

THE DEEP BLUE GOODBYE

by
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Based on the novel by John D. MacDonald

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The CAMERA creeps slowly across miles of blank and endless sea, until we come upon a speck, in the distance, a speck that grows in size to become...

ONE BOAT, a fifty-foot yacht, on the horizon. Completely isolated, in the middle of nowhere.

CLOSER ON THE BOAT. It is spooky. Utterly silent and slack in the still water. We PAN up the jutting prow, and onto...

THE DECK.

A towel lies crumpled there, another tattered one is draped across the rails. There are signs of a struggle: a chaise tipped over, two high-ball glasses on the floor. As the boat lists, one tumbler rolls against the fiberglass side, coming to rest near the foot of...

A MAN. He stands at the railing, holding onto a TAUT ROPE that stretches over the railing and down, in a straight line, into the sea. As if something were weighing it down.

We see the brown muscles of his arms straining, but his face is calm. Focused. He wears nothing but shorts and Topsiders.

He looks at his deep water wristwatch, then, using his hands, he hoists up the rope, pulling...

THE ROPE JERKS, and A WOMAN appears, out of the sea, GASPING FOR BREATH.

She is completely BOUND, her arms and legs pinned to her side. Attached to her are WEICHTS, ball-like, white and blue.

She dangles there, over the water, coughing, breathing. A small woman of indeterminate ethnic mix. Her mouth is bloody.

The man looks down at her from the safety of the boat.

MAN

Where is it?

The woman has a strange accent. She sputters, almost wails.

WOMAN

I tell you...

And just to make sure she does...HE LOOSENS THE ROPE.

Her body JERKS DOWNWARD, HITTING THE WATER, then he YANKS IT BACK UP. The woman shouts.

WOMAN
She has it!

MAN
What?

WOMAN
She has it, you go back, you look,
you find it, I swear to God!

The man looks at her...SHE LOOKS AT HIM...he starts to smile,
she does, and then...HE LETS GO THE ROPE.

The woman SCREAMS. The end of the rope comes licking over the
railing, landing in the water. She floats for a brief moment,
she squeals, terrified, struggling against the bindings.

But she is already sinking, from the weights. She slowly
disappears into the turquoise water, deeper and deeper.

The sun glints on the surface of the water, and we...

FADE TO WHITE.

CUT TO:

A SOUND...a rhythmic roar that comes and goes...it might be
the ocean, but soon enough we realize it is...

EXT. EIGHT-LANE HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

We are low, lying on the road, following the progress of...

A GIANT TORTOISE...huge and ancient, its big domed shell hard
and pocked.

CARS ZOOM BY, every three or four seconds. When one gets
particularly close, the turtle STOPS, on the white line, and
pulls his head and arms and legs into his shell.

EXT. HIGHWAY - WIDE SHOT

We are in FLORIDA, with its flat, green, endless horizon. On
one side of the giant interstate, urban sprawl has seeped to
this road, with a brand new storage facility, Superstore, and
dueling Family Diners.

On the other side...A GREEN EXPANSE of swampy Everglades,
toward which the turtle makes his death-defying journey.

INT. PONTIAC SEDAN - SAME

A gray-haired, wiry man, wearing gray slacks and a short-
sleeve shirt, is driving down the highway.

He sips coffee from a dirty cup that says "World's Worst Dad" on it, and watches out his windshield.

HIS P.O.V. Up ahead, he is following a blue and white vintage Ford pick-up, surfboard in the back.

The man in the Pontiac stays a good distance back, yawns, looks at his watch. It's before seven.

HIS P.O.V. All of a sudden, the pick-up SWERVES wildly.

PONTIAC MAN

Shit.

HIS P.O.V. The pick-up pulls to the shoulder, and then...

THE DRIVER gets out and TROTS INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGHWAY.

He is late thirties, maybe forty, brown, lean, rock-hard. He's wearing a wet-suit top and board shorts.

A car in the fast lane zooms by, HONKING, another car SCREECHES TO A HALT as the SURFER holds up his palm, stopping traffic.

The Pontiac man has to stop too.

IN THE ROAD

The surfer PICKS UP THE GIANT TORTOISE and walks, gritting with effort, over to the Everglade side.

INT. PONTIAC

The man in the Pontiac watches all this, at a stand-still in the center lane, until an irate honk forces him to drive by...

THE SURFER, who is still crouching at the shoulder, watching the turtle amble down into the swamp.

EXT. ROADSIDE FRUIT STAND

The Surfer eats some strawberries and oranges, standing up.

ACROSS THE HIGHWAY, some distance down, the Pontiac leans on the shoulder.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

Empty of all but a few cars. The pick-up is there. The Pontiac too, the driver out of the car, using binoculars to watch as...

HIS P.O.V. THE SURFER and some others are floating, sitting on their boards.

A wave swells behind them...they shift to their stomachs, paddling. The wave crests, and they get up on their bony bare feet. Most of them are young, teenagers or early twenties, and they ride the wave in. OUR GUY wipes out spectacularly. Then...pops in the froth and quickly paddles out again.

The Pontiac man lowers his binoculars. Looks over at the restroom, just a few feet away.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Pontiac man comes out of the stall. His hard shoes crunch against the sand and water sludge on the cement floor. He washes his hands, walks out into...

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

HIS P.O.V. The surfers are still bobbing on the water. The pick-up is still parked.

He walks across the asphalt to his car, opens the driver's door, revealing...

THE SURFER, SITTING IN THE PASSENGER SEAT. Trunks still wet, water dripping off him.

TRAVIS (SURFER)

You're losing it, Barc. I made you at the fruit stand.

Pontiac man peers in at him from the open car door.

BARCLAY (PONTIAC MAN)

Why didn't you bring me something? I'm fainting out here.

TRAVIS

Still got that low blood sugar?

BARCLAY

Diabetes. Vicky makes me bring apples and a little can of juice everywhere. I got a fuckin' purse.

TRAVIS

Where'd you get the cop car?

BARCLAY

I'm a cop.

Barc shows off his badge.

BARCLAY

Mt. Dora's finest. Population seven thousand. It was either that or security at Disneyworld.

TRAVIS

You left?

BARCLAY

They gave me a watch and a paper certifying the metal plate in my head so I don't get arrested every time I go to the airport.

They are interrupted by...A KNOCK AT THE WINDOW. One of the other surfers, a Tough with a buzzcut and tattoos, is standing on Travis's side. Travis rolls down the window.

TOUGH SURFER

You set, dude?

TRAVIS

Yeah. Thanks.

The tough surfer throws a dirty look at Barc, then walks off.

TRAVIS

What do you want, Barc?

BARCLAY

I can't just look you up?

TRAVIS

What do you want?

BARCLAY

I got this niece...

Travis starts laughing.

BARCLAY

What?

TRAVIS

You dug me out of oblivion for your niece? Someone stealing her lunch money?

BARCLAY

She's a grown woman. My sister's kid. She met this asshole, this ex-con prick, he seduced her, he ripped her off and now he's off on some boat with her money.

TRAVIS

And...?

BARCLAY

Word is you're working, doing odd jobs for friends.

TRAVIS
That's business. With women and
their sob stories, it's never that.

BARCLAY
All I want you to do is find him.

TRAVIS
You're a cop. You find him.

BARCLAY
She still loves this guy. She
doesn't want him back in prison.
She just wants her money.

Beat.

BARCLAY
I'll pay you. Five grand plus
expenses.

TRAVIS
Look, Barc. I'm in good shape now.
I don't get angry, I don't get
involved. I like myself.

BARCLAY
You do business for friends. I'm
your friend.

TRAVIS
That was a long time ago.

BARCLAY
Travis. I need your help.

We HOLD on Travis's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - DAY

Travis pulls into the big parking lot next to the Marina.
Gets out of his car. Takes his surfboard out of the back of
the truck, carries it under his arm.

He walks past a grizzled, gray-haired man, probably in his
seventies, wearing a wet suit, retrieving two surfboards from
the roof of his car.

TRAVIS
Hey Reg.

REG
Hurricane swells at Double Roads.

TRAVIS

Don't go to Stairs. It's dumpy.

Travis walks down the wooden causeways, his flip-flops flapping, passing boat after boat. An old FISHING TRAWLER...a group of young Haitians call to him.

HAITIAN

Dinner, Travis!

TRAVIS

(re fish)

What is it?

HAITIAN

Talapia.

They dump a flopping fish into a clear plastic bag and hand it out to him.

He catches it up and keeps walking, barely missing a beat. Now he comes to a HUGE YACHT called the ALABAMA TIGER. On the deck is the TIGER himself, a leathery playboy with two lithe and pretty girls sunbathing on either side of him. They call down.

PRETTY GIRLS

Hey Tray! Come on up! We're barbecuing!

He holds up the fish in response, turning toward...

THE BUSTED FLUSH. His home. Pale green fiberglass with curved lines, a deep hull, and a boxy top cabin with sliding glass doors and tattered curtains.

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - BELOW DECKS - DAY

The "lounge" of the Flush is more spacious than most, with a small galley and built-in banquettes.

Travis tosses the fish into the sink, where we can hear it flopping. He walks down the small hallway to:

THE STATEROOM

Large, with a big king-sized bed, currently occupied by A SUN-BLONDE BEACH GIRL, tangled in the sheets.

BEACH GIRL

Hey...

TRAVIS

You gotta go.

BEACH GIRL
You smell like fish.

He picks up her dress and shoes from the night before and tosses them at her.

BEACH GIRL
Can't I take a shower?

TRAVIS
Five minutes. If you're not gone,
I'll call your boyfriend.

BEACH GIRL
Fuck you...

But she gets up. Goes into the bathroom. Travis empties his pockets on to the night stand. Loose change. A chunk of board wax, a small PIECE OF PAPER.

Travis picks it up. It has "Cathy" and a phone number written on it.

CUT TO:

INT. BAHIA CABANA - NIGHT

A bar near the parking lot. It is a thatched-roof dive with a circular bar in the middle. There are a few BOOTHS at the back, where we find...

TRAVIS, sitting, in the semi-darkness.

The waitress brings him a drink on a little paper coaster without even speaking to him. She does one more slightly strange thing. She lays her PEN DOWN by the glass.

Travis takes the coaster out from under the glass. Sets it aside. He sips his drink. Looks out.

HIS P.O.V. A WOMAN has walked in. Looking out of place here, in an out-of-date, flouncy black dress that shows off her muscular legs. She wears too much make-up and her hair a little too coiffed.

She sees Travis. Walks toward him, her little heels clacking.

CATHY
Are you Mr. McGee?

She holds out her small hand.

CATHY
I'm Cathy Kerr.

He shakes it. Feels the roughness of it. Cathy sees the waitress...

CATHY
Can I get a coffee?

The waitress nods. Travis shifts to the side, indicating that she should slide into the booth.

CATHY
Maybe this is silly. I don't know what you can do. I don't know what anyone can do.

TRAVIS
Let's just assume its hopeless and start from there.

She looks at him. Takes a breath.

CATHY
His name is Junior Allen.

She takes a pack of Kools out of her purse. Lights one.

CATHY
I met him at the Exxon. Down in Candle Key. We call it the Ex-con cause it seems like that's all they got working there.

Travis picks up the pen and starts to doodle on the paper coaster.

TRAVIS
What did he serve his time for?

CATHY
Um, I think it was...armed robbery?

TRAVIS
Where?

CATHY
Uh...

TRAVIS
What prison?

CATHY
I think...Attica.

The waitress brings the coffee.

TRAVIS

It didn't bother you that he'd been in prison?

CATHY

My own Daddy did time. You haven't lived till you've had Christmas in Leavenworth.

Cathy pours three packets of sugar into her cup.

CATHY

And Junior was real nice. He fixed up the Buick, and the plumbing and the doors on the house. Took Davie to a ball game. Davie's my boy. My sister keeps him, with her two, down on Candle Key. She didn't like Junior.

(beat)

He wanted to buy a boat. He said we could live on it. Me and him and Davie. Show the kid the world. He made it sound so nice, just ...taking off and being free.

Travis looks up from his doodling. She's wiping back tears.

TRAVIS

What happened?

CATHY

I gave him the down payment for the boat.

TRAVIS

How much?

CATHY

Ten thousand dollars. I was saving it. For Davie.

(embarrassed, she lights another cig)

So now I'm back at Los Globos waiting tables.

TRAVIS

How do you know he used the money to buy the boat?

CATHY

I saw him. A couple weeks ago. Standing on the deck of a boat, on a Marina in Candle Key. He looked right at me, didn't even care if I saw him.

TRAVIS
Did you see the name on the boat?

CATHY
Yeah. Playpen. Out of Miami.

Travis starts to get up.

CATHY
Is that it?

TRAVIS
I'll see what I can do.

CATHY
How do I get a hold of you?

TRAVIS
I'll get a hold of you.

He leaves. THE WAITRESS delivers the check. Cathy frowns. Picks up the check.

INT. SMALL MOM AND POP CONVENIENCE MARKET - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A STACK of free magazines that sell BOATS and YACHTS.

TRAVIS walks in and picks one up.

TRAVIS
(to Counter Guy)
Hey Billy.

Billy looks up. He's a tiny Cuban, sixty-ish, with greased back hair and a thin moustache.

TRAVIS
Got any back issues of these?

Billy nods behind him. Travis looks to the rear of the store.

HIS P.O.V. OLD MAGAZINES are stacked four feet high next to cases of Coke and Sprite.

EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - EVENING

Lights shine out of the little portals in the hull.

INT. STATEROOM - BUSTED FLUSH - NIGHT

Travis on the bed. Spread out before him is one of the magazines, with a PICTURE of the PLAYPEN filling half the page.

It is the boat we saw in the opening scene, all sleek and smoky windows. It looks menacing. Next to the magazine is the napkin with the doodles all over it. We see Travis has actually written things there... "Attica," "Leavenworth," "Playpen," and in bold letters: "She's lying."

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBY-MYER YACHT BROKERS - DAY

High-end. Air conditioned, white leather furniture in the waiting area. Travis walks in. The woman behind the desk is older. Completely no-nonsense, like someone's hard-ass teacher.

WOMAN

Yes?

TRAVIS

I'm looking for a man, bought a yacht out of Miami back in February, March.

WOMAN

What did he do?

TRAVIS

He took advantage of a lady friend.

WOMAN

Our records are private.

TRAVIS

His name is Junior Allen.

He sees a flicker of recognition on her face. And fear.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT OF THE RECORD BOOK

The PLAYPEN. Sold to one Ambrose A. Allen.

Pan back to show TRAVIS leaning over the lady's shoulder.

WOMAN

It belonged to some poor woman whose husband slit his wrists, bled to death right on it. We couldn't sell it, we have to disclose stories like that, but Mr. Allen, he seemed to like it.

TRAVIS

How much was the asking price?

WOMAN

Two hundred sixty-five thousand.

TRAVIS

You let him put ten thousand down?

WOMAN

Oh no. He paid cash, for the whole thing.

This stops Travis.

TRAVIS

He paid two hundred thousand cash?

WOMAN

Two hundred, plus sixty more for some new carpets and pipes and things.

TRAVIS

Cash.

The woman nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MT. DORA POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A little suburban office. The ceiling fans barely cut the steamy Florida heat. TRAVIS ENTERS. An older secretary with spun sugar hair looks up.

TRAVIS

You got a Detective here, Barclay Weaver?

BARCLAY appears in a doorway.

BARCLAY

(to secretary)
Mary, this is Travis. Travis...

TRAVIS

McGee.

BARCLAY

Travis "McGee."

INT. BARC'S OFFICE

Travis paces around, looking at Barc's stuff.

TRAVIS

I need a rap sheet on Junior Allen.

BARCLAY
Are you going to do the job?

TRAVIS
You got the record?

Barclay goes to a file. Slips out a folder, opens it, takes out a paper and hands it to Travis.

TRAVIS
This is his real name? Ambrose Allen Junior?

BARCLAY
Looks like it. He did eight years for robbery.

TRAVIS
At Attica?

BARCLAY
Not Attica. Leavenworth.

Travis looks up for a minute. Then returns his attention to the sheet. He starts to walk out...

BARCLAY
Are you doing the job?

But Travis is out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB LOS GLOBOS - NIGHT

Ten girls do a dance routine on the floor of the darkened club, to a thumping Spanish language version of the 80's hit, "Riding on the Metro." They are good, doing head jerks and hip pulses...with the added feature that they are TOPLESS.

TRAVIS stands at the back, watching...

CATHY. The only blonde, and the oldest girl in the line-up. She doesn't want to be here, and her smile and her effort just make it seem sad.

EXT. CLUB LOS GLOBOS - NIGHT

Cathy steps out of the stage entrance. She stops to light a cigarette in the night...

TRAVIS
I thought you were a waitress.

Cathy JUMPS, frightened. Travis steps out of the shadows.

CATHY

Don't do that. Don't you know the creeps we get hangin' around here?

TRAVIS

Like Junior?

CATHY

...no.

TRAVIS

You didn't meet him at the gas station, did you?

She puffs on the cigarette.

TRAVIS

He wasn't at Attica. He was in Leavenworth.

CATHY

So?

TRAVIS

So, did he know your father?

CATHY

I don't know what you're talking about.

TRAVIS

You're a terrible liar, Cathy. It's one of your nicest qualities.

CATHY

I'm not lying. He worked at the Exxon...

TRAVIS

You don't buy a two hundred thousand dollar yacht with your paycheck from the Exxon.

CATHY

What?

TRAVIS

He paid two hundred grand cash for that boat.

She actually gasps.

TRAVIS

And he's got more to spare.

CATHY

Goddammit!

She picks up a rock and CHUCKS it at a huge garbage can.

TRAVIS

What did you give him, Cathy?

CATHY

I didn't give him jack shit. He took it. He stole it, and I have every right to get it back.

TRAVIS

What did he steal?

CATHY

...I don't know.

Travis gets up.

TRAVIS

Good luck with your dance career.

CATHY

Something that belonged to my father! I never knew what it was, he never told me, I swear, I'm telling you the truth!

He turns back.

CATHY

My daddy always said he brought something back from the war. From Vietnam. He said he hid it away when he got sent up. He said when I was old enough, he'd give it to me.

TRAVIS

Did he ever tell you what it was? Where it was?

CATHY

He was going to. He was gonna write it all down and send it in a letter. But the only letter I got was a Fed Ex with his ashes in a ziplock bag. And then Junior came.

She sits down on the curb. Travis sits beside her.

CATHY

He was hunting. As soon as he found what Daddy hid, he was gone.

She looked away.

CATHY

He was so sweet and nice. He knew everything, like Daddy had told him all about me. He used to ask me all these questions about my childhood, you know, like people do...when they're in love. I thought...he loved me...

Cathy's voice falters. She buries her face in her hands and cries. Her sorrow is quiet and genuine.

Travis leans back, the look on his face..."Aw Jeez." He doesn't touch her or offer words of comfort.

CATHY

(crying)

He took that money and no one's ever gonna find him.

Long beat.

TRAVIS

I can find him.

She looks up, hope on her face...

CATHY

Oh, Mr. McGee, if you...

He gets up. Walks away from her, hands in his pockets. Says gruffly.

TRAVIS

Here's the deal. No cops, no law of any kind, including your uncle. We work on a cash-only basis. If I'm able to recover the stolen goods or cash, I take expenses off the top and split what's left with you, fifty fifty.

CATHY

Fifty fifty? I got a kid, he's five years old...

TRAVIS

Look. I'm not doing this out of sympathy, or the goodness of my heart or because I like you. I'm doing it because it's easy. I don't do hard anymore. If you want to make it hard, then you can find someone else.

CATHY
Fifty fifty. What kinda Private Eye
gets that?

TRAVIS
I'm not a Private Eye.

CATHY
What are you?

TRAVIS
You can call me a Salvage
Consultant.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

A big wide shot of Travis's truck, driving across the chain
of bridges that connects the Florida Keys.

EXT. TOWN OF CANDLE KEY

Travis drives through. Sees the Marina and the touristy
shops. The Exxon station.

EXT. BACKROADS - CANDLE KEY - DAY

The low-end side of the island. Travis's truck drives down a
dilapidated, weedy beach road, seeing trailers and old
clapboard bungalows...

INT. TRUCK

He slows, as he sees the ADDRESS he's looking for spray-
painted on a white rock. He turns and drives through...

A TUMBLING-DOWN ARCHWAY...the pile-ons still standing low on
either side, a homemade creation of sand, rock, shells and
pieces of sea glass.

Travis gets out of the car as three vicious-looking mutts
come running toward him, barking, and close behind, a gang of
tan, blonde children.

He shows no fear. Bends to pet the dogs. They like him. He
hears a WOMAN'S VOICE.

WOMAN
This is private property, Mister.

Cathy's sister ROMY is standing there, looming over the
children. She's a big woman, a little unkempt but with an
earthy sexuality, like a she-lion with her cubs.

TRAVIS
Are you Romy?

WOMAN
Who wants to know?

TRAVIS
Name's Travis McGee. Did Cathy tell
you...

ROMY
She told me.

They stand there, slightly awkward.

TRAVIS
What happened to your fence here?

ROMY
Junior Allen happened to it.

Travis looks at the smashed-down pile-ons.

ROMY
My Daddy built that archway in
1974. I helped him do it. It stood
for thirty-two years until that
bastard knocked it down.

INT. HOUSE

Travis sits on a sagging old couch. The children are watching
the Cartoon Network, but one of them is staring at him. He
has serious brown eyes, wears a stained T-shirt.

KID
You know my Mom?

This must be Cathy's kid, DAVIE.

TRAVIS
Yeah.

DAVIE (KID)
Does she dance naked up in
Lauderdale?

One of the kids at the TV giggles. Travis looks at Davie.

TRAVIS
No. She's a waitress.

Romy enters with two glasses of iced tea.

ROMY

I told Cathy, no one's ever gonna find him. You can't find a man on a boat. He could be anywhere in the world, he has no address, and even if you do find him, by the time you get there, he's gone again.

TRAVIS

I'm not going to try to find the boat.

ROMY

Then, if you don't mind my asking, Mr. McGee, cause my sister's pretty good at giving her money away to idiots, what are you planning to do?

Travis smiles, ever so slightly. He likes her.

TRAVIS

Did your father write letters from Vietnam? To your mother or you?

ROMY

So what if he did?

TRAVIS

So I need those letters.

ROMY

What for?

TRAVIS

If I want to find Junior, I have to find out what he stole from you and your sister...

ROMY

He didn't steal anything, Mr. McGee. Cathy gave him all her money, and he left her, for a richer, prettier woman.

TRAVIS

He has a lot more than ten thousand dollars, Romy.

ROMY

He got that from her. Mrs. Atkinson. She's his new girl. They drive around here in her gold jaguar with the top down. It's her gave Junior the rest of the money for that boat.

TRAVIS
Does Cathy know this?

ROMY
No, and I don't want her to.
(beat)
Daddy always loved Cathy best. So he told her things. Stupid lies to make himself look big. Like that he had hidden treasure. It's all crap. Like most things men'll tell you.

TRAVIS
Do you know where she lives? This Atkinson woman?

ROMY
It's a new development on the other side of town. All beachfront homes. It's the one with the "For Sale" sign out front.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHY'S HOUSE - CANDLE KEY - DAY

Travis walks across the sandy, broken pavement toward the car.

HIS P.O.V. The jagged, broken pile-ons seem to beckon him.

He goes over. Puts a hand on them...then...HE REACHES HIS ARM DOWN IN...FEELS AROUND. Brings his arm back out.

IN HIS HAND...we see bits of concrete, a couple of coins, and...A FADED PIECE OF ARMY CAMOUFLAGE FABRIC.

DAVIE
Mr?

Cathy's son Davie is there. BEHIND HIM, still on the porch, is ROMY, watching.

DAVIE
Are these what you wanted?

He holds out a packet of small, yellowing letters, tied in a ribbon.

DAVIE
Just promise you'll bring 'em back.

Travis nods his head. Takes the letters.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS'S TRUCK - DAY

Travis drives down the street of a wealthy new home development.

HIS P.O.V. There are at least 5 "For Sale" signs in front of these deluxe modern homes.

Travis slows, peering out the window. All the houses look the same to him, and then he sees something...

HIS P.O.V. A GOLD JAGUAR SPORTSCAR, parked at an odd angle. The driver's door is open and the keys are in the ignition.

He parks across the street.

EXT. ATKINSON HOUSE - DAY

The house is unlandscaped, with dirt in the front. Travis walks up the driveway, past the sign with the smiling face of "Jeff Bocka" at Century 21. He peers inside the car...nothing amiss. He takes the keys out of the ignition. Shuts the door. Sees A JAGGED SCRATCH all along the side of the door.

Travis walks up the front steps. To the side of the door is a small intercom. He presses the CALL BUTTON. After a moment, he hears A VOICE.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Who is it?

TRAVIS

Mrs. Atkinson?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes.

TRAVIS

I'm looking for a man named Junior Allen.

Pause. He hears the hiss of static on the intercom.

TRAVIS

Mrs. Atkinson?

And now he hears A VOICE right on the other side of the door.

MRS. ATKINSON (O.S.)

What do you want?

Travis hesitates, startled, unsettled by the feeling of someone, just there, on the other side of big slab of wood.

TRAVIS

I have some money for him.

Then...THE DOOR OPENS...just A LITTLE.

LOIS ATKINSON looks out. And she is not at all what Travis expected. She is YOUNG, probably early thirties, fine-boned, with an inbred elegance. Her hair is pulled back. She wears a buttoned blouse. We can't see the lower half of her from the way she holds the door. She stares at him with her dark eyes.

LOIS
He's gone.

TRAVIS
...do you think he'll be coming
back?

She stares at him. Travis is noticing some strange things about her.

THERE ARE BRUISES, finger-shaped, just at the base of her neck, just visible when she moves, beneath her collar. And she is thin. Very thin.

LOIS
...no.

She swallows now.

TRAVIS
(holds up the keys)
...you left your keys in the car.

She has to reach out for the keys. HER HAND trembles violently.

LOIS
Now if you'll excuse me, I have
something...cooking, so...

TRAVIS
Are you alright?

She looks at him, struck by the concern in his voice.

LOIS
I'm going to close the door now.
Please go away.

She closes it and locks it.

Travis stares at the door, disturbed by the entire interchange.

He starts to walk down the driveway. Then he PEELS OFF, starts back up, around the side of the house.

THERE ARE GARBAGE CANS THERE...He takes the lid off one...IT IS FULL OF EMPTY BOOZE BOTTLES.

Travis closes it, continues around to

THE BEACH

And the back deck of the house. He takes off his shoes and HOPS silently up onto it.

ON THE DECK

He approaches the VERY TALL SLIDING GLASS DOORS that line the back of the house. They are new, still with stickers on them. They are BLANK...some kind of reflective light blocking shade lines the other side. He goes along, feeling and looking closely at the way the doors meet the floor...

INT. HOUSE

UNKNOWN P.O.V. We CAN SEE Travis, a shadow, going along the glass doors, creeping...

WE HEAR panicked breathing...

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK

Travis finds what he's looking for. ONE OF THE DOORS is not flush. He grabs the door and literally LIFTS IT OFF IT'S TRACK...

He has an amazing amount of strength as he SLIDES THE DOOR on the back end of the track just enough to open it.

He puts it down. SLIPS INSIDE.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Travis finds himself standing in SOMEONE'S HELL.

HIS P.O.V. The house is a complete DISASTER. The sleek modern furniture covered with dirty dishes, half-eaten food, empty bottles of liquor. It smells. Small puddles of something that looks like VOMIT dot the shiny hard wood floor. It feels like a cave. The hiding place of a sick, frightened animal.

MRS. ATKINSON (V.O.)

Who are you?

Travis TURNS...

MRS. ATKINSON stands across the filthy room from him, holding a HANDGUN out before her.

We SEE NOW that she wears the crisp shirt, but it is BUTTONED WRONG, and down below she is naked, the dark triangle of her pubic hair peeking out underneath the tails of the shirt.

Her HAND shakes so badly the gun literally WAVES back and forth.

TRAVIS
My name is Travis McGee.

He starts walking toward her.

MRS. ATKINSON
What do you want?

TRAVIS
I'm looking for Allen, that's all.

MRS. ATKINSON
He's gone. I kicked him out. He won't come back. If he does, I'm ready for him.

TRAVIS
Did he hurt you?

The gun wavers in her hands. Travis is about ten feet from her now.

TRAVIS
Give me the gun.

Without warning, she FIRES THE WEAPON. THE BULLET whizzes by and THUMPS into the back of a couch.

She looks STUNNED by the retort and Travis makes his move.

He RUNS AT HER...

She screams, fires the GUN AGAIN...it HITS a wall sconce and then HE IS ON HER.

He knocks her to the ground and gets the gun away from her.

He sits on her. While she's kicking and screaming like an animal, he EJECTS THE CLIP from the handgun and tosses it away.

She FIGHTS HIM, struggling, hitting and kicking. As she SHOVES AWAY, her SHIRT falls off her thin body.

He HOLDS HER DOWN, with the weight of his body, until she is still. As he raises himself off her...he sees SHE IS CRYING.

He stares down at her. Her naked body...

He kneels. SCOOPS HER UP off the floor and CARRIES HER
 INTO THE BEDROOM

...where he lays her on the bed. She grabs up the sheet and
 twists it in her fist, crying, her body racked in soundless
 sobs.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Travis stands, looking over the filthy living room.

INT. KITCHEN

He finds a HUGE AMOUNT of pill bottles strewn on the kitchen
 counter. He reads the labels, they are tranquilizers and
 downers. Sees the name...LOIS ATKINSON.

He finds her PURSE on the counter. He opens it. Finds a
 WALLET...an ADDRESS BOOK.

INT. OFFICE NOOK - DAY

Travis is on the phone. We hear the tinny ringing, a woman
 answering.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hello?

TRAVIS

Hello, I'm calling about your
 daughter.

The woman's voice tightens, not with concern, but resentment.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Where is she?

TRAVIS

In the Florida Keys. She hasn't
 been well.

MOTHER (V.O.)

What's wrong with her?

TRAVIS

...she'll be alright, but she may
 need some help.

Now her voice is suspicious.

MOTHER (V.O.)

We haven't heard from Lois in
 weeks, nor has her husband, who, by
 the way, is still her husband,
 legally, despite what she says.

TRAVIS
She's in trouble...

MOTHER (V.O.)
If she wants to go from one man to another that's not my affair, but I'm not going to help her throw her life away. If she needs something from me, she can come home and ask for it herself.

Lois's mother hangs up.

Travis stares at the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Travis looks at Lois. She is asleep, naked and totally vulnerable.

Travis TURNS, WITH PURPOSE, and strides out.

EXT. ATKINSON HOUSE - DAY

The bright yellow Florida sun, the tropical heat are another world from the misery in that house.

He stands there, breathing...the sea air, the freedom.

HIS P.O.V. His car is right across the street.

He looks toward the big front door, yawning open, into the darkness.

He rubs his brow. He doesn't do hard. This isn't what he bargained for. All he has to do is drive away. But...

He turns and walks back inside the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Travis finds a button on the wall...an electronic system PARTS ALL THE CURTAINS with a slow hum. Travis goes across the front, opening all the doors, filling the house with LIGHT.

He stands in the center of the disgusting living room. It looks even worse in the sunshine.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Travis washes dishes and loads them in the dishwasher.

He empties most of PILL BOTTLES into the garbage disposal, then decides to save one bottle.

He collects up dirty clothes and towels and stuffs them in the washer.

He walks around with a black garbage bag and throws away old bottles of liquor and other trash.

He takes out three huge black bags full of garbage.

With ocean breezes blowing through the house, he actually MOPS THE FLOOR. He has a particularly ungraceful stroke, as if he's digging a ditch.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Travis is reading the Vietnam letters. The paper is fragile and old. He is engrossed when...he HEARS something, glass breaking.

HIS P.O.V. In the shadows of the living room, LOIS is standing in the bar area, searching through the bottles for booze, breaking the empty crystal decanters on the floor and mumbling...

LOIS
...took my liquor...

Travis starts toward her...she whirls on him. She looks at him, but she doesn't know him.

LOIS
You fucker, where's the liquor?!
Where's my pills!

She is barefoot, the broken glass is cutting her feet.

LOIS
Who told you to stay here?! This is
my house!

Travis goes into the KITCHEN, grabbing up the pill bottle. He hears more glass breaking. He goes back into

THE LIVING ROOM

LOIS
Where's Fancha? Where is she? I
hear her laughing.

Travis picks Lois up. She starts kicking and screaming.

LOIS
Get off me!

He carries her down the hall, struggling, into...

THE BEDROOM

Where he tosses her on the bed. She tries to rise up; he holds her down with one strong arm, popping open the bottle of pills with the other hand.

She tries to bite him. He has to shove the pill down her throat like a dog. She gags but finally swallows it.

LOIS
I want a drink.

He hands her a glass of water by the bed. She tastes some in her mouth, spits it out at him.

LOIS
I want a drink!

Travis leans back, cold and disgusted.

TRAVIS
I'll get you a drink.

INT. KITCHEN

Travis wipes himself off. Fills a glass with water. Drinks it himself. Fills it again.

INT. BEDROOM

When he comes back in, she is already asleep.

He sits down in a chair across from the bed. Sighs heavily.

HIS P.O.V. HER FEET...cut and bloody. Dirty too.

We HOLD on his face, looking at them.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Travis has a WASH CLOTH and a bowl of warm water. He uses the wet cloth to gently wash the blood and dirt from her feet.

He looks up to her...

HIS P.O.V. She stirs a little, but remains asleep.

He uses a gauze bandage to wrap around them. Takes note of her nails, delicate, painted frosty pink, chipped now.

He takes her legs and places them under the covers. He takes a blanket from the foot of the bed and gently lays it over her.

He turns out the light and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

EST. SHOT - CANDLE KEY - MORNING

The waves are gentle in the bright sun of mid-morning

INT. ATKINSON HOUSE

Travis is in the kitchen, unloading grocery bags. The crackling of the paper echoes in the big concrete spaces.

He is folding one up when...

LOIS APPEARS. From the bedroom hallway.

She's wearing a thin robe. For the first time, she looks...present.

They stare at each other.

LOIS
Who are you?

TRAVIS
Travis. Travis McGee.

LOIS
Are you a cop?

TRAVIS
(small laugh)
No.

Beat. Lois is somewhat suspicious.

LOIS
Why are you still here?

TRAVIS
You weren't in much shape to be left alone.

LOIS
What happened to my feet?

He nods over to the bar area, where the JAGGED PIECES of the broken crystal have been swept into a DUSTPAN. She looks at it.

LOIS
Richard says you can tell how fine
the crystal is by how easily it
breaks.

TRAVIS
Richard?

LOIS
My husband. Ex-husband. I guess.

TRAVIS
Where is he?

LOIS
In Manhattan.

TRAVIS
Did he live here with you?

LOIS
No. This is a rental. Richard hates
Florida.

TRAVIS
I didn't mean Richard.

A beat. She seems to have heard him, but she talks on.

LOIS
When I first met Richard I thought
he was sexy because he drove a
motorcycle down to Wall Street
every morning. And he was from New
Jersey. All my girlfriends thought
he was the dangerous type.
(beat)
They had no idea what dangerous is.

She sits down on the couch arm, not looking at Travis.

TRAVIS
When did you first come down here,
Lois?

She doesn't answer.

TRAVIS
When did you last see Junior Allen?

She looks at him.

LOIS

Mr. McGee. Is that your name? I know you want me to help you and...maybe I even owe it to you to help you but...I can't.

He sees the emotion she holds in. Knows she means it.

He looks at the groceries.

TRAVIS

Got you some food. This should be enough for a week. If you don't want to go into town for more, the deli by the Blockbuster delivers.

He sets out some mail on the breakfast bar.

TRAVIS

You have some bills you might want to look at. Jeff Bocka called. He wants to show the house.

She stares at him.

TRAVIS

If you remember anything...if Junior comes back around, call me. I wrote my number. In Lauderdale.

Travis scrapes up his car keys. Puts them in his pocket.

LOIS

You're leaving?

She looks down. He sees how fragile she is.

TRAVIS

You'll be alright, Lois.

She looks at him, right in his eyes.

After a moment, he breaks the gaze. Turns to walk out. He is almost to the front door, when he hears:

LOIS

It was January.

He turns back.

LOIS

I came down in January.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. MANHATTAN - JANUARY EVENING

The street lights have just turned on. The sky is deep indigo blue. Dirty snowdrifts line the streets.

THE GOLD JAGUAR pulls up to a Fifth avenue apartment house.

A DRIVER in a suit gets out. Chats to the uniformed DOORMAN.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

The intercom is buzzing. The telephone is ringing. LOIS appears, in an evening dress, putting on earrings, calling...

LOIS
Richard! The phone!

RICHARD (O.S.)
I can't find my cufflinks!

She goes into...

THE KITCHEN

...where she digs around in a bowl full of little odds and ends...paperclips, change...and PICKS UP THE PHONE.

LOIS
Hello?

FEMALE VOICE
Hello, is this Richard's wife?

LOIS
...yes.

FEMALE VOICE
This is Isabelle Sampson.
(beat)
We met at the Christmas party.

LOIS
I don't...

FEMALE VOICE
I didn't think you would.

There's something vaguely threatening about her tone.

LOIS
Are you calling for Richard?

FEMALE VOICE

I'm calling for you. I thought you should know, I had an affair with your husband for over a year, and now he's fucking another girl, Amy, in arbitrage.

Lois stares.

FEMALE VOICE

Happy New Year.

Click. Lois looks down at the basket. After a long moment, she picks out...THE CUFFLINKS.

We recognize them as the same ones from HER PURSE.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lois sits in the backseat of the jag, wrapped in a fur coat, waiting, her purse in her lap.

She speaks to the driver.

LOIS

Darryl, would you go up? See what's keeping Mr. Atkinson?

The Driver gets out. Goes inside the building.

Lois stares straight ahead and then...

She CLIMBS FORWARD, hiking up her long dress and her coat, scrambling into...

THE DRIVER'S SEAT. She turns the key in the ignition. The engine starts.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

The jaguar is going at least a hundred through the hilly, rural roads of Delaware.

INT. CAR - SAME

Lois is driving. She rolls down the window. Her hair BLOWS BACK.

LOIS (V.O.)

I drove all night. I didn't stop to eat. Darryl always stocked the car with Evian and little airplane bottles of liquor.

INT. CAR - DAY

She is driving through Florida now. It's hot. The fur coat is off and beside her in the passenger seat.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We see her FUR COAT flung out of the window and onto the tarmac where it rolls and splays like a dead body.

LOIS (V.O.)
I drove until I couldn't drive any farther. Until the land ended, literally. And that was Florida.

CUT TO:

EXT. FANCY MIAMI DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Lois walking in, still wearing her evening dress.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Lois walking out, dressed in new, more casual clothes and carrying a Vuitton overnight bag.

EXT. ATKINSON HOUSE - DAY

Lois shakes hands with her realtor, a prim, bald man, the sign guy, JEFF BOCKA.

LOIS (V.O.)
I rented this place. They gave me a good deal if I would keep it in shape, let them show it to buyers. Of course now they're trying to kick me out. The locals are real friendly around here.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH - WINDY SUNSET

A wind has picked up and blows the palm trees around.

Lois is sitting on the sand, drinking tequila straight from the bottle, watching the sunset.

There's no one around. One old guy with a metal detector walks the beach in the distance, his shirt blown back by the wind.

BEHIND HER, up at the parking lot, we see a creepy, rusty low-rider car drive slowly to the end of the lot.

JUNIOR
You alright, Miss?

CUT TO:

INT. TOWTRUCK - NIGHT

Lois sits in the passenger seat, relieved. Junior drives. We get a better look at him. Longish hair, dark eyelashes and a crooked, thin-lipped mouth. He is handsome. Almost beautiful.

LOIS
Thank you.

JUNIOR
No problem. Just coming back from a sailing trip. South-bearing wind, best kind for sailing.

LOIS
You're a sailor?

JUNIOR
Weekend sailor. Real job is driving this truck.

Pause.

JUNIOR
I'd take you to the station, but we don't sell tires. You'll have to order those from Miami. Could take weeks.

LOIS
Weeks?

JUNIOR
For tires like that. Low-profile Michelins.
(beat)
You down here for the season?

LOIS
I don't know. I might not stay.

JUNIOR
Don't like it here?

LOIS
Not exactly a warm welcome.

JUNIOR
Well, that's a shame. A beautiful woman like you is a fine addition to any locale.

She sort of laughs. He smiles.

JUNIOR

Listen. You want me to take you home, I certainly will. But I think you should come out and have a drink with me.

LOIS

I think I've had enough to drink tonight.

JUNIOR

The best bar in South Florida is right down here. No name, no sign, just kick-ass music. You'll never find it unless somebody takes you.

LOIS

I don't...

JUNIOR

Come on. You came all the way down here. You might as well see what you're missing before you go.

EXT./INT. BAR - LATER

Under a wood roof, on a scruffy patch of wooden docking out over the sea, is the most happening little bar you've ever seen. There's a band jamming with Cajun dance rhythms, people dancing and hooting. It's packed with beach locals; a particularly Floridian cross between red-neck and surfer. Ruddy blonde men in shorts and T-shirts. Bleached blonde, big-haired women in tight jeans and boots.

The music and the vibe are irresistible.

Lois and Junior are at the bar, drunk and yelling over the band.

JUNIOR

I work in the automotive industry, and I say, it's bullshit you have to wait for your tires!

LOIS

Absolutely!

JUNIOR

I mean, you want the tires, right?

LOIS

Right!

JUNIOR

You need the tires. And someone's telling you, you can't have 'em, that's just...that's...

LOIS

Un-American!

JUNIOR

Un-American. Goddamn yes. This is a can-do nation. You have an unalienable right to have your tires right now.

LOIS

This minute!

JUNIOR

You didn't ask for some low-life junkies to trash your tires.

LOIS

I did not.

JUNIOR

You didn't come to this island with your fine automobile and expect to walk everywhere.

LOIS

Hell no!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT MANSION - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

A palm-lined driveway leads to a beautiful gravel motorcourt in front of a mansion.

We can hear the sound of the waves...and another sound...

THE CREAK CREAK of a jack, raising up...

A DARK BLUE JAGUAR parked in the motorcourt, along with a BMW and a Ferrari.

Crouching in the dark, at the wheels of the jag is JUNIOR, quickly and expertly removing the tires with a lug wrench. Two are already off and lay in the dirt.

Lois watches, glancing nervously at the darkened house.

LOIS

Are you crazy? This is crazy!

He gets the third tire off.

LOIS
I don't want...

JUNIOR
Yes you do. You do.

He quickly gets the last tire off. Lois watches the house.
HER P.O.V. A light goes on in an upstairs window.

LOIS
Junior...

He hoists up two of the tires and starts rolling them...
They hear a dog barking now...

Lois starts laughing, rolling the two big tires toward the truck, Junior carrying one and rolling the other, dragging the jack behind him...

They reach the truck and Junior THROWS THE FOUR TIRES in.
Lois is laughing as he pushes her up into the cab and TWO BIG DOGS rush them...

INT. TRUCK

Junior peels out. Hollers. The dogs are barking. Lois can't stop laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXXON STATION - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Lois's car, with its four slightly used new tires, is parked just outside the garage.

Junior opens the door for her.

JUNIOR
Your chariot.

LOIS
Thank you.

She sweeps in, like a lady, and sits in the driver's seat.

He closes the door. Holds up her car keys. She reaches for them...

He snatches them back. Grins. Then slowly, we hear him SCRAPE THE KEY along the side of her door.

LOIS
What are you doing?

JUNIOR
Don't want you to wake up and think
nothing ever happened.

He kneels at the window.

JUNIOR
Cause something happened.

He holds up the keys. She takes them. Looks at them, at him.

He leans in and kisses her. She's wary, and he lets it be simple. Then it isn't. All the drink and the hot adventure of the night. The kiss gets very deep very fast. She feels herself spinning down, caught up in the moment...

She pushes away from him. He looks at her. Stands. Pats the car once.

JUNIOR
See you around, Mrs. Atkinson.

She drives away.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. BEACH - DAY

Lois lies on the beach in the sun, sweat dripping on her belly, her hands resting there...

LOIS (V.O.)
The next day, it did seem like some strange dream. I tried not to think about him. But this place, Florida, the heat and the humidity...it does something to you. I wanted to do bad things, things my husband and my mother would never imagine I could do.

FLASHBACK - EXT. EXXON STATION - DAY

Lois is pumping her gas. She's looking around. Junior's not there. A greasy attendant appears. The name ROLLO is stitched to his shirt pocket.

LOIS
Junior's not working today?

ROLLO
He quit.

LOIS
Do you know...where he went?

ROLLO

He's gone. To New York. He said he had a business opportunity.

LOIS

Oh.

ROLLO

Can't make no money out here. Even rich pussy don't want to pay full serve.

He leers at her.

LOIS (V.O.)

I felt like a coward. Like I'd missed my chance. So when he came back...well...

FLASHBACK - INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Lois, wearing jogging clothes, comes into the kitchen, is getting some juice and yogurt when...

SHE DOUBLE TAKES.

HER P.O.V. Out the window, a huge splendid yacht is docked at her pier. We see it's name on the back, PLAYPEN.

And the dark frame of Junior Allen, silhouetted against the sun, is standing on it, watching the house.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Lois walking out across the beach.

LOIS

That was some business opportunity.

JUNIOR

You like it?

LOIS

Is it yours?

JUNIOR

All mine. Paid two g's cash. And I've got more to spare.

He smiles. He looks like a model in his brand new sailing clothes.

JUNIOR

Why don't you pack a few things? Weather over the islands is gonna be clear for days.

LOIS

No...

He flips her over, roughly. When she tries to turn toward him, he pushes her head down with a strong arm. Her face is pressed into the sofa as he pounds on her, grunting.

Tears form in her eyes. And then...she hears something...the sound of strange, guttural giggling.

HER P.O.V. Down the hall, in one of the tiny cabin bedrooms, the door is slightly open, and an eye is peeking through, watching them.

Suddenly, Junior is off of her and zipping up his pants.

JUNIOR

Fancha, what the fuck are you...

Lois grabs up her pareo and covers herself, as Junior goes down the hall and pulls someone out from the cabin.

IT IS A WOMAN. Tiny and fierce-looking, a motley mix of ethnicities, her tits hanging out of her little dress...the same woman we saw being murdered in the opening scene.

He pushes her out into the main cabin.

JUNIOR

Say you're sorry.

Fancha glares at him.

JUNIOR

Say you're sorry to the lady.

FANCHA

Sorry, lady.

She smiles, insincerely, revealing A GOLD TOOTH in the center of her mouth.

Junior suddenly BACKHANDS HER hard, across the face. She falls against the wall of the little corridor, cowering.

LOIS

Jesus Christ...

Lois tries to help Fancha up, but Fancha THROWS HER OFF and glares at her as she stomps away.

JUNIOR

Don't waste your time on her. She's just the cook.

Lois looks at him.

JUNIOR
I'm not gonna take you on a cruise
without a cook.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The Playpen bobs along, the only craft for miles on the wide empty sea.

INT. STATEROOM CABIN - NIGHT

Lois is wrapped in a blanket, sitting on the bed. There is a strange look on her face...shock, mixed with a kind of serious urgency.

FANCHA COMES IN.

Lois closes her eyes, pretends to sleep.

Fancha seems to be dusting, but she is really searching, eyes scanning the room, flitting periodically to Lois. She goes to the closet and slowly opens it. She picks up Lois's Vuitton overnight bag and crouches over it...

ON LOIS, as she hears the zipper unzip...

LOIS
What are you doing?

Fancha drops the bag. Turns to her. Sucks on her gold tooth.

FANCHA
Dinner ready, miss.

INT. PLAYPEN LOUNGE - NIGHT

Lois and Junior at the little banquette. Lois isn't eating.

JUNIOR
What's the matter? Aren't you
hungry?

LOIS
I guess I'm...not such a good
sailor.

JUNIOR
You want a pill or something?

She shakes her head, no. Fancha takes the plate away.

JUNIOR
We'll be in Bimini by morning.

EXT. BIMINI - DAY

Lois and Junior are walking along the shopping streets, hand in hand.

HER P.O.V. A SIGN pointing the direction to the AIRPORT. Taxis and scooters headed that way.

She looks in a shop window. Pulls Junior inside.

INT. SHOP

Lois picks out a dress.

LOIS
(to a saleslady)
Can I try this on?

The big, quietly unfriendly saleswoman leads her through a curtain to...

THE BACK, where there are two small dressing rooms and a store room.

Lois notices the BACK DOOR before she goes into the dressing room.

INT. STORE

Junior waits for Lois to come out of the dressing room.

EXT. STREETS - SAME

Lois is moving quickly through the crowds. She is still HOLDING THE DRESS. She raises her hand, using it to hail a taxi.

EST. SHOT - CARIBBEAN AIRPORT - DAY

INT. AIRPORT - SAME

It is a small place, but full of people.

Lois is at the ticket counter.

TICKET CLERK
Next flight to Miami is at three o'clock.

LOIS
Can't I get on the one at ten?

TICKET CLERK
It's all booked, Miss.

INT. LADIES ROOM - AIRPORT - SAME

Lois is now wearing the dress. She washes her face. She breathes. Looks at her watch. It's one thirty.

She goes out of the BATHROOM DOOR...

INT. HALLWAY

JUNIOR ALLEN is leaning against the wall, waiting for her.

JUNIOR

What are you doing, Lois? Are you running away?

She stares at him.

JUNIOR

What am I, some kinda monster?

LOIS

No...

JUNIOR

You got a problem, you can't talk it out? You can't afford me that courtesy?

A pause, as Lois tries to gage the situation.

LOIS

I'm sorry, Junior. I haven't...been with anyone but my husband, for five years. Maybe I jumped the gun.

JUNIOR

Jumped the gun?

LOIS

Yeah. Maybe I'm...not ready for a new man.

He half-smiles, ever so slightly.

JUNIOR

You just want to be friends?

LOIS

I'm going home.

He notices the ticket in her hand.

A WOMAN comes out of the bathroom and walks by them. Junior looks around...

HIS P.O.V. No one is looking at them.

JUNIOR
Well. I guess this is goodbye.

He suddenly SLUGS HER in the gut, hard.

Lois crumples to the floor, and in a moment, Junior is kneeling beside her, totally solicitous...

JUNIOR
Honey, honey...

ANOTHER WOMAN walks into the corridor, heading to the bathroom.

JUNIOR
(to woman)
Heat got to her.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAYPEN - NIGHT

A BLEARY P.O.V. Eyes just starting to open, Fancha staring in at us and...WATER IS DASHED IN OUR FACE.

ANOTHER ANGLE...Lois is HAULED UP into a sitting position.

Junior is suddenly there, sitting in front of her.

JUNIOR
Lois. I'm so disappointed in you. I thought you were smart. I thought you were one of those Ivy League smart girls.

Lois has a black eye, and dried blood coming out of her nose.

Junior stands. Goes to the galley and opens a drawer. Takes out a REVOLVER. Loads it carefully with bullets. Closes the chamber and cocks the trigger.

JUNIOR
One of you bitches is getting voted off the island before this trip is over.

He levels the gun at Fancha.

JUNIOR
One of you is gonna say the deep blue goodbye.

He turns the gun toward Lois.

JUNIOR

The other one is going to live. Get off this boat and see your Mama again. Which one's it gonna be?

Fancha laughs. He starts to undo his belt.

JUNIOR

Which one of you is gonna go that extra mile? Which one's gonna show a little creativity?

He SHOOTS THE GUN into the galley. Glass breaks.

Lois doesn't flinch. Doesn't even move.

JUNIOR

Get on your knees.

Fancha does. Lois still doesn't move.

Fancha smiles her gold tooth smile and crawls over to Junior. She starts to take his dick out.

JUNIOR

Not you. Fuckin' slag.

He stands over Lois. Places the gun to her temple.

JUNIOR

You want me to blow your brains out?

He pulls her hair so she is looking at him.

JUNIOR

Would you really rather die than suck my cock? Cause it's your choice.

Tears are streaming out of her eyes. He pushes her down on the sofa.

JUNIOR

Come over here, Fancha. Let's have a little fun.

Fancha grins. Starts singing a children's tune in her guttural patois. Walks over, until she fills the frame.

CUT TO:

PRESENT - INT. ATKINSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Lois and Travis. They sit across from each other. The sound of surf fills the silence. She is not crying. But she has chosen to stop telling the story. A long beat.

LOIS

After...I lost count of how many days. He brought me back. He just...dumped me back where he found me. I guess I wasn't even worth killing.

She is looking down, never at him. A long pause.

TRAVIS

Lois. You survived. Do you know how rare that is? What strength that took? What courage?

She looks him in the eyes.

HER P.O.V. He doesn't waiver from her gaze. He gives her a very small smile, of tenderness and even admiration.

She breaks the look. Emotion washes over her, as she grits her teeth to hold it back.

LOIS

Everything is...spoiled.

TRAVIS

Not everything.

Her hot tears fall from her eyes.

TRAVIS

Think of one thing. Just one thing about the world. That you want, and you know you want.

She is crying soundlessly, her hair falling around her face. We can't see her.

LOIS

Snow.

TRAVIS

What?

LOIS

I want snow. The whiteness. How it covers everything. How cold it is.

TRAVIS

What else?

LOIS
Sundays. Sunday morning.

Travis reaches out a hand, to touch her. She takes his hand. Grips it.

He puts his other hand on her shoulder. She lets herself fall into him. He holds her as she cries.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Travis fills Lois's jaguar with gas.

INT. MOM AND POP MARKET - DAY

Travis unloading his cart at the register. Orange juice. Eggs. Bacon. Bisquik pancake mix and syrup.

A THICK SUNDAY NEW YORK TIMES.

CUT TO:

EXT. FANCY WATERFRONT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Travis drives back down Lois's street in his old truck. His eyes narrow...

HIS P.O.V. A BLACK AND WHITE POLICE CAR is parked out front. TWO COPS stand in the driveway.

Travis's heart stops as he pulls to the curb.

He gets out of the car. Walks over to the cops.

TRAVIS
What's going on?

COP
Who are you?

TRAVIS
I'm a friend of hers.

The two men look at each other.

COP
Well, "friend," her husband's in there. He filed a missing person's report. Came down here looking for her when her credit card bill arrived.

Travis, in his flip flops, turns and walks toward the house...

COP
It's your funeral.

Travis gets to THE FRONT DOOR.

It is slightly ajar, Travis pushes it open and WALKS IN...

INT. HOUSE - SAME

HIS P.O.V. Lois is sitting on the couch. RICHARD, her husband, is kneeling on the floor in front of her, holding her hands, talking with her, in hushed tones. He wears a very expensive suit. He's taken the jacket off. He is young and old money rich.

Travis can hear certain words and phrases...

RICHARD
...they meant nothing to me...make
it up to you, Lois, please...all
I've been thinking is...anything to
get you back. Anything.

Lois looks past him to see TRAVIS standing there. Richard watches her gaze and turns.

He stands. Stares Travis down.

RICHARD
Who the hell is he?

Lois knows nothing to say but the truth.

LOIS
This is Travis. Travis, this is my
husband, Richard.

Richard gets a cruel look on his face.

RICHARD
I get it. You're punishing me.
You're fucking this guy to get back
at me.

TRAVIS
Listen, pal, you have no idea
what's going on here...

RICHARD
(to Travis)
What is she to you? A meal ticket?
Did she tell you her mother cut her
off? Just like I'm going to do?

Lois shakes her head. Looks mad and slightly embarrassed by her husband.

TRAVIS

I'm not fucking your wife. But I'll still wipe that smug grin off your face anytime she says.

Richard turns to Lois.

RICHARD

Listen to me. I don't care what you've done. I don't want to know. Just...come home. We'll forget all this. We'll erase it. It'll be like it never happened.

She stares at Richard, and at Travis, behind him, one the picture of respectability, one a leathery beach bum.

LOIS

It can't be erased.

She means so much more than his affair. She knows Richard could never understand what happened to her.

Richard picks up his suit coat.

RICHARD

(to Lois)

I'm going. When I walk out that door, that'll be it.

He waits a moment, but Lois still says nothing.

Richard has to step around Travis on his way out the door.

Travis and Lois are left standing alone in the room. They stand there, feeling the space between them.

TRAVIS

I got breakfast.

She nods.

He crosses into the kitchen. Starts unloading the eggs and bacon. Getting out pots and pans.

Lois comes in and starts cracking the eggs into a bowl. They prepare the breakfast, side by side. After a moment:

TRAVIS

Are you alright?

LOIS

Yes. (beat) Are you?

He nods. They go on cooking.

EXT. LOIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The sky above her house and out, over the sea is dotted with giant puffy clouds that glow strangely in the moonlight.

INT. LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lois is asleep. The bed is neatly made across her, smooth sheets and blankets. It is a restful sleep.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Travis is working, the LETTERS all laid out on the table, his yellow pad filled with his strange intricate doodles. We can make out the name GEORGE BRELL. And the word HOUSTON which he has CIRCLED several times.

He is writing when...HE LOOKS UP. Still, staring out...he is LISTENING.

We hear nothing. But Travis gets up. He turns out the LIGHT, plunging us in darkness.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Travis stands, looking out the window. And somewhere, from deep within the sound of the ocean and the breeze, comes...the distant motor of a powerful boat.

HIS P.O.V. FOG shrouds his view, but he thinks he can make out...a large shape, on the water, in the moonlight.

Travis slowly opens the sliding glass door.

EXT. BACK DECK - NIGHT

Travis stands on the deck, in a thick mist of FOG...

HIS P.O.V. All he can see are red running lights...a piece of large white hull...he can hear the motor...something is out there...it slows, sliding toward Lois's dock. Like a big cat stalking prey.

He can hear the water sloshing around the ship.

Travis crouches behind a chaise, waiting for the engine to cut.

But it just idles, a long moment, then...THE MOTOR FIRES UP, the ship turns and heads back out to open water.

Travis waits. The boat pulls away from him. The fog parts for one moment and he sees, in the halo of the dock light as the ship recedes...

THE NAME OF THE BOAT, painted aft, before it disappears into the fog. PLAYPEN.

We HOLD on Travis's face.

CUT TO:

INT. LOIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She is still asleep. Travis is busy, working fast, not caring how loud he is.

He grabs HER VUITTON BAG out of the closet and puts it on the bed, YANKING IT OPEN.

HIS P.O.V. In the bottom is an old tube of sunscreen, a few shells, a pretty ROCK. Talismans of someone's normal, everyday vacation.

He doesn't bother to empty it out, just starts shoving clothes inside it.

She awakens.

LOIS
What are you doing?

TRAVIS
He came back. Last night. Junior. I saw the boat.

She sits up.

TRAVIS
Is there anything you can remember, anything he might want from you, or need? Any reason why he would come back?

LOIS
He said he would kill me, if I told anyone.

TRAVIS
But you haven't...

LOIS
I have. I told you.

Lois hugs her knees. She is starting to disappear inside herself again.

TRAVIS
Lois...he can't know that.

But she doesn't respond.

TRAVIS
I can take you to a hotel. Or to
the airport, I can put you on a
plane to anywhere you want to go.

LOIS
What are you going to do?

TRAVIS
I have to go to Houston. You'll be
safe in a hotel.

But Lois isn't responding. She is staring at the Vuitton bag
on the bed.

LOIS
That's the bag I took with him.

Travis turns, goes into the closet. Grabs out a large paper
shopping bag. Opens it on the bed. Takes the Vuitton
overnight bag and DUMPS THE ENTIRE CONTENTS INTO THE SHOPPING
BAG. Even the sand and rocks at the bottom rain in.

TRAVIS
Now let's go.

She doesn't move. She looks odd.

TRAVIS
Listen to me. Get up, get dressed.
Don't slide back now.

LOIS
Fuck off.

TRAVIS
What do you want, Lois?!

LOIS
I don't want to go to a goddamn
hotel!

Pause.

LOIS
I want to be with you.
(beat)
I have to be with you.

We HOLD on Travis's face, knowing she's right. Knowing it
isn't easy for him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAHIA MAR - MORNING

Travis's truck pulls into the lot and he gets out. He's greeted by an old fisherman.

OLD FISHERMAN
Hey, Travis, where you been?

LOIS gets out of the passenger side. With her sunglasses and her shopping bag, she looks like a refugee from Bergdorf Goodman. Not at all the kind of woman they're used to seeing around here.

OLD FISHERMAN
Oh.

EXT. BAHIA MAR - CAUSEWAYS - DAY

Travis walks through the marina to his boat, Lois following behind him, her heels clacking on the old wood.

They pass: THE BAHIA CABANA...where bar patrons watch them pass.

THE ALABAMA TIGER who is busy loading girls into his SPEEDBOAT and taking them water-skiing. THE GIRLS all give Lois the once-over like the jealous mermaids in Peter Pan.

The GRIZZLED SURFER in the wet suit eyes them.

THE HAITIAN FISHERMEN nod to the lady with deference.

Lois and Travis arrive at...

EXT. BUSTED FLUSH

He climbs aboard. He looks back at her, standing there, hesitant, on the dock.

LOIS
A boat. God must have a really sick sense of humor.

TRAVIS
Nah. He's not funny. He's just not paying attention.

They share a small smile. He holds out his hand to her.

Lois takes it and STEPS ABOARD Travis's home.

INT. BUSTED FLUSH

It is murky and hot. Travis goes around opening the wooden casements and letting in shafts of dusty sunlight...

TRAVIS

The Alabama Tiger, the guy in the speedboat, he's up til all hours, if you need someone. I have the number for the cops and the hospital written over there. These are the keys to Miss Agnes.

LOIS

Who?

TRAVIS

Miss Agnes. The truck. Sometimes she won't start. Don't flood it, just turn it off and try again in a few minutes.

LOIS

When do you leave?

TRAVIS

I have a three o'clock plane.

Pause.

TRAVIS

If I can just find out what it is that Junior took from Cathy, how he's getting his money...then I can anticipate his next move.

Lois sits primly on the edge of the banquette, looking vulnerable and a little sick at being inside the prison of a boat again.

LOIS

Why is it called "The Busted Flush?"

TRAVIS

I won it in a poker game. From a rich Argentinian who didn't understand high stakes poker.

LOIS

You were bluffing?

TRAVIS

It isn't called the Flush.

LOIS

Are you ever going to tell me your story?

TRAVIS

No.

Beat.

TRAVIS
I'll only be gone for one night.

She pulls her purse over. Takes out her cell phone.

LOIS
Take it. For me. I promise I won't
call it unless something really
horrible happens.

He takes the slender, girlish thing.

CUT TO:

EST. SHOT - HOUSTON, TEXAS SKYLINE - DAY

INT. HOUSTON AIRPORT

Travis moves through the airport, in his shorts and
flipflops, cutting through like his own private vacation.

He turns into...

THE MEN'S BATHROOM

He hangs up the suit bag on the door. UNZIPS IT...

Inside is a FULL DRESS ARMY UNIFORM.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSTON - UP-SCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A spacious and slightly empty new development, where the
homes all look like mini-mansions in a French regency style.

INT. HOME - DAY

A petite, attractive Asian woman opens the door...

TRAVIS MCGEE is standing there, his hair cut, looking
perfectly comfortable as a soldier.

JEANNIE
What did you say your name was?

TRAVIS
Travis. Travis Berry. Your husband
served with my father, Dave Berry.

JEANNIE
I'll get him.

She leaves. Travis stands in the foyer, waiting.

HIS P.O.V. The house is splendid, in a nouveau riche way, decorated with Asian imports and antiques.

Travis walks further, into the inner reaches, his shoes echoing on the marble floors.

He enters into a grand living room. To the side, double doors lead off...he HEARS SOMETHING, a girl's voice...

GIRL'S VOICE
Mike...no...Mike, stop...

As the voice becomes more alarmed, Travis decides to cross the living room and push open the double doors.

INT. STUDY - SAME

He sees the back of a couch, the coffee table in front of it covered in text books and study aids. He can see a GIRL AND BOY on the couch, in advanced stages of making out. The girl is disheveled, her blouse undone, trying to sit up. The boy, a big, thick-necked jock, is pushing her down.

Travis is on him in a second. He pulls him off the girl. The guy sees Travis, in his army clothes...

MIKE
What the fu...

TRAVIS
The lady said stop.

MIKE
Why don't you knock, pervert?

TRAVIS
Didn't know it was a bedroom.

The Jock goes at him, tries to slug him, but Travis is too quick and experienced, knocking the wind out of him with a punch to the stomach, and off his feet with a right to the chin.

The girl screams, shrinking away from Travis, when GEORGE BRELL APPEARS.

BRELL
What the hell is going on?

Travis turns.

TRAVIS
I heard some noises...

BRELL

Sandra...

Brell is wiry, well-dressed. He used to be handsome, but now he's trying too hard to look young, complete with a bad toupee. He looks at his teenage daughter, a beautiful combination of mother and father, with almond eyes and a tiny waist.

He moves toward her.

SANDRA

Don't touch me!

She stomps out. Meanwhile, the jock is coming to...

BRELL

You better haul your ass out of my house, Mike, before I have you arrested for statutory rape.

The kid grabs his jacket and his books and hunkers out, leaving Travis alone with Brell.

TRAVIS

Sorry. I should have...minded my own business.

BRELL

That boy's Big Ten all-tackle two years running. You must have some serious strength in those fists.

TRAVIS

Got carried away.

BRELL

What were they doing?

TRAVIS

I don't know. Her shorts were still on.

BRELL

Jesus. Do you think that big fat bull is...screwing my little girl?

TRAVIS

Not yet.

BRELL

I can't handle her. I don't know why I thought I could. Her mother was only seventeen when we...

He shakes his head.

BRELL
 Never lost my taste for those
 little Asian girls.

We can HEAR the sounds of arguing from upstairs.

BRELL
 Let's go get a drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANDLE KEY - EARLY EVENING

The sun is just beginning to set in Florida, and the sky is big and dramatic.

ON THE BEACH, we see DAVIE, Cathy's kid, walking with one of the dogs, checking crab traps.

CLOSER IN...we see the little boy has found a crab, squirming in one of his little wire cages. He opens the little door...

The crab tries to do its weird alien scramble away, across the sand when...

...it comes upon a BOOT. It tries to crawl up the boot...

Davie stands up. The dog growls.

JUNIOR ALLEN is there.

JUNIOR
 Hey kid.

DAVIE
 Hey.

JUNIOR
 What's the matter?

DAVIE
 Nothing.

JUNIOR
 Aren't you happy to see me?

Davie doesn't say anything.

JUNIOR
 Where's your Mom?

DAVIE
 She's not here.

JUNIOR
 Where is she?

Davie doesn't answer. Junior picks up the squirming crab.

JUNIOR
You don't want to tell me? Why?
She got a new boyfriend?

DAVIE
He wasn't her boyfriend.

Junior frowns.

JUNIOR
Who wasn't?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - TEXAS - NIGHT

Brell is already pretty drunk, reminiscing.

BRELL
Me and your Dad, we were gonna be pilots. We met in line to get our hair shaved off, a couple of idiots from the ROTC. They pulled us in with all this glamour, how we would be flyboys and get all the girls. We'd get out and have great jobs flying jets for Pan Am. Well, guess what? We were both colorblind! Ain't that a kicker.

TRAVIS
It sure is.

BRELL
We ended up in Air Transport Command. Schlepping supplies like some kinda...longshoremen.

Brell grows thoughtful.

BRELL
Jesus, what a night. I oughta hire you as a watchdog for the rest of the summer.

TRAVIS
Your daughter doesn't like that guy.

BRELL
What do you mean?

TRAVIS
She didn't even check to see if he
was alright.

Brell looks at him.

BRELL
So. You're Dave's kid. You look
just like him.

TRAVIS
Do I?

BRELL
I lost all track of Dave.

TRAVIS
Maybe that's because he spent most
of his life in prison.

BRELL
In prison? I...I didn't know.

Brell shifts a little in his seat.

BRELL
What for?

TRAVIS
Killed a man in a bar fight. About
a year after he came back from the
war. He died there. In Leavenworth.

Brell shakes his head.

BRELL
Christ. I'm sorry.

Brell looks at his watch.

BRELL
So...what exactly brings you all
the way out here, son?

TRAVIS
I need to ask you something.

BRELL
Anything, anything at all.

TRAVIS
How much did you and Dave steal in
the war, and how did he smuggle it
back into the States?

All of George Brell's alcohol-induced color drains right out of his face.

BRELL
You're not Dave's son.

TRAVIS
No.

BRELL
You can get arrested for impersonating an officer.

TRAVIS
I'm not impersonating.

Brell frowns. Studies him.

BRELL
How'd you get my name?

TRAVIS
Dave Berry's letters.

Brell takes a sip of his drink.

BRELL
If Dave was into something shady, I never knew anything about it.

Travis looks at him. His jaw pulses.

TRAVIS
Mr. Brell. I'm hot, I'm tired, and I want to go home. Don't fuck around.

Brell just puts cash on the table.

BRELL
Have a good trip back to wherever.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brell is walking to his car, a bright yellow Boxster. HE puts the keys in the lock when...

THUNK...he is chopped under the ear and crumples into the arms of TRAVIS.

CUT TO:

EST. SHOT - CLUB LOS GLOBOS

Closing up for the night. The last few carloads of yahoos peel away.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Cathy is dressing. Most of the other girls are gone. The Bouncer comes in. MIKE.

MIKE
Want me to walk you?

CATHY
Maybe you could just...watch from
the door?

EXT. BACK OF CLUB - NIGHT

Mike stands looking out.

HIS P.O.V. Cathy walks toward her car, one of the only ones left...a rusty, old Toyota hatchback.

CLOSE ON CATHY, as she puts the key in her car. She hears FOOTSTEPS...turns.

She GASPS. JUNIOR is standing there.

JUNIOR
Good show, baby. I wouldn't have
thought your tits were good enough.

CATHY
What are you doing here?

JUNIOR
I told you I'd get the boat and
come back. Why didn't you wait for
me?

ANGLE ON MIKE...WATCHING FROM THE DOOR.

Cathy seems to know this guy. She doesn't seem to be calling for him.

CLOSE ON CATHY AND JUNIOR

JUNIOR
Come on, Cathy. Give me a ride down
to the Marina, I'll show you the
boat...

CATHY
That you bought with my Daddy's
money.

JUNIOR
It doesn't matter how I bought it,
does it?

(MORE)

JUNIOR (cont'd)
 We'll get Davie, and you and me'll
 sail on it, all over the world, I
 swear to God, just like we planned.

Cathy hesitates.

JUNIOR
 Don't you think that's what your
 Daddy would have wanted for you?
 For that money? Didn't he always
 say you were his favorite?

Cathy softens.

MIKE'S DISTANT P.O.V. Junior gets into the car with Cathy.

Mike lets the door shut.

INT. CAR - JUNIOR AND CATHY

Cathy sits down in the driver's seat.

CATHY
 I told Romy you'd come back to me.

Junior turns to her. But he's not smiling. He lifts a fist
 and PUNCHES HER IN THE FACE.

CUT TO:

TEXAS - INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

George Brell, still unconscious, is gagged, tied-up, naked,
 and bald, sitting in a blinding white shower stall, in the
 sickly, fluorescent light.

Travis turns on the COLD WATER...blasting him in the face.

He sputters and yells, struggling until Travis turns off the
 water.

TRAVIS
 Listen up, George. You've been gone
 a long time. People are looking for
 you. Kidnapping is illegal. So
 either we make a deal, or I have to
 kill you and make it look like
 suicide. Maybe we can get creative,
 rig you up like one of those guys
 who accidentally offs himself while
 he's jerking off with a plastic bag
 over his head.

Brell shivers and looks at him with total malevolence.

TRAVIS
 I'm after Berry's little package,
 and I need your help. So when
 you're ready to talk, you just nod.

He murmurs something that sounds very much like "fuck you."

Travis reaches over and turns on the HOT WATER, FULL BLAST.

Clouds of steam rise up, and George YELPS behind his gag and tries to squirm away.

Travis turns the water off. George is yelling in muffled anger.

TRAVIS
 You forgot to nod.

Travis turns the water on again, and this time, George nods, screaming; he knocks his head against the tile.

Travis turns the water off. Reaches over and pulls down George's gag.

GEORGE
 Jesus, God, I'm burned, you're
 scalding me!

Travis reaches for the water again...

BRELL
 Fuck you, asshole! Dave Berry's the
 worst fuckin' thing that ever
 happened to me!

Travis waits. George calms down.

BRELL
 You don't know. You don't know what
 it was like in Air Transport.
 Everybody treated you like a second
 class citizen. Well fuck them.
 Those pricks shut up when they saw
 what we had. We'd trade for coke
 and hash and opium in Thailand.
 We'd use cigarettes and food and
 stuff that we were shipping in.
 Then we'd sell the drugs to the
 guys. By the end of our first tour,
 I had sixty grand. Dave had maybe
 two hundred.

TRAVIS
 How did you get it back?

BRELL

Dave had it all worked out. He'd done all kinds of research, on gem stones. Cashmere sapphires, star sapphires, dark Burmese rubies, star rubies. Diamonds, too. We bought 'em all. Big, uncut chunks. Like forty carats in a rock. Some of them were too big to fit through the mouth of the canteen.

TRAVIS

Jewels. Uncut stones.

Brell is babbling on...

BRELL

I sold mine, in Mexico, about a year after I got home. I fed it into my business slowly...

TRAVIS

What do you think they'd be worth today?

BRELL

I don't know, but...take those cashmere sapphires...they're all mined out. You can't find one of them today. I looked it up on the net. They'll give you thirty grand for just one carat and our stones were...you do the math.

Travis gets up, a look of concern on his face.

TRAVIS

I have to go.

BRELL

Hey, wait...!

TRAVIS

You've only been gone two hours, it's just after nine. If you tell anyone what happened here, I'll give your whole story to the IRS.

Brell struggles.

BRELL

Fuck you, McGee! Fuck you!

Travis leaves the HOTEL ROOM. The door shuts behind him.

IN THE HALLWAY

Travis LEANS AGAINST THE DOOR.

He can hear Brell...he can hear him start to CRY.

BRELL

Please. Please don't leave me here.
I'm cold...

Travis listens to the man whimper. He looks across the hall...

AN ICE MACHINE is there. Travis sees his own warped, distorted reflection in the smeary silver of the machine.

CUT TO:

FLORIDA - BAHIA MAR - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

It is very late. The boats creak in the water. A light wind blows. It's spooky.

INT. FLUSH - NIGHT

Lois is sleeping in the big bed. She AWAKENS, turns in the bed, her eyes open.

She stares out into the darkness.

She hears some noises...the boat creaking in the water. The clink of the refrigeration turning off.

She stares out, mentally clicking of in her mind the logical reason for those noises.

She gets out of bed, goes into the bathroom...

Comes back out with a glass of water that she drinks.

She HEARS her own footsteps padding on the floor of the boat. Then she STOPS WALKING...she LISTENS...

Nothing. She starts walking again. Stops...

This time, THE FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE. She can hear them, clear as day, slowly, steadily...DIRECTLY ABOVE HER HEAD.

Someone is on the deck of the boat.

They pause...then walk back away, taking their time, toward the front of the boat.

INT. LOUNGE - SAME

Lois creeps out into the main room.

HER P.O.V. A cordless telephone hangs on the wall.

HER P.O.V. She sees the SHADOWS of someone moving across past the windows above.

She DUCKS DOWN...

ABOVE HER...through the windows...she sees a dark shape crouching, peering in.

Then the footsteps travel around toward the front...

Lois takes the cordless off the wall and dials 911.

As the phone is ringing, she creeps over to the stairs and climbs up, slowly, in her bare feet...she peers over the top...

HER P.O.V. The galley, empty.

Lois creeps up, past the ominous sliding GLASS DOORS and into the galley, where she stays low, opening a DRAWER, taking out a long BUTCHER KNIFE.

PHONE VOICE

Broward County Emergency Services,
what is your location?

LOIS

(whispering)
I'm in a marina, the Bahia Mar...

PHONE VOICE

You'll have to speak up, Ma'am...

LOIS

There's an intruder...

PHONE VOICE

What is your location?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

She jumps, SHRIEKING...

In the glass door, BARCLAY is pressing his face, peering in. Two cops flank him.

Lois breathes raggedly, holding the knife.

BARCLAY

(through the door)
Hello? Police? I'm looking for
Travis McGee.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - HOUSTON - NIGHT

Travis is sitting in a bar, drinking, watching sports on a television when...

HE HEARS SOMETHING...a faint ringing sound. The BARTENDER and a FELLOW TRAVELER are looking around for the source of the ringing. Finally, the TRAVELER looks at Travis.

FELLOW TRAVELER
Your ass is ringing.

Travis finds the little cell phone and looks at it. It's still ringing.

TRAVIS
Hello?

He hears BARC'S angry voice.

BARCLAY (V.O.)
Where the hell are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - FORT LAUDERDALE - RAINY GRAY AFTERNOON

Barclay waits outside with an umbrella. Travis gets out of an arriving cab.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME

They are walking, Travis questioning Barclay.

TRAVIS
When did it happen?

BARCLAY
Last night. Late. They found her on the beach in the morning. He left her for dead.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Rain pelts the pains of the sealed-shut windows.

Cathy is sitting up in bed. Her face is a puffed and purple slab of meat. Her one visible eye is a slit of brown.

Travis comes in. The sight of her shocks him. He sits down by the bed.

He takes her hand. Just shakes his head. She musters up some energy to speak, slurred, through her busted lips.

CATHY
Always thought he'd come back.

TRAVIS
What did he want?

CATHY
He wanted to know about you.

He looks at her.

TRAVIS
How did he know about me?

CATHY
It was Davie. He's just a kid. He was scared. He knew your name was Travis.

TRAVIS
Jesus.

CATHY
I didn't tell him anything. The whole time he was thumping me.

TRAVIS
What made him stop?

CATHY
...thought I was dead.

TRAVIS
Did you talk to the police?

CATHY
Yeah. Didn't tell them anything either.

TRAVIS
Why not?

CATHY
Want my fifty per cent.

She actually tries to laugh. Travis can't join her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - DAY

Barclay sits in the drab waiting area. A TV high in the corner plays the news.

NEWSCASTER

Tropical Depression Martha has been upgraded to a Tropical Storm, and it's gaining strength just off the shore of Cuba.

Travis comes in. Sits beside Barc. They stare up at the TV.

BARCLAY

August in Florida. It's like hell on earth.

Beat.

BARCLAY

Who's that girl on your boat?

TRAVIS

Another one of Junior's victims. He's here, he's in a Marina somewhere, hanging around, looking for me. Maybe you should step in now, put out an APB...

BARCLAY

For what? So we catch him, get him for battery, and he's out in another two years? This guy, Allen, he won't ever stop. He rapes a few girls, beats them up, pretty soon he's killing them. Pretty soon he likes that best of all.

Travis and Barclay's eyes meet. They understand each other.

TRAVIS

I'll find him.

Barclay nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAHIA MAR - RAINY AFTERNOON

Travis walk/runs down the causeways toward his boat.

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - BELOW DECKS

TRAVIS

Lois. Lois?

She's not there. He goes into...

THE STATEROOM

The bed is unmade. She's obviously been here. He looks in the closet. Finds the paper bag where he had dumped all her stuff.

He picks it up and empties it out on the bed...

THE ROCK lies on the top of the pile.

EXT. FLUSH

He walks around on the deck, oblivious to the drizzle. He is NOTICING things on the deck, brass fittings polished. A new AWNING of Navy canvas being stretched. He picks up a handful of LOOSE GROMMETS there.

He looks out across the other boats.

HIS P.O.V. The OLD FISHERMAN calls to him.

OLD FISHERMAN
Did a lot of work, that girl.

They stare at each other, across the water.

TRAVIS
Do you know where she is?

OLD FISHERMAN
(nodding in the direction
of the highway)
Beach.

EXT. BEACH - RAINY DAY

Travis walks across the sand.

HIS P.O.V. A LONE WOMAN is sitting on the sand, her back to us. She wears a big hat and loose clothes.

As he nears her, she turns...watches as he comes to sit beside her.

LOIS
I love the beach in the rain.

TRAVIS
Me too. Cause nobody's here.

Pause.

LOIS
When did you get back?

TRAVIS
A few hours ago.

LOIS
You went to see Cathy?

TRAVIS
Yeah.

LOIS
I'm sorry.

He looks down. Sees at her feet a little collection of shells.

LOIS
The storm brings them in.

She picks one up. A flawlessly shaped little white and tan twist.

LOIS
It's like the first perfect thing I ever saw.

Travis takes THE STONE out of his pocket.

TRAVIS
Have you ever seen this?

She picks it up out of his weathered palm.

HE WATCHES HER, closely. There's no flicker of recognition.

LOIS
No. What is it?

He takes it back from her.

TRAVIS
It's the reason Junior Allen's looking for you.

LOIS
Is it worth something?

TRAVIS
Yes.

Lois looks at him.

LOIS
Do you think I'm lying? Do you think I took it from him?

TRAVIS
No.

LOIS

Why not?

He looks away from her.

TRAVIS

When they called me, from the hospital, they said a woman's been hurt, and all I could think, the only thing I thought was...

(looks at her)

I hoped it wasn't you.

She watches him. It starts to gently rain.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS BRIDGE - LATER

Travis and Lois run back across the bridge, the rain really pouring down now.

EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - STORM

Lois helps Travis batten down the decks for the storm.

INT. FLUSH - SAME

Travis puts a pot of coffee on. The storm is knocking the boat.

He thinks of something. Starts down the little hallway toward the state room...

LOIS, freshly showered, is coming out of the state room...

LOIS

Sorry.

They stare at each other...then move carefully by in the narrow hallway, their bodies barely brushing as they pass and then...

He puts his hands on her.

Gently, on her waist, holding her there. He's not moving. Not looking at her.

And she just...turns, such a small thing...turns toward him. They stand there like that, hearing their breathing, so close, neither one looking at each other.

TRAVIS

I'm not going to save you.

LOIS

I don't want you to save me.

They stay like that a moment. And then...her face lifts. They kiss. Their eyes never even meet. That would be too much. This is their bodies, somehow taking over, overriding the mind and the bad memories and the complications.

INT. STATE ROOM - NIGHT

Travis and Lois naked, in the bed. He is on top of her, kissing her...he pulls back, looks at her.

TRAVIS

Tell me if you want me to stop.

LOIS

I don't want you to stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSTED FLUSH - NIGHT - LATER

THE STORM LOOMS ANGRY AND BLOWING, the sky HUGE and ominously dark.

THE LIGHTS BURN inside the windows of the Busted Flush.

INT. STATE ROOM

They lay in bed together.

TRAVIS

When this is over, I'll take you to the snow.

LOIS

Somewhere you know.

TRAVIS

I know a lot of places. Denver. Tibet. Afghanistan.

She raises up in her elbow. Looks in his eyes.

LOIS

Travis. You gave me something back tonight. Something I thought he took from me forever.

She strokes his brow.

LOIS

I hope someday...somebody can give you back something too.

She settles into his arms. He looks out.

CUT TO:

Crabby Bill looks at Travis and SHRUGS with his big, bearded smile.

CRABBY BILL

I told him to stick around, in case they upgrade that Martha to a hurricane, I even offered him a half-price deal, but...

He shrugs, sort of laughing good-naturedly.

LINDA

I'm gonna run those errands.

CRABBY BILL

Okay sweetie.

She leaves.

TRAVIS

You don't seem very...crabby, Bill.

CRABBY BILL

Oh, that's not crabby like, grumpy, it's crabby like, I catch crabs. Professionally.

EXT. CRABBY BILL'S - DAY

Travis walks out of the shop. He sees LINDA backing out in her little white BEETLE.

Travis stands there, thinking, as she pulls into traffic.

When she is out of sight, he gets in his TRUCK.

EXT. ROADS - DAY

Travis is following, at some distance...LINDA in her white Beetle.

HIS P.O.V. She turns RIGHT, into a low-end neighborhood.

EXT. FISHING VILLAGE - DAY

Travis's truck drives down the narrow street, lined with old Florida bungalows, their weedy yards littered with broken kids toys and boat parts and on many occasions, an actual BOAT...old rusty fishing trawlers, huge empty wooden HULLS.

HIS P.O.V. He sees LINDA'S BEETLE parked in front of a chain-link fence, some distance away. He sees her GET OUT and talk to another girl.

Travis pulls over and parks under a tree.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Travis CROUCHES at the side of the house...

HIS P.O.V. He can see Linda and the other girl; she's a little older, a little cheaper-looking, wearing a WAITRESS UNIFORM. He HEARS snippets of conversation.

WAITRESS

Well if you can't get permission...

LINDA

I told him I'm going up to Tampa to see my friend, but I have to be back in two weeks.

WAITRESS

What for?

LINDA

School starts.

WAITRESS

Oh God...come on.

They walk toward the house and go INSIDE.

Travis moves along the side, through the weeds, over the rusted car parts to...

THE BACKYARD

Where, after a moment, THE GIRLS RE-APPEAR and start making their way through the tall grass.

Travis follows. The WIND has picked up, blowing the grass, creating a shooshing sound that favors Travis...

They disappear through a tree bank...he follows, staying within the trees as he looks out...

HIS P.O.V. On the other side of the trees is A CANAL...a wide one, with a concrete bank that Travis can see leads out to...

A BAY, where there is a larger dock sparsely populated with ratty old fishing boats.

Parked in the canal, so out of place it looks like an alien space ship, all lit-up, is the jutting fiberglass prow of the PLAYPEN.

There is a reason boats are named. They seem to have a character. Perhaps it is what we know has taken place on board, but this boat has a malevolence, a character of evil even Travis can't shake.

Travis watches.

HIS P.O.V. JUNIOR ALLEN appears on the deck.

Finally, Travis is looking at the man he has heard so much about. He's bigger than Travis thought, more muscular. A formidable foe, with cold, glittering eyes.

Junior hops off the boat, landing on his powerful legs. He gives the waitress a perfunctory hug.

JUNIOR

Hey baby...

Then he turns to the young girl. Even in his body language, we can see this is the one he really wants.

JUNIOR

Hey Linda.

Their voices are lost in the wind, but Travis can hear...

JUNIOR

...if her folks say it's okay...I'd love to have your little friend.

The wind blows through the grass again. They talk a few more moments, and then...

JUNIOR starts walking up toward the trees.

TRAVIS ducks back. Junior passes very near to him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNGALOW NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

Travis is running quickly, trying to get around to the other side of the houses.

He sneaks down the walkway between two houses, peering around a corner as...

JUNIOR ALLEN drives by with THE WAITRESS in a low-slung, rusty FORD.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLIE-CHAR-BROIL - LATE AFTERNOON

Charlie Char-broil is a smiling MARLIN with a chef's hat and an apron, holding a spatula in his fin. He looms over the restaurant, a greasy spoon in an old strip mall on a long, wide road to the uglier parts of town.

DISTANT P.O.V. Junior drops the little waitress off in front of the restaurant.

Junior pulls out of the driveway...

ACROSS THE STREET...Travis waits a moment, and pulls into lanes behind him.

INT. TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

Travis is following Junior.

HIS P.O.V. They are coming over the DRAWBRIDGE that cuts across the bay.

Travis looks at his own MARINA down below.

The two cars come over the drawbridge, and Junior gets into the LEFT LANE.

Travis is a few cars behind him, waiting for the light to change.

It does...Travis waits, waits...

HIS P.O.V. Junior gets through the light.

But as Travis pulls up, the light goes red.

Travis idles there at the red light, looking over as...

JUNIOR DRIVES DOWN THE WATERFRONT ROAD...

And then, he slows.

Travis frowns.

HIS P.O.V. Junior puts his turn signal on to turn left again...

TRAVIS
Shit.

Travis watches as...

HIS P.O.V. Junior PULLS INTO THE PARKING LOT, under the lit-up sign that says BAHIA MAR MARINA.

INSIDE THE TRUCK...

Travis grips the wheel...traffic glows steadily toward him...

IN THE PARKING LOT...

Junior is getting out of his car.

IN THE TRUCK...

Travis suddenly GUNS IT...causing cars to SCREECH TO A HALT as he makes an insane left hand turn against the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAHIA MAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Junior walks down the causeways, slowly, looking at the numbers on the slips.

EXT. STEAK JOINT - SAME

Travis parks and gets out of the car.

The steak joint is on the water. Travis peels off his shoes and socks and shirt as he walks toward...

THE EDGE OF THE PARKING LOT, which ends at the water.

TRAVIS

Don't be there. Don't be there.

He DIVES INTO THE WATER.

EXT. BAHIA MAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Junior slows as he sees...

HIS P.O.V. F-18 stencilled onto the post.

He looks up at...THE BUSTED FLUSH.

INT. WATER - SAME

Travis swims up to the Busted Flush on the other side. He finds the ladder and climbs on board.

EXT. BUSTED FLUSH

JUNIOR walks on to the deck. He stands there, then walks toward the sliding glass door and PEERS INSIDE.

HIS P.O.V. The drapes are open. He can see lights coming up from below...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CABIN...

Travis, dripping with water, his pants wet and pressed to him, waits, listening...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CABIN

Junior walks down the deck.

AN EAR-SPLITTING ALARM GOES OFF...lights start flashing on and off all around the Flush.

NEIGHBORING SAILORS start coming out of their boats.

ALABAMA TIGER

Hey. Hey you!

Junior doesn't wait around. He jumps off the boat and runs down the causeways.

Some old fisherman actually SHOOTS AT HIM as he runs away.

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - NIGHT

Travis sighs with relief. He goes out of the bathroom and into....

THE STATEROOM

Where he touches a keypad on the wall and turns off the alarm.

Lois comes out of the bathroom.

They stare at each other. They hear voices...

ALABAMA TIGER (O.S.)

Everything alright down there?

TRAVIS

Yeah...yeah we're fine.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

The television plays quietly...

WEATHERMAN

Hurricane Martha is hitting Cuba at this hour, with wind speeds up to a hundred and fifty miles per hour.

Travis is there, in the blue glow of the TV.

He moves a coffee table to the side of the room. He peels back a RUG, revealing...

A SMALL TRAP DOOR in the floor of the hull.

He pulls it open with some effort. Sets the door aside. Leans down into it and pulls out...

AN ALUMINUM BRIEFCASE. He opens it with two snaps.

INSIDE are several items: a few stacks of cash in hundreds. Several passports from different countries...A SILVER HANDGUN.

Travis takes it out. Starts loading it. He tapes it onto the INSIDE OF HIS LEG and puts his pant leg over it. Beneath the other pant leg, he straps A KNIFE in a leather sheath. Smooths his jeans down over the weapons.

Then, he takes a small FLASHLIGHT and puts it in his pocket. In the other pants pocket he puts THE JEWEL.

Finally, he shakes out a few of Lois's tranquilizers from the pill bottle and puts them in his shirt pocket.

LOIS appears from the state room.

LOIS

He could kill you. You don't have to do this.

TRAVIS

You know who he's got on the guest list for his next cruise? A sixteen-year-old girl. And he's got enough money to finance hundreds more little pleasure cruises. And you better believe the girls will get younger and younger.

(pausing)

I can't walk away.

LOIS

Even if I ask you to?

He looks at her.

TRAVIS

Lois...I didn't walk away from your house that day. And I will not walk away now. I have to stop him.

CUT TO:

EXT. INLAND WATERWAY- NIGHT - SPEEDBOAT

Alabama Tiger pilots them across the waterway.

EXT. HYATT REGENCY DOCK - NIGHT

The speedboat pulls up to the dock, the awning over it reads HYATT REGENCY. A BELLMAN in shorts and Topsiders helps Lois out of the boat. Travis hands him the bag.

BELLMAN
Checking in?

TRAVIS
Yes.

The Bellman goes off. Travis faces Lois. He gives her a wad of cash.

TRAVIS
I want you to register at this hotel with your credit card. Tell them you'll take your own bag. Then get in a cab, go to another hotel, any one, don't tell me where it is. Register with a fake name and pay cash.

Their eyes meet. He touches her face. They embrace.

LOIS
If you die, I'll kill you.

A smile between them. He gets in Tiger's speedboat.

She watches them head off across the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Travis stands at a gas station phone booth, making a call.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION...

Close on a phone ringing. A hand answering...IT'S CRABBY BILL.

CRABBY BILL
Crabby Bill's.

TRAVIS (V.O.)
Your daughter Linda is not going to Tampa.

CRABBY BILL
What?

TRAVIS (V.O.)
Don't let her leave the house.

Crabby Bill looks a little flustered.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

Travis hangs up the phone.

He turns and looks across the street.

HIS P.O.V. CHARLIE CHAR-BROIL is there. The wind is making Charlie, the friendly swordfish, tip back and forth above the restaurant.

INT. CHARLIE CHAR-BROIL - NIGHT

The WAITRESS from before is sitting at a bar stool. She picks at her nails, the POLISH PEELING. Her large, slovenly breasts threaten to burst out of the little blouse.

She scratches her nipple inside her bra.

The camera looks around the restaurant, mostly empty, except for one customer, A STONER TYPE. He sits in one of the plastic booths at the back, eating his sandwich with steady and loving concentration...IT IS TRAVIS MCGEE.

Travis reaches for his water glass, and quite deliberately KNOCKS THE KETCHUP BOTTLE TO THE FLOOR...

It shatters, ketchup spraying everywhere.

TRAVIS

Aw, jeez, I'm sorry.

The Waitress looks over.

WAITRESS

Felipe!

She yells the name with a slight southern accent. Travis bends to pick up the pieces of glass.

DEELEEN

Don't do that, that's what Felipe's for. Felipe!

Travis stands. Their eyes meet.

TRAVIS

Thanks.
(reads her nametag)
Deeleen.

She looks at him. Smiles, slightly wary, suspicious. But he is cute. And that is sometimes Travis's best weapon.

DEELEEN

Haven't seen you around here before.

TRAVIS

I've seen you.

She smiles.

DEELEEN
Sorry, buddy. I got a boyfriend.

TRAVIS
I've seen him too. Wouldn't want to
take him on.

Dee laughs. Travis does too.

DEELEEN
He's taking me off on a little
trip, on his boat.

TRAVIS
That's nice. Just you and your
boyfriend.

DEELEEN
Sort of there's a...

She rolls her eyes.

DEELEEN
This other stupid girl.

TRAVIS
She as cute as you?

DEELEEN
Why?

He shrugs.

TRAVIS
Maybe you need a first mate.

Deeleen is thinking.

TRAVIS
You know, three's a crowd, four's a
party.

DEELEEN
You sail?

TRAVIS
Work charters mostly.

DEELEEN
What's your name?

TRAVIS
Marty.
(beat)
(MORE)

TRAVIS (cont'd)
 Got some killer weed I could bring
 along too.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING VILLAGE - TWILIGHT

Travis's truck pulls into the driveway, next to the beat-up,
 rusty Ford.

DEELEEN
 Oh goodie. Cappy's back. Come on.

EXT. BACKYARD - TWILIGHT

Deeleen is now HOLDING TRAVIS'S HAND as she leads him through
 the tall weeds in the overgrown backyard.

DEELEEN
 Cap? Cappy? Linda?

They come out of the weeds, into view of THE PLAYPEN, all lit-
 up.

JUNIOR APPEARS on the deck. He glares down at Travis.

JUNIOR ALLEN
 Who's he?

DEELEEN
 This is Marty. Marty, this is
 Junior Allen, the Captain and owner
 of the ship.

TRAVIS
 Nice boat you got here.

Junior watches him, looking him over.

JUNIOR
 Glad you like it.

DEELEEN
 Mind if Marty comes up for a bon
 voyage drink?

Junior is agitated.

JUNIOR
 Sorry baby, we gotta get going.

DEELEEN
 But Linda's not here.

This gives him pause.

JUNIOR
I thought she was with you.

Deeleen shrugs and giggles in her silly way.

DEELEEN
C'mon, Cap. I promised Marty he
could see the ship.

INT. PILOT'S CABIN - SAME

The Pilot's cabin on the Playpen is at the square end of the boat, and high up, on top of the main cabin. It is partially open to the elements, and the wind is BLOWING THE RAIN onto the floor, making it slick...

Travis and Deeleen have whiskey on the rocks.

Junior keeps looking out the window, waiting for Linda, checking his watch.

DEELEEN
You sure you want to leave in this,
baby? Looks like some storm.

TRAVIS
He needs high water to get out of
this canal.

Junior looks at Travis. Re-appraising him.

DEELEEN
Marty does charter work. Maybe you
should sign him on. He can help you
with the boat.

JUNIOR
I don't need help with the boat,
little sweetheart. Or anything
else.

DEELEEN
Maybe he could be for Linda.

This infuriates Junior, who keeps a lid on it.

JUNIOR
Don't be a whore.

TRAVIS
I don't want to come.

JUNIOR
See?

Deeleen jiggles the ice in her empty glass, holds it out toward A STAIRCASE near her, that leads below. Travis can see some of the galley and main lounge.

TRAVIS

Get you another drink, Dee?

She hands him her glass. Travis goes downstairs into...

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN LOUNGE/GALLEY

He can hear the murmuring sounds of Junior and Dee, arguing.

He pours the whiskey. Removes the tranquilizers from his breast pocket. He unscrews the gelatin covering and dumps the powder into Dee's glass.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Travis re-enters from below. Hands Dee the drink. She downs half of it on the first gulp.

Junior is at the console, turning on LIGHTS which switch on all over the deck of the ship, like a beacon in the night.

DEELEEN

If she doesn't come, the hell with her, I say.

She finishes the next draught. Junior isn't even listening to her anymore. He's looking OUT.

TRAVIS

Why don't you go call her, Dee?

She yawns.

DEELEEN

That booze is going right to my head.

She goes downstairs to the MAIN LOUNGE, where we can see her curl up on a sofa there.

JUNIOR

I'll call her.

He starts to go.

TRAVIS

Want me to wait here, in case she shows up?

Junior turns to Travis, surprised, as if he'd forgotten he's there. He grunts in assent, and climbs off the boat.

Travis watches him make his way through the weeds. When he is out of sight, Travis SPRINGS TO ACTION. He swings down into...

THE MAIN LOUNGE...where he starts to RIFLE THROUGH IT, sloppily, pulling out drawers and bringing in clothes from the bedroom, making the place look hastily ROBBED.

Deeleen lays out cold on the couch.

He takes a fifty dollar bill out of his pocket and climbs halfway up the stairs, lays it on the floor of the COCKPIT, in the full light.

He comes back down. Takes out the large GEMSTONE from the pouch inside his shirt.

He carefully lays it in the middle of the floor.

He stands, breathing. Reaches under his pant leg and takes out HIS GUN.

CUT TO:

THE DECK

HE CLIMBS up along the side of the cabin and LIES DOWN on the fake vinyl siding. His body is flattened in the thin space.

He can lean forward and see into the Cockpit, or, he can look down and see through the smoky windows into...

HIS P.O.V. the cabin below.

He leans back. And waits. Still holding THE GUN. A few big, slow raindrops hit his face.

He hears him first. The swish swash of his powerful legs through the brush, and then...

HE HEARS SOMETHING ELSE...something that causes his HEART TO FREEZE.

It's LINDA'S VOICE.

LINDA (O.S.)

...he locked me in my room, I had to wait until he left and then jimmy the window...

JUNIOR

I'm just so happy you made it, little sweetheart.

LINDA
Where's Dee?

JUNIOR
I think she went to lie down...

Travis leans out, his eyes just peering into....

THE COCKPIT...where Junior finally appears. WITH LINDA.

They are both SHOCKED at the state of the cabin.

LINDA
Oh my God.

Junior sees the FIFTY DOLLAR BILL on the floor. He grunts, then scuttles DOWN THE STAIRS....

THROUGH THE SMOKY GLASS WINDOWS...Travis sees him below, discovering the robbery scene. He picks up Deeleen roughly by the hair, and looks in her face...

LINDA (O.S.)
Is she alright?

JUNIOR
Shut up...just shut up for a minute.

Dee's EYES ARE OPEN, but glassy and vacant. Her body is heavy like a rag doll. He tosses her back onto the bunk, turns...

HE SEES IT. The gemstone.

Junior snatches up the gemstone.

LINDA
I'm scared...

JUNIOR
Don't be scared, sugar. Dee's just a little sick.

Junior goes upstairs.

Travis leans back over, to see into the cockpit, where Junior appears.

HIS P.O.V. Junior goes to the console, where the radio is, and he pulls out a wide, thin, lacquered wood drawer. Pulls it all the way out.

His back is to Travis...he can't see everything but he HEARS a buzzing sound. Sees Junior reach his hand back into the slot left by the drawer and come out with...

A STACK OF MONEY and a CLOTH BAG. He rattles the bag, pours some of the contents out...the FOUR REMAINING GEMS roll into his palm, glinting in the light.

ON TRAVIS...as he holds out the gun...ready to take aim at JUNIOR'S HEAD...

When LINDA comes back into frame, blocking his shot.

Travis lowers the gun.

IN THE COCKPIT, Junior is looking at the gems, REALIZATION DAWNING.

He puts the gems back in the little cloth bag.

LINDA

I think there's something wrong
with Dee, maybe we need a doctor.

Junior LOOKS AROUND the boat...as if looking for someone, someone hiding. He takes Linda's arm. Pulls her close.

JUNIOR

Dee drinks too much, baby. That's
all. You stay close to me now,
cause I need you.

She's starting to get scared. He's gripping her arm, tight.

LINDA

What for?

Travis is utterly still. And then, JUNIOR seems to CALL OUT.

JUNIOR

I know you're still here.

Travis feels his blood freeze. He has to think.

JUNIOR

You want to see this girl alive
again, come out and show yourself.

LINDA

What are you doing?

Junior is PULLING her toward the stairs...they are JUST BENEATH Travis...

TRAVIS DROPS ON JUNIOR, LEAPING DOWN ON HIM FROM ABOVE.

Linda SCREAMS and BACKS UP...into the stairwell, as Junior and Travis GRAPPLE on the floor of the cockpit, struggling for the GUN...

Junior is surprisingly strong, he is on top of Travis...he SLAMS TRAVIS'S ARM against the floor, trying to get the gun to fall...Travis holds tight...

Junior gets a greasy GRIP on the gun...IT GOES OFF...

Linda DUCKS and screams again as the BIRCH WOOD paneling above her shatters FROM THE BULLET.

Travis uses the confusion to KICKS JUNIOR OFF...Junior SLAMS backward INTO THE RADIO CONSOLE...THE GUN flies out of his hand and SKITTERS UNDERNEATH...

Travis gets up. He and Junior are staring at each other, face to face, breathless, sizing each other up...

JUNIOR goes for the gun...Travis KICKS his arm up before he can get to it, grabs Junior by the lapels and THROWS HIM DOWN THE STAIRWELL, past a SHRINKING Linda, and comes to a STOP against the door to the lower cabin.

TRAVIS stands at the top of the stairs. He HAS THE GUN.

LINDA

Please...

She stands between them.

TRAVIS

Come on.

Travis holds out a hand to her. She doesn't trust him.

LINDA

No...

TRAVIS

Come up here, I'm not going to hurt you.

JUNIOR

Don't do it.

He's starting to rise...

TRAVIS

Linda, go, now! Run!

She starts up the stairs...JUNIOR GRABS HER ANKLE...

She tumbles, reaching out.

Travis PULLS HER ARMS...GETS HER FREE...

And Junior suddenly DISAPPEARS inside the CABIN and locks the door.

A STRANGE PAUSE.

TRAVIS
(sotto, to Linda)
Come on, now, fast.

They climb up to the cockpit as...

THE LIGHTS START TO GO OUT...all over the boat. They are
PLUNGED IN DARKNESS.

Travis, working in the darkness, presses the hideyhole button
and retrieves the cash and gemstones.

Then, he grabs Linda. Whispers in her ear.

TRAVIS
We're going up to the deck. When I
say go, I want you to jump over
board and get help, go to someone,
don't run alone, find people, and
stay with them.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Travis and Linda run across the deck.

TRAVIS
Run, run, goddammit!

But she is frozen when she gets to the edge of the tall
boat...she turns to him...her EYES WIDEN...

JUNIOR looms behind Travis. He HITS HIM OVER THE HEAD with
the gun.

And, as Travis crumples...Linda LEAPS over the railing and
lands in the water. She swims frantically away.

ON THE DECK...Junior doesn't care anymore. He wants the
jewels. He rifles Travis's pockets, getting back the precious
stones. And then...he HEARS SOMETHING...a strange sound...a
CELL PHONE RINGING.

Junior finds the source of the ringing. Lois's cell phone. He
answers it...hears the voice.

LOIS (V.O.)
Travis? It's me. It's Lois.
...Travis?

JUNIOR GRINS.

CUT TO:

SOUNDS OF WIND AND STORM, WATER DRIVING, AN ENGINE CHUGGING

INT. BELOW DECKS - PLAYPEN - NIGHT

TRAVIS'S FACE...he opens his eyes. His face is bloody and beaten. He is COMPLETELY BOUND...he cannot move his arms and legs.

HIS P.O.V. Junior is there, busily tying up A WOMAN as well. She seems lifeless, as he ties her wrists behind her. Binds her feet. Travis sees her long brown hair.

At one point, Junior TURNS HER BODY, LIFTING HER HEAD...

Travis GASPS.

IT'S LOIS. She is beaten, unconscious, but it is her.

Travis croaks out.

TRAVIS

Junior...

Junior turns to him, very quickly.

JUNIOR

We're not having a conversation.
You're dead.

He bends and LIFTS TRAVIS over his shoulder.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

The middle of a lashing storm. Junior leans Travis OVER THE RAILING...propping him there for a moment.

Travis is just on the edge of the boat. He can see THE OCEAN roiling below him.

Junior SHOVES HIM OVER.

Travis falls into the water.

UNDER WATER, we see him twirl over and over...he uses his torso and legs like a fish to KICK UP TO...

THE SURFACE.

He breathes.

HIS P.O.V. Junior appears at the edge again.

He is HOISTING SOMETHING UP, OVER THE RAILING...something attached to a board. It is a woman, bound and weighted, like FANCHA was...

JUNIOR
Here's your date.

He THROWS HER OVER.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Travis is sinking downwards, his hands and feet tied. He wills his feet UP, curling himself into a BALL...

ABOVE HIM...THE WOMAN FLOATS ON THE SURFACE for a moment, buoyed by the board.

She begins to sink.

ON TRAVIS as he works with his bound hands...working to get underneath his pant leg.

He slowly works the KNIFE OUT.

He takes excruciating care; he knows that if he drops the knife, it really is all over.

Time seems to move so slowly, as he sinks into the darkening depths...using his two bound hands to slowly saw at his leg bonds.

Just when it seems he will disappear into the abyss of the sea...

THE ROPE COMES LOOSE. He is able to FROG KICK with his legs...he PROPELS HIMSELF UPWARD...UP UP UP, HIS BREATH IS GIVING OUT...

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER'S SURFACE - NIGHT

Travis's head POPS UP...he sucks in a desperate, gasping BREATH. Then, he goes BACK DOWN.

UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS

Travis swims, the knife in his teeth, his hand holding...

THE FLASHLIGHT, SHINING INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS.

HIS P.O.V. He can see the woman, sinking below him, utterly immobile, her eyes wide with fear, bulging, tiny bubbles escaping her lips.

IT'S DEELEEN.

Travis swims, down, down, the knife in his hand, but the weights make Deeleen sink down too fast.

She disappears, into the darkness below. Travis has to head back up.

EXT. OCEAN'S SURFACE - NIGHT

Travis's head bobs there.

HIS P.O.V. His eyes are bleary with water...he sees the RUNNING LIGHTS of the yacht, it's back-froth too, leading AWAY FROM HIM.

HE SCREAMS OUT...his voice lost in the sounds of the storm. His face sets. He looks around.

HIS P.O.V. He is just at the mouth of the intracoastal waterway. He can see the sea yawning out ahead of him, where the Playpen is going, distantly fringed by the LIGHTS OF MIAMI AND LAUDERDALE.

BEHIND HIM are the dark silhouettes of trees and mangroves.

He starts SWIMMING toward shore...every kick and stroke is painful.

EXT ROAD - STORMY NIGHT

A darkened road at night. We see A LONE PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS.

INT. CAR

A business man on his mounted car phone in a Lexus.

BUSINESS MAN

I'm not always late, Renee, it's a goddamn hurricane!

HIS P.O.V. Through the windshield, TRAVIS, lit-up by the lights, his bloody face, his bloody clothes, waving his arms.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Lexus pulls over. The man leans out the window, yells over the storm.

BUSINESS MAN

Have you had an accident?

Travis goes to the door and opens it, pulling the driver out...

BUSINESS MAN

Hey!

TRAVIS
I'll send the cops back for you.

INT. CAR - ON THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Travis is driving like a maniac and using the car phone to call the Coast Guard.

TRAVIS
A woman's been abducted, on a fifty-foot yacht called the Playpen. It's heading out to sea, south by southeast, outside of Miami...

COAST GUARD
I can take your complaint, sir, but we have a lot of emergencies...

TRAVIS
This is an emergency.

COAST GUARD
In the morning...

TRAVIS
In the morning she'll be dead!

COAST GUARD
What is your name, sir?

Travis presses the END BUTTON. Then he suddenly takes the whole car phone and RIPS IT OUT OF THE DASH.

He breathes. Tears come suddenly to his face, and he chokes them back with a low, ragged gasp.

EXT. BAHIA MAR - NIGHT

Travis stomps down the causeways in a half-limp, half trot, like a wounded, bloody bear.

EXT. DOCKS

A "hurricane party" on board the Alabama Tiger. People laughing and talking, drinking, when...TRAVIS APPEARS.

ALABAMA TIGER
Christ, what happened to you?

TRAVIS
I need the speedboat. Now.

INT. SPEEDBOAT - SAME

Travis and the Tiger, in the boat.

TRAVIS
How fast does it go?

ALABAMA TIGER
Forty...

TRAVIS
It's nine o'clock, I'm twenty-two miles behind...speedboat runs thirty an hour...with the headwinds, I should run up on him by ten, ten-thirty...

ALABAMA TIGER
Travis...

TRAVIS
Gimme the keys...

ALABAMA TIGER
Trav!

Travis takes the keys and starts the engine. Tiger climbs off, just as Travis SHOTGUNS AWAY from the yacht.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Thunder and lightning.

Travis is standing in the open speedboat. Rain drives at his face. The leaps and bounds the speedboat takes bring him CRASHING down into the water, crushing his spine, slamming his shoulder into his collarbone and causing him to wince.

HIS P.O.V. He strains to see something, anything, on the dark horizon before him, the hint of any boat, any light, anywhere...

LIGHTNING flashes and illuminates the sea...

But Travis can see nothing in the distance.

He looks at his watch.

OUR P.O.V. The green light glows in the dark. It's ten-thirty.

Travis PULLS AT THE ACCELERATOR. The boat starts to slow.

He brings it down until it is safe to cut the engine.

He cuts the lights too.

The rain is less driving now, without the speed of the boat against it.

Travis takes out his binoculars...

LIGHTNING FLASHES

HIS P.O.V. He can see nothing on the ocean's surface.

He stands in the boat, looking in every direction.

HIS P.O.V. There is nothing.

Travis sits. Thunder rumbles in the distance. He looks up...

ABOVE HIS HEAD...the clouds part, ever-so-slightly, and he can see a wedge of stars.

One man, in one small boat, in the vast night.

We see on his face the utter futility. The boat is BUFFETED by a wave and the salt water douses him.

Travis lets his head fall against the wheel.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

HE OPENS HIS EYES.

The MOON peeks out for a moment, before sliding back behind the clouds, illuminating their edges.

LIGHTNING FLASHES AGAIN...

TRAVIS'S P.O.V. He sees something...a blob, some kind of shadow on the horizon, against the pink fringe...

He sits up. He presses the boat to go a little faster, in the direction of that shadow. He picks up SOME BINOCULARS...

LIGHTNING FLASHES AGAIN...

Travis raises the binoculars:

BINOCULAR P.O.V. The blob is unmistakable...in the after-image of the lightning, the WHITE of the yacht even glows.

IT IS A SHIP...STRAINING to go forward in the storm, the engine wheezing with effort. The running lights purposefully turned off to avoid detection or unwanted rescue by a well-meaning Coast Guard cutter.

As darkness envelopes Travis again, the rain pours down anew.

Travis points in the direction of the blob.

LIGHTNING FLASHES...AND HE SEES THE SHIP CLOSER. WITH HIS NAKED EYE.

He keeps driving toward it, though he is aiming blind in the rain.

IN THE NEXT LIGHTNING FLASH...he can't see it at all.

Travis is looking around, frantically. The rain is cutting across now, and the ocean is getting choppiier.

A third LIGHTNING FLASH AND...

THE HULL OF THE YACHT is suddenly DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM...a wall of white, he can see the name of the ship, he is about to SLAM INTO IT...

Travis YANKS THE WHEEL and peels off to the left of the prow.

Travis circles back toward the ship, which he can almost touch. He cuts the engine of the speedboat.

The two crafts bob there, in the rain, the ocean rough...

Travis finds a large wheel of strong nylon twine in the boat's well.

He crawls out onto the forward prow, secures one end to a piece of toggle hardware there...and waits.

He TAKES THE KNIFE out from under his pant leg and PUTS IT IN HIS TEETH.

A WAVE suddenly swells up, PUSHING THE YACHT around, spinning her toward the speedboat...

Travis leans out and GRABS ONTO THE LADDER OF THE YACHT.

HE SLIDES OFF THE SPEEDBOAT, half of him dangling in the water.

The nylon line starts to PLAY OUT as the speedboat DRIFTS with the current.

Travis climbs the ladder. He PEEKS OVER THE EDGE as he gets to the top.

HIS P.O.V. He can see JUNIOR ALLEN in the cockpit, at the wheel of his ship, trying to right it.

Travis slithers ON BOARD the PLAYPEN. He ties the line to the railing and FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE FIBERGLASS SIDE.

He REMOVES THE KNIFE from his mouth and holds it in his hand. He moves quickly and silently around to the rear of the ship.

He PRIES OPEN the engine well and JAMS HIS KNIFE INTO THE WORKINGS...sparks fly...smoke billows up...

THE ENGINE DIES.

IN THE COCKPIT...

At the wheel, JUNIOR ALLEN looks up. Hears the silence of the dead engine.

He GOES OFF.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BOAT...

Travis, crouching, PEERS INTO THE WINDOWS of the cabin.

HIS P.O.V. He can see Lois lying on the floor.

LIGHTNING FLASHES...

Travis looks back up to the cockpit...

JUNIOR IS NO LONGER THERE. The wheel is spinning, as the boat LISTS AGAIN, turning in the waves...

POCK POCK...Bullets whiz past him. Travis turns.

JUNIOR is now on the PROW...moving toward him, firing.

Travis scrambles up and HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE COCKPIT...taking cover.

He hides there a moment...then he moves quickly down the stairs to...

INT. CABIN

He goes to Lois. He pats her face.

TRAVIS
(harsh whisper)
Come on, Lois...

She opens her eyes, for a brief moment. She SEES HIM. A small smile appears on her face.

LOIS
Thought you said you weren't gonna
save me.

He touches her face.

TRAVIS
Gonna get you to a doctor...

He waits there a moment...listening.

Even the rain seems to have stopped now. It's eerily silent.

And then he hears A FAMILIAR SOUND...

The BUZZING of Junior's little hidey hole.

Travis flattens himself against the wall, waiting for Junior to come at him with his gun...

But he never appears. Travis hears FOOTSTEPS above, on the deck.

THROUGH THE WINDOWS...he can see Junior move past.

Travis scrambles up the stairs and LOOKS OUT.

HIS P.O.V. The moon has appeared between the clouds again, and he can see, clear as day, JUNIOR trying to PULL THE LINE of the speedboat in toward the Playpen. He grunts with effort, as THE SPEEDBOAT moves closer to the dead, gas-less yacht.

If Junior gets into the speedboat, he's gone, and Travis will never be able to get Lois to safety.

Travis hoists himself up onto

THE ROOF OF THE COCKPIT...

Where the LIFEBOAT is secured. He USES HIS KNIFE to CUT THE ROPES and unlash it.

DOWN BELOW, the speedboat is nearing the Playpen.

Junior, holding a coil of nylon, uses a BOAT HOOK to pull it along side.

HE UNTIES THE ROPE from the yacht.

UP ABOVE

Travis SHOVES THE LIFE RAFT over the edge of the roof...

EXT. PLAYPEN

The dingy CRASHES ONTO JUNIOR and knocks him down.

HE DROPS THE TWINE.

IN THE WATER...the speedboat is starting to be carried away by the current again.

ON THE DECK...the line starts to play out, this time, attached to nothing.

Junior scrambles toward the line...

TRAVIS LEAPS DOWN ON HIM FROM ABOVE...

The two men roll and claw at each other on the slippery fiberglass deck...

The line of the speedboat is playing out more rapidly now.

TRAVIS GRABS FOR IT...his KNIFE drops and SLIDES OFF, down the deck...

JUNIOR gets the line instead, GRABBING IT JUST BEFORE IT IS ABOUT TO SLIP OVER THE EDGE. The pull of the speedboat jerks him forward and he SMASHES AGAINST the rail.

He tries to pull himself up...he's tying the line to the rail ...then, he pulls himself up, he starts to climb over the railing. He's going to swim for the boat...

Travis has to do something, now. He looks around...sees a DANFORTH ANCHOR, lying on the deck, on top of coiled chains. Sees the sharp POINTS of the old-fashioned anchor.

He picks it up, gritting with effort and the intensity to kill, and brings it down on JUNIOR'S BACK...

The sharp edges imbed themselves in Junior's skin. He staggers, turning, roaring, like a beast...

He has something in his hand.

IT IS THE SACK OF JEWELS, which he swings at Travis's FACE...

The lance-like sock hits Travis in the temple and eye...before FLYING out of Junior's hand.

IT HITS THE DECK and BURSTS OPEN.

Jewels go ROLLING OUT over the fiberglass like jellybeans. Water splashes the deck, threatening to carry them away.

Junior HOWLS, falling on the deck, reaching out to collect them on the slippery prow...

And Travis charges him, sending him overboard, INTO THE SEA.

Travis leans against the railing, gasping, staring down.

HIS P.O.V. Junior actually surfaces, and begins SWIMMING TOWARD THE SPEEDBOAT.

But the heavy anchor weighs him down, yanking him below the depths. He disappears from view.

A long moment. Travis just breathes. The rain is a soft mist now, and the moon stays out. He lays his head against the rail, breathing...

HIS P.O.V. ONE JEWEL...THE BIG BLUE ONE, is lying at his feet. It has rolled there, saved from the sea by a tiny lip of fiberglass, large enough to wedge itself there.

Travis picks it up.

INT. CABIN

Travis carries Lois in his arms, up the stairs.

EXT. YACHT - SAME

The speedboat is now secured alongside the yacht. Travis climbs down off the ladder, with Lois in his arms, and gets into the speedboat, laying her down.

He climbs back up to the yacht and UNTIES THE LINE.

He hops down into the speedboat. Goes to the fore and revs up the engines, the speedboat TAKES OFF...the line spending out into the water behind it.

Travis pushes the accelerator down. The thing raises up on its hydrofoils...

Travis looks back.

HIS P.O.V. The body of JUNIOR ALLEN has somehow POPPED UP OUT OF THE FROTH...he seems to be RIDING BEHIND THEM like a gruesome, blood-drenched water skier.

It takes Travis a moment to realize he is still dead. The chain from the anchor has tangled up with the line and has dragged him behind.

Travis climbs back, and, using his knife, he cuts the line.

Junior's body jerks away. And Travis is finally free.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Travis stands, driving the speedboat, the wind drying the sweat and blood on his face.

HIS P.O.V. Miami grows ever brighter, ever closer.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

An ambulance and police cars flash their red lights.

Medics carry Lois on a stretcher into the back of the ambulance.

BARCLAY is there as well, but Travis walks right by him and gets into the ambulance with Lois.

INT. AMBULANCE

He holds her hand. She is unconscious. Her head is bandaged.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Travis's wounds are stitched and cleaned up.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Travis sits with Lois. Her breaths come, gravelly and with effort.

He watches her. He is breathing too, as if he could breathe for her.

The breaths come slower. Softer.

Travis takes her hand.

A beat...he waits for the next breath.

It never comes. He looks at her face. Peaceful, somehow smaller, settling into death.

His own rough visage contorts in pain...and tears cut rivulets down his brown, weather-roughened cheeks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANDLE KEY - DAY

The white sand and gravel around the dilapidated Berry house glares in the sun.

INT. BERRY HOUSE

Cathy and her son, Davie, sit on the couch.

Travis sits in a chair. He looks awful. His beard is stubbled and his tan has turned pale and yellow. He talks to Cathy, but his voice has a dead quality.

CATHY
Say hello to Mr. McGee, Davie. He's
a good man.

DAVIE
Hello, Mr. McGee.

Travis nods.

TRAVIS
I got one stone.

He lays a pile of cash on the table.

TRAVIS
That's seven grand, which covers my
expenses.

He sets out another pile.

TRAVIS
This is the five thousand dollars
I'm taking as the fee your uncle
and I agreed on.

He brings up a third pile...and then four more just like it,
stacking them on top of each other.

TRAVIS
That left seven hundred twenty-
three thousand, for you.

Cathy just stares.

CATHY
What?

TRAVIS
Cashmere sapphire. Twenty-six
carats at thirty grand a pop.

CATHY
...I can't take this.

TRAVIS
Yes you can.

CATHY
You said fifty fifty.

TRAVIS
Take the money.

CATHY
That woman...lost her life.

TRAVIS

And you think me taking the money makes that any better?

Cathy looks down. Travis softens.

TRAVIS

Take the money. It makes at least one thing good.

Cathy takes it.

CATHY

I'm gonna give it to Uncle Barc. He's gonna invest it for me.

TRAVIS

Barc, huh?

Cathy smiles. Nods.

Something is making Travis's hair stand on end. He can't stop himself from asking:

TRAVIS

You never told me. Is Barc your uncle on your mother's side or your father's side?

CATHY

Huh? Oh...he's not really our uncle. Not by blood. He was one of Daddy's buddies. He served with him in Vietnam.

CUT TO:

EXT. MT. DORA POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Barclay is coming out of the building, walking to his police car. He SLOWS as he sees TRAVIS leaning against it.

BARCLAY

Hello, Travis.

TRAVIS

I never knew you were in the Air Transport Command.

BARCLAY

Didn't you?

TRAVIS

You told me you were related to those girls. That you were their mother's brother.

BARCLAY

No, I didn't. You must not be remembering right.

Travis watches him.

TRAVIS

Are you afraid, Barc?

BARCLAY

Of you? No.

TRAVIS

Good old Uncle Barc. Daddy's war buddy. You've been hanging around those girls, trying to find those jewels for years. But Junior beat you to it.

BARCLAY

I don't know what you're talking about.

TRAVIS

You're a liar. And a coward. You were too afraid to go after Junior yourself. So you got me. You knew I wouldn't be able to resist that fight.

BARCLAY

I knew you were good at your job. And you walked away in the prime of your life.

TRAVIS

I walked away because I couldn't take it anymore. People like you.

Travis steps closer to Barc, who does indeed looks scared.

TRAVIS

I'm not going anywhere, Barc. I'm going to watch over those girls and make sure you never see a cent of that money.

BARCLAY

I only ever wanted to help those girls.

TRAVIS

Lois Atkinson is dead.

BARCLAY

I had nothing to do with that.

TRAVIS
You keep telling yourself that,
Barc. But it's on you. And you have
to carry it. Just like me.

CUT TO:

INT. BUSTED FLUSH - BELOW DECKS - DAY

The air conditioner humming. The world tuned out.

A NAUTICAL CLOCK chimes the hour with its high-pitched dings.

EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - DAY

Travis walks down the causeways, passing the ALABAMA TIGER.
Tiger and his girls are quietly resting. Tiger nods to Trav.

Travis passes the Haitians, pulling up their nets...

HAITIAN
Good catch today, Travis.

They never say otherwise.

Travis passes the grizzled surfer, waxing his board on the
deck of his boat.

GRIZZLED SURFER
Come on down to Steps tomorrow.

TRAVIS
Maybe I will.

Travis comes off the causeways to...

THE BAHIA CABANA

Travis greets the bartender. Takes his BOOTH at the back.

HIS P.O.V. A GIRL is walking into the bar, looking around,
her long dark hair flowing down...

For a moment, he might believe it could be Lois, but then he
knows who it is...

IT'S LINDA. Crabby Bill's daughter.

Linda comes to the booth.

LINDA
Hi.

He nods.

LINDA

I'm going off to college and...I
may not be coming back this way.

TRAVIS

That's good, Linda. Good for you.

LINDA

I just wanted to thank you. I think
maybe...you saved my life.

TRAVIS

We'll never know.

LINDA

I know.

Linda gives him a kiss on the cheek. She turns and leaves.

Travis sits there, alone.

The waitress brings him a drink on a little paper coaster.
Travis sips it.

Then, the waitress LAYS DOWN THE PEN beside the coaster.

She walks away.

Travis looks at the pen a long time.

Then...HE PICKS IT UP.

THE END.