

SALVAGE

Episode 1: "Finders Keepers"

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TEASER

EXT. COMPASS CAY - ROCKY SHORELINE - DAY

SUPER: The Bahamas, July 1978

It's a late afternoon squall. Heavy wind and rain. A 47ft HATTERAS SPORTFISH, *Lady Godiva*, has been driven up onto a rocky shoreline broadside to the wind. Each wave lifts and then slams her back down on the rocks.

It's just a matter of time.

At anchor in the b.g. is a 53ft CHESAPEAKE BAY wooden salvage boat, *Gussy Mae*.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

BEN LAWSON, 29, white Bahamian, rugged, handsome, sports navy blue Speedos and a two-week beard. He stands in ankle deep salt water.

Around him, FOUR 3-INCH GAS PUMPS roar at full throttle, evacuating the water pouring in through the Sportfish's badly damaged hull.

ON one of the pumps, COUGHING BADLY. Ben turns just as it DIES. He pops off the SPARK PLUG LEAD and blows into it.

BEN
(muttering)
Damn gas engines.

Ben slips the PLUG LEAD back onto the spark plug and HAND CRANKS the pump but it has lost its prime. It fails again.

BEN (CONT'D)
Goddammit!

INT. LADY GODIVA - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ben jumps down the OPEN ENGINE ROOM HATCH, slipping past the FOUR SUCTION HOSES and landing in KNEE DEEP WATER. He grabs the coughing hose, forcing it up/down to prime the pump.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben springs out the ENGINE ROOM HATCH and scampers across the deck to the aft port cleat. As he sweats the anchor line, he looks up to see his brother raiding the galley fridge.

BEN
Dammit, Patty! I could use some
flipp'n help out here!

PATRICK LAWSON, 27, white Bahamian is tall, thin and wiry strong. He wears black Speedos, a gold medallion and has a circular diving mask still on his head. He's currently halfway through a tub of *Heavenly Hash* ice cream.

PATRICK
Look like you got it under control
ole boy!

Pat puts down the ice cream and slips a chicken drumstick in his mouth. Seconds later he pulls it out, clean to the bone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(with mouth full)
You know this stuff is just going
to waste!

Patrick sniffs the bare chicken bone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
It's on the edge right now!

BEN
For Christsake, will ya stop
screwing around?! We're losing the
engine room!

Patrick reluctantly closes the fridge and strolls towards the salon door. As he steps over the threshold, a GROUND SWELL hits them, nearly knocking him off his feet. Pat grabs the hand rail.

PATRICK
Mud-dough!

While Patrick recovers his balance, Ben picks up a 45 pound Danforth anchor and slams into his chest along with 200 feet of line, almost winding him.

BEN
Set this. She's getting lively.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - BOW - CONTINUOUS

Pat stands just outside the BOW RAIL, mask on, holding the anchor to his chest. The line is flaked out behind him, secured to the bow winch. He studies the waves, SYNCING HIS BREATHS with the incoming sets. As a HUGE SPRAY OF MIST floats up over him, he inhales deeply, then steps off.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SEAFLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Pat arrows into the ocean feet first, hugging the anchor to his chest.

He walks along the reefy ocean floor, stepping over SEA URCHINS and JAGGED CORAL while pulling the anchor line taut behind him. Pat sets the Danforth securely under a ledge and hauls himself back along the line hand-over-hand.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

As Ben sweats the stern cleat line, Patrick climbs up the taut bow line and swings himself over the bow rail.

Ben can't help but smile.

BEN

Show off.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Both men now have their positions: Ben at the stern winch and Patrick at the bow winch. An incoming wave floats *Lady Godiva* off the rocks momentarily.

BEN (CONT'D)

NOW!

Ben and Patrick CRANK THEIR WINCHES FURIOUSLY until the vessel hits the reef again. They breathe heavily, looking out to sea for the next set to arrive. As it does, the Sportfish floats and they CRANK AGAIN, working in SILENT UNISON.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - LATER

Lady Godiva is now off the shoreline, held in place by TWO ANCHORS running perpendicular to her hull but she's still broadside to the storm. Huge waves batter her.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben takes a position at the stern anchor line. He pulls out his dive knife, looks back at Patrick.

BEN

READY?!

Pat looks up from the bow winch, nods. Ben starts cutting the STERN LINE. As the last strand parts, it lets out a CRACK!

EXT. LADY GODIVA - CONTINUOUS

AERIAL SHOT

Lady Godiva WEATHERVANES as she is held in position by the bow anchor.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Pat immediately cranks his winch, ensuring the stern swings clear of the rocky shoreline.

BEN

CLEAR!

A moment of PURE EUPHORIA. They smile, stand. But their joy is quickly punctured by MORE SPUTTERING from the engine room.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben stands over a coughing gas pump, fiddling with the CHOKE LEVER SETTING. The pump catches, sputters again, then dies. He sighs, hand cranks it desperately but it won't start.

Ben stands up, looks around: the WATER LEVEL IS RISING. He sees Patrick standing behind him with his arms crossed.

BEN

You still here? Plug those goddamn holes!

EXT. LADY GODIVA - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Patrick cuts a PIECE OF FOAM from the Sportfish's fighting chair cushion, slips on his mask and jumps overboard.

EXT. LADY GODIVA'S HULL - CONTINUOUS

UNDERWATER

Patrick examines the seemingly endless STRESS FRACTURES in the vessel's fiberglass hull. He desperately stuffs foam into each crevice, then swims back up to the surface.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben is still fighting with the pumps, willing them to work.

PATRICK O.S.

(yelling up)

MORE FOAM!

Ben grabs an entire bench cushion and hands it down to him. He looks aft towards the stern. The water now is splashing over the gunnel. A look of MYSTIFIED DEFEAT falls over him as another wave breaks over the AFT DECK, soaking all the pumps.

BEN

(calling down)

Patty, get up here!

EXT. LADY GODIVA'S HULL - CONTINUOUS

UNDERWATER

But Pat's already plugging the hull, oblivious to his brother's calls.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben desperately pulls the FOUR SUCTION HOSES out the engine room hatch. The stern's almost entirely underwater now.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - CONTINUOUS

WIDE ANGLE

The stern finally sinks below the surface, tilting the bow up high like a seesaw.

EXT. LADY GODIVA - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben instinctively rolls overboard into the foamy water.

EXT. LADY GODIVA'S HULL - CONTINUOUS

UNDERWATER

Patrick is too busy tearing apart the bench cushion to notice Lady Godiva is now SINKING ONTO HIM.

ON the hull descending rapidly, about to crush him.

Suddenly from O.S., Ben grabs his brother and pulls him sharply backwards, out of harm's way.

Pat turns just as LADY GODIVA'S HULL slams into the seafloor, smashing rock and coral. His eyes GO WIDE inside his mask.

Ben and Patrick gasp for air as they break the surface. A large crashes over them, the screen goes WHITE.

END TEASER

ACT I

INT. R.S. DUMPFREY & CO. OFFICES - BAY STREET - MORNING

ROGER DUMPFREY, 52, wears a tan linen suit, white shirt, tie, Clark Kent glasses, smokes a Rothmans. He pores over the insurance documents on his desk, muttering to himself.

DUMPFREY
Can't even spell...

There's a buzz on his phone. He hits the intercom button.

DUMPFREY (CONT'D)
What is it?

SECRETARY
There's a Mr. Lawson to see you, sir. And his brother, too.

DUMPFREY
Oh, god. Er, tell them-

But before Dumpfrey can make an excuse, he sees Ben and Patrick striding purposely towards his glass door.

DUMPFREY (CONT'D)
Never mind, I'll tell them myself.

The brothers enter, their damp clothes still covered in motor oil stains. Dumpfrey stubs his cigarette out, motions for them to sit down.

DUMPFREY (CONT'D)
To what do I owe this privilege?

Ben takes a folded piece of paper from his shirt pocket. He flattens it out dramatically on his knee.

DUMPFREY (CONT'D)
It's a shame you lost her.

BEN
Squall hit us at a critical moment. The damage to her hull was just too much. Couldn't beat the water ingress.

DUMPFREY
Well, I've already closed the file as a total loss. So, er, what else do we have to discuss?

Pause.

PATRICK
 You have any idea how dangerous
 that job was?

DUMPFREY
(sarcastically)
 Aren't you guys used to that, er,
 hullabaloo?

Patrick rolls his eyes at Ben.

PATRICK
 Always with the five dollar words.

BEN
 Easy, Patty.
(to Dumpfrey)
 We're here to collect our payment
 for time and materials.
(beat)
 As we discussed?

Ben slides the neatly handwritten invoice across the desk. We see a bill total of \$8,700.

DUMPFREY
 This job was on a No Cure, No Pay
 basis. I don't recall any allotment
 for time and materials.

Pat jumps up, puts his hands on the desk.

PATRICK
 You fucking liar! We-

Ben instinctively grabs Pat as Dumpfrey recoils in his chair.

BEN
 Stand outside, let me handle this.

PATRICK
 But he-

BEN
 Stand outside!

Pat eyes Dumpfrey for a beat, then turns and walks out, slamming the door behind him.

BEN (CONT'D)
 I apologise for my brother. We had
 a close call this morning. Nearly
 got his head smashed in.

They lock eyes. Silence. Dumpfrey raises his eye brows as if to say, "so what?"

BEN (CONT'D)

Look, Roger, the terms of the contract were clear when we spoke on the phone: if the vessel was a total loss, we'd be compensated for time and materials.

Dumpfrey starts tidying his desk, shuffles his papers.

DUMPFREY

I don't see any signed agreement expressing those terms.

BEN

Well, there wasn't exactly time to pop into your office, was there?

DUMPFREY

Look, it's No Cure, No Pay. Besides, if the vessel's a total loss its because you lost it.

BEN

That's bullshit! We had an oral agreement!

(shock becoming disbelief)

You really going to screw me over for eighty seven hundred?

Dumpfrey looks at him coldly. Emotionless.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm four pumps down, I've got coolant hoses that are held together with duct tape and my fuel tanks are almost empty.

(beat)

You're only hurting yourself for the next job.

DUMPFREY

Look, my hands are tied on this one. I wish I could help you but... the boys upstairs just aren't going to budge.

Ben gets up to leave. As he opens the door, he turns around.

BEN

One thing you and "the boys upstairs" don't understand?

(beat)

We're supposed to be on the same team.

EXT. DUMPFREY & CO. BUILDING - BAY STREET - DAY

Ben walks out the glass foyer door, lingering for a second in the shade of the awning. His face carries the weight of concern as he glances up and down the bustling street.

EXT. BAY STREET - TIKI BAR - CONTINUOUS

Pat "chirps" a pair of tourist girls drinking Pina Coladas.

BEN O.S.
(shouting)
 Hey! Let's go, lover boy.

Pat clocks his brother, throws a couple dollars on the bar.

EXT. BAY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ben's already weaving through pedestrians as Pat draws level.

PATRICK
 How'd it go?

BEN
 It didn't.

PATRICK
 Sorry if I-

BEN
 It's alright. He *is* a fucking liar.

Pat shakes his head in disgust.

PATRICK
 How do they make them so pompous?

BEN
 I don't know. It's like a test you have to take to be British.

Pat laughs, hands his Becks over.

PATRICK
 Take the edge off.

BEN
 It's eleven a.m.!

Pat shrugs, takes another swig. They keep walking down Bay St. until they reach a BIG GLASS WINDOW with MARINE EQUIPMENT on display: Hookah rigs, diving gear, gas pumps etc. A wooden sign over the door reads: "PYFROM MARINE SUPPLY." Ben stops.

PATRICK
 Good luck with that.

BEN
How much cash you carrying?

Pat empties his pockets.

PATRICK
Er, seventeen bucks and change.

BEN
Alright, well, we need some more
panty-hose for the smoke stack.

PATRICK
I love it when you talk dirty.

Ben just raises his eyebrows at his brother.

BEN
Meet me at the plane.
(*firmly*)
One hour. And don't forget the
pantyhose.

INT. PYFROM'S MARINE SUPPLY - DAY

Ben walks past a wall corkboard decorated with family fishing and boating photos.

We PUSH IN on a WEDDING PHOTO. A beautiful mixed-race bride wears an elegant white dress while her family sits to the left. The Groom's side is blocked out by another photo of a FAT TOURIST IN SPEEDOS holding up a Hog Snapper.

Ben flips up the fat guy photo to reveal *he is the groom*.

VOICE
Ben?

Ben turns to see STEFAN PYFROM, 18, white Bahamian, craning his neck from behind the register. We recognise him from the bride's side of the wedding photo.

STEFAN
(*super enthusiastic*)
Hey man! How ya been?

BEN
Is that Stefan? You back for the
summer *already*?

STEFAN
Yeah, 'til September!
(*beat*)
How's my sister?

BEN
Still the luckiest man alive.

Stefan laughs shyly. Ben approaches the register, takes his sunglasses off.

STEFAN

What brings you to Nassau?

BEN

Just filing a salvage claim with Dumpfrey's. Coulda used your help!

STEFAN

Oh, man, I *wish* Dad would let me go on a job with you!

BEN

Well, he'll come around.

Pause.

STEFAN

Can I help you find anything?

BEN

Actually, you *could* help me out. Lost a few pumps on the job and need to replace them but, er, I'm a little short on scratch. Waiting on the cheque to clear but it's 2-3 business days. You know how it is. Don't want to make a special trip back to Nassau. Think you could let me carry a couple on credit?

STEFAN

Oh, Jeez, er, wish I could... but I gotta check with Dad first.

Stefan hesitantly picks up the phone. Hits a button.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Let me see what he says.

(into phone)

Hey Dad-

(beat)

No, sir, that hasn't come in yet.

(beat)

Well, yeah, er, Ben's here. He wants to know if he can get a few pumps on credit. Says he'll pay-

(beat, to Ben)

He wants to talk to you.

Ben takes the phone and clears his throat.

BEN

Hello, Lester.

INT. LESTER'S OFFICE - DAY

LESTER PYFROM, 56, white Bahamian, sits at his heavy Mahogany desk, pouring over accounts. Nassau Harbour is visible in the background. He has a thick grey beard and wears heavy, square-framed glasses. Framed pictures of his family, including Ben's wife KATHRYN as a young girl, sit in front of him.

INTERCUT LESTER/BEN

LESTER

What d'you think this is? A library? Some of us actually run our businesses like businesses.

BEN

It's nice to hear your voice too, Lester.

LESTER

Don't "Lester" me, young man. Have you seen the words... on the sign... behind the register?

CLOSE UP OF A PLACARD THAT READS: "NO STORE CREDIT"

Ben turns to look at some BRIGGS & STRATON 3 INCH GAS PUMPS in the window display. He points in their direction.

BEN

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. I see those.

LESTER

Well!? Look, I'm a busy man, if you want any merchandise from the store, you can pay for it up front like everyone else.

Lester hangs up the phone. Ben continues their conversation into the dead line.

BEN

That would be very generous of you, Lester.

(beat)

Oh, no, no - four would be plenty. Thank you.

(beat)

Oh, yeah. I'd love to give Stefan some flying lessons.

Ben winks at Stefan, gives him a thumbs up. Stefan looks amazed and gives him a double thumbs up back.

BEN (CONT'D)

Absolutely, I'll definitely give her a big squeeze from you.

(beat)

Sure thing, I'll get you the money next week. Take care now.

Ben hangs up the phone before Stefan hears the dead tone.

EXT. PYFROM'S MARINE SUPPLY - DAY

Stefan is loading the last of FOUR PUMPS into the back of a taxi van. Ben breaks off a \$10 bill and slips it into his shirt pocket. Pats him on the shoulder.

STEFAN

Oh, thanks Ben! See you next week!

INT. BETHEL'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

Pat's standing in the aisle of this Mom & Pop store, flirting with SAMANTHA CAROL, 33, a lawyer in professional attire.

SAMANTHA

-I know, what a party, never had so much sky juice!

PATRICK

(smiling cheekily)

Nothing like a bit of Gin & Coconut to loosen tings up.

There's an awkward pause between them.

SAMANTHA

So... how long you in Nassau?

PATRICK

Just the day. Got to meet Ben back at the plane in an hour.

Samantha checks her watch, flashes him a seductive look.

SAMANTHA

Want to go for a ride? I'm on my lunch break.

EXT. NASSAU HARBOUR DOCKS - DAY

Wooden fishing boats of various sizes are moored up along the bustling wharf. Fisherman haggle over prices. Seagulls vie for scraps. A small beach extends out from the wharf's base.

Ben unloads the last pump from the taxi van. He has them stacked up against the seawall.

In the b.g., we see a DE HAVILAND BEAVER SEAPLANE with a tattered "Out Island Salvage" logo stuck on its tail.

Ben glances around, looks down at his watch.

We PUSH IN on the watch's clock face: 12:13pm.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE BRIEFING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

C.U. of another clock face, also 12:13pm.

We PULL BACK to reveal it's part of a BRASS CLOCK & BAROMETER COMBINATION hanging on a bare plywood wall.

O.S. we hear sounds of love-making, a woman moaning.

The brass clock & barometer SHUDDERS IN SYNC with them.

INT. "THE BRIEFING QUARTERS" - MOMENTS LATER

Pat lies on a BARE RUBBER FOAM PAD on the floor of this naturally lit shanty, clearly only built for one purpose. His hands are crossed behind his head, cigarette between his lips, a HUGE GRIN spread across his face.

Samantha sits on the edge of the makeshift mattress, putting on her blouse.

SAMANTHA

I'm going to marry Paul.

Pat lets the news sink in, exhales. Silence.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

This was the last time.

EXT. NASSAU HARBOUR DOCKS - DAY

Ben and a local stevedore load the last of the pumps into the back cabin of the BEAVER, which is beached tail first just off the wharf. He reluctantly tips the man after they finish.

VOICE (O.S.)

I see we both got the same disease!

Ben turns to see a PORTLY FLORIDIAN REDNECK in an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt and denim cut-off shorts. He sports a large untrimmed mustache that covers his entire upper lip.

BEN

Huh?

REDNECK
Flying seaplanes.

The redneck points at the Beaver.

REDNECK (CONT'D)
Can't cure it, but you can treat
the symptoms.

The redneck picks at the STICKY AMBER PAR-AL-KETONE painted on the elevator hinges. Ben continues strapping in the pumps, clearly not interested in the idle chit-chat.

REDNECK (CONT'D)
Had me a 185 on Edo's for awhile.
Loved every minute. That bitch
could really haul... but the
Beaver, that takes the cake for
payloads!

BEN
She *is* a work-horse.

REDNECK
Hell yeah...

The redneck casually rubs his hand along the horizontal stabilizer. Admiring the workmanship.

REDNECK (CONT'D)
I kind of dabble in the... er...
shipping business these days.

The redneck points towards the wooden fishing boats.

REDNECK (CONT'D)
I was looking to hire one of those
stinkpots... to carry a load to Key
West. Take about 30... 35 hours to
make the trip. Now, your Beaver
here, at 100 knots, she could do
that about... uhhh... 2 hours?

BEN
I don't carry that kind of cargo.

REDNECK
Oh come on man, its easy money.
I'll even pay you up-front.

BEN
I said "NO".

OFF Ben's face as Patrick swaggers down the wharf.

REDNECK

Listen compadre, its 800 pounds of good shit. I'll pay you top dollar and-

BEN

You need to step away from my plane.

(beat)

Now.

The redneck puts his hands up and slowly backs away. Patrick purposely bumps into him, stares menacingly into his face.

REDNECK

Ok brother... ok, ok... don't want no trouble. All the best to ya.

Ben turns back to securing the door on the Beaver.

BEN

(over his shoulder)

Briefing Quarters, huh?

PATRICK

Sorry, bumped into Samantha.

(beat)

Who was that cat?

BEN

Just another deadbeat with his bright idea for the day.

OFF Pat's expression as he watches the Redneck walk away, considering the idea inquisitively.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE TO MUSIC

AERIAL SHOTS

A) EXT. NASSAU HARBOUR - The Beaver lifting off the water as it flies beneath the Paradise Island bridge.

B) EXT. ROSE ISLAND - The Beaver flying East with Nassau Harbour and the bridge in the b.g.

C) EXT. CLOUDS - The Beaver levelled off at cruising altitude. Remote islands appear on the horizon ahead.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. BEAVER - DAY

Ben and Patrick sit in the cockpit, wearing headsets.

PATRICK
Sam's getting married.

Silence.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
To Paul Major.

BEN
What? You think she was gonna wait
forever?

PATRICK
Yeah but to a goof like Paul?

BEN
I don't know. City job, white
picket fence, Saturday barbecues.

Ben dips the wing. OFF Pat's face as he examines a cluster of
CORAL HEADS below.

BEN (CONT'D)
(*upbeat*)
C'mon, how 'bout we hit the fish
market for dinner?

EXT. BEAVER - OPEN OCEAN - DAY

WIDE ANGLE - HALF UNDERWATER, HALF ABOVE WATER

The Beaver drifts in the open waters of the Bahama Bank.
Infinite turquoise in every direction. A large CORAL HEAD is
visible through the GIN-CLEAR WATER.

INT. BEAVER - OPEN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Ben sits across the pilot seat, his legs dangling outside.

ON Pat in the f.g., breaking the ocean surface with a large
Nassau Grouper on his spear. Pats hands the spear and fish up
to Ben who angles it into the Beaver's pontoon compartment,
watching the fish slide off.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CAY - LATE AFTERNOON

A large, circular island with perfect CRESCENT BEACHES on three sides. To the southwest is a small rusty WAREHOUSE with a water ramp and marina; to the north is a STONE CLUBHOUSE with THREE COTTAGES built nearby. A wooden planked dock extends from the clubhouse 200 feet to the west.

INT. LIGNUM VITAE CLUB - RECEPTION - LATE AFTERNOON

We recognise KATHRYN LAWSON, 27, from the wedding photo at Pyfrom's Marine. Except now she's wearing a BLACK BIKINI, LEOPARD PRINT SARONG and has a pack of MARLBORO REDS tucked into her shoulder strap. She's got luscious, honey colored skin and a slight afro-frizz to her hair.

Kat checks in a French family.

KAT

All meals are served in the restaurant over there. You want snacks, we sell them in the store. You get one beach towel and one shower towel. You need laundry done, it's extra. Any questions, just hail me. I'll be around.

We TILT DOWN to see HONKEY - a large, white German Shepherd asleep at Kat's feet. She's giving him a belly rub.

FATHER

Merci.

KAT

I'll just have Neeley show you to your cottage.

(yelling loudly)

Neeeeeeleey! Neeeeeeleey!

The French parents jolt at Kat's high pitched scream as their six-year-old son plays with a screen door, pulling it open and letting it slam REPEATEDLY.

ON Kat's face, clearly bothered by the parents not disciplining their son.

O.S. we hear the hum of a RADIAL ENGINE approaching.

Suddenly, as if he'd seen a cat, HONKEY RUSHES OUT THE DOOR, knocking the six-year-old into a plant, which he pulls over, breaking its terra-cotta pot and spilling soil everywhere.

KAT (CONT'D)

HONKEY!

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CLUB - PATH - CONTINUOUS

As Honkey tears down the Path, a DONKEY involuntarily wearing a STRAW HAT, chases after him from o.s. This is DONKEY JOE, loved and feared by all guests.

KAT O.S.
Oh geez, you too Joe!

But they're already HALF WAY DOWN the beach, BARKING and HEE-HAWING like besotted maniacs.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CLUB - BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

The BEAVER is beached tail in as Ben washes it down with a fresh water hose. Pat skins the Nassau Grouper on a makeshift fish cleaning table in the sand while NEELEY, 22, a dark skinned local dude, loads the pumps into a wooden buggy.

Kat walks down the beach with two BECKS beers. She gives one to each of the boys, kisses Ben on the lips.

KAT
(*whispering firmly*)
We need to talk about those pumps...

BEN
Ahhhhh.....

Pat hands the cleaned fish to Kat.

PATRICK
Here ya go.
(*off her look*)
I gotta cut out. Gig at Slick's.

KAT
Alright, have a good one.

Pat heads off down the beach swigging his beer.

BEN
(*yelling after him*)
Try not to show up too late in the morning, we got lots of shit to do around here!

Pat throws back a "Roger" hand sign without turning around.

EXT. SMIDGEN CAY - SUNSET

A tiny crescent Cay - a glorified sandbar essentially - with a small ONE ROOM SHACK on stilts. Pat's little Boston Whaler is pulled up on the beach, tied to one of the stilts.

INT. PATRICK'S SHACK - SUNSET

A gabled plywood roof above bare, pine floors. A full size bed sits in one corner beneath a draped mosquito net.

A kerosene lantern casts warm light on a half bottle of Bacardi Anejo. Blues music wafts through the shack from a WIND-UP VINYL RECORD PLAYER.

Pat smokes a joint with a towel wrapped around his waist, still damp from the shower. He puts his black Fender Stratocaster in its case and props it up next to the door.

Pat humming to the music, buttoning his shirt, combing back his hair. He pops a kiss to his reflection in the mirror.

EXT. SMIDGEN CAY - SUNSET

Pat puts his guitar in the Boston Whaler and shoves off from the beach.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CAY - HILL HOUSE - SUNSET

A NATIVE STONE COTTAGE with a cedar shingle roof is nestled into the hill above the restaurant. ROTTING PLANKS are visible on the exterior porch. Soft light glows from the open screen windows. As we PUSH IN, we hear raised voices.

INT. HILL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Hodgepodge furniture is dotted around the open plan cottage. Dinner plates with a half finished meal still sit on a circular wooden table. Ben leans against the wall while Kat is still seated.

KAT

(yelling)

-how could you walk out of there with nothing?

BEN

I can't force the guy to write a cheque on the spot! He said he'll pay us in a couple of days so its no big deal. These things take time.

Silence.

KAT

We've got payroll due on Friday and we need to make a fuel order. If we lose power-

(exasperated)

What are we going to do?!

BEN

Why can't we pay for fuel with the bookings in the cottages?

KAT

Ben, we used that to pay *last* Friday's payroll.

(beat)

And now we've got to pay back Dad for the pumps you...

(makes quotation marks)

"stole".

Kat gets up and begins clearing the table angrily.

KAT (CONT'D)

Not to mention, he wants to charge interest.

Ben scoffs. Rolls his eyes.

BEN

I'll make a trip back into town Friday morning. Dumpfrey should have it by then. I can pay off the pumps and bring the rest back for payroll and fuel.

Ben moves towards Kat to comfort her but pushes him away.

KAT

(voice cracking)

We're just always hand-to-mouth.

(while leaving)

I'm sick of it.

ON Ben's face, running a hand firmly through his hair. A flicker of despair in his eyes.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Ben walks past the stone clubhouse. We can see three families eating dinner at the communal table inside. They're laughing together, enjoying their holiday.

INT. LIGNUM VITAE CLUB - GENERATOR SHED - NIGHT

An aging Lister 40KW generator roars in the center of the room illuminated by an exposed light bulb. The gritty floor is stained black with old engine room oil.

C.U. on a brass plaque that reads: "Betsy"

Ben walks around the machine, doing his nightly check.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CLUB - GENERATOR SHED - NIGHT

Ben walks towards a long, steel CYLINDRICAL FUEL TANK with a ladder and a wooden dip stick leaning up against one end.

Ben stands on the ladder, dipping the tank. As he drops the dipstick into the fill hole, we hear a HOLLOW EMPTY CLANK.

Ben pulls the dipstick out. The bright moonlight clearly shows there's only AN INCH OF DIESEL left.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. BOSTON WHALER - NIGHT

Pat guides his boat through the shallow waters between the Cays. Moonlight flickers like rivulets of mercury on the black ocean. The LOOM OF A SETTLEMENT glows in the distance.

ON Pat's blissful face as he cruises, enjoying the breeze. His guitar case leaning up against the bench beside him.

EXT. "THE SLICK CHICKEN" - NIGHT

The only place in town. Thatch roof, wooden walls, screened windows with propped open shutters. Capacity for a hundred people. A few stragglers drink and smoke outside. The chatter of people drinking spills out into the warm evening air.

Pat walks with his guitar past a sign propped up outside:

"LIVE MUSIC FRIDAYS, LOCAL BAND: *Sly Mongoose & The Scalliwags.*"

INT. "THE SLICK CHICKEN" - NIGHT

It's a beaten up, salty dive. A heavy U-shaped mahogany bar sits at its center, dried palm fronds tied around its base.

Maritime flags from visiting boats hang from the ceiling like ticker-tape while a forlorn pool table sits in the back.

Patrick catches the eye of TENNYSON "SLICK" WELLS, 48, the proprietor and only bartender. Slick is a dark-skinned Bahamian with an imposing, formidable presence. He's currently wearing an unbuttoned leather vest and five day beard - as if he only shaves for church, which he does.

Slick's face LIGHTS UP as Patrick approaches the bar.

SLICK

Ya late!

They grasp hands with a mutual, macho familiarity.

PATRICK

Traffic.

Slick reaches under the bar and grabs a beer while simultaneously throwing a light switch on the wall behind him. A CORNER STAGE with a DRUM KIT and AMPS lights up. Slick slides the beer down to Pat who looks around for his band.

BUSHMAN, drummer, is talking to a pair of tourist girls; DONNIE, bassist, is playing *Connect Four* with MAGIC TONY, rhythm guitar;

and TERRANCE "TANGO" GIBSON, keyboards, is watching the Miami Dolphins lose to the Houston Oilers on TV. The minute the stage lights up, they quit and move instinctively towards it.

INT. SLICK CHICKEN - STAGE - NIGHT

The band preps their instruments: Pat plugs in his guitar, Donnie and Tony set up microphones, Tango turns knobs on the crusty mixer, Bushman fiddles with his drums.

ON Pat as he leans in and sniffs his mic. PULLS BACK sharply.

PATRICK

Woah! Jesus, who gave me Donnie's mic?

Pat unplugs the mic and holds it in front of him like a DEAD RAT. The band laughs. Donnie hands him another mic.

DONNIE

(shrugging)

Guess everyone likes their own brand.

Pat looks out over the audience who are still scattered around the bar. He clears his throat into the mic.

PATRICK

OK, here we go.

The whole band kicks off in unison with an upbeat, reggae-rock style cover of the Blind Blake classic "Jones oh Jones".

A seasoned local drinking at the bar perks up immediately.

SEASONED LOCAL

(shouting)

OOOOH YEAH!

He throws his hands above his head and moves rhythmically onto the sandy dance floor. The ice has been broken.

Seconds later, the dance floor is packed with locals and tourists, moving to the exceptional sound.

ON Pat leaning into his mic, catching the eye of a sexy, young tourist girl. He winks at her, she giggles shyly.

START MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. SLICK CHICKEN - NIGHT

Pat singing with his band. The crowd going wild. The young, sexy tourist girl moving closer to the stage, locking eyes with Pat repeatedly as she dances.

PATRICK

(singing)

Had a pal by the name of Jones and
his idea sure was wrong, I took old
Jones for my personal pal, don't
you see what Jones has done?

B) EXT. AIR FIELD - NIGHT

An OUT ISLAND RUNWAY. A crew of Rastas with automatic machine guns load an aged twin engine Piper Aztec with BALES OF DOPE.

PATRICK (V.O.)

(singing)

Now, Jones, he hang around like a
hungry hound, took my woman and
left this town.

In the f.g we see the back of a STOCKY MAN supervising the operation. His BALD HEAD is illuminated by the bright moonlight. A BLACK PISTOL is tucked into his leather belt.

PATRICK (V.O.)

(singing)

Now I wonder if anybody in here can
tell me if you seen old Jones.

The LAST BALE is loaded into the Aztec and the cabin door is slammed shut. We PUSH IN on the PROPELLERS as the engine bursts into life. The plane taxis onto the runway.

PATRICK (V.O.)

(singing)

Jones, Oh, Jones, boy, you know you
can't last long, Jones, Oh, Jones,
you better bring my woman back
home.

C) INT. PIPER AZTEC - COCKPIT - NIGHT

A NAVIGATIONAL CHART is laid out on the Rasta pilot's lap. His finger TRACES A COURSE through the central Bahamas.

ON the Rasta's hand, moving to the throttle lever as he slowly advances the Aztec.

D) EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE

The Aztec accelerates down the runway and lifts into the sky.

MONTAGE ENDS - MUSIC AND ENGINE HUM FADE OUT TOGETHER

CUT TO:

EXT. SECRET COVE - FIRESIDE - FULL MOON NIGHT

The GENTLE ECHO of waves lapping against the shoreline.

An empty bottle of Bacardi Anejo wedged in the sand with Pat's Boston Whaler rocking in the b.g.

Pat and the sexy tourist girl make love on a blanket by the fire. Warm light dances across their writhing bodies. Just another day in life of Patrick Lawson.

EXT. SECRET COVE - FIRESIDE - DAWN

The fire's now just a collection of GLOWING COALS. DAWN LIGHT seeps over the horizon.

ON Pat and the tourist girl, SLEEPING NAKED on the blanket.

O.S. we hear the FAINT DRONE of an AIRPLANE ENGINE. It's getting steadily louder.

Pat's eyes SNAP OPEN, as if by instinct.

ZOOOOOOOOOOOOM! A low flying Piper Aztec rips right overhead!

Pat sits BOLT UPRIGHT, following the plane as it flies inland over a mangrove swamp, kicking bales out the back.

Pat watches as the first bale lands JUST 100 YARDS away.

ON Pat's face as he hears the WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP of an APPROACHING HELICOPTER.

We linger on Pat's dumfounded expression as military green APACHE HELICOPTER whizzes by in pursuit of the Aztec.

EXT. SECRET COVE - MANGROVE BUSH - DAWN

Pat's now in denim shorts, picking his way through the mangroves, searching for the closest bale.

Pat discovers the bale, wedged into the branches of a mangrove bush. He pulls out his pocket knife and makes a small incision in its CANVAS SACK.

Pat pulls out a pinch of BUSH WEED. Smells it, smiles, then stuffs a handful in his pocket.

SEXY TOURIST (O.S.)
(shouting in distance)
Hello?

Pat pushes the bale deep down into the mangrove bush.

INT. "THE SLICK CHICKEN" - MAIN BAR - MORNING

A stranger slides an envelope across the bar. Slick takes it and peers inside to see a THICK WADGE OF CASH.

STRANGER

What kind of deal can you cut me on the holding fee?

SLICK

This is a drop house, I don't cut any deals. If you want to negotiate, go to a bank.

Slick counts the money and records the transaction in a hardback ledger.

SLICK (CONT'D)

Next of kin?

STRANGER

Huh?

SLICK

(annoyed)

Who do you want me to give the money to if something happens to you? Just in case.

STRANGER

My sister. Helen Rolle, up on King Street.

SLICK

(writing in his ledger)

Hmm mmm.

The back door slams as Patrick enters the bar.

SLICK (CONT'D)

(louder)

Alright then, that'll cover your whole tab. Thanks for coming by.

The stranger exits through the back door as Patrick sits down at the bar. Slick slips the envelope of cash into his ledger and places it in a drawer.

SLICK (CONT'D)

What ya say ole boy?! You guys were ON FIRE last night! I telling ya, one day...

Slick points his finger at Patrick.

SLICK (CONT'D)

...you gonna hit da big time!

Slick cracks open a BECKS and slides it over to Pat.

SLICK (CONT'D)
Bit of the hair... on the house.

PATRICK
Thanks man. Morning glory.

Pat takes a swig of the frosty beer. Slick passes him some folded up cash. Pat counts it, looks confused.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Bit short isn't it?

SLICK
Obviously you don't remember picking up that bird's drinks!

PATRICK
Ahhhhh.... geeez.

ON a ROTARY DIAL TELEPHONE as it rings behind the bar.

SLICK
(*into phone*)
This is Slick!
(*beat, laughing*)
Actually, there happens to be one "asshole brother" sitting right in front of me.
(*beat*)
How you doing by the way?
(*beat*)
Well, hang in there ole boy. I know you'll pull through. Kiss to Kat.

Slick hands the phone over to Pat, retrieves his ledger from the drawer and steps o.s. into his office behind the bar.

PATRICK
(*into the phone*)
Morning sunshine.

INT. "THE SLICK CHICKEN" - SLICK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Slick rests his ledger on the cluttered desk, selects a key from a leather key chain and unlocks the bottom drawer.

PATRICK (O.S.)
(*faintly*)
Listen, you won't believe what I saw this morning...

Slick pauses, cranes his neck to hear Patrick's conversation.

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(faintly)
 I was over by Preacher's Cove and
 this plane -
(beat)
 Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'll tell you
 later, don't wanna hold you up.
(beat)
 Sure thing. Three quarter hose
 clamps.

INT. THE SLICK CHICKEN - MORNING

Pat looks at his watch, still holding the phone.

PATRICK
 Chacarra's should be open in a few
 minutes.

Pat leans over the bar, rests the receiver in its cradle.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
 Thanks Slick, catch you later!

SLICK (O.S.)
(yelling)
 Alright ole boy!

INT. "THE SLICK CHICKEN" - SLICK'S OFFICE - MORNING

ON Slick's face. A CURIOUS EXPRESSION across his brow as he
 rubs his upper lip with his finger.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CAY CLUB - PUMP HOUSE - MORNING

Ben leans over a fresh water pressure pump trying to stop a
 bad leak. Water keeps spraying in his face.

BEN
 Goddammit!

He shuts off a valve. The water leak stops. He sighs, dries
 his face on his shirt as KAT pops her head around the door.

KAT
 Any luck? The guests in Cottage 2
 are still complaining.

BEN
 I can't do much more until Pat gets
 here with the clamps.

Pause.

KAT
Well, they're really getting
impatient.

BEN
(*irritated*)
Well there just gonna have to wait!

Neeley comes running.

NEELEY
(*out of breath*)
We just lost power in the kitchen!

BEN
Son of a bitch!

Ben storms off towards the generator shed, leaves Kat standing there. We linger on her anxious face.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CAY - BACK HARBOR DOCK - LATE MORNING

WIDE ANGLE, THE ENTIRE DOCK

Patrick tying up the Boston Whaler at one end, Ben walking towards him from the other end.

NEW ANGLE, FACE-TO-FACE

BEN
It's about time.

PATRICK
We gotta talk.

BEN
Don't really have time right now.

Ben extends his hand expecting the hose clamps.

PATRICK
Just wait up, hear me out.
(*gathers himself*)
I saw a plane ditch some bales this
morning over the mangroves by
Preacher's Cove.

Pat reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pinch of weed.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Didn't get wet.

BEN
Patty, I don't have time for this
shit. Just give me the clamps.

PATRICK
Goddammit Ben, just listen to me.

Ben's still standing with his hand out. He gives up, sighs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(*raising his voice*)
This place is hanging on by a
thread! I know you didn't have the
money to buy those pumps yesterday.
You can't even make the fuel order!

Pat points towards *Gussy Mae* tied up against the dock.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I mean, Jesus, half her engine room
is held together with duct tape!
(*beat*)
We do this, we could be done by
lunch. It's just sitting there.
(*beat*)
All we have to do is pick it up and
take it to Nassau. There's this
Cubanese-Chinesie guy on Hospital
Lane. Juan Suan. Got a laundromat.
Pays up front.

Ben doesn't say a word. Just stares acidly at his brother.

BEN
Stealing somebody else's dope? Are
you fucking kidding me? You know
how hard I work to keep-

PATRICK
(*a little sarcastic*)
We all know how hard you work, man.
(*serious*)
But this could fix shit!

BEN
Yeah and spend the rest of our
lives looking over our shoulders!
(*getting in Pat's face*)
Why don't you try fixing something
around here for a change?

PATRICK
They dumped it, man.
(*patronising him*)
They're not coming back.

Ben steps closer.

BEN
We're talking about stealing drugs
here, man.
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
(*shaking his head*)
Dad would be so disappointed.

Silence. A fight about to break out.

Pat reaches into his pocket and SLAMS THE CLAMPS into Ben's chest, brushing past him as he walks towards *Gussy Mae*.

ON Ben's face, looking down at the clamps, contemplating.

INT. GUSSY MAE - SALON - DAY

Patrick examines a nautical chart on the salon table.

We see a CRESCENT BAY marked PREACHER'S COVE and a SHADED AREA marked MANGROVE FLATS stretching for miles behind it.

Pat deliberately marks an 'X' where he found the FIRST BALE, then picks up a ruler and draws a STRAIGHT LINE from the 'X' through the mangroves in the direction the Aztec flew.

Patrick marks a trail from the edge of Nicholls Town through the miles of WILD TERRAIN into the mangroves.

INT. GUSSY MAE - GALLEY - DAY

Patrick takes out an OLD FASHIONED REVOLVER from a drawer, checks it's loaded. He picks up a BOX OF BULLETS.

Pat fills a water flask, seals it. Then rolls up his chart and stuffs everything into a beaten, BLACK RUCKSACK.

INT. SALVAGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

A myriad of AGED SALVAGE GEAR is stacked on the floor and hangs on the walls: lines, inner-tubes, scuba tanks, parts of an old diesel engine, bent propellers. Tools hang on nails above a work bench.

A sign behind a drill press reads: IF YOU BREAK IT, FIX IT!

Pat pulls a canvas cover quickly off a 1972 KAWASAKI 150cc DIRT-BIKE. He pours a jerry jug of fuel into the gas tank.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE NO. 1 - BATHROOM - DAY

Ben turns on the shower, checks the water pressure. Strong.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CLUB - BAR - DAY

Ben enters through a back door, it's deserted. He leans up against the bar for a second, enjoying the stillness.

PUSH IN on Ben's face as he rubs his forehead, notices a bottle of Rhum Barbancourt Five Star. He stares at the amber contents until a RADIO TRANSMISSION pierces the stillness.

VHF RADIO VOICE

Out Island Salvage, Out Island
Salvage this is motor vessel Blue
Moon, over.

Ben turns his head towards the VHF Radio mounted in the corner of the bar. He moves quickly towards it.

VHF RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

Out Island Salvage, Out Island
Salvage, come in please.

Ben picks up the radio mic.

BEN

Blue Moon, this is Out Island
Salvage. Channel Six Eight?

VHF RADIO VOICE

Roger, roger. Six Eight.

Ben turns the VHF DIAL to 68.

BEN

Blue Moon, you copy Out Island
Salvage on Six Eight?

VHF RADIO VOICE

I copy. Is this Ben Lawson?

BEN

Yes it is. What can I do for ya?

VHF RADIO VOICE

Hello Ben, this is Tom Watkins.
I'm up here anchored off Highbourne
Cay. We're a forty eight foot
Trawler. The folks at the marina
told me to give you a call about a
tow into Nassau. We had a little
accident yesterday, hit a coral
head and bent up our propeller
pretty good. Not sure if the shaft
is bent but we definitely need some
repairs. Any chance you're
available and if so, how much would
that cost?

BEN

We are available to do that. I take it you want to get to Jack's Marine?

VHF RADIO VOICE

That's a roger. I've already put in a call to them and they can haul us out right away.

BEN

Very good. We can be to you in about six hours and the tow into Nassau should take another seven if all goes well...

(beat)

The cost would be \$3,600.

Ben scrunches his face in anticipation. Pause.

VHF RADIO VOICE

Any chance of doing it for \$3,000 cash?

BEN

Tell you want, I'll do it for \$3,200 if you can pay me when I get to you.

VHF RADIO VOICE

We got a deal.

BEN

Sounds good. We will make preparations to get underway.

Ben as he looks at his watch.

BEN (CONT'D)

We should be to you by six this evening.

VHF RADIO VOICE

Much appreciated Ben, we will look forward to seeing you. Blue Moon back to One Six.

BEN

One Six.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CLUB - RECEPTION - DAY

Kat pores over a hand-drawn resort map with a guest.

KAT
 If you keep along this trail and
 take a right here it will take you
 up the hill...

Ben enters, walks swiftly towards Kat and the guest.

BEN
 Sorry to interrupt, but can I
 borrow my wife for just a second?

They step to the side.

BEN (CONT'D)
 We got a tow job! Highbourne to
 Nassau, \$3200!

KAT
 That's great!

BEN
 Go ahead and make the fuel order.
 I'll see you tomorrow.

ON Ben leaning in and giving Kat a kiss. They share a moment.

BEN (CONT'D)
 I love you.
 (beat)
 Seen Pat?

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CAY - BACK HARBOR DOCK - DAY

Pat wears the rucksack, rolls the dirt-bike towards his
 Boston Whaler. Ben runs behind him, jumps aboard GUSSY MAE.

BEN
 (shouting to Pat)
 WE GOT A TOW JOB! HIGHBOURNE TO
 NASSAU! LETS GO!

Ben motions "lets go" and disappears into the engine room.

PUSH IN on Pat's face as he looks at his brother, then back
 at the Boston Whaler. It holds his gaze for an extra second.

EXT. GUSSY MAE - AFT DECK - DAY

O.S. we hear the ENGINE ROAR into life.

Ben pops up from the engine room deck hatch, runs into the
 pilot house...

INT. GUSSY MAE - PILOT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...where Pat already stands with his arms firmly crossed.

BEN

I'm glad you're coming.

Ben leans over the chart-table and starts plotting a course to Highbourne Cay. Pat throws his rucksack on the settee.

PATRICK

(exiting)

I'll go check the engine. She's probably warmed up now.

BEN

Thanks.

ON Ben walking off his course to calculate an arrival time.

O.S. we hear the engine RAPIDLY CRESCENDO from an idle to full speed. The HIGH PITCHED REVS pierce the pilot house.

ON Ben's INSTANTLY CONCERNED FACE as he races towards the engine room hatch door. The engine is RUNNING AWAY.

The sound grows louder and louder until...

KABOOM!!!

END ACT II

ACT III

MONTAGE STARTS

ALL ACTION IS SILENT BAR A CONSTANT, HIGH-PITCHED RINGING

INT. GUSSY MAE - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

STEAM. THICK SMOKE.

ON Ben jumping down the ladder and racing towards Pat who lies on the floor, unconscious.

ON Ben coughing, STRUGGLING TO BREATHE. He slips his arms around his brother's chest and drags him towards the hatch.

C.U. on Pat's face, unconscious. His shirt is stained with oil and coolant fluid.

ON Ben dragging his brother up the hatch stairs, yelling for help. TERROR IN HIS EYES.

EXT. GUSSY MAE - AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Pat's limp body lies on the aft deck while Ben tries to revive him, SCREAMING for help.

ON KAT arriving. Followed closely by Neeley and other staff members. PURE PANIC.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CAY - BACK HARBOR DOCK - CONTINUOUS

PAT'S POV

Shaking, blurred vision. Consciousness kicking in and out. Ben's face above him, screaming his name.

EXT. BOSTON WHALER - DAY

ON Pat, his head resting in Kat's lap as Ben races over the shallow turquoise flats towards Nicholls Town.

INT. NICHOLLS TOWN CLINIC - DAY

ON a rolling cot with Pat's body bursting through the door, Ben, Kat, the island doctor and a nurse pushing it.

As the cot enters another room, the Dr. PUTS HIS HAND on Ben's chest suddenly, stopping him.

ON the DOOR CLOSING as Ben and Kat stand in the hallway.

PUSH IN on Ben beneath the strip lights. His shirt covered in oil stains and coolant. Despair, helplessness in his eyes.

END MONTAGE - NORMAL SOUND RETURNS

INT. NICHOLLS TOWN CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Ben sits on a white, plastic chair while Kat rubs his back.

Dr. Knowles, 65, enters. He's a tall, dark-skinned man with a light, grey beard. Has the look of a retired surgeon, which is exactly what he is. Ben stands up.

DR. KNOWLES

(slow, deliberate)

Your brother's stable now. We have him on a mechanical respirator as he's unable to breathe on his own.

(beat)

He's inhaled hot coolant vapor which burnt his upper airway...

Dr. Knowles demonstrates the area on his own neck.

DR. KNOWLES (CONT'D)

...above the glottis. This caused rapid swelling which is now obstructing the airway.

(beat)

All we can do for him here is maintain his breathing and fight off infection. He needs to be operated on. It's a simple procedure with the right equipment.

BEN

How soon can I fly him to Nassau?

DR. KNOWLES

If we move him without the proper life support equipment, *he will die*. The Bahamas doesn't have any Medivac services and what we have here isn't mobile. You must hire a private company out of Florida. Their aircraft are fully equipped to deal with something like this.

(beat)

It is expensive. Does he have insurance?

Ben shakes his head.

BEN

What about the Coast Guard chopper?

DR. KNOWLES

The Coast Guard won't touch him
because he's not a US citizen.

The grim reality begins to sink in.

BEN

How much do I need?

DR. KNOWLES

It's eight thousand.

Ben looks at Kat, then back at Dr. Knowles.

KAT

I know it seems like a lot and
that's the best deal I can get from
them. Their overhead is tremendous
and they can't do it for any less.
I know you can understand.

Ben nods.

BEN

I don't have eight thousand. I'd be
hard pressed to scrounge up eight
hundred. There's gotta be something
else we can do.

DR. KNOWLES

I'm really sorry. There's nothing I
can do. The swelling *will* worsen.

BEN

How long before we need to Medivac?

DR. KNOWLES

Two days, maybe three at most.

CUT TO:

INT. GUSSY MAE - GALLEY - NIGHT

Ben sits on the salon settee, knees pulled to his chest. A half glass of rum sits on the table next to him. He's wearing the same soiled clothes from the accident.

ON a faded PHOTOGRAPH pinned up on the galley fridge of a much younger Ben and Patrick, standing in a 13-foot Boston Whaler FULL OF CRAWFISH. They each hold one up by its antenna, arms around each other's shoulders, huge smiles.

ON Ben's BLOODSHOT EYES as he slowly begins to fade into a rum-and-exhaustion-induced sleep.

PUSH IN on the EYE LIDS growing heavier, they finally close.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

The SAME EYE LIDS, fast asleep. They're younger, no wrinkles.

The lids POP OPEN, revealing brighter eyes - not bloodshot.

We PULL BACK to reveal a 14-YEAR-OLD BEN lying in bed. The room is dark but the door is cracked open. A slant of light.

O.S we hear two men's voices deep in conversation.

Ben gets up, walks sleepily out the room.

INT. LAWSON COTTAGE - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ben exits the bathroom, heading towards his bedroom. As he passes the cracked kitchen door, he hears his name. Pauses.

NEIL O.S.

-but that's just half of it. Ben's tougher. It's in his blood. You can see it when they do odd jobs around the workshop.

MALE VOICE O.S.

You're lucky you got two boys right off the bat. We had to knock out two daughters until I got my first.

INT. LAWSON COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

BEN'S POV THROUGH THE CRACKED DOOR

We see NEIL LAWSON, 44, sitting at a circular kitchen table dressed in a wind cheater, jeans and a ball cap. He's got the air of a mariner - cropped beard, deep tan, rough hands. He's spinning an old coin on the table while he talks.

Sitting with his BACK TO CAMERA is an UNIDENTIFIED WHITE BAHAMIAN. He wears a white sweater and a pair of SPERRY TOP-SIDER SHOES. His greying hair is cut neatly above the collar.

NEIL

Yeah, well, they've had to grow up real fast. We've been living like a pack of dogs since Samantha died.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE

Ah, you've done a fine job. They'll be running this place one day.

(MORE)

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (CONT'D)
(beat, he drinks)
 Family businesses can be tough.

NEIL
 Patrick's got the charm, no doubt
 about that. Everyone adores him.
 But he's a romantic. Sensitive.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE
 He's twelve!

NEIL
 Yeah, but Ben'll have to take care
 of him. I can see it already.
(beat)
 Christ, he'll be taking care of us
 all one day!

UNIDENTIFIED MALE
 You said it!

They both laugh heartily.

NEW ANGLE - FROM NEIL'S POV

ON BEN'S FACE as he peeks through the cracked door. Suddenly,
 the young pair of eyes disappear.

INT. BEN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ben creeps back into his bed. He stares up at the CEILING
 FAN, processing the conversation. We PUSH IN on his eyes as
 they grow heavy, finally closing again as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GUSSY MAE - GALLEY - PRE-DAWN

...Ben's PRESENT DAY EYE LIDS as they SNAP OPEN. The eyes are
 bloodshot again but now there's a LOOK OF DEFIANCE in them.

They lock on Pat's BLACK RUCKSACK, still sitting on the
 settee where he left it, the chart sticking out the end.

INT. HILL HOUSE - BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

Ben tiptoes over to Kat who is fast asleep. He stops a few
 feet away, the early morning light slanting across the bed.

Ben studies her. Silent thoughts. Slips a note beside her.

PUSH IN on the note: "Gone to Nassau to see Dumpfrey. Back tonight. Tell Dr. Knowles will have \$. Love you."

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

EXT. PREACHER'S COVE - DAWN

The Beaver soars over this crescent beach and the vast mangrove flats beyond. Pat's dirt-bike is strapped securely to its right pontoon.

INT. BEAVER - DAWN

Ben has Pat's chart laid out across his lap. His right hand guides the CONTROL YOKE while his left grips BINOCULARS.

EXT. RED MANGROVE BUSH - DAWN

ON a SQUARE CANVAS BAG wedged into the upper branches of a mangrove bush, wrapped tightly in TAN MASKING TAPE.

O.S. the roar of the Beaver's radial engine.

INT. BEAVER - DAWN

Ben dips his wing, scans the mangroves below.

BINOCULAR POV

The crosshairs move over, then return, to the same tan bale, nestled high up in the bush. He marks an "X" on the chart.

EXT. MANGROVES - SALTWATER POND - EARLY MORNING

A saltwater pond sits at the center of the vast mangrove bog.

The Beaver circles overhead, looking for the longest straightaway, then swoops in and lands.

EXT. MANGROVES - EARLY MORNING

Ben sits on the dirt-bike as its engine hums, Pat's black rucksack on his back.

The Beaver's visible in the b.g., anchored in the pond.

Ben checks his watch, scans horizon and sky. Then he pulls the chart out and spreads it on his lap.

PUSH IN on 6 'X's, all roughly along Patrick's original line.

EXT. DIRT BIKE - MORNING

Ben rides through the mangroves. Sand sprays out behind the bike. Three bales are already strapped to the back.

EXT. MANGROVES - MORNING

Ben spots a fourth bale stuck up high in the branches of a large mangrove bush. He shuts down the dirt-bike.

Ben walks towards the fourth bale, the piercing stillness broken only by occasional bird calls.

EXT. MANGROVE BUSH - MORNING

ON Ben straining to reach up to the bale, which is jammed amongst the branches.

ON Ben's feet precariously perched on a mangrove root as he stretches to free the bale.

ON Ben's foot slipping...

BEN

Woah!

...as he falls onto the boggy ground with a LOUD THUD.

ON Ben, laying on his back. Groans.

O.S. we hear MEN'S VOICES and RUSTLING amongst the mangroves.

Ben jumps to his feet, turning towards the noise. He slips the ruck sack off his back and clumsily pulls out the pistol.

O.S. The voices GET LOUDER as the rustling approaches.

Ben holds the pistol in front of him with two shaking hands. He cocks the hammer. CLICK.

The voices are SUPER CLOSE now. Ben breathes hard, fast.

Suddenly, a Bahamian with a TALL WALKING STICK and a 12-year-old boy carrying a HEAVY CROCKER SACK emerge from the bushes.

ON Ben's face, the tension dissolving. He quickly lets the pistol drop to his side.

The man and boy stop dead in their tracks. They're barefoot, wear ragged trousers and tattered collared shirts.

PUSH IN on the Crocker sack. The contents are MOVING.

The man looks down at the pistol, then at the dirt bike. Awkward silence as everyone assesses the situation.

EARL
(pointing to the pistol)
 You huntin' some big land crab, eh?

Ben laughs nervously, un-cocks the pistol and slips it back into his rucksack.

BEN
(swallowing)
 Thought you was wild hog.

The father chuckles to himself.

EARL
 I'm Earl. Dis my son, Deon.

BEN
 Nice to meet y'all.

EARL
 Dat bike scare da land crab.

BEN
 Right.

EARL
 Better ta hunt on foot.

Ben nods, Deon points at the bales on the back of the bike.

DEON
 Daddy, he mussie got plenty crab in d'ere?

EARL
 Hmmm, hmmm.

The father points past Ben with his stick.

EARL (CONT'D)
 We going dis way.

Ben nods. The father smiles knowingly as he walks past him, disappearing again into the mangroves.

EXT. BEAVER - SALT WATER POND - MORNING

Ben loads the six bales into the back of the seaplane and closes the cargo door. He checks his watch, 9:12am.

EXT. SALTWATER POND - MORNING

The pond is an ELONGATED OVAL with a straightaway of approx. 900 feet ending with a WALL OF MANGROVES.

We PUSH IN on the Beaver as Ben fires the RADIAL ENGINE.

MONTAGE WITH SUPERFAST INTERCUTS STARTS

EXT. The Beaver taxis towards the down wind end of the pond.

INT. Ben's hand reaches down to retract the WATER RUDDER LEVER.

EXT. The Beaver's water rudders retract as the plane windvanes into the wind.

INT. Ben's POV on the mangrove wall ahead, analyzing his take-off distance. It's gonna be close.

INT. Ben's hand pushing the THROTTLE LEVER fully forward.

EXT. The RADIAL ENGINE roars to full power.

EXT. The plane squats down in the water as the nose rises up.

INT. Ben with the yoke fully pulled back into his chest. He gently releases back pressure, allowing the yoke to move forwards slightly.

EXT. The accelerating Beaver rises ONTO A STEP on the water.

EXT. WIDE ANGLE: The beaver slowly gaining speed on the pond as it approaches the WALL OF MANGROVES at the windward end.

INT. Ben's face, intently watching the AIRSPEED INDICATOR. His right hand on the FLAP LEVER, still in the retracted position.

EXT. Mangroves wall POV as the Beaver rapidly approaches, not yet airborne. Impact is imminent.

INT. Ben QUICKLY PULLS the flap lever.

EXT. The plane JUMPS OFF the water as the wing flaps fold down, the keel of the pontoons clipping the tops of the mangroves as it soars just over them.

MONTAGE WITH SUPERFAST INTERCUTS ENDS

INT. DEHAVILAND BEAVER - MIDDAY

Ben is flying at altitude wearing a headset and Aviators. The mirage of Nassau looms on the horizon. He turns on the radio.

VOICE

(scratchy transmission)

-altimeter twenty nine point niner six, wind zero seven zero at one two gusts to one eight. Runway nine in use, runway one four available upon request. All participating V F R aircraft contact Nassau approach control on one two one point zero approximately twenty five miles from Nassau and await instructions...

Ben switches off the radio and begins to descend below Nassau's radar altitude.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DEHAVILAND BEAVER - MIDDAY

The Beaver flies no more than 50ft above the ocean.

EXT. NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE - MIDDAY

ON the Beaver crossing the Casuarina littered shoreline still 50ft above the ground. Neighborhoods of shanty homes and broke-down cars pass underneath.

ON the Beaver passing over the wetlands as it approaches Lake Cunningham in the center of the island. Traffic is visible along JFK Drive.

ON the Beaver gracefully touching down on the DEAD CALM LAKE, zipping past grand colonial family homes with large lawns.

EXT. BRIEFING QUARTERS - LOT - MIDDAY

Ben secures the plane to a tall Gum Elemi tree on the shoreline and unties the dirt bike from the float. The surrounding foliage hides the plane and the shack from view.

EXT. BRIEFING QUARTERS - SHACK - MIDDAY

Ben stashes the bales beneath the shack's stilts. He cuts open the last one and wraps a handful of the DARK GREEN BUSH WEED up in a bandana. Then covers the bales with palm fronds.

INT. BRIEFING QUARTERS SHACK - MIDDAY

Ben picks up the bed's only pillow and pushes the cushion down into the pillowcase, making room for the bandana. He then puts the makeshift 'laundry bag' into his ruck sack.

EXT. NASSAU STREETS - MIDDAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

Ben zips past faded pink colonial buildings, Poinciana-lined roundabouts. Heavy traffic clogs the tiny roads.

Ben navigates between cars, carefully picking a path around Jitney Buses and heavy Ford F-150 trucks.

Ben takes a sharp right turn up off Shirley Street, up Hawkins Hill and down into the poorer neighborhoods.

EXT. JUAN SUAN'S LAUNDROMAT - HOSPITAL LANE - DAY

Ben pulls up at a nondescript brown building with a simple "Laundromat" sign out front.

Ben hops off the bike, looks up/down the street nervously.

INT. JUAN SUAN'S LAUDROMAT - DAY

Ben enters holding the pillow case at his side.

It's a basic laundromat: florescent strip lights above a long Formica counter top. A copy of the local tabloid, *The Punch*, lies open beside a hand-crank cash register.

Behind the counter, sheets of Eisenglass hanging from the ceiling separates the 'front' from the 'back' of the shop. A faded Cuban flag sits on the opposite wall.

A Yoda-esq Chinese-Cuban man, dressed flamboyantly in a silk flowery shirt and half-moon glasses stands behind the counter, arguing with a customer.

This is JUAN SUAN, 52. He smokes a hand-rolled cigarette while a radio plays Cuban merengue in the background.

JUAN SUAN

Juan Suan tell you, only three shirts came in. Now you have them back, they are clean, so you pay and transaction complete.

CUSTOMER

I done brought you four shirts you mussie lost the next one.

JUAN SUAN
*(motioning with his hand
 impatiently)*
 Let Juan see ticket.

CUSTOMER
 Man, I ain't got no ticket.

Juan looks over at Ben standing nervously in the corner.

JUAN SUAN
(back to the customer)
 See sign?

We RACK FOCUS to a faded sign on the wall: "NO TICKET, NO GUARANTEE. SIGNED, THE MANAGEMENT."

JUAN SUAN (CONT'D)
 Goodbye.

The customer shakes his head, walks past Ben as he exits.

CUSTOMER
(sucking teeth)
 Man, dis chink crooked.

Juan stares at Ben over his half-moon glasses, tilting his head down suspiciously.

Ben walks up to the counter, sets the pillow case down. They stare at each other for a silent moment.

ON Juan, never taking his suspicious gaze off of Ben, opening the pillow case. He QUICKLY GLANCES inside, then back at Ben, appraising the situation quickly.

ON Juan, still staring at Ben, reaching his hand into the pillow and removing a pinch of the weed. His other hand drifts instinctively to his shirt front pocket and pulls out a rolling paper.

ON Juan quickly rolling a near-perfect joint, never taking his glare off Ben's face. He places the joint between his lips, lights it, pulls a deep drag, holds it for a couple seconds, then exhales RIGHT INTO BEN'S FACE.

Ben coughs, fanning the smoke away.

JUAN SUAN
 Lock the door.

Ben does as he's told, returns to the counter.

JUAN SUAN (CONT'D)
 This some dirty laundry. You police?

BEN

No. I want to sell it.

JUAN SUAN

How you know about Juan Suan?

BEN

A friend told me. Said I could trust you.

Juan considers this. Scratches his head with a pencil.

JUAN SUAN

How much more you have?

BEN

Six bales. Probably... thirty pounds each?

JUAN SUAN

Bales twenty five pounds each.

Juan takes another hit on the joint, relaxes his gaze on Ben. He sits down on a tall bamboo stool.

JUAN SUAN (CONT'D)

(speaking slowly)

I can see this your first time cupcake, so Juan try be gentle. Tonight, you bring all bales to back of shop.

(gesturing behind him)

Use alleyway. Juan handle the rest. Price is three thousand dollar.

BEN

For all of it?

Juan can't resist a smile.

JUAN SUAN

Each, cupcake.

BEN

Alright.

Ben turns to leave. As he gets to the door, he pauses.

BEN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

JUAN SUAN

Be careful. Desperation get you killed.

Ben stares back at Juan intensely, then exits.

EXT. BACK OF LAUNDROMAT - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A dark alleyway just wide enough for single traffic. Trash litters the sides. A potcake dog rummages for scraps.

Ben arrives with two bales strapped to his bike and another sitting on his lap. He flips the kickstand.

EXT. BACK OF LAUNDROMAT - DOORWAY - NIGHT

Juan stands in the doorway smoking a cigarette. The interior light drains out through the doorway, silhouetting him.

Ben carries the last bale over, a stack now visible just inside the door.

BEN

That's the last of them.

JUAN SUAN

Very good.

Beat. Ben looks at Juan.

BEN

Soooo... the money?

SUDDENLY and EXPERTLY Juan FINGER STABS Ben's trachea, instantly dropping him to his knees.

As Ben fights to breathe, Juan puts his foot on his back and pulls out a SILVER ANKLE PISTOL. He pulls Ben's head up, holds it to his temple.

JUAN SUAN

(now speaking in his real voice - Cuban accent)

Why don't I kill you now and keep my money, pay-aso?

(beat)

This is a dark game you try to play. Game built on trust.

(beat)

So the question is, can I trust you?

BEN

(still choking)

You can trust me!

Juan stares into Ben's eyes. Processing.

Ben stares back, never relaxes his gaze until... Juan finally lets go, stands up, holsters the pistol.

Ben coughs, the air returning to his lungs. He collapses against the side of the Laundrette, heavy breathing.

Juan sits down on the stack of bales and crosses his legs revealing an envelope in his other sock. He starts rolling another cigarette.

JUAN SUAN

(back to original accent)

My wife clean, healthy woman. She never drink. She never smoke.

(motions to his papers)

I start smoking as a young man. My first cigarette taste like dog ass.

Ben sits with his hand on his throat, still trying to catch his breath.

JUAN SUAN (CONT'D)

It give me a headache. Burn my throat. But next day, I want another. And that one taste a little better.

Juan puts the rolled cigarette between his lips, lights it.

JUAN SUAN (CONT'D)

(inhaling deeply)

Now, I love my cigarette. Cannot live without them...

He exhales, takes the envelope from his sock and hands it to Ben. As Ben reaches out to take it, Juan holds onto it for AN EXTRA FEW SECONDS, staring meaningfully into his eyes.

JUAN SUAN (CONT'D)

...even though I know they killing me.

END ACT IV

ACT V

START TIMELAPSE - MUSIC PLAYS

EXT. DE HAVILAND BEAVER - DAWN

CLOSE UP of the Beaver's RADIAL ENGINE firing up as smoke shoots from the exhaust pipes.

EXT. LAKE CUNNINGHAM - DAWN

WIDE SHOT

The Beaver lifting off the dead calm lake and flying towards the sunrise.

EXT. LAUNDRETTE BACK DOOR - ALLEYWAY - DAWN

Juan leans up against the doorway as a white van backs up towards him. The van's back doors open and a Rasta emerges.

Juan points at the pile of bales just inside the doorway.

EXT. LAUNDRETTE ALLEYWAY - WHITE VAN - DAWN

The Rasta loads the last bale into the van and climbs inside. Juan hands him an envelope and slams the back doors shut.

EXT. RUSTIC PATH - DAWN

The white van snakes down a narrow sandy road adjacent to a canal system. Casuarina pines and bush scrub either side. A dock with a 40ft BERTRAM tied to it is visible at the end.

EXT. PRIVATE DOCK - BERTRAM - DAWN

The Rasta hands the bales down to a wiry Floridian fisherman with sun-destroyed skin. This is "THE CAPTAIN", mid-30s.

The Capt. has a gold-dipped SHARK TOOTH NECKLACE and a fishing hook earring in his left ear. He sports cut-off denim shorts and a button-up fly fishing vest.

EXT. BERTRAM COCKPIT - DAWN

The Capt. stashes the bales beneath the unscrewed false bottom of a fish hold. He then re-screws the bottom back into place and dumps several buckets of fish and guts on top.

EXT. NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE - COASTLINE - DAWN

The Bertram speeds out to sea away from the rising sun.

EXT. NICHOLL'S TOWN CLINIC - FIELD - MORNING

Dr. Knowles' staff push a gurney-ridden Patrick towards a waiting Medivac helicopter, its rotor still spinning.

Ben and Kat follow, holding Pat's hands. Dr. Knowles pumps the mechanical breathing apparatus as they move.

EXT. MEDIVAC HELICOPTER - MORNING

The helicopter medical crew load the gurney into the helicopter, hooking Patrick up to the life support system.

EXT. NICHOLLS TOWN CLINIC - FIELD - MORNING

The helicopter takes off before a crowd of bystanders.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE COAST - LATE AFTERNOON

The Bertram blends into the traffic of other sport fishing boats returning from the Gulf Stream.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE CANAL SYSTEM - LATE AFTERNOON

We follow The Capt. as he turns off into a side canal.

EXT. THE CAPT'S HOUSE - DOCKS - LATE AFTERNOON

The Bertram pulls up to a dock in front of a nondescript, single story Floridian home.

EXT. BERTRAM COCKPIT - LATE AFTERNOON

The Capt. empties the hold, tossing fish up onto the dock.

EXT. THE CAPT'S HOUSE DOCK - LATE AFTERNOON

Another leisurely fishing boat cruises by with sunburnt fisherman. They see the Capt.'s catch and wave with admiration. The Capt. waves back and smiles.

INT. PYFROM'S MARINE SUPPLY - LATE AFTERNOON

A courier walks inside, approaches Stefan at the cash register. He hands over a stack of mail.

Stefan flips through the mail. He singles out ONE LETTER.

Stefan opens the envelope to reveal several hundred dollar bills and a handwritten note: "Thanks for the pumps! (an extra \$100 in here for you. Don't tell the old man!)"

Stefan smiles. He slips the \$100 bill into his shirt pocket.

EXT. LIGNUM VITAE CLUB - FUELING DOCK - LATE AFTERNOON

A 120ft red fuel tanker "OCEAN ENERGY" is tied up to the front dock. A long red fuel hose trails down the dock, up the path, ending in the top of the island fuel tank.

EXT. ISLAND FUEL TANK - LATE AFTERNOON

Ben stands at the top of the ladder by the fuel fill. He looks down at Kat who is walking past towards the office.

They share a slight grin, enjoying the moment.

EXT. THE CAPT'S HOUSE - DOCKS - NIGHT

The Capt. now wears long jeans and a button up shirt as he walks down the dock to the BERTRAM pushing a wheelbarrow.

A HIPPIE DUDE, mid-20's, walks beside him in an UNBUTTONED MILITARY JACKET, smoking a joint. They talk familiarly.

EXT. BERTRAM COCKPIT - NIGHT

The Capt. unscrews the false bottom of the fish hold, looks around casually. He pulls out a bale and hands it up to the hippie dude, who stacks it in the wheelbarrow.

INT. GUSSY MAE - NIGHT

Ben hides the remaining cash in an old tin coffee can with a homemade label: "FISH HOOKS". He places the can on top of the galley cabinet.

INT. THE CAPT'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The hippie dude loads the last bale into the trunk of a blue VW Beetle. He removes a small duffle bag from the trunk and hands it to The Capt.

CAPT. POV

Partially unzipping the duffle bag to reveal STACKS OF CASH.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BACK OF LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

JUAN SUAN'S POV

Juan looking into the same duffle bag and seeing the cash.

ON Juan Suan's face, cigarette hanging from his lips, SMILING BACK at the Rasta.

END TIMELAPSE WITH MUSIC

CUT TO:

INT. "THE SLICK CHICKEN" - AFTERNOON

Slick's setting up for happy hour. The bar's empty. He pulls a couple stools off the counter, wipes them down with a rag.

O.S. we hear the FRONT DOOR OPEN.

SLICK
(without looking)
Happy Hour doesn't start for
another half-

VOICE
I'm always happy.

Slick freezes, turns around to see a STOCKY BALD MAN in a casual khaki suit with a wide collared shirt. He wears metal square-framed sunglasses and is shouldered by two dreadlocked Rastas. A gold medallion hangs from his thick neck.

This is LUIS "KOJAK" GARCIA (55) - the same Boss from the Aztec loading operation on the out island runway.

SLICK
Well, look what the cat dragged in.

Kojak smiles and opens his arms. The two men embrace with a casual formality.

KOJAK
How's retirement treating you?

SLICK
Can't complain.

KOJAK
Love what you've done with the
place.

Slick motions around, walks back behind the bar. He reaches up to the top shelf and pulls down an unlabeled bottle.

KOJAK (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhhh....

Kojak sits down at the bar as Slick pours two glasses.

SLICK
(to the Rastas)
Sorry boys.

The Rastas sit at the back, keeping a watchful eye on proceedings. Slick and Kojak raise their glasses and "clink".

KOJAK
Sante.

SLICK
Cheers.

They drink.

SLICK (CONT'D)
So what brings a big timer like
yourself into the humble country?

Kojak lets the rum sink into his palette. Lights up a *Romeo & Julieta* cigarillo. Takes a long drag, lets the smoke play around his lips, then exhales.

KOJAK
I've come to collect on that favor
you owe me.

Slick takes a nervous sip on his glass.

SLICK
Go ahead.

KOJAK
About a week ago, one of my pilots
picked up a DEA tail.
(beat)
They tried to shake them but were
running low on fuel so they dumped
some bales not far from here.

SLICK
What you need? Boat? Truck?

KOJAK

That's the thing, we've already
looked. They're gone. Dirt bike
tracks all over the place.

SLICK

(pensively)

Ah-ha...

KOJAK

Not much happens around here
without you knowing about it.

(finishing the rum)

You got anything to tell me?

OFF Slick's poker face, as he takes another swig of rum.

END OF ACT V

FADE OUT.