother--

That's when the animal turns, quick, and BITES HIM ON THE HAND.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Motherfucker--

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

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

Travis stands there staring at the ruined Mercedes.

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 you stop in the middle
of the fucking road, dude?!

TRAVIS
Stud, my hazards were on.

But now the big guy isn't listening or even looking at the flashers. He's staring at the MERCEDES' TRUNK which popped open in the accident. He starts backing away. Holds up a hand...

DRIVER
I'm sorry. My bad...

As he now turns and hurries back to his car. Puzzled, 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, 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... McGee.

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

COP
Your ride's here.

EXT. FLORIDA STATE POLICE BUILDING - DAY

Travis steps into the bright light. Sees a WOMAN, around his age in a light suit, 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 (O.S.)
My client got the Mercedes in the
divorce but his ex-wife took it --

INT. CAR - DAY

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

TRAVIS
...just to piss him off. So just to
piss her off, he sent me after it. I
found them 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, took
the car and was on her way to Arcadia
to break her boyfriend out of jail.

TRAVIS
Where'd she get the guns?

GAIL
Jesus, you're dumb-- They were already
in the car.
(off his dull expression)
Your client's a dealer, Travis. FSP
says that was quarter mill of iron he
had in the trunk.

Travis 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 now?

GAIL
In the wind. Along with your fee.

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - MORNING

Gail pulls along the dock, coming to a stop at slip F-18. She
looks at AN OLD, PEELING, LAYER CAKE OF A BOAT. As Travis grabs
a duffle, he takes in her disdain for his "new" home.

GAIL
What happened to the catamaran?

TRAVIS
Gone. I won this in a poker game.

GAIL
Ah.

He turns. Something in that simple "Ah" wasn't so simple.

TRAVIS
You want me to get a condo like you?

GAIL
I don't want you to do shit. But a
fixed address is a good thing.

TRAVIS
Fixed as in *permanent*.

GAIL
As in *stable*. What are you hiding from?

Travis smiles, takes her in. Up and down. Beautiful.

TRAVIS
That a new holster? It's sexy.

GAIL
Get the fuck out of my car.

Travis complies and as he does, notices YELLOW CAUTION TAPE stretched between pylons of his boat, blocking entry. He pulls A PINK SHEET OF PAPER off the transom; NOTICE OF NON PAYMENT.

OVER AT THE MARINA OFFICE -- A MAN in a lawn chair waves.

Travis turns back to find Gail, having turned around, driving past him. She slows as he leans in the driver's window.

TRAVIS
Hey. Can you do me a favor?

GAIL
I just did you a favor.

TRAVIS
Can you loan me a hundred?
(off her stone face)
No. You're right. Never mind. You're
the best. Thank you, Gail.

He leans in and kisses her for a moment or two or three.
She pushes him back, takes a breath, then pulls a fifty.

EXT. MARINA OFFICE - DAY

Travis stands across the counter from IRV, the marina manager.

TRAVIS

The boat doesn't run, Irv.
I need time to rebuild the engine.

IRV

Then pay the dock fee, Gigolo.

TRAVIS

Don't try to be funny, Irv.

Phone starts ringing. Irv stares back at him.

IRV

How's this for funny? Tow that thing
or sink it, I don't care which, long
as you and your floating shit palace
are gone.

(answers phone)

Bahia Mar.

Travis pulls out the CASH Gail gave him, mingles it with some of
his own, keeping a few bucks for himself.

TRAVIS

How much time this buy me?

Irv looks at the crumpled money, a turd on the counter.

IRV

(covers receiver)

One week.

EXT. SLIP F-18 TRAVIS' BOAT - DAY - LATER

Travis pulls a small bag of groceries and a six pack from the
truck-bed of his CONVERTED '72 ROLLS SILVER SHADOW.

His flip flops step over A ROPE DOORMAT on the transom. He
stops, turns and resets a bell hammer rigged to the doormat via
a wire on a post, then continues shuffling aboard.

INT./EXT. TRAVIS' BOAT - SAME

SOUND OF THE LOCK being broken from the wood. Travis comes
inside, a wad of caution tape in his hand. Flips a light switch.
Nothing. He stands there in the dark with his groceries.

TRAVIS

Awesome.

SERIES OF SHOTS. Travis starts a genny. Flicks on a tube amp
and radio. BURRITO BROTHERS PLAY. He begins cleaning, putting
things away. 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. A greasy hand reaches up, grabs the beer.
A moment later the hand sets the can back down. Crushed.

A HORN SOUNDS. Travis pops up and watches A NEW HINKLEY CRUISER cut an erratic path. At the helm, a STOUT DUDE, 30's, in boating attire, dab of nozecoat. TWO GORGEOUS (i.e. EXPENSIVE) GIRLS lounge, one topless. Stout guy honks at KIDS IN KAYAKS.

KAYAKER

We got the right of way, dick!

STOUT DUDE

Not in this slip! Read the signs!

The argument continues as the stout guy roughly turns into the slip beside Travis, barely missing the kayaks. As the stern swings we see the name *JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, NEW YORK CITY*.

The Stout Man waves at Travis. This is MEYER.

Travis waves back tepidly. He knows this stout guy and even likes him, but just doesn't feel like the full Meyer experience right now. Travis retreats into his cabin.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Home is where the privacy is.

SERIES OF SHOTS CONTINUES: A CRAMPED SHOWER. Travis sticks his soapy head under the warm drizzle.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Draw the curtains, button the hatches
and with the drone of the air masking
the sounds of the world--

Hair wet and slicked back, Travis pulls the blinds against the sun and lays himself beneath his air conditioner on his curved couch with another Pabst. Bliss.

TRAVIS

--you're no longer cheek to jowl with
the neighbor craft. You're in a rocket
beyond Venus or under the polar--

A BELL RINGS OUT, interrupting his thoughts. Travis sits up. He crosses to his door and looks out toward the dock.

EXT. TRAVIS' BOAT - SAME

A YOUNG WOMAN, 17, in a dress, backlit by the sun, stands on the rigged rope doormat, looking about confused. She sees him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Mr. McGee?

Travis just looks at her.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Can I speak to you?

TRAVIS

McGee's not here right now.

YOUNG WOMAN
My name's Cathy Kerr.

TRAVIS
You can leave a message for him.

The young woman looks at him, disappointed perhaps.

CATHY
Bud Kerr was my daddy.

Travis emerges from the cabin, shirtless.

TRAVIS
How old are you?

CATHY
Twenty.

TRAVIS
Going on what, seventeen?

CATHY
Before he died, Bud told me if I ever
needed help, I should find you.

TRAVIS
Bud's dead?

CATHY
Few years now.

TRAVIS
Over there?

CATHY
In prison. You served with him, right?

TRAVIS
Not with him, per se.

CATHY
He said you saved his life. He also
said he saved yours.

TRAVIS
What can I help you with?

CATHY
Can we get out of this sun?
I burn real easy.

INT. TRAVIS' BOAT - CABIN - DAY

As Travis clears a roach, ashtray, and crumpled beers from the table, he notices Cathy is playing with something in her hand.

CATHY

On my thirteenth birthday, my daddy told me and my mom he found something in Afganistan. Something valuable. That he'd seen to it we'd never want for nothing again.

Travis sits down. He knows something about this.

TRAVIS

But it didn't work out that way.

CATHY

He got picked up for looting. And they gave him seven years at Starke.

TRAVIS

He pissed somebody off.

CATHY

They told him they'd cut him loose if he told them where the loot was.

TRAVIS

So how'd he die?

CATHY

He cut his wrists with a piece of broken tile. They said.

Cathy pulls her phone out again; she scrolls through it.

CATHY (CONT'D)

A few months back, around Valentine's, a man comes to Candle Key. Knocks on the door. Says he served with my Daddy. Calls himself Junior. Junior Allen.

She hold up a dim, grainy picture on her phone.

CATHY (CONT'D)

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.

CATHY (CONT'D)

He seemed alright. A man my Daddy knew, a veteran down on his luck.

TRAVIS

So you let him stay.

CATHY

He was a gentlemen at first. Went right to work. He was a real bird-dog fixing things, hauling, mowing.

TRAVIS

He was also busy grid-searching
your property.

CATHY

I know that now. Anyway. After a few
days, he starts asking questions about
my folks, boyfriends. Then he starts
coming in my room at night. He'd sit
there with the lights out. Ask me
things a man like him isn't supposed to
ask a girl like me. I couldn't see him
in the dark. He said he wasn't there,
that I was talking to the God of Night.

TRAVIS

The what?

CATHY

The "God of Night."

TRAVIS

What the hell is that?

CATHY

Whatever it was, he was some kind of
parishioner.

TRAVIS

How long did this go on?

CATHY

A month or so.

TRAVIS

So, Junior came in your room every
night for over a month and never got
out of that chair?

She looks off at the harbor.

CATHY

Two weeks ago, I woke up and the
floorboards in the kitchen were all
torn up. And he was gone.

She holds up a SMALL CRUDELY CUT BLUE SAPPHIRE.

CATHY (CONT'D)

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

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

TRAVIS

How many of these he get?

CATHY
It was a big box.

Travis takes this in. His mind working.

TRAVIS
...and that was last time you saw
Junior? Two weeks ago?

CATHY
I saw him again, day before yesterday,
in Sugarloaf. I was applying for a job,
at the cafe, you know, by the marina?
And there he was, standing on this
Cruiser. He didn't see me. He was
talking to some redhead.

TRAVIS
You know the name of the boat?

CATHY
It was like *Playmate* or Playpen or
something like that.

She takes pencil and scratches 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)
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. Looks around his shit
boat. Doing math on whether 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 what'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.

CATHY

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

(gets up)

I hope my daddy was right about you.

EXT. AIA CAUSEWAY TO THE KEYS - DAY

Travis' Rolls pickup makes its way over to central Lauderdale. A black Lamborghini rides its tail, flashing its lights.

INT. TRAVIS' PICK-UP - SAME

Travis waves the Lambo past and, as it roars and overtakes his Rolls, we see the driver's a young Saudi. J Lo type in the other seat. Music thumping. On Travis' radio, an obnoxious radio commercial ends and news headlines play--

NEWSCASTER

...Negotiations with the Taliban over the release of Sergeant George Padilla, held seven years in Afghanistan, have broken down... (continues)

Travis looks out the window. Fancy resorts with blinged out cars. On the water, million dollar yachts. God Bless America.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

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 (O.S.)

"Playpen" was here about two weeks.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

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

TRAVIS

Owner tell you where he was going?

FISHERMAN

Nah. He was one of those guys, he talked alot, but didn't say anything.

TRAVIS

What'd he look like?

FISHERMAN

Football player. A big boy. A hit with the ladies. Liked to party I guess.

The man turns back to his boat.

TRAVIS

They biting?

FISHERMAN

If you can find 'em. Not that it matters. Tourists don't give two shits about fish no more.

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

FISHERMAN (CONT'D)

More interested in Gitmo now, getting close enough for some pictures before it's all shut down.

TRAVIS

Thanks for your time.

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

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey. You got a minute?

She looks up at him. Wary. Says nothing.

GIRL

Sorry. Super busy.

TRAVIS

(holds out a bill)
My last ten.

GIRL

You want a blowjob?

TRAVIS

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

GIRL

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 couple weeks back.

GIRL

Which one?

TRAVIS

The Playpen.

GIRL

I knew you were gonna say that.
I was inside. Couple weeks ago. A bunch
of us went over cause he had a party.

TRAVIS

He who?

GIRL

Junior. I went with a girl I know. We
went below to get high, maybe fool
around a little. No offense, I just
like girls better.

TRAVIS

None taken. I do, too.

GIRL

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

TRAVIS

How?

GIRL

Lots of gear. Figured he was into Dom,
you know? 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,
and got the fuck out.

TRAVIS

And your friend?

She doesn't answer. Travis turns to her.

GIRL

I went back the next day, 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 for Travis to see a shot of a pretty young girl, long hair, dancing, smiling in a tank top. Was she the one drowning in our opening? May well be.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE - DAY

Travis, drives his Rolls Conversion, making his way toward the water. Lauderdale is 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 FLAMINGOS 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

No. I'm in the market.

JOE TRUE

Oh. I apologize all over the place. I 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. And I'll be calling you-- ?

TRAVIS

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 on blocks; sales banners 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 Cuban workers around a Cigarette Boat wrestling an in-board on a hoist. TWO OTHER CUBANS, hardly wet, sip beer from lawn chairs, apparently supervising.

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

TRAVIS
The boat caught my eye was called the
Playpen.

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

TRAVIS
You know it?

JOE TRUE
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

We're done. Get your ass off the lot.

Joe heads for an office passing THE TWO CUBANS.

EXT. CUBAN CAFE - DAY

Travis crosses the street from the boat yard and sits down at
alongside a few 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 on his lot.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(SUBTITLED Spanish)

They're going to kill him.

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

TRAVIS

Perdoneme?

She indicates the TV OVER THE COUNTER. A NEWSCAST, IN SPANISH. A MAN, long hair, bearded, awkwardly reads a statement. The name Sgt. George Padilla at the bottom of screen.

WOMAN

They say he's going to be dead in a week. But if he wasn't Mexican, he'd be home already.

HISPANIC CUSTOMER

They'd launch a goddam raid.

Travis looks back at Sgt. Padilla on the TV. Once a soldier now... something else. Travis meets eyes with the customer, then indicates the boat dealership across the street...

TRAVIS

They do much business over there?

WOMAN

Some. More at night time.

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.

The YOUNGER CUBAN, the one with the ink, steps beside Travis. Travis stiffens as he feels something in his ribs. He looks down noticing Special ops ink on the guy's arm.

CINAGO

That's a gun, puto.

TRAVIS

Yeah, I got that.

PACHEO

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

Pacheco walks up to Travis. But not too close. He makes a fist, takes some swings in the air, a boxer. The letters G-O-N are tattooed on his knuckles, a black cube on the back of his hand.

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.
(regarding tats)
What's G-O-N? God of Night?

PACHEO
(smiles)
I like you. But you're getting into
some shit you shouldn't be.

Travis sighs. *Story of my life.*

PACHEO (CONT'D)
You're a working man. Like me. We do
what we're told, 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 is getting impatient, says something in Spanish to Pacheco, but he keeps him calm with a look, then--

PACHEO
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 does
Junior Allen pull 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.

Cinago goes down. 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? Brother?

PACHEO
Please. Shoot him. Shoot me. I don't
care. This is not a snake you poke. Cut
off one head, there's another to take
it's place, you understand?

Travis shoves Cinago at Pacheco's feet. Empties gun, tosses it.

TRAVIS
Go down a road. Stir the pot. Poke the
snake. Tell you one thing, Pacheco,
maybe you can't fight--
(grabs Pacheco's keys,
throws them)
--but you rock a mean metaphor.

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

He pulls away into the mercury blue of the Lauderdale night.

EXT. KIMBY-MYER - NIGHT

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

EXT. DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

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

JOE TRUE

What're you still doing up, Tuck?

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 the boy was awake. Something about nightmares, then grabs her jacket and heads for the door.

Outside, Travis freezes as a car passes by, then slides toward the screened in porch, moving past some lemon trees.

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 and a beer.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)

Nice chopper. Carmina get that for you?

BOY

It's an Mi 35, like in Afghanistan.

Joe True looks up, at his son.

JOE TRUE

Where'd you get that, Tucker?

His son keeps playing. Joe True takes him gently by the wrist.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)

Tucker. Where'd you get that?

TUCKER

The army man at school. 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.

Joe True stares at the vibrating phone. He won't answer it but can't manage to look away from it either, even though his son keeps talking to him. That's when he notices --

A RED PRICK OF LIGHT ON HIS CHEST. True whips round. Now the dot is on his neck. He sees it in reflection on the sliding door.

JOE TRUE

Get inside, Tucker! Now!

The boy starts crying and runs upstairs.

Below the porch, Travis reacts to True's movements and the red dot tracking him. He looks about for the source of the laser.

Inside now, True locks doors, windows, his face red, sweaty.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
Tucker, I'm sorry. I'll be right up.

Joe True takes a deep breath and answers the phone.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
Hello. Hey. Can you get it off me,
please? Well, I *don't* think its funny.

The dot slides away. Joe looks to his son crying on the stairs.

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

Joe True has his back to us now.

JOE TRUE (CONT'D)
What guy? Oh. Because he didn't *tell* me
his name. He was looking for a boat. Of
course not. Talk to Pacheco.
(becoming frightened)
Junior, if you had seen this guy-- he's
a fucking bum, looks like a surfer.

TUCKER
Daddy? ...Daddy, you gonna come up?

Joe True turns to see his son on the stairs, in his footies, the laser dot now on the boy's chest. True steps in front of him...

JOE TRUE
Jesus, Junior, please!..

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

EXT. I 95 / STREETS - NIGHT

As Travis approaches, weaving through traffic. He sights the SUV, stays several cars back. The SUV pulls into a Liquor Store.

EXT. SMALL MARINA - NIGHT

Not many boats. Mostly working vessels. A food shack. THE MAN exits the SUV. Grabs a liquor store bag and walks 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 at the docks. Quiet. Looks at the plates of the SUV, writes it down. Tries the door. It's not locked. *Lucky.*

INT. SUV - SAME

He gets inside. 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. Reads the names of each as he passes. Stops at the back of a cruiser. PLAYPEN.

A single light inside illuminates THE MAN, sitting, naked now, in a straight chair, meditating. He is covered in tats.

Travis climbs aboard the boat next door, moves along the rail to get a better look. He watches as--

THE MAN does insanely difficult pull-ups behind his back. Suddenly, the man turns. Stares at the window. He shuts off the light and PICKS UP A PHONE. The man is JUNIOR ALLEN, (40).

JUNIOR

What. *Uh huh.*

(now in SPANISH)

Well, who is he? A name would be good.

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

INT. TRAVIS' CAR - NIGHT

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 rolling papers, takes a vial of weed out of another, rolls himself a tight joint, lights it.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

My glamorous job. More watching than doing. More listening than talking. The only talents required; being good at being invisible or being good at looking stupid. I can do both, as you know, particularly the latter. I have a useful face. A blank. The generic folk-hero crinkle at the corner of the eyes, the bashful smile, a face I use to make faces, to play parts, and to disappear.

INT. TRAVIS' CAR - DAWN

Travis is sound asleep. Out the windshield we see Junior come up from the dock, a duffle in hand, dressed in CAMO FATIGUES.

He is followed by several men, also in camo; the two Cubans from True's lot (PACHEO AND CINAGO) and another guy, A ONE-ARMED MAN. Junior throws the duffle in the back and slams the back door.

Travis stirs, opens his eyes, watches as Junior gets in the front seat of the rental beside Pacheco, who drives it past, across the wharf, toward the food shack, smoke rising from its grill. Travis watches as the men clamber out, order breakfast.

EXT. PLAYPEN - DAWN

Travis takes in the deck. Everything in perfect order. In its place. Lines are neatly coiled. The deck is spotless.

He sees A LONG BAIT CHEST, nearly coffin sized, and opens it. He stares in at A BLACK TANGLE OF LIVE EELS IN SHALLOW WATER. Large and fat, they slither upon each other.

INT. PLAYPEN - SAME

Travis enters the cabin. Clothes folded on the bed. Again it's all neat. Travis systematically goes through it. Opens the closet, finds a wet-suit, more camo. Military duds.

Travis moves from the main cabin, down the hall and opens the door across the way and freezes.

IN THE CABIN, HE SEES-- A chair in the middle of the room. A coil of rope on it. A tripod in front, a GO PRO atop. Travis steps in the room and something sounds weird. He looks down. THE FLOOR IS COVERED WITH 3 MIL PLASTIC.

Travis takes this in, crosses to the camera. Finds the ON button, 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 is tied up in the chair. Laughs. MUSIC and PARTY SOUNDS OS.

GIRL ON VIDEO

I've done this before, you know.

JUNIOR'S VOICE

Not like this, Ceci.

(she giggles)

What's funny?

GIRL / CECI ON VIDEO

...Dudes... in general... always thinking they're so different.

JUNIOR'S VOICE

This is different, Ceci. This is my practice. Keeps me sharp. For my job.

On the screen, Junior crosses camera, his back to us, to a shelf on the port wall. He plays with something there.

CECI ON VIDEO

I thought you were a diver.

JUNIOR ON VIDEO

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

Travis continues listening as he crosses to the wall, checking out A SPEARGUN on a rack. A rack of automatic weapons, knives.

CECI ON VIDEO

What things.

On the wall, Travis finds ANOTHER GO PRO on a tablepod on a shelf. He starts that one too. A different angle on the same action with Ceci. The files are not in sync and play with echo.

JUNIOR ON VIDEO

Secret things. True things. Shameful things. Like you're thinking now.

Travis now finds A THIRD GOPRO on a wallmount behind the chair. He starts that one and finds a different video, of a balding guy in a wrinkled suit, also in the chair, sobbing.

MIDDLE AGED MAN ON VIDEO

I just came to see the ocean...

JUNIOR ON VIDEO

--and it just happened to be Spring Break, Stu? Why are you crying? Tell me about the Oxy in the bag.

MIDDLE AGED MAN ON VIDEO

I'm a medical rep?! I told you!

Zwwwip!-- TRAVIS FAST FORWARDS to another person in a chair, A MIDDLE EASTERN MAN in an orange jumpsuit-- with a different background, a chair in some sort of hut. On the little screen, Junior twists something that causes the man extreme pain.

JUNIOR ON VIDEO

All to keep a secret? It's a lot for a system to tolerate, Amir. We're wired to sustain to thrive, to avoid death!

Travis crosses back to the "Ceci" cameras just as the camera zooms to Ceci's face.

JUNIOR ON VIDEO (CONT'D)

Originally, the word shame meant "the one with red cheeks". Shame's easy to spot, Ceci, because biology betrays us.

CECI ON VIDEO

I'm not ashamed of--

JUNIOR ON VIDEO

I'm guessing Sarasota, a shoe box, smells of pot and bacon fat. Mom's boyfriend's trailer. Who was it who touched you there?

CECI ON VIDEO

--What?

JUNIOR ON VIDEO

Girls don't wind up like you without a reason. Something fucked you up.

On the small screen, Junior kneels beside her. *There is a distant siren.* Travis crosses to the side camera as--

JUNIOR ON VIDEO (CONT'D)

Maybe it was an Uncle who liked to hug too much, press wood on your bottom.

CECI ON VIDEO

I want to go back up now. Now!

A man screams from the third camera playback. Whatever is going on, Travis doesn't care to see it. He shuts it off. That's when he hears a chopper.

He peers out the porthole-- nothing.

BACK AT CECI'S CAMERA-- Junior leans in, touches her face. Travis winces, watching.

JUNIOR ON VIDEO

*...you wear a lot of make up, Ceci.
(she pushes his hand away)
That what the steroids in your purse are for? --Acne.*

She looks up at him, wet-eyed, more from fear than anything else. Junior crosses to a switch, flicks out the lights.

JUNIOR ON VIDEO (CONT'D)

When it's dark and quiet, Ceci, no one's left to judge. Just you and the God of emptiness and nothing and he knows all about your red cheeks.

The camera switches over to infrared. Ceci's eyes become wild.

JUNIOR ON VIDEO (CONT'D)

Cousin, Uncle, Daddy; The God of Night doesn't care who, Ceci, because that's not why you're ashamed.

She struggles and ends up turning her chair, the two of them now nose to nose in AN INFRARED TWO SHOT. Junior "reads" her.

JUNIOR ON VIDEO (CONT'D)

*It happened at school.
(smiles)
You were hot for teacher.*

CECI ON VIDEO

Go to hell.

JUNIOR ON VIDEO

I get it. He made you somebody. Instead of the pimply nobody in the back row. I think maybe you feel ashamed, Ceci, because you liked it.

Ceci spits at him. Junior smiles.

JUNIOR

Feels good, right? To let it go.

She nods, hoping it will end-- and then--

HE HITS HER WITH A CLOSED HAND and knocks her out of frame.

Travis again hears the rumble of A HELICOPTER. LOUDER NOW.

EXT. MARINA - MORNING

TRAVIS EMERGES from the Playpen as--

A LAKOTA HELICOPTER LANDS in a vacant lot near the breakfast shack, scattering trash. Junior and his men wait to meet the occupants. A MAN IN A PANAMA HAT AND SMALL ENTOURAGE emerge.

Travis, moves along the dock, trying to get a better view. He climbs in his Rolls, pulls out a binoculars. He watches as--

Panama Hat opens the duffel that Junior had been carrying. Junior watches as ANOTHER MAN steps forward and examines the contents with a loupe.

The man holds up something to the light and then shakes his head. Junior steps forward to protest but Panama motions for silence. Junior doesn't back off. Panama gets in his face, then moves to the chopper, tossing the duffel into the ocean.

Travis watches the spot where the duffel sinks as the chopper lifts off over the ocean, leaving Junior standing there.

Travis slides low in his Rolls as--

Junior strides briskly back toward The Playpen, followed by Pacheco, Cinago and the one-armed man who have scrambled back in the SUV. They pull up behind him at the Playpen but Junior barks at them, then casts off and takes his boat out to sea alone.

BACK AT TRAVIS' ROLLS PICK UP - SAME

Travis waits till the Cubans leave, then pulls A SWIM MASK from the cargo box of his Rolls trunk bed.

EXT. UNDER WATER - MORNING

Holding his breath, Travis swims under the wharf, looking through brine at a world of sunlit refuse, then he sights --

THE DUFFLE IN THE DARKNESS. He grabs it.

INT. BACK ROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY

A MOUND OF LARGE RAW CUT BLUE STONES. Not the kind you see at Zales. More like the kind buried in Pyramids with Mummies.

An APPRAISER, an older Jimmy Buffet type peers through a LOUPE at one of them, then another, while Travis hovers.

TRAVIS
What are they worth, Howie?

APPRAISER (HOWIE)
Three, four grand. Maybe.

TRAVIS
Per stone?

HOWIE
All together.

Travis just looks at him.

HOWIE (CONT'D)
They're farmed crystals.

TRAVIS
Fakes.

HOWIE
No. They're real sapphire. But low grade, man made. You get 'em on line from gem farms. The front of cel phones is made from farmed sapphire.

Travis stares at the stones.

TRAVIS
But someone might think these are a worth a fortune.

HOWIE
Sure. You did. At a glance they look like raw Kashmir. That's why there's people like me.

Travis sighs, starts gathering them up.

HOWIE (CONT'D)
Now, if these were raw and natural, clear, saturated, homogenous, inclusion free, unbaked, this many, this weight; People don't walk around with a bag of that, Trav. You get your hands on a bunch of stones like that, hot, blue and clear, you don't keep your hands.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE STREET - DAY

Exactly the sort of shit neighborhood you'd expect see Howie the appraiser's "watch repair" storefront.

Travis gets in his Rolls. He sits there a moment, thinking.

INT. BRANNIGAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

A post lunch lull. Travis watches from the lobby as Cathy, in her polyester green, buses tables, refills condiments, usual end of shift bullshit, hair falling in her eyes.

ANOTHER WAITRESS, 20's, attractive and a bit flirty, let's call her Brenda, lands in front of Travis.

BRENDA
Can I help you?

TRAVIS
No, that's okay. I'm waiting for her.

BRENDA
She's a Tween.

TRAVIS
I'm fine. Thanks.

BRENDA
Your loss.

Travis has to smile as Brenda moves off, revealing Cathy now looking this way.

EXT. BRANNIGAN'S RESTAURANT - MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Cathy sits in Travis' car, door open. She smokes a cigarette and stares at the duffle of stones in her lap.

Travis leans on his Rolls, watching her. The oversized clover designating "BRANNIGAN'S" is behind him.

TRAVIS
You should take those straight to a safe deposit box.

CATHY
...yeah. Okay.

TRAVIS
Something wrong? These are what Junior took from you, right?

CATHY
Did he say anything?
(off Travis' blank look)
Did he even mention my name?

TRAVIS

He didn't say anything about anyone,
Cathy. Because I never talked to him.

CATHY

How did you get them, then? I mean,
the whole plan--

A fat woman clatters past with a WalMart cart full of Chinese-made whatever and two screaming children.

TRAVIS

When I got there, I didn't see the
value of a chit chat, Cathy, as Junior
was, at the time, getting dressed down
by a full bird Colonel who had just
stepped off a government issue Lakota.
(watching her closely)
What's the problem?

CATHY

I thought things would go down
different, that's all.

TRAVIS

What did you think? I'd find Junior and
we'd trade a few smart remarks and then
dance? That I'd "take him out"?

CATHY

Bud said you'd do whatever was
necessary. He said you would make sure
they didn't come back. That you were
that kinda man.

TRAVIS

Who is *they*?

She just stares ahead.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Cathy. Who is they and why would they
come back?

She says nothing.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I got these stones appraised this
morning. You know what they're worth?
...Three grand.

CATHY

My Daddy did not die for three thousand
dollars.

TRAVIS

I agree and I'm thinking those aren't
the stones Bud found in Afghanistan.
(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm thinking you're a bigger girl than
I thought, a chip off the old block,
and you just lead Junior Allen by the
dick to a boobie prize.

Brenda the waitress appears in the doorway of Brannigan's.

BRENDA
Cathy!

Travis crosses to the driver's side. Climbs in. Starts his car.

TRAVIS
Where is your mom? Up at Candle Key?

CATHY
With her Pa in Clayton. He's sick.

BRENDA
Cathy! You got a table!

TRAVIS
Both of you are in deep shit. But you
know that already.

CATHY
I'll be right there!
(looks back at him)
Junior isn't going to hurt me.
(off his look)
He cares about me.

TRAVIS
The man's what we call not well in the
head and he does not care about you.
He's trained in pain and wired to the
system, you made him look like a fool
and you are still hiding the thing he
wants. That's like six bad things.

Tears fill Cathy's eyes.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Your father left you in a bad way. That
sucks. You say you want my help but you
play loose with the facts and I'm not
the guy, goes down tunnels without a
flashlight. So get out. Take your
stones. If you're smart, you'd cash
them and take your Mom on a trip.

Cathy complies. Closes the door behind her. She looks back at
Travis sadly through the open window.

CATHY
So, that's it.

TRAVIS
I don't like being lied to.

CATHY
People lie all the time.

TRAVIS
Probably why I don't like them much.

Travis pulls out with a rumble.

INT. TRAVIS' ROLLS PICK UP -- SUNSET

Travis drives toward the marina.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
Someone once told me "what you don't
know can't kill you". Well, Greta, I
guess if that were true, I wouldn't be
telling you all this.

EXT. MARINA OFFICE - SLIP F-18 -- SUNSET

Travis checks his mail. Pulls out bills, tosses them, then comes
to a subscription to the Carthage Missouri Press.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
Myself, I've come to believe the wide
world is full of likable people who get
kicked in the stomach on a regular
basis. They're disaster-prone.

EXT. TRAVIS' BOAT - NIGHT

Travis sits drinking a Pabst.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
The sky starts falling on their head
and since they can't stop it, they
start to lie about it. And despite a
few heroic lapses, I have found that
you can't reverse the process for them.
And when you try, the sky will start to
fall on your--

WOMAN'S VOICE
Excuse me?

Travis looks up and sees a TALL WOMAN, 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. Meyer steps out on deck in a
kimono to greet her. He sees Travis and waves.

MEYER
Ahoy, Trav!

Travis ignores him. Meyer has come to the rail, leaning over, kimono open, holding a fatty. The boat bobs and he nearly falls.

MEYER (CONT'D)
Still don't have my sea legs.
(looks at Travis' boat)
Jesus, look how tidy your ropes are.

TRAVIS
Lines.

MEYER
How's that?

TRAVIS
On boats, they're called lines.

MEYER
Huh.
(beat)
Mind I ask, Trav, what you do?
I've been wondering since I moved in.

TRAVIS
I do Salvage.

MEYER
Salvage.

TRAVIS
I find missing things.

MEYER
Things in peril.

TRAVIS
Not really.

MEYER
Well, technically, to do "salvage," the things you find *must* be in peril, of loss or destruction, as it were, things which you then save-- the word "save" being derived from the word salvage.

Meyer offers his lit fatty. Travis crosses, smells it, tokes.

TRAVIS
Whatever you say.

MEYER
Can you salvage my life?

Meyer laughs. Too much. Inside his boat, A GIRL calls for him. A few women inside. The Masseuse catches sight of Travis, curious.

MEYER (CONT'D)
Care to join? One of them's cooking paella, I think.

TRAVIS
I'm good, thanks.

Travis hands back the joint and as Meyer turns to go--

MEYER
Oh. You had a visitor this morning. He was trying to act like an old friend of yours but was clearly not your type.

TRAVIS
My type.

MEYER
A cue ball, wore Haggar stretch pants and offered me a fifty to verify your address. Not cool. Not smart.
(smiles)
Not your type.

Travis watches him shuffle off disappear into the cabin.

INT. TRAVIS' BOAT - CABIN - NIGHT

A MARANTZ TUBE AMP FLICKS ON. Plays Cuban Radio.

Travis pulls off his shirt and picks up the Missouri newspaper, folding it to the sports section.

He lies back in bed and starts to read a recap of Carthage Little League play. His attention is pulled away by the sounds of Meyer's party next door. But his head is heavy, and the music and other sounds fade as *the patter of rain on canvas rises*. He closes his eyes as we hear--

BUD (V.O.)
You ever gonna let go of that paper?

CLOSE ON -- TRAVIS' FACE

A YOUNGER, CLEAN CUT TRAVIS, in uniform opens his eyes from a moment's sleep. He clutches an issue of the Carthage Missouri Press at his chest.

BUD (O.S.)
It's not like squeezing it's gonna make it say something different, McGee.

WE ARE : INT. BIVOUAC TENT - DAWN - AFGHANISTAN - 2003

The lean-to is connected to a jeep on a jack, missing a tire. TRAVIS turns to face BUD KERR -- another soldier, same age. Bright eyes, an infectious smile.

Travis slides the paper away and rolls away from him.

BUD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This'll take your mind off things.

TRAVIS

Actually, Bud, you shutting up for five minutes would take my mind off things.

BUD GRINS, HOLDS UP A LARGE RAW BLUE SAPPHIRE (like the ones we've seen *only somehow better*). BUD'S HANDS ARE SHACKLED.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

The fuck is that?

BUD

You read the bible much, McGee?

TRAVIS

Not if I can help it.

BUD

Me either. But lately I've been reading on the internet about the Tablets of Stone, you know, from the Ten Commandments. According to The Old Testament, there were two sets.

TRAVIS

How 'bout that.

BUD

The first ones, inscribed by God, were smashed by Moses when he got pissed about the shit with the Golden Calf.

Travis sighs, lies back. Bud, undaunted, continues:

BUD (CONT'D)

But the second ones came later and were cut by Moses out of sapphire, as a reminder of the sky, the heavens, and the big guy himself.

TRAVIS

The big guy's blue? Like a Smurf?

BUD

No, brah, but the foot of God's throne is made of sapphire. Look at the Israeli flag. Blue star. That's why.

TRAVIS

You don't say.

BUD

The Koran refers to THREE sets of tablets. Thirty Commandments, not ten. And there's a group, fringe of fringe, sworn to uphold all of them. They believe Zionists smashed the sapphire tablets and now the pieces are somewhere in Afghanistan.

Travis looks back at the stone in Bud's hand. Paying attention now. Bud pockets the stone with his shackled hands.

TRAVIS

What have you got there, Bud?

BUD

I've been trying to tell you.

TRAVIS

What stops me from hitting you over the head and taking them?

BUD

You think I got 'em on me? No, brah. Anyway, you ain't taking em from me. You know I got a wife and little girl to provide for.

TRAVIS

You're breaking my heart.

BUD

I heard about you at Leatherneck. They say you're lethal when you have to be, but you got your own code.

TRAVIS

Like DaVinci?

BUD

Like a guy who doesn't fuck people. They say you refused to do a raid in Helmand last year. Told the Colonel you weren't paid enough to kill children.

TRAVIS

They got me wrong. What I told the Colonel was that some of the children were rigged. And they were. Strapped with C-4.

(looks outside)

...It stopped raining.

Travis grabs the newspaper, gets to his feet.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

...I need to stretch my legs.

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

BUD

I'll just stay here and offer wine and cheese to the 86th. They ever get here.

EXT. A POPPY FIELD - AFGHANISTAN - DAY - 2003

Rifle slung over his shoulder, Young Travis walks through the field of poppies. He takes out THE FOLDED PAPER and a JOINT.

CLOSE ON-- THE FOLDED NEWSPAPER

AMONG WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS, one in particular; An attractive young couple, embracing, Greta Moore and guy named Hanley announcing their Missouri nuptials.

Travis fires up the joint. Takes a hit. Rain starts to fall. Travis stops walking, looks up from the paper to the turbulent sky. As he pulls up his hood against the rain, he hears--

AN ENGINE. A RED CROSS JEEP approaches, at high speed, heading in the direction of Travis and the tent. A herd of goats cross the road and the jeep VEERS AROUND THEM INTO THE POPPY FIELD.

Travis watches the jeep drive toward him. Instead of medics in Red Cross gear, THE MEN INSIDE ARE ARMED. One points toward Travis and the next second, THE JEEP BLOWS UP IN A FIREBALL.

Travis freezes, turns to see TWO SHEEPHERDERS now run across the Poppy field towards the burning jeep. Travis shouts at them, tries to wave them off, when TWO QUICK EXPLOSIONS vaporize both of them. POP. POP.

THIS IS A MINEFIELD.

Travis processes what just happened. Takes a breath. Puts out the joint with his finger. He looks at his own feet about to take an irrational step in the mud, when--

VOICE

McGee! ...Don't move!

Bud Kerr stands at the field's edge, waving his arms.

BUD (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! You okay?!

Travis pulls his radio, waves it and Bud ducks into the lean-to to get another. The rain comes down harder and Travis takes in the muddy, smoldering scene. No one moving. He turns in place, 360 degrees, as now, OVER THE RADIO HE HEARS BUD:

BUD (CONT'D)

Seems like you got yourself into a predicament.

TRAVIS

Seems like you lost your leg irons.
I leave a key behind?

BUD

Like I need a key... I was thinking maybe I was gonna go find a ride in that vill we passed a click back.

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

BUD (CONT'D)
But now, I'm thinking maybe I'll stick
around, see what happens.

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

TRAVIS
Somebody's alive over there.

Now Travis sees SOMEONE CRAWLING AWAY FROM THE JEEP IN MUD--

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. It's hard
cause they are filling with the rain, coming in buckets now.

BUD
Retrace your steps.

TRAVIS
I would if I could see them.

The rain is rapidly erasing his tracks. Travis gets to the spot
where he needs to leave his footsteps to get to the wounded man.

BUD
Don't do it. Fuck that guy. Follow your
footprints back to me while they're
still there, LT. He's dead.

Travis takes a deep breath and takes three steps to the wounded
soldier. He drops to the ground beside him, pulling his belt and
wrapping his leg, noticing a Ranger patch on his shoulder. ...
the Ranger struggles... blood comes out his mouth...

TRAVIS
Hey. Stop. Hey. Calm down.

The Ranger grabs at Travis' jacket. Travis notices that the man
clings to a communique with a picture of Bud on it.

RANGER

You McGee? Where you been, man? We've been trying to make contact--

TRAVIS

Rain killed my sat phone. Hey, c'mon, take it easy, don't--

RANGER

Is that Budd Kerr?

Travis reacts, not what he expected to hear from this guy.

RANGER (CONT'D)

We're under orders to take him in. Immediate. Imperative. From Cent Com.

TRAVIS

It's okay. Hey. Let go. I got it from here, soldier. Its okay.

The soldier clutches his 9MM, but starts convulsing. Travis takes his weapon, eases him down to the mud.

ON BUD

Waiting, looking into the field. Rain pouring.

BUD

LT? What's going on?

TRAVIS

I don't think these guys are Red Cross.

CUT TO THE POPPY FIELD - NIGHT - RAIN - 2003

Travis' head lolls. He has fallen asleep squatting in the rain. When he starts to sink to the ground--

BUD ON RADIO

Hey, hey. Trav! No! Stand up, Buddy!

Travis bolts upright. His flashlight is going brown. He can't see anything but the now dead Ranger at his feet.

TRAVIS

...You do know these specials were here for you, right?

BUD

Not for me.

TRAVIS

The stones.

There's a pause, then--

BUD
Whatever you don't know can't kill you.

TRAVIS
I've found the opposite to be true.

Silence a moment, Travis, starts to sag to the ground again.

BUD
Hey! Come on. Talk to me!

TRAVIS
(straightens, groggy)
So, how come you didn't run off on me
when you could?

BUD
What, and leave your lazy ass out there
to fall down and blow yourself up. Even
thieves got a code, Travis. Lock your
knees pal.

Travis does, and closes his eyes, water pelting his face.

BLACK

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

ON TRAVIS - IN THE POPPY FIELD - DAWN - 2003

Still half-standing, Travis looks about, disoriented.

VOICE
Easy, sir.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

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

MEDIC
You're safe now. You can sit.

Travis collapses to the ground. Another SOLDIER crouches,
indicates something OS...

SOLDIER
He belong to you, Ranger?

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

TRAVIS
No, no. He's fine.
(waves at Bud)
Thanks for your help, Soldier!

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

INT. TRAVIS' BOAT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

A shirtless Travis lies face up on the bed. Sweaty. Still.

The glow of the dock and the tube amp playing cuban radio provide the only light. The water laps against the boat and the occasional klang of a buoy are the only other sounds.

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

Travis sits up and stares hawklike into the black. ANOTHER CREAK. Above him. SOMEONE IS ON DECK.

He reaches beneath his mattress. Finds AN OLD BASEBALL BAT. The handle wrapped with electrical tape. He grips it tightly, crosses the cabin, silent, except for the radio. Another creak.

Travis spins, ready to swing the bat when he finds himself facing-- CATHY KERR, barefoot, almost down the steps. She wears a cotton dress. 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 the hell are you doing?

CATHY

Don't know. I-- earlier-- I didn't say
thank you. And I wanted to say sorry.
too. For not telling you everything.

Travis blinks. Takes this in.

TRAVIS

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 boat. Suddenly, 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.

TRAVIS

You can't go there. I told you that.

CATHY

I'm afraid to be alone.

TRAVIS
You don't look afraid.

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

CATHY
Maybe I just want to feel good about something.

Travis says nothing, just regards her, as she takes another step toward him. And another. Her hand rises and touches 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. She looks away, humiliated, struggles with her twisted dress.

CATHY
God damn him for doing this to me.

TRAVIS
Who. Junior?

CATHY
My father.

Travis straightens the dress over shoulders. Rejected, she turns and heads for the cabin door.

TRAVIS
Where are you going? You can't drive anywhere. You're drunk.

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

TRAVIS
Stop. Sleep it off in my bunk. I'll go up on deck. I like it better anyway.

She watches Travis as he neatens the bed and discreetly places the folded Carthage newspaper in a drawer. He meets Cathy's eyes as she shuffles to the bed. He takes a beer from the fridge and regards her bare legs, her head on the pillow, blue eyes looking at him, impossibly beautiful. She lays a palm on the sheets.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Sleep well.

He heads up the stairs with a sigh.

EXT. TRAVIS' BOAT - PRE-DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Travis lays back in his deck chair. Rubs his face.
Sips his beer. Looks out at the water. The full moon.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
Sometimes, I examine my sterling
character and wonder if it would be
functional or entertaining to thud my
head against the railing.

That's when he notices-- One of Meyers' friends, 32, curvy,
on the Keynes, also looking at the moon from a parallel chair.
Their eyes meet. She's about to say something but Travis puts
a finger to his lips, indicates someone below. She smiles.

INT. TRAVIS BOAT - CABIN - MORNING

Cathy opens her eyes, hung over, to see Travis, shirtless,
shaving. He crosses, pours a coffee and puts it beside her.

TRAVIS
Drink that and get dressed. I'm taking
you to Candle Key.

She sits up in bed, taking him in, wet, tanned and Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
And on the way, you're gonna tell me
the truth.

EXT. BAHIA MAR -- SLIP F-18 - PARKING LOT -- MORNING

Travis waits in his idling blue Rolls Pickup conversion as
Cathy, still sleepy, grabs her purse and locks her Toyota.

EXT. TRAVIS' ROLLS PICKUP -- AERIAL - DAY

Travis' Rolls heads out into the Florida Keys, going slow.

INT. TRAVIS' ROLLS PICKUP -- SAME

Travis drives, shades on. Cathy rides, slumped at shotgun.

CATHY
This thing go any faster? Its gonna
take another hour at this rate.

TRAVIS
(pats the dash)
Miss Agnes likes it slow.

Cathy looks at Travis like he's insane, and is tempted to ask
why he calls this blue beast "Miss Agnes", but before she can--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm hungry.

He pulls into a roadside diner.

INT. TRAVIS' ROLLS PICK UP - CONTINUOUS

Travis behind the wheel, eating a sausage biscuit and coffee.
Cathy sits, slumped at shotgun, sipping a tall orange juice.

CATHY

My mom wouldn't visit him in prison.
She was pissed on account he pissed his
life away. She'd drive me out on
Saturdays and sit in the car. That's
when Bud told me there was people after
his stash, specialists, and if we got
in their way, they'd hurt me, little
girl or not. He said we should be *nice*
to whoever showed up cause, with men
like that, the only thing you can do is
please them and hope they go away.

TRAVIS

He told you this when you were
thirteen?

CATHY

He also said he left something for them
to find. So they might leave satisfied
and think they got what they wanted and
that might give us time to get help.
That's when he said I should find you.

TRAVIS

He say where he put the real stones?

She shakes her head. He looks at her.

CATHY

I swear. He said it'd be safer if I
didn't know.

TRAVIS

Guess he wasn't planning on dying.

CATHY

He was murdered.

TRAVIS

So, four years later, Junior shows up.

CATHY

Only I wasn't thirteen anymore. He said
he was from Biloxi and he told me he
liked our Confederate Roses out front,
which are really a kind of Hibiscus.
Then he told me about his momma who
grew these special roses on their farm
that went to the Governor's mansion in
Jackson every week.

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

I gave him some sweet tea and he said he liked the music I was listening to upstairs, and he asked if I could wash his shirt. And I gave him one of Bud's and I saw his tattoos. And that's when I knew he was the man Bud said would be coming. I expected a monster, but he talked quiet and shy. And the way he looked at me, I knew right then he wasn't gonna be in any kind of hurry to find anything. He was gonna take his time and I was gonna let him. At first I couldn't stop. Then I saw what he was.

Cathy is filled with emotion at this point. She wipes her eyes on her jacket sleeve. Finished, Travis starts up the Rolls and pulls out onto the highway.

TRAVIS

So. Your parents always been Bud and Christine to you?

CATHY

Seemed weird to call them Mom and Dad.

TRAVIS

Except when you're playing me.

She meets his eyes. A little smile. This is when Travis notices a van riding his ass, flashing its brights. Travis waves it past (as we've seen before) and the van rumbles by, music blasting.

Travis exchanges a glance with Cathy, then notices--

A RENTAL CAR a few lengths back. He looks at his speedometer then to the mirror. It's weird, given how slow he's going, the rental doesn't get any closer.

CATHY

You just passed the on-ramp.

Coming to a light, Travis sees the Driver better, a shaved head with a thick neck, wearing shades and a polo.

WHEN THE LIGHT TURNS GREEN-- TRAVIS JAMS HARD ON THE GAS AND PULLS A 180 ACROSS TRAFFIC. Cathy braces herself. The rental car tries to do the same, but gets hit by another car.

Travis thoughtfully watches in the rearview as the bald dude gets out of his car, helplessly watches as Travis makes a sharp turn into the on-ramp. Cathy looks at Travis.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Who was that?

TRAVIS

No idea.

EXT. THE FLORIDA KEYS - AERIAL

Travis and Cathy make their way along the causeway, headed toward the keys.

EXT. CANDLE KEY - DAY

Travis' car rattles over a timber truss bridge into Candle Key. Old frame houses; thickets of black cypress and hard pine; trash-can dogs root under a porch; peacocks perch on roof-tops.

EXT. CATHY KERR'S HOUSE - DAY

Cathy points out A LONELY WEATHER-BEATEN HOUSE that backs into the bay; grounds well-kept, surrounded by hibiscus.

CATHY

That's it, on the right.

Cathy notices the beaten up Ford in the drive.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Shit. She's home.

Travis pulls up behind the Ford. As they climb out--

CATHY (CONT'D)

Let me do the talking.

The screen door swings open and A WOMAN steps out. This is CHRISTINE. She's 35, wears shorts and a man's work shirt. She's taller than Cathy and lovely. She takes them in as they approach. Cathy carries the duffle of "farmed" stones.

CHRISTINE

Can I help you?

TRAVIS

My name's Travis McGee. I brought Cathy home.

CHRISTINE

Good for you. Don't take another step.

Cathy looks to Travis-- a look that says "stay here and let me talk to her." Travis nods and Cathy approaches her mother--

CATHY

Christine...

CHRISTINE

Get inside.

CATHY

He's helping me.

CHRISTINE

I'm sure he is. Get inside. Now.

Travis takes a step forward.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I said don't move.

CATHY
Christine, please!

CHRISTINE
(to Cathy)
Get your ass inside NOW!
(back to Travis)
Something tells me, Travis, last night
when she was letting you charm the
apron off her, she didn't mention she
was living with her mother.

TRAVIS
Actually, she did. And I was thinking
maybe the three of us should talk.

Travis takes another step forward.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You know, you do not look like
anybody's mother.

CHRISTINE
Aren't you sweet.

She suddenly pulls AN AK-47. Calm as can be throughout.

Uh-- TRAVIS Mom! CATHY

CHRISTINE
By all means. Take another step.

TRAVIS
Lady, I am not here to put moves
on your daughter--

CHRISTINE
Then you must be one of Bud's "friends"
after his treasure box. Either way, you
lift a foot, I'm gonna shoot it off
then cut the rest of you in half.

TRAVIS
And, lady, I believe you. But I do need
to talk to you.

She studies him a moment, then...

CHRISTINE
This A-K is full automatic, you know
what that means?

TRAVIS
Yes, Ma'am. Thirteen shots a second.
(then)
Your daughter hired me.

CHRISTINE
For what exactly.

TRAVIS
To help you with your Junior Allen
problem. I'm assuming, of course, you
know more than she thinks you do.

CHRISTINE
That's not a high bar.
(to Cathy)
Where the fuck's your car?

CATHY
It's at his place. I'll get it after
work tomorrow.

CHRISTINE
And how you gonna get to work tomorrow?

TRAVIS
She's not going to work tomorrow.

CHRISTINE
You got any I.D., Mr. Detective?

TRAVIS
I'm not a detective.

CATHY
Travis is a salvage consultant.

CHRISTINE
What the fuck does that mean?

TRAVIS
I find things, not people.

CHRISTINE
There's always people behind the
things, Travis. So what you do is
stupid.

TRAVIS
I agree. Can I put my hands down now?

CHRISTINE
What you can do is leave.

TRAVIS
Well, I'd like to, and, if possible,
before you shoot me, but I am just a
bit concerned that Junior Allen is
gonna come back here. Soon.

CATHY

He knew Bud. He's not one of them. He's different. Bud told me about him.

CHRISTINE

All the more reason to worry.

TRAVIS

Christine, I don't feel like you or your daughter are particularly safe here right now.

CHRISTINE

You don't need to worry about us. I'm not like my husband. Because I am not a coward or a liar.

TRAVIS

I can see that.

CHRISTINE

Junior comes back, I'm well and ready. I have this AK, a Remington pump in the pantry and a Glock Ten under my pillow.

TRAVIS

Listen, I've seen Junior. Even with all that iron, you'd be better off taking a trip with Cathy for a few weeks.

CHRISTINE

I thought you only concern yourself with *things*, not people.

TRAVIS

I try, but I'm flawed.

Christine turns to Cathy in the doorway then back to Travis.

CHRISTINE

Thank you for bringing my daughter home. And thank you for your concern. We got a fine local Sheriff if I got any problems, so you can get along.

Travis hesitates, thinking of leaving but wanting to say more. He finally signs and nods and starts up the drive toward Agnes.

TRAVIS

That would be a lot more effective with the safety off.

She looks at the gun, watches him a moment.

CHRISTINE

Fuck.
(then)
Hey!

Travis pauses, turns back. She stands tall.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
If I promise to take her to Clayton for
the weekend, you promise to go away?

Travis walks back to her.

TRAVIS
Give me your hand.

She hesitates, eyes locked with him, then, for some reason, she does. Travis takes a pen and scratches a number on her palm.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
This is the number at my marina. Bahia
Mar, slip F-18. If you get nervous,
even slightly, please call me.

He hangs onto her hand an extra second, then turns to leave and waves to Cathy at the screen door.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You be good. Listen to your Mom.

She flips him off and disappears inside. Travis starts walking up the drive toward Miss Agnes.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
As you know, I don't function well on
emotional motivations. I've become wary
of them. I've become wary of a lot of
things these days--

EXT. BAHIA BEACH-- EARLY MORNING

Travis on a standing board on the ocean at sunrise.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
--like political parties, personal
devices, plastic money, airline miles,
vitamin drinks, reverse mortgages,
CD's, mp3's, Jpegs, PDFs, the Olympics,
the Superbowl, mixed marital arts, mega
churches, 3D movies and super heroes.

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA PARKING LOT-- MORNING

Travis pulls Miss Agnes up next to his boat. Unloads his standing board. Rinses off at a dock shower and notices--

An empty space in the parking lot where Cathy's Toyota used to be. He takes this in. He crosses toward the Marina Office.

TRAVIS
Irv. You get any calls?

Irv looks up from a Marlins game.

IRV
Yeah, sure, from paying customers
lookin' to rent your goddam slip.

EXT. TRAVIS' BOAT -- MORNING

Travis works on the engine. A BACKFIRE then ANOTHER as Travis tries to get it running. It's belching out a plume of black smoke. He shuts it off. Stands there staring at it 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 on the back end of a giant bong hit as he reads a CHART. Travis watches him turn it this way and that. Travis climbs onto Meyer's boat.

TRAVIS
Hey, there was a beat-up green Toyota
parked in one of my spots the last
couple days. You see where it went?

MEYER
Hm? No. Sorry.

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

MEYER (CONT'D)
I'm taking her out again today and I'm
having some anxiety about navigation.

TRAVIS
Stay shallow. To here. Just keep one
eye on your fish finder.

MEYER
My what?

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

MEYER
Yeah, I think I got one of those.
But 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. Just stay in the channel.

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.

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

TRAVIS

The fuck you doing with a boat, Meyer?

MEYER

Same as you. Taking it day by day.

TRAVIS

What was your gig? Before you were a yachtsman?

MEYER

I wrote code.

Travis takes in the massive boat. Meyer explains:

MEYER (CONT'D)

I invented an app.

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.

IRV (O.S.)

Hey! Gigolo!

Travis looks over to Irv at the Marina Office. He holds a phone.

MARINA OFFICE-- SAME

Travis takes the phone from Irv who mouthes -- "two days"

MAN'S VOICE

Travis McGee?

TRAVIS

Who's this?

MAN'S VOICE

Catherine 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.

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)
Nearly drowned. Don't know if she was
thrown off a boat or jumped and swam.

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

BANKS (CONT'D)
Got rope burns on her neck, wrists
and ankles.
(looks at Travis)
When's the last time you saw her?

TRAVIS
Two days ago. In Candle Key.

BANKS
Mom says Cathy hired you. To do what?

Travis looks at Christine, now understands the look she's giving him, turns to the county cop. Wants to give nothing to this guy.

TRAVIS
I'm going in there now.

He walks right past Banks.

INT. ICU - CATHY'S BEDSIDE - SAME

Travis now comes into the room and stands there, looking at

CHRISTINE
Bud and I promised ourselves her life would be better. But we screwed it all up. She got pregnant same age as I was when I had her.

TRAVIS
She's pregnant?

She looks at him.

CHRISTINE
Was.

Travis keeps quiet. Nothing but the hiss of Cathy's ventilator and the beep of her heart.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
What did you think would happen when you started following Junior?

TRAVIS
He was coming back one way or another.
(beat)
I thought you two were going away.

CHRISTINE
I drove her out to Bahia Mar to pick up her car last night. She was gonna follow me to Clayton. But the second she got behind the wheel, she took off.

Travis looks to Cathy, touches her hand, looks to Christine.

TRAVIS
Why didn't you call me?

Christine removes Travis' hand from her daughter.

CHRISTINE
Don't pretend to give a fuck about us.

Visit over. He nods and walks out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR-- SAME

CLOSE ON-- TRAVIS, AS HE WALKS DOWN THE HALL to the elevators. His face a mask of anger. Detective Banks trails after him.

BANKS

So why did she hire you, McGee?

TRAVIS

Ask the mother.

BANKS

She said to ask you. You got no confidentiality unless you got a Florida Investigators license.

Travis waits for the elevator doors to open, then for a collection of folks to exit, some hobbling.

TRAVIS

It was jewelry, nothing important.

BANKS

(taking him in)

I would imagine not.

Travis smiles, steps in the elevator, presses "L". Banks stays on other side of the doors.

BANKS (CONT'D)

So, are all your clients hot and under-age?

THE FIST MOVES WITHOUT WARNING into Banks' face. A blur. Blood sprays out Bank's nose and he falls backward to the linoleum. The elevator doors close.

EXT. MARINA -- DAY

The marina where the Playpen had been. Only it's gone. Travis stares, dark eyed, from inside Miss Agnes. Then, drives away.

INT. KIMBY-MYER - DAY

Joe True crosses the sales floor to his office after lunch.

INT. JOE TRUE'S OFFICE - DAY

True enters, opens the curtains to let the light in when--

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Junior Allen came to your house night before last.

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.

True looks at Travis arm, sees the military ink there.

JOE TRUE

Special Recon.

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.

WE CUT MOMENTARILY OUTSIDE JOE'S OFFICE and see that, despite
the intense fighting, no one sees or hears the struggle on the
other side of the glass. A silent violent pantomime.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Sudden, merciless violence is a great leveler. A man whipped in a fair fight holds onto a bit of pride, resistance. A man rendered helpless and sucking for air is more suggestible.

BACK INSIDE THE OFFICE-- True gets his hand around Travis' wrist when Travis head-butts him and True falls back against his desk, bleeding, beaten. Travis stand there, breathing hard. Joe grabs a rag from his golf bag, falls back on his couch.

JOE TRUE

These guys you're after, they fucking put it in, they put it in all the way, you know what I'm saying? You're into shit that makes whatever you did over there look small.

(holds his broken nose)

Goddamit!

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

He's not regular army.

Joe pulls out some pills, pops two, washes them down with the Diet Coke on his desk.

TRAVIS

Special Interrogation. Torture team. I've bumped into them before.

JOE TRUE

Junior Allen ain't like nothing you ever bumped into. They say he can make anyone talk. The specials, they worship him, like he's the Babe Ruth of EIT.

TRAVIS

He work over there?

JOE TRUE

Over there. Over here. Wherever they need him. Sometimes off shore, always one on one. He does whatever he has to do to get a tee to spill.

TRAVIS

What's the "God of Night"?

JOE TRUE

At first I thought it was a bullshit patter he made up to scare his tees. Probably how it started. But it became something else. Went viral. All the boys started talking the same voodoo, believing it. By 08, Junior was jetting around, first class, first man in on high profile captures.

TRAVIS

But then the war ended.

JOE TRUE

They still throw him a Tee now and then but a guy like that needs to be busy.

TRAVIS

He's playing with civvies now.

JOE TRUE

I have nothing to do with that.

TRAVIS

So where do you fit in, Joe?

JOE TRUE

I got into some trouble over there. I had a habit and the supply ran dry and I lost it. Shot my C-O. It was a mess and Junior cleaned it up. Made it look Kosher, then told me I owed him. So he brings me boats. I modify 'em. Put steel in the hull. Special holds. Those Cubans? They're ex specials too. He makes me pay them to listen to Marlins games. I had to fire two good people, make room for them.

TRAVIS

Special holds for what?

JOE TRUE

Like I said, they throw Junior a job now and then. He picks up tees and takes them out to the Islands.

TRAVIS

What's out there?

JOE TRUE

Never been.

TRAVIS

Pick 'em up from where? Gitmo?

JOE TRUE

I can't say no more about that shit. I'm dead already. I'm scared, okay?

Travis puts Joe's gun on his desk, moves to exit, then pauses.

TRAVIS

Who was your dealer? Over there- who was supplying your habit?

JOE TRUE

This one armed Cajun. Friend of Junior's.

(sadness fills his eyes)

If you could get these guys, that would be beautiful.

EXT. KIMBY-MYER PARKING LOT - MORNING

As Travis gets in Miss Agnes, Joe True hurries to meet him, looking over his shoulder nervously--

JOE TRUE

Uh. There was a 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. She wrote the check. Maybe she can tell you something.

TRAVIS

What'd she look like?

JOE TRUE

High as a kite, but good. Red hair. Legs from here to there. Drove a rag top Jag. That was red, too. One of my sales guys said she had a TV show.

TRAVIS

Okay.

JOE TRUE

Only one Jag dealer around-- Bozzani. Otherwise you gotta go to West Palm.

Travis nods. Starts Miss Agnes. THUNDER. He watches Joe True turn to go, pulling out his pill bottle again.

EXT. WEALTHY ENCLAVE - AFTERNOON

It's raining as Miss Agnes makes its way past ocean villas.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

...countdown continues to the execution of Sergeant George Padillo with Taliban leaders in a new video--

INT. MISS AGNES - SAME

Rain pounds the windshield. Travis listens to radio news and looks at the moneyed homes. Travis shut off the radio, glances down at--

A SERVICE PRINT-OUT FROM "BOZZANI JAGUAR". At the top, the address of one Lois Atkinson. And her very attractive picture.

Travis slows at an expensive mailbox, checks the printout and turns. We stay in the car as he winds his way up the drive.

Travis slows as he comes upon-- A RED TOPLESS JAGUAR its rear end smashed into an oak tree.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

The worst crimes of man against woman
never appear on the police blotter.
Junior Allen was a weasel in the hen
house. Cunning as a cat, destroying
women from the inside out, armored with
a smile, money and drugs, webbed with
muscle, at liberty for mayhem.

EXT. DRIVE - SAME

Travis gets out of Miss Agnes and walks to the Jaguar. The driver's door opens and A BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD SPILLS OUT INTO THE RAIN. A VODKA BOTTLE spilling out with her. Meet LOIS ATKINSON, the fourth beauty in our sordid tale. She looks up at Travis as he tries to lift her in his arms--

LOIS

...Can you get me the Cobb, no cheese,
no bacon, vinaigrette on the side...

--then passes out. Travis clocks luggage in back.

INT. LOIS' HOUSE - SAME

The front door is thrown open. Travis carries Lois inside. Dripping with water, he takes in the space, a great view, a dazzling piece of architecture/interior design, overwhelmed at the moment by masses of garbage, food tins and liquor bottles.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Travis lays Lois down in her King sized canopy bed, checks her pulse. He takes off her sandals, her helpless eyes following him. It's also a pig-sty in here; heaps of clothes, bottles.

As he fixes the blinds, Lois tries to say something. Travis pulls over a chair and leans close.

TRAVIS

Hey. Are you Lois? My name is Travis.

Her frail hand reaches out and finds his. She pulls him closer, reaching up to his neck into a kind of embrace. She whispers into his ear, tenderly.

LOIS

...Please hold me, Travis. ...please...

He does and she clings to him and sobs. When he touches her head, however, she bucks about like a frightened animal--

LOIS (CONT'D)

Get off me, you fuck! Not my face! No!

TRAVIS

Hey, hey, hey...

Then, meeting his eyes, realizing he's not who she thought he was, closes her eyes with humiliation and sadness, then passes out. Travis watches her slow breathing, concerned

EXT. HOUSE - WRECKED JAG - RAIN - NIGHT

Rain is pouring, the Jag getting flooded. As Travis pulls the remaining luggage from the back, he sees Lois' CELLPHONE on the seat. He presses a garage opener and the three-car garage OPENS.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - RAIN

Seated in a french leather chair, towel around his neck, Travis examines Lois' cellphone, scrolling through log: Not many calls. He finds a number with the prefix code: 870-SNAC.

Travis moves to the land line and picks it up. AN ODD CLICK when he does. He notes it, then dials the number on the cell. As he listens to a couple of rings, he opens the luggage. Clothes and shoes have all been haphazardly tossed in.

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. He hears glass breaking, crosses into--

INT. LOIS' KITCHEN - SAME

There he finds Lois, standing amid spilled liquor & broken glass in an alcove, fumbling with bottles. Seemingly alert, she wears nothing but her bra and panties and looks up at him blank faced.

LOIS

Where is Fancha? Where is that bitch?
I hear her singing.

IN LOIS' HOUSE - GRAND STAIRCASE - SAME

As the rain pours outside, Travis again carries Lois Atkinson up the stairs to bed.

She may be a wreck, a few years past her prime, but her alabaster skin, long legs, piercing blue eyes, command your eyes, even with caked vomit in the corner of her mouth. Her bleary blue eyes gaze up at Trav.

LOIS
...I think it's going to rain, Billy.
'you be an angel and leave a note for
UPS to put the packages in the box?..

And then she's out again...

INT. LOIS' BEDROOM - SAME

Travis watches Lois in bed as she kicks her comforter on the floor and falls into a fitful sleep. Travis tucks her in again.

Watching her from the hall, Travis pulls out her cell phone, dialing a new number. As it rings he props the phone on his ear and checks out A SET OF ENTERTAINMENT STATUETTES stacked on her wardrobe. (Trivial awards, not Oscars).

TRAVIS
Nick. It's Travis. Can you come to 2765
Bellshore? No. Now. I have a situation.

Hanging up, he pulls a drawer from the wardrobe, and goes around her bedroom, filling it with booze and pill bottles.

On all the prescriptions, Travis notices the same name--
JOHN ADAM. (*Junior's rental car alias.*)

INT. LOIS' HOUSE (KITCHEN) - SAME

Travis enters 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.

INT. LOIS' HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT - RAIN

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.

The doorbell rings. Travis slings a dish towel and crosses.

INT. LOIS BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- RAIN

An elderly black Doctor (NICK) examines the still spinning Lois. She intermittently giggles (ticklish?), rambles, flirty.

LOIS
Run lines with me, Morty. ...Please.
"There comes a time when you look in
the mirror and you realize that what
you see is all that you will ever be.
(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)
And you accept it. Or you kill your-
self. Or you stop looking in mirrors."

The Doctor turns from the stoned thespian to Travis.

TRAVIS
I came by-- found her like this. Had
some questions. Never met her before.

DR. NICK
She should be in a hospital, Trav.
She's having severe hallucinations.

TRAVIS
Did she O-D?

DR. NICK
It's a combo-- malnutrition, alcohol
poisoning, and these barbiturates,
which are hyper addictive and also
trauma of some kind. She's been beaten.
See all these (bruises, finger marks).
There's a big one under the hairline.

Doctor Nick shakes one of the pill bottles. A dozen left.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)
Don't toss these. She's gonna need a
few just to stay level.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT - RAIN

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. Shots of her and her HUSBAND:
dark skinned, eyes hidden behind shades -- on boats, beaches and
other *fabulous* spots.

Travis goes through the desk. Looks underneath and finds a
ROLLED SET OF BLUEPRINTS. He opens them up. AN ISLAND. Hard to
say what it is, but it shows structures, a helipad, etc.

INT LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT -- RAIN

Travis looks upstairs, all quiet, He turns to where A LARGE
SCREEN TV is set up. 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 BIG TV.

Credits roll as a show 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 Camaro accompanied by a Cuban sideman and pulsing synth.

Travis pours himself a drink from the bar and settles onto the 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 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. 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 pulls out the pill bottle, puts one in his hand.

TRAVIS
Doctor told me to give you one for now.

LOIS
What Doctor?!

TRAVIS
The one I had come and look at you
while you were spending the last nine
hours sweating Vodka and whatever else
you soaked up.

LOIS
(smiles)
One is not gonna cut it.

TRAVIS
Sorry.

LOIS
(goes dark)
Those are my fucking prescriptions! My
medication! This is my fucking house!

TRAVIS
Your name's not on the bottle.

She stares. Then heads for a chair. Lifts the cushion. Nothing.
Travis waits while she digs through the couch then storms for
the kitchen. Doesn't find what she's looking for there either--

LOIS (O.S.)
Motherfucker!

Travis watches the TV as we hear bottles and pots clattering 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 his head. He gets up.

TRAVIS
Uh. 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 shit my way, whatever makes you feel better. Or we can barbecue the T-bones I found in your freezer. Talk about things.

He offers her the pill which she snatches and crosses to --

INT. THE KITCHEN -- SAME

Lois follows him there, the gun still on him. Travis hands her a glass of water (which she uses to swallow the pill instantly). Travis grabs the defrosting steaks which he has marinating.

LOIS

You wanna *barbecue*? Its four in the morning. It's fucking raining out.

TRAVIS

Maybe so, but I'm hungry and you're hungry and that way whoever's got your house bugged won't be able to hear us.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

TRAVIS

Tell me about your husband.

LOIS

Gimme another pill.

TRAVIS

After you tell me about your husband.

LOIS

What do you want to know? I met him in Miami at a club. He'd come up from Caracas with a lot of cash before Chavez nationalized the silverware. My show had just been cancelled. I was a little fragile. He was smart, handsome, wore a platinum Daytona on his wrist, spoke perfect English and could fuck all night. And I was an idiot.

TRAVIS

What'd he do when he wasn't partying?

LOIS

Was a Ferrari dealer-- I know-- He wanted to expand into other things, but mostly he wanted to take out Hugo Chavez. So... cut to Junior Allen.

TRAVIS

They met up here?

LOIS

No idea. One day I came home from Pilates and there's Junior sitting by the pool sunning his pecs. Francisco bought some swamp out at Ten Thousand Islands. Had this cockamamie idea to pay Junior to train a militia out there to go back to Venezuela and turn off Chavez. He thought Junior was CIA. I thought he was a freak, account of he taped everything. He had a camera on a stick he carried everywhere. Probably took it into the john with him.

TRAVIS

He bugged your house.

LOIS

You said that.

Lois thinks a moment, then--

LOIS (CONT'D)

I don't remember how exactly Junior and I got started. Like I said, I thought he was nuts at first. But he had this... energy. Said what he thought. Took what he wanted. He was honest and, betrothed as I was to a fucking liar, there was an appeal. Plus, he got me high. Sometimes, when Francisco was being an particular asshole, Junior would give me these looks, like, *I see that*. Like he was looking out for me. Like maybe one day he was gonna take those big hands of his and crush Francisco's skull.

(touched, remembering)

He came to see me in the hospital once. Brought me soup and pills. This was after Francisco hauled me into the shower one morning, tried to strangle me with a wet towel. I ended up slipping, cracking my skull.

TRAVIS

What was Francisco's problem? Jealousy?

LOIS

As I recall, on that particular day, he thought he saw me give something to the gardener. Was a can of Pepsi, not a hand job, but Francisco was never one for splitting hairs.

TRAVIS

So where is he? Where's Francisco.

Lois adjusts herself. Looks off. Becomes teary. Travis puts another pill on the table. She looks at it a moment, turning it in her fingers, before swallowing it.

LOIS

Maybe you noticed, but things got a little out of control with these, and booze. All I know is I woke up one morning and Junior was standing in my bedroom, looking at me and Francisco. And Francisco had my Japanese poultry scissors stuck in his throat. My bed was wet with blood. And Junior said he'd take care of it. Clean it up. And that night, he was in that bed with me.

TRAVIS

How did that go?

LOIS

Same pillow, different psycho.

TRAVIS

For how long?

LOIS

A few months. He had me buy a boat for him. Said I owed him. He took me out on it once around Valentine's Day. Wasn't a fun trip. Stranded me in Key West or Sugar Loaf, somewhere.

TRAVIS

That's the last time you saw him?

LOIS

He came back a few more times, looking to get a piece, smelling of booze and bullfrog.

(looks at Travis)

Are you gonna tell the cops I killed my husband?

TRAVIS

Why would I? You didn't.

LOIS

I didn't?

TRAVIS

You keep poultry scissors in your bedroom?

LOIS

No.

TRAVIS
Civvies don't stab people in the
throat. Soldiers do.

Travis places a plate of steak and grilled asparagus in front of
a dazed Lois. It looks great. She looks up at him.

Lois turns to her plate and starts to eat. Travis sits down
beside her and pulls Lois' cell from his pocket.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
There's a strange number on your phone.

LOIS
You stole my phone?

TRAVIS
You recognize it?

Chewing, Lois squints at the digits, shakes her head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
870-SNAC is an Inmarsat designation.
Single network access code. Someone
called a satellite phone. But it
answers as a business.

LOIS
I never made that call.
(re: food)
Um. This is amazing.

TRAVIS
Good. Eat up.
(stands)
One more question and I'll go away.

LOIS
O-kay.

TRAVIS
Where were you going?

Lois looks blank.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
When I found you yesterday in your Jag.
Where were you going?

Lois thinks a moment.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What.

Travis waits. She starts to become upset again.

LOIS
I-- He came back.

TRAVIS

Junior? When?

LOIS

Yesterday. He was angry, yelling in the phone. And this is a man who never yells. He wasn't here long. Took my cash and split.

She touches Travis's hand. Looks up at him.

LOIS (CONT'D)

...You don't have to leave.

TRAVIS

We both do. You were trying to leave this morning.

LOIS

I was out of my mind.

TRAVIS

In Vino Veritas.

EXT. CHOKOLOSKEE SWAMP -- DAY

As Travis drives a narrow highway, his car appearing and disappearing through the mango trees. He pulls up to a rusted metal sign that reads "SIX CHUTER CHARTERS."

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Travis threads his way through the swamp, beneath a cathedral of cypress thick enough to block most of the sun; 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 charter rates. At the bottom is *CAESAR OSCEOLA, CAPTAIN*, and his license number.

Travis sees a BOAT HOUSE. He moves to get a closer look when Two SEMINOLE GIRLS, (10), come running out from behind it, playing. Travis waves, friendly. The kids run for the main house.

Travis sees AN OLD MAN sitting in lazyboy in the yard out front.

TRAVIS

This your outfit?

(no answer)

I'm looking for a guide, take me out to 10,000 Islands.

VOICE

Waste a time.

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

OSCEOLA
He's deaf as a fork.

TRAVIS
I'm looking for a--

OSCEOLA
--I heard. 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. You in the corps?

OSCEOLA
2nd Recon. I worked in supply.

TRAVIS
(shows his own ink)
75th.

OSCEOLA
Well fuck you, Army Ranger.

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

OSCEOLA
Little Air Jordan lyin' in the middle of the road.

Travis watches as Osceola deftly rolls a smoke one handed.

OSCEOLA (CONT'D)
What is it, you really want?

TRAVIS
Heard there's a compound on the islands. I'm looking for the man who they say built it. Maybe he's come through here? Calls himself Junior. Big boy. Smiles a lot.

Osceola lights his smoke, eyeballs Travis.

OSCEOLA
You a cop.

TRAVIS
Hell no. An admirer. DHS let me go after a thing and I heard Junior is looking for men. Heard about the God of Night too and I'm eager to learn more.

OSCEOLA
What's the God of Night?

TRAVIS

Forget it.

OSCEOLA

Why you think this cat's come through
my place?

TRAVIS

Guy at the station, few miles back,
said something about choppers at night.

OSCEOLA

I ain't heard nothing.

TRAVIS

So you never been out there?

OSCEOLA

No call. Not lately. All the fish have
fucked off for good.

TRAVIS

Okay. Sorry to bother you.

Travis turns to go when--

OSCEOLA

How much cash you got on you?

(as Travis pauses)

For a hundred, I'll take you out there,
you can have yourself 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.

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.

Travis notices another tatoo, on Osceola's good arm. A black
cube and the letters G-O-N on his knuckles, (like Pacheo).

EXT. ALLIGATOR BAY - NIGHT

A small CLUSTER OF ISLANDS loom. Osceola cuts the engine; the
huge propeller stops and the silence is disconcerting.

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 jetties and cat-walks on the largest of the small islands.

TRAVIS

Smart.

OSCEOLA

What.

Travis makes out a few SMALL BUILDINGS nestled under MANGROVES.

TRAVIS

They built round the trees so DEA
can't pick it up on infrared.

Osceola holds the 10-gauge on his lap as Travis paddles up to the end of a pier. Osceola grabs a piling, and Travis pulls himself onto the plank-walk.

EXT. ALLIGATOR BAY - COMPOUND - NIGHT

In the JERKING BEAMS OF THEIR FLASHLIGHTS: Travis and Osceola start along a boardwalk that rises up from the swamp. Somewhere in the reeds, A GATOR PUSHES OFF. Travis sees the splash, quick whip of the tail and it's under.

UNLIT BAMBOO TORCHES. A FEW HUTS form a perimeter around TWO CENTRAL STRUCTURES, built plantation-style. Travis flashes his light across the windows, empty of glass.

One of the structures is stocked with a couch, a bar and a covered pool table. A second is partitioned with mattresses on one side and a couple desks, papers scattered on the other. A satellite phone sits connected to a car battery.

Travis peers into a third, very small hut, without windows. Opens the door to reveal-- A holding cell with bars, a drain in the floor and restraints bolted to blocks.

Travis meets eyes with Osceola, then shines his beam upward, catching 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 painted black squares with the letters G O N written in white in the center.

TRAVIS

God of Night.

A SHOTGUN RACK. Travis turns. Osceola's got the gun at his face.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

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

OSCEOLA

From here on, I'll be asking 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. I called you and you fucked
up and told me where you were.

For a moment, neither man moves. They just stand there, face
each other in the dark. Osceola has the shotgun up in that one
good hand, pointed at Travis' face.

OSCEOLA

If you're not a cop, who are you?

TRAVIS

Head of the lost 'n found. This week
I'm looking for some lost blue rocks.
You know what I'm talking about?

OSCEOLA

You work for Kerr's. Shit.
I'm the man helped him bring them over.

TRAVIS

Right. You worked in supply.

OSCEOLA

Bud promised me a piece and then he
fucked me. Now, I'm fucking him back.

Travis leaps ahead of the sound of THE BLAST, the flame a foot
out the barrel. Osceola racking the gun for another one as...

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

OSCEOLA (CONT'D)

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

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... He flips the gun right
there in the water, points it at Osceola

OSCEOLA (CONT'D)

Suck my cock, ranger faggot.

Osceola pulls a bowie knife from his boot, fast, lunges and
Travis blows him off the dock, launching his ass into the muck.

EXT. SIX CHUTER FISH CAMP - DAWN

Travis materializes from the mangroves via a path. The house is quiet. Travis heads for the boathouse.

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 finds AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH and holds it close to see it. A GROUP OF SOLDIERS. SOMEWHERE OVER THERE. Osceola's in it, smiling, still sporting both arms. And so is Bud Kerr.

SOMEONE SIGHS IN THE DARK and Travis freezes. He looks 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 toward his car, opens the door, and pauses when he sees Osceola's Seminole wife, watching him from the porch.

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - MORNING

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

EXT. TRAVIS' BOAT - MORNING

As Travis comes aboard, he hears--

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

Travis looks to Meyer's boat. Sees Meyer and Lois sitting at a table, Meyer working on something small with jewelers tools.

EXT. JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES - CONTINUOUS

Meyer has the back off an iPhone, working on it with a Q-tip. A box of UNCLE BEN'S RICE sits on the table between he and Lois.

MEYER
I'm sure you read all about it by now.

LOIS
The Loop is something I've been out of for a while. What was it?

MEYER
It was an app for teens to share secrets. Get stuff off their chests. Anonymously. Was kinda beautiful.

LOIS
I could have used that, way back when.

MEYER

There were unforeseen consequences.

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

MEYER (CONT'D)

Trolls and bullies overran it. Posted kid's secrets with names attached. Then the kids started killing themselves.

He looks up at a gobsmacked Lois.

MEYER (CONT'D)

There were thirteen kids dead when I pulled it.

There's real emotion in his face. He sees Travis standing on his boat, 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. She's beautiful and you see why she was a star. She smiles a Pepsodent smile at Travis. And Travis can't hide he's glad to see her.

LOIS

I dropped my iPhone in the drink. Lucky for me, your neighbor's an electronics wiz-- *and a gentlemen.*

MEYER

Rice will absorb the rest.

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

MEYER (CONT'D)

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

(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" everytime 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.

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

TRAVIS
Sad? I don't know. The guy hasn't
stopped partying since he got here.
(crossing to fridge)
Want a drink?

LOIS
It's 8 am.

TRAVIS
I need one.

He grabs a beer. Pops it. Drinks it down. Takes her in.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You look good.

LOIS
So do you. Real nice.

He looks at himself. Covered in mud.

TRAVIS
I went for a swim out in the swamp last
night. Out at Ten Thousand Islands.
(beat)
So, what brought you here? Other than
the sea breeze. Did you move out?

LOIS
Well, I'm packed. Everything's in my
trunk. Don't know where I'm going, but
I got in my car... and ended up here.

TRAVIS
Oh.

LOIS
Don't worry. I just remembered a couple
things that might help you, that's all;
funny how sobriety does that.

TRAVIS
You're off the pills.

LOIS
Well, no. I found a bottle you didn't
flush and I've been pretending you're
there, doling me one when I'm good.
(smiles)
So, I'm down from a fistful a day to
eight. Which, to me, is sober.

Lois pulls out a slip of paper, shows it to Travis.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Anyway, about a month after Francisco
died, Junior drove off in my Jag and I
didn't see him for a few days. When he
came back, I found this on the floor--

TRAVIS
What is it?

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

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

LOIS (CONT'D)
What?

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

LOIS
The other day, when he came in so
angry, I taped him.

TRAVIS
You what?

LOIS
I was so stoned, I think I was trying
to take his picture, but I ended up
making a video of him.

She puts down her phone and lets the video play.

ON THE SCREEN -- A crooked shot from Lois kitchen. We can see Junior padding about in the living room, on the phone.

JUNIOR (ON PHONE VIDEO)
*That was not the arrangement.
That is wholly unacceptable.
(reacting)
Sir, do not add another soldier to this
goatfuck. I don't need anyone to hold
my fucking hand! They'll just get hurt.
(then)
I'll find them. By myself.*

As Junior hangs up and rounds back to the kitchen, video suddenly cuts out. Travis looks up. Smiles.

TRAVIS
This is right before he took Cathy Kerr
out to sea.

LOIS
Who's Cathy Kerr?

INT. TRAVIS' BOAT - CABIN - LATER

Travis works on an omelette. Lois sits, looking at all of Travis' evidence on the table. Her eyes land upon the photo Travis took from Osceola's boat house.

LOIS
Who are these guys?

TRAVIS
One's Junior's one armed friend, the
fisherman tried to feed me to the
gators. The other one is Bud 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 had to teach me? Its
not that hard to cook decent food.

LOIS

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

(silence)

Nevermind. I'm sorry. Let's just eat.

They eat a bit, music playing, then--

TRAVIS

My little brother.

Lois looks up.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Matty, my brother, was always good with his hands. Fishing, car repair, cooking. If anyone taught me, he did.

LOIS

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

TRAVIS

No. He's dead. ...He killed himself.

LOIS

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.

They resume eating. A moment, then Travis stops eating--

TRAVIS

Matty and I worked construction in the summers, road jobs and whatnot. Him and me and my girlfriend, we planned to go into business together.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Like I said, he was good with his hands, but simple in other ways. But, Matty fancied himself some kind of a wheeler-dealer.

LOIS

Like his big brother.

TRAVIS

He met these Russians on a job in Wichita and they sold him some equipment-- backhoe, front loader, all the toys. Needless to say, delivery day came and they never showed. Vanished with his deposit. Which was everything Matty saved since high school and what little our parents had left. He spun down hard. Sat in his room, wouldn't come out. Greta and I offered to cover half his losses but he'd have none of it. A week later I found him hanging from an extension cord in the garage.

LOIS

What did you do?

TRAVIS

After the funeral, I drove to Kansas and found the Russians. Two guys. Bracelets, sweatsuits-- the kind you know without knowing. They thought the whole thing was funny.

LOIS

I bet they're not laughing now.

He doesn't answer. She touches the Ranger tattoo on his arm.

LOIS (CONT'D)

So you had the Russian Mob after you. And the law. So you joined the service.

He looks at her. She's smart.

LOIS (CONT'D)

And the girlfriend. Greta?

TRAVIS

What about her?

LOIS

Did you love her?

He doesn't answer which is answer enough.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Did you ever go back? Did you ever explain what happened to her?

TRAVIS
(shakes his head)
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, kisses him long and deep then--

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

INT. SHOWER - DAY

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

TRAVIS
Think there's room?

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

LOIS
Lets get really clean.

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

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

Travis looks into her eyes. He pulls her into him. *That's when there is a knock on the door.*

TRAVIS
Ignore it.

And so they continue. Doing rather well. The two of them both skilled at this sort of thing. ANOTHER KNOCK ON THE DOOR, THEN:

MEYER (O.S.)
Travis!..

LOIS
You're kidding.

He gets up, pulls on a towel. Opens the door on Meyer who spies Lois behind him, pulling a towel over herself.

MEYER
Um. Irv's got a call I think you want.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

As Travis and Lois walk up the hall.

CATHY (O.S.)
He didn't follow me. I called him.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

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

CHRISTINE
What? You can't be that--

CATHY
I just wanted to talk to him-- just
talk to him-- after everything-- I
didn't believe he didn't feel anything,
that it was all just--

CHRISTINE
--oh my God--

CATHY
And he kept talking and then suddenly,
he was there...

Cathy starts to cry. Her breathing and heartrate accelerate.
Travis tries to get the conversation back on track.

TRAVIS
What did he do?

CATHY
He took me to his boat. He asked me
where the real stones were. I told him
I didn't know. He said people needed to
know. They wouldn't be as nice as him.
He asked who I sent after him. I- I...

She starts to sob again. Christine, sighs, softens.

CHRISTINE
It's alright, baby. Stop.

Cathy looks at Travis. Gets hard all of a sudden:

CATHY
I didn't tell him about you. No matter
what he did... He didn't get shit out
of me. That night, when he got a phone
call, I jumped in the bay. And I swam
...with the ropes on... I thought I was
gonna drown... I thought I was dead.

She closes her eyes, crying. 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 with these guys?

CHRISTINE

That's Caesar Osceola.

TRAVIS

You know him?

CHRISTINE

Sure. He came round a few times when Bud was on leave. Before they sent him to Starke. Caesar and Bud were friends from Afghanistan.

TRAVIS

You see him after that?

CHRISTINE

We moved to Candle Key after that. I think they had a falling out.

Christine sees LOIS. Standing there in the doorway, cigarettes in her hand, staring at Cathy--

LOIS

Excuse me. 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.

CHRISTINE

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

TRAVIS

I don't get the feeling Junior's the leave it alone kind of guy.

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
Go to my boat.

She looks up at Travis as he notices A BALD MAN leaning against a parked car -- polo shirt, Haggar slacks, loafers.

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

She turns casually, watches as the man holds his phone up--

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

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

INT. CAB - SAME

As they get inside, Travis leans up to the driver.

TRAVIS
Bahia Mar Marina, please.

The cab pulls out. Travis turns, watches as Haggar Slacks 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 and crosses through moving traffic, we see HAGGAR SLACKS GUY scramble to react but he is behind the wheel and locked up in traffic.

The light turns green as Travis heads toward a mall.

HORNS HONK behind Haggar Guy as he lurches out, trying to nose his way into the mall entrance. Drivers yell, and trap him in his lane.

As Travis vanishes into the glass doors of the mall, he looks back to see Lois pulling away in her cab.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AERIAL - DAWN

Miss Agnes moves through the flat green, an occasional canal or body of water on either side. A fishing pole sticks out back.

EXT. KISSIME PRAIRIE RESERVE - DAWN

As female RANGER 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.

RANGER
It is, but...

EXT. RESERVE - MORNING

As Travis drives along one of the canals.

RANGER (O.S.)
...it's off limits to the public. A lot
of unexploded ordinance in that area.

Travis pulls up to A CROSSING blocked by a rusted chain and KEEP OUT sign. Travis inspects it. Oddly, A SHINY NEW PADLOCK secures the chain. Fresh tire ruts in the dirt beyond.

INT./EXT. ROAD/ MISS AGNES - MORNING

Travis drives along the other side of the canal, moving further into where he's not supposed to be. A huge leaning sign says "ENTERING AVON PARK RANGE. ADMITTANCE RESTRICTED.

A LOUD CLUNK and Miss Agnes 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.

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: "SPEAK SOFTLY, BUT MAKE SURE THEY SEE THE BIG FUCKING GUN." And on another: "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. Travis recoils at the stench. Knowing what he's smelling, he kicks aside some branches and sees A DECOMPOSING FACE staring up at him.

He pulls aside more 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...

Engraved in fancy script are the initials F.M.

TRAVIS
(looks at the body)
Ola, Francisco.

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

LOW ANGLE UP TO TRAVIS

As he reaches for the pouch... then 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 collapses.

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, and takes -- yes -- ONE OF BATES' SEVERED HANDS--

TRAVIS

Jesus, McGee--

--and pushes the thumb up against the touch screen. The PHONE UNLOCKS. Travis opens the messages...

FROM BATES: **TIME'S UP. I'll BE TAKING OVER.**

FROM A NUMBER: **TOO LATE. I'VE GOT THEM.**

FROM BATES: **WHERE?**

FROM A NUMBER: **\$\$\$\$\$**

FROM BATES: **AS AGREED. AGAIN. WHERE?**

FROM A NUMBER: **AVON AFB. 1430.**

Then the next messages were sent only minutes ago :

FROM BATES: **HERE AT AVON. WHERE ARE THEY?**

FROM A NUMBER: **DON'T LIKE ALL CAPS.**

FROM BATES: **CUT THE SHIT. WHERE ARE THEY?**

FROM A NUMBER: ...**BUNKER QUATRO.**

Travis looks at the blown up bunker, the faded paint on the side of the building says NUMBER FOUR.

Travis thinks a moment, staring at the phone.
He has a good idea whom the "J" is.

NOW, TRAVIS HE TYPES: **STONES NOT HERE.** And sends.

FROM A NUMBER: **Did you look carefully?**

TRAVIS USES THE PHONE TO TAKE A PICTURE OF BLOWN UP SMOKING BUNKER AND AND SENDS.. THEN TYPES-- **I LOOKED.**

He hits send. And waits. Then, the phone vibrates with:

FROM A NUMBER: **OH MY.**

TRAVIS SMILES, TEXTS: **WE NEED TO MEET. WHERE ARE YOU?**

FROM A NUMBER: **SOON. STAND BY FOR LOCATION.**

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - NIGHT

Travis carries a take-out bag along the dock, staring at Bates' phone. Still no reply.

About to climb aboard, Travis notices a FIGURE IN THE SHADOWS sitting beside a sighted rifle on a tripod.

Travis pulls A GUN from the bag (the one he took from Bates) and approaches in darkness to find--

TRAVIS

Meyer...

Meyer just sits, in his kimono, A TELESCOPE set on legs beside him. He seems darker than usual.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You always sit out alone in the dark?

MEYER

Best time to see the invisible planets.

TRAVIS

The what?

MEYER

The invisible planets. You can see them just before sunrise.

Travis looks up at the sky.

MEYER (CONT'D)

When you watch closely, you see that the visible planets act erratically.

(MORE)

MEYER (CONT'D)

Their orbits are warped. So you apply gravitational logic and a little geometry-- if there was an invisible planet right there of such and such a mass, then the erratic movements of the visible planets, Mars, Saturn, for instance, suddenly becomes logical, even imperative.

Travis stares at this strange, super intelligent dude.

TRAVIS

Huh.

MEYER

Better get aboard, McGee. You got your own star waiting for you.

(as Travis goes)

Hey, would I be an ass if I asked her to sign a DVD?

TRAVIS

(as he moves off)

No. I think she'd like it.

INT. TRAVIS' BOAT - CABIN - NIGHT

Travis comes down, takes in a nude Lois lying face down on the bed. He sets the paper bag down, starts to get out of his filthy clothes. He seems to struggle with his pants.

LOIS

I'm awake.

She turns to look at him. Watches him finish undressing.

LOIS (CONT'D)

And good thing, too.

TRAVIS

I found your husband.

Buzz kill. She looks at him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

In a bunker, at the Air Force Range.

She blinks. 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. 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.

He just lies beside her 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 a good way to
detect a poisonous woman 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
How do 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 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 there's
footsteps on the deck above--

MEYER (O.S.)
You can't just go- Hey! That's private!

Travis gently rolls Lois aside grabs his shorts, then pulls the
GUN from the paper bag. He moves up the steps, looks at Lois...

TRAVIS
You might wanna stand over there.

Travis watches as the door starts to move and then WHIPS IT OPEN, somehow bringing THE BALD HAGGAR SLACKS DUDE with it. The guy pitches forward, tripping over Travis' leg.

Lois watches as Travis is on him, hitting him twice in rapid succession. The guy starts to get up when Travis kicks him in the head with his bare foot. Travis recoils in pain.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Shit--

MEYER

(from the door)

Need some help?

TRAVIS

I'm good. Stay outta here!

Travis straddles the guy, keeping the gun to his temple. He reaches into the guy's pockets, finds his wallet. Pulls a card--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Robert Gore. Walper and Firestone.

(looks at the guy)

You don't look like a lawyer. You their investigator?

(the guy nods)

What do you want with me?

GORE

Dirt.

TRAVIS

What?

GORE

My firm represents your last client, Robert Menendez. The one with the Mercedes and the guns.

TRAVIS

What about him?

GORE

I'm supposed to gather incriminating evidence on you.

TRAVIS

What incriminating evidence?!

GORE

Whatever I can get. They want something to show a jury you're, you know, shady, maybe a bit violent--

LOIS

What for?

TRAVIS

So they can say I put guns in his trunk.

GORE

Create doubt. What we get paid for.

TRAVIS

Well then, this is your lucky week.

GORE

They wanted me to search your boat.
(gun still on temple)
For guns.

TRAVIS

--Get the fuck out of here.

Travis picks him up and shoves him towards the door.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

And tell your client he still owes me
five grand! I got his fucking car back.

Gore gets himself together, keeps looking back at Lois--

GORE

Are you Lois Atkinson?

LOIS

Yes.

TRAVIS

Out! Beat it!

INT. TRAVIS' BOAT - MORNING

Lois drinks coffee, checking through a porthole as--

Outside, Travis sleeps on a stand up board perched between two boxes. The sun rises behind him. Lois crosses and opens Travis' bedside drawer.

IN THE DRAWER-- Lois fingers his dogtags, the newspapers. She notices the Carthage, Missouri newspaper clippings.

CLOSER ON CLIPPINGS-- Some from the Carthage sports section, featuring box scores and photos from the local Little League. A newspaper picture of a young girl in the batting cage. She also finds a Polaroid of Travis (young) and a blonde woman in a Rams Tee. In sharpie at bottom it reads "T & G, March 2001".

Lois looks up to see-- Meyer waving from the Keynes. He does a gesture for "Everything okay?" She gestures back with two palms beneath her head, "sleeping."

A PHONE VIBRATES O.S. Lois looks for the source of the buzz, noticing the take-out bag on the table-- the one in which Travis had the gun and Bates' ID. We may also note it's got a bit of BLOOD seeping. ...*IT QUIVERS TWICE MORE.*

Lois (doesn't catch the blood) quickly moves to the bag, spreads it open to reach inside, and -- SCREAMS. AND SCREAMS AGAIN!

Travis bursts into the cabin. Sees Lois against the wall, pointing at the bag... Meyer comes running as well, leaping down the stairs holding a baseball bat.

LOIS
There's a fucking *hand* in that bag!

MEYER
What? There's a WHAT?!

LOIS
There is a fucking HAND in that fucking BAG! Its... dripping!

TRAVIS
It's okay. I got it. I know.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Its okay!?

TRAVIS
It belonged to Bates, the Intel guy.
Was the only way to get his phone to--

LOIS
--I don't wanna know.
(then)
I think he got a text. Bates. His hand.
It was buzzing a moment ago

Travis reaches into the bag, pulls out the phone, then reaches back in--

TRAVIS
You might wanna turn around.

She does. Meyer does not. Travis pulls out the hand.

LOIS
Oh, for fuck's sake...

MEYER
Wow. Wow wow.

Travis is struggling with the dead thumb on the phone.

MEYER (CONT'D)
It needs to be warm.
(pushes down the toaster)
Hold it over this.

Travis does as he is told.

LOIS
I cannot fucking believe you are
toasting a--

MEYER

Okay. Now try.

Travis presses the warm thumb on the iphone. It opens.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Needs to be over ninety five degrees.

Travis reads the text message, then sets the phone down on the table, and looks at Bates' ID. Meyer reads the message.

IT SAYS-- *NEED A PHOTO*

MEYER (CONT'D)

A photo of what?

TRAVIS

Bates.

Means nothing to Meyer.

LOIS

Bates is the dude who belongs to the
toasted hand.

TRAVIS

(turns to the mirror)

Bates was some kind of spook which is
why I don't think they've met. These
guys usually don't, not face to face.

LOIS

Usually?

TRAVIS

Plausible deniability. In my
experience, nobody wants to know the
folks who actually do the wet work.

MEYER

In your experience.

LOIS

What if they have met and Junior just
wants proof that he's talking to who he
thinks he's talking to?

TRAVIS

Well, then I'd be fucked.

INT. TRAVIS' BOAT - CABIN - MORNING - LATER

Wearing two pairs of reading glasses on top of each other, Meyer carefully examines Bates' ID as Travis shaves his beard over the sink. Lois pours the last of the wine into a tumbler and paces.

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
Okay.
(heads to door)
I have a scanner next door. How much
time do I have?

TRAVIS
Ten minutes. I keep him waiting too
long, he'll get suspicious.

Meyer stops, turns, looks at Travis, then Lois. *Seriously?*
Travis pulls a wrinkled white shirt from the closet.

MEYER
I can't do that. Not in ten minutes.

TRAVIS
Well, I need someone who can, Meyer, I
need them now and I need you to be that
someone.

MEYER
Travis, you are lucky enough to have on
your boat one of the few someones in
the world who could do this in thirty
minutes-- but there is not a single
someone who could do it in ten because
none of us are the fucking tooth fairy.

TRAVIS
(to Lois)
I'm also gonna need a bag or case of
some kind. Maybe you can go over to his
boat and find something.

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Travis is standing by the water, holding up the camera with one
hand, Bates I.D. with the other. Meyer and Lois watch.

MEYER
Tilt it so it reflects the sun.
Um. Should you smile?

Travis does not and snaps a few. Meyer crosses, looks at--

THE PHOTOS. Travis, shaven, in the white shirt, holding up the
I.D., looking kinda sorta like Bates in the FLARED I.D. image.

MEYER (CONT'D)
I buy this one.

TRAVIS
Send it.

Meyer complies they all stare at the phone and wait.

MEYER

You know, you didn't need to bring the hand with you.

(off Travis' look)

Once you unlocked the phone, you could have just reset the password.

Travis holds out the phone (as in "do it") but Meyer smiles.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Already did. Password's now "Bianca."

(smiles at Lois)

Your character in *Tallahassee Midnight*.

LOIS

You are so sweet.

Travis is ready to vomit when Meyer hands him a black attache.

MEYER

I put a hundred G in fifties in there.

I expect to get it back.

Travis meets eyes with Lois, then looks to Meyer. Travis is starting to admire this strange, brilliant guy.

THE PHONE BUZZES WITH A MESSAGE: KAYDEE MARINA. 1100.

They all look to one another then to the clock. Its 10:15.

TRAVIS

Shit. Kaadee's an hour away.

(looks at Lois)

You stay here with your number one fan.

Meyer lights up like an Christmas tree.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Don't get off the boat, lock the doors.

I'm not back in 24 hours, call Sergeant

Gail Childs at Lauderdale PD.

Lois kisses Travis, who is checking Bates' gun, crossing to Miss Agnes. Meyer steps back to give them a little space. Lois feels Travis' clean cheeks.

LOIS

He's a sick fuck, but he's smart.

TRAVIS

I know.

LOIS

So, you got a plan? Cause I guarantee Junior's got one for Bates.

TRAVIS

Not so sure about that. I think he's dancing on hot coals right now. I don't think he's got the goods.

LOIS

And your plan is--

TRAVIS

My plan is to put a bullet in his head as soon as I'm within ten feet. That good?

She smiles and kisses him again. Tenderly.

LOIS

You think I have a chance here?

TRAVIS

Stay on the boat, you'll be fine.

LOIS

I don't mean that way.

TRAVIS

Stay on the boat.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

Travis drives fast along the coast, through downtrodden territory. No condos here.

EXT. KAYDEE MARINA - DAY

Travis pulls into the oyster shell lot to REVEAL THAT THE MARINA HAS BURNED DOWN. But that 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 the place is dead.

Travis stands there, looks around at the nearby woods, wondering if he's being watched. He looks at his chest, perhaps expecting to see a LASER DOT there. NOTHING. *What the fuck?*

EXT. KAYDEE MARINA - LATER

Travis leans on a post, impatient, watching an oil tanker at sea. SUDDENLY THE PHONE BUZZES. A NEW TEXT FROM JUNIOR.

CHANGE OF PLANS. ISLAMORADA MARINA. ROUTE 1.

Travis crosses to Miss Agnes, pulls out a map.

TRAVIS

...two hours from here...

INT. MISS AGNES - DAY

Travis speeds, weaving through traffic. He rides asses, moving around Bluehairs. He pulls out Bates' phone, and dials, calling--

INT. TRAVIS' BOAT - SAME

LOIS' PHONE BUZZES. It sits on the table, unheard.

WE PAN to reveal, through the porthole-- LOIS AND MEYER next door, chatting, in the cabin of the John Maynard Keynes.

INT. THE JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES CABIN - SAME

Lois pokes about while the skipper works a blender.

MEYER

Organic 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? 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

What are you suggesting?

LOIS

(meets his eyes)

I'm suggesting you're kinda responsible for the death of a dozen teenagers. I'm guessing you're facing a huge lawsuit. And gobs of shame. Who could blame you for feeling a bit self destructive?

MEYER

Maybe I'm just trying to avoid paying the cash to lawyers.

LOIS

You wanna think you're that guy, but I think you've always felt lonely.

MEYER

How insightful.

LOIS

I Googled you. You set aside a trust fund for the victims. All of the money you had.

MEYER

Not all. I bought this boat.

LOIS

For your last cruise?

MEYER

Haven't decided yet.

LOIS

So what's holding you back?

MEYER

(looks at her)

I made friends.

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.

INT. MISS AGNES - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is low as Travis drives hard. He is listening to Lois' outgoing voice mail message on Bate's phone, as he follows signs to Islamorada, signs which say it is 1000ft ahead.

Travis hangs up and pulls to a stop. He's arrived. He looks out at the Marina then looks to the phone.

HE TYPES A MESSAGE AND SENDS: I'M HERE.

THE NUMBER TYPES BACK: AWESOME!

Travis checks Bate's revolver and tucks it away. Looks at himself in the rear view mirror.

EXT. ISLAMORADA MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Travis steps out, pulls on a jacket. He hears laughing girls, two of them getting out of a car behind him as he scan the boats that are docked here.

He starts walking down rows, stops at the stern of a big new one, MUSIC blasting. *The Playpen*.

TRAVIS
Hello?... Junior? Hello.

VOICE
Bates? That you?

TRAVIS
Yes.

Travis squints in the sun as A BACKLIT FIGURE climbs up on the deck from below, beer in hand.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Yeah.

JUNIOR
Get aboard, m'man!

Travis touches his gun, about to make quick work of this, as he steps over the transom. JUNIOR ALLEN drops to the stern. He and Travis are finally face to face. Junior extends a hand--

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Ahoy.

Junior beams at Travis, a flawless specimen. Built like an NFL tight end, with soulful eyes, and a mega-watt smile. He instantly disarms Travis who meets his hand with his own.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Glad to meet you, Bates.

TRAVIS
Likewise.

JUNIOR
Sorry about the confusion before.

TRAVIS
Where are they?

JUNIOR
They?

TRAVIS
The stones.

JUNIOR
(smiles, starts walking)
Let's get you a drink.

Travis reaches for the gun at his waist, flicks the safety off as he follows close behind Junior, about to draw when--

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Junior?! You up there?!

JUNIOR
Yes, we are ladies!

Junior turns and grins at Travis who slides the gun away.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN

Walk down the jetty-- CORRY, 25, a little used and hang-over cranky, carrying ice, and DELEEN, 18 if a day; awkward, dropping suntan oil from a bag, flip-flops flopping under coltish legs.

JUNIOR
This way girls!

Travis follows Junior along the railing, glancing at the girls clattering onboard.

TRAVIS
Where are the stones?

JUNIOR
The stones, the stones.
(meeting Travis' eyes)
We're gonna pick them up, Bates.
(noting Travis' attache)
That my golden parachute?

CORRY
Wow! I feel like shit. Tequila shots!

Junior hands Travis a beer and pulls a tequila bottle and flips it to Corry who stares at Travis. Travis just holds his beer.

JUNIOR
A little hair of the dog, Corry!

CORRY
Who's the party pooper?

TRAVIS
Daryl. And there's no party. So get
off the boat. Now. Go.
(regarding other girl)
You too! Get lost.

JUNIOR
Whoa whoa whoa...

Junior gets between Travis and the girls.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Slow down, buddy. This is my boat.
I'm the Skip and I say they stay.

TRAVIS
You work for me. I say they go.

JUNIOR
I don't work for anybody anymore.
I'm a free agent.

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?

TRAVIS
We got rough weather coming.
Red sky or not.

Again that smile of Junior's as he puts his arm around Corry.

JUNIOR
Means come morning, sweetheart, you're
not gonna be the only beautiful thing
out here. Gonna be a spectacular day.

The girls carry supplies inside as Travis puts himself in
Junior's path.

TRAVIS
I'm mixed up. We going on a cruise
or picking up the rocks?

JUNIOR

Both.

(pointing)

Can you pull those lines?

Travis doesn't move. Junior smiles, leans in.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

You can get off right now, Daryl.

(re: Deleen)

But if you stay, *the foal is mine.*

Travis looks in the galley at the girls, giggling, mixing margaritas; no way he can leave them with this guy. He crosses, takes in the lines as--

Junior climbs to the controls, starts up the boat, hits the throttle and pulls away from land.

Travis watches the shore move away, thinking "fuck me." He crosses, joins Junior at the flying bridge.

TRAVIS

Drop-off site was blown to shit when I got there.

Junior takes Travis' beer and pops the cap. Hands it back.

JUNIOR

All the old ordinance out there-- sometimes a coon steps on some shit. Ka-boom.

(regarding the case)

So you gonna show me what's in the black bag, Daryl?

TRAVIS

As soon as I see the rocks.

JUNIOR

Osceola's got 'em.

TRAVIS

The real ones.

JUNIOR

Yes, Daryl.

TRAVIS

You sure about that? Cause someone was trying to fence some fakes about a week ago.

JUNIOR

Yes, Daryl. We had some confusion last week. But that's been straightened out.

(off Travis' look)

Osceola's good people.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
He's the one told me where Bud had them
stones in the first place.

TRAVIS
So let's call him up.

JUNIOR
Been doing that, Daryl, but the
fucktard's gone quiet. Or maybe your
boys got to him already. Don't know but
if the latter is the case, then we're
gonna have a problem. Anyway, I thought
we'd run ourselves down in the morning,
find out what's what, live and in-
person and deal with it all then.
(meets Travis' eyes)
So you were in the 12th?

TRAVIS
The 2nd.

JUNIOR
Excuse me?

TRAVIS
I wasn't in the 12th. Was in the 2nd.

Junior nods. Right. Travis looks out at the lights of the coast
disappearing in the twilight fog.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Help me understand, Junior, if you
didn't have the shit, why'd you arrange
a pick up for them at the airbase?

JUNIOR
Thought I'd have 'em by then.

Junior smiles, looks down at the girls on the deck.
He starts to move down toward them, winks at Travis.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Think the math worked out just right.
(gestures to a bar cabinet)
Grab a bottle of hard.

Travis takes a bottle of rum as Junior bounds down the steps.
Travis follows. The sky is getting darker.

INT. PLAYPEN-- TWILIGHT

Junior and Travis face each other across the deck.
The Play-Pen bobs and rises, riding swells.

Deleen and Corry, stoned and groggy, sip warm Margaritas.
Deleen's hand is parked in Junior's crotch. Corry is slumped
against Travis as he sips rum from the bottle.

Junior hits his bourbon hard, leans back, runs his hand over Deleen. She vaguely pushes his hand away. He looks buzzed.

JUNIOR

When I was a kid, this rummy came out to the farm to install a skylight for my Pa. And this rummy was broke. Smelled like discount cigarettes. Truck was shit shape, Bondo everywhere. He was a mess. But on this rummy's arm, he had a big ol' Semper Fi. And on his finger he had a big fat ring. It was huge with diamonds and giant letters on the side that said SUPERBOWL IV. Shit. It was all there for me to see. In that moment.

CORRY

What was?

JUNIOR

Man serves nation, risks life, limb, comes home, wins a fucking Superbowl-- and still, he ends up like that. That man's life wasn't worth shit to nobody, Corry. But Sgt. Jorge Padilla, his life is worth thirty five mil.

TRAVIS

Cut the shit.

JUNIOR

Excuse me?

TRAVIS

I'm bored with the pity party. Lots of guys on mothballs. Boo Hoo. Wars over. Tell me something I want to know.

JUNIOR

Like what.

TRAVIS

Like why you rigged that bunker to blow my legs off?

JUNIOR

Ah, c'mon, Daryl, guy like you knows where the mines are.

The boat pitches with a gust of wind. Junior lets the question blow away with it.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Know a guy named Randone 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.

Junior looks off. Takes another swig.

JUNIOR
How'd you get into baby-sitting, Bates?
Why? Job security? Or you take the desk
to keep yourself out of 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 smiles)
But Daryl Bates hasn't.

Travis blinks. Stays very still.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
It's not quiet in your head, Travis.
Not when there's evil hiding in the
rocks. It'll never be quiet in your
head. You got hands that work and know
how to hurt. How to kill. You can't
just sit on them. Shit, your brother
went and hung himself cause of them
hands, didn't he?

Travis is feeling woozy. Junior hold up a folder.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
'Got your Langley file here, Trav. And
it's a *fine read*. A real page turner.

Travis tries to stand, unsteady, sits down again.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
I'd lay off the rum. Any more Amytal,
you'll be useless to me. I need to know
where you got the rocks, brother.

Travis looks at the bottle in his hand.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

--Oh, I'm not telepathic. I put it in everything but the beer and Bourbon.
(snorts)

Girls are gonna be flying soon.

TRAVIS

(doing his best, fuzzy)

Uh. Who is Travis? What the fuck are you talking about, Junior? You fucking drugged me...

(chuckles)

Shit. You got balls. When I tell the Colonel you did this--

Junior interrupts, applauding loudly. An ovation.

JUNIOR

Please, keep going! This is fabulous. Travis McGee at the Jupiter Dinner Theater in a one man production of the "The Life and Times of Daryl Bates!"

Junior howls at his own wit. Travis braces himself against a swell. Junior pushes the girl off him, picks up a folder, leans close to Travis. So close he could kiss him.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

God of Night sees everything.

TRAVIS

Fuck off--

JUNIOR

Like how you bought cut-rate equipment from two-bit Russian cons with all the money you and your brother and your girl never had. You got fleeced.

TRAVIS

...was my brother got taken.

JUNIOR

That's the story you tell people.

(waving file)

But you don't need to hide no more, not from the God of Night.

The man has the eyes of a cobra. Travis looks away, out at the sea, his head swimming.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Time to get true in your mind, Travis.

(points his finger)

Your little brother hung himself cause, well, you basically destroyed his life.

The boat is rising and falling hard on the waves.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

So what did you do? You grabbed Daddy's
sawed-off and took out the Russians, as
if that was gonna erase your sins.
Gotta kill those bad guys. Just like
you came here to kill me, right Trav?

Travis reaches for his gun but Junior shows Travis that he
has taken it. He shoves it behind his belt as he stands.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

At twenty four, a wanted man! So what
does our runner do? He runs. Joins the
circus to defend our nation from the
radical Muslim threat! Left your
brother in the ground and your girl-
friend high and dry. You knew she was
pregnant, right?

Travis just stares. Eyes afire. The boat pitching.

TRAVIS

This is a bit of a let-down, Junior. I
heard you were good, but you just drug
people and tell them a lie--

JUNIOR

But its not a lie, Trav.
Unless you'd rather live a lie.
(beat)

That girl, she's twelve years old now.
That girl she raised with her husband,
is yours, Trav. *You know her name?*

TRAVIS TAKES A SWING AT JUNIOR but Junior catches his fist.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Feels good, *right?* To let it go.

Water slaps their faces. Suddenly, Junior HITS TRAVIS HARD,
IN THE JAW. Travis smiles, blood running from his mouth.

Junior stands up, wipes his hands on his pants. The wind is
whipping now and the boat pitches. A BOTTLE FALLS and Travis
sees Deleen passed out face to the deck. A drunken Corry tries
to help her up but a swell nearly takes them overboard.

DELEEN

Whoa. Everything's spinning.

Travis rises, starts to help the girls down below.

TRAVIS

Here. This way.

JUNIOR

Where you think you're going?

TRAVIS

Taking them inside, before they're washed over. You got a problem with that, shoot me. If you were smart, you'd turn this tub into the wind before she dumps.

Junior looks at the roiling sea. He climbs to the bridge.

INT. PLAYPEN - NIGHT

Travis carries Deleen into the sleeping quarters. He can see Junior's legs, now taking a seat in the fighting chair on the stern. Travis lays her on a bunk and turns to leave--

DELEEN

I don't want to be with that guy.

He crosses into... THE FORWARD CABIN.

The one he came into the last time with the cameras and the chair. The SPEAR GUN on the wall. The knives. He sees the GO PROS where they were the first time. He goes back to it, checks the window, sees Junior still in the fighting chair.

Travis plays back the camera.

ON THE LITTLE SCREEN WE SEE-- A FLASH OF CATHY bound and fearful in the chair, (a fragment from days ago, before her escape).

BUT THEN THERE IS A BURST OF STATIC AND WE SEE -- LOIS, crying as Junior paces about the cabin. LOIS, wearing the same clothes she wore this morning. LOIS, her sobs bleating out the little speaker. TRAVIS GOES PALE.

And now he hears his own voice, from an hour ago, calling "...Hello? Junior!?".

ON THE LITTLE SCREEN, JUNIOR'S HAND CLAMPS ONTO LOIS as she starts to scream. He pulls her out of frame and we hear Junior say "*Bates, that you?*". Lois is somewhere on this boat.

Travis, heart pounding, looks about the cabin, wild-eyed. He throws open a wardrobe. Empty. His eyes flick about. He hears a groan. He charges past a sleeping Deleen to a METAL DOOR.

HE THROWS IT OPEN to find-- LOIS, bound, gagged in a small reinforced hold; her eyes roll to him in fear as he cuts her free; pulls the gag from her mouth:

LOIS

Kill him, fucking kill him!

Travis puts his fingers over her lips: Quiet. She nods.

HE GRABS A SPEAR GUN FROM THE WALL. That's when the lights go out. Travis crosses to the porthole.

JUNIOR IS NO LONGER ON DECK. Travis looks up/around, out the other portholes --no sign of him. He locks eyes with Lois as--

Footsteps creak above-decks --Junior's heavy tread, then a THUD as dead-weight falls out on the stern...

Travis takes a BIG KNIFE from the wall and hands it to Lois. He kisses her and eases the metal door shut.

EXT. PLAYPEN - NIGHT - STORM

Travis arrives on deck. Rain slashes his eyes; the fighting chair empty, swiveling and squeaking as it blows in circles.

Travis looks down and sees CORRY, head smashed, lying in a pool of blood and brain and water; Travis takes another step when--

A GAFF HOOK swings 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; 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 out; 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

You're not the kind of man I like to
kill, Travis.

Junior kicks one last time --but Travis catches his foot and brutally SNAPS his ankle; Junior howls and falls;

Travis grabs the GAFF, stands over him, about to kill him when Junior kicks him in the balls; Travis falls to his knees; Junior swings a HICKORY FISH BILLY, the blow slamming Travis' skull, 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 shoots in the general direction.

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 whitecaps; Travis swallows bilge; the rope of the flying gaff slices up his hands; but 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: 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 Corry's body across the stern, away from Travis; he picks up her dead weight and heaves her overboard; 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; the blows seem to have little 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 rail as Travis pulls himself aboard.

Travis dives at Junior and 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.

LOIS

Oh God, oh God, oh God...

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 lists to the side. Lois's side. Travis pulls at the handcuffs. He looks around, 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 as you can.

She turns away. Travis puts the muzzle against the chain. It takes several tries as the boat continues to 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 as the cabin fills with water. Travis is rifling through everything, trying to find a tool. Anything.

TRAVIS

Get on deck and hold onto something.

DELEEN

No, I'll stay here. I'll--

TRAVIS

Get 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.

Another SCREECH from the boat. A violent lurch.

And Lois goes under.

Travis takes a huge gulp of air and dunks his head under. He points at his mouth so Lois understands. 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 out of the water. 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. THE CUFFS OPEN. Travis pulls

LOIS

up onto the boat. Her eyes are open wide, empty. Her face, white from the blood she's lost. Dead.

Travis opens his mouth as if to say something but there is nothing to be said. He brushes her wet hair back from her face, looks 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 and Travis watches as--

Lois is swallowed by the sea. And then, finally, he moves-- grabs Deleen's hand and drags her across to the dinghy.

Travis frees the dinghy from its clamps; 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 at the sea, SEES JUNIOR CLINGING TO THE CHEST, hard to tell if he's alive. She doesn't care. She paddles into darkness.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - LONGSHOT - THE PLAYPEN - NIGHT

QUIET. Calm seas. The storm has passed. The boat, a small speck on the moonlit horizon, still afloat. PUMPING SOUND OVER...

INT. PLAYPEN - SAME

The bilge pump is working. Travis, wounded, bleeding, wades through the flooded lower deck searching for first aid. He grabs some gauze from a cabinet, starts back up for the deck when he sees the GO PRO camera floating. 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 below, THE BILGE STOPS. Travis listens to the silence, looks at the vast, empty ocean, as the boat lists--

TRAVIS

Awesome.

Travis grabs the bourbon bottle and Meyer's black attache which are floating in the bilge.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DUSK

The boat lists further. Moon shining through receding clouds...

EXT. PLAYPEN - DECK - NIGHT

Travis, wounded and drunk, wades across the deck with the GO PRO and props it on the cooler, the way we first saw it. He sits back, beside the attache and bourbon and stares into it then--

TRAVIS

Uh. This message is intended for Greta Hanley who resides in Carthage, Missouri with her husband and their daughter, Elizabeth, whom I understand, is a promising first baseman.

He sits there a moment, takes a long drink, holds up the bottle.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey, Greta. So here I am leaving you a message on a "device". Hope you enjoy the irony of that.

He looks to the water which has risen now to his waist.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

As you can see I'm once again well and truly, fucked. I am not sure I can outrun it this time. Maybe that's okay. Maybe running is the problem.

He sighs, adjusts his bandage over the seeping wound.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You always told me I needed a vice. Something to take the edge off. As you know, I don't drink much, smoke much or give a shit about guns. But I've been thinking about it and you know what, I do have one. Well, not really a vice.

(beat)

I have an addiction.

He takes another drink from the bottle.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm hooked on death...

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

Wide on The *Playpen* in the moonlight. NIGHT SLOWLY BECOMES DAWN.

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

HIS VOICE FADES as we see the boat is nearly sunk at this point.

SOUND OF AN ENGINE IDLING. And now THE BOW drifts into immediate
f.g. The *Playpen* in 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 stand and look our way, then
dive off the smaller boat. The bigger boat, the one we are on,
HONKS ITS horn, then SMASHES INTO THE *PLAYPEN*.

Travis surfaces, grabs a piece of wreckage, looks up at the
figure, IN A YELLOW RAIN SLICKER leaning over the rail.

FIGURE
McGee? Is that you?

Travis looks closely at the other boat, at the figure:

TRAVIS
Meyer?

MEYER
Praise Jesus. 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:

MEYER

Shit. Sorry. I tried to hit reverse,
but pushed it forward instead for some
reason -- shit, you're bleeding.

TRAVIS

How did you--

MEYER

I hit the sandbar again. Then I got
lost and then there was that typhoon.

TRAVIS

How did you find me?

MEYER

I pinged Lois' phone. And then I used
this little GPS utility 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.

Travis gives his a look.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Where is she anyway?

Meyer takes in Travis' condition, the blood and Lois' absence.
Suddenly, he understands. They both just stand there in silence.

TRAVIS

Be sad later. We need to get out of
here.

MEYER

I think I broke the boat.

Travis crosses, tries to start the engine. It won't go. He
looks off, sensing something. And now we hear A HELICOPTER.

TRAVIS

You tell anyone where you were going?

MEYER

No. Well, I did panic at one point.

TRAVIS

And?

MEYER

I said S.O.S. into the radio. I was
lost in a fucking typhoon.
(hears chopper, lights up)
The Coast Guard?

Travis closes his eyes, energy gone. Meyer crosses to him.

MEYER (CONT'D)

McGee?

And now A SEARCHLIGHT HITS THE WATER AS AN APACHE HELICOPTER appears overhead. A LITTER is lowered from back and as the soldiers reach for US/TRAVIS... ALL SOUND FADES 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 MP's stand there.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

As Travis is led across a MILITARY BASE. Blue 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.

They come around another corner, hear LAUGHTER, and see walking out of a large building is first a dull faced Pacheco, THEN JUNIOR. Beat up. Banged up. Arm in a cast. Still smiling.

JUNIOR

Daryl m'man.

Travis just stares back at him. Meyer, however, flips out at the sight of Pacheco, starts pointing, screaming--

MEYER

Hey!! That's the bastard who--

TRAVIS

Shut up.

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. R. CINAGO. And... J. TRUE. Travis reacts to that last one.

TRAVIS

Shoulda run, Joe.

Travis turns, sees two other bags on another table... These tags read: L. ATKINSON and UNKNOWN FEMALE. That would be Corry.

VOICE

Mr. McGee. Mr. Meyer.

At the far end is A MAN in uniform.

MAN

I'm Colonel Mike McCurry.
Please, sit down.

He indicates a chair and that's when Travis clocks ANOTHER MAN standing, holding a file. It's PANAMA HAT. He does not look at TRAVIS. 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. A bud vase on the tray.

Travis and Meyer watch as McCurry opens a bottle of San Pellegrino and pours himself a glass.

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 clusterfuck.

Travis just watches as the Colonel 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 have a lot in common.

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 crosses to McCurry, holds out a business card.

MEYER

Okay. Why am I here? This is bullshit. My attorney is David Boies. Get him on the phone. Use the 508 number. It's May so he's on the Vineyard. You're fucked.

MCCURRY

Sit down.

Meyer does. McCurry wipes his hands.

MCCURRY (CONT'D)

Where you are right now, Mr. Meyer, you are not subject to due process of law.

MEYER

Where are we?

TRAVIS

Guantanamo.

(Meyer reacts)

Tommy Bahama's in charge.

(indicates McCurry)

This guys's here to make it smell better.

MCCURRY

I'm here to get a soldier home.

McCurry nods to a Soldier who activates A VIDEO CAMERA.

MCCURRY (CONT'D)

0900. This is the debrief of one Travis McGee and Lawrence *Aloysius* Meyer.

Travis turns to Meyer. "*Aloysius?*"

MCCURRY (CONT'D)

Let's talk about the sapphires.

Mr. McGee, can you make this simple and tell us where they are?

TRAVIS

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 home tonight.

TRAVIS

That's why you're here.

MCCURRY

(to Meyer)

You ever heard of Sgt. Jorge Padilla?

MEYER

The P.O.W. on CNN. Don Lemon did a special on him last week.

MCCURRY

Then you know he's been held in a cave for seven years and the Taliban is executing him tomorrow. We had a deal to bring him home. In return for the stones. They belonged to a warlord in Pashtoon. A wedding gift he was going to give to his son.

TRAVIS
Until Bud Kerr stole them.

Who? MEYER TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You want me to talk? Let
Aloysius go.

MEYER
I'm not leaving without you.

MCCURRY
(pushes his lunch aside)
Enough.
(to Travis)
Bud Kerr had the stones when he went
AWOL six years ago. And then you picked
him up, and then, you let him go.

TRAVIS
I didn't know about any stones.
So I cut him a break.

PANAMA HAT
You just got word your girlfriend was
marrying another guy. And you lost it.

Travis leans back cranes his neck to look at Panama Hat.

TRAVIS
Hey, he can talk.

MCCURRY
Kerr got nabbed again, a month later by
a different unit. But he wouldn't tell
Intel where the stones were.

PANAMA HAT
There's a soldier living at the bottom
of a well, McGee, waiting for someone
to find those fucking stones.

MEYER
Who is Budd Kerr?

TRAVIS
(to McCurry & Panama)
'Ever meet Bud? You know he couldn't
have done this by himself, right?
(blank faces)
Caesar Osceola helped him get the rocks
out of Afghanistan.

They didn't know that. Travis stands up and limps toward the
table. The soldiers point their guns as he takes the other half
of the wrap and holds it up...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You're finished with this?

Travis takes a bite. *Nice*. Then passes it to Meyer.

MEYER

Thank you...

TRAVIS

Point is, fellas, you contracted a madman to retrieve the stones. One who you wisely cut loose a few years ago, one who was building a private military base with other ex wets on the islands, stabbed his financier to death and was keeping his TV star wife as a sex slave and cash dispenser--

MEYER

She was in a few movies too.

TRAVIS

--before he started torturing Budd Kerr's daughter. All this, while still practicing his black arts on the side, racking up ten to fifteen random murders in his private dungeons.

(looks at the Colonel)

You're right, it was a clusterfuck.

MEYER

(mouthful of wrap)

Fucking bureaucracy.

PANAMA HAT

(getting pissed)

We needed the real sapphires to get Padilla out and Junior found them.

TRAVIS

He never found shit. Everything was patter and promises. Stalling.

PANAMA HAT

We sent someone in.

TRAVIS

And we all know how that worked out. I still have his thumb, by the way, in my glove box.

PANAMA HAT

This is a waste of time.

He walks out without another word. McCurry nods to the Soldiers.

MCCURRY

Mr. Meyer, you're free to go.

MEYER

I'm not leaving without my friend.

TRAVIS
Meyer. Get out of here.
(nods)
I'm good.

MEYER
(points at McCurry)
This isn't the last you're gonna hear
from me, motherfucker.

MCCURRY
Yes, it is.

The Soldiers escort Meyer out. The DOOR SHUTS. McCurry now gets up, wipes his hands on his napkin, then sits in Meyer's seat.

MCCURRY (CONT'D)
So 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 by the soldiers into the open bird. HE SITS ACROSS FROM JUNIOR. Meyer, next to Travis. Terrified. Junior and Travis stare at each other as the rotor gains speed.

JUNIOR
They set you straight in there, Trav?
You got your head on now?
(off Travis' look)
You don't like me, that's ok. But I
ain't going nowhere. They need me.

The Cuban, Pacheco, in fatigues, climbs aboard and sits on the other side of Travis without a word. No wise cracks this time.

Panama Hat finishes talking with McCurry then boards the chopper. Travis and McCurry share a look as THE DOOR SHUTS.

Finally, the helicopter lifts off. Panama puts his arm on the seat behind Junior and Travis sees that he's got a HOLSTERED GUN. Junior catches the look on Travis' face and chuckles.

Panama Hat stares at Travis. Travis looks out at the ocean. Too high to jump. Looks back. Panama is still staring at him.

PANAMA HAT
Sargent Ramirez, open the door please.

Pacheo opens the door. Meyer starts to panic.

TRAVIS

It's okay.

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 hit the surface. Pacheo reaches for his weapon, but Panama shoots Pacheo, snapping his head back before he falls out the open door.

Travis looks at Panama Hat, ready for whatever's gonna come. Panama reaches into his coat and pulls out--

--THE GO PRO. Travis numbly takes it from him. They hold a long look, then Panama signals the pilot.

Travis looks at-- Meyer, wide-eyed, as the chopper banks away...

INT./EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - JOHN MAYNARD KEYES - DAY

The Keynes bobs in her berth. A few spots of bondo.

Inside, Meyer, in his kimono, finishes two espressos as CNN plays in bg. His attention suddenly pulled to --

NEWSCASTER

Private George Padilla was rescued today after a daring raid by Special Forces in Kumar province.

Meyer hears voices outside, snaps off the television and heads outside to the railing, where he beholds--

EXT. TRAVIS' BOAT - DAY

A thing of beauty in the low sun. Wood varnished. Cleats and rails sparkle. Meyer looks at the name painted on the bow--

MEYER

"The Busted Flush".

Travis, in shorts and a T-shirt, mops. He looks up.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Quite the transformation, matey.
(regarding the wet deck)
The teak looks beautiful. All this
brightwork...

Travis stops mopping. Looks at the deck. He crouches down. Something is off. Meyer comes over.

TRAVIS

Look at the bungs. The wooden plugs
that cover the set screws.

MEYER

Very nice.

TRAVIS

--Look again. At the grain. They're made out of the same wood. A good carpenter sets them to match the grain.

(off Meyer's blank look)

I'm a good carpenter.

MEYER

Those two don't match.

Travis pulls out his knife, pries up the offending plugs. He 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.

CLOSE 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. 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 stones.

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. They were supposed to be a wedding gift.

CATHY

Send them back. We don't want them.

TRAVIS

Your dad was right, you are something.

Travis stands. Cathy looks up at him, smiles. They leave it at that. He slides the jar of stones in front of Christine.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Put em in the bank. Maybe take one to pay for a new roof or--

CHRISTINE

College.

TRAVIS

Sounds good.
(holds a single gem)
My cut.
(finishes beer)
I should get moving.

Christine walks Travis down to the boat. Watches as he unties the line. Jumps aboard.

CHRISTINE

Where you gonna go?

TRAVIS

I don't know.

CHRISTINE

You could stay here a little while.

Travis looks at her.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

If you can make our house look half as good as that boat--

TRAVIS

I don't know if that's a good idea.

CHRISTINE

I'm not asking you to marry me.

TRAVIS

I think I need to keep... moving.

CHRISTINE

If that's what you need.

He moves to the wheel. She starts up for the house, listens as HE TRIES TO START THE ENGINE. It doesn't turn over. She pauses, listens as he tries again. NO GO. Cathy watches from the house.

Now Christine turns and the two of them look at each as he tries again. The engine struggles and struggles and we...

CUT TO BLACK