

No. 00583

PRODUCERS: ZANUCK/BROWN

THE ISLAND

Third Draft Screenplay by
PETER BENCHLEY

THE ISLAND

FADE IN

1 OUT OF FOCUS - CLOSE ON A PIECE OF SHINY MACHINERY 1

that appears to be twitching. Hear an abrasive, high-pitched, metallic shriek and, behind that noise, a man screaming incoherently.

Camera pulls back, revealing a gleaming brass-and-steel electric fishing reel, its wire line paying out with blurred speed. A finger enters the frame, pushes a button. The wire line slows, stops, then begins to reverse.

VOICE

Attaboy, Doc!

2 EXT. ABOARD A BOAT AT SEA - DAY 2

The brand-new, \$300,000 sport-fishing cruiser Marita, out of Fort Lauderdale. The captain, Bob Darrell, is on the flying bridge, keeping the boat in line with the hooked fish.

The angler in the fighting chair is a portly, middle-aged doctor named Warren Burt. He is harnessed to the chair and to the elaborate Fin-Nor-reel. A gin-and- tonic sloshes in the gimbaled holder on one of the chair's arms.

Burt's two colleagues, Doctors Tom Denson and Harold Fritz, each holding a drink, stand behind the chair. They are sunburned, unathletic, dressed in expensive resort wear.

In the stern of the boat, the mate, Nelson, stands ready to be the "wire man." He is a grizzled, sun-leathered veteran who wears khaki trousers, a Marita T-shirt and thick canvas gloves. Behind Nelson, holding an enormous stainless-steel gaff, is the boat boy, 13-year-old Manuel.

Glassy-eyed with gin and excitement, Warren Burt "fishes" with all his might: That is to say, he presses the button on the electric reel, which hauls the fish inexorably toward the boat.

FRITZ

Attaway, Warren! You got him now!

3 CLOSE ON CAPTAIN DARRELL 3

looking down at the angler, a shadow of distaste on his face. This isn't fishing, isn't sport. It's the whoring he has to

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED 3

do to keep his boat running and himself in the outdoors. He raises his glance to the sea behind the boat.

4 DARRELL'S POINT OF VIEW - A SPLENDID BLUE MARLIN 4

erupts from the sparkling sea. Struggling to shake the hook, the fish "tail-walks" briefly. But he is no match for the wire line, which drags him underwater.

5 CLOSE ON WARREN BURT 5

happy, anticipating triumph. Suddenly the reel jerks and screams, the line stops coming.

NELSON (v.o.)

Shark!

Furious, offended, Burt jams his finger on the button, as if commanding technology to slap down this outrage from nature.

BURT

(to Nelson)

Bring him in, damn you!

The line starts to come again, faster this time, fighting less resistance.

6 WITH NELSON 6

bending over the stern, his hands gentling the wire. Through the surface of the water, see the brilliant blue body of the great marlin as it swirls left and right, trailing a cloud of blood.

Without looking back, Nelson sticks out a hand, and Manuel -- like a nurse responding to a surgeon's demand -- slaps the gaff into it. Nelson waits, waits, waits, then zip! -- gaffs the fish with lightning expertise.

Manuel moves the line out of Nelson's way and holds the fish-door in the stern open so Nelson can drag the fish through.

7 CLOSE ON THE FISH 7

A real beauty, probably 300-400 pounds, a first-class catch except for one thing: A foot wide crescent bite has been taken from the fish just forward of the tail. The marlin twitches feebly and lays still.

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3

8 WIDE

8

NELSON

Damn shame.

He kneels down to dislodge the hook.

BURT

I did my job.

9 CLOSE ON NELSON

9

looking at Burt with a glare of loathing. The fibers in the thread that contain his temper are popping one by one.

10 NELSON'S POINT OF VIEW

10

Burt turns to his colleagues, seeking approval for his angling and his bitter crack. They smile and congratulate him.

Looking up at Captain Darrell, on the flying bridge.

DARRELL

(solicitous,
to Nelson)

Hang on.

Contemptuously, Darrell dry-spits in the direction of his "paying guests."

DISSOLVE TO

11 CLOSE ON THE MARLIN - EVENING - THE DEAD FISH

11

is hanging from the gin-pole, a mangled corpse that has stiffened. It moves with the slow rhythm of the boat on the calm sea.

Behind the fish, see the low profile of a nearby scrub island.

FRITZ (v.o.)

Might've been a record, Warren.

12 WIDE - IN THE COCKPIT - THE THREE DOCTORS

12

are sitting around a cocktail table that has been set up for them where, this afternoon, the fighting chair was. All three are looking at the hanging fish, Manuel moves around the table, removing empty glasses and replacing them with full ones.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

Manuel has changed into a crisp white outfit.

BURT

It's like surgery, Harold. You don't ask an intern to do a specialist's job. I had a wireman at Chub Cay...now there was a pro.

As Burt rambles on, Manuel collects the last of the glasses and heads into the cabin.

13 INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT - CAPTAIN DARRELL

13

is preparing an elaborate meal, while Nelson sets the table. Nelson moves an antique brass shell-casing (an ashtray) off the table and sets it atop the complex, remarkably well-equipped communications console. This is a first-class charter boat, with every imaginable luxury and convenience.

Darrell and Nelson are in foul humor; all they want is for this charter to be over. They say nothing. The only extraneous sound in the cabin comes from a radio.

RADIO VOICE

...winds southeasterly, five to ten, seas negligible. Finally, for Cape Haitien and north to twenty-two, winds south-southeasterly, zero to five.

Darrell acknowledges the weather report with a nod: At least he doesn't have to worry about that.

Manuel is checking the liquor supply. He notices that two of the bottles are empty. He goes to a forward section of cabin, rolls back the carpet and lifts a hatch. He drops into the hold, as the radio commences regular programming.

RADIO VOICE

And now, shipmate, I invite you to join us here in the Haven of Rest, on Jesus Christ Savior's own station, WJCS, as we listen to the Glory Gospel Singers.

Hear Manuel clumping forward belowdecks, as a hymn begins.

14 EXT. IN THE COCKPIT - TWILIGHT

14

is fading fast, but a robust moon has risen, casting golden avenues on the black sea. The island is visible as a low line somewhat darker than the sky.

The three doctors sit around the table. Burt takes a sip of his new drink. He grimaces and spits.

BURT

That kid must own a vermouth business.

Burt stands, walks to the gunwale and pitches his martini overboard. He turns back. His glance flicks forward. He sees something, stops and squints into the darkness.

15 BURT'S POINT OF VIEW

15

standing beside the ladder that leads to the flying bridge. The steel gaff is tucked into brackets on the ladder. Looking through the lethal curve of the gaff.

Drifting slowly down the starboard side, toward the stern, is something that looks vaguely like a hollow log. It might strike the boat anywhere along the side.

16 IN THE COCKPIT - BURT

16

reaches for the gaff and pries it from its brackets. Denson and Fritz eye each other quizzically, then rise and join Burt at the gunwale.

DENSON

A canoe?

FRITZ

Something inside.

Burt stabs with the gaff and flails overboard with it. The gaff bites into wood and the tug almost pulls Burt overboard. He passes the gaff to Denson and Fritz, gestures for them to follow him, and moves to the stern, where he opens the fish-door.

17 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

17

looking down off the stern, into a hollow-log canoe. A tarpaulin covers a heap of something.

CONTINUED

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6

17 CONTINUED

17

Burt's hand enters the frame. Fingers flip back an edge of the tarp, revealing a human hand.

18 ON THE STERN

18

Shocked, the three doctors stumble into each other. Burt, on his knees, is capsized. Denson has to scramble to keep from losing his grip on the gaff.

FRITZ

Captain!

19 INT. BOAT CABIN

19

Darrell is busy over the stove. He doesn't bother to look up.

DARRELL

In a minute.

Manuel's hands appear through the hatch and set a bottle of gin on the carpet. The hands withdraw, and he clumps forward again. Hear the hymn still being sung in full chorus.

NELSON

Want me to go?

DARRELL

(sotto voice)

If they can't wait five minutes between drinks, fuck 'em.

20 ON THE STERN

20

Burt has clambered back to the open fish door. All three stare into the canoe. A horrible odor comes from the canoe. Denson turns his head away and blows out a breath.

FRITZ

(at Denson)

Dermatologist...

(to Burt)

...Rigor mortis?

BURT

I'll bet.

21 BURT'S POINT OF VIEW

21

leaning through the fish door toward the canoe. His hand

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21.

barely reaches the edge of the canvas. He flips it back a bit farther, uncovering a wrist encircled by a crude, tarnished metal bracelet.

Suddenly the hand jumps to life. It grabs Burt by the wrist and yanks violently downward.

22 MONTAGE

22

- A. Burt's face, shocked, trying to scream, pulled down out of frame.
- B. A rough-hewn iron hand-ax -- blade on one end, pick on the other -- whistles through the air and lands with a thunk.
- C. Fritz's and Denson's trousers, spattered with blood.
- D. Burt's lower body, somersaulting through the door at the stern.

23 ANGLE ON DENSON

23

Horror-struck, blood-splashed, he tugs the gaff from the canoe and backs away.

FRITZ (v.o.)
(screaming)
Captain!

DARRELL (v.o.)
(distant)
In a minute, I said!

Denson raises the gaff. It is knocked away. He tries to stagger backward, hits the bulwark. He raises his hands to his head.

24 ANGLE ON FRITZ

24

Hear a sickening thuck of ax against skull. Fritz looks around for a weapon, for escape, for anything.

25 FRITZ'S POINT OF VIEW

25

The hollow-log canoe is drifting slowly astern. If he can get overboard, he can catch it easily.

26 ANGLE ON FRITZ 26

He sees the ax coming, dodges and flings himself overboard.

27 INT. BOAT CABIN 27

Hear a splash, a man swimming. Darrell looks up from the stove, exchanges a glance with Nelson. A flash of anger crosses Darrell's face.

DARRELL

No...they're not...in the ocean,
at night?

Nelson shakes his head: What some jerks won't do...He sets down knives and forks and heads for the door.

Manuel's hands pop up from the hatch and place two more bottles on the carpet.

28 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CABIN DOOR 28

positioned beside the doorway, as if lying in wait. Nelson comes through the door. Hear a couple of distant swimming strokes.

Nelson takes a couple of steps toward the stern. Camera follows right behind him.

29 INT. BOAT CABIN 29

Darrell wiping his hands, his face grim. He is going to tell these doctors once and for all what the rules are. Hear a split-second scuffle, a grunt, a splash.

Now Darrell's face shows concern. He opens a drawer with a key, reaches in and pulls out a box that says it contains a pistol.

30 EXT. ON THE WATER 30

Fritz swimming toward the canoe, the Marita looking cozy and welcoming in the b.g. Fritz reaches the canoe, grabs it with one hand and rests for a second, breathing hard.

31 CLOSE ON FRITZ 31

holding the canoe, getting his breath. The weight in the canoe shifts slightly, just enough to cause Fritz to look up. His eyes see doom.

- 32 FRITZ'S POINT OF VIEW 32
An ax descending.
- 33 EXT. ABOARD THE MARITA 33
Darrell comes out of the cabin carrying a pistol. Behind him, shadows. Hear a faraway scream from Fritz.
- 34 ANGLE ON DARRELL'S BACK 34
Darrell is tense, crouched, the pistol ready. Hear a soggy foot scrunch on the deck. Darrell whips around. His eyes go wide. He opens his mouth to scream.
- 35 INT. BOAT CABIN 35
Half a dozen bottles of liquor line the open hatch. The hymn ends, and the voice resumes.
- RADIO VOICE
Well, shipmate, the time has come
to furl our sails here in the Haven
of Rest....
- 36 CLOSE ON THE HATCH 36
Hear soggy footsteps enter the cabin.
- MANUEL (v.o.)
That oughta hold 'em, Cap'n Bob.
- Manuel's head pops up through the hatch. He sees only the bottles. Then his nose tells him something's awry. He looks up. A drop of blood falls on the carpet before him. He freezes.
- RADIO VOICE
...until tomorrow, when we'll
raise our anchor and cruise to-
gether through the shoals of life....
- Manuel tries to back away, stumbles. Camera closes on him in the dark hold.
- 37 MANUEL'S POINT OF VIEW 37
A hand, covered with blood, moves relentlessly through the hatch. It fills the frame.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED

37

RADIO VOICE

...and remember, shipmate, there's
always a fair wind when Jesus is
your skipper....

DISSOLVE TO

38 EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY

38

looking downtown, toward 55th Street. A crowd walking toward the camera. Blair Maynard turns the corner from 55th onto Madison. He is preoccupied with reading something in a manila folder, and he has other folders under his arms.

Maynard is in his mid-thirties, clean and presentable but hopelessly out of fashion. Clothes are what he wears to keep from being arrested. His suit is late 1960's Ivy League, his shoes Bass Weejuns. There is not an ounce of rat on him, but his leanness seems to come not so much from exercise as from forgetting to eat.

He is intensely interested in what he is reading, but somehow -- years of practice -- he knows exactly where he is. Camera tracks him as he turns into a building above the entrance to which, in large brass letters, are the words TODAY PUBLICATIONS.

39 INT. RECEPTION AREA - TODAY MAGAZINE

39

The walls are decorated with framed covers of recent issues of "Today," a weekly newsmagazine in competition with "Time" and "Newsweek." A clock shows times in different zones. The current time in New York is 3:30 p.m. The receptionist sits at her desk, reading.

Elevator doors open, and Maynard emerges, still reading. The receptionist glances up, sees who it is, and lets her eyes return immediately to her book. Maynard turns left and goes through a door.

40 EDITORIAL OFFICES

40

A corridor, lined on both sides with cubicles. Sounds of tickers, typewriters and the low-keyed clamor of a magazine being put to bed. Camera follows Maynard along the corridor to the end, where a secretary sits outside an office. The door to the office is closed. Maynard heads straight for the door. The secretary opens her mouth to stop him, but he isn't about to listen.

A large corner office, with a couch and a couple of chairs. Hiller is the senior editor in charge of Maynard's section and a few others. He is younger than Maynard but already balding -- overburdened and beleaguered. He is hunched over his desk, gnawing on one end of his necktie as he scribbles editorial changes on a story.

The door opens without a knock of warning. Hiller looks up, annoyed, as Maynard enters.

HILLER

Later.

MAYNARD

Now. Okay?

Hiller sits back, wondering what new crisis has occurred to screw up his day. Maynard hands him a newspaper clipping. Hiller glances at it and is not impressed. He looks up, as if to say: So?

MAYNARD

You wanted a hard-news peg to hang the boat-disappearance story on.

(gestures at clipping)

Day before yesterday. No survivors. No wreckage. Nothing.

HILLER

Page 16 of the News isn't exactly cover material for Today. Who cares?

MAYNARD

Who cares? The relatives of two thousand people who have died.

HILLER

Fifty thousand people die every year in cars.

MAYNARD

Yeah, but they don't vanish. And it's still happening.

HILLER

What is?

MAYNARD

That's what I want to find out. Let me go to Florida, nose around, talk to people.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

HILLER

More Bermuda Triangle bullshit.

MAYNARD

Look, Leonard...six hundred and ten boats disappearing in three years isn't bullshit. It's a Coast Guard statistic.

HILLER

Use the Miami bureau.

MAYNARD

They don't give squat to the back of the book. Let me go down there.

HILLER

(arch)

Researching your...novel?

42 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

42

stung. His "novel" is something of a sore point.

MAYNARD

It's a story...a real story... something....
(tongue-tied)

43 CLOSE ON HILLER

43

HILLER

(baiting)

...worthy of your talents?

44 WIDE SHOT

44

MAYNARD

(quietly)

I have the weekend.

Maynard walks to the door, wondering if Hiller will command him not to go.

HILLER

If you show up with a tan, I'm not paying for it.

CONTINUED

44

CONTINUED

44

MAYNARD

If I show up with a story, you are.

45

MAYNARD'S OFFICE

45

A cluttered cubicle, containing a desk, a typewriter table, a phone and a bookcase. The walls are festooned with a dozen "Today" covers representing the cover stories Maynard has written in his decade at the magazine. Camera travels to a bulletin board over the desk, to which Maynard has tacked clippings that interest him. All seem to involve unsolved mysteries: "Atlantis in the Bahamas?" "Tanker Vanishes Off Capetown" "Oak Island -- What's Really In the Money Pit?"

46

NEW ANGLE

46

Sitting in a chair in the corner of the office is Maynard's 12-year-old son, Justin. He is dressed in an Allen Stevenson School blazer and is reading a superheroes comic book. An overnight bag is on the floor by his side. Hear footsteps. Justin looks up.

47

IN MAYNARD'S OFFICE - WIDE SHOT - MAYNARD

47

enters and crosses to his desk. He doesn't see Justin. He reaches for a stack of phone messages on his typewriter. Then he senses another presence, turns and sees Justin. He is surprised and pleased.

MAYNARD

Hey!

Justin is not at all happy to see his father.

JUSTIN

It wasn't my idea.

MAYNARD

How you doing?

JUSTIN

I told her I could spend the weekend with Jimmy.

MAYNARD

What are you talking about?

CONTINUED

JUSTIN

Mom didn't call?

Justin spies the stack of unanswered phone messages. He rises, yanks the messages from beneath the paper bail, flips through them until he finds the one he's looking for, holds that one up to his father and then, angrily, scatters them all on the floor.

JUSTIN

Beautiful!

MAYNARD

What was she calling about?

JUSTIN

She and Phil went to Dallas. Some business meeting.

MAYNARD

Phil?

JUSTIN

New...friend.

MAYNARD

Oh....

Peevishly, Justin returns to his comic book, trying to retreat into his private world.

MAYNARD

I thought you gave up reading that crap.

Justin doesn't answer. Maynard is at a loss for an upbeat tack.

MAYNARD

So you want to spend the weekend with Jimmy.

JUSTIN

(as if Maynard
is to blame)

He's gone to his grandmother's.

MAYNARD

Oh. Well, I guess you're stuck with me.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED - 2

47

Justin says nothing. Maynard reaches beneath his desk and pulls out a musette bag.

MAYNARD

That's the bad news.

At this quirky remark, Justin looks up and sees that Maynard is packing the musette bag with notebooks, pens, a small recorder and a few cassettes. Maynard smiles.

MAYNARD

Don't you want the good news?

JUSTIN

All the museums burned down?

MAYNARD

Spend the weekend in Florida. Disney World's in Florida, isn't it?

JUSTIN

You're pulling my chain.

MAYNARD

Yeah?

DISSOLVE TO

48 MONTAGE - EVENING

48

- A. A 727 landing at Miami airport.
- B. Passengers, including Justin and Maynard, deplaning and heading for the terminal building. Most stop at the baggage area, but Maynard and Justin are carrying their own things, and they pass it by.
- C. Rent-a-car desk, Maynard filling out forms, taking keys. Desk clerk tracing a route for Maynard on a road map.
- D. Justin sitting on the floor, a stack of comics beside him. He is flipping through a copy of "The American Rifleman." Maynard notices this and smiles.

49 INT. RENTED CAR - EVENING

49

Heading north, along Route A1A from Miami to Fort Lauderdale.

CONTINUED

JUSTIN

What're we gonna see first? I hear
Space Mountain is really neat!

MAYNARD

Yeah...First, I've got to talk
to a couple of people in
Fort Lauderdale.

JUSTIN

(warily)

This isn't another double-cross....

MAYNARD

What...double-cross?

JUSTIN

Our camping trip last summer. Just
you and me, right?

MAYNARD

You think I wasn't sorry about
that? Your mother had a chance to
take you to London. I mean, camp-
ing we can do....

JUSTIN

Yeah, but we don't, do we.

(hard)

You promised.

Maynard can't answer. They travel in silence for a few blocks,
then hit a red light. Justin sees something off to the left.
He points, excited.

JUSTIN

Look!

A shopping mall borders the left side of the road. Many of
the stores are closed, but a large neon sign indicates that
the EVERGLADES SHOOTERS SUPERMART is still open.

JUSTIN (v.o.)

Let's stop!

MAYNARD (v.o.)

Why?

JUSTIN (v.o.)

To look...please?

51 INT. THE CAR 51

Maynard looks at Justin. Maybe this will soften the blow when he has to renege on going to Disney World. He smiles.

52 EXT. ROUTE ALA - NIGHT 52

The light turns green. Maynard's car crosses the highway and turns into the parking lot.

53 INT. GUN SUPERMARKET 53

Maynard and Justin enter and stand, aghast. The place is a warehouse, packed with firearms of every description. Signs before each aisle direct you to your specialty: this way to 10-, 12- and 16-gauge shotguns; that way to rifles caliber .30-.06 to .44-.40; this way to handguns, revolver; that way to military rifles. A placard proclaims this weekend's specials: a Marlin Golden 39A .22 lever-action rifle for \$125, a Hammerli .45 Frontier revolver for \$175. Buy two and get a box of bullets free. Rifles hang on the walls. Pistols are in locked glass cases.

Green-jacketed salesmen patrol the aisles, each with a tell-tale bulge at his waist. At checkout counters, clerks examine I.D. cards, take money and wrap purchases.

There are a lot of people in the store: browsers, hunters, freaks and whole families, who seem to be visiting the place as an outing -- much as they might go to a zoo.

Justin is in heaven. This is like Disney World for him: there's so much to see that he doesn't know where to begin. He spies something, takes Maynard's hand and drags him down an aisle, stopping at a case of pistols.

JUSTIN

That's the James Bond gun!

VOICE (v.o.)

Walther PPK. Real fine starter gun.

54 NEW ANGLE 54

A salesman has come up behind them: middle-aged, bulky, built like a footlocker with legs. He wears rimless glasses, and his hair is slick with pomade.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

SALESMAN

Name's Baxter. Call me Bax.
(to Justin)
You look like a gun person.
What's your favorite ordnance?

JUSTIN

Colt Frontier, .32-.20.
(to Maynard)
Remember? Gramps' gun?

BAXTER

Real fine piece...light and
lethal. That PPK could take
to you. Like to squeeze off
a few?

JUSTIN

Would I!

MAYNARD

Hold on....

JUSTIN

(crestfallen)
I knew it.

Maynard is trapped. He knows he has disappointed Justin in the past; he knows he will disappoint him about Disney World. And now, if he follows his conscience, he will disappoint him again: Baxter seems to sense Maynard's ambivalence.

BAXTER

No obligation, of course.

MAYNARD

(as if that
settles it)
Oh...in that case....

Baxter unlocks the pistol case and removes the Walther. He pockets a box of bullets and hands the pistol, butt-first, slide-open, to Justin.

BAXTER

Carry this for me, son?

Justin takes the pistol. He looks up at Maynard, gleeful.

55 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 55

torn, guilty, confused. He smiles wanly at his son.

DISSOLVE TO

56 CLOSE ON THE PPK 56

Justin's small hand around the pistol butt. It fires once, then again.

BAXTER (v.o.)

Darn good...darn good.

57 INT. PISTOL RANGE 57

Baxter, Maynard and Justin, all wearing earmuffs, stand at a pistol bay, examining a target that Baxter has retrieved from down the track. Justin's score is good.

BAXTER

See? That time you squeezed.

JUSTIN

Can I shoot five more? Can I, Dad?

Maynard smiles faintly and nods.

58 INT. GUN STORE 58

The three enter from the range. Justin is carrying the empty pistol -- safely, knowledgeably, lovingly. Maynard and Baxter are a step behind Justin.

BAXTER

(to Maynard)

He's got competition skills.

MAYNARD

Yeah?

BAXTER

A lot of kids flinch. Hand and eye don't work together. His eye com-
mands his hand.

JUSTIN

(stopping, to
Maynard)

Wouldn't it be neat...?

CONTINUED

MAYNARD

You know New York.

JUSTIN

Aunt Sally lives in Connecticut.

BAXTER

Fine state, Connecticut.

JUSTIN

Me and you could go up on weekends.

Baxter smiles. Justin is doing his work for him. They arrive at the case where the Walther belongs. Baxter holds out his hand to take the pistol. Justin doesn't want to give it up. He looks at his father.

JUSTIN

More fun than museums.

Again Maynard's mind is a mess. Justin is stabbing him not only with past guilt, but also with future promise.

MAYNARD

(to Baxter)

What does it take...you know...what would I need...?

BAXTER

(beaming)

We'll work it out.

DISSOLVE TO

heading north, toward Fort Lauderdale. Maynard is furious with himself.

Justin is holding the pistol (in a shoulder holster) in his lap. He is caressing it, making private, barely audible "kapow" noises. Finally, he can't control himself. He slips the pistol from its holster and squeezes off a couple of fantasy "kapows" at oncoming cars.

MAYNARD

Stop it!

CONTINUED

Justin obeys instantly, not wanting to push his luck.

MAYNARD

It's not a toy.

JUSTIN

I know.

MAYNARD

It's not something cool or neat or....

JUSTIN

(defensive)

I know, I know....

MAYNARD

(anger building, unfocused)

You're not Thor or Darth Vader or Superschmuck or somebody else. And that's not some goddam comic book deathray. Every second that thing is in your hand, you say to yourself, 'This could kill somebody. If I make one mistake, I could take someone's life.' If I ever see you play with it like that again, I'll throw it away.

(pause)

Okay?

JUSTIN

Okay. I'm sorry.

MAYNARD

Your mother's gonna have my ass.

JUSTIN

I won't tell if you don't.

They exchange a smile.

DISSOLVE TO

A three-quarter moon has risen high enough to send broad bands of gold across the dark water.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

An easy breeze moves two white-hulled, 32-foot, single-masted sailboats along the craggy shore of a desolate, uninhabited island. Each boat shows running lights and a mast light. Hear faint voices -- mother and daughter chatting -- from the lead boat.

The moon illuminates a shallow-water inlet ahead of the lead boat: a perfect anchorage for the night. The boat turns and heads into the inlet. The second boat follows.

Camera lingers on the wake of the second boat. Something splashes -- a turtle? A fish? -- and is gone, leaving a slowly spreading ring of ripples.

61 EXT. IN THE COVE - NIGHT

61

The sailboats are anchored, one behind the other, facing seaward. Lanterns hang in the cockpit of the rear boat, making shadowy, ghostly forms of the four adults and one young girl who are finishing supper. The adults are Stan and Bella Lazlo and Ellen and Walter Burgess. The girl is the Burgess' 13-year-old daughter, Mary.

One of the women stands and begins to scrape overboard the refuse from the dinner plates.

62 ABOARD THE REAR BOAT

62

The Lazlos are climbing into their dinghy for the short trip ahead to their own boat. Mary has just about fallen asleep in the cockpit. Her mother pats her on the cheek.

ELLEN

Why don't you go below, dear?

Mary stirs, yawns and, with a muttered "G'night," goes below.

BURGESS

(to Lazlos)

I'll take the first watch.

BELLA

Here? Lord, Walter...why don't we all get a night's sleep?

LAZLO

The wind might come up.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

BURGESS

And you never know about Haitian poachers.

BELLA

Poachers?

Ridiculous as the thought of poachers seems, Bella knows better than to argue. Burgess casts off the dinghy painter and waves to the Lazlos as their dinghy is rowed off into the night.

Ellen Burgess goes below. Her husband scans the shoreline for any signs of life. Nothing.

63 BELOW - NIGHT

63

A kerosene lamp burns above an after bunk. Ellen has been checking on Mary, who is asleep in the fo'c'sle. She comes aft, sits on her bunk and kicks off her shoes. As Burgess comes in, Ellen puts a finger to her lips and points forward, reminding him that Mary is asleep. Burgess opens a locker and takes out a pump shotgun. Ellen's look says: You're nuts.

BURGESS

If you're going to stand a watch,
stand a watch.

Burgess slips three shells into the shotgun, takes a flashlight and a paperback book from his bunk, and exits. Ellen douses the lamp and lies down.

64 CLOSE ON THE SHOTGUN

64

A gleaming piece of machinery nestled beside Burgess.

65 IN THE COCKPIT - WIDE - BURGESS

65

is settled in the stern, using his flashlight to read "Dragons of Eden." Hear a splash behind the boat. Burgess starts and spins around, shining the light on the water.

66 BURGESS' POINT OF VIEW

66

In the pool of light from the flash: A school of jacks is chasing baitfish around the boat. One of the jacks rolls, grabs a herring and cuts it in half. The head-end of the bleeding herring bobs in the water.

67

IN THE COCKPIT - WIDE - BURGESS

67

smiles and resumes reading. Hear another faint splash. Burgess doesn't bother to turn around. All is peaceful.

Suddenly, the stern of the boat seems to dip gently, just enough to cause Burgess to raise his eyes from the book.

A wire garotte whips around Burgess' neck, cuts through everything but bone and drags him backward, overboard. He gurgles, his fingers clutch at the wire, and he is gone.

68

INT. BELOW - ELLEN

68

is sound asleep, lying on her back. Sounds of wet footsteps squishing into the cabin. A shadow cuts the dim light. Something hovers over Ellen. Drops of salt water fall on her face and trickle up her nose. She stirs, snuffling. Something acrid, nauseating, fills her nostrils and makes her open her eyes.

ELLEN

Walter?

She tries to sit up, but a hand -- the wrist encircled by a crude metal bracelet -- slams her back against the bunk. Something shiny flashes by her face. The hand pulls back, the shadow withdraws, the footsteps squish away.

Ellen sits up, reaches out, tries to speak -- and gurgles. Blood seeps out of her mouth, and a thin line of reddish-black spreads across her neck: Her throat has been slit.

69

CLOSE ON THE SHOTGUN

69

in the cockpit. Hands pick it up, turn it over, examine it, set it on the gunwale. Hear the soft sound of a body entering the water. Hands return and take the gun from the gunwale.

70

INT. FO'C'SLE - MARY

70

fast asleep, cuddled against the bulkhead. Hear, in the distance, two thunderous shotgun blasts. Mary awakes, listening, wondering what has awakened her.

MARY

Mom?

DISSOLVE TO

71 EXT. BAHIA MAR MARINA - DAY

71

The huge marina in Fort Lauderdale, gateway to the Bahamas, the South Atlantic and the Caribbean. It is crammed with luxury yachts of every description, many over 100 feet long, a few in the 200-to-300 foot range. There are houseboats, sailboats, fishing boats, cruisers -- all cheek-by-jowl in slips along the several finger piers. Bahia Mar is clean, efficient, well maintained, and its running-foot charges for dockage are exorbitant.

72 ON ONE OF THE FINGER PIERS - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN

72

walking down the pier, Justin eating an ice cream cone and reading a comic book. Maynard's musette bag is slung over his shoulder. As he walks, he listens to a woman's voice on his tape recorder: He has been interviewing all morning.

Every slip on this pier is full -- except one. As they approach the empty slip, Maynard turns off the tape recorder and puts it away. A signboard above the empty slip says: "MARITA, fishing charters by day, week or month. Contact Capt. Bob Darrell, 535-1555."

Maynard stares at the signboard. In the next slip is a houseboat. An elderly couple -- probably retired from up north -- sit on the stern sipping drinks. Everything is their business: Their lives center on the passing parade in the marina.

MAN

If you're looking to charter her,
forget it.

Maynard nods. Justin disconnects himself from his comic book and notices the houseboat.

JUSTIN

All right!
(to Man)
Can I see your houseboat?

MAYNARD

You don't just barge into a man's
house.

The Man is eager for company. If he can get Justin aboard, maybe he can have a few minutes' conversation with Maynard.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

72

MAN

Sure, son. Come aboard.
(to wife)
Honeybun, whyn't you show the boy
around?

Justin scampers down the ramp onto the boat. The wife rises
and takes him inside.

MAN

(gesturing at
Marita's slip)

If you ask me, grasshoppers got
her.

MAYNARD

Grasshoppers.

MAN

Drug-runners. Spics from down
south. Maybe scum like that.
(points)

73 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

73

At the end of the finger pier, a long-haired, slim, tanned
young man is hosing down a boat. He wears a pair of denim
shorts, and has a gold amulet around his neck.

MAN (v.o.)

...hang around the dock, begging
for passage south. Anywhere south.
Who knows who they are, where they
comes from, maybe they got a record.

74 WIDE

74

MAN

Get aboard your boat, nice as you
please, real helpful. One night
at sea, bango! You wake up dead.
They got your boat, run a load of
junk from Colombia, then scuttle
her. Or maybe sell her to some
rich spic. No, sir, not me. We
go cruising, it's me and Honeybun,
period. And Remie...

(smiles)

Remie's my shotgun. Nobody mess
with me.

CONTINUED

74

CONTINUED

74

MAYNARD

Marita carry any of these people?

MAN

Y'could ask up the dock. Reminds me of the time....

MAYNARD

Thanks. I appreciate your showing the boy around. Would you tell him I'm up at the dock?

MAN

Stop back for a cold one. I could tell you stories make your hair curl.

75

CLOSE ON A FULE PUMP GAUGE

75

similar to a gas station pump, but calibrated to record enormous gallon-volume and correspondingly high prices. As the numbers whir and bells ding, the fuel charge approaches the \$1,000 mark.

VOICE

...Bob never let strangers on Marita. Crew was his own, been with him for ten years. And they carried guns. I s'pose they could've had a collision, but not likely. Had radar, everything. And the weather was fine.

The register rings through \$1,000.

76

WIDE - ON THE DOCK

76

A dock Attendant -- mid-thirties, dressed in a spanking-clean Bahia Mar uniform -- is fuelling a gargantuan black-hulled yacht, well over 150 feet long.

Justin dashes up and tugs at his father's coat.

JUSTIN

They have a bathtub on that boat!
I mean, a real bathtub!

CONTINUED

Justin's eyes travel up to the behemoth tied to the dock. He sucks in his breath, enthralled.

MAYNARD

With you in a sec.

Justin departs, having a ball.

MAYNARD

Guess. What happened to Marita?
One of their wives told me the
devil got them.

ATTENDANT

Religious folks like to think that;
it gives them answers. I wish I
had a guess. Nothing makes sense.

MAYNARD

Hey, man...six hundred boats....

ATTENDANT

Don't tell me. All I know, that
part of the world is shitty. Always
has been, always will be. There
are two more, y'know.

MAYNARD

Two more?

JUSTIN (v.o.)

Brrm! Brrm! Nnnnyaaooo!

Maynard's head jerks upward.

Somehow, Justin has climbed onto the bridge of this great
black yacht, and he is playing kamikaze pilot with the wheel.

JUSTIN

Boldar kills! B-B-B-Bam!

MAYNARD

Justin! Christ's sake!

Justin leans out a window of the bridge, all smiles.

CONTINUED

JUSTIN

You rang?

MAYNARD

Get outa there!

ATTENDANT

(worried)

Now! Hurry up!

Justin vanishes from the bridge, just as one of the yacht's crew shows up to investigate. Maynard and the Attendant watch, spellbound, as Justin sneaks down to the stern of the ship. The angry crewman is searching for him, so he can't descend the gangplank. He slides over the bulwark, shinnies (upside down) down a sternline, creeps along the dock and straightens up by his father's side, appearing very concerned about this unseemly behavior. The crewman shrugs and goes below.

MAYNARD

Cool it!

JUSTIN

Superstretch obeys.

Mimicking the cartoon character, Justin lurches off to a bollard, takes out a comic book and sits down to read.

The fuel gauge dings through \$1,200.

MAYNARD

Two more?

The Attendant points to two empty slips at a nearby finger pier.

ATTENDANT

Sailboats. Heading for Mayaguana.
Plane searched for four hours.

MAYNARD

Where'd they call from last?

ATTENDANT

Coming up on Navidad. Same
general area as most of the others.

The Attendant stops the fuel pump and begins to fill out a slip.

MAYNARD

How do you get there?

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED - 2

78

The Attendant looks at Maynard, as if to say: No one in his right mind would want to go there.

DISSOLVE TO

79 INT. RENTAL CAR

79

heading south on Route Ala. Maynard and Justin have been arguing.

MAYNARD

You're going back, and that's that!

JUSTIN

Sure...promises are to break, and kids are to break them to. Shit!

With a sudden gesture of defiance, Justin reaches into Maynard's musette bag, pulls out his airplane ticket and rips it to shreds. Maynard is so angry that he almost runs off the road.

MAYNARD

Dammit, Justin! Cut this two-bit martyr crap! The world isn't run just for you!

JUSTIN

You don't want me along, right?

MAYNARD

Right.

Maynard has spoken in anger, and his jaw tightens. He is almost ready to take back the word. Almost, but not quite.

JUSTIN

It's okay. You have your own life. I don't s'pose I'd want a kid around, either.

Maynard glances at Justin. The boy has taken the conversation to a new level, has reopened a touchy can of worms.

MAYNARD

Hey...we've been through this. There was no way....

JUSTIN

It's okay...I understand. Kids live with their mothers. That's the way it goes.

CONTINUED

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79 CONTINUED - 2

79

MAYNARD

Yeah, usually.

JUSTIN

'Course, if the father wants to put up a fight....

MAYNARD

Justin....

JUSTIN

(bursting)

You didn't even ask!

80 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

80

driving, hands clenched on the wheel. He is near tears. He turns to Justin and forces a smile.

MAYNARD

You might miss a couple days of school.

DISSOLVE TO

81 EXT. AIRPORT APRON - DAY - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN

81

come out of the Miami terminal building, into a forest of big jets. They look left and right. Maynard spots what he's seeking. He points.

82 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

82

looking beneath the wing of a nearby jet and beneath the tail of a jet farther away: About 50 yards down the apron is a ramshackle DC-3, dwarfed by the bigger planes. The word ARAWAK has been stencilled on the fuselage. An empty loading cart is being wheeled away from the DC-3. The pilot stands beside the plane.

JUSTIN (v.o.)

It has propellers!

MAYNARD (v.o.)

It's a supply plane. They're not geared to take passengers.

83 BY THE DC-3 - THE PILOT

83

waits for Maynard and Justin. A nameplate on his starched

CONTINUED

83

CONTINUED

83

white shirt identifies him as Stark. He is a vision of fastidiousness and efficiency. His shoulder-boards carry four gold stripes. He wears crisply pressed black Bermuda shorts, black knee-socks and polished black cordovans. On his wrist is an enormous Rolex that should be able to pilot a plane by itself.

There is one anomaly about Stark: Sometime in the past, his face was badly burned. One eyelid won't open all the way; one cheek consists of shiny, wrinkled scar tissue, and on that side of his head there is no hair.

STARK

Mr. Maynard? Captain Stark. Glad to have you aboard.

They shake hands, and Stark gestures for them to board the plane.

Maynard goes aboard first, Justin second. Then Stark backs onto the plane and bends down to retrieve the steps.

84

ON THE PLANE

84

Maynard stands, frozen, a hand extended protectively back toward Justin. In front of Maynard, weaving drunkenly, is a huge, belligerent pig. The pig snorts and snuffles and threatens to charge.

Stark slams the steps up into the fuselage and dogs down the door. He slips past Justin and Maynard.

STARK

Pay her no mind. She'll pass out in a minute.

Stark hits the pig with his hip, and the pig topples to the deck with a crash. Its eyes are still open, but it is comatose. Stark continues toward the cockpit.

STARK

Have to give them knock-out shots. I had one go berserk on me in a thunderstorm. One thing you do not want in an airplane is a 400-pound sow gone bananas.

As advertised, this is a supply plane. It resembles an out-

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

84

island general store. There are cases of canned food, crates of live chickens, a box of random old shoes, piles of second-hand clothing, a stack of today's newspapers, a motorbike and a couple of small generators.

85 INT. THE COCKPIT

85

on the runway, revving for take-off. Justin is in the co-pilot's seat, wearing earphones and enjoying himself greatly. Maynard sits in a camp chair just aft of the cockpit. Stark is talking to the control tower.

STARK

Roger...Air Wacko, ready for take-off.

Stark releases the brakes and pushes the throttle forward. The plane surges down the runway, lumbering, feeling too heavy to become airborne. Stark is sweating profusely; his knuckles are white as they grip the wheel. He mutters to the plane, urging it to leave the ground. He hauls back on the stick, and the plane groans into the air. Stark sighs heavily.

The plane banks sharply right, over the ocean. Stark adjusts the trim, fiddles with a few dials, and is satisfied. The day is clear and cloudless.

STARK

(to Justin)

Thermos at your feet. Pour me a cup of coffee?

As Justin obeys, Stark takes a flask from his pocket and pours a healthy splash of bourbon into the coffee. He notices Maynard looking at him, alarmed, and he smiles apologetically.

STARK

Blood pressure...keeps the arteries open.

Stark takes a hefty blast of the laced coffee, puts his feet on the control panel and unfolds a map.

Seeing that Stark has abandoned the wheel, Justin takes hold of it, and Stark nods approvingly.

STARK

Now...see if we can find it. Up here, they all look alike.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

85

MAYNARD

You don't know where it is?

STARK

Where it is depends on the weather.
A little too much cloud cover, and
it isn't. You start heading for
Africa.

MAYNARD

(to Justin)

You okay?

JUSTIN

This is really cool!

Stark closes the map and dials a course into the autopilot.
The plane banks gently to the right, obeying the autopilot.
Stark fires down the remains of his coffee and burps con-
tentedly.

MAYNARD

Ever get lost?

STARK

Out there? Wouldn't be here now.
No boats, no planes, nobody.

Stark fishes his flask from his pocket and pours more bourbon.
This time he doesn't bother with the coffee.

STARK

What takes you to Navidad? It's
the asshole of the Western world.

86 EXTERIOR - THE SKY - THE DC-3

86

cruising nicely above. To the northwest, the coast of Florida
has shrunk to a thin gray line; southeast, the Bahamas coming
into view.

STARK (v.o.)

...everybody lies. They have to.

MAYNARD (v.o.)

Why?

STARK (v.o.)

Insurance companies won't pay off

CONTINUED

86

CONTINUED

86

STARK (v.o.) (Cont'd)
for what they call capture and seizure. Say you have a hundred thousand bucks in a boat and you know damn well the drug people took it. You can't admit it 'cause you won't collect a dime. You'll swear it sank in a storm, and they'll pay off to the dollar....

87

INT. COCKPIT

87

STARK
...But say you do want to holler 'hijack.' Who do you go to? The FBI? Only if you can prove there was a federal crime. Customs? Only if you can prove there was smuggling. Coast Guard? Not outside the U.S. Everybody claims jurisdiction until it's time to do something. Then nobody can do anything.

(drains his cup)

I think somebody's taking them. I don't know why, I don't know what they're doing with them. But you said it: Six hundred boats don't just go up the chimney.

Maynard doesn't argue, but his face registers polite disbelief. After all, Stark is getting nicely pissed. He shifts his chair and looks out the window.

88

MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE SOUTHERN BAHAMAS

88

are fading away beneath the plane. Ahead is nothing but a stretch of open water.

STARK (v.o.)

Hey!

89

WITH MAYNARD

89

He turns back from the window. Stark is kneeling on his seat, facing Maynard.

CONTINUED

STARK

Friendly advice: You're not carrying any grass?

MAYNARD

No!

STARK

(nods)

Fanatics about weed. The jail has no screens.

Maynard shifts uneasily, worried about the pistol under his coat.

STARK

(rambling,
smiling)

I bet you're saying to yourself, 'Boy, he's an ugly sucker!' Am I right?

MAYNARD

No, I....

STARK

Yes, yes, yes. I'll tell you what happened to my face. Goddam airplane crashed on me, that's what. It's a fact: If God meant man to fly, he would've made everybody's face like this.

MAYNARD

(nonplussed)

Yeah....

STARK

Damn right.

Stark turns back and sits in his seat. He empties the flask into his cup and peers ahead, out the windshield.

barely visible off to the east. All are barren, hostile, uninhabitable. There is not even any boat traffic between them. In the distance ahead, a runway on a larger island. Beside the runway, a shack or two. The plane begins to descend.

91 IN THE COCKPIT

91

Altimeter dropping rapidly. Stark throttles back. He flips a switch that drops the flaps. The plane slows noticeably.

Beside the flaps switch is a switch for the landing gear, labelled "gear up" and "gear down." Stark seems to have regained his composure. He's acting competent.

The altimeter reads 200 feet, and it's still dropping.

STARK

What's up his ass?

92 STARK'S POINT OF VIEW - A MAN

92

is on the runway, waving his arms, warning the plane away.

93 IN THE COCKPIT - STARK

93

guns the engines, and the plane rises and roars over the runway. He banks hard left, looking down.

STARK

No wrecks, no donkeys...screw it.

He straightens out for another approach, throttles back. The plane drops precipitously.

94 ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - THE MAN

94

is on the runway again, waving frantically. When he sees that Stark has no intention of obeying him, the man breaks and runs.

STARK

(laughing)

Up you, Charlie!

95 CLOSE ON JUSTIN

95

wide-eyed, alarmed: He sees what's wrong.

96 CLOSE ON THE INSTRUMENT PANEL

96

JUSTIN (v.o.)

Wheels are still up!

CONTINUED

96

CONTINUED

96

Stark's finger snaps forward and flicks the "gear" switch to the "down" position.

97

IN THE COCKPIT

97

The plane is dropping too fast; it has passed the point of no return. Stark is totally bemused.

STARK

I'll be goddamned.

Maynard surges forward and wraps his arms around Justin, pinning him to the seat.

98

EXT. ON THE RUNWAY - THE PLANE

98

is fifty feet off the ground and sagging toward the macadam. The wheels are trying to get down, but there's no chance: They're still splayed under the belly, barely free of their wells.

The tail wheel hits first, and for a second the landing looks normal. Then the fuselage hits. The wheels are torn away. A shower of sparks as metal grinds against macadam.

99

IN THE PLANE

99

Chaos. The plane dips to the right, catches a wing and is wrenched in a hard right turn. Maynard is slammed against the bulkhead. The fuselage dips left and swings in a lazy circle. Noises of tearing metal. The world goes by in a crazy blur.

The nose dips and plows chunks of rock from the runway, shattering the windshield. Smoke billows forward. The windshield is blown away. With a screech, the plane stops. Flames crackle behind Maynard.

With utter calm, Stark unbuckles himself from the seat and crawls out through the broken windshield. He slides off the nose of the plane, drops to the ground and walks away.

Meanwhile, Maynard is desperately trying to release Justin's belt, which is caught in the boy's clothing. The flames are so close that they're roaring. Bits of Maynard's hair are singed.

Justin is free. Maynard boosts him through the windshield frame and follows him onto the nose of the plane. He helps Justin to the ground, and together they run.

100 EXT. ON THE RUNWAY - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN 100

running toward Stark, who stands by a shack and watches bemusedly. Behind them, the plane collapses in a puddle of flame, and the wing tanks explode.

Maynard trembles with rage and shock. Suddenly, he leaps at Stark, swings a roundhouse right and knocks Stark to the ground.

STARK

Don't blame me! I told you: Damn thing's got no business flying!

Maynard is about to lash out again, to kick or punch, when we hear a wheezy tubercular siren. All three turn.

101 THEIR POINT OF VIEW 101

An old, beat-up police car is chugging -- as fast as it can go -- toward the airport, along a dusty dirt road.

102 CLOSE ON JUSTIN 102

looking at Maynard, suddenly alarmed.

103 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW 103

The shoulder holster and pistol are in plain sight. Maynard's jacket has been torn, and there's no way he can conceal the gun.

JUSTIN (v.o.)

Dad!

104 TWO-SHOT - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN 104

Maynard notices the gun. He hurries to remove the holster, looks around for a place to stash it. Nowhere. Justin holds out his hand. For lack of a better solution, Maynard passes Justin the rig. Justin tucks the whole apparatus down the front of his trousers, then wraps his school jacket around his waist, covering everything.

Maynard looks quizzically at Justin: What makes you think you can get away with it?

JUSTIN

I'm just a kid.

CONTINUED

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104 CONTINUED

104

STARK (v.o.)
(singsong)
I'm gonna tell!

105 ANGLE ON STARK

105

struggling to his feet, dusting himself off. He has seen this whole exchange.

STARK
You cover for me, I cover for you.
Deal?

106 WIDE

106

Before Maynard can reply, the police car passes the lone shack and wheezes to a stop. It disgorges Sergeant Wescott, a fat, sweaty Navidad policeman dressed in a dusty blue wool uniform. Wescott is very annoyed at this disruption of his routine.

WESCOTT
(to Stark)
Who cause this ruckus?

STARK
Hydraulic failure. Damn shame.
Insurance company'll pay for the
cleanup.

WESCOTT
Oh yeah?
(to Maynard)
And you? Movin' weed?

MAYARD
I'm a journalist. This is....

WESCOTT
Shit! That one's older'n me.

Wescott turns away, gesturing for the three to follow.

107 INT. SHACK

107

A dark, dank, cinder-block building, no more than fifteen feet square. There are two windows, with no screens. By the door is

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

107

a small table, over which hangs a single bare light bulb. In the center of the building, a wooden pole extends from floor to ceiling. A pair of ancient, rusty shackles lie on the dirt floor, surrounding the pole.

Maynard is in his undershorts, and Wescott is going through his clothing, checking every pocket and seam. Stark is dressing: He has already been searched. Justin stands by the door, prepared to run at the slightest hint that Wescott plans to search him.

Wescott tosses Maynard's clothes on the table. He eyes Justin. Justin doesn't let his eyes wander: He holds the gaze. Wescott looks away and gestures at the door.

Justin steps outside. Maynard is dressing. Stark starts to follow Justin, but Wescott stops him.

WESCOTT

You say Arawak insurance gonna clean up my airport, fine and dandy. But you gonna stay right here till they do.

STARK

C'mon, Wescott....

Stark tries to break Wescott's grip, but he can't. Wescott spins him toward the pole in the center of the room. Stark sees what's about to happen to him, and he is genuinely terrified.

Wescott slams Stark against the pole, holds him there with one hand and bends down.

108 ANGLE ON THE FLOOR

108

Wescott's hand reaches down and fetches the shackles. He brings them up the pole and snaps them closed around Stark's wrists.

109 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW

109

from outside the shack. Wescott backs away from Stark.

STARK

Please!

Maynard and Wescott exit the shack, and Wescott slams the door.

110 CLOSE ON STARK

110

panicked. But why? Nothing has happened to him. Then a large mosquito lands on his cheek and burrows in. Stark struggles to brush him away, but his hands are shackled. He is forced to scrape his cheek against the rough pole. Another mosquito lands on his neck, a third on an eyelid. The buzzing of bugs grows loud.

. STARK

Wescott!

111 EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHACK

111

Wescott comes away from the door, looking satisfied.

STARK (v.o.)

Wescott! I'll make you a deal!

WESCOTT

(to Maynard)

I get my money now, betcha.

STARK (v.o.)

The kid! I got something on the kid!

MAYNARD

(to cover Stark's
voice)

When's the next plane out?

WESCOTT

Wednesday-Thursday. What he say?

MAYNARD

Can I charter?

STARK (v.o.)

He's running guns!

WESCOTT

Phone's broke.

(laughs, pointing
at Justin)You? Man, he already goofy.

Maynard keeps backing farther and farther away from the shack, trying to draw Wescott out of earshot of Stark.

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

MAYNARD

I could radio.

WESCOTT

Nobody to radio to.

MAYNARD

Any place to stay?

WESCOTT

(smiles)

Now you talkin'. Up the road...
Chainplates. I get you a deal.

Maynard makes a move toward Wescott's car, but Wescott stays still. Maynard looks at him.

WESCOTT

Ten bucks. Five for the boy.

Maynard reaches for his wallet.

DISSOLVE TO

112 INT. JAILHOUSE SHACK - DAWN

112

Close on the wooden pole. It is smeared with blood. Hear a ferocious buzzing of bugs, mingled with pathetic whines. Camera travels down the pole. Curled around the bottom of the pole, feebly trying to defend himself from the mosquitoes, is Stark. He is a mess: His eyes are swollen closed, his cheeks streaked with blood from scraping them against the pole. Bugs swarm all over him.

Hear the door open. Light fills the room. Wescott's feet arrive at the pole, and his hand comes down and unlocks the shackles.

WESCOTT (v.o.)

Plane for Haiti in an hour. Be on it.

Stark nods weakly.

DISSOLVE TO

113 EXT. A BEACH - DAY

113

Maynard and Justin come down a flight of wooden steps. Behind them is Chainplates, the inn where they spent the night. They turn left and walk along the sand. On and near the beach there are no houses, no people, nothing.

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

113

Maynard is wearing a pair of cutoff khakis that he must have gotten from the hotel lost-and-found, and the shirt he had on last night, with its tail hanging over the trousers. Justin has on his school shirt and shorts.

114 TWO-SHOT - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN

114

walking along the beach. It is hot and uncomfortable, and Maynard is irritable -- partly, at least, because something is chafing his middle. He stops and lifts his shirttail and rearranges the Walther pistol, which is in his pants.

MAYNARD

Stupid Goddamn thing.

JUSTIN

You didn't have to bring it.

MAYNARD

Suppose the maid found it.

They resume walking. Ahead, the beach appears to hook left, into an inlet.

JUSTIN

How much school am I gonna miss?

MAYNARD

Enough to send your mother up the wall.

JUSTIN

What do you care? I'm the one who lives with her.

MAYNARD

Yeah, but I have to deal with her.

Barely perceptibly, Justin shakes his head and frowns, distressed that his father keeps enduring crap from the old lady.

115 EXT. THE INLET

115

Maynard and Justin have followed the turn of the beach into this hook inlet and are approaching. Two rickety old Boston Whalers and a 22-foot Mako are moored to a pier. A path leads up a low hill to a house. Maynard gestures at the house.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

MAYNARD

Wait here if you want.

Justin nods and scampers down to the pier. The water to the sides of this "marina" are filled with all sorts of junk fascinating to a boy: old engines, derelict machinery, discarded fishing equipment, derelict boat hulls.

116 EXT. TOP OF THE HILL

116

before the simple house. Maynard emerges from the path and heads for the front door.

117 WITH MAYNARD

117

at the front door to the house. He looks for a knocker or a doorbell. He is about to knock on the door itself when he sees an intercom system to the side. He pushes the buzzer.

VOICE

Begone you Ethiopian! If you're selling, I'm not buying. If you're buying, I'm not selling. Scram!

Maynard finds the "talk" button.

MAYNARD

The girl at the hotel said you might rent me a boat.

VOICE

Nubian nitwit! What does she know?

Maynard is about to speak again, when the door flies open.

118 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - A WHITE MAN

118

in his late fifties or early sixties, glaring at Maynard. He is Windsor. He has a carefully combed mane of silver hair, and he wears a silk kimono and pointed slippers. He quickly sizes up Maynard, and his glare softens.

WINDSOR

A true Aryan. I must be dreaming.

MAYNARD

I....

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

118

WINDSOR

Stop whining. Come in, come in.

Windsor stands aside, ushering Maynard in.

119 INT. WINDSOR'S HOUSE

119

The dwelling consists of a single room, thirty feet square, panelled in teak and lavishly furnished.

MAYNARD

Blair Maynard.

WINDSOR

From the plane that crashed? A clarion of excitement amid the din of tedium that is our lives.

MAYNARD

You're Doctor Windsor?

WINDSOR

What's in a name? He who steals my name steals trash.

Maynard can't take his eyes off the furnishings in the room, which Windsor notices with pride.

120 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

120

As Windsor talks, Maynard's eyes roam over the room. The dining area is Louis XV, the living room area Spanish colonial, the kitchen a horseshoe of stainless steel and butcher block, the sleeping area Danish modern. There are oil paintings in gallery frames, archeological artifacts in glass cases, and mahogany bookcases filled with documents and manuscripts.

On the kitchen counter, an antique brass shell casing serves as an ashtray. Camera notices the ashtray.

WINDSOR (v.o.)

What I am is the colorful island character, the one you expect to see on the two-dollar tour of out-island speakeasies, the rum-soaked relic of broken dreams who, for the price of a drink, will spin wondrous

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

120

WINDSOR (v.o.) (Cont'd)
webs about what might have been, had
not fate -- that fickle strumpet --
struck me down in my prime. What do
you want a boat for?

121 WIDE SHOT - MAYNARD

121

forces his eyes to snap back from a survey of the room.

MAYNARD

A couple hours fishing. The phone's
broken, and we can't get out.

WINDSOR

What sorry circumstance brought you
to this sewer in the first place?

DISSOLVE TO

122 EXT. THE BEACH

122

beside Windsor's pier. Justin is sloshing in the water,
ambling along. Time and wind and tide have scattered all
sorts of debris around here, and Justin is amusing himself
by beachcombing. He stubs his toe on something in the sand,
cusses it, hops up and down, and then -- his rage abated --
bends over and scoops it up.

123 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW

123

It is a piece of boat planking, smashed and ragged. There's
nothing unusual about it, except -- smack in the middle of
the plank is a hole, and something is lodged in the hole.

124 WITH JUSTIN

124

He breaks the plank over his knee. Whatever was in the hole
falls out, and Justin drops to his knees and roots for it
before the wave wash can grab it.

125 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW - HIS HAND

125

splashing through the water, reaching for the object. He
grabs it. Looking at his fingers: Between his fingertips

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED 125

he holds a perfectly round lead ball, a little less than half an inch in diameter. A faint seam encircles the ball.

126 WITH JUSTIN 126

He pops the ball into his pocket and turns back toward the marina.

127 AT THE END OF THE PATH 127

leading to Windsor's house. As Justin emerges from the underbrush, a bug zooms from nowhere and zaps him on the back of the neck. He emits a whoop of surprise and pain, and slaps at his neck.

128 INT. WINDSOR'S HOUSE 128

WINDSOR

You can't hope to find substance behind every shadow.

MAYNARD

One boat every three or four days?
That's substance.

WINDSOR

(shrugs)
You'll find no answers here.

MAYNARD

Maybe, but I'll keep looking.

Hear the door buzzer. Windsor crosses to a control panel behind the kitchen counter.

WINDSOR

(to Maynard)
A fool's errand, my boy.
(into speaker)
Begone, poltroon! We're closed for
the month of Ramadan!

JUSTIN'S VOICE

Is...is my dad in there?

Windsor looks quizzically at Maynard.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

128

MAYNARD

I forgot to mention....

129 EXT. BY WINDSOR'S FRONT DOOR - JUSTIN

129

standing before the door. The door opens.

130 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW - WINDSOR

130

looking down, seeming to admire Justin.

WINDSOR

And who have we here? Come in,
come in.

131 INT. WINDSOR'S HOUSE - WINDSOR

131

can't take his eyes off the boy as he escorts him across the
room. And Justin can't take his eyes off the smashing decor.

WINDSOR

My, you're a fine looking lad. How
old? Let me guess...fifteen.

JUSTIN

Twelve.

WINDSOR

Twelve! Great Scot! You'll be a
champion.

JUSTIN

Lex Luthor.

WINDSOR

My boy?

JUSTIN

It's like Lex Luthor's place. You
know...the brainy guy who's always
out to get Superman.

WINDSOR

Of course.

Justin is flipping the lead ball in his hand. He passes it
to Maynard. Windsor watches the exchange very closely.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED

131

MAYNARD

It's a musket ball! Look at the mold marks. Homemade.

JUSTIN

It was in a piece of wood.

MAYNARD

Where?

(to Windsor)

A musket ball?

Maynard takes a step toward the door.

JUSTIN

What about the boat?

MAYNARD

Doctor Windsor said no.

132 CLOSE ON WINDSOR

132

his mind racing.

WINDSOR

Perhaps I was hasty. I'd hate to deprive a boy of a fishing trip with his dad.

133 WINDSOR'S POINT OF VIEW

133

looking at Justin. See a nasty bug bite on the boy's neck.

134 WITH WINDSOR

134

crossing to Justin, touching his neck.

WINDSOR

Looks like a dragon bit you. Does it hurt?

JUSTIN

Itches.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

134

Windsor hurries to the kitchen and returns with a bottle of dark, viscous liquid which he applies -- almost lovingly -- to Justin's neck.

WINDSOR

Feel better?

JUSTIN

(nods)

What is it?

WINDSOR

Some foul local brew. Rat's piss and scorpion tongues. It works. Out in the wild, when something stings you, you can ease it by peeing on it. I don't know what it is about urea, but....

MAYNARD

Let's go see where you found that musket ball.

WINDSOR

(to Justin)

What kind of fish do you want to catch?

JUSTIN

A barracuda!

135 CLOSE ON WINDSOR

135

smiling avuncularly at Justin.

WINDSOR

And you will.

DISSOLVE TO

136 EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

136

The 22-foot Mako has stopped in the ocean, for Justin is fighting a fish that, when it jumps, looks like a knife blade flashing in the sunlight. Hear Justin's delighted shrieks. In the b.g., the vague shape of a distant island. Otherwise, nothing.

Maynard leaves the steering console and moves aft to gaff Justin's fish and bring it aboard.

137 ON THE BOAT

137

Maynard hauls the fish aboard. It is, as promised, a barracuda.

MAYNARD

Good for you!

JUSTIN

Far out!

Maynard removes the hook, tosses Justin's lure overboard and returns to the steering console.

JUSTIN

I wonder how he knew we'd catch a barracuda.

MAYNARD

You learn the waters. He said we'd have good luck up there a-ways.
(points)

138 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

138

as the boat accelerates toward the dim island. The island begins to take shape -- low, scrubby, inhospitable.

139 HIGH ABOVE

139

Below, the Mako moving along the sparkling sea, Justin trolling in the stern, closing in on the island.

See Maynard point at something.

140 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

140

The boat is closing fast on a floating object. It is a hollow-log canoe, tapered at both ends, empty except for one rough-hewn paddle.

141 ON THE BOAT -- MAYNARD AND JUSTIN

141

watching overboard as the canoe comes alongside. They make no attempt to get it. Justin reels in his line.

MAYNARD

Native boat....

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED

141

Justin sees something. He points northwest, right into the glaring sunlight. Maynard follows the point.

MAYNARD

Driftwood.

JUSTIN

Waving?

Maynard squints, crouches, shifts position, shields his eyes, trying to see through the curtain of glare from the sun on the water. He does see something, and he pushes the throttle forward.

142 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

142

Someone is in the water: a young girl, buoyed by an orange kapok life jacket. She is waving, but in a curious fashion -- not desperately, not hysterically, but rather moving her arm back and forth as regularly as a metronome. As the boat closes on her, she looks familiar: Mary, the Burgess' daughter.

143 ON THE BOAT - MAYNARD

143

maneuvering the boat toward the girl, trying to put the stern close to her, but also careful not to involve her in the propeller. It is a delicate procedure, so he leaves the retrieving of the girl to Justin.

144 ON THE STERN -- WITH JUSTIN

144

leaning against the transom, looking overboard. The boat is creeping up on the girl. The engine noise changes: Maynard has taken it out of gear, to make doubly sure that the propeller won't hit her.

JUSTIN

You okay?

The girl nods mechanically. There's something strange about her eyes. Justin reaches to take her hand.

145 WITH MAYNARD

145

standing at the console, controlling the boat, watching forward.

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

145

Behind Maynard, see Justin reaching overboard to grab the girl.

MAYNARD

(does not
look back)

Let me know when she's aboard.

Maynard has to fight the boat: The tide is pushing it in a wide swing, and he wants to counteract the motion. Without power, he can't make any way at all, but he turns the wheel, as if in futile hope that a change in the rudder will make a difference.

Justin's body tenses: He has the girl and is about to heave her up through the open transom, beside the motor.

JUSTIN

Put a foot on that.

In a flash, Justin is gone, dragged overboard by an unseen force. His feet arc through the air and disappear. The engine noise covers any splash.

For a brief moment, the stern of the boat is empty. Then a hand -- encircled by a crude metal bracelet -- grabs the transom. Then another hand, this one holding an ax, appears over the stern.

146 EXT. UNDERWATER - JUSTIN

146

wide-eyed, holding his breath, struggling against the girl's hand, which is keeping him down. He fights to the surface, manages to steal a quick breath, and is immediately forced down again.

147 ON THE BOAT - WITH MAYNARD

147

He is still looking forward. Behind him, a Man is crouching in the stern, panting, drooling water. Shoulder-length hair is plastered to his head; seaweed drips from his beard; he has no teeth. His shirt is torn and stained, his trousers tattered. His feet are wrapped in uncured animal skins lashed to his legs by rawhide thongs.

MAYNARD

(eyes front)

Man, this tide is running!

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED

147

The Man holds the ax at his side. His eyes -- shining as if he is drunk or drugged -- never leave Maynard. He reaches behind him and drags aboard a dark-skinned, skinny boy: This is Manuel, the mess-boy from the Marita. The Man passes Manuel the ax.

MAYNARD

(impatient)

What's the....

He turns, sees the Man and boy. Maynard freezes.

MAN

Do him!

148 IN THE WATER

148

by the stern. The girl is fighting to keep Justin down. Justin's head pops through the surface. He gasps, screams.

JUSTIN

Dad!

The girl's hand shoves him down again.

149 WITH MAYNARD

149

desperate to respond to Justin's cry. He takes a step forward, but the Man whips out a dirk and feints at him. He stops.

Manuel holds the ax clumsily, unsure of what to do. The Man pokes the dirk under his ear, urging him on. The Man grunts, commanding Manuel to act.

Maynard pulls the Walther from his pants and chambers a bullet. With both hands, he points the pistol at the Man. Maynard's hands tremble. The Man coils and weaves -- a cornered snake.

150 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

150

sighting along the pistol barrel, trying to keep it aimed at the dodging, weaving Man. The Man shrieks and springs. Maynard pulls the trigger. An explosion. A split-second of blindness caused by the flash and the jump of the pistol.

Out of the blur, the Man flying at Maynard. The bullet hits the man in the open mouth. It isn't powerful enough to knock

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED 150

him down, so the Man keeps coming. But he is already dead. The bullet explodes out of the back of his head, and the pressure in his skull pops an eye out.

151 ANGLE ON MAYNARD 151

gazing down as the body hits the gunwale, bounces off and slumps at Maynard's feet, its head oozing.

Hear running feet. Maynard's eyes snap up, but not in time to stop Manuel, who leaps on him like a gibbon, wrapping his legs around Maynard's waist, clawing with his hands at Maynard's face, swinging the ax wildly. Maynard staggers back.

152 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 152

Blurs of arms, hair, snapping teeth; sounds of the ax thumping on his back; the sky, in patches, whirling; a hand clawing at his eyes. A glimpse of water, a hint of salvation.

153 ON MAYNARD 153

Manuel clinging to him, lashing at him. Maynard lurches toward the stern, trying to get close enough to fling himself overboard. He staggers, leaps -- and misses. His head strikes a steel cleat on the stern. The sound is sickening, possibly terminal. He rolls into the drain and lies very still. Blood oozes from his head and mixes with water and oil.

Manuel squirms free, stands and leans over the stern.

154 ANGLE OVER THE STERN 154

Mary still floating in her life jacket. She holds Justin by the collar, keeping him from sinking. Manuel reaches overboard and grabs Justin. He hauls the still figure aboard and dumps him on the deck.

155 CLOSE ON JUSTIN 155

lying on the deck, eyes closed, water drooling out of his mouth. At first, he looks dead. Then he gags, spewing water

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED 155

out on the deck. He coughs, gags again. His eyelids flutter.

156 IN THE STERN 156

Manuel helps Mary aboard. He lifts her skirt, reaches up the back of her dress and removes a rubber tube in the shape of an inverted "Y". He and the Man had clung to Mary's legs underwater, breathing through the arms of the "Y".

Justin stirs. He reaches for one of Maynard's ankles, shakes it, trying to wake his father. Something makes him look up.

157 CLOSE ON MANUEL 157

A malevolent grin on his face as he swings a fist, aiming a vicious punch at Justin. Hear the first strike home.

DISSOLVE TO

158 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 158

Fuzzy darkness, sounds of blood throbbing against temples. Hear Justin's voice, faint and distant but growing louder. Justin is screaming, "Daddy, daddy, daddy!!!"

Eyes open. See a clear blue sky.

JUSTIN (v.o.)

(nearby)

Daddy!

Eyes shift. See Justin a few feet away, suspended from a crude cross -- crucified, but with ropes, not nails. There is a raw bruise on one cheek, but otherwise Justin is unhurt. He is, however, utterly terrified.

JUSTIN

Daddy! Help!

159 EXT. IN A CLEARING - WIDE 159

Maynard is on a rack, hanging from hands and feet, five feet off the muddy ground. The clearing is surrounded by tall, dead mangrove trees.

CONTINUED

Maynard makes a feeble effort to free himself: He arches his back and tries to put enough slack in the bonds so his hands can slip free. He fails, falls back down and moans in agony.

JUSTIN

Are they gonna kill us?

MAYNARD

No! Don't think that. Who are they?

JUSTIN

(starting to
cry)

I'm scared, Daddy!

MAYNARD

I know, buddy. So am I. But we're gonna come out of this. Trust me.

JUSTIN

How do you know?

MAYNARD

'Cause if they were gonna kill us, they would have. Did they say anything?

JUSTIN

They're crazy!

MAYNARD

We've got to roll with it, do whatever they say, till we find out who they are, what they want.

Hear a crackling of mangrove branches, footsteps in underbrush, murmuring voices.

Men enter the clearing and stand in a circle around Maynard and Justin. They are all tanned to leather, all filthy, stained with blood and grease. Their clothing is motley: Some wear khakis and tattered T-shirts, some denims, some sandals, some sneakers with the toes cut away. Some carry cutlasses, some axes, and all have at least one knife. They say nothing.

Three people break the ring of men and cross this way. The

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED

160

leader is a tall man, with broad chest and narrow waist, in his late thirties or early forties. His brown hair is sun-bleached and parted in the middle. A waxed moustache hangs down either side of his mouth. His badge of office, such as it is, is a pair of bandoliers, crossed over his chest, each holding a flintlock pistol. This is Jean-David Nau, a.k.a. L'onnois.

The second man is older, in his late fifties. He has a full beard, and his gray hair is tied behind his head in a pigtail. He wears a gray bathrobe, cinched at the waist by a wide leather belt, and rubber foul-weather boots. This is Hizzoner, pronounced "His Honor," the community's counsel and shaman.

The third person is Manuel.

161 WIDE - IN CLEARING

161

All are silent. Nau and Hizzoner approach Justin and stand before the cross. From his robe Hizzoner takes a slip of parchment. He looks at Nau, and at Justin, and then he starts to read -- like a priest.

HIZZONER

A time for vida, a time for muerta.
Live de life, make de passage, die
de death. For some, two lives.

162 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

162

Justin, on the cross, is confused and scared. Hizzoner stops reading and looks up at Justin.

HIZZONER

One life is gone. Another begins.

Hizzoner nods at Nau, who takes a knife from his belt.

163 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

163

who thinks Nau is about to kill Justin.

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED

163

MAYNARD

(shrieking)

NO!!

164 WIDE - NAU

164

He does not acknowledge Maynard. He reaches up with his knife and swiftly slashes Justin's bonds. The boy drops to the ground.

165 WIDE - NAU

165

nods at Manuel, who grabs Justin and begins to drag him away.

MAYNARD

What are you doing? Don't take my son!

Nau turns toward Maynard as Justin is hauled out of the clearing. He and Hizzoner cross to Maynard.

NAU

No son, no more.

MAYNARD

Don't kill him!

NAU

Kill?

Nau grins, then chuckes, then laughs uproariously. His laughter is contagious. All the men in the clearing join in.

NAU

Someday maybe mort...not now. But usted...

(points at
Maynard)

...mort soon.

MAYNARD

Who are you?

NAU

Jean-David Nau.

Hizzoner gestures at Nau and raises his arms.

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED

165

HIZZONER

L'Ollonois!

"L'Ollonois" seems to be Nau's title, for the rest of the company repeat it, cheer it, chant it, in response to Hizzoner. Nau is accustomed to this deference, but also pleased by it.

MAYNARD

What is this place?

NAU

Home! Island, land, country...
since reign of de second Charles.
Et usted...who you?

MAYNARD

Maynard. What d'you...?

NAU

(impressed)

Maynard! Bueno!

(to crowd)

This homme is Maynard. Is grand-
pere kill great Teach, call
Blackbeard!

Maynard is completely perplexed. Nau looks at Hizzoner.

166 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - NAU AND HIZZONER

166

looking at each other, silently agreeing on something.

NAU

Good blood.

HIZZONER

Aye. Maybe de one.

NAU

(over his
shoulder)

Fetch de woman.

A second later, Manuel appears, followed by the semblance of a woman. Her hair is waxed in a Medusa-cap. Her face is smudged with charcoal. She wears a black overcoat, clutched tight around her middle. She is ageless. Her eyes are moist, frenzied, and she fixes them on Maynard. Her name is Beth.

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED

166

Her head looms, filling the frame, and she spits in Maynard's face.

167 WIDE - NAU

167

is addressing the company.

NAU

Dis man he kill de woman's man.
De covenant say she fix his fate.

BETH

Woolde him!

A shout goes up from the company. Whatever woolding is, they like it. But Nau does not. He holds up his hand.

NAU

(glances at
Hizzoner)
De covenant say can't woolde a noble.

MAN #1

Aye, pop his eyes!

MAN #2

And eat 'em!

Another shout of glee from the company. Again Nau quiets them.

NAU

(to Beth)
De covenant say, have no man, have no ninos, must be puta.

168 TWO-SHOT - BETH AND MAYNARD

168

Beth looking down at Maynard, considering what Nau has just said. Maynard worried, confused. But Beth may be a good

CONTINUED

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168 CONTINUED 168

thing for him. He smiles at her, weakly.

BETH
Noble make good frig-frig?

169 WIDE - NAU AND HIZZONER 169

exchange a glance. Nau nods.

NAU
(to Beth)
Aye...good rut.

From the company now, laughter.

MAN #3
Rut with that? Better die.

Beth spins, trying to locate the man who said this. Several men make faces at her, teasing. She is looking wilder every second. She dashes behind Nau and snatches something from his belt.

170 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - BETH 170

appears beside him, holding Nau's dagger over her head.

BETH
(to Maynard)
You good frig-frig, good for me.

Her hand flies downward, and Maynard closes his eyes and screams. Sounds of ripping cloth.

171 WIDE - BETH 171

has slit Maynard's pants from waist to crotch. She has hold of his genitals.

BETH
I be no harlot now.

Nau shrugs, as if giving in to Beth. He has brought her to this decision, but he wants it to seem to be her own.

NAU
(to company)
What say? She take de noble to rut?

CONTINUED

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171 CONTINUED

171

MAN #2

No! Mort!

NAU

Aye, in time. For now...

(to Beth)

...you keep him till....

As Nau speaks, he moves to the edge of the clearing and picks a flower from a bush. He gives it to Beth.

NAU

...de flower say you have child.

MAN #3

(laughing)

He never die!

BETH

(wild)

Cochon!

(brandishes
flower)

It tell de tale!

172 CLOSE ON NAU

172

looking at Hizzoner, with a faint smile.

173 NAU'S POINT OF VIEW - HIZZONER

173

nods minutely, and returns the smile.

174 WIDE - NAU

174

makes a gesture toward Maynard that commands the men to cut him down. Two men slash the ropes that hold Maynard to the rack. He sags like a rag doll, in agony, until the last rope is cut and he falls to the sand. He groans and passes out.

The men show no interest in him, no sympathy for him. He is a piece of meat. They turn away, leaving a defiant Beth standing over his body.

DISSOLVE TO

175 CLOSE ON JUSTIN'S EYES

175

His eyelids are taped open. His eyeballs try to roll back in

CONTINUED

175 CONTINUED

175

his head; he wants to lose consciousness. But they can't quite make it. They keep fluttering awake.

Camera pulls back, revealing Justin shackled, standing, to a post in the middle of a hut. The only light in the hut comes from a flashlight propped against a wall. Hizzoner sits, cross-legged, before Justin. Justin is unhurt, but he wants desperately to sleep. Hizzoner is very solicitous; he will give Justin anything he wants, anything but sleep.

HIZZONER

Agua?

(holds up a gourd
of water)

JUSTIN

Please...just a few minutes....

HIZZONER

Aye, by-'n'-by. Your name.

JUSTIN

Justin....

HIZZONER

No good. Need new name...nom de
gloire...great deeds. Maynard...
(ponders)

...Tue-Barbe! Aye, Tue-Barbe!

Justin slumps, hanging by his arms. He is about to sneak some sleep. Hizzoner rolls to his knees and slaps Justin's cheek, jarring him awake.

HIZZONER

What say...Tue-Barbe?

JUSTIN

Please....

HIZZONER

Say it...your name.

JUSTIN

Jus...Maynard...Tue-Barbe....

HIZZONER

(smiles)

Aye.

DISSOLVE TO

176 INT. BETH'S HUT - NIGHT

176

It is a mud-and-thatch-and-vine igloo, about ten feet long, eight feet wide, six feet high. A camper's flashlight hangs from a thong tied to an overhead beam. This is Beth's home, and it contains everything she owns: a hoe, a couple of knives, a basket or two, some pottery jugs, a few bags of dried food, a couple of bottles of rum, miscellaneous jars.

There are two straw pallets on the dirt floor. Beth sits on one. She has changed from her overcoat into a gray cloth poncho, has washed the charcoal from her face and the filth from her body. She has cut off her waxed hair. Her face is cracked and creased from salt air and sun, and her hands have a suggestion of arthritis. Her body is strong and firm, her legs lean and unwrinkled. This is a young woman, no more than thirty. She is mixing something in a pot.

Maynard lies on the other pallet. His limbs are covered with vegetable poultices. Some glutinous mess has been smeared on the bruise on his head. He is unconscious, but groaning and sweating profusely.

Beth dips a rag into the pot of stuff she's mixing and wipes a cooling fluid on Maynard's chest and legs. He quiets down.

177 INT. THE OTHER HUT - DAY

177

Justin still shackled to the pole, his eyelids still taped. But now he is wide-eyed, for he is hallucinating. He hops up and down, as if his feet are on fire.

JUSTIN

They're biting me! Stop them!

HIZZONER

(placid)

Oh? What bites?

JUSTIN

The worms! Please!

(a deep breath)

Dad!!!!

178 INT. BETH'S HUT

178

Maynard sits bolt upright, not truly conscious but summoned from his stupor by Justin's cry, which seems still to echo. He opens his mouth to speak, but Beth slams him back down on the pallet.

HIZZONER
Your name?

JUSTIN
Stop them!

HIZZONER
Your name?

JUSTIN
Tue-Barbe! My name is Tue-Barbe!
Stop them!

HIZZONER
(droning)
Your father?

JUSTIN
Please!

HIZZONER
Your father?

JUSTIN
I...I have no father!

HIZZONER
(pleased)
Aye.

Hizzoner rubs Justin's legs, driving away the "worms." Justin is relieved. He pants and drools, but at least the worms are gone. Hizzoner rolls back on his haunches.

HIZZONER
A sleep?

JUSTIN
Please....

HIZZONER
Aye, a good sleep.

Hizzoner unlocks Justin's shackles and helps the boy down to the floor. Justin sleeps instantly. Hizzoner goes to a corner of the hut and returns with a jug of water. He stands over Justin.

180 INT. BETH'S HUT - DAY - MAYNARD 180

alone in the hut, still unconscious, trembling, twitching, sweating. His mouth tries to form words, but no sound comes out. Beth enters the hut, sets down a hoe and basket, and kneels beside Maynard. She takes a jug of water and raises his head so he can drink.

181 CLOSE ON JUSTIN'S FACE 181

lying on the floor, asleep, welts beside his eyes where the tape was. A cascade of water on his face. He gags and chokes and wakes.

182 IN THE HUT - WIDE - HIZZONER 182

bends down and, roughly, lifts Justin to his feet and shackles him to the pole.

JUSTIN

But you said....

HIZZONER

(taping Justin's
eyelids)

No past, no future...only now.
No mother, no father...only me.
What I say, you do. I make rules,
you obey...everything good. Say
after me: no mother, no father....

183 INT. BETH'S HUT - NIGHT 183

Maynard sleeping peacefully, covered with bruises but apparently on the mend. Beth sits on her pallet, using a sailmaker's needle to sew a pair of shorts.

Maynard stirs, his eyes open. For a long moment, he lets his eyes wander around the hut: He is trying to orient himself, to sort reality from the dreams he's been having. Beth's eyes notice that he is awake, but she continues methodically to sew.

Very gingerly, as if suspicious that something might be broken, Maynard rolls over and raises himself onto one elbow. All the machinery seems to be functioning.

MAYNARD

Who are you?

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

183

Beth does not reply, does not look up from her sewing.

MAYNARD

Is this a...religious retreat?
Are you...y'know...some cult?

Beth gives no indication of hearing him, or of intending to reply. Maynard sits up.

MAYNARD

Where's my son? What've they done
to him?

No reply. Maynard rolls to his knees and makes a move toward the door of the hut. Now Beth looks up. Without a word, she lashes out with a foot and knocks Maynard sprawling.

184 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

184

Stunned, amazed at the sudden power of the woman. He raises a hand in surrender.

185 WIDE - IN THE HUT

185

Beth sets down her sewing and reaches for a pot of something.

MAYNARD

Say something, will you? Anything!

She says nothing. She hoists her poncho up over her head. Naked, she reaches into the pot and dips a handful of thick grease, which she smears all over her body.

It takes her only a few seconds to coat herself. She moves the pot toward Maynard. His nose whiffs the goo, and he grimaces. He tries to back away, but Beth is quick as a cat. She slams him down on the pallet, on his back, and swabs grease on his chest.

186 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

186

Beth's hands expertly kneading his muscles, rubbing in the grease. He resists for a second, then begins to relax. Beth's hands leave and return with more grease. They swab the stuff.

CONTINUED

186 CONTINUED

186

lower and lower on his body, finally vanishing below his waist. Maynard's expression changes: He tenses again, then begins to relax, then blushes, then smiles faintly.

187 ANGLE ON THE WALL

187

Hear, in the b.g., sounds of Beth swabbing grease on Maynard. See, in a niche in the wall, the flower that Nau picked for Beth, the flower that will indicate her pregnancy.

188 INT. THE OTHER HUT

188

Justin's eyes are dull. He is beyond exhaustion, beyond hallucination. He looks as if his mind has been totally emptied.

HIZZONER

Last words, first words...daytime,
nighttime...Tue-Barbe.

Justin nods, mouthing the words to himself. Hizzoner stands, and from his robe he takes a rusty old Zippo lighter.

HIZZONER

No more niño...Tue-Barbe is hombre.
Strong hombre. Mort is nothing...
pain is nothing. Pain is strong!

Hizzoner lights the Zippo and holds it beneath his face. The flame is hypnotic, and it casts a satanic glow around Hizzoner's thickly bearded face.

HIZZONER

You are...

JUSTIN

...Tue-Barbe....

Hizzoner thrusts the lighter forward, holding it under one of Justin's hands.

HIZZONER

Again!

JUSTIN

Tue-Barbe!

189 CLOSE ON JUSTIN'S HAND

189

The flame from the lighter is searing the flesh of his hand.
The hand does not flinch.

190 CLOSE ON JUSTIN'S FACE

190

unperturbed, not noticing the pain.

JUSTIN

Tue-Barbe! Tue-Barbe!

191 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HUT - NIGHT - NAU

191

stands beside the hut. Hizzoner comes out and nods to Nau.

NAU

Enough, three days?

HIZZONER

A good beginning. Strong...he wants
to be led.

NAU

He must be hard, like flint.

HIZZONER

Seguro.

NAU

To kill his father cold...swift.

HIZZONER

Aye, seguro. He will be ready.

NAU

De covenant say, de child who would
lead can have no regret. Kill his
father, kill his past.

For emphasis, Nau draws his finger across his throat and makes
a "zzzt" sound. Hizzoner puts a hand on Nau's shoulder.

HIZZONER.

He will do it. I swear.

DISSOLVE TO

192 INT. BETH'S HUT - DAY

192

Beth is finishing sewing the trousers for Maynard. Maynard is trying to eat -- picking insects from a bowl of mush and taking small mouthfuls of whatever seems edible.

The curtain over the front of the hut pulls back, and Nau enters, carrying a length of half-inch chain and a new combination lock.

NAU

(to Maynard)

Eat. Hungry homme make bad rut.

Nau holds the chain out to Beth. For a second, she hesitates; then nods and takes the chain.

NAU

Take care your...pet.

MAYNARD

Hey, would you....

NAU

Quiet! Rut, no talk. You know nothing, better all of us.

(to Beth)

Usted work. When whore, live like whore. For now, work like woman.

Nau leaves. Beth is angry. She stands, wraps the chain around Maynard's neck.

MAYNARD

It's true? That stuff about having to be a whore if you don't have children?

BETH

You kill my man...better make me good baby.

(snaps lock,
tugs it)

Now...no flee.

MAYNARD

Do you ever think about fleeing?

Beth appears to have paid no attention to the question, but a

CONTINUED

192 CONTINUED

192

flicker in her eyes suggests that she is consciously not listening. She roots around for the tools she will use for work. She gathers them and jingles the end of Maynard's chain, urging him outside.

DISSOLVE TO

193 EXT. A CRUDE GARDEN

193

Beth is hoeing in the sandy soil, harvesting scrofulous-looking yams and other edible roots. Maynard is helping her, gathering what she harvests in a canvas bag and carrying it to the top of a nearby hillock.

As he carries a bag to the top of the hill, hear Hizzoner's voice in the distance, issuing inaudible commands.

194 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

194

from the top of the hill, looking down toward the cove. Justin and Manuel are receiving a sailing lesson. Each is in a small sailboat. Hizzoner stands on the shore, conducting the lesson. The two sailboats are heading out of the cove, neck-and-neck.

HIZZONER

Ready about...hard a-lee!

Camera closes on the two sailboats. Manuel executes the maneuver perfectly. But Justin, instead of coming about, jibes. His sail snaps around, the boom barely missing skulling him, and the little boat capsizes.

195 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

195

concerned, afraid for Justin.

196 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

196

It seems an eternity, but finally Justin surfaces, spitting. He struggles gamely to recapture his boat.

BETH (v.o.)

You! Bring de bag!

197 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

197

glancing back for a last look at Justin, he starts down the hill toward Beth.

DISSOLVE TO

198 EXT. TIDAL FLATS - DAY

198

Beth and Maynard are digging for clams. Beth is using a clam rake, and Maynard -- tethered to her by his chain -- is following with a basket in which she deposits the clams.

A shadow creeps across the water toward them. Hear an enormous clap of thunder. Immediately, torrential rains begin to pelt them. Lightning snaps down and strikes uncomfortably close.

Beth is frightened. She starts to race for shore, her poncho hiked around her hips, churning through the shallow water. Maynard is dragged along.

They reach shore, race across the beach and head for a path. It is a clumsy procession, and near the path Maynard trips and falls, dragging Beth down with him.

199 TWO SHOT - BETH AND MAYNARD

199

in a heap on the sand, scrambling for shelter beneath the bushes. Lightning is cracking, thunder booming, wind roaring, sand flying. They burrow under some bushes, fashioning a rough shelter.

They are filthy, sandy, soaked. Maynard picks grains of sand off his tongue.

MAYNARD

Have you ever heard of snow?

Beth doesn't reply. She is digging sand out of her ears.

MAYNARD

Is this all you know? Bugs and crap and....

Beth puts her hand over Maynard's mouth, silencing him. For a second, he is confused. Then as her hand leaves his mouth and travels down his body, he knows what's expected of him.

DISSOLVE TO

200 INT. BETH'S HUT - NIGHT 200

They have finished eating a horrid mush of bugs and gruel. Beth gathers their bowls and goes outside to empty them.

As soon as she has left the hut, Maynard reaches for the padlock that secures his chain. The chain has been looped over a main brace in the roof of the hut: If he wants to flee, he'll have to take the house with him.

201 CLOSE ON THE PADLOCK 201

It is brand new, untarnished. The combination is set at 6, 4, 8. Maynard's fingers roll the combination back to 1, 1, 1 and tug at the hasp. It doesn't open. Fingers try 1, 2, 1. Nothing. Then 1, 3, 1. Nothing.

202 WIDE 202

Maynard chucks the padlock aside: He could spend forever trying to find the right combination. As the lock falls in the dirt, he sees something. He retrieves it.

203 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 203

On this side of the lock there is a small hole, and the etched word in tiny letters: "reset." The combination is to be set by the purchaser, not the manufacturer. His fingers reach to dial a new set of numbers. Hear Beth returning.

204 WIDE 204

As Beth reenters the hut, Maynard has chucked the padlock aside and is pretending to be busy scratching himself. Beth looks at him, as if sensing that he has been up to something. But she doesn't trouble to find out what. She settles down for the night.

DISSOLVE TO

205 INT. BETH'S HUT - DAY 205

Maynard is huddled in one corner, grasping his stomach, looking awful. He is obviously in deep intestinal trouble. Beth has gathered all her tools and is ready to go to work. The chain is still secured to the roof of the hut.

BETH

Maybe need physic.

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

205

MAYNARD

No. A couple hours, I'll be okay.

He groans melodramatically. Beth leaves the hut. As soon as she is gone, Maynard's "sickness" fades. He waits for a beat or two, to make sure she is really gone, then gets to his feet and reaches for the padlock.

206 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE PADLOCK

206

in his hands. His fingers dial the combination back to 0, 0, 0. They pull the hasp. It pops open.

207 WIDE

207

Maynard smiles. Suddenly, hear a gunshot in the distance. Maynard starts, listens. Another shot. Then a voice raised in anger -- distant and incoherent.

Quickly, Maynard unwraps the chain from around his neck and goes to the door.

208 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HUT

208

Maynard pokes his head out and looks both ways: Nothing. He exits and sprints for the underbrush. Hear another shot. He heads in the direction of the sound.

209 EXT. ALONG A PATH

209

Maynard hurrying, but carefully, wary of every sound. Ahead, a clearing.

210 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH

210

In the clearing there are several small huts. This is the whores' clearing, one woman to a hut. The whores are busy with domestic chores, hanging wash, sweeping out. The only sign that these are whores is their clothing: One wears a silk shirt and, above the waist, nothing but tattoos on her breasts. Another wears a diaphanous gauze shift, through which every detail of her body is visible. Another wears only underwear -- the horny kind, from Frederick's of Hollywood.

211 WITH MAYNARD 211

He can't cross the clearing, so he gets on his hands and knees and picks his way through the underbrush. Hear a gunshot.

212 EXT. AN END OF THE ISLAND - DAY - A CLEARING 212

open on one end to a hundred yards of savanna that ends at the water. Beyond, the open sea.

Justin, Manuel and Mary are being instructed in the use of flintlock weapons. Their instructor is Jack the Bat, a powerful, wiry man who has filed his canine teeth into fangs.

Behind the shooters, perhaps thirty yards away, Nau and Hizzoner sit on a hillock, watching.

213 CLOSE ON THE UNDERBRUSH 213

beside the clearing. Panting, sweating, Maynard approaches, crawling through the dense growth. He arrives at the edge of the clearing and settles down.

214 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - JUSTIN 214

is loading a flintlock rifle -- very carefully, following instructions to the letter. Manuel has just fired and has missed a bottle that is visible 50 or 60 yards down the savanna.

215 IN THE CLEARING 215

with the shooters.

JACK THE BAT

(to Manuel)

Don' jerk on de hiss! Wait for de boom!

(to Justin)

Tue-Barbe....

JUSTIN

Is there a drop at fifty yards?

JACK THE BAT

Aim true, she fly true.

Justin raises the rifle to his shoulder, squints, aims and squeezes. Hear a click, a "psst" and a boom. A split-second later, hear glass shattering.

CONTINUED

215 CONTINUED 215

Justin lowers the rifle and smiles. Jack the Bat nods, suppressing a congratulatory smile. He looks beyond the boys, to the hillock where Nau and Hizzoner are.

216 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 216

in the underbrush. He can't stifle a small glow of pride.

217 ON THE HILLOCK 217

HIZZONER

Savvy boy.

NAU

He de one. When he be ready?

HIZZONER

Soon. Want him like...surgeon...

(slices the
air)

...No pause.

NAU

Let me see now.

HIZZONER

(shrugs)

If you say.

218 WITH MAYNARD 218

in the underbrush, watching.

219 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 219

Hizzoner rises and walks down the hillside. Justin and Manuel heft their weapons and follow Jack the Bat.

Camera moves through the underbrush, tracking the boys. They are moving toward a clearing where the arms are stored.

JUSTIN

(to Jack the Bat)

I saw two carbines. Do you use those?

CONTINUED

219 CONTINUED

219

JACK THE BAT
(shakes his head)
No bullets...no way fix 'em.

220 EXT. ARMORER'S CLEARING

220

as Justin, Manuel and Jack the Bat arrive. Under a lean-to are barrels of gunpowder. Under another are stacks of flintlocks and half a dozen crossbows. As the boys and Mary stack their arms, Jack the Bat hefts a crossbow.

JACK THE BAT
Old is best...sure, easy...can fix
'em.

221 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

221

looking into the clearing from the underbrush. Hear Hizzoner calling in the distance.

HIZZONER (v.o.)
Beth! Fetch de Maynard!

Maynard is galvanized. He has to move -- now. He backs away and scrambles.

222 INT. BETH'S HUT - LATE AFTERNOON

222

Hear running footsteps outside. Maynard enters, breathing hard. He wraps the chain around his neck, snaps the padlock, and sits down, trying to catch his breath. He wipes at his face with a cloth. Beth enters, carrying a set of iron manacles.

She tosses her tools on the ground, gestures for Maynard to stand. She manacles his hands in front of him, undoes the chain from the roof brace and, using the chain as a leash, leads him outside.

223 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HUT

223

As Maynard comes out of the hut, he almost collides with a trio of scrawny hogs being driven by a young blind man, who makes his way by poking at the path with a long stick. The blind man's face is horribly scarred.

MAYNARD
What happened?

CONTINUED

223 CONTINUED

223

BETH

Battery -- Boom. No more eyes.
New things...no good.

MAYNARD

You have electricity here?

BETH

Have what? You crazy.

Beth leads Maynard toward a path through the undergrowth.

224 EXT. THE END OF THE ISLAND - THE CLEARING

224

where the shooting practice was held. Nau, Hizzoner, Jack the Bat and Justin are waiting. Justin holds a rifle. Manuel and Mary wait in the b.g. Hizzoner tips his head down the beach. All look up. Justin registers surprise, discomfort.

225 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW

225

Fifty yards down the beach, Beth and Maynard have emerged from the underbrush and are trudging along the sand.

Beth is pulling Maynard by the chain leash. His hands are manacled before him. This is the son's first view of his father since the capture: chained like an animal, dragged by a woman.

226 CLOSE ON JUSTIN'S FACE

226

bewildered, confused.

NAU (v.o.)

Jack-Bat....

DISSOLVE TO

227 CLOSE ON MAYNARD'S HANDS

227

upturned, manacled. Jack the Bat's hands place in Maynard's a pumpkin-like gourd.

Camera pulls back. Maynard stands, holding the gourd, looking into the distance, apprehensive. Jack the Bat backs away.

228 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

228

Fifty yards away, the others stand. Justin raises the flint-lock rifle and points it this way.

229 WITH JUSTIN 229
aiming the flintlock.

230 TWO-SHOT - NAU AND HIZZONER 230
exchanging glances. This is the first test.

231 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW 231
down the barrel of the flintlock. It is aimed dead-on his father. The barrel quivers. Thumb cocks the lock. The barrel moves a millimeter to the right, quivers again. Hear a click, a "psst"....

232 ON MAYNARD 232
Hear a distant boom, as, simultaneously, the gourd explodes in his hands, spraying him with goo. He is both relieved and humiliated.

233 WITH JUSTIN AND THE OTHERS 233
Polite applause for Justin's marksmanship. Justin looks pleased. Nau and Hizzoner exchange a look that says: He's almost there. Nau mutters something to Hizzoner, and Hizzoner nods.

DISSOLVE TO

234 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 234
kneeling on the sand, his hands still manacled, the chain still around his neck, but no one holding it. He looks up, eagerly.

235 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 235
Beth, Manuel, Mary, Jack the Bat and Hizzoner stand in a tight knot perhaps twenty yards away. In front of them are Nau and Justin. Nau speaks to Justin, who nods and starts this way. Nau watches him come.

236 TWO-SHOT - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN 236
as Justin approaches his kneeling father. Maynard is excited,

CONTINUED

236 CONTINUED

236

nervous, as if wondering if a trick is being played on him. But all seems well. The others are out of earshot.

Justin stands before his father, impassive, ice-cold.

MAYNARD

How you doing, buddy?

No reply.

You look fine...they treating you okay?

No reply.

I'll pretend I'm chatting. The important thing is, roll with it. We've got to stall for time. They'll be looking for us, I promise you. Your mom, the magazine, that guy Windsor we rented the boat from.

(glances to sea)

We can't be more than ten miles from Navidad. It's just a matter of time.

237 CLOSE ON JUSTIN

237

No reaction, still staring stonily.

MAYNARD (v.o.)

And for God's sake, don't worry about me.

238 TWO-SHOT - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN

238

MAYNARD

If you don't see me for a while, don't worry. I'll be back. I won't leave you.

Justin taps the butt of the Walther, in its shoulder holster.

JUSTIN

Where are the rest of the bullets for this?

MAYNARD

(nonplussed)

What?

JUSTIN

Where are the bullets?

CONTINUED

238 CONTINUED

238

MAYNARD

In the hotel.

(urgent)

Have you learned anything that could be useful? You know....

JUSTIN

You make me sick.

239 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

239

perplexed, then increasingly angry.

MAYNARD

Who the hell do you think you are? You don't speak to your father like that.

240 TWO-SHOT - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN

240

JUSTIN

You're not my father. I am Tue-Barbe. My ancestor killed Blackbeard.

MAYNARD

Bullshit! That was some other Maynard, and you....

241 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

241

In a flash, Justin leans forward and spits full in Maynard's face.

JUSTIN

Liar!

Justin hops to his feet and scampers away toward Nau and the others.

242 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

242

He is in shock. Saliva drips down his cheek. In agony, he watches his son draw away.

243 WIDE SHOT - JUSTIN 243

has rejoined the others. Nau and Beth approach Maynard, still kneeling on the sand.

MAYNARD

(to Nau)

What have you done to him?

244 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - NAU 244

is grinning.

NAU

I? Nada. He do good alone.

245 THREE-SHOT - MAYNARD, NAU AND BETH 245

Maynard's eyes are wide. He is succumbing to frenzy.

MAYNARD

(screams)

What have you done?

Before Nau can answer, Maynard explodes. He jumps to his feet and hurls himself at Nau, swinging his manacled hands like a club.

Nau dodges easily, laughing. He trips Maynard and knocks him to the sand. Maynard is up in an instant, charging again. Nau stands his ground, still laughing. He grabs Maynard's chain leash, tugs on it, and swings him like a helpless dog.

246 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW - MAYNARD 246

being swung around by Nau. Hear others laughing.

247 CLOSE ON JUSTIN 247

a flicker of pain in his eyes, confused, wondering.

248 WITH MAYNARD AND NAU 248

Nau releases the leash, and Maynard spins through the air, landing on the sand with a sickening thump. He doesn't move. He is winded, in pain, exhausted.

249 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE SAND 249

is reeling. Laughter rings in his ears. Looking up from the sand, see Nau rejoining the others. Beth appears, filling the frame. She bends down, solicitously, and reaches out a tender hand to his abraded neck.

Behind Beth, see a glimpse of Justin.

250 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW - BETH 250

bending down, gently helping Maynard to his feet, being affectionate and caring.

251 CLOSE ON JUSTIN 251

again, confused, his mind a muddle of conflicting images. A hand tugs at his sleeve. He turns away.

252 WITH MAYNARD AND BETH 252

BETH

Come...He blown away, like pollen.

253 WIDE 253

Beth helping Maynard walk up the beach.

BETH

He be a busy bee...make other flowers...like you bring pollen to me. Need little bees. Need many things. Soon must take a prize.

Maynard has been barely listening to Beth ramble.

MAYNARD

How much time do I have?

BETH

Long time. De flower still bloom.

DISSOLVE TO

254 INT. BETH'S HUT - NIGHT

254

Beth is asleep, snoring deeply. Maynard lies on his pallet, the chain around his neck. He appears to be asleep, too, until a shaft of moonlight through the doorway reflects on his open eyes. He coughs once, phõnily. Beth does not stir. He sits up, reaches for the padlock, dials the combination and snaps the lock open. Timing his movements with the chain to her snores, he unwraps it from his neck. He crawls to the doorway.

255 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HUT

255

Maynard's head peeks out and looks both ways. Nothing. He turns right and disappears into the underbrush.

256 EXT. A BEACH - NIGHT - MAYNARD

256

emerges from the bushes, pauses to look both ways, and steps clear. The beach is littered with driftwood. Maynard picks up a piece of wood, discards it, sorts through a few others. Finally, he settles on one -- a four-foot length of tree branch. He walks to the water's edge and drops the wood in, poking it to make sure it will float. Then he picks up the wood, tucks it under his arm and walks out into the water, away from shore. He goes ten or fifteen yards before he is forced to start swimming, cradling the log under his arm for a float.

257 ON THE WATER

257

Maynard is swimming easily. The wind is helping push him away from the island. He is thirty or forty yards offshore. No one is on the beach. He's got it made.

Suddenly, Zap! Something's happened to his leg. He grunts in pain and reaches down with his hand. He jerks again, stung, and pulls his hand back.

258 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

258

looking at his hand. It is criss-crossed with angry welts. He spins around. His chin strikes something. See a cloudy, filmy white bubble floating before his face.

A Portuguese man-o'-war.

259 WITH MAYNARD 259

Reflexively, he kicks and flails to get away from the thing, and in so doing, he ensnares himself in the poisonous whips that hang beneath the bubble. The milky whips lash his face and chest, creating, instantaneously, agonizing, visible welts.

He wants desperately not to scream. He gurgles and throttles the cries in his throat. Pushing the log before him, to ward off any other men-o'-war, he continues out to sea.

A new surge of agony lifts him out of the water, his back arched. He looks around in the darkness.

260 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 260

He is in a field of men-o'-war, completely surrounded by the white "sails" and their countless poison tentacles.

Now he screams, and flails, and every movement brings new agony. He is covered with whip marks.

261 WITH MAYNARD 261

Shrieking, blinded by pain and terror, he thrashes toward shore. He claws at the whips clinging to his face. His feet touch bottom, and he tries to run to shore, churning through the water. His fingers rip at his flesh.

He reaches the shore and flings himself on the sand. He cannot stay still. He bucks and rolls and twitches like a berserk marionette.

262 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 262

twitching, screaming. A foot comes from nowhere, slams into his chest and pins him to the sand.

BETH (v.o.)

Fool! Be still!

Hear a hissing noise. Something is squirted on Maynard, on his face and chest and legs.

263 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 263

foggy, indistinct, a shadow hovering over him, squirting a liquid on him. The twitching slows; he's calming down. Whatever the liquid is, it is soothing. He blacks out.

264

CLOSE ON MAYNARD'S FACE

264

unconscious, but about to come back. Eyelids flutter. The welts have gone down a bit. Hear a ferocious slap. His eyes open. He is alert, but he doesn't move.

265

CLOSE ON NAU

265

sighting down the barrel of a cocked flintlock pistol. It is pointed at Beth, who cowers on the sand, her lip bleeding.

NAU

Putana!

BETH

(panicked)

No escape!

(thinking fast)

Walking...bathing...no harm....

Nau's resolution wavers. He doesn't know if he should buy this.

NAU

Where de chain?

Beth has no answer. Nau holsters his pistol.

NAU

Jack-Bat!

As Jack the Bat comes up behind Nau, Nau points somewhere off onto the sand.

266

CLOSE ON MAYNARD

266

eyes open. Hear distant movement. Then, hear a horrible scream from Beth. Another scream. Footsteps fade away. Another scream. Carefully, Maynard sits up.

267

MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

267

looking to one side. There is Beth. Her smock has been cast away, and her stomach and loins have been smeared with man-o'-war whips. She is rolling around in the sand, trying to scrape away the poison.

Rising, going to Beth. Still screaming, she looks up.

CONTINUED

267 CONTINUED

267

Help me!

BETH

How?

MAYNARD (v.o.)

What I did! What I did!

BETH

She points urgently at his midsection.

DISSOLVE TO

268 EXT. A CRUDE GARDEN - DAY

268

Beth is hoeing in the sandy soil, harvesting scrofulous-looking yams and other edible roots. She is angry and uncomfortable: The welts from the man-o'-war whips are still visible, and her sweat makes them sting.

Maynard, manacled, is helping her. His chain leash lies on the ground, attached to an iron stake: It has been removed so he can help her. When Beth has filled a canvas bag, Maynard lugs it away to a pile beneath the lip of a small hill, empties it and returns with it. There is no communication between them. He is a bit ashamed for having caused her so much grief.

A bag is filled. Maynard hefts it and starts away. Camera follows. By the top of the hill, he empties the bag. He is about to turn back when, randomly, he glances over the top of the hill. What he sees makes him freeze.

269 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE COVE

269

to the right, where men are working on boats that have been hauled from their shelter beneath dead mangrove trees. Jack the Bat is supervising a mock combat (with pugil sticks) between Manuel and Justin. Nau and Hizzoner are watching.

To the left, the long beach and, two hundred yards at sea, Windsor's Mako, cruising in the direction of the cove, still unseeable by the people on the island. Windsor is at the wheel. Now the Mako's engine noise is audible. The men in the cove hear it, too, and they push one of the pinnacles off the beach.

270 WITH MAYNARD

270

galvanized. Windsor is about to stumble right into a trap,

CONTINUED

270

CONTINUED

270

salvation is about to turn to disaster, unless Maynard can get to Windsor first.

He glances back at Beth, and then he runs.

271

WIDE - MAYNARD

271

racing down the hillside, no one paying attention to him. Windsor's boat is drawing nearer to the cove. The pinnacle is at the entrance to the cove, about to head for open water. The two boats are going to meet, and Windsor will be ambushed.

272

WITH BETH

272

hoeing. She looks up, to see where Maynard is.

273

BETH'S POINT OF VIEW - THE EMPTY BAG

273

sits by the hilltop. Maynard is nowhere.

BETH (v.o.)
Whoreson! Bastard!

274

WITH BETH

274

scrambling for the top of the hill.

275

BETH'S POINT OF VIEW - OVER THE HILLTOP

275

Maynard running like a gazelle toward the beach. The pinnacle has cleared the cove, and the two boats are closing on one another.

276

MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

276

running as fast as he can. The beach is ahead, the Mako fifty yards from the pinnacle.

MAYNARD (v.o.)

No!

- 277 WITH MAYNARD 277
- dashing across the beach, throwing himself into the sea, trying to swim out to Windsor's boat. But with his hands manacled, he can barely stay afloat. It's hopeless. He stops, standing in chest-deep water.
- 278 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE MAKO 278
- has stopped alongside the pinnacle. Nau is in the pinnacle, and he and Windsor are chatting. Windsor points this way.
- 279 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 279
- as he realizes that Windsor is not victim, but villain. He is shocked, outraged, agonized, despairing. He throws his head back and bellows an incoherent wail.
- 280 WITH BETH 280
- arriving at the water's edge. Maynard in the water beyond. She is furious. Maynard sees her, and he starts wearily for shore.
- 281 WITH MAYNARD 281
- trudging toward shore, beaten, near tears.
- WINDSOR (v.o.)
He should be dead!
- NAU (v.o.)
Aye...soon.
- Maynard reaches the beach. Beth charges him, swinging at him wildly. He ducks, staggers, not really caring if she clouts him.
- Beth grabs Maynard's arm and propels him ahead of her.
- BETH
De doctor no talk to you...He our
good-news man.
- 282 EXT. IN THE COVE 282
- Nau's pinnacle slides up the beach, and Nau gets out. Windsor follows close behind in the Mako. Hizzoner is waiting for Nau, and he hands Nau a horn.

283 CLOSE ON NAU

283

raising the horn to his mouth. He blows a mighty blast.

284 WIDE - BETH AND MAYNARD

284

on a path heading for her hut. She is carrying her tools. Hear the long, mournful monotone of the horn. Beth stops. Hear the horn again.

Beth drops her tools, turns Maynard around and propels him back the way they have just come.

BETH

Good news!

Confused, Maynard hesitates for a second. Beth kicks at him.

BETH

Go! I got piece of this one! Not
be late!

285 EXT. A LARGER CLEARING - DAY

285

This is the community's meeting place. On one side is Nau's hut, on the other Hizzoner's.

Nau, Hizzoner, Windsor and the two boys stand before Nau's hut. Nau and Hizzoner have changed clothes: They are wearing their ceremonial battle garb -- full 18th-century pirate regalia, not lush or elaborate, but definitely not of this era.

Armed men stream into the clearing, forming a ring around it. They, too, have cast off their daily junk-clothes and are wearing motley battle-dress -- not old-fashioned, necessarily, but different: broad belts, boots, leather trousers. In the center of the clearing is an enormous pot on a charcoal fire.

The women stand back, behind the men. But when Beth and Maynard arrive, Beth doesn't stay with the women: She strides right into the center of the clearing. She has a stake in these proceedings, so the rules are different for her. She drags Maynard with her.

Hizzoner steps forward and empties a powder horn into the pot.

HIZZONER

Drink...for strength...to fear no
evil.

CONTINUED

285 CONTINUED 285

The men advance on the pot, dipping hands or cups or their hats into the brew. They drink, coughing and laughing and sputtering, and drink again.

286 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - WINDSOR 286

is looking this way. He raises a pewter mug and salutes Maynard.

287 ON MAYNARD 287

hatred burning in his eyes, glaring at Windsor.

288 WIDE - NAU 288

urges the two boys forward. Manuel has done this before. He cups his hands, dips them and lets most of the liquid seep between his fingers. He drinks what's left, and steps back.

Justin comes forward and drinks from the pot. His gag reflex rejects the burning brew and sprays it in a shower. The men all laugh. Justin is determined. He drinks again, and this time he keeps it all down. He drinks a third time.

NAU

(to Beth
and Maynard)

You too...need fire in de belly.

WINDSOR

They accompany you?

NAU

(nods)

Woman have pick of de prize, for
loss of her man. De Maynard....

Nau glances at Hizzoner, who nods in agreement.

NAU

...must see how macho has become
Tue-Barbe.

(to company)

Doctor bring word of great prize.

(galvanic)

Get hot, lads! Today be a day
like de olden days!

289 WIDE - MAYNARD

289

watching the men as, cheering and shoving and shouting, they crowd around the liquor pot. Beth tries to contain herself, but she is overcome with the spirit of adventure. She, too, charges the liquor pot, leaving Maynard with his chain dangling in the mud.

290 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

290

the bustling, jostling crowd. Then, strolling this way, an ebullient, gloating, half-smashed Windsor.

291 TWO-SHOT - WINDSOR AND MAYNARD

291

Windsor gestures with his mug at the hubbub in the clearing.

WINDSOR

Are you wise enough to feel privileged? No living man has seen what you see now.

MAYNARD

You bastard!

WINDSOR

Living history. An anthropologist's dream. You're witnessing the seventeenth century!

MAYNARD

Shit-faced homicidal lunatics.

WINDSOR

Open your mind, my boy! These are the world's great survivors. For three hundred years they have avoided the garbage of civilization.

(gestures

at Nau)

That man's forebear...the first L'Ollonois...was history's primal warrior. He became his enemy, would tear the heart from his enemy and eat it before his dimming eyes.

MAYNARD

Terrific.

CONTINUED

291 CONTINUED

291

WINDSOR

If only you had the brains...What other father can die knowing that his son will mature into a true, pure, natural man...

(excited)

...a classical buccaneer!

MAYNARD

They're destroying him! His mind....

WINDSOR

No. Emptying it of trash, to re-fill it with truth. His blood is clean. He is the seed for...

(toasts)

...the next three hundred years!

Hear Nau's horn blow, summoning the company.

292 WIDE

292

The men disperse from the liquor pot. Beth returns and picks up Maynard's chain, leading him away from Windsor, who salutes him.

The men pull four pinnaces from the mangroves and begin to load them, six armed men in each. Justin and Manuel are shepherded to Nau's pinnace.

293 CLOSE ON THE MANGROVES - NAU'S

293

pinnace has pushed off. Now Hizzoner's is being loaded. Beth and Maynard climb aboard, and the pinnace is rowed out through the narrow mangrove channel.

294 OPEN WATER - SAILS

294

are raised, and the pinnaces make their way out to sea.

295 EXT. HIZZONER'S PINNACE - DAY

295

Heading west, the sun lowering. Hizzoner is in the stern, at the tiller. His "second" is Jack the Bat, who mans the sails.

CONTINUED

295 CONTINUED

295

Beth and Maynard are amidships. In the bow, a marksman, Rollo, sits on a thwart and prepares a flintlock rifle.

Two rowers sit on the thwart just aft of Rollo. A jug has been brought aboard, and it is passed around.

Ahead, Nau's pinnace leads the pack.

296 EXT. ON THE OCEAN - DAY

296

The four pinnaces have lowered their sails and are drifting. Hear a shrill, high-pitched whistle. Nau is pointing to the southwest.

297 POINT OF VIEW - TO THE SOUTHWEST

297

At first, nothing, just the horizon. Then gradually, a dark speck breaks the line of the horizon.

NAU (v.o.)

Schooner! One robust bitch!

The speck grows; now its masts are visible.

298 ON HIZZONER'S PINNACE

298

The other boats visible in the b.g., men checking weapons, having a last drink, etc.

In the bow, Rollo puts the finishing touches on his rifle and lays it across his lap.

In the stern, Hizzoner is threading pitch-soaked pieces of twine through his braided pigtail and his beard. Maynard eyes him curiously. Hizzoner sees Maynard looking at him, and he grins with evil delight.

299 POINT OF VIEW - ON THE SCHOONER

299

Its lines are clear: a big, two-masted schooner, flying a full suit of sails. It is an old boat (as witness its exposed rudder), is at least 80-feet-long and, at flank speed, is one formidable juggernaut. The thought of trying to intercept it with four small sailboats is absurd.

The schooner is bearing down on three of the pinnaces. The fourth, Hizzoner's, is off to the side, out of the schooner's path.

- 300 ABOARD THE SCHOONER 300
- with the helmsman, looking forward. See the three pinnaces directly ahead. The helmsman is worried. He pushes a button, and a klaxon sounds. Two crewmen run forward, shouting and waving at the pinnaces.
- 301 ON HIZZONER'S PINNACE 301
- The schooner is passing across our bow, no more than twenty yards away. In another forty yards, it will smash the three pinnaces.
- HIZZONER
- Now!
- Simultaneously, Jack the Bat drops the sail and the oarsmen row frantically. Rollo kneels on the forward thwart, holding the rifle.
- The stern of the schooner is by them; they are directly opposite the rudder. They can't hope to catch it.
- 302 ON THE SCHOONER 302
- HELMSMAN
- Jesus Christ!
- He spins the wheel hard right. The schooner falls off the wind.
- 303 ON HIZZONER'S PINNACE 303
- gaining on the schooner's stern. Rollo stands, and one of the oarsmen jams his head between Rollo's legs and steadies him with his shoulders. Rollo aims and fires.
- 304 ON THE SCHOONER - AMIDSHIPS 304
- with two crewmen at the bulwarks. Behind them, the Helmsman. Suddenly, silently, the top of the Helmsman's head is blown away. A split-second later, hear the sound of the shot.
- The crewmen turn, just in time to see the Helmsman pitch away from the steering post and the wheel spin crazily. The crewmen are terror-struck.
- 305 ON HIZZONER'S PINNACE 305
- The schooner is wallowing, its forward progress stopped.

CONTINUED

305 CONTINUED 305

HIZZONER
Pull, lads!

The pinnace closes fast on the exposed rudder of the schooner.

306 CLOSE ON HIZZONER 306

He is using his rusty Zippo to light the pitch-soaked twine in his hair and beard. He grins happily.

307 BY THE SCHOONER'S STERN 307

Hizzoner's pinnace approaches fast from the right. The other pinnaces, led by Nau's, are streaking down the side of the schooner toward the stern.

On unspoken signal, the lead oarsman ships his oar and passes it forward to Rollo, who raises it like a harpoon and drives it between the schooner's rudder and sternpost. The rudder is frozen.

308 ON THE SCHOONER 308

Panic. Two crewmen head below. A third crewman comes up from below, carrying an M-16 rifle. It is an imposing weapon, save for one thing: It isn't loaded. The crewman stands by the bulwark, hurrying to feed bullets into a clip. His fingers fumble, and bullets spill on the deck. He is sweating, frantic, made all the more nervous by sounds of shrieking that draw ever nearer. He looks up.

309 CREWMAN'S POINT OF VIEW 309

Over the gunwale comes Hizzoner -- his head aflame, his eyes wide, a knife in his teeth and an ax in his hand. From his throat comes a sound like an enraged wolf. He fills the frame.

310 ANGLE ON THE DECK 310

Hizzoner engulfs the hapless crewman, slashing and stabbing. Others of Hizzoner's crew swarm aboard, racing forward, shrieking. Sounds of gunshots, screams, bedlam.

311 OFF THE STERN

311

All four pinnaces have arrived, and the raiders are rushing to climb the sternpost. Nau helps the two boys aboard the schooner. Beth and Maynard wait in Hizzoner's pinnace.

When everyone else is aboard the schooner, Beth leaves the pinnace and climbs up. She turns back to help Maynard, whose hands are manacled.

312 ON THE DECK

312

Beth helps Maynard aboard. She is impatient, excited. For a moment, she and Maynard stand at the stern, assessing the situation. The battle seems to be winding down: Sounds of tumult are fewer and fainter.

A hatchcover slides back, and hands propel a case of something onto the deck.

Shepherded by Rollo, two members of the schooner's crew come aft. They are young -- long-haired, dressed in cut-off jeans and T-shirts -- and mortally afraid.

BETH

(to Maynard)

Come...get my goodies.

313. BELOW DECKS

313

in a passageway. Beth and Maynard descend a ladder. The passageway is lined with staterooms. From one stateroom, a bloody, battered young man is propelled into the passageway, followed immediately by Jack the Bat. Beth and Maynard stand aside as Jack the Bat shoves the young man toward the ladder. The young man mutters incoherent protests of fear and confusion.

With Maynard behind her, Beth moves along the passageway, peering into the staterooms in search of booty. She darts into one stateroom and reappears with two duffle bags. She gives one to Maynard.

Beth spies something in the next stateroom, goes in and returns holding a sheer shortie-nightie. She holds the nightie up to her chest and poses -- smiling, flirting at Maynard. She chuckles, tucks the nightie into a duffle bag and continues aft. Hear above them sounds of heavy objects being moved, running feet.

CONTINUED

- 313 CONTINUED 313
- At the end of the passageway, a large dark room. Beth peers in. She looks back at Maynard and nods: The end of the rainbow.
- 314 BETH'S POINT OF VIEW 314
- looking into the room. It is packed with cargo. Above the door, to the right, is a kerosene lamp, but nothing to light it with.
- 315 IN THE PASSAGEWAY 315
- She turns away from the doorway.
- BETH
Fetch fire.
- She walks forward, into the dark room.
- 316 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 316
- Looking around. Where to find a match? Through the door of a stateroom: On a shelf over a bunk, a pack of cigarettes and a book of matches.
- 317 IN THE STATEROOM 317
- Maynard comes in, grabs the matches, turns to leave. He sees something.
- 318 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 318
- In brackets above the door is a cardboard box, on which are stencilled: VERY PISTOL -- CAUTION.
- Hands reach up and take down the box, open it. Inside, a flare fun and three flares.
- 319 IN THE STATEROOM 319
- Maynard closes the box and jams it into the bottom of the duffle bag Beth gave him to fill. He leaves the stateroom.
- 320 IN THE CARGO HOLD 320
- Beth has lit the kerosene lamp and is replacing the hurricane

CONTINUED

320 CONTINUED

320

shield. She turns to view the contents of the hold. She is like a child in a candy store: Her face lights up; she wants everything. She dashes hither and yon, picking this item and jamming it into her duffle, discarding that item, selecting another one and tossing it to Maynard.

Items she chooses: A case of 6-12 bug spray, which she empties into her duffle; flashlights; Virginia hams; smoked turkeys; a mesh bag of grapefruit. She finds two cases of booze, which she sets aside for later retrieval.

She clucks and mutters in sheer delight.

From above, hear Hizzoner intoning some ritual chant.

321 ON DECK - AFT

321

Five prisoners have been gathered, and Hizzoner is lecturing to them about sin and damnation. His lecture is written down on a piece of old parchment, and he has trouble with some of the words.

The prisoners -- four men and a woman -- are scared to death; they're beginning to sniff their fate. Behind Hizzoner, Nau stands with the two boys. Jack the Bat and Rollo stand guard.

Other men are hauling cases of cargo onto the deck from below. The cargo includes numerous bales of something unidentifiable.

HIZZONER

(reading)

The crimes you have committed are known to you and to God, and the punishment they carry is that of committment to the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death, Revelations 21.8....

NAU

Get on! Judas priest!

HIZZONER

(offended)

My duty....

One of the prisoners takes this minute diversion as a chance to escape. He dashes for the bulwark and flings himself overboard.

CONTINUED

321 CONTINUED 321

With an air of nonchalance, Jack the Bat goes to the side of the ship, takes his pistol from his belt, cocks it and aims.

322 JACK THE BAT'S POINT OF VIEW 322

looking overboard. A roil of water where the man went in. The pistol is aimed at the center of the splash.

323 BELOW DECKS - CARGO HOLD 323

In the aft end of the hold, where Beth is rooting for more booty, there are two tiny portholes. Maynard has heard the commotion from above, and the splash, and he goes to the nearest porthole.

324 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 324

almost at water level. The prisoner's head pops up, and for a brief moment his and Maynard's eyes meet.

Then, almost magically, a round red hole appears between the prisoner's eyes, and his head is knocked backward. A milli-second later, hear the pistol shot. His head vanishes.

BETH (v.o.)

Look!

325 IN THE HOLD 325

Stifling a surge of nausea, Maynard turns away from the port-hole. Beth has been rooting through someone's seabag. She has pulled on a T-shirt that says "ABC Wide World of Sports." She models it for Maynard.

She reaches into the seabag and pulls out a gold digital watch. She examines it with intense curiosity, like a chimpanzee. She can't figure it out. She holds it up to Maynard.

MAYNARD

A watch.

BETH

Huh?

CONTINUED

325 CONTINUED 325

Maynard goes to her, takes the watch and pushes a button on the side.

326 THEIR POINT OF VIEW 326

The watch lights up and broadcasts the time of day.

MAYNARD (v.o.)

See? It tells the time.

327 WITH THEM 327

BETH

Liar!

She doesn't like the watch. She smashes it against the bulkhead. She glares at Maynard.

BETH

God tell de time.

From above, hear four shots. They freeze for a second. Then hear, one after another, four splashes as four bodies are cast overboard. Beth senses that time is running short. She gestures for Maynard to jam two more smoked hams into his duffle bag, and she starts forward.

328 ON DECK 328

The prisoners are gone. The raiders busy themselves loading the pinnaces with cases of food and liquor. A stack of unopened bales fills the stern of the schooner. Nau approaches one of the bales and opens it with his knife. It is full of small glassene bags of white powder: cocaine. Nau looks at the stack of bales: There must be fifty of them. He uses the point of his knife to slit one of the glassene bags, and he tastes the powder.

HIZZONER

Sugar? Salt?

Nau shakes his head; he doesn't know what it is. He hefts the bale and pitches it overboard.

329 ANGLE ON THE WATER

329

As the bale hits, the little white bags escape and bob to the surface. They begin to float away in the tide, a parade of tiny dumplings, hundreds of them. Another bale is thrown overboard, and more bags pop up and float away.

JACK THE BAT (v.o.)

l'Ollonois!

330 ON DECK

330

Jack the Bat is pointing up, into the rigging. Nau looks up, as does Justin, who is standing beside him.

331 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

331

One of the schooner's crew has escaped capture. He has climbed to the very top of the rigging, hoping to avoid detection. He climbs to the tip-top of the mast.

Camera closes on the young man: petrified, desperate.

332 ON DECK

332

Jack the Bat takes the pistol from his belt.

NAU

No.

Nau reaches into Justin's shoulder holster and removes the Walther. He chambers a round, returns the pistol to Justin and helps him aim. Justin is gleeful: As he pulls the trigger, he makes a "kapow" sound.

333 BELOW DECKS

333

on a ladder leading up to the main deck. Maynard, hauling the duffle bag, is ascending, Beth behind him. Hear the pistol shot. Maynard flinches, then keeps going.

334 CLOSE ON THE TOP OF THE MAST

334

The shot has missed. The young man cringes, trying to hide behind the mast.

335 ON AN OPEN HATCHWAY 335
Maynard's head comes out. He sees something, and is shocked.

336 MAYNARD S POINT OF VIEW 336
Justin holding the pistol, pointing up. The young man, far away, cringing atop the mast.

337 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 337
MAYNARD
No!!!!

338 ON NAU AND JUSTIN 338
Nau barely notices Maynard. Justin does not notice him at all.
NAU
Now, squeeze....

339 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 339
Drops the duffel, tries to rush out of the hatch, but his manacled hands make him clumsy. He's too late. Hear the pistol go off.

340 ON THE MAN ATOP THE MAST 340
The bullet has struck home; a circle of red smack on the heart. The young man clutches his chest, stares vacantly at the blood beginning to seep through his fingers. He falls.

341 WIDE - ON THE DECK 341
All looking up. The body falls forward. Its chin catches on a stay, and its feet swing -- like a trapeze artist's -- until the chin clears the stay. The body falls horizontally and lands on top of the deckhouse with a terminal thud.
NAU
Tue-Barbe!
JACK THE BAT
Tue-Barbe!

CONTINUED

341 CONTINUED 341

Hizzoner and Nau exchange a pleased glance. Justin does a little jig of delight.

342 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 342

Appalled, outraged. He hauls himself out of the hatch and stands, enraged, tears streaming down his cheeks.

343 WIDE 343

Nau sees Maynard, smiles, points at the dead body.

NAU

Weep? For dat piece meat?

MAYNARD

For my son!

NAU

Ah! Do good job.

Justin crosses to the deckhouse and climbs on the roof. He stares down at the body.

Maynard can't contain himself. He goes to the boy.

Jack the Bat moves to stop Maynard, but Hizzoner restrains him.

344 TWO-SHOT - NAU AND HIZZONER 344

HIZZONER

Maybe now.

NAU

Aye.

345 WITH MAYNARD 345

still weeping, approaching Justin. He stands beside the deckhouse and looks up at the boy. Justin is engrossed in death.

MAYNARD

Justin....

No reply. Maynard reaches out to touch his son, his two manacled hands supplicant.

MAYNARD

Justin....

346 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

346

His hands touch Justin's leg. Suddenly, the hands are kicked away. Focus on a small black circle surrounded by a plug black metal: the muzzle of the Walther, pointed between Maynard's eyes.

JUSTIN

I am Tue-Barbe!

Focus changes: now on Justin's face, eyes glistening, feral, pupils as big as raisins.

The shadowy form of the pistol jerks to the right. A blinding explosion, deafening noise.

347 WIDE

347

Justin has fired the pistol two inches from his father's face. Maynard is utterly stunned.

Justin cackles malevolently, hops off the deckhouse roof and runs to Nau.

348 TWO-SHOT - HIZZONER AND NAU

348

Hizzoner shrugs, and holds his fingertips half an inch apart, saying: He's only that little bit away from doing the deed. Nau nods in agreement.

Justin enters the frame, and Nau embraces him.

DISSOLVE TO

349 EXT. THE OCEAN

349

Three fully loaded pinnaces pull away from the schooner. The fourth, Nau's, remains tethered to the stern. Manuel and Justin appear on the schooner's deck and scamper aft. They climb aboard Nau's pinnacle.

350 ON HIZZONER'S PINNACE

350

so overloaded with Beth's share of the booty that there is almost no freeboard: If this weren't a calm day, the pinnacle would surely swamp and sink.

Looking at the schooner as Nau's pinnacle pulls away. The

CONTINUED

350 CONTINUED

350

schooner begins to settle at the bow. Then the stern settles, and the ship seesaws. The decks are awash. Suddenly, the balance in the ship changes, the stern surges up into the air, and the ship knifes down, bow first, with a reptilian hiss as trapped air escapes through split seams. The ship is gone. The sea belches a last bubble and is calm again.

One after another, sails slide up the pinnace mast, and laughter is carried on the breeze.

351 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

351

The schooner is sinking bow first, rolling slightly to the right as it drops. The hull strikes the bottom, and there is a muffled boom. The ship shudders visibly. Part of the side where she struck caves in; planks break away.

The weight in the schooner's keel wants to right the ship. She sways slowly to the left, exposing the cave-in hole. Billions of bubbles pour from crannies in the hull, and there are countless popping and squeaking noises. Anything and everything that is loose begins to fall or float away -- including a couple of bodies, which hover, in ghostly dance, in mid-water.

Camera closes on an open hatch on the deck. Hundreds of glassene bags of cocaine swirl around inside the hatch. Bales slam against one another and rupture. Slowly at first, and then faster, the little bags rise out of the hatch and drift away, rising toward the surface.

DISSOLVE TO

352 EXT. THE COVE - LATE AFTERNOON

352

There is still a faint glow of sunset to the west. Two of the four pinnaces are beached and are being unloaded. A third, Nau's, is approaching the beach, and the fourth, Hizzoner's (the most heavily loaded) is crossing the cove.

Most of the men are smashed; there is singing and laughing. They stumble all over one another in and out of the water, as they struggle to unload the pinnaces.

CONTINUED

- 352 CONTINUED 352
- Windsor has come down to the cove to greet the raiders. He sips from a pewter mug, and his rocky bearing suggests that he's been in the juice all afternoon.
- 353 ON HIZZONER'S PINNACE 353
- crossing the cove. The boat is barely out of water, and is extremely tippy. Everyone in the pinnace, except Maynard, is blasted, and they're having trouble keeping balance. Maynard sits on a couple of stacked liquor cases. Gazing off the stern, he sees something.
- 354 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 354
- In the mangroves, barely visible in the twilight, is an old sailing dinghy. The sail is furled on the boom; a pair of oars protrudes from the stern.
- 355 CLOSE ON MAYNARD'S FACE 355
- a glimmer of hope, a reckless plan. He looks down.
- 356 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - HIS MANACLES 356
- The manacles are secured not with a lock but with a cotter pin that keeps the crossbar in place. Maynard's fingers work to reach the pin, but they're not even close. A very simple, but very effective, device.
- 357 ON THE PINNACE 357
- nearing shore. Jack the Bat is standing (shakily), furling the sail. He makes a misstep, and the others in the boat compensate for the shift in balance by leaning away from it.
- 358 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 358
- tipping slightly as the balance shifts again. This time he puts a foot on the gunwale and leans with the list.
- 359 ON THE PINNACE 359
- as it capsizes, spilling people, goods, Maynard -- everything -- into the water.

360

WIDE

360

Chaos, confusion, laughter, bellowing. Beth is livid, seeing her hard-won booty floating every which way. Those already on shore rush drunkenly to retrieve the cargo, ostensibly to help Beth but probably in hopes of skimming a bit for themselves. An utter mess.

361

CLOSE ON MAYNARD

361

In chest-deep water, in near-darkness, as others swirl around him, gathering boxes and bags and crates. He is trying to bite the cotter pin away from his manacles. But the pin is on the underside of the manacles, centimeters away from his best try.

362

WITH MAYNARD

362

Justin appears, half walking, half swimming, helping gather the floating goods. Maynard holds out the manacles to him.

MAYNARD

Pull the pin.

JUSTIN

Why?

MAYNARD

(unsure, forced
to lie)

I can't work.

JUSTIN

You'll escape.

Maynard draws as close as he can to Justin. He is frantic. He whispers:

MAYNARD

They're going to kill me!

363

MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

363

Justin's face, eyes glassy, but with a faint smile.

JUSTIN

Only the young are pure in heart.
The covenant says so.

364 TWO-SHOT - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN 364

Maynard appalled, bewildered.

JUSTIN

Don't worry. They say death is an
adventure.

Maynard is about to speak again, when Beth appears. She slams
a smoked ham into Maynard's arms and drags him toward shore.

365 ASHORE 365

Wheelbarrows are being loaded with booty. Windsor eyes all
the stuff as it is loaded. Two wheelbarrows are moved off
the beach, and Windsor follows them.

Beth leads Maynard out of the water, to her fully-laden wheel-
barrow. She seems to have retrieved most of her booty, and
she is satisfied. She drops some of the lighter stuff onto a
tarpaulin, wraps up its ends, and hefts it. She gestures for
Maynard to follow with the wheelbarrow.

366 MOVING UP THE BEACH - MAYNARD AND BETH 366

Beth in the lead. Maynard is having terrible trouble balanc-
ing the wheelbarrow with his hands manacled. He can't hold
the handles; he has to grip the thing by the back of the cart
itself. He stumbles, trips, and the wheelbarrow tips over,
spilling booty everywhere.

BETH

Goat!

Beth hesitates, debating whether to help Maynard or let him
pick up the goods alone. Impatience triumphs.

BETH

(angry)

De lot. And hurry.

Beth turns away, and Maynard rights the wheelbarrow and sets
about collecting the goods.

367 EXT. A CLEARING 367

This is the community's combination dump and outdoor warehouse,
where nonconsumable booty is kept. There are piles of clothing,
odds and ends of machinery to be cannibalized, tools, and many
things no one in the community has use for: TV sets, electric
lights, toasters, microwave ovens, shipboard loran sets, clocks,
coffee pots.

CONTINUED

367 CONTINUED

367

Windsor is picking through the goodies, looking for anything that might decorate his house. Clearly, this is where he found the artillery-shell ashtray from the Marita. As he looks, men are bringing up more stuff.

In the b.g., a few drunks are picking through the new booty. One man finds a pair of eyeglasses, puts them on and is obviously discombobulated by them. He smashes them in half with an ax and pockets one half, perhaps to use as a fire-starter. Another man finds what seems to be an aerosol can of something. He shakes it, holds his hand out to squirt something in it, and pushes the button: A horrid noise erupts. It isn't a spray can; it's a fog horn. The man is startled, and he pitches the can away.

Another man finds something that intrigues him.

368 CLOSE ON THAT MAN

368

It is the game known as "Simon," in which the player activates a random sequence of sights and sounds and must duplicate them by pushing colored panels. He pushes a button. A yellow panel lights up, and a beep sounds. He follows it. The machine responds with two signals. He duplicates them, too. Three, four, all the same. But on the fifth, the man can't remember the sequence, and the machine gives him a Bronx cheer. Furious, the man smashes the game with his ax.

369 WIDE - IN THE CLEARING

369

As Windsor surveys the goods, Maynard staggers in, still having trouble with the overloaded wheelbarrow.

370 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

370

as he sees Windsor. Rage, frustration, a desire to kill. But he controls it. There are armed men all over the place, and if he indulges his urge to attack Windsor, it'll be his last act.

371 WIDE

371

Windsor sees Maynard, and he leaves the junk pile and crosses to look in the wheelbarrow. Maynard tries to keep going, but

CONTINUED

371 CONTINUED

371

Windsor stops the wheelbarrow. He smiles at Maynard and reaches to open a case of whisky. He opens a bottle, pours his mug full, replaces the bottle. He raises his mug to Maynard -- toying with him.

WINDSOR

To your boy. He has greatness. I knew it first time I saw him.

MAYNARD

(furious but
powerless)

God damn you to hell!

WINDSOR

(smiles)

And that He may. But He has let me shepherd these good people, protect them and provide for them, for thirty years. He let me stumble upon them, and stayed their hand from killing me. He must know something.

(holds up
his mug)

Join me?

MAYNARD

They'll look for us.

WINDSOR

Let them. In the Bahamas alone there are more than twelve-hundred islands. They could search till the Apocalypse. But they won't bother. I've already reported you lost at sea. And if you hope for a fortuitous turn of fate, don't. No planes overfly this island.

MAYNARD

(enraged)

How many other lives has your little experiment....

WINDSOR

Tush! How many missionaries gave their lives to the Jivaro? How many explorers died finding the Tasaday? A few lives compared to a whole civilization? Nothing.

CONTINUED

371 CONTINUED - 2

371

WINDSOR (Cont'd)

(holds up mug)

You're sure?

Maynard can't control himself any longer: He lashes out, knocking the mug spinning.

WINDSOR

Beneath that veneer of intelligence
lives a stupid man.

Windsor fetches the mug, refills it and replaces the bottle.

WINDSOR

Death is a necessary end. Why
make the way there unpleasant?

Windsor wanders off to continue rooting through the junk pile.
Maynard shoves the wheelbarrow and goes on his way.

372 INT. BETH'S HUT - NIGHT

372

The hut is crammed with booty. There's barely enough room to creep around. Beth is poring through her goodies -- happy, humming to herself.

Maynard sits on the floor, leaning against the wall. He is depressed to the point of despair. He picks idly at the dirt, and speaks softly. Beth doesn't seem to listen to him, and he doesn't seem to care.

MAYNARD

You know what's unfair? We're born young and spend our life piling up regrets. Be a lot fairer to be born old and spend our life erasing regrets.

(pause)

I could've told her, no, she couldn't take him to London. He was going camping with his dad. It was a promise.

(pause)

We would've gone in early autumn. I don't guess you know what autumn is. The nights are really crisp. Man, you feel so alive! And in the morning we would've fished. He would've liked that best of all -- standing in the ice-cold water till you can't feel your toes, throwing

CONTINUED

372 CONTINUED

372

MAYNARD (Cont'd)

out a fly and trying to talk a trout into taking it.

(pause)

There were good times. All we had to do was have them.

Beth turns to face him. She is holding up a shirt -- thread-bare, old-fashioned, but clean, a special shirt. She smiles.

BETH

For you.

Maynard is confused. He starts to say something, but Beth comes to him and puts a finger to his lips, silencing him.

DISSOLVE TO

373 EXT. LARGE CLEARING - NIGHT

373

The company is gathered -- sprawled -- in the clearing that contains Nau's and Hizzoner's huts. The liquor pot is brim-full and cooking. Everyone is blasted, and the whores are having a field day, trading their favors for items of booty.

Nau and Windsor stand before Nau's hut. By now, Windsor is full, hot, and Nau is catching up.

Beth and Maynard enter the clearing and cross to the center. Maynard is wearing the shirt Beth gave him, and there has been some effort made to clean him up. He is still perplexed about what's going on.

Beth is wearing a clean gown, and she has scrubbed and anointed herself. She looks demure and pretty. She is holding something in her hands. She waits, expectantly, for Nau to notice her.

374 WITH NAU AND WINDSOR

374

drinking, chatting. Nau looks up and sees Beth and Maynard.

375 NAU'S POINT OF VIEW

375

Beth smiling shyly. She nods this way.

376 WIDE - NAU 376

steps forward and raises his arms.

NAU

Hold!

The company quiets down.

377 WITH BETH AND MAYNARD 377

Beth smiling, Maynard eyeing her curiously. When the hubbub has faded, Beth slowly opens her hands and holds up the flower Nau gave her, the flower that will signal that she is pregnant. It has shriveled and wilted.

Beth's smile breaks into a wide grin. She raises the flower over her head and begins a triumphant march around the clearing.

BETH

De baby comes! De Maynard baby!
De baby comes! De Maynard baby!

378 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 378

as he finally understands what all the ceremony is about. The shadow of doom crosses his face. Hear the company erupt in cheers and laughter and applause.

379 WIDE - NAU 379

watches as Beth finishes a complete circle of the clearing. When she returns to Maynard, she faces Nau, defiant.

BETH

Wed us.

Nau glances toward Hizzoner, who sprawls by a tree, beside a stuporous whore. Hizzoner shrugs and rises unsteadily. Laughter spreads through the company: they love the idea of a wedding.

Hizzoner lurches to the center of the clearing and stands before Beth and Maynard.

380 THREE-SHOT - BETH, MAYNARD, HIZZONER 380

Beth delighted, Maynard trapped, Hizzoner a bit unsure of himself.

CONTINUED

380 CONTINUED

380

HIZZONER

Dearly beloved....

A roar of laughter from the company.

381 EXT. A PATH - NIGHT

381

Jack the Bat is escorting Manuel and Justin toward the clearing. Hear, in the distance, Hizzoner droning on.

Manuel wears a clean white shirt and trousers, and a gold coin on a chain around his neck. Justin is clad like a dauphin: a doublet of lavender velvet, satin knickers, silver-buckled black leather shoes, an ivory-handled dagger in his belt, the Walther in its shoulder holster.

They reach the edge of the clearing. Justin sees the end of the "marriage" ceremony, and he is confused.

382 JUSTIN'S POINT OF VIEW

382

Hizzoner is finishing the litany. Maynard and Beth stand side-by-side, Beth holding Maynard's hand.

HIZZONER

...till death do you part....

A volcanic eruption of laughter. Even Hizzoner can't contain himself. After all, death will part them in the morning.

Only Beth and Maynard don't laugh. Beth turns toward Maynard.

383 CLOSE ON BETH AND MAYNARD

383

Beth looking into Maynard's eyes with genuine affection, and a touch of sadness. Gently, she takes his face in her hand and kisses him.

384 CLOSE ON JUSTIN

384

seeing this, disturbed, his conception of his father somewhat shaken by the scene of affection.

385 WIDE

385

Applause at the kiss. The chaos is about to resume when Nau sees Jack the Bat and the boys enter the clearing. Again, Nau holds up his arms for silence. He crosses to the liquor pot.

CONTINUED

385 CONTINUED

385

NAU

De son I had he died...I t'ought
to take dis one...

(pats Manuel)

...for my son, but he Portugee and
zambo. So dis noble one...

(pats Justin)

...I now take for son.

Nau smiles at Maynard.

386 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

386

Appalled, speechless.

387 CLOSE ON MANUEL

387

angry, resentful, tight-lipped, plotting -- but controlled.
Hear rousing cheers from the crowd.

388 CLOSE ON JUSTIN

388

smug, complacent, playing the dauphin to the hilt. Responding
to the crowds cheers with a smirk of noblesse oblige. Flushed
with booze and self-importance.

389 WIDE - HIZZONER

389

raises his glass to Maynard.

HIZZONER

Time to live...time to die....

Everyone roars and drinks.

As Windsor raises his mug in salute, the momentum of his arm
is too much for him -- he keeps on falling backward, passing
out against Nau's hut with a great crash.

The crowd loves it. They cheer and whistle.

Drunkenly, Nau takes Justin's hand and drags him to the liquor
pot. He dips his mug full and holds it to Justin. Justin
shakes his head: He doesn't want to.

NAU

Drink.

CONTINUED

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389 CONTINUED 389

JUSTIN

No.

NAU

(angry)

Never tell me no!

Nau grabs Justin's head in one of his massive hands, squeezes the boy's jaws till it opens, and forces booze into him.

390 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 390

Furious, about to jump Nau, restrained by Beth.

391 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 391

Nau forcing Justin to drink. The boy gags, sputters, finally drinks. The crowd roars approval.

392 WIDE - NAU 392

pushed Justin away from him, and the boy falls to the dirt. He is nauseous, scared, confused. Nau raises his mug, asking for more crowd approval.

393 CLOSE ON MANUEL 393

standing alone, at the edge of the clearing. He is looking at Maynard, and he seems to be scheming.

394 MANUEL'S POINT OF VIEW - MAYNARD 394

looking at Nau and Justin, enraged. Then Maynard's head turns this way, eyes meet Manuel's.

395 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - MANUEL 395

looking this way, grim and purposeful. Silently, Manuel disappears into the underbrush.

Hear a nearby crash. Someone else has bitten the dust. More cheers from the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO

- 396 WIDE - IN THE CLEARING - NIGHT 396
- Silence, except for grunts and snores. The entire community has passed out. Camera travels around the clearing, seeing Nau in a heap by his hut; Beth flat on her back by the liquor pot; Justin curled in a tiny ball, drooling; Hizzoner half-hidden by a bush, and the others in various stages of disarray.
- Camera comes to rest on Maynard, who is on his hands and knees, trying to pull the cotter pin from his manacles. He is using a nail to try to reach the pin, and he's almost got it -- almost but not quite.
- 397 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 397
- grim, determined, flustered, sweating. Hear footsteps.
- 398 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - MANUEL 398
- is creeping around the edge of the clearing. He moves to Justin, wraps a gag around Justin's mouth, then comes this way.
- 399 WITH MAYNARD 399
- Manuel pulls the cotter pin and releases the manacles. Then he points to Justin, indicating that Maynard should pick up the boy and follow him.
- 400 ON THE BEACH - NIGHT 400
- The beach empty. Manuel emerges from the underbrush, followed by Maynard, who has Justin over his shoulder in a fireman's carry. Manuel points at a specific boat in the cove, then turns back and vanishes into the brush.
- 401 IN THE COVE 401
- The sailing dinghy that Maynard tried to reach earlier has been pulled from the mangroves and is up on the beach. Maynard arrives, takes Justin off his shoulders and is about to lay him on the sand, when Justin sticks out his feet and lands on them: He is awake. Maynard has hold of him.
- 402 CLOSE ON JUSTIN 402
- eyes wide, alert, nervous, struggling a bit. Maynard's hands grip him firmly.

403 TWO SHOT - MAYNARD AND JUSTIN

403

MAYNARD

Everything's fine. I'm gonna take
you home. It's over.

(pause)

Okay?

Justin nods. Maynard bends over to shove the boat into the water. Justin takes off. Maynard's head jerks up. He is shocked.

404 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - JUSTIN

404

sprinting away, wrenching off the gag as he runs.

MAYNARD (v.o.)

Justin!

JUSTIN

Alarm! Alarm!

405 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

405

in agony, watching his son flee from him.

JUSTIN (v.o.)

Alarm! Alarm!

The cry echoes in the cove. Maynard hesitates for a moment, then decides: He leans into the boat, pushes off from shore. He climbs aboard, sets the oars in the oarlocks and begins to row.

406 EXT. ON THE OCEAN - NIGHT

406

Outside the cove, facing the shore, Maynard rounds the last breakwater and rows seaward. Hear a brouhaha beginning on shore. See a light sweeping on the beach. The breakwaters hide the boat from view. Maynard ships his oars and raises the sail. The breeze is offshore, and Maynard is pushed swiftly out to sea.

407 ON THE SAILBOAT

407

sailing nicely a couple of hundred yards from shore. As yet, no pursuit. But one of the lights on the land catches a glimpse of white: a sail being raised for the chase. Maynard hauls his sail closer in. The boat heels over, gathering speed, moving with a healthy hiss through the water.

408 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 408

at the tiller. Hear a sudden change in the boat's rhythm: no longer crisp, but suddenly sluggish. Wavelets slap against the wood. The boat is slowing. Maynard frowns, concerned, confused.

409 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 409

looking toward the bow, which is now riding low in the water. The boat has almost stopped. Little waves are washing over the bow. Moving forward, Maynard drops to his knees. There are six inches of water in the bottom of the boat.

410 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 410

crawling forward, feeling in the bottom of the boat with his hand.

411 UNDERWATER 411

looking up at the bow planking of the boat. Maynard's fingers poke through inch-wide gaps in the planking.

412 WITH MAYNARD 412

in the bow. He withdraws his hand. His fingers are covered with a viscous gunk. He raises them to his nose and sniffs.

MAYNARD

...molasses...?

Maynard has been screwed by Manuel. He glances toward shore.

MAYNARD

Son-of-a-bitch!

413 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - A SAIL 413

has cleared the cove and is heading this way.

414 WITH MAYNARD 414

He cleats the sail tight in. The boat is almost awash. He slips overboard, clings briefly to a gunwale, then lets go and begins to swim toward the island.

415 ON THE PURSUING BOAT

415

Jack the Bat at the tiller, one hand holding the main sheet. Amidships, Rollo sits and sharpens a hand-ax.

Ahead, see the small white triangle of the sail on Maynard's abandoned dinghy.

DISSOLVE TO

416 EXTERIOR - DAY - CLOSE ON MAYNARD'S FACE

416

red-eyed, exhausted, desperate, peeking out from the underbrush on a hillside. Camera pulls back, revealing that Maynard is hidden in the bushes of the hill overlooking the cove. From below, hear conversational voices.

417 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - HIZZONER, NAU, WINDSOR, THE TWO BOYS 417

are on the beach, as Jack the Bat and Rollo beach their pinnace. Aboard, they have the sail and tiller of the abandoned boat.

JACK THE BAT

Drowned....

WINDSOR

You saw him?

JACK THE BAT

(shakes his head)

Dark as a hog's ass.

WINDSOR

He's not drowned.

NAU

(skeptical)

Where, then?

WINDSOR

Here...somewhere.

Windsor waves his arm in the general direction of the hillside.

418 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

418

ducking down, as if Windsor has pointed him out.

NAU (v.o.)

Why...no mad man....

WINDSOR (v.o.)

You have his child!

419 ON THE BEACH

419

WINDSOR

You must find him and kill him!

Nau ponders this, then nods in agreement. He puts a hand on Justin's shoulder.

JUSTIN

I will hunt!
(pulls the
Walther)
I will lead the hunt!

Nau and Hizzoner exchange a glance of pleasure and pride.

420 CLOSE ON MAYNARD

420

Horror in his eyes as he hears his son insist on hunting him down and killing him.

421 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - NAU AND THE OTHERS

421

walk up the beach and disappear. The cove is empty.

422 WITH MAYNARD

422

squirms out of the underbrush. Hear the blast of the horn that calls the company together, followed by sounds of people running and jabbering. The noises seem to gather toward the north. Maynard scrambles down the hillside, crosses the cove in the shelter of the hill, then sprints for the path through the bushes.

423 ON THE PATH - MAYNARD

423

breathing heavily. Hear footsteps nearby. He ducks, as two men trot by, heading north. When they're gone, he heads south.

424 EXT. EDGE OF THE SAVANNA

424

The whole company is gathered. Beyond, to the north, there is no place Maynard could be hiding: It's all grassland, ending at the sea. The people line up abreast, an arm's length apart. They number about sixty, and they cover the whole width of the island. Nothing can escape this sweep. Nau, Windsor and the two boys are in the center.

CONTINUED

424 CONTINUED

424

The horn blows, the line of people begins to move -- slowly, in unison, toward the south. They check every tree, every bush, every big stone. As one person is checking, the others wait: The line is never broken.

425 IN THE WHORES' CLEARING

425

Empty, except for Maynard. He stands, listening. The pursuers are making no effort to be silent. They stamp their feet and call gaily to one another. Small animals are being flushed, and they stampede into the clearing: rats, lizards, birds.

The pursuers are getting close. Maynard backs away to the south, turns and runs.

Two seconds after he exits, Nau and the boys arrive, followed immediately by the others. They search every hut.

There is a mound of newly turned earth in the clearing. Nau leads the boys to the mound and probes it with his cutlass.

426 BETH'S CLEARING

426

Empty. Maynard rushes in. He is growing frantic, for south of here there is nothing but the sea. The pursuing voices are louder. He heads for the beach.

427 ON THE BEACH

427

The southern tip of the island. Maynard finds a hollow reed, breaks it and takes an exploratory breath through it. His last recourse is to swim out to sea, breathing through a tube in faint hope of disguising his flight. The voices are very close. He takes a step toward the water.

Hear the horn -- two blasts, urgent, some kind of warning. Maynard stops. Hear two more blasts, a pause, then two more. He crouches by a bush, listening.

The voices are excited, but indistinct. The only two words that are decipherable are "boat" and "nuth'ard."

The voices recede. Maynard stands and looks off to the south, shielding his eyes.

428 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

428

Way in the distance, something flashes in the sunlight. It

CONTINUED

428 CONTINUED

428

disappears behind a wave, then reappears. It is a big white vessel, with a red stripe down its bow: A U.S. Coast Guard cutter. It is cruising this way, but there is something erratic about its motion, as if it is stopping every so often.

429 WITH MAYNARD

429

The boat is more than a mile away, but it is definitely coming. Maynard searches for something to signal with. He finds nothing. He dashes for the underbrush.

430 ALONG THE PATHS - MAYNARD

430

running, careless of noise, desperate to signal the boat. He stops, panting, starts to move again, then freezes.

NAU (v.o.)

What he doin'? Fishin'?

431 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

431

Not five yards away, on the other side of a thicket, Nau and Windsor are seated, looking out to sea through binoculars.

WINDSOR

Gathering something...specimens?

(to cutter)

...keep moving, chummy.

NAU

Not stop here.

WINDSOR

(worried)

If they do....

NAU

Why? Sea shells?

Beyond Nau and Windsor, see through the thicket that the boat has come closer -- south of the cove, but only about a hundred yards at sea. It is still starting and stopping, as crewmen gather things from the water.

WINDSOR

Perhaps I should have a chat with them...lonely old beachcomber....

NAU

Let de buggers be.

432 WITH MAYNARD

432

Very quietly, he backs away from the thicket, turns and runs. Camera follows him as he races along the paths. He passes one clearing, then another. People seem to be in hiding; no one is anywhere.

433 ARMORY CLEARING

433

on the edge of the savanna, where the boys took target practice. Maynard comes into the clearing, pauses to check his bearings, then sprints for the lean-to that contains the barrels of powder. He grabs a boarding ax and chops a hole in a powder barrel. Then he lifts the barrel and backs away from the lean-to, leaving a powder trail behind.

434 ON THE PATH - MAYNARD

434

backing along, leaving the powder trail. He is a safe distance away now. He casts the barrel aside. Now he has to find something with which to touch off the fuse. He has no matches. Something occurs to him, and he takes off.

435 WITH NAU

435

Beyond, the cutter has stopped, but there is no suggestion that it plans to dispatch a shore party. As before, the crewmen are scooping things from the water.

Windsor has risen and is about to leave the hillside.

WINDSOR

I'll just have a word with them.

NAU

Don't say nothing.

WINDSOR

Of course. I'll just cruise by and have a look.

436 LARGE CLEARING

436

The liquor pot still sits on charcoal embers. Maynard is on his hands and knees beside the remains of the fire.

- 437 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 437
- He has stuffed a rag into a half-full bottle of rum, and he is scratching at the embers, trying to find one hot enough to ignite a rum-soaked rag.
- 438 THE ARMORY CLEARING 438
- Windsor passing through, on the way to the mangroves to get his boat. He's hurrying, and he gives the lean-to only a passing glance.
- 439 WINDSOR'S POINT OF VIEW 439
- See the powder barrels stacked together, and a thin, barely noticeable line of black powder trailing away from the lean-to. One end of the powder trail leads to a leaking barrel. Where is the other end? Track the powder trail as it enters the underbrush.
- 440 WITH WINDSOR 440
- He takes a hand-ax from the weapons store and, methodically, begins to follow the powder trail. For safety's sake, he scuffs a break in the trail: Now, no matter what happens, that trail won't ignite the barrels of powder in the lean-to.
- 441 CLOSE ON THE WEAPONS SHED 441
- A hand reaches in and removes a crossbow. The hand fits a bolt onto the crossbow and cocks it.
- 442 WITH MAYNARD 442
- still on his hands and knees by the liquor pot. Deep in the center of the fire he has found hot coals. He pokes the neck of the bottle into the coals, and the rag ignites. He gets to his feet and heads off.
- 443 WITH WINDSOR 443
- He has come to the end of the powder trail. Hear Maynard returning. Windsor steps into the bushes and raises the ax.
- 444 CLOSE ON THE CROSSBOW 444
- Raised to a shoulder, and now see that it is being wielded by Beth.

445 BETH'S POINT OF VIEW 445

sighting down the crossbow. See Maynard as he steps right into the line of fire.

446 WITH MAYNARD 446

bends down to light the powder. See, behind him, Windsor step silently from the bushes, ax raised.

447 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 447

glancing upward. Beth is pointing a crossbow directly at him. She fires.

448 WITH MAYNARD 448

petrified at the sight of Beth. He has no idea Windsor is behind him. Windsor starts to swing the ax, when ZZzzz! -- the crossbow bolt zaps over Maynard's head and thunks into Windsor's chest.

Maynard turns, in time to see Windsor stagger back into the bushes, and die. He turns back toward Beth.

449 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 449

Beth is gone. The powder trail is burning, hissing. Then it stops.

Rise and walk through the underbrush, looking at the burned trail. See why it stopped: Windsor had scuffed it apart.

450 WITH MAYNARD 450

carrying the burning bottle of rum. The powder trail was cut pretty close to the lean-to, but Maynard has no choice. He bends down, lights the powder, throws the bottle at the lean-to, flings himself onto the sand, covering his head.

451 ON THE LEAN-TO 451

The bottle smashes against the powder barrels and catches them on fire. Simultaneously, the powder trail burns home.

The whole affair goes off.

- 452 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 452
- A terrible whump blasts everything. Maynard's hair burns; bits of smouldering crap rain down on everything.
- 453 ON THE BRIDGE OF THE COAST GUARD CUTTER 453
- The force of the explosion is felt out here, too. The cutter absorbs the shock waves, and there is a blast of heat, as well as the ear-thumping noise. The cutter is manned by a crew of six, led by a young lieutenant jg. named Mould. The other crewmen are Kemp, Zimmerman, Gantz, Pincus and Tinker. All eyes are turned to the island.
- ZIMMERMAN
- Muth'a!
- In the stern of the cutter, see what has lured the Coast Guard here: Two men have been using dip nets to collect hundreds -- thousands -- of tiny bags of cocaine released by the sunken schooner. There has been a cocaine trail for miles, carried by the tide.
- 454 POINT OF VIEW - ON THE ISLAND 454
- tails of smoke spiral into the sky. A whole section of underbrush has been blown away, leaving a bald spot on the island.
- 455 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 455
- Burned, scarred, tattered, he struggles to his feet and staggers into the underbrush.
- 456 WIDE - IN THE CLEARING 456
- Just as Maynard departs, Nau and Hizzoner storm into the clearing. All they can see is devastation.
- 457 ON THE CUTTER 457
- A launch hangs from davits over the side of the cutter: It is an inboard motorboat, designed to carry eight people. Tarpaulins cover its midships. Gantz stands at the helm, Pincus amidships, holding the launch away from the cutter. Zimmerman is by the davits, preparing to lower the launch. Mould comes out from the cabin and climbs aboard the launch. He has a .45 strapped to his belt. On the other side of the stern of the cutter, Kemp and Tinker have suspended their dip-net operation. They are knee-deep in bags of cocaine.

CONTINUED

457 CONTINUED

457

MOULD

Check the first-aid stuff. I
don't know what we've got for burns.

Zimmerman nods, then pushes the button that lowers the launch.

458 EXT. IN THE COVE

458

Empty, silent, no signs of life. The launch chugs into the cove and heads for the beach. Gantz runs it up onto the sand and turns off the motor. The three men get out and look around. All is dead quiet.

PINCUS

Man, it's so quiet it's noisy.

GANTZ

Prob'ly all got blowed to ratshit.

Hear a sound from across the cove, and they turn. A man is standing, weaving, atop the hill across the cove.

Camera closes on the man: It is Maynard -- burned and battered -- trying to wave and warn them. He wants to speak, but all he can manage is a moan. He pitches forward and tumbles down the hill.

459 BOTTOM OF THE HILL

459

Maynard unconscious. The Coast Guardsmen approach. Pincus bends to pick Maynard up, but Mould stops him.

MOULD

Wait'll we get a litter.
(looks around)

If there's one, there's prob'ly a
lot more.

They start off.

460 EXT. ON A PATH

460

Mould, Pincus and Gantz moving along. Hear a sound of broken glass. They stop. Hear a girl softly humming. They proceed, and enter a wide clearing. Mary is gathering bits of broken bottles and putting them in a bag.

461 IN THE CLEARING

461

The three men cross to Mary.

CONTINUED

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461 CONTINUED

461

MOULD

Hello...

No response..

How many were hurt?

Mary says nothing, but her eyes flick nervously at the underbrush. Something makes Pincus look up.

PINCUS

Lieutenant!...Jesus!

462 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - THE CLEARING

462

is ringed with heavily armed men.

463 WIDE - MOULD'S HAND

463

moves to his holster.

NAU

(icy)

Want to die?

(to Jack
the Bat)

Strip that one...that one...Bind
them.

Nau is grim: This enterprise is not going to be sport.

464 WITH MAYNARD

464

in the cove. He regains consciousness, rolls over. Hear voices approaching. Instinctively, he crawls for the cover of the underbrush.

465 WIDE - IN THE COVE

465

Nau and Hizzoner lead twenty armed men down the beach. Nau is dressed in Mould's uniform, Jack and Bat in Pincus'. Jack the Bat prods Gantz before him.

The tarpaulins covering the midships of the launch are pulled back, and five men crawl into the launch, to be concealed.

NAU

(to Hizzoner)

Must have surprise. De boys help.

(to Rollo)

Wait de horn...Den come like de wind.

- 466 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 466
watching all this from across the cove.
- 467 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - HIZZONER 467
is the last to be concealed aboard the launch. Nau and the two boys climb aboard. Gantz takes the helm. Jack the Bat stands beside him, pressing a knife to him.
The launch backs into the cove, turns and chugs seaward. The deception is a good Trojan horse: It appears that the only people in the launch are three sailors and three children. The launch rounds the first breakwater and is gone.
More than a dozen men remain in the cover, waiting by the ready pinnaces.
- 468 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 468
crawling through the underbrush toward the top of the hill. He arrives at the top and looks down.
- 469 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - A STEEP, ROCKY CLIFF 469
that leads to the water. Beyond, see the launch heading slowly out toward the cutter.
- 470 WITH MAYNARD 470
The hillside conceals him from the men in the cove. He stands and skids down the cliff to the water's edge. He is about to start swimming. He glances back, sees something.
- 471 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 471
Standing on the hilltop, carrying the crossbow, is Beth.
BETH
You will die.
- 472 TWO-SHOT - MAYNARD AND BETH 472
MAYNARD
I have no choice.
Maynard gestures weakly toward the cutter. He will give his life for his son.

CONTINUED

472

CONTINUED

472

BETH

Take this.

She tosses him the crossbow. Three bolts are lashed to the wooden stock. Maynard catches the crossbow. For a second, his and Beth's eyes meet. Then she turns away.

473

CLOSE ON MAYNARD

473

walking into the water until he can no longer stand. Then, pushing the crossbow ahead of him, he begins to swim.

474

BETH'S POINT OF VIEW - WATCHING MAYNARD

474

a tiny, solitary figure, swimming out into the ocean, toward the cutter. Beyond him, the launch is nearing the cutter.

475

ABOARD THE CUTTER

475

on the bridge. Zimmerman is watching the launch approach. Kemp comes up and joins him.

ZIMMERMAN

Kids aboard. Got the first-aid stuff?

KEMP

Yup.

476

ON THE DECK - KEMP AND ZIMMERMAN

476

come down the ladder. Tinker is waiting by the davit controls.

The launch comes alongside. Nau and Jack the Bat make a point of keeping their backs to the cutter. Gantz is petrified. The children are very nervous. Nau and Jack and Bat attach the davit cables fore and aft. Winches whine; the launch rises.

477

WITH ZIMMERMAN

477

As the launch reaches deck level, see a braceleted forearm protruding from beneath one of the tarpaulins.

ZIMMERMAN

Are those bodies under there?

Perplexed, Zimmerman takes a step forward.

- 478 ZIMMERMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - THE LAUNCH 478
reaches the peak of its rise. Canvas covers are thrown back.
A blur of leaping, shrieking bodies.
One steady vision: An enormous man whose head is engulfed in
a halo of flame, pointing a pistol. The pistol goes off.
The world falls to pieces, with a sensation of being slammed
backward with tremendous force.
- 479 WITH MAYNARD - ON THE WATER 479
half kicking, half swimming, directly at the bow of the cutter.
Hear gunshots echoing across the water, and faint shouts.
Maynard arrives at the cutter's anchor chain. He slips his
arm through the string of the crossbow, slings it over his
shoulder and begins to climb the anchor chain.
The gunshots have stopped. Silence. Then hear the horn sound,
to bring the others out in the pinnaces.
- 480 ON THE FORWARD DECK OF THE CUTTER 480
Empty. Whoever is aboard, is aft. Maynard peeks through an
anchor-chain port, sees no one, hauls himself aboard.
Crouching, he moves to the cover of the bridge. He listens.
Hear laughter from below, and the scraping of boxes and
chests.
- 481 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 481
looking back toward the land. Two pinnaces have left the
cove and are sailing this way, fast.
- 482 WITH MAYNARD 482
He scales the front of the bridge, clawing silently with his
fingers and toes. He rolls over the top of the bridge.
- 483 ON THE BRIDGE 483
Maynard lands lightly on the bridge deck, and drops to his
stomach. He crawls to the rear of the bridge and looks
through a scupperhole.

484 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 484

Hizzoner is preparing to orate to Kemp, Gantz, Tinker and Zimmerman, who has been shot through the hip. Nau and the boys stand beside Hizzoner. From the sounds from below, the rest of the raiders are cleaning out the ship's stores.

485 ON THE BRIDGE 485

Hizzoner is heard beginning the same oration he used to condemn the crew of the schooner. Maynard cocks the crossbow. Just then, the first of the pinnaces bumps against the side of the clutter. It contains half a dozen men. The crossbow is useless: One shot, and Maynard would be committing suicide. Maynard searches around the bridge.

486 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 486

looking at the bulwark on the starboard side of the bridge. There is a big piece of canvas-covered machinery. Hear the second pinnacle arrive, and sounds of gear being loaded from the cutter.

Creep to the machinery, pull back the canvas cover. It is a .50-caliber machine gun. An ammunition box is clipped to the side of the gun. Examine the workings of the weapon.

Looking down at the field of fire: All the raiders are bunched by the stern, either loading gear into the pinnaces or receiving it.

487 ON THE BRIDGE - MAYNARD 487

hoists himself up behind the machine gun. He pulls back the slide.

488 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 488

Jack the Bat has heard the click-clack of the slide being cocked. He looks up, sees Maynard.

JACK THE BAT

Look!

As Jack the Bat whips out his pistol, the others sees Maynard.

489 WITH MAYNARD 489

He pulls the trigger.

- 490 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW - THE GUN 490
bucking and spitting, shells flying, bullets firing so fast that the sound is one continuous belch.
The men in the pinnaces and on the deck loading them are dead in a flash, blown away or twitching in the boats.
The gun swings to the right, still firing. Jack the Bat takes a step backward and is punched overboard by a bullet. Hizzoner squashes down in a heap of bloody robes.
Maynard stops firing. Nau has backed into the corner, holding the boys before him.
- 491 WIDE - MAYNARD 491
doesn't dare fire: There's no way he can be sure of putting a mortal bullet in Nau without hitting Justin. Nau sees it, too. With an arm around each boy, Nau bends and whispers in Justin's ear.
- 492 CLOSE ON JUSTIN 492
Mesmerized, he pulls the Walther from its holster, chambers a bullet, cocks it.
NAU (v.o.)
My son...kill him!
- 493 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 493
Justin staring at him. Slowly, Justin raises the Walther and aims it this way.
NAU
Kill him!
- 494 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 494
helpless, vulnerable, horror-struck.
- 495 CLOSE ON JUSTIN 495
aiming the pistol. His eyelids begin to twitch. His lips tremble. His hand shakes.
- 496 WIDE 496
A long moment of doubt. Then Justin's hand begins to fall.

CONTINUED

496 CONTINUED 496

Nau reaches over the boy's shoulder and grabs the pistol. He tightens his grip on Justin's and Manuel's throats. Justin is badly shaken.

497 CLOSE ON MAYNARD 497

A sense of enormous relief. But it isn't over yet.

498 WIDE 498

Now Nau has the Walther pressed to Justin's temple. Moving the boys before him, he starts for the bulwark, intending to board the launch. Nau's eyes warn Maynard that he will certainly kill Justin if Maynard tries anything foolish. Still, Maynard swings the machine gun around, following Nau's path across the deck.

499 MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW 499

The machine gun is blocked: It won't reach back into the launch, for a section of the bridge is in the way. Nau looks up and sees that he is safe from the gun.

Looking down at the bridge deck. See the crossbow. One of Maynard's hands reaches down and frees one of the crossbow bolts from its lashing.

500 ANGLE ON THE LAUNCH 500

Nau pushes Justin ahead of him, into the launch. Then he looks down to gauge his own footing.

Maynard leaps from the bridge, heading for Nau's back, gripping the crossbow bolt in his right hand. At the last second, Nau senses something. He turns, sees Maynard descending on him, tries to raise the Walther.

501 IN THE LAUNCH 501

Maynard lands on top of Nau, wraps his legs around him, and stabs wildly with the sharp crossbow bolt. Nau pitches the pistol away and reaches to peel Maynard off his back. Maynard keeps stabbing.

Nau stumbles and falls between two forward thwarts, dragging Maynard down with him. Maynard stabs again. This time, the bolt goes in deep and catches between two of Nau's ribs. It won't come out.

CONTINUED

501

CONTINUED

501

Nau backs away from Maynard and hauls himself to his feet. The bolt protrudes from between his ribs.

502

MAYNARD'S POINT OF VIEW

502

Nau looms above, his neck and chest pocked with puncture wounds, blood drooling to the deck of the launch. Nau leers down. As he breathes, bubbles of blood pop between his lips. Nau grabs the bolt and wrenches it from between his ribs.

NAU

Not yet. I a free prince. I say when.

Maynard tries to squirm away, but he's caught between thwarts. Nau raises the bolt. His eyes bug, his lips curl back. He holds the bolt above his head, like an Inca priest before an altar.

NAU

(screams)

Now!

Nau plunges the bolt through his own groin and rips upward. Viscera ooze through the tear in his shirt.

He grins at Maynard. His grin freezes. His pupils dilate, and he tumbles to the right, slamming down on a thwart.

503

WIDE - IN THE LAUNCH

503

Nau is dead. Maynard works himself free of the thwarts. Justin cowers in the bow, Manuel in the stern.

Maynard looks at Justin and smiles.

MAYNARD

(weakly)

Hey, buddy....

504

CLOSE ON JUSTIN

504

A scared, confused, troubled animal. He blinks, and a tear rolls down each side of his nose.

505

WIDE - IN THE LAUNCH

505

Maynard and Justin facing each other. Neither moves.

Camera pulls back and up -- up, up, soaring above the sea. The boat lies quietly below, the island to the right, serene.

FADE OUT

THE END