

# BLOOD AND WINE

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SECOND DRAFT

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**FADE IN:**

## **A PAIR OF HANDS**

men's hands, nicely groomed, hold a small white terry towel spoiled by blood-red spots. The hands rinse the towel in a copper bar sink. The stains soften but stay. A tan jacket sleeve, spotted the same way, moves INTO FRAM. The hands dab the wet towel at the spots, with no more success, and throw it into the sink. It falls half in, still dripping the stains a drop at a time to the floor.

## **ALL IN CLOSEUP**

The owner of the hands walks to a wine rack, opens a bottle of white wine, drizzles the wine on the jacket sleeve. The stains disappear. He hangs his jacket on a hook and walks from

## **THE CELLAR**

and up the narrow stairs. His FOOTFALLS ECHO against the unadorned cement block walls. We see his shape, mid-forties, powerful, his shirt pulled out. He's carrying the open bottle by the neck.

## **2 INT. WINE STORE - NIGHT**

Still seen from behind, the man emerges from the cellar into a contrastingly elegant space with a wood-beamed ceiling, vaguely European. He walks along a narrow aisle of wooden diamond bins. As the space widens his foot hits something in his path. He bends to find a shoe. He glances about nervously. There are shutters on the storefront windows. Shoe in hand, he tightens the

shutters. We see his profile, a good-looking man. He walks toward a brighter room at the back of the store, the Tasting Room. Now he retrieves a pair of women's trousers from the floor, and as he straightens up we see his entire face, genial, venial, redeemed by his smile. ALEX GATES. He speaks nonchalantly toward the room.

**ALEX**

Twenty people tonight. I got a South Beach widow, a plastic surgeon -- they actually came together.

**(A BEAT)**

These people -- all they really want is something to brag about at dinner parties.

He swigs from the bottle of white wine, grimaces, detours behind the counter, and spits the mouthful into the plastic lined wastebasket. He throws the bottle away.

**(CONTINUED)**

2.

2

**2 CONTINUED:**

There's a basket of baguettes on the counter. Alex breaks off an end and chews it to rid his mouth of the taste of the wine. Still chewing, he walks toward the tasting room.

**ALEX**

There I was, passing the wine, passing the bread, I suddenly felt like the priest at Masst Or maybe Mass started out as a wine tasting, and Jesus was a salesman. what do you think?  
He goes into

**THE TASTING ROOM**

It seems empty except for a large wooden table, folding chairs in disarray, open bottles clustered at one end of

the table. A chalkboard on the wall has CHATEAU BEYCHEVELLE written across it at the top, vintages listed underneath. The woman's voice that replies is Gabriella's.

**GABRIELLA (O.S.)**

(with a throaty laugh)  
Maybe I should get dressed.  
Leaning against the corner is a woman wearing only her panties and a shirt. In her mid-twenties she has striking South American looks. GABRIELLA VASQUEZ. She's sipping red wine from a plastic glass.

**GABRIETM**

I don't want to spoil a religious experience.

**ALEX**

-- Ever heard of Georges Duboeuf?  
He throws away some of the glasses.

**ALEX**

Duboeuf has a nose and a palate -- like a gift from God. He can taste a single grape before the harvest... and describe the beaujolais it's going to produce.  
She laughs.

**GABRIELLA**

Oh, you have competition.

(CONTINUED)

3.

2

2 CONTINUED: (2)

**ALEX**

(SLIGHTLY ANNOYED)

You know how many bottles I have in

this store? Open any one of 'em,  
I'll tell you the vintage and  
vintner, b  
lindfolded.

He bends down to pick up the chunks of baguette strewn on  
the floor. He doesn't see her slip off her panties.  
She walks behind him, twirling them into a tight band.  
She whips them over his eyes. He laughs.

**GABRIELLA**

Okay. Show me.

**ALEX**

Victoria's Secret 95.  
She passes her glass under his nose.

**ALEX**

Gabriella, I picked these wines.

**GABRIELLA**

So what is it?

**ALEX**

All I can smell is your perfume.  
She laughs.

**GABRIELLA**

I'm not wearing any.

**ALEX**

I even bought it for you.  
She opens her shirt. She's not wearing a bra. She lowers  
her breast to the glass and then to his mouth.

**GABRIELLA**

Tell me now.  
He kisses her wet breast.

**ALEX**

**(WITHOUT HESITATION)**

Beychevelle '83. Lot of body. Very  
aggressive.  
He pulls off the panty blindfold, kisses her on the mouth  
softly, then fully.

**(CONTINUED)**

4.

2

2 CONTINUED: (3)

GABRIELLA

(LOW)

-- I love you, Alex.

V O

3

3 INT. WINE SHOP - NIGHT (LATER)

Alex is unlocking the door for Gabriella. Dressed, she looks younger. They're awkward with each other.

GABRIELLA

Don't think you have to say it because I say it, Alex.

(SMILING BRIGHTLY)

Doesn't mean anything..

ALEX

It means something to me.

GABRIELLA

(EASED)

We're good together, aren't we.  
Alex lets out a breath.

ALEX

Oh, yeah... We're pretty good.  
He kisses her goodbye, unlocks the door. She goes out to her Honda Civic. Alex doesn't wait to see her drive off before he heads back to finish cleaning up the tasting room.

4

4 INT. TASTING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex straightens the last chair and starts to extract air

from the open bottles. He hears a quiet CLANK of METAL. Instantly alert, he reaches for his jacket and turns off the-light.

5

**5 INT. WINE SHOP - NIGHT**

Behind the cash register Alex opens a drawer and takes out a revolver. He thumbs the safety off. The NOISES RECUR, like someone trying to break in through the back door from the parking lot. Alex slings his jacket casually over the gun.

5.

6

**6 EXT. WINE SHOP - NIGHT**

Alex throws open the back door; he's counting on the element of surprise.

**HIS POV**

His red Cadillac convertible is idling nose to the chain locked across the parking lot. A MAN in his twenties, whose tropical shirt fairly glows under the security lights, is using a pair of bolt cutters on the chain.

**ALEX**

**(ADVANCING)**

You think you're gonna steal my car, asshole?  
The younger man whirls around.

**YOUNG MAN**

You scared me, man.  
A middle-aged man, a REPO MAN, calls out lazily from behind the wheel.

**REPO MAN**

This is not your car, sir. This car belongs to the Star Leasing Company.

Alex buries the gun in the rear of his waistband as though he's rubbing his stiff back and cranks his smile to a higher wattage than the security lights.

**REPO MAN**

I can collect either the money or the car. Given how much you owe, I figure it's the car.  
The younger man has almost hacked through the chain.

**ALEX**

Pop the. trunk.

**REPO MAN**

We inventory the property at the yard.  
He keeps his eye on the chain, ready to gun the engine as soon as the exit is clear.

**ALEX**

I just want to show you something.  
Worked by the combination of natural curiosity and Alex's charm; the repo man pops the trunk and gets out of the still-running car.

**(CONTINUED)**

6.

6

**6 CONTINUED:**

In his hand he has the locking "Club" Alex usually uses to secure his. steering wheel. He's not stupid. Amused, Alex takes a step back, palms up.

**YOUNG MAN**

What are you doing?  
The repo man ignores him and looks in the trunk.

**ALEX**

Do you drink?

**REPO MAN**

Not on the job. What is this,  
booze?

**ALEX**

Two cases of single malt whiskey  
aged in the barrel before he was  
born.

**REPO MAN**

The Caddy's overdue.

**ALEX**

So are you. Drink it with the kid.  
Teach him what smooth is. Enjoy  
yourselves. Isn't that worth a few  
days' breather...

**(A BEAT)**

My accountant's a fuck-up. So am I,  
maybe, for not firing him.  
The bolt cutters clip through. The chain falls.

**YOUNG MAN**

We're clear.

7

**7 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT**

Alex is driving fast, top down, Samba MUSIC loud on the  
STEREO. He keeps time on the wheel as the Miami skyline  
cruises by.

**EXT. CADILLAC - NIGHT**

Alex turns into the garage of an expensive condominium  
building before the gate has slid all the way open. The  
TIRES SQUEAL as he powers the car around the corner.

**(CONTINUED)**

7.

8

**8 CONTINUED:**

**A DUCATI MOTORCYCLE**

hogs his space. Alex lays the car in tightly. He has to squeeze out the door. He bumps the Ducati. It starts to topple; he grabs it before it goes over.

**9**

**9 INT. CONDO - NIGHT**

Alex lets himself in. The entry ALARM starts to BEEP. He turns it off and resets it. The light has been left on in the kitchen.

**10**

**10 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

JASON, a handsome, troubled 17-year-old with long, dark hair, is filing barbs off a pile of fishing hooks on the center island. He looks harder and wiser than his years. Tackle is strewn everywhere. Some spaghetti remains in the pot it was cooked in and Jason's knife is standing upright in it. Alex walks into the kitchen. He makes an effort to be pleasant, although he's irritated by the mess, by the motorcycle.

**ALEX**

It's late, Jason.

**JASON**

I'm going out tonight.  
Alex exhales.

**ALEX**

You can't fish all night and work  
all day.

**JASON**

Working for you doesn't exactly tax  
my mind.

**ALEX**

No wonder you drop bottles.

**JASON**

Fire me.

**ALEX**

Do you do it on purpose?

**JASON**

Fishing bought me my bike.

**(CONTINUED)**

8.

10

**10 CONTINUED:**

**ALEX**

I almost knocked it over trying to get out of the car.

**JASON**

**(SARCASTIC)**

I wasn't sure you were coming home.

**SEVERS**

The TOASTER OVEN DINGS. Jason takes out a muffin, it in two with his fishing knife.

**ALEX**

Use a regular knife.

**JASON**

This has a better edge. Feel it (pointing it at Alex,

**BLADE FLAT)**

-- feel it.

Their voices are rising.

**ALEX**

Pointed, it's a fucking weapon. Put it away.

**JASON**

Hell with you.

Jason exits to the stairs.

**ALEX**

And keep your voice down. Your mother's asleep.

**STAIRS**

**JASON**

If you got home on time once in a while, maybe she could skip the chemical help.  
Alex is also on the stairs.

**ALEX**

You have no idea, none, zip, what goes on in a marriage.

**JASON**

Yeah, well, I'm learning more than I want to.

(CONTINUED) '

9.

10

10 CONTINUED: (2)

**LANDING UPSTAIRS**

**SUZANNE (O .S=.. )**

Now what are you arguing about?

**SUZANNE**

is a pretty young woman in her late thirties with a sense of humor and irony. She's chemically relaxed, but not stupefied. She pulls a robe around herself, modest in front of her son; and although her body's not spectacular, like Gabriella's, she has a trim. athletic build.

**JASON**

It's not an argument.

**ALEX**

I asked him to clean up downstairs.

**SUZANNE**

**(SOOTHING ALEX)**

Maybe he hadn't finished-

**ALEX**

A modicum of cooperation, you know?

**JASON**

A modicum. What's that. Modicum my  
ass.

He pushes past his mother toward his own room. Suzanne  
follows him down the hallway, leaving. Alex behind.

**SUZANNE**

I don't like that tone from: you.

**JASON**

Then go to bed.

**ALEX**

Hey!

**JASON**

**(RIGHT BACK)**

What!

**SUZANNE**

It's too late for this.

**ALEX**

Jason has gone into his room. He slams the door.

**CHOOSES**

enters his bedroom. Suzanne, alone for a-moment,  
to enter Jason's room.

10.

11

**11 INT. JASON'S ROOM**

**SUZANNE**

He's my husband.

**JASON**

**(SOFTLY)**

I know, Mom.

**SUZANNE**

-- I still love him.

**JASON**

Whatever.  
She walks out.

**12**

**12 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Alex stands under water as hot as he can stand, parboiling himself. Eyes squeezed shut, he lets out a long breath. His life demands more energy than he has anymore. He soaps himself thoroughly.

**13**

**13 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Suzanne hears the front DOOR SLAM. Jason's DUCATI STARTS UP and ACCELERATES away. Alex comes out of the bathroom in a towel.

**SUZANNE**

**(FONDLY)**

Lie down, I'll give you a back rub.  
She stumbles slightly against the bed, catches a bed post for balance, flops back on the bed with a laugh.

**SUZANNE**

-- maybe I'd better lie down.  
He bends down to kiss her, then heads for the television. Suzanne props herself up on her elbows. He pops a cassette into the VCR: porno, she assumes. She does her best.

**SUZANNE**

I liked the twin nurses. There was kind of a story.

Alex brings the remote control back to bed.

**ALEX**

You'll like this one better.

**(CONTINUED)**

11.

13

**13 CONTINUED:**

He hangs his towel on a doorknob, slides into bed, starts the tape, which begins with sweat-slick dancing girls at Carnival. To Suzanne's astonishment, it turns out to be a travelog.

**SUZANNE**

Rio?

**ALEX**

I've been so busy. We could sneak away for a week.. Would you like that?

**SUZANNE**

If we really go. Last time I packed, we went nowhere.

**ALEX**

**(SLEEPILY)**

Last time was different.

**SUZANNE**

(watching the tape)  
The beaches -- I thought we had a beach. I read how the hotels keep spotters on the roof with scopes, to keep thieves away from the guests. They can look at every inch of your body through the scope.  
(with a low laugh)  
Do you mind that I like that? Alex?

He has fallen asleep. Tenderly she draws the sheet to his shoulder and settles down to watch the rest of the tape.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**14 EXT. BOAT - DAWN 14**

On the flying bridge of an old fishing boat, Jason eases the throttle to idle speed. The engine quiets down. The SWELLS SLAP harder against the wooden sides. The boat dips and dances to the music of the water. Jason swings down the ladder. He sets up his lines to troll. The starry dome of the sky is starting to brighten around its rim. Jason leans on the transom and stares at the flat, silvery wedge of wake. He breathes out a word.

**JASON**

:: Bite...

**(CONTINUED)**

**12.**

**14**

**14 CONTINUED:**

Nothing happens. He doesn't move. Then the top of one of the rods shivers slightly, goes still. Jason delicately fingers the rod like a blind man reading Braille, to feel for vibration. A smile pulls at his mouth. He steps behind the rod. The fish hits.

**JASON**

**(CALLING OUT)**

Henry! Fish on!  
The line screams out. Jason's ready. He sets the hook.

**JASON**

Time to go to work, man! C'mon.  
A tall, black drifter appears from-below, still yawning, scratching. HENRY, 33. He wears a red Panama hat that's weathered his head for some time.

**HENRY**

Who we got?

**JASON**

Let's find out.

He hauls back on the rod, the line rises from the ocean, they both recognize the fish at the end.

**HENRY**

Fucking sharks. Miami's fished out of the good stuff. Damn. He spits over the side. Jason grins.

**JASON**

This one's got more to worry about than you do. He starts to reel in the fish. Henry moves to the wheel.-

**HENRY**

Just shoot 'Jaws' in the water. I want to know the sucker's good and dead 'fore he sets a fin in my boat. You got a barb on that hook? .

**JASON**

Oh, yeah. Jason braces for the fight.

13.

15

**15 EXT. DOCK - MORNING**

Jason and Henry are cutting the shark with the speed and dexterity of professionals.

**HENRY**

The Gulf, man, that's the place. And what makes you think fifty-fifty is right? My boat. My gas.

**JASON**

My skill.

(slicing off the fins)  
... My fins.

16

**16 EXT. FISH MARKET - LONG SHOT - MORNING**

Jason and Henry slap their catch onto the Fishmonger's slippery counter. The market's noisy, men shouting. We see the negotiation from a distance.

**17 EXT. DOCK - DAY (MINUTES LATE) 17**

Jason and Henry walk through the hubbub.

**HENRY**

You cool?

**JASON**

I'm cool.

**HENRY**

We cool.  
Jason guns his Ducati.

**18 INT. WINE STORE - DAY 18**

Alex comes out of his office.

**ALEX**

Rob, has Jason shown up?  
A man's French-accented VOICE answers him from the store.

**ROBERT (O.S.)**

Not yet.

**ALEX**

You have his paycheck there?

**ROBERT**

All ready.

**(CONTINUED)**

14.

18

18 CONTINUED:

Alex takes it, and rips it up.

19

19 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

The Chinese CHEF in the busy, steamy kitchen is inspecting the shark fins Jason has brought him. Jason is anxious to finish business and go.

CHEF

You no like my company? Fine. Who cares. Bring me more fin, you retire. You no want to retire? Good. Don't charge starving Chinese so much for these things.

JASON

You ever caught a shark?

CHEF

(BIGGER)

You ever cook one?

JASON

Lemme -- lemme show you something. Jason pulls up the sleeve of his denim jacket to display a fresh gash across his arm.

JASON

He was already gaffed onto the side of the boat, good as dead. Two hours dead! And I was still too close to the mouth. Revenge is the last instinct to go, did you know that? The chef shrugs and shows his thumb, missing a joint.

CHEF

-- Work's a dangerous thing.  
(smiling with lots of

TEETH)

Nice fin, Jason. He tosses the fins in a cauldron of boiling water, slaps the CASH REGISTER on the side. It RINGS.

20

**20 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

Jason jams on his helmet and starts his. motorcycle, guns it down the street.

(CONTINUED)

15.

20

**20 CONTINUED:**

**MIAMI SKYLINE**

Jason weaves through traffic, expert enough to take chances that goose the adrenalin.

21

**21 EXT. WINE SHOP - DAY**

Robert and Alex are loading cases of wine into the trunk of the Caddy when Jason skids into the parking lot. He takes off his helmet.

**ALEX**

Just get in the car.

22

**22 INT. CADILLAC - DAY (TRAVELING)**

Jason has fallen asleep while Alex drives. Alex picks up Jason's hand. Jerking awake, Jason tries to pull away, but his reflexes are sleep-slowed. Alex sniffs Jason's fingers, wrinkles his nose, lets Jason have his hand back.

**ALEX**

You stink.

**JASON**

I washed.

**ALEX**

There's Wash IN Dries in the glove compartment.

Jason opens the compartment, finds the packets, opens one, rubs his hands.

**ALEX**

... I'm trying here, Jason -- I really am. When you didn't want to go to college, I took your side, I said fine -- I mean, I -didn't finish college, and I've done all right. I gave you a job', a steady check, which is more than anybody else has done. And what do I get back? Shit. I've tried to teach you the business -- the care, the finesse... Jason laughs dismissively.

**(CONTINUED)**

16.

22

**22 CONTINUED:**

**ALEX**

Well, look at it this way, Jason, someday you'll have your boat and I'll have my vineyard, and the best part 'll be they're nowhere near each other.

**JASON**

**(SATISFIED)**

I'll send you a Christmas card.

**ALEX**

Save the stamp.

They turn into the driveway to an expensive development.

**23 EXT. SECURITY BOOTH, CORAL GABLES - DAY**

The Cadillac rolls to a stop at the gate. A tough, but amicable-looking armed guard in his forties, MIKE, opens the window of the air-conditioned booth. His RADIO is tuned to the FOOTBALL GAME.

**ALEX**

Hi, mike -- what's the score?

**MIKE**

**(CHECKING THE**

**APPOINTMENT BOARD)**

Dolphins down by nine, minute forty to go. It's over.

**ALEX**

Don't underestimate Marino.  
Mike ticks off the appointment, raises the gate.

**MIKE**

I told you, they don't have it this year.  
With a wave of acknowledgment for Mike, Alex.. drives onto the grounds.

**ALEX**

**(YELLING BACK)**

â€¢ Judas!  
Grinning, Mike routinely writes down the license plate number.

17.

**24 EXT. CADILLAC - DAY**

Alex cruises past a collection of oversized villas, and turns into the driveway of the gaudiest. He and Jason climb out of the car. Alex opens the trunk. He loads two wine cases into Jason's arms, takes the third himself. They haven't said a word to each other.

25

**25 EXT. VILLA - DAY**

Alex rings the intercom with his elbow. Gabriella's VOICE CRACKLES in response.

**GABRIELLA (V.O.)**  
on the intercom)  
Who is it?

**ALEX**

Wine delivery.  
The INTERCOM CLICKS off. They hear FOOTSTEPS approaching. The door opens. Jason's eyes focus. He's hooked. Gabriella is smiling at Alex. She has her arms full of clean burp cloths.

**GABRIELLA**

Oh, the boss himself!

**ALEX**

(with a modest chuckle)  
How are you?  
She glances politely toward Jason, not at all expecting what she sees. A circuit connects between them.

**ALEX**

Gabriella takes care of Baby Reese.

**(TO GABRIELLA)**

This is my stepson, Jason.

**GABRIELLA**

**(VERY CORRECT)**

How do you do.

**JASON**

Hi.

**GABRIELLA**

Is the wine for the boat? Come through the house.

18.

26

26 INT./EXT. VILLA - DAY

They follow her inside. Jason takes in the richness of the place, but is more focussed on Gabriella. They exit

TO T

he lawn which leads to a dock.

27

27 EXT. REESES' BOAT DAY

A sleek, ocean-going yacht is tied up at the dock, the crew unobtrusively at work. FRANK REESE, a powerful, confident man in his mid-sixties, is sitting with his INSURANCE AGENT at a table on deck where policies are spread out next to a jewelry box. Reese's expensive 35-year-old wife DINA has turned her chair to sun her legs while she plays with the BABY.

DINA

-- what's the point of having it, if I can't wear it, Frank?

AGENT

(DEFERENTIALLY)

You can wear it anywhere you like, Mrs. Reese -- except out of the country.

Gabriella leads Alex and Jason aboard. Frank likes Alex and is glad to see him. Alex can't help glancing at Dina's long legs.. She smiles.

FRANK

Alex, should we insure the wine while we're at it?  
His arms tired, Alex is happy to set down the case.

ALEX

Aren't you covered on your home

policy?

**GABRIELLA**

**(TO JASON)**

I'll show you, come on.

**AGENT**

How much wine are we talking about?  
Jason follows Gabriella down below, the VOICES on the deck fading.

**DINA (O.S.)**

Why bother insuring it? Let's drink  
it instead.

19.

28

**28 INT. BOAT - DAY**

It's quiet inside, not tasteful but impressive, like everything else of the Reeses. Jason takes a stab at conversation.

**JASON**

Big boat.  
Gabriella laughs and looks over her shoulder at him.  
They're both kids.

**GABRIELLA**

ugly, isn't it.  
He grins and relaxes, looks around.

**JASON**

The fittings are definitely -- yeah  
on the ugly side. But damn, she's  
solid.

**GABRIELLA**

Oh, a boat type.

**JASON**

(proud, defensive)  
I like boats.  
Gabriella shows him the climatized, built-in wine closet next to the galley. He starts to rack the bottles while she watches. He talks to stop her from leaving.

**JASON**

So where you headed?

**GABRIELLA**

I'm not going, 'I can't go.

**JASON**

They don't want to take the baby.

**GABRIELLA**

I don't have a green card, I can't leave the country. Baby goes with an American nurse. I house-sit. It's fine.

**JASON**

You don't like them.  
Gabriella laughs.

**(CONTINUED)**

20.

28

28 CONTINUED:

**GABRIELLA**

God. I'm obvious. I just don't like working for people, but that's life.  
He chafes under authority the same way she does.

**JASON**

Doesn't have to be.

**GABRIELLA**

Maybe not with a rich stepfather.

He laughs.

**JASON**

Worst kind.

**GABRIELLA**

**(CORRECTIVELY)**

No.

**(A BEAT)**

You don't appreciate what you have,  
Jason. It's very poor where I came  
from.

**JASON**

Where's that?

**GABRIELLA**

Venezuela. Do I look it?

**JASON**

I don't know, I never been there.

**GABRIELLA**

Well, I don't. My mother's Indian.  
The India kind of Indian.

**(LAUGHS)**

Imagine a house where the father  
asks 'What's for dinner' in Spanish,  
and the mother answers 'Curry' in  
Hindi. 'Que hay para cenar' she  
says, 'Murgee, masala, ghaal.' He  
says, 'No es importante.' No wonder  
I'm nuts.

**JASON**

You don't seem too nuts.  
She laughs.

**GABRIELLA**

You don't know mel

**(OOR1TINUED )**

21.

28 CONTINUED: . ( 2) 28

They're suddenly both very aware that they're alone together.

29

29 EXT. BOAT, THE DECK - DAY

The agent is putting a magnificent diamond necklace in a velvet pouch that he fastidiously cinches and ties. Alex looks away from it to take a bottle out of the remaining case on deck.

**AGENT**

-- so back to the safe it goes --  
Dina lifts up the baby and smells its bottom.

**FRANK**

Dina, that's disgusting.

**DINA**

The alternative is using your fingers, Frank. which offends you more?  
Alex laughs. Frank pushes back his chair.

**FRANK**

Don't encourage her, Alex. Her mouth is big enough.  
Dina is hurt.

**FRANK**

(to the agent)  
I'll show you that painting in our stateroom.  
The agent follows him away.

**ALEX**

(kindly; to Dina)  
Do you want to see the label?  
She hides her hurt by not looking at him.

**DINA**

Just open the bottle, Alex. Pour us both a glass. I'm not allowed to drink alone.  
When she turns her head and looks at him, she's flirting.

22.

30

**30 INT. BOAT - DAY**

Jason has almost finished storing the wine. Gabriella is sitting on a bar stool at the galley, listening to him, snared by the quiet passion in his voice.

**JASON**

-- when you're skimming along the water, nothing between you and the bottom of the sea but a layer of wood, your thoughts... end. All that noise inside your head? Gabriella nods, understanding exactly.

**JASON**

. . . Stops.  
Dina's VOICE booms over the INTERCOM, startling both of them. The BABY is FUSSING. Gabriella makes a gesture of apology to Jason.

**DINA (V.O.)**

Gabriella? Are you down there?

**GABRIELLA**

Yes, Mrs. Reese.

**DINA (V.O.)**

The baby needs you. And bring a pacifier for Frank.

**GABRIELLA**

Right there.  
She slides off the stool.

**JASON**

You should come out with me sometime.  
She smiles without answering and goes topside. His eyes follow her. A Deckhand comes down the ladder with the remaining case of wine for him to stock.

**31 EXT. BOAT - DAY 31**

Gabriella. lifts the fussy baby from Dina, her hands sure and calming. She coos nonsense to his little ear as she reaches for the diaper bag and slings it over her arm.

**GABRIELLA**

He.'s ready for his nap.

**(CONTINUED)**

**23.**

**31**

**31 CONTINUED:**

Frank and the agent return from another section of the boat.

**FRANK**

You doing up to the house,  
Gabriella?

(off her nod)

Want to take this with you?

He sweeps the policies into a large manila envelope, drops the 'pouch in with them, ties the string, hands it to her.

**FRANK**

Put it on my desk.

He looks at his wife with her glass, Alex with his glass, and doesn't like it. His voice hardens slightly.

**FRANK**

Are we all set, Alex?

**ALEX**

I'm going to check the storage room,  
see what else'll travel. I know I  
put some vintage Armagnac in there,  
maybe some Porto?

He heads down the gangplank.

**FRANK**

He's a vendor, Dina. It's like drinking with the help.

**DINA**

**(DISARMING HIM)**

Did you pick the wine, sweetie?  
It's lovely.  
Frank grins, pleased. His hand curves around her shoulder. He has forgotten about the other vendor present, the agent.

**AGENT**

**(AWKWARDLY)**

So I'll messenger over the rider for your signature --  
Frank laughs out loud, in a better mood:

**FRANK**

-- You still here?  
Dina laughs, too.

24.

32

**32 INT. VILLA, UPSTAIRS - DAY**

Gabriella settles the baby on his side, the only Reese she likes. She starts to close the shutters. Lullaby MUSIC is playing on the baby's TAPE DECK.

**IN THE HALLWAY**

She closes the nursery door as softly as possible. A man's hands go around her throat. Her gasp dies stillborn. It's Alex, kissing her.ear, holding Dina's diamond necklace to her neck.

**ALEX**

**(MURMURING)**

Did he ever come on to you?

**GABRIELLA**

**(ANGRY)**

Don't sneak up on me that way!

**ALEX**

Look how beautiful you are. He's an idiot if he didn't. Now she sees the necklace.

**GABRIELLA**

What are you doing?  
She snatches the necklace away from him and fairly runs down the hall to Frank's study.

**IN THE STUDY**

She tries to stuff it in the pouch. Alex is right behind her.

**GABRIELLA**

You're going to get me fired and deported.

**ALEX**

Just put it on for a minute. Look at yourself.  
She slaps at his hands half-heartedly, but it's so tempting.

**ALEX**

See what you deserve.

**GABRIELLA**

**(SUCCUMBING)**

We're both crazy.

**(CONTINUED)**

25.

32

32 CONTINUED:

Alex moves her hair away. She lets him hook the necklace around her neck. He reaches over to open the closet door, fitted out now as a file cabinet, but with the original closet mirror still in place. The safe is visible. Gabriella stares at her reflection, Alex behind her, watching her. The necklace changes her posture. She angles her chin slightly, twists back her hair. Diamonds suit her.

**GABRIELLA**

**(TITILLATED)**

It's vulgar.

**ALEX**

into her ear)  
Not against your skin.  
He starts to pleat her T-shirt loose from her jeans. She doesn't resist. They watch each other in the mirror.

**JASON (O.S.)**

-- Alex? They're waiting for you!  
Alex blows out a frustrated breath.

**ALEX**

Ah... shit...  
He hurriedly unhooks the necklace and puts it back in the pouch, gathers up the insurance papers and Polaroids that had spilled and slides them back in the envelope with the pouch.' Gabriella is tucking in her T-shirt. She closes the closet door.  
Jason's VOICE is closer, more impatient, at the bottom of the stairs.

**JASON (O.S.)**

Alex!

**33 INT. VILLA, STAIRCASE - DAY 33**

Alex appears at the top of the stairs, surprising Jason.

**ALEX**

I was in the bathroom.  
He walks down the stairs. A wooden case of liquor is by the terrace doors, where he left it.

**ALEX**

Give me a hand, will you? I'm not  
as young as you are.

**(CONTINUED)**

26.

33

**33 CONTINUED:**

He goes out the door ahead of Jason, leaving him to carry the case. Jason hears a DOOR CLOSE upstairs as he lifts the case. He looks up.

**HIS POV**

Reflected in the tall entry mirror, Gabriella's back as she walks away down the hall.

**RESUME SCENE**

His face tightens. He follows Alex.

**34 INT. RESTAURANT BACK ROOM - NIGHT 34**

A poker game is breaking up. Five players, Alex among them. He's done all right. DAVE -- an older man -- has lost. He tosses down his cards.

**DAVE**

I'm out, I'm home.

**ALEX**

**(SYMPATHETICALLY)**

You play for the possibilities, Dave. So do I. Or else why get up in the morning.

VICTOR SPANSKY neatly stacks his modest winnings. He's tall, thick-shouldered, 55, with a gray crew-cut, tinted glasses, and a smoker's cough. He does nothing in a hurry.

**VICTOR**

**(TO DAVE)**

You didn't lose that much.

**ALEX**

There's an optimist in every game.

**DAVE**

**(PISSED)**

Alex, I don't appreciate --

**ALEX**

(overriding htm,

**UNRUFFLING HIM)**

No, I'm saying... the guy who sits down at the table with a loser's attitude... loses even if he wins -- which he won't. He's got no juice flowin'.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

27.

34,

**34 CONTINUED:**

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

He's got peepee in his veins! Life for that guy's a habit and stained pants. You know what I mean? Dave laughs, feeling better.

**DAVE**

**NOT**

**ALEX**

Try.

**DAVE**

Good night.  
They all AD-LIB "Good night," "See you next week," etc., as they file out. Alex and Victor are the last in the room. Alex puts on his jacket.

**VICTOR**

Paltry pickings tonight.  
Alex looks at the small amount of cash on the table.

**ALEX**

You want to cut for what's here.  
Victor chuckles..

**VICTOR**

Sure. Why not.  
He pushes his cash forward into a pot with Alex's. Alex fans the deck across the table.

**ALEX**

**(CONVERSATIONALLY)**

What-are you doing with your life,  
Victor?.  
Victor makes a small gesture, indicating the cards.

**VICTOR**

This, more or less.  
He pulls a card -- he has good hands -- and turns it up.  
A king of spades. A smile tugs at his mouth.

**VICTOR**

Beat that.  
Alex produces the Polaroid of Dina's necklace from his  
inside jacket pocket.

**(CONTINUED)**

28.

34

**34 CONTINUED: (2)**

He flicks it on the table next to Victor's king. Victor's gaze clicks from the photo to Alex, back to the photo. He slowly reaches out and picks it up.

**VICTOR**

Very pretty. I remember when it  
was the cover of the auction

catalogue. The Duchess of Windsor's  
baubles. Bought for a young wife,  
I remember. Who I'm sure worked  
just as hard as the Duchess.

**ALEX**

it's appraised at a million three  
hundred thousand dollars.  
a laugh.  
Victor tosses the photo back on the table with

**VICTOR**

And they say there's no inflation.

**ALEX**

I have access.  
Victor shakes his head no.

**VICTOR**

I'm retired.

**ALEX**

And broke.

**VICTOR**

I don't need that much.

**ALEX**

Bullshit. You need as much as I do.  
Victor's eyes blink behind his glasses.

**VICTOR**

What kind of access? For  
curiosity's sake.

**ALEX**

I have a friend in the house.

**VICTOR**

A girlfriend. How sweet.

**ALEX**

Ii;¼can distract her.

**(CONTINUED)**

29.

34

34 CONTINUED: (3)

**VICTOR .**

I don't trust women, as a species.  
I'd;have a spotless record if it  
weren't for a woman.

**ALEX**

She'd never know, I don't want her  
to know... I like her too much.

**VICTOR -**

I don't trust amateurs, either..  
He gets up and walks to the door.

**VICTOR**

Don't take it personally,. Alex. I  
don't trust the phone company,, the  
jury system, or the Israeli  
government. So why should I trust  
you.

**ALEX**

Because I know a good thing when I  
see it.  
Alex flips over a card. It's the king of clubs.

**ALEX**

Victor...  
Victor has been distracted by Alex's proposition. Now he  
comes back to scoop up his money. Alex sweeps the cards  
back into a stack, leaving only the photo on the table.

**ALEX**

... But this is fifty-fifty..

35

**35 INT. CONDO, JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Mid-masturbation, Jason is distracted by the BEEPING of  
the entry ALARM. He glances at the bedside clock that  
reads 12:30. His excitement subsides,. he rolls onto his  
stomach.

36

**36 INT. CONDO, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT**

Alex detours toward the dark kitchen.

30.

37

**37 INT. CONDO, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Suzanne is reading in bed. The door opens slightly. She looks over, her mouth draws in. A bottle of champagne wags around the door, followed by Alex and a pair of champagne flutes.

**ALEX**

I saw the light still on. I'm glad you're up.

**SUZANNE**

(eyeing the champagne)  
What'd you do this time?  
He's too pumped to take offense.

**ALEX**

C'mon, c'mon, be nice.

**SUZANNE**

Whenever you open champagne -- it's such a giveaway.  
He pours her a glass.

**ALEX**

I told you I was playing poker tonight.  
He hands her the glass. She takes a sip.

**SUZANNE**

You know, I've-never actually seen you play poker -- maybe poker doesn't even exist. Maybe it's just a cover story men use.  
He laughs.

**ALEX**

I won.

**SUZANNE**

Hey; lightning strikes.  
He fills his glass.

**ALEX**

Let's not get into this, honey.  
Her voice is tired.

**(CONTINUED)**

**31.**

**37**

**37 CONTINUED:**

**SUZANNE**

I was charging the groceries today,  
and they kept the card. We'd been  
cancelled.

**ALEX**

I know --  
He reaches for his wallet.

**SUZANNE**

I felt about as big as an ant.  
Alex takes out a credit card.

**ALEX**

I got you a new one.

**FROM HIS**

He holds out the card, which she slowly takes  
fingers.

**SUZANNE**

It's the third time this year.

**ALEX**

Everything's about to change.  
Suzanne has heard that too often from him.

**SUZANNE**

Alex, what are we doing together?  
We don't talk --

**ALEX**

all the time!

**SUZANNE**

-- we don't fuck -- we don't even  
eat dinner together anymoret

**ALEX**

I am making an effort heret

**38**

**38 INT. JASON'S ROOM**

Jason throws himself out of bed and turns on his STEREO,  
cranks the volume. He doesn't want to hear their VOICES.

**39**

**39 INT. MASTER-BEDROOM**

Alex and Suzanne hear the MUSIC. He rubs his hand through  
his hair.

**(CONTINUED)**

**32.**

**39**

**39 CONTINUED:**

**ALEX**

Did you never have a fight with his  
father?

**SUZANNE**

(hard, flat)  
No.

**ALEX**

-- A saint. I should've guessed.  
Must be at the right amid of God  
this very minute.  
Suzanne doesn't bother replying. She turns off the light,  
pulls the sheet to her shoulders. Alex sits down on the  
window seat to enjoy the champagne in the dark.

**40**

**40 INT. WINE SHOP, ALEX'S OFFICE - DAY**

Alex is on the phone.

**ALEX "**

-- the humidifier wasn't holding a  
steady percentage, there may be a  
problem with the regulator -- so I'd  
better check it right away.

**(SMILES)**

... Sure, this afternoon's fine.  
Hanging up, he rocks back in his chair and squeezes his  
eyes shut. Then he rests his forehead against the heels  
of his hands for a moment, considering what he's  
considering.

**41 INT. WINE SHOP - DAY 41**

Alex walks through. Jason's on a ladder stocking the  
shelves.

**ALEX**

You want to hand me down a good  
cognac? I'm going out to the  
Reeses.

**(REJECTING JASON'S**

**CHOICE) '**

No, gimme the Pierre Ferrand.  
Jason starts down the ladder.

**JASON**

I'll deliver it for you.

**(CONTINUED)**

33.

41

**41 CONTINUED:**

Alex is surprised and pleased by Jason's sudden helpfulness.

**ALEX**

He wants to talk.  
He dusts off the bottle.

**42 INT. VILLA - DAY - 42**

Alex follows Dina down a narrow service hall to the wine room. She talks without looking back at him.

**DINA**

-- enough of an investment in there --

**ALEX**

-- not to want to take a chance,  
with a month away. That's what I  
thought.

**AT THE WINE ROOM**

**DINA**

**(NEUTRALLY)**

A month alone with Frank.  
Alex chuckles as he starts to inspect the humidifier.

**ALEX**

Second honeymoon.

**DINA**

The first one was bad enough.  
She's standing too close to him, but he has no room to  
maneuver away. He fiddles with the box.

**ALEX**

-- It may need a part replaced.

**DINA**

Nice suit. You always dress well,  
Alex.  
She brushes the lint off his jacket and leaves her hand  
there.

**ALEX**

**(GENTLY)**

--,Dina... this is not a great idea.  
Used to getting her way, she's not easily dissuaded.

**(CONTINUED)**

**34.**

**42**

**42 CONTINUED:**

**DINA**

**(SEDUCTIVELY)**

How can you tell?  
She moves up against him. Alex can't will himself to  
resist. His knee automatically separates her legs. He  
reaches out to close the door.

**43**

**43 INT. VILLA, THE HALLWAY - DAY**

Gabriella is-returning from the laundry room with an arm  
load of clean crib sheets. Knowing Alex and Dina are  
inside the wine room, she stops and knocks on the door.

**GABRIELLA**

Mrs. Reese? The baby's ready for

**YOU-**

A long moment later, the door opens. Dina and Alex are  
reassembled, but there's a tension and a breathlessness  
about them Gabriella recognizes.

**DINA**

-- Thank you, Gabriella.  
Dina spies some interaction between Gabriella and Alex,  
and her pretty face hardens.

**DINA**

Did you leave him by himself?

**GABRIELLA**

Just to get his sheets.

**DINA**

That's the maid's job.

**GABRIELLA**

He's in his playpen.  
Dina sweeps out.

**DINA**

Baby jail.  
She looks over her shoulder to make sure Gabriella is  
behind her.

**DINA**

Are you coming?

**(TO ALEX)**

Thanks, Alex. You'll walk yourself  
out?

**(CONTINUED)**

35.

43

43 CONTINUED:

**ALEX**

Have a good cruise. I'll take care  
of this.

**DINA**

**(BRIGHTLY)**

See you in a month.  
Alex watches the two women move down the hall.

**GABRIELLA AND DINA**

turn the corner.

**DINA**

You're not very happy here, are you.

**BACK TO ALEX**

as he yanks a wire loose from the humidifier.

**44**

**44 EXT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Alex climbs the open stairs, heads down the cantilevered walkway, knocks at Victor's door.  
For an instant Alex doesn't recognize the uniformed repairman who opens it: Victor, disguised.

**VICTOR**

**(TICKLED)**

Like it?

**45**

**45 INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

By daylight the apartment looks shabby.

**VICTOR**

I think I look younger, don't you?

**ALEX**

You look ridiculous.

**VICTOR**

Fine. I don't have an ego.  
(zipping up his

**UNIFORM)**

-- As long as I don't match my mug  
shots.

A shadow of anxiety passes over Alex's face.

**(CONTINUED)**

36.

45

45 CONTINUED:

**VICTOR**

You want to change your mind?

**ALEX**

No.

Victor opens the front door.-

**VICTOR**

After you.

As Alex walks toward the door, he catches sight of a free-standing hospital respirator in the bedroom. He looks at Victor, who waits for him with an unchanging smile. They go out together.

46

**46 EXT. SECURITY.GATE - DAY**

The Cadillac pulls up, Alex driving, Victor beside him. Mike is not in the guard booth, the gate is closed.

47

**47 INT. CADILLAC - DAY**

They wait in the heat.

**ALEX**

-- Is your makeup melting?

Offended, Victor reaches over to honk the horn. Alex stops him, opens the driver's door.

**48 EXT. GATE - DAY 48**

Alex goes into the booth, finds the appointment board, checks off "Gates Wine -- Repair," and presses a button that opens the gate.

**49 INT. CADILLAC - DAY 49**

Alex slides back behind the wheel. Victor is resting his

head on the back of the seat.

**VICTOR**

Brilliant, Alex. We've violated the law before we even get started.

37.

50

**50 EXT. REESE VILLA - DAY**

Down the side of the house, the dock. can be seen, empty. Alex rings the front bell. victor is carrying a tool kit. There's no answer. Alex rings it again.

**VICTOR**

Tell me we're at the wrong house.  
Alex raises a hand to wave, Victor turns.

**THEIR POV**

**GOLF**

Mike, the guard, is rolling toward them on a security cart. He pulls over.

**RESUME SCENE**

**ALEX**

**(ALL CHARM)**

There you are, Mike.

**MIKE**

Don't flip the gate like that.

**ALEX**

I was helping you out. I checked off the appointment, didn't you see it?

He rings the doorbell again.

**MIKE**

They sailed out this morning.

**ALEX**

I know., but the nanny's supposed to  
be here --  
Victor rolls his eyes, unseen. The nanny.

**MIKE**

-- The Venezuelan? They fired her.  
(with a snigger)  
Don't pay to be too good-looking in  
these jobs.  
Victor interrupts the gossip. He -sounds exactly like a  
repairman.

**VICTOR**

I got a schedule to keep, Mr\_ Gates.  
Is this gonna be another day?

**(CONTINUED)**

38.

50

50 CONTINUED:

**ALEX**

It can't wait.

**(TO MIKE)**

He'll lose his entire wine  
collection if the humidifier isn't  
fixed.

**MIKE**

**(TO VICTOR)**

What's your name?

**VICTOR**

Harold Freeman.  
Mike notes the name "Harold" stitched onto his coveralls.

**MIKE**

Okay. Stay here. I'll get the keys.

He rides away on his cart. Victor sits down in the shade to wait. He stifles a cough.

**VICTOR**

Dear God. A cop on the job.

**ALEX**

You all right?

**VICTOR**

(a little too sharply)  
Why wouldn't I be?

**51**

**51 INT. WINE STORE, CELLAR - DAY**

Jason is filling a wine order when he hears a woman's VOICE murmuring upstairs, and recognizes Gabriella's.

**52**

**52 INT. WINE STORE - DAY**

Jason comes up out of the cellar. Gabriella is passing a note to Robert.

**GABRIELLA**

**(MID-SENTENCE)**

-- where he can reach me.

**JASON**

**HI**

She turns her head, and he sees that she has been crying. His smile goes.

**(CONTINUED)**

52

52 CONTINUED:

**GABRIELLA**

(EMBARRASSED)

Hi, Jason.

**JASON**

You looking for Alex? You missed him.

**ROBERT**

I told her.

The PHONE RINGS. Robert answers it; wine business. He's out of the conversation.

**GABRIELLA**

I was supposed to let him into the Reeses'.

**JASON**

So now you're in trouble.

**GABRIELLA**

No, I'm not.  
She's walking toward the door.

**JASON**

Then why've you-been crying?

**GABRIELLA**

I just got fired, all right?  
She goes out.

**53 EXT. STREET - DAY 53**

Jason follows her toward her car parked down the street.

**JASON**

Congratulations.

**GABRIELLA**

You don't know anything!

**JASON**

You hated it there!

**GABRIELLA**

(INFURIATED NOW)

I liked.the money! I liked having  
a.roof!

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**40.**

**53**

**53 CONTINUED :**

GABRIELLA (Copt' d )  
Now I have to go stay at my cousin's  
place -- my cousin, her husband,  
their four kids, and two cats. I  
hate cats.

**JASON**

What's wrong with cats?

**GABRIELLA**

They shed on the couch I'll have to  
sleep on. You know how long it took  
me to find that job? Everybody  
thinks they're running for office.  
You don't have papers, they don't  
even want to meet you. And the only  
real way to get legal is to get  
married. Do you understand?  
He opens her car door for her.

**JASON**

So let's go get married.  
Gabriella looks at him. They connect.again; it scares  
her.

**GABRIELLA**

... Are you old enough to vote?  
She slides behind the wheel.

**JASON**

**(TARTLY)**

You're not too much older. Are you going past the wharf? You can gimme a ride.

He's already walking around the car to get in the other side. Gabriella smiles in spite of herself and reaches over to unlock the door for him.

**GABRIELLA**

(as he climbs in)  
Aren't you working?

**JASON**

It's my lunch break..

**GABRIELLA**

Well, let's not tell the boss I stole you.

41.

54

**54 INT. CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)**

Gabriella drives fast and well.

**JASON**

Did you do something? Or was it just...

**GABRIELLA**

**(NODDING)**

Just. They said they were -- downsizing.  
Jason laughs.

**JASON**

Like they're a factory?

**GABRIELLA**

The size of their staff? It is.

**JASON**

Hang a left.

**GABRIELLA**

Not for the wharf.

**JASON**

I know. Just turn!

She whips the car through the turn, narrowly missing another car.

**GABRIELLA**

**(SHOUTING)**

Idiot!

**JASON**

-- Cool.

She laughs; she's starting to relax.

**55 INT. REESES' WINE ROOM - DAY 55**

Alex and Mike watch victor checking out the humidifier, making a meal of the diagnosis. He notices the wire Alex sabotaged but doesn't remark on it.

**ALEX**

Can you fix the thing, Harold? Or does it have to be replaced?

**(CONTINUED)**

**42.**

**55**

**55 CONTINUED:**

**VICTOR**

I'll tell you after I see the condition of the pipes. Coolant might be leaking. Where's the attic access?

**56**

**56 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY**

Victor's legs disappear up into the attic as he hauls himself off a step stool and up through the hatch in the ceiling. Mike and Alex watch him go. Victor is heard

**COUGHING.**

**VICTOR (O.S.)**

**(DISTANTLY)**

Goddamn fiberglass --  
His head drops through the hatch.

**VICTOR**

-- Either of, you know how to kill  
the water to the house?

**MIRE**

Oh, yeah, yeah, sure.  
Mike starts down the stairs. Alex signals to Victor that he's going with him and follows Mike away. Victor waits until he hears the DOOR CLOSE before dropping down through the hatch and heading for Frank's office.

**57**

**57 EXT. MIAMI RIVER - DAY**

Gabriella watches Jason walk with a long stride toward Henry's boat. She likes the way he moves. Henry is nearby drinking beer with some Haitians. Jason talks to him for a moment. Henry glances down the walkway to Gabriella, then hands Jason his keys. Jason gestures to Gabriella to come down.

**58**

**58 ' EXT. VILLA - DAY**

Mike is shutting off the water while Alex watches when another GUARD, mid-30's, turns the corner.

**GUARD**

**(TO MIKE)**

What are you doing?  
Mike looks up, wet and muddy.

**(CONTINUED)**

43.

58

58 CONTINUED:

**GUARD**

I been waiting for you. My shift.  
His uniform is crisp, and his nature is alert and suspicious.

**MIKE**

The valve's stuck.

**GUARD**

That's the sprinkler valve.  
Mike climbs out of the bushes with injured dignity.

**MIKE**

Okay, you do it.

**GUARD**

**(QUIETLY)**

Is he the homeowner?

**ALEX**

**(CHEERFULLY)**

No.

59

**59 INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Victor, wearing surgical gloves, is in the file closet cracking the safe. He has re-wired the alarm wire with electrical clips to avoid breaking the circuit. He smears the sweat off his forehead and leans back in close to the dial, rotating it carefully back and forth until the tumblers fall. It opens. Victor sifts through papers, foreign currency.

**ALEX (O.S.)**

**(CALLING OUT)**

Harold?

Victor hears the FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs. He keeps searching, but the pressure tells, and his breathing becomes a wheeze.

**60**

**60 INT. LANDING - DAY**

The new guard follows Alex onto the landing. They hear a DOOR SHUT. The guard instinctively touches his gun.

**ALEX**

Down there, wasn't it?

The guard doesn't let him change direction.

**(CONTINUED)**

**44.**

**60**

**60 CONTINUED:**

**GUARD**

Keep going.

**61**

**61 INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

victor drops down onto the stepstool in front of them as they round the corner.

**VICTOR**

**(BREEZILY)**

You can turn the water back on.

It's not the pipes.

Wearing work gloves, he repositions the hatch cover.

**GUARD**

Nobody's supposed to be in the house  
unaccompanied.

**ALEX**

Is that our fault?

**GUARD**

**(GRUDGINGLY)**

No.

**ALEX**

All right, then.  
The guard glances up at the hatch. In that moment victor  
winks at Alex; he scored.

**62 EXT. HENRY'S BOAT-- DAY 62**

Jason drops anchor in turquoise waters off a sand bar, no  
other boats around. Gabriella takes in the idyllic  
surroundings.

**JASON**

You can learn on the fish around  
here, but you can't eat 'em.  
They're junk fish.

**GABRIELLA**

Will you teach me?  
He laughs.

**JASON**

Oh, you think you're ready for that  
kind of commitment?

**(CONTINUED)**

**45.**

**62 CONTINUED: 62**

She grins and shrugs.

**GABRIELLA**

I'm only investing an afternoon.

She takes in the landscape, breathing in the lovely isolation.

**GABRIELLA**

Where are we?

**JASON**

My father used to bring me here.  
She hears something in his tone.

**GABRIELLA**

**(GENTLY)**

No more?  
Jason concentrates on securing the boat.

**JASON**

He's dead. He drowned in a storm.  
She shivers involuntarily.

**JASON**

He was a fisherman.

**GABRIELLA**

I don't know if I would like boats  
after that.  
He smiles.

**JASON**

I feel close to him when I'm on the  
water.

**GABRIELLA**

How old were you?

**JASON**

-- Eight. I'd just turned eight.  
She takes his hand. He tightens his fingers through hers  
and looks out at the horizon, trying to control the  
emotions her sympathy has roiled. Gabriella senses this.  
She puts her arms around him, kisses him on the cheek.  
They stand, holding each other. Then Jason, on impulse,  
kisses her on the lips.

46.

63

**63 INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The KEY is heard in the LOCK, the door opens, Victor and Alex come in, giddy with success. Reverentially, Victor unpacks-the necklace and holds it up for them both to admire; the object of desire.

**VICTOR**

**(BREATHING OUT)**

- Beautiful. Unusual cut. Look at the fire. Hold it up to the light. He hands the necklace to Alex, who lifts it up to look at it. Victor reaches into a drawer. In itHtttheereess a gun and a camera. He takes out the camera. necklace. The flash jerks Alex's picture of Alex with gaze from the

**ALEX**

What the fuck are you doing??

**VICTOR**

I always take a photograph of the goods. To avoid any disagreement in the sale. The insurance photo is hopeless. You ask yourself how do they stay in business. Alex advances on him.

**ALEX**

You put me in the shot.

**VICTOR**

**(MODESTLY)**

Speaking of insurance. Alex is closing on him. His voice is low and menacing.

**ALEX**

Give me the film, Victor.\_ victor's hand glides into the drawer. Alex sensibly stops short.

**VICTOR**

, (pleasantly)  
We'll tear it up together whet. we have the money. Honor among thieves

is a myth, you know.  
victor's hand reappears, holding not a gun but an airline  
ticket, which he gives to Alex.

**ALEX**

What's this supposed to be?

**(CONTINUED)**

**47**

**63**

**63 CONTINUED:**

**VICTOR**

I thought it over. I can't move it.  
I'm on parole. I'm known. You're  
not. So you'll fly to Newark, take  
a shuttle into the city, catch a  
cab, take a walk, find an address,  
I'll give you the name -- pas.de  
probleme, as they say in Bordeaux.  
He's being condescending.'

**ALEX**

Meaning you're too chickenshit to do  
it yourself.

**VICTOR**

Maybe I am. All right, I am.

**ALEX**

Fuck...  
He looks at the ticket.

**ALEX**

I don't fly economy.

**64**

**64 EXT. BOAT - DAY**

Jason is standing behind Gabriella, helping her cast. His

arm grazes her breast.

**JASON**

You can do anything you want out here -- you can swim nude, you can Her laugh cuts him off.

**GABRIELLA**

I am not taking my clothes off.

**JASON**

(flustered, irritated)  
That's not what I meant.

**ONTO**

He reels the line out of the water. Gabriella climbs the rail. She's barefoot. The breeze blows her thin dress against her legs.

**JASON**

**HEY**

She dives into the water. He kicks off his shoes, dives in after her.

**(CONTINUED)**

48.

64

64 CONTINUED:

**HAS HIS**

When they are together, they the boat is, she is ughing  
i ng her nkl t  
arm under her breasts, pull i o  
together.

**JASON**

Hey, quit laughin'. I'm saving your life here.

65

**65 INT. WINE STORE - DAY**

The store is closed. Robert has gone home. Alex opens the cash drawer and takes out all the money, fattens his wallet. He spies the message from Gabriella. He reads it, picks up the phone, punches in the number she wrote.

**ALEX**

... May I speak with Gabriella?  
Puedo hablar con Gabriella?  
(making a face)  
No, yo no quiero dejar un mensaje,  
gracias. Voy a llamarla mas tarde.  
...Si. Buenas tardes.  
He hangs up and speed-dials a number from the typed list on the wall.

**ALEX**

... Hey, Ted -- it's Alex Gates. I need a couple of tickets to New York for tonight, first class.  
(his jaw tightens)  
Don't sweat the account, I'll pay

**CASH --**

**66**

**66 EXT. BOAT - DAY**

Jason is sprawled half across Gabriella on the deck of the boat, a seat cushion under her head. He has his hand in her panties. She clutches his wrist and pulls his hand back into sight. He lifts his head to look at her.

**GABRIELLA**

**(SOFTLY)**

I can't.  
He sits up, offended.

**JASON**

You waited long enough to tell me.  
Gabriella arranges her clothes.

**(CONTINUED)**

49.

66

66 CONTINUED:

**GABRIELLA**

**(FLARING)**

Because it felt good, and I'm an idiot!

He fondly touches her face with the back of his hand.

**JASON**

No, you're not.

She scrambles to her feet.

**GABRIELLA**

I want to go back now. Can we go back, please?

**JASON**

... Sure.

He stands up and moves to the helm, his legs stiff with injured dignity.

Gabriella sits down on the bench, the cushion clutched in front of her.

Jason sneaks a look back at her. With her hair wet and her makeup washed away, she looks younger than he does.

She's resting her chin on the edge of the cushion.

He switches on the engine and eases the boat forward over the anchor, engages the power winch. The CHAIN starts to

**CLANK.**

**JASON**

I'm sorry.

She turns her head toward him.

**GABRIELLA**

What?

**JASON**

**(LOUDER)**

I'm sorry!

**GABRIELLA**

Me, too.

67

**67 EXT. MIAMI RIVER - DUSK**

A bridge has parted. Underneath, the boat makes its way on the opalescent water.

(CONTINUED)

50.

67

**67 CONTINUED:**

Skyscrapers swagger down either side of the river, their windows bright squares against the darkening sky. The signal BELL SOUNDS.

68

**68 INT. GABRIELLA'S COUSIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The dinner hour. The table in the mean little house is too crowded and too noisy; the television on the buffet can hardly be heard. Gabriella's Cousin and her Husband are arguing in Spanish, in a good-natured marital way, the Kids too busy teasing each other to notice. One Kid gets up to raise the volume on the TV set even louder. Gabriella carries her plate into the kitchen to escape the noise. The Husband makes a gesture to his Wife that says Gabriella's snooty.

69

**69 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Gabriella stands at the counter, listlessly finishing her dinner. The PHONE RINGS. She answers it.

**GABRIELLA**

**HELLO --**

70

**70 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT**

Alex talks into the visor speaker-

**ALEX**

I got your note. Fuck the Reeses. We're taking a trip, honey. Pack a bag. I'll pick you up in an hour.

71

**71 INT. COUSIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The tension drains from her face; rescued.

**GABRIELLA**

Where are we going?

**ALEX (V.O.)**

Does it matter?

**GABRIELLA**

**(LAUGHING)**

Not Anywhere you are, I want to be there.

**(CONTINUED)**

51.

**71 CONTINUED: 71**

**ALEX (V.O.)**

Ohio.

**GABRIELLA**

Sure.

**ALEX (V.O.)**

Don't worry, it's not Ohio.  
She laughs.

**72 INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT 72**

Suzanne turns onto their street, pulls into the garage.  
She sees Alex's Cadillac already parked.

**73 EXT. CAR - NIGHT 73**

She locks her car and walks toward the elevator, carrying  
a department store shopping bag. The garage is darker  
than she likes. Her HEELS ECHO against the cement walls.  
She walks a little faster.

**74 INT. CONDO - NIGHT 74**

Suzanne lets herself in. Alex didn't set the alarm. She  
sets the bag on the couch, next to his jacket. She's been  
a wife too long not to tidy up after him. She picks up  
the jacket to brush it and hang it correctly, and glimpses  
the airline tickets tucked in the inside pocket. Suzanne  
smiles, moved. The tickets to Rio. She takes a peek to  
see the dates. Her face changes. She drops the jacket in  
a heap on the floor. She hears ALEX MOVING around in the  
bedroom above and starts up the stairs, her rage climbing  
with every riser. She can hear him HUMMING.

**75 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 75**

Alex zips his passport into an outside compartment where  
he can reach it. He has almost finished packing. As he  
reaches for his underwear, he startles. Suzanne is  
leaning against the door frame.

**SUZANNE**

**(CONTROLLED)**

Where are you going?  
Alex recovers quickly.

**(CONTINUED)**

75 CONTINUED: 75

**ALEX**

Napa. I got a problem with a supplier. Boutique wineries -- they're all owned by ex-lawyers.

**SUZANNE**

Via New York?  
She holds up the tickets.

**ALEX**

I need to see the wholesaler.

**SUZANNE**

You're amazing, you really are. Now how are you going to explain 'Miss Vasquez?'

**ALEX**

Honey, I don't have to. I will, out of courtesy. It's Mrs., and she's fifty years old, Suzanne. She's the agent.

**SUZANNE**

God, I could even believe you, if I wanted to.

**ALEX**

**(HARDER)**

I don't want to fight with you on my way out the door. I don't have time for this.  
Yanking the tickets out of her hand before she can react, he pushes past her with his bag. She follows him down the stairs.

**SUZANNE**

I put Terry's life insurance money into that store -- and you spend it on your goddamn girlfriends while my checks bounce.  
Alex whirls around at the bottom of the stairs.

**ALEX**

I worked my ass off for you with that store. Eight years of twelve-hour days and one-day weekends! So don't tell me I haven't treated you

well.

(CONTINUED)

53.

75 CONTINUED: (2) 75

He picks his jacket up off the floor and shrugs it on.  
Suzanne snatches his car keys off the coffee table.  
Infuriated, he grabs for his keys, but she holds them away  
behind her back.

**SUZANNE**

-- You're going to talk to me!

**ALEX**

When I get back.

**SUZANNE**

With more of your fucking lies! I  
hate you! Wasting my  
(slapping at his arm  
with her free hand)  
-- life!

**ALEX**

Sssh, calm down --  
She tries to slap him again, but he gets hold of her hand.

**ALEX**

-- Give me my keys, I need my keys.  
I don't want to hurt you.

**SUZANNE**

That's all you ever do!  
He twists her hand up behind her back, forcing her onto  
the sofa.

**SUZANNE**

Go to hell!  
He smothers her into the cushion and twists her hand up  
and up. She grips his keys tighter.

**ALEX**

(breathless from the

**STRUGGLE)**

Open your hand, Suzanne.  
Pinning her down, he painfully pries open her fingers.  
She drives her elbow into his face.

**SUZANNE**

You sonofabitch!  
He hits her back, her nose starts to gush, the keys drop  
to the-floor. He bends to pick them up. Suzanne seizes  
a standing metal ashtray and savagely swipes him across  
the temple.

**(CONTINUED)**

54.

75

**75 CONTINUED: (3)**

The blow sends him sprawling to the floor; he doesn't  
move. She is stunned by what she has done. In a panic  
she races up the stairs, the heel of her hand to her nose  
to staunch the bleeding.

76

**76 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Suzanne spills everything out of Alex's suitcase and  
starts throwing in her own clothes, blood-spotting them in  
her haste.

77

**77 INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Suzanne jerks out his drawers so fast that she dumps them  
on the floor. She pulls his suit out of the closet along  
with an armful of other clothes.

**78 INT. CONDO, STAIRS - NIGHT 78**

Suzanne drags two suitcases clattering down the stairs.

**ALEX**

hasn't moved. Suzanne drops to her knees beside him and squeamishly lifts his wallet out of his pocket, snatches the cash, lets the wallet fall back beside him. Her breathing is so rapid and shallow it sounds like whimpers.

**79 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT 79**

Suzanne backs out the door pulling the suitcases, right into Jason. She cries out in fright.

**JASON**

-- Hey, hey.

**SUZANNE**

**(FRANTIC)**

-- Don't go in there! We're

**LEAVINGS**

He sees the blood smeared all over her face, her clothes,, and charges past her.

**SUZANNE**

**- JA-SONII**

55.

**80 INT. CONDO - NIGHT 80**

Ready to kill, Jason is shocked to see the job apparently already done for him. He bends over Alex to see if he's dead, and is equally sorry and relieved to find out he isn't.

**SUZANNE (O.S.)**

I won't wait for you!  
Jason takes the stairs two at a time.

**81 INT. JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT 81**

He yanks his map of the Gulf off the wall and grabs his fishing gear.

**82 INT. CONDO, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT 82**

Alex's unconscious body blocks the closet. door. Jason tries to open it anyway, but Alex is 'too heavy. Seizing hold of him, Jason drags him away from the door. The jewelry pouch spills out of Alex's pocket. Jason doesn't see it. The HORN BLARES, outside. Jason pulls his rod out of the closet. As he steps over Alex, he spots the pouch, the drawstring loose enough to let the necklace protrude. The HORN BLASTS again. Jason swoops up the pouch.

**83 EXT. CONDO.- NIGHT 83**

Jason runs for the car with his gear and climbs in. Suzanne peels away before the door is completely closed.

**84 INT. CAR - NIGHT (TRAVELING) - 84**

Jason and Suzanne. She can't look at him. She concentrates on her driving.

**JASON**

What the hell happened in there?

**SUZANNE**

Is he dead?

**JASON**

Not enough. What'd you hit him with?

**SUZANNE**

-+ The ashtray.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**84 CONTINUED:**

**SUZANNE (CONT'D)**

(a laugh bubbles out of

**HER)**

Jesus, an ashtray.

**(LAUGHING HARDER)**

He-doesn't even smoke!

On the verge of hysteria, she's laughing so hard, she can hardly drive. Tears run down her face, muddying the dried blood; she's a holy mess.

**JASON**

Pull over, pull over.

He wrenches the wheel and steers the car to the curb.

**JASON**

I'm driving.

**85**

**85 EXT. CAR - NIGHT**

He gets out and lopes around the car to the driver's side. The car recedes down the highway.

**86**

**86 EXT. GABRIELLA'S COUSIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Gabriella is sitting on the front step with her suitcase, waiting. She rubs her legs as though she has been there a long time. The DOGS are BARKING inside.

**87**

**87 INT. CONDO - NIGHT**

The PHONE is RINGING. Alex still hasn't moved.

**88**

**88 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Jason is waiting behind the wheel.

Suzanne gets back in the car. She has pulled a cotton sweater over her bloody clothes and washed her face. She's presentable again, and subdued. He starts the car...

89 INT. CAR - NIGHT (TRAVELING) 89

. drives.

(CONTINUED)

57.

89

89 CONTINUED:

**SUZANNE**

Did you figure out where we're going?

**JASON**

We'll head for the Gulf, see what we like.  
He sounds like her contemporary, not her kid.

**SUZANNE**

. I remember your dad saying the sand was as white as the whites of God's eyes, on the Gulf.

**JASON**

Do you still miss him?  
Slowly she shakes her head no.

**SUZANNE**

I can't see his face anymore. I can't hear his voice.

(DREAMILY)

-- But when you come home from fishing -- with the sea and the salt and the engine oil? It's like he's walking through the door. I love that smell -- I can still smell him. She watches the highway posts clack past.

90 INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - NIGHT 90

Victor is soaking a dishtowel under the faucet. He wrings it out.

**VICTOR**

Mugged-by your wife. How ironic.

**91 INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 91**

Victor comes into the room with the wet towel and throws it at Alex, who is sitting now on the couch. Alex catches it, holds it to his bloody head.

**ALEX**

I'll fucking kill her.

**VICTOR**

When do the Reeses come home?

**(CONTINUED)**

**58.**

**91 CONTINUED: 91**

**ALEX**

Not for a month. Plenty of time.  
Victor sighs.

**VICTOR**

How long a drive is it?

**ALEX**

To the Gulf? Three hours.  
He removes the towel from his head.

**VICTOR**

You're going to need stitches. Do you have a sewing kit?

**ALEX**

I'll stop at my doctor's.

**VICTOR**

I darned my own socks in prison.

**92 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 92**

Suzanne and Jason cross the parking lot toward the coffee shop, which anchors a suburban surface mall. He notices a jewelry store. They reach the restaurant. He opens the door for Suzanne.

**JASON**

Order something for me, okay? I'm stiff, I need to walk around. He's already walking away. Concern and exasperation cancel each other; she goes inside.

**93 INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY 93**

Jason approaches the cheerful, elderly JEWELER repairing an earring behind the case. The man puts away his smile. Jason's long hair and leather jacket offend him.

**JASON**

My grandmother asked me to bring in a necklace of hers -- Jason takes the velvet pouch out of his pocket, unlaces it, spreads out the necklace on the counter. He leans forward on his elbows while the jeweler examines it with a loupe. When the jeweler looks up, he's angry.

**(CONTINUED)**

59.

**93 CONTINUED: 93**

**JEWELER**

Your grandmother lets you carry around a million dollars worth of jewelry? Go put it back where you found it.

The jeweler pours the necklace back in the pouch, cinches it closed, slaps it on top of the case.

**JASON**

-- Those aren't real diamonds.

**JEWELER**

Tell your grandmother to bring it  
in.

The jeweler BUZZES the door to release it. Jason grabs  
the velvet pouch, strides out.

**94 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 94**

The WAITRESS unloads plate after plate on the table where  
Suzanne is waiting for Jason.

**WAITRESS**

-- pan san, strawberry waffle, eggs  
over, side of wheat toast, ham  
steak, hash browns, fruit cup, two  
O.J.'s,, coffee, milk --

**SUZANNE'**

-- Extra syrup?  
Jason returns.

**JASON**

We'll starve.  
The waitress laughs as she strolls away.

**SUZANNE**

I'm hungry.  
He's worried about the jeweler.

**JASON**

Let's pack it up, picnic on the  
beach someplace.

**SUZANNE**

(with a grin)  
What a romantic.

60.

**95 EXT. CAR - DAY 95**

As Jason and Suzanne reach the car, he sees the jeweler on

the sidewalk now, outside the store, gesticulating to a sign painter.

**JASON**

**MOM --**

He wants to tell her he took the necklace.

**SUZANNE**

**(BREEZILY)**

-- No, 1111 drive.

The jeweler happens to glance in their direction. Jason ducks into the car, unnoticed.

**96 EXT. PIER - DAY 96**

Jason and Suzanne are sitting on a small, rickety pier, eating from the takeout boxes open on their laps.

**SUZANNE**

-- I feel... exhilarated.

**JASON**

Adrenalin does that.

**SUZANNE**

-- It ain't adrenalin, it's freedom.

And she slips her wedding ring off her finger and hurls it overhand as far as she can. It drops into the sea.

**SUZANNE**

**(EXULTANT)**

I don't want one goddamn thing of

**HISS**

She eats with gusto. Jason is staring at the water.

**JASON**

I can't believe you did that.

**97 INT. CAR - LATE DAY (TRAVEL?NG) 97**

Suzanne is driving now. She glances over at Jason sprawled low in the seat.

**SUZANNE**

You're quiet.

She doesn't think he's going to answer her.

**(CONTINUED)**

97

97 CONTINUED:

**JASON**

I didn't even say goodbye.

**SUZANNE**

It'll work itself out. People manage. We're here. This is what you always wanted.

**JASON**

-- How much money do we have?  
Suzanne doesn't reply.

**98 EXT. MOTEL - LATE DAY 98**

At the reception window Suzanne is checking in with the MOTEL OWNER, a solidly-built, ruddy woman in her fifties who shouldn't wear sleeveless blouses. Suzanne has her wallet open. Her fingers hesitate at the credit card.

**OWNER**

There's a cash discount. Ten percent.

**SUZANNE**

**(SMILING)**

Sounds like cash.  
She starts to count it out.

**99 EXT. MOTEL POOL - LATE DAY 99**

Ensnconced at a table under an umbrella, Jason is writing on a paper towel.

**JASON (V.O.)**

Dear Gabriella. I don't know if you'll get this letter. I don't know if I'll send it. All I know is that for some reason I need to write

it...

**SUZANNE AND THE OWNER**

cross the parking lot.

**SUZANNE**

**(CALLING)**

Jase!

He crumples the paper towel. She holds up the keys for him to see.

**(CONTINUED)**

62.

**99 CONTINUED: 99**

**OWNER**

**(ENVIOUSLY)**

I should have given you the king-size.  
Suzanne isn't offended.

**SUZANNE**

He's my son.  
The owner gives her a startled glance.

**OWNER**

You look great!  
Suzanne laughs.

**100 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 100**

Jason is sitting on the lawn chair outside the room door, working on his letter again under the yellow bug light. The Coke MACHINE HUMS noisily next to him.

**JASON (V.O.)**

That day on the boat made me realize  
I understand the sea better than I  
do the world.

**101 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 101**

Suzanne stirs awake, disoriented, spooked.

**SUZANNE**

Jason?

She sits up in bed. Jason comes in from outside.

**JASON**

I'm right here.

Suzanne shoves her fingers through her damp hair, swallows to clear her voice.

**SUZANNE**

... I dreamed I was in jail. You'd come to see me, you were on the other side of the plastic -- like at the bank?. And you were talking, but I couldn't hear you. I put my ear to the holes and I couldn't hear you, but your mouth was moving.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

63.

101

**101 CONTINUED:**

**SUZANNE (CONT'D)**

And then I realized you couldn't talk anymore. He'd cut your vocal cords, like that dog next door.

**JASON**

What dog?

She lies down again.

**SUZANNE-**

When you were a kid?

**JASON**

**(GENTLY)**

-- I'm on watch. Don't worry.

**102**

**102 EXT. CAR - DAY**

The car speeds north. Alongside, the Gulf shimmers under the mirror of the sky.

**JASON (V.O.)**

-- I know what lure to use to catch any fish in the water, but what's the lure for a woman? Truth? Lies?

**103 INT. ANOTHER MOTEL - DAY 103**

A tint combed through her hair, the plastic cap tied in a rakish bow, Suzanne lays out what remains of her cash by denomination. She records the amount in a pocket notebook she's using as a ledger.

**JASON (V.O.)**

One morning, just as the sky started to lighten --

**104 EXT. PIER - DAY 104**

Jason is fishing.

**JASON (V.O.)**

-- I caught a fish that had three hooks grown through his lips. Three times he'd gotten away. He kept taking the hook.

**64.**

**105 EXT. PIER - DAY (LATER) 105**

Jason is gutting and skinning his catch.

**JASON (V.O.)**

It occurs to me that you're the fisherman, not me. I can feel the tension of the line. I've taken the hook just like he did.

**CUT TO:**

**A MAP OF THE GULF 106**

Coastal towns have been crossed out, one after the other.

**107 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 107**

Alex, stitches in his head, pores over the map while Victor talks on the phone. He circles a new town on the Gulf, farther north.

**VICTOR**

-- eight-faceted cut... quite unique... could be the whole piece or individual stones, preference for the whole piece. Will you put out the word?...

**(LAUGHING)**

No, I'm consulting for the insurance company, isn't life strange? -- Love and kisses. He hangs up. His cheeriness vanishes. He coughs, more like a gag, and heads for the bathroom.

**108 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 108**

Victor spits blood in the sink. Then, after catching his breath, squirts medicine down his throat with his inhaler, exits.

**109 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 109**

**VICTOR**

I've called the whole network of fences from here to Tampa.

**ALEX**

Let's hope we'll find her before she sells.

**(CONTINUED)**

65.

**109 CONTINUED: 109**

Victor picks up a chair and smacks it down.

**ALEX**

Hey! What's wrong?

**VICTOR**

This is not a water-view suite in Marbella! Did you notice? There's no fruit and champagne from the management. I don't see Swiss chocolate on the pillows. My masseuse is not at the door. And I am fucking dying, Alex!

**ALEX**

**(SHOCKED)**

Jesus. Victor.

**VICTOR**

I don't intend to cough to death in a county clinic because you screwed up!

**ALEX**

**(QUIETLY)**

That's not fair. The plan was for you to move the necklace. I wouldn't have had the goddamn thing. Come on... sit down... try to relax. He reaches for victor's cigarettes and crumples the package in his fist. Victor looks at his ruined smokes.

**VICTOR**

I'm not good at giving up things.

**110 INT. DOCKSIDE RESTAURANT - DAY 110**

Jason eats a sandwich at a table, working on his letter.

**JASON (V.O.)**

I want to take you out with me when

the wind's blowing whitecaps and the current's running against the wind, just to hear your hair slap against your skin. When will I see you? He glances up.

**(CONTINUED)**

**66.**

**110**

**110 CONTINUED:**

**SUZANNE**

her hair a better, brighter color under her chef's hat, is cooking on the grill behind the counter, kidding the customers, enjoying herself. The greasy-aproned OWNER pats her rump as he goes by, not for the first time.

**SUZANNE**

Long arms, short dick, they always say.

One of the Fishermen guffaws. The owner looks pissed. So does Jason who witnessed it all.

**OWNER**

(aside; to Suzanne)  
Can I see you in the office after lunch, please?

**SUZANNE**

**(NOT INTIMIDATED)**

About what?

**111 INT. MOTEL - DAY 111**

Suzanne luxuriates in a bubble bath, a glass of wine in her hand, the bottle next to the tub. She's talking to Jason through the closed door.

**SUZANNE**

I was not-fired, you jerk. I quit.

**112 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 112**

Jason is prying a diamond out of the necklace with his fishing knife.

**SUZANNE (O.S.)**

(with a laugh)

For about a minute it was very satisfying.

**JASON**

(concentrating on the

**WORK)**

You did the right thing.

**113 EXT. SECOND JEWELRY STORE - DAY 113**

Jason has put on his suit, changed his looks. He sizes up the store.

67.

**114 INT. STORE - DAY 114**

Jason scans the case as he approaches the JEWELER.

**JEWELER.**

Help you?

**JASON**

Do you buy estate diamonds?

**JEWELER**

Sure.

Jason takes out a zip-lock bag and lays it on the counter, one of the diamonds inside. The jeweler takes it out with respect and holds it under his loupe. If Jason's nervous, it doesn't show.

**JASON**

It belonged to my mother.

The jeweler's heard every version. He doesn't care.

**JEWELER -**

.Price is the same. I can give you  
eighty-five hundred.

**115 EXT. BEACH - DAY 115**

The classified section already folded and marked beside her, Suzanne has propped herself on her elbows. She's looking out to sea. Talking heads bob like buoys, the waders. She notices, some distance away, a man in a suit walking along the beach. The image amuses her. He's moving in her direction. She finally recognizes Jason and raises her hand.

**SUZANNE**

**(CALLING OUT)**

Hey, sailor...

She puts on her hat to cut the glare. From under the brim she admires his approach.

**SUZANNE**

(as he reaches her)

... Look at you. What's the  
occasion?

Jason squats down beside her and balls up the classifieds.

**JASON**

You don't need another grab-ass job.  
I been out talking to people

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**68.**

**115**

**115 CONTINUED:**

**JASON (CONT'D)**

There's charter outfits a coupla

towns up the coast. (NAMES OF TOWNS). They need skippers, they need crews.  
She stands up, brushes off the sand, rolls up her towel.

**SUZANNE**

So we're packing.  
They start walking together. From the water a MAN calls out to Suzanne.

**MAN**

Hey, I thought you were coming back in.  
She smiles and waves goodbye.

**SUZANNE**

... Too bad. I kinda liked that

**GUY-**

She and Jason keep walking. He no longer looks like a boy.

**116**

**116 INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Alex is smelling his brandy in a booth. He looks defeated. Victor swings onto a bar stool. He takes out a wallet photo of Suzanne and Jason and passes it across to the BARTENDER.

**VICTOR**

Seen them, by any chance?

**BARTENDER**

Why are you asking?

**VICTOR**

My wife and son. He's been selling fish around these parts.  
He's totally believable. The bartender feels for his pain and takes another look at the photo, shakes his head no.

**BARTENDER**

She's a little classier than our usual clientele, y'know?

**VICTOR**

Maybe you could pass it down anyway.

**(CONTINUED)**

69.

116

**116 CONTINUED:**

The bartender takes the photo.

**BARTENDER**

Sure, man.

**VICTOR**

joins Alex in the booth. Victor raises his hand. Alex instinctively pulls his head back.

**VICTOR**

Don't move.

He leans across the table and plucks the last stitch out of Alex's wound. Alex winces.

**VICTOR**

It's been irritating me all day.

Did I hurt you?

Threat implied. Alex stares him down.

**MALE VOICE (O.S.)**

Hey, I know this kid --

Alex and Victor glance over to the bar and see Henry.

He's looking at the photo Victor passed around.

**HENRY**

Hunches a catch like a depth finder.

Victor is already out of the booth.

**VICTOR AND HENRY**

Henry senses money to be made.

**HENRY**

Who are you?

**VICTOR**

His father.

**HENRY**

I thought his father was dead.

(shaking his head)  
Well, you look bad all right, but  
not dead.

**VICTOR**

**(DEFENSIVELY)**

Hungover, that's all. I'm his  
stepfather.

**(CONTINUED)**

70.

116

116 CONTINUED: (2)

**HENRY**

(with a chuckle)  
Oh, man, now I see why he blew town.  
victor's insulted enough to lose his patience and his  
poise.

**VICTOR**

The question before us is where did  
he go.  
Henry says nothing. He wants to be paid. Victor whips  
out a fifty-dollar bill from his top pocket. Henry  
reaches for it, but victor holds it back, wanting an  
answer first.

**HENRY**

He wouldn't be on the Gulf. He  
hated the Gulf.  
Alex has moved up to the bar to listen behind him,  
unnoticed. He shakes his head at victor.

**HENRY**

He's down in the Keys somewhere.  
Victor puts the fifty back in his own pocket. Henry  
stands aggressively.

**HENRY**

That ain't cool in my book!  
In a swift, unexpected move, victor jams Henry back down  
on his bar stool. The bartender starts toward them. Alex  
slips out the door. The stool and Henry are toppling  
over. Victor catches them both, sets Henry upright.

**VICTOR**

**(EVENLY)**

Now sit there, . and calm down.  
Victor is ill, but not weak. Henry looks away, the  
classic signal of submission.

**VICTOR**

Thank you.

**117**

**117 EXT. BAR - NIGHT.**

Alex is waiting for victor outside.

**(CONTINUED)**

**71.**

**117**

**117 CONTINUED:**

**ALEX**

**(PLEASED)**

They can't be too far.  
Victor stares at him.

**VICTOR**

I never understand your optimism.

**ALEX**

Or he wouldn't have lied.

**HENRY (O.S.)**

Hey, mister!

**ALEX**

**(TO VICTOR)**

I think you made a friend.  
Victor turns around, Alex keeps walking.

**HENRY**

is in the doorway to the bar.

**HENRY**

What's it to you if I see the kid?  
Victor smiles.

**118 EXT. DRYDOCK - LONG SHOT - DAY 118**

From a distance we see Jason follow a beefy, jeans-wearing salesman into the building.

**119 ' INT. DRYDOCK - LONG SHOT - DAY 119**

The Salesman walks Jason past the vertical rows of boats, stacked from ceiling to floor, extolling the virtues of his stock. Jason inspects a modest boat, takes out cash.

**120 EXT. GULF - BOAT - DAY 120**

Jason is helming a classic wooden fishing boat, THE HERCULES II, old and not too big, but with good lines. He's purely happy.

72.

121

**121 EXT. WATER - DAY**

Jason steers toward the beach and drops anchor. There's a cabin among the palmettos. No car.

122

**122 INT. CABIN - DAY**

Jason comes into the cabin.

**JASON**

(just to be sure)

Mom?

The cabin is silent. He uses his fishing knife to pop loose a section of the cheap wall paneling. Behind it, a square of sheet rock has been sliced away between the studs to accommodate the pouch. He drops the pouch in his tackle box. A CAR is heard pulling up. Jason frantically starts to jam the paneling back in place. It won't hold.

**123**

**123 EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Suzanne takes a flat of geraniums out of the trunk and sets them on the porch. She opens the door.

**124**

**124 INT. CABIN - DAY**

Just as Suzanne steps through the screen door, Jason sees that his tackle box is open, the velvet pouch in plain sight. He kicks the top closed, bends to lock it.

**SUZANNE**

**(CASUALLY)**

They'll think you stole it.

He looks up at her, caught. She's walking toward the kitchen sink to wash the nursery dirt off her hands. She looks out the window at the boat again.

**SUZANNE**

Nice boat.

(over her shoulder)

Are you allowed just to run around with it?

'His tension ebbs. He picks up his tackle box.

**JASON**

I forgot my tackle box.

**SUZANNE**

-- Don't take advantage, Jason. They trusted you with the job.

**(CONTINUED)**

73.

124

124 CONTINUED:

He kisses her quickly.

JASON

It's not a problem.  
He escapes out the door.

125

125 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alex is sitting on the bed, dialing a number. He can see Victor shirtless in the bathroom. (His scars surprise us). Victor is trying with effort to suppress a cough.

126

126 INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gabriella is cooking herself dinner.

GABRIELLA

Hello?  
She's greedily grateful to hear Alex's voice.

GABRIELLA

-- Hi! I saw on the news there's  
rain in San Francisco. Are you wet  
and miserable?

127

127 INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Exhausted, Alex stretches out on the bed to talk to her.

ALEX

Napa's farther north.  
Victor comes out of the bathroom. He's waiting for news.

128 INT. CONDO - NIGHT 128

She leans on the counter, flirting with his voice.

**GABRIELLA**

Tell me you love me.

**ALEX (V.O.)**

I love you.  
Her smile vanishes.

**GABRIELLA**

Who just laughed?

74.

129

**129 INT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

Alex holds the phone out to Victor.

**ALEX**

She wants to talk to you.

**VICTOR**

Oh, please. Why?

**ALEX**

Just fucking say hello, okay?  
Victor takes the phone.

**VICTOR**

Hello, dear.  
Alex snatches the phone back from him.

**ALEX**

Happy? Satisfied? I'm working.

**130 INT. CONDO - NIGHT 130**

His harsh tone unsettles her.

**GABRIELLA**

I miss you.

**ALEX (V.O.)**

Are there any messages?

She carries the phone to the counter where she keeps mail and any messages and starts to leaf through the stack. Her eye falls on a crumpled light blue envelope; she moves it out from the pile. It has been forwarded several times. And it's addressed to her.

**GABRIELLA**

It's lonely here.

There's no return address. She slits it open with her thumbnail. A trickle of sand falls out.

**ALEX (V.O.)**

What about the messages?

**GABRIELLA**

I'm looking!

Instead, she opens the letter.

**(CONTINUED)**

75.

130

130 CONTINUED:

**JASON (V..O.-) `**

Dear Gabriella. I've started this letter a dozen times --

**ALEX (V..O. )**

Gabby?

She puts down the letter and quickly- finds the message memo.

**GABRIELLA**

Here it is. Mr. Raines called from (NAME OF TOWN). He said you-Id know what it was about. Do you,- need the number?

**131 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 131**

Sitting up, Alex signals success to Victor and writes down the number.

**ALEX**

Thanks, honey. I'll call-you tomorrow. G'd'night .  
He hangs up, excited. Victor has already started to pack.

**ALEX**

**(TO VICTOR)**

And you had no faith..

**VICTOR**

I'll save the party hats until it's in our hands.

**132 INT. CONDO - NIGHT 132**

Gabriella is reading the second page of Jason's letter.

**JASON (V.O.)**

I look out at the flat blue sea, and  
the darker blue where the Gulf  
deepens and I want you next to me.  
I want to walk across the. sugar sand  
and wade into the water with you  
until the current lifts us and  
floats us, nothing weighting us down --  
as'light and thoughtless as fish.  
Will I ever see you?... Love, :  
Jason.

**(CONTINUED)**

76.

132

**132 CONTINUED:**

She's deeply moved. And it occurs to her that she has picked the wrong man.

133

**133 EXT. VICTOR'S CAR - DAY**

**NEAR THE**

Modest, nondescript. Victor parallel parks jewelry store with his usual careful manner.

134

**134 INT. CAR - DAY**

Victor and Alex kid each other without rancor for the moment.

**ALEX -**

I miss the Cadillac. Top down. Air on.

**VICTOR**

**(LAUGHING)**

You have pimp's tastes, Alex. At least my car's inconspicuous. Alex starts to get out. Victor doesn't.

**ALEX**

You all right?

**VICTOR**

A lot of these jewelers might know my face. It's risky.

**ALEX**

How about for me? Victor takes out the photo of Alex with the necklace and holds it up for him.

**VICTOR**

Nobody's seen this yet.

**ALEX**

You're sick. I'll do it. Alex throws open the door and barrels out of the car.

⌘ 135

**135 INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY**

The jeweler who bought the diamond from Jason lays it on

a velvet pad for Alex, who's posing as the insurance investigator.

**(CONTINUED)**

77.

135

135 CONTINUED:

**JEWELER**

(with a shrug)  
Said it was his mother's.

**ALEX**

A seventeen-year-old kid waltzes in with a diamond as big as your toenail, and you don't wonder?? You shouldn't have touched it! You know that! All right, okay. When we recover the rest of the necklace, I'll be back. Do not, do not sell it. I'll see what I can do for you, Raines.

**JEWELER**

i appreciate that.

136

**136 INT. BAR - DAY**

Victor and Alex are having a beer near the wide-screen TV. A game is on.

**ALEX**

Smart lady. She lets Jason make the sale. They get caught, he's underage, and she don't know a thing. I gotta give her credit.

**VICTOR**

You have interesting taste in women.

Alex's gaze wanders to the game, but he can't get interested.

137

**137 EXT. VICTOR'S CAR - DAY**

It barrels up the highway, passing the same landmarks Suzanne and Jason did.

138

**138 INT. CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)**

Victor is driving, Alex reading the map. He circles a town name. Victor cranes to see it.

139

**139 EXT. DOCKS - LATE DAY**

A storm is blowing in, and Jason walks quickly along the docks to his boat and swings aboard.

78.

140

**140 EXT. BOAT - LATE DAY**

The waves have already started to slap against the sides of the boat. Jason tosses over his fenders and secures them to protect the boat from the pilings. He starts toward the cabin. The lock has been popped. The door is slightly ajar. He hears a NOISE inside. He draws his knife.

141

**141 INT. CABIN - LATE DAY**

Jason throws open the door. A figure is bent over in the galley. It turns, and by the light of the refrigerator Jason recognizes Henry.

**JASON**

Jesus, Henry... What the hell you doing?... How'd you know this was my boat??

**HENRY**

I saw you cast off. Good little sport boat you got, too. Oh, whoa -- hear that?

**JASON**

**(PARANOID)**

Where -- what??  
Henry rubs his stomach.

**HENRY**

Right here, man. I ain't been eating my share since my fishing partner ran off. Without so much as goodbye/good luck.  
Jason blows out a breath.

**JASON**

It's complicated.

**HENRY**

**(NODDING)**

Always is.  
The boat is rocking now. The WIND has picked up. They hear the CLANKING and RUBBING of the other boats. Jason starts checking all the hasps and latches while Henry eats the sandwich he made.

**JASON**

So why are you on the Gulf?

**(CONTINUED)**

**141 CONTINUED:**

**HENRY**

My baby finally sank on me. Right  
at the dock. I thought I'd work  
charter for awhile.  
(moving to help Jason  
with the latches)  
-- Need a crew?

**JASON**

I don't know. Maybe.

**HENRY**

That's not why I came looking for  
you.  
Jason is checking the engine. Out of Henry's sight, he  
surreptitiously reaches inside a hidden compartment.

**HIS HAND**

wraps around the concealed pouch and withdraws, reassured.

**JASON**

secures the engine hatch.

**HENRY**

A guy offered me fifty bucks to tell  
him where you were. Sick old  
motherfucker. Big as God. Tried to  
say he was your stepfather.

**JASON**

**(CAREFULLY)**

Maybe it was.

**HENRY**

No, no, no, no -- this guy was not  
any kind of family man, if you know  
what I mean. So you're in some deep  
shit, because he wasn't a cop  
neither.

**JASON**

-- What'd you tell him?  
Henry chuckles.

**HENRY**

Lots of ways to make fifty bucks.  
Misunderstanding, Jason shoves him up against the counter.

(CONTINUED)

80.

141

141 CONTINUED: (2)

**JASON**

You gonna lean on me, Henry?? Is that the plan?  
Henry is hurt and offended.

**HENRY**

(WITH DIGNITY)

No, man, I wouldn't stoop that low. And if I'd taken the fifty, I wouldn't have to be eating your shitbag sandwich neither. Jason steps back, ashamed of himself. He sits down to recover. Henry looks at him with a friend's concern.

**HENRY**

You -- um -- you moving contraband, Jason?  
Jason shakes his head no.

**HENRY**

This guy struck me as a serious problem. A few raindrops spatter the windows. Jason makes for the cabin door.

**JASON**

Take care of the boat?

**HENRY**

(with a grateful smile)  
Not likely to sink two of 'em.

142

142 EXT. DOCKS - DUSK

Jason lopes along the quay, toward the businesses at the far end. The sky is about to open.

**143**

**143 INT. FISH MARKET - DUSK**

Working behind the counter, Suzanne leans on her elbows, chatting up a customer. Jason comes through the back door. She turns.

**JASON**

-- Mom, come on.  
He catches her hand and tows her toward the back door.

**(CONTINUED)**

**81.**

**143**

**143 CONTINUED:**

**SUZANNE**

**(ALARMED)**

What's wrong, what's happened?

**JASON**

We gotta go...  
She anxiously follows him out the door.

**THE CUSTOMER**

leans back to see around the snack rack that blocked our view of him.  
It's Victor. A paper bag under his arm, he goes out the front door.

**144**

**144 EXT. FISH MARKET - DUSK**

The rain is sheeting down. Cars fishtail slightly on the

grease not yet washed from the streets.

**VICTOR**

reaches his car with a long stride; he can't run.

**145**

**145 INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT (TRAVELING)**

Suzanne is driving. 'Jason has told her. He glances at her sideways. She takes a long breath. The rain speeds up. She switches on the wipers.

**SUZANNE**

... I should have gone through his pockets myself. It didn't occur to me. I was in such a panic. If I'd found the necklace, Jason? I'd have taken it, too.

**146**

**146 EXT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT**

She stops at a light.

**147**

**147 INT. VICTOR'S CAR - NIGHT**

Victor and Alex spot Suzanne's car idling at the intersection. Victor is eating an apple from the bag.

**ALEX**

There.

**82.**

**148**

**148 INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT**

As she accelerates, Suzanne reaches over to pat Jason's hand.

**JASON**

-- I'm sorry.  
She glances in the rear view mirror. Headlights.

**SUZANNE**

It's okay. I'm the one who hit the  
bastard.

**HER POV**

A small bridge ahead is almost ready to pivot to let a  
boat pass. She stamps down on the gas pedal. The car  
rockets forward.

**149**

**149 INT. VICTOR'S CAR - NIGHT**

The bridge gate is lowering. Victor guns the car under  
the gate and across the pivoting bridge just as the gap  
opens.

**VICTOR**

What a thrill.

**THEIR POV**

Jason's white face is turned toward them in Suzanne's car.

**ALEX**

Easy, easy -- he'll see us.

**VICTOR**

It's raining too hard.

**150**

**150 INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Jason looking out the back window sees only the headlights  
and rain.

**JASON**

Still with us.

**SUZANNE**

Maybe it's just a tourist cruising  
around with his head up his butt.  
Neither of them believes that.

**(CONTINUED)**

83.

150

150 CONTINUED:

**SUZANNE**

... How about Mexico? The Sea of Cortez? Your father fished for marlin there. The biggest catch he ever had.

sharp left,

She sees a side road coming up. She hangs a skidding into the turn, traction holding.

151

151 INT. VICTOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Victor can't make the turn in time.

**ALEX**

**TURN1**

**VICTOR**

Relax. She's not going anywhere. He brakes and calmly reverses in the rain.

**ALEX**

I just need to talk to her.

**VICTOR**

Last time you talked, she almost crushed your skull.

(TRAVELING) 152

152 INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT

Suzanne is driving fast.

**SUZANNE**

Anything?

**JASON**

**(CHECKING)**

Not a\_car in sight.

**SUZANNE**

You sure?

**HIS POV**

The headlights turn onto the road.

**SUZANNE**

hears his silence and looks back herself just as he looks forward.

**(CONTINUED)**

**84.**

**152**

**152 CONTINUED:**

**JASON**

Mom! Face the road! You're drifting!

She looks back as now bright headlights light them up. A truck HORN BLASTS.

**SUZANNE**

-- Shit!

She 'spins the wheel to avoid a head-on, but in so doing she clips the curb and loses control. She throws an arm across Jason to protect him.

The car rolls onto its top, scraping across the road.

**153**

**153 EXT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT**

The upside-down car rips through a fence, slides down off the road. The engine dies. The only SOUND is the SPINNING back TIRE and the WINDSHIELD that now caves in.

**154 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Victor swerves to the side of the road. Alex leaps out of the car and runs toward the wreck. Victor follows at a slower pace, opening his umbrella. He's still eating his apple. He sees a neighboring house light come on in response to the crash.

**AT THE WRECK**

Alex is trying to open the jammed door when Victor reaches him.

**VICTOR**

We don't have much time.  
Through the window they can see Suzanne and Jason, both unconscious, limbs entangled, covered in glass. Suzanne is hemorrhaging from a gash in her side. Her leg twitches in spasm.  
Car headlights pass by on the road.

**ALEX**

We need to get some help!

**VICTOR**

Already on the way, I'm afraid.

**(CONTINUED)**

85.

154

**154 CONTINUED:**

Alex kicks out what remains of the back side window and slithers into the car. Victor calls in after him.

**VICTOR**

Open the trunk, please.  
He walks toward the back.

155

**155 INT. CAR - NIGHT**

With the car upside-down, Alex has to reach under the seat to press the trunk release.

**156**

**156 EXT. CAR - NIGHT**

The car is rocked far enough forward on its hood to enable the trunk to open. The contents cascade onto Victor. He starts his search, the apple gripped between his teeth.

**157**

**157 INT. CAR - NIGHT**

His own breathing noisy and shallow, Alex brushes the glass away from Suzanne's face.

**ALEX**

-- Oh, Christ...

He lifts her shirt to see how badly she's cut and presses the heel of his hand against the gash to try to stop the bleeding. Her blood spurts through his fingers. With his other hand he pats down her body.

**SUZANNE**

**(BARELY CONSCIOUS)**

Jase...

Alex checks Jason for her, searching his limp body at the same time.

**ALEX**

I think he's okay, Suzanne. Just tell me where it is.

She can't answer. He opens the glove compartment and feels inside. He goes through her purse.

**ALEX**

Goddammit!

Leaning over the seat, he fumbles with her clothes. He's trying to make her comfortable.

**(CONTINUED)**

86.

157

**157 CONTINUED:**

Then he reaches down her bra, into her panties, searching.  
Her voice is faint.

**SUZANNE**

Don't...

**ALEX**

**(GENTLY)**

Sssh, I have to. Don't be scared.  
I'm not going to hurt you.

158

**158 EXT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT**

SIRENS begin to be heard, closing. Victor bends down next  
to the car.

**VICTOR**

Alex, c'mon, get out of there.

159

**159 INT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Alex roars at victor.

**ALEX**

She's dying, for chrissake!

**(TO SUZANNE)**

Hear the sirens? Help's coming.  
Just tell me where it is and let me  
get out of your lives.  
She whispers something. He leans in close.

**ALEX**

What? --  
â€¢ She mumbles something indecipherable. He puts his ear  
close to her mouth. The SIRENS are bearing down.

**SUZANNE**

(only a breath)

... Fuck you.

**VICTOR (O.S.)**

We're out of time, Ale7. You can stay if you want, but I've left.

**160 EXT. SUZANNE'S CAR - NIGHT 160**

Alex's feet pop out through the window. He's trying to shimmy himself backward out of the car, harder than going in, the principle of a lobster trap.

**(CONTINUED)**

**87.**

**160**

**160 CONTINUED:**

**ALEX**

**HELP MET**

Victor grabs his ankles and pulls. Alex starts to reemerge.

**161**

**161 INT. VICTOR'S CAR - NIGHT (LATER)**

Parked down the road in a row of onlookers, Alex and Victor watch the fire department, working under portable lights, pry Jason and Suzanne out of the car.

**ALEX**

... I didn't mean for this to happen.

**VICTOR**

As soon as they see her license they'll call you in Miami. Alex nods. He can't look away from the scene.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

162

**162 INT.-HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Jason is semi-conscious. His eyes flutter open for a second in the dark, then he sinks again.

163

**163 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Jason resurfaces. Alex is half-asleep in the chair, his bloody clothes changed. The newspaper droops from his fingers. Jason's voice cracks from disuse.

**JASON**

what are you...

He swallows painfully. Alex smiles and gets up from the chair. He dreads what he has to tell him.

**ALEX**

Hey, there... how do you feel?

**JASON**

Where's my mother?

**(CONTINUED)**

88.

163

**163 CONTINUED:**

**ALEX**

(dodging the question)

I flew straight back from Napa when I heard. You hit your head pretty hard.

Jason struggles to sit up, his equilibrium not fully restored.

**JASON**

Where's Mom? -- How's Mom?  
Alex sits down on the bed with him to break the news.

**ALEX**

**(QUIETLY)**

I'm sorry, Jason... I'm so sorry.  
Jason stares at him. He hasn't absorbed the fact.

**ALEX**

She didn't make it as far as the  
hospital.  
Horror and rage flood Jason's face.

**JASON**

**N000!**

He seizes the empty I.V. stand and hurls it at Alex, who  
throws up his arm protectively. Jason tackles Alex under  
his guard, smashing him into the metal dresser. Alex's  
head snaps backward, cracking the mirror.

**JASON**

-- You killed her, you fuck!  
Alex tries to hold him, eventually in a forced bear-hug.

**ALEX**

-- Don't, don't --

**(CALLING OUT)**

I need someone in here!

**JASON**

**(WEAKLY)**

Let go of me!  
Alex holds him close. He collapses in Alex's arms.  
An ORDERLY hurries in, followed by a Nurse.

**ORDERLY**

We'll take care of him.

**(CONTINUED)**

89.

163

163 CONTINUED: (2)

Alex hesitates, then goes out.

164

164 INT. ADMISSIONS OFFICE - DAY

Alex is conferring quietly with a staff member behind the counter.

165 EXT. SUZANNE'S CABIN - DAY 165

Victor picks the lock. Alex doesn't follow him inside.

166 INT. CABIN - DAY 166

Victor hits every spot where amateurs hide their treasures.

A SERIES OF CUTS 167

- A) Victor's hand lifts the tub drain.
- B) Victor feels the back of a dresser.

VICTOR

(CALLING OUT)

It'd be nice to have some help.

- C) Victor unscrews the trap under the kitchen sink.
- D) Et cetera.

168 EXT. CABIN - DAY 168

Alex is sitting on the stairs, staring out at the Gulf. He gives no indication of having heard Victor.

169 INT. CABIN - DAY 169

Victor lays his cheek along the living room wall to eyeball it for irregularity. A smile hoists his cheeks. He pops the paneling loose. His smile collapses. The niche carved between the studs is empty. He rests his head against the wall.

90.

170

170 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Alex walks down the corridor to Jason's room. He taps on the door. There's no answer. He pushes open the door. The room is empty, the bed stripped. Alex barrels out of the room to confront the tired young DOCTOR he sees walking down the hall.

**ALEX**

Where's my son??

**DOCTOR**

**(PUZZLED)**

I released him this morning.

**ALEX**

You let an underage boy with a head injury walk out of here by himself??

**DOCTOR**

It was only a concussion. He's fine. He said you were in the lobby.

Nothing to be gained, Alex whirls around and strides away.

171

171 EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jason is running down the road, his face contorted.

172

172 EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jason keeps running onto the sand. He kicks off his shoes and plunges into the water and swims. Swims until he's exhausted and gasping. He tips his head back in the water and screams his grief to the pitiless sky.

173

173 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A truck pulls over, Jason swings down and waves goodbye.

**174**

**174 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT**

Jason appears, walking down the street. He looks into the garage. Seeing Alex's Cadillac, he smiles a tight smile.

**175**

**175 INT. CONDO - NIGHT**

Jason unlocks the door and starts turning off the alarm before the door is wide enough open to trip the delay.

**(CONTINUED)**

**91.**

**175**

**175 CONTINUED:**

The lights are off. He closes the door and starts up the stairs.

**IN THE HALLWAY**

His hand goes into his pocket as he advances on the master bedroom. He takes out his knife.

**176**

**176' INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

He moves toward the bed.

**JASON**

Wake up, Alex. I want to see your face.

The sheets stir. Jason raises his knife to strike. But it isn't Alex in the bed, it's Gabriella. She lets out a strangled scream. He whips the sheet off her with his other hand. She's naked.

**GABRIELLA**

Jason!  
(her eyes on his knife)  
-- Don't hurt me. Please.

**JASON**

Where is he?

**GABRIELLA**

He went to get you! He's not coming  
back until tomorrow.  
She timidly pulls the sheet over her body. Jason yanks it  
off her so hard it flaps loose from the corners. He  
touches her belly with the length of his knife, the blade  
â€¢ flat to her skin. She freezes.

**JASON**

His car's here.

**GABRIELLA**

It's been here since he went to  
Napa.

**JASON**

I keep hearing about Napa. Did you  
ever call him there?  
She shakes her head.

**JASON**

You don't know where he was.

**(CONTINUED)**

**92.**

**176**

**176 CONTINUED:**

She swallows to clear her voice. Her- eyes haven't left  
the knife.

**GABRIELLA.**

Why would he lie to me?  
Ever so lightly Jason's fingertips find her skin.

**JASON**

You didn't waste any time,. did you.  
You moved right in.

**GABRIELLA.**

You don't need the knife.. Put. the  
knife down.  
She knows men and children well enough to demand, not beg.  
Jason has almost forgotten he still. has the knife against  
her. He lifts it and folds it and puts it away.

**JASON**

I'm going to wait for him, and. I'm  
going to kill him.  
His hand drifts along her body. She doesn't resist.

**GABRIELLA**

They'll lock you up.

**JASON**

Yeah.

**GABRIELLA**

'Away from the sky and the air and  
the sea and the current running  
against the wind?' That was a very  
beautiful letter.  
Jason moves onto the bed, on his knees. beside her.

**JASON**

Did you show it to him? You two  
have a laugh about it?

**GABRIELLA**

I never mentioned itl  
Jason's hand curves around her throat,. a, caress, a threat.

**JASON**

Did you tell him how to find: us-?  
Gabriella knocks his hand away from her throat.

**(CONTINUED)**

93.

176

176 CONTINUED: (2)

**GABRIELLA**

Not He wasn't interested, he didn't care.

**JASON**

Sure, he did.

**GABRIELLA**

He was glad she left.  
Jason lies down alongside her.

**JASON**

He had us followed.

**GABRIELLA**

W-why?  
He shrugs; he doesn't trust her.

**GABRIELLA**

How do you know?  
She thinks grief has driven him crazy, and he sees that.

**JASON**

I'm not crazy.  
Gabriella lays her hand over his on the bed, to comfort him.

**GABRIELLA**

... I'm so very sorry about what happened to your mother.  
His hand skitters away and lights on her ribs.

**JASON**

Her loss, your gain.  
Furious, Gabriella forgets her caution. She slaps him hard enough to throw his head sideways. Jason rolls on top of her and pins her down.

**JASON**

Her home, her bed -- her life.  
He lowers his mouth to Gabriella's neck. His kiss is surprisingly gentle. His knee works her legs apart.

**GABRIELLA**

. Don't do this for revenge.

(CONTINUED)

94.

176

176 CONTINUED: (3)

**JASON**

Let's finish what we started.  
Slowly, he kisses her. She lets her mouth respond: a  
sweet kiss, in spite of the circumstances.  
His fingers scissor her nipple.

**JASON**

Just don't tell me that you love me.  
He peels off his T-shirt.

**GABRIELLA**

(in a whisper)  
I love you.  
He gives her a hard look. She holds his gaze and pushes  
his jeans down until he finally kicks them off and they're  
both naked. They begin to make love.

**GABRIELLA**

Wait.  
Jason doesn't understand. She gently pushes him back.

**GABRIELLA**

This way.  
She turns on her stomach and guides him back into her.  
Jason moves now rapidly.

**GABRIELLA**

Slowly.  
Her hand on his ass guides the pace. She hasn't had a  
young man in a long time.

**GABRIELLA**

(IN SPANISH)

What are you doing to me?

**(IN ENGLISH)**

Don't come, not yet.

They move as one, their passion enveloping them.  
He makes her come first. Then, when her body flattens, he  
also comes and he's lying on top of her, his face  
alongside hers, their breath gentling. Finally, they lie  
side by side.

**GABRIELLA**

Will you get me a towel? With warm  
water.

**(CONTINUED)**

95.

176

**176 CONTINUED: (4)**

He kisses her and gets up. If she didn't love him before,  
she does now.

177

**177 INT. THE BATHROOM**

While he runs the water to warm it, he looks at himself  
naked in the mirror. His face crumples. He no longer  
knows what he's doing.

178

**178 INT. MASTER BEDROOM**

He brings the towel back to Gabriella, who wipes herself.  
Her mood, too, has sobered.

**GABRIELLA**

(after a moment)  
Are you going to kill me, too?

**JASON**

**(REPELLED)**

No!

**GABRIELLA**

You'll have to. I'll know. I'll be a witness. I'll know you planned it.

**JASON**

-- Would you do that?

**GABRIELLA**

**(SOFTLY)**

I like-you too much to let you kill him.

Jason starts to put on his clothes:

**GABRIELLA**

I need him, Jason.

**JASON**

**(FURIOUS)**

You don't -- you don't!

**GABRIELLA**

I'm not going back to Caracas! You don't know how we live there.

She pulls the pillow in front of her to hide her nakedness. He touches her shoulder; she shrugs him away.

**(CONTINUED)**

96.

178

178 CONTINUED:

**GABRIELLA**

**(GROWING FRANTIC)**

You have to leave now, Jason.

**JASON**

What are you talking about? This is my home. I'm home.  
She stares at him. His face is set. She can't persuade him. Jason thinks of his next step, a plan.

**GABRIELLA**

**(COLDLY)**

This is not your room, though, is it.  
Jason starts toward the door.

**JASON**

You're never going to marry him, Gabriella.

**GABRIELLA**

Watch me.  
He closes the door with a solid CLICK. She starts to cry, and still crying, she pulls the sheets off the bed, she has to change the sheets.

**179**

**179 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Jason leans against the wall, his eyes squeezed shut, listening to her CRY.

**180**

**180 EXT. CONDO - DAY**

Alex carries his suitcase toward the condo.

**181**

**181 EXT. CONDO DOOR - DAY**

Alex puts his key in the lock, opens the door.

**ALEX**

(as he goes in)  
Gabby?

**182**

**182 INT. CONDO - DAY**

Alex is too astonished to say a word. Jason and Gabriella are having lunch at the kitchen table.

(CONTINUED)

97.

182

182 CONTINUED:

Alex sets down his suitcase.

**ALEX**

I've been looking for you for two days!  
Jason relishes this.

**JASON**

You should've called home.  
Alex advances.

**ALEX**

How'd you get here?

**JASON**

Hitchhiked.

**GABRIELLA**

(too bright and

**NERVOUS)**

Are you-hungry? Have you had lunch?  
Alex doesn't even hear her.

**ALEX**

Why didn't you wait for me?  
Jason eats without answering.

**ALEX**

And what about all your stuff, and  
your mother's?  
Jason swallows, wipes his mouth.

**JASON**

She doesn't need it anymore, and I  
don't want it.

Gabriella brings Alex a cup of coffee.

**GABRIELLA**

How about a sandwich?

**ALEX**

**(SNAPPISHLY)**

I'm not hungry. Jesus.

**JASON**

You haven't even said hello to her.

**(CONTINUED)**

98.

**182 CONTINUED: (2) 182**

**ALEX**

(with great control),  
Hello, Gabby.

**JASON**

**(PROMPTING HIM)**

'Did you miss me, honey?,'

**ALEX**

What are you doing.  
Jason gets up from the table. He's wearing workout  
clothes.

**JASON**

Nothing.  
He walks out of the condo. Alex and Gabriella are left  
alone together. She jumps in before he can say anything.

**GABRIELLA**

He just lost his mother, Alex. You  
can't expect him to act normal.  
He steps up beside her and moves her hair off her  
shoulders.

**ALEX**

**(GENTLY)**

Did you try to make him feel better?

**GABRIELLA**

(right back at him)

Yes. I gave him something to eat.

She walks out and up the stairs to the bedroom.

**183 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 183**

Alex comes into the room. She's sitting on the bed.

**GABRIELLA**

**(SOFTLY)**

... I feel like I made her die.

Alex sits down beside her and takes her hand.

**GABRIELLA**

I wanted her to go away so bad... I  
used to wish she'd die. And then  
she did.

He lets go of her hand.

**(CONTINUED)**

99.

183

183 CONTINUED:

**ALEX**

Oh, please. I don't need two  
children in the house.

(noticing her mouth)

-- What happened to your mouth?

Gabriella's hand jumps to her lip.

**GABRIELLA**

Oh. -I bit my lip.

He takes her lip between his and nuzzles it.

**ALEX**

**(TENDERLY)**

Where? Here?... Better?  
She tries to laugh and nods. He holds her close.

**ALEX**

**(CONVERSATIONALLY)**

where'd Jason go?

**184**

**184 INT. CONDO WEIGHT ROOM - DAY**

Jason is working out alone in the little gym when in the mirror he sees Alex come through the door. He keeps lifting. Alex sits down on the bench beside him. Jason ignores him.

**ALEX**

You have something that belongs to  
.me, Jason -- and I want it back.

**JASON**

It's not yours.

**ALEX**

**(HARDER)**

Either way.  
Jason continues to lift. Finally:

**JASON**

Did you know the thing's worth over  
a million dollars? What a fucking  
stupid way to spend money.

**ALEX**

I was holding it for someone. These  
are dangerous people.

**(CONTINUED)**

100.

184

184 CONTINUED:

The bar wobbles with Jason's laugh.. Alex moves behind and spots him, unnecessarily.

**ALEX**

Don't screw around with me, Jason.  
He's in a position to crush Jason's windpipe. Jason shoves the barbell up in his face, finishing the set and re-racking. He reaches for his towel and wipes his face, his expression hidden.

**JASON**

I don't know where it is anymore.  
You killed the only person who did.

**ALEX**

It was an accident! What did I have to do with it?  
Jason wads up his towel and throws it at Alex.

**JASON**

There was a car following us!

**ALEX**

Did you see who was in it?  
Jason shakes his head no.

**ALEX**

I met one of these guys. Tall, weird-looking fucker with a gray crew-cut.  
(letting out a breath)  
These people you don't steal from. Whoever was following Suzanne is going to come after you, too.  
Haven't you figured that out?  
For the first time Jason wavers.; it's a plausible alternative, but one that makes him guilty instead.

**JASON**

Who are they?  
Alex fastidiously drops the towel in the hamper.

**ALEX**

Doesn't matter. Give the necklace back to me, and we'll split the handling commission.

His ingratiating smile offends Jason. He doesn't trust Alex. He shakes his head.

**(CONTINUED)**

**101.**

**184**

**184 CONTINUED: (2)**

**JASON**

She never told me where she kept it. Alex doesn't believe him either. His hand rests on a dumbbell, and for a murderous instant he's about to pick it up and use it on Jason. He lifts his hand away.

**185**

**185 INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Victor is lying on his bed, the respirator beside him, while he talks on the phone to Alex. He looks dreadful.

**VICTOR**

Nice boy like that, the money means diddlyshit. And, personally, I suspect he'd rather die than tell you. So get a blowtorch, and use it on the girl until he cooperates.

**186**

**186 INT. ALEX'S DEN - NIGHT**

Alex sits hunched over the desk, the phone in his hand, thinking.

**VICTOR (V.O.)**

.. Just as an example, Alex.

**ALEX**

He's gonna make a move.

**VICTOR (V.O.)**

When he does, I'll be there.

**ALEX**

Okay.

He hangs up and rocks back in his chair.

**187 INT. VICTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 187**

Victor attaches his mask, breathes in oxygen. He turns off the light. His breathing deepens.

**188 INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 188**

Gabriella has already gone to bed. The lights are off. Alex slides into bed beside her with a soft groan. He reaches for her comfort.

**(CONTINUED)**

**102.**

**188**

**188 CONTINUED:**

**ALEX**

(muffled against her

**SKIN)**

I'm never leaving you again.  
He starts to caress her.

**GABRIELLA**

-- I'm already asleep, honey.

**ALEX**

**(LIGHTLY)**

Wake up.

She realizes he isn't going away. She rolls onto her back. Her arms go around him.- Alex kisses her, long and deep.

**GABRIELLA**

Can he hear us?  
Alex's tone turns. Jason is causing him another problem.

**ALEX**

I think he's probably figured out  
why we sleep in the same bed, Gabby.

**GABRIELLA**

He misses his mother.

**ALEX**

... So do I.  
Gabriella props herself up on her elbow.

**GABRIELLA**

What?

**ALEX .**

I wish she was alive and happy and  
someplace else.  
Gabriella lies down again and makes herself comfortable  
against him. He tries again to interest her body.

**ALEX**

We need to go somewhere, just us.

**GABRIELLA**

Where?

**ALEX**

I'm buying a vineyard in France.  
Have you ever been to Paris?

**(CONTINUED)**

**103.**

**188 CONTINUED: (2) 188**

She rolls onto her stomach, indirectly blocking his  
frontal exploration.

**GABRIELLA**

No.

Alex scoots down next to her, his hand takes possession of her ass.

**ALEX**

We'll stay at the Ritz, we'll eat our way through every three-star restaurant in town -- a new dress every night -- would you like that? Gabriella laughs in wonder and turns onto her side to face him. They fit themselves together like an old married couple.

**ALEX**

(getting caught up in his own fantasy)  
-- We'll drive down through Burgundy -- follow the Rhone into Provence, wind up on the Riviera -- Monte Carlo --

**GABRIELLA**

-- Princess Stephanie.  
He gives a rueful laugh; she's younger than he easily remembers.

**ALEX**

They have tables at the casino where you play baccarat and the bets start at a hundred bucks.

**GABRIELLA**

(with a chuckle)  
You won't be able to afford it.  
You'll have spent all your money on my clothes and my jewelry.  
(slipping her leg

**BETWEEN HIS)**

Oh! Remember Dina's necklace?  
Alex's eyes go cold and watchful, although she doesn't notice.

**ALEX**

Sure.

**(CONTINUED)**

104.

188

188 CONTINUED: (3)

**GABRIELLA**

I'll wear something like that and then if you lose you can throw it on the table to cover your bet, like James Bond.

**ALEX**

James had an expense account. He rolls onto his back, she lays her cheek on his graying chest. He no longer wants to make love.

**ALEX**

What made you think of the necklace? She's drifting toward sleep.

**GABRIELLA**

I looked good in it, didn't I? He pats her shoulder without answering. He won't sleep for a while.

189

**A SEA GULL**

flaps away with a SCREECH that startles us.

190

**190 EXT. DOCKS - DAY**

Jason. is walking along the docks. He turns suddenly. Victor melts into the doorway of a shed, but not before Jason has glimpsed him. Jason walks faster. A couple of Fishermen he knows call out greetings. He hops onto a docked boat.

191

**191 EXT. BOATS - DAY**

Jason jumps from boat to boat. He pushes them apart so he can't be followed.

192

**192 EXT. WHARF - DAY**

When he leaps ashore again, he has shaken Victor. Or so it seems.

**193**

**193 INT. CONDO - DAY**

Gabriella answers the phone.

**(CONTINUED)**

**105.**

**193**

**193 CONTINUED:**

**GABRIELLA**

**HELLO --**

**194**

**194 INT. MARKETPLACE - DAY**

Jason's on a pay phone.

**JASON**

(into the phone)  
-- Come meet me, I gotta talk to you. I'm at the Haitian marketplace. You know where it is?

**GABRIELLA (V.O.)**

I can't just -- what am I going to tell him.

**JASON**

An thing you want. Don't drive, take a cab --  
(as she laughs at what sounds like silliness)

-- I'll wait for you.  
Jason hangs up. He looks around. He doesn't see Victor watching from the trinket stand.  
Be walks to the counter where he has already ordered coffee and pie. He picks up his fork. He can't eat. There's a folded newspaper left behind by another customer. He pulls it over.

**WAITRESS**

Refill, hon?  
He doesn't even hear her.

**195**

**195 INT. CONDO - DAY**

Gabriella goes out the door.

**196**

**196 EXT. CONDO TERRACE - DAY**

Foot up on the lowest crossbar of the balcony railing, Alex leans on his crossed arms and watches her step into a cab. He's pleased.

**HIS POV**

Gabriella waves to him.

**106.**

**197 INT. MARKETPLACE - DAY (LATER) 197**

Gabriella walks through the stalls, looking for Jason and spies him at the counter. The paper is folded beside him. She sits down next to him.

**GABRIELLA**

Okay. Here I am. What is it? Do you know how much a cab costs?

**JASON**

I saw a guy following me... I thought you weren't safe. I was

going to tell you to go stay at your

**COUSIN'S --**

She starts to swivel off the stool to leave. He grabs her hand.

**JASON**

**(HARDER)**

-- Hey!

**GABRIELLA**

I'm so sick of this. You'd say anything!  
He hands her the newspaper.

**GABRIELLA**

**WHAT --**

**JASON**

Read it.

**198 INSERT: THE HEADLINE 198**

at the bottom of the page reads, "Duchess of Windsor Jewels/Stolen From Socialite," with a picture of the Duchess herself in her glory days, necklace around her throat.

**GABRIELLA**

reads the headline and starts to laugh.

**GABRIELLA**

There is such a thing as justicel  
Dina's necklace. Couldn't happen to  
a better person.

**JASON**

Alex stole it.

**(CONTINUED)**

198

198 CONTINUED:

**GABRIELLA**

You really hate him.

**JASON**

The reason I know is because I stole  
it from him.  
Her eyes widen.

**VICTOR**

his face concealed among the candles is trying to figure  
out what drama is going on between Jason and Gabriella.  
He can read their faces, but not their lips.

**JASON AND GABRIELLA**

**GABRIELLA**

... The sonofabitch. That's why he  
went out with me. He was trying to  
use me!

(the thought hits her)

They'll think I'm part of it! The  
maid who got fired??

**JASON**

You weren't a maid.

**GABRIELLA**

What difference does it make??

**JASON**

We're going to the Gulf.  
He throws money down for the check.

199

**199 EXT. MARKETPLACE - DAY**

Jason guns the motorcycle into the street, Gabriella holds  
him tight.

Victor's car merges into traffic several cars behind them.

**(TRAVELING) 200**

**200 INT. VICTOR'S CAR - DAY**

victor is enjoying himself a bit. He fiddles with the  
RADIO, finds MUSIC he likes.

108.

201

201 EXT. CAR - DAY

The RADIO MUSIC playing, Victor weaves through traffic. He keeps the motorcycle in sight.

202

202 EXT. MOTORCYCLE - DAY

Jason checks in his mirrors.

**IN THE MIRROR-**

He catches sight of victor's car, the same one that was following his mother.

**JASON**

accelerates. Gabriella nuzzles his neck.

203 INT. CAR - DAY (TRAVELING) 203

Victor makes a face; he thinks he has been spotted. Jason is getting harder to follow. The music ends; An ANNOUNCER describes what it was, gives the time. There's a BEEP. The NEWS THEME starts up. "On the hour every hour, we give you all the news you need..." The announcer continues with the lead stories, including the recently-discovered jewel theft.

204

204 EXT. STREET - DAY

Jason jams the motorcycle TOWARD us, PAST us. Behind, Victor's car suddenly squeals through a U-turn.

**JASON**

looks back.

205 INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - DAY 205

The shutters have been closed, Alex is lying on the couch in the dark, having a nap. He's awakened by a nasty wheeze. Victor is standing over him.

**ALEX**

A man with your breeding usually rings the doorbell.

**VICTOR**

There was, is, no time.

**(CONTINUED)**

109.

**205 CONTINUED: 205**

**ALEX**

**(SITTING UP)**

You heard the news.  
Victor pulls one of Alex's golf clubs out of the bag as though to admire it.

**VICTOR**

I know you keep money here somewhere.

**(A BEAT)**

Your stash. Give it to me.  
Alex spreads out his hands.

**ALEX**

Vic, Vic --  
The golf club catches him in the midsection. Alex cries out. The blow folds him forward onto his knees.

**VICTOR**

The. cops are about to drive up your street.  
He brings the club down on Alex's bare foot.

**ALEX**

(through teeth clenched

**WITH PAIN)**

There's nothing here to give you.

**VICTOR**

Where is it?

He clips Alex on the other leg as he tries to crawl away. The physical effort shortens Victor's breathing. His cough sprays blood. He tightens his grip on the club.

**ALEX "**

Believe me -- I swear to God, I

**DON'T --**

Victor raises the club over Alex's head, and brings it down on the coffee table instead. The glass-explodes. He has to push the words out through aâ€¢coughing spasm.

**VICTOR**

I refuse to die in a fucking prison clinic!

Alex staggers to his feet. Victor is struggling for breath. Alex jerks the golf club away from him and tosses it on the floor.

**(CONTINUED)**

110.

205

**205 CONTINUED: (2)**

He puts his arm around victor's waist and helps him to the sofa.

**ALEX**

Come on, this is pitiful.

Victor drops onto the sofa. He gags on the blood in his throat and desperately draws in air.

**ALEX**

What a mess.

He picks up a sofa pillow to arrange it for him. Victor gives him a grateful smile. Alex presses the pillow down

over his face before he can react. His feet flail. Alex has to lie on top of him to hold him down. A couple making out on the couch. The GUN THUMPS to the floor. Victor's movements slow, and stop. Alex takes no chances. He keeps the pillow jammed down until there's no possibility of trickery. Satisfied, he rolls Victor's dead body onto the floor, steps over it, and with steady hands he opens a bottle of very expensive wine. He pours a glass.

**ALEX**

**(QUIETLY)**

At least you got to die in your own clothes, Vic. That's something.

**206**

**206 EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT**

A few Truckers make remarks as Gabriella walks toward the bank of phones. "Hey, pretty lady." "Possibility?" "She's not your type." She doesn't mind swinging her hips a little for their benefit.

**207**

**207 INT. CONDO - NIGHT**

The PHONE is RINGING. Alex sits in a chair in the dark. Then he crosses to the phone, picks it up and waits for the caller to speak.

**208**

**208 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT**

Gabriella is watching for Jason. INTERCUT as needed.

**GABRIELLA**

(into the phone)  
I'm with him.

**(CONTINUED)**

208

208 CONTINUED:

**ALEX**

What took you so long.

**GABRIELLA**

He has a boat, Alex! It's on the boat. The dumb shit wants to turn it over to the cops. You know what'll happen to me. Alex is taking his passport out of his desk.

**ALEX**

Just tell me how to find you.  
He opens another drawer. There's a gun inside.

209

**209 INT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT**

Jason comes out of the men's room. He doesn't see Gabriella for a moment. A couple of truckers block his view. Now he catches sight of her. She's coming from the direction of the phones, a can of soda in her hand. Their eyes meet. She smiles and waves the can, hurries to meet him.

210

**210 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The motorcycle cruises up the coast road. The surf glows with plankton.

**GABRIELLA**

presses her cheek against Jason's back.

211

**211 EXT. DOCK - NIGHT**

Jason secures the motorcycle. He puts his arm around Gabriella, they walk down the dock to his boat. He helps her aboard.

**JASON**

**(CALLING OUT)**

**HENRY --**

Henry emerges from the cabin. He eyes Gabriella.

**HENRY**

Oh, my.

**(CONTINUED)**

**112.**

**211**

**211 CONTINUED:**

**JASON**

This is Gabriella. She's my  
contraband.

She looks quickly at Jason, who smiles. Henry reaches out  
to shake her hand.

**HENRY**

Kid's a sucker for dark skin.

**212 INT. BOAT - NIGHT 212**

Gabriella and Jason tenderly make love in the swaying  
cabin.

**213 EXT. BOAT - NIGHT 213**

On watch, Henry finds his gaze sliding to the NOISY  
dockside BAR, its beer sign beacon-bright. The SOUNDS  
BELOW embarrass him. He makes up his mind. He swings off  
the boat and heads toward the bar. He doesn't notice  
Alex's Cadillac idling in the alley. The headlights click  
off, the motor goes silent. The BOATS CREAK against the  
slips.

**214 INT. BOAT - DAY 214**

Jason wakes up with a start. He senses something. He  
slides out from under the sleeping weight of Gabriella's  
arm and pulls on his jeans, reaches up to open the cabin  
hatch.

**HIS POV**

Alex's foot swinging. More of him comes INTO SIGHT as Jason climbs to deck. The financial pages open on his lap, he's drinking a Styrofoam cup of coffee and eating a donut; the rest of the bag of donuts is next to him.

**ALEX**

Good morning! I brought donuts.  
Jason is struck silent. He sits down on the side of the boat, his arms around his ribs.

**ALEX**

Oh, it's not as bad as all that.

**JASON**

She fucking called you.

**(CONTINUED)**

113.

214

**214 CONTINUED:**

Alex shrugs.

**ALEX**

She has some residual loyalty, yeah.

**(MODESTLY)**

Which I didn't expect either.  
Jason moves to the helm, switches on the engine. Alex quickly finishes his donut. He brushes off his fingers.

**ALEX**

Where are we going?

**JASON**

I'm going fishing. Get off if you want.

**ALEX**

No, it's a beautiful day for a boat

ride. Give us a chance to talk.  
He makes himself comfortable.

**JASON**

Then make yourself useful and cast  
off the stern line.  
Alex moves to the stern while Jason casts off the bow  
line.

**ALEX**

This one?

**JASON**

There's not a lot of choice.  
Alex casts off. Jason backs the-boat into position. He  
sees Henry asleep in the doorway of the marine supplies  
store next to the shuttered bar. Alex rejoins him.

**ALEX**

-- If we could manage to ignore the  
personal history here, I think we  
could work something out between us.  
Jason turns the boat toward the open sea.

**ALEX**

You want Gabriella? This is the way  
to have her. Life costs, Jason.  
Love costs. And you love her more  
than I do.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

114.

214

214 CONTINUED: (2)

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

(as Jason glances at

**HIM)**

So stake yourself to a life  
together. Give her what she needs --

**(SEEING GABRIELLA**

before Jason does)

-- Hi, honey.

Gabriella comes up onto deck. She glances bewildered at  
the ocean around them.

**GABRIELLA**

Why are we --

**JASON**

-- Shut up! Just shut up!

She sits on the bench, her face tight and angry.

**ALEX**

He's feeling like you let him down.

.She gives Alex a look that silences him. He reaches for  
another donut. The SOUNDS of the ENGINE and the HULL  
hitting the waves substitute for conversation.

**215 EXT. BOAT - DAY (LATER) -215**

Jason finishes setting the lines.

**JASON**

-- Okay. I'm ready to listen.

He sits down beside a pole and looks over at Gabriella,  
who has put on a hat. She's staring out to sea.

**JASON**

**(TO GABRIELLA)**

Alex wants to make me an offer.

She gives no sign of having heard him.

**ALEX**

We're giving you a hard choice,

Gabby. Two rich men.

Gabriella swivels her head slowly.

**GABRIELLA**

I don't want either one of you.

A line quivers. Jason reels in a little.

**(CONTINUED)**

115.

215

215 CONTINUED:

**JASON**

Something's going to bite, just

**ABOUT --**

(his biceps tightening)

-- now.

And the bait is taken at the moment he said. The line reels out very, very fast. He lets the fish run with it. Gabriella has turned around to watch. Now Jason reels in a little, making the line taut, testing the weight. He yanks back. The line rises from the ocean, bringing to the surface a big, dark green fish. \_

**ALEX**

Jesus! What the hell is that?

**JASON**

Hammerhead. Young. Male.

Jason plays the shark until it's close to the boat and thrashing for its life. Gabriella's scared.

**GABRIELLA**

Help him, Alex.

**ALEX**

I'd just get in his way.

His hand comes to rest on her shoulder as Jason expertly reels in the bucking hammerhead. She shrugs away from his hand. Jason has hooked a ten-foot, three-finned sea beast with a spade-shaped head and black eyes on each side. He attaches the line to a winch and winds it up onto the deck. It twists wildly, knocking things over until it slows down and finally lies very still. His chest heaving with the effort, Jason looks around. Alex has disappeared without either of them noticing.

**216 INT. CABIN - DAY 216**

Alex is searching frantically.

**JASON (O.S.)**

No luck?

Alex whirls around. His gun materializes in his hand.  
Jason retreats a step.

**JASON**

Is this your backup plan?

**(CONTINUED)**

**116.**

**216**

**216 CONTINUED:**

**ALEX**

No.

**JASON**

You want it so bad, it's yours.  
He pulls out the necklace and hurls it away from Alex.

**ALEX**

**(MOANING)**

You little prick.

**217**

**217 INT./EXT. CABIN - THE NECKLACE**

skitters along the deck. The shark's body stops it from  
dropping out the open gate in the transom.

**ALEX**

scrambles toward the necklace.

**GABRIELLA**

Don't let him have it! He'll kill

**USL**

Jason grabs her-and holds her with both arms to keep her  
from going any closer. Alex turns his head, puzzled,  
warned. Too late. The shark suddenly thrashes, its jaws  
snapping around him. Gabriella screams with Alex. He

FIRES his GUN over and over until it's empty. The shark continues to tear at him.

**ALEX**

Help me, help.me!

Gabriella runs down into the cabin. Much as he hates Alex, Jason can't let him die. like this. He charges. forward and straddles the shark, jams the blade of his knife into the primordial brain. He twists the handle once. The shark dies instantly. Trembling with adrenalin, Jason gets off its back. With his elbows Alex drags himself out of the jaws. He's badly mangled.. The shark slowly changes color to a dull brown.

**ALEX**

You knew it wasn't dead.

Jason squats down beside him to assess his injuries.

**JASON**

Mom didn't take the necklace.  
did.

**(CONTINUED)**

117.

**217 CONTINUED: 217**

Alex struggles to stay conscious.

**ALEX**

Then you killed her yourself.  
Jason slowly nods.

**JASON**

And you were in the car behind us.  
Gabriella drops down beside them. She has a flare gun, no longer needed, and sheets from the cabin to stop the bleeding. She starts to tear them up. She's crying slightly.

**GABRIELLA**

We were supposed to turn him in I  
didn't think you were going to kill  
him!

**JASON**

Well, I didn't.  
Alex manages to laugh.

**ALEX**

Jesus. You set me up. You had her  
call me.

**(TO GABRIELLA)**

Shit... I believed you.  
Jason pushes to his feet and heads for the cockpit.

**JASON**

I'll get on the radio.  
Gabriella wraps the strips of sheet tightly around what's  
left of Alex to bandage. She smears away the tears so she  
can see and leaves blood tracked across her face. She  
looks down to see his bloody hand clutching the necklace.  
They look at each other.

**JASON**

has the microphone in his hand. He's setting course.  
Gabriella appears behind him. She's holding the flare  
gun. She puts it back where she found it, and steps  
beside him and puts her arm around his waist. He lays his  
arm over her shoulders and holds her close while he uses  
the radio.

**JASON**

This is Hercules II, calling the  
Harbormaster...

**218 EXT. BOAT - DAY**

The boat heads back to port.

**219**

**219 EXT. DOCK - DAY**

At an unused pier Gabriella leans back against the line to  
hold the boat in place. Henry and Jason carry Alex off  
the boat and lay him on the planks. SIRENS can be faintly

heard. Jason leaps back on the boat. Henry pushes them off.

**CLOSER ANGLE**

**HENRY**

You cool?

**JASON**

I will be.

**HENRY**

See ya.

He and Jason wave goodbye. The boat moves out. Henry is left with Alex.

**ALEX**

(weakly; to Henry)  
What's your name?

**HENRY**

No way --

**ALEX**

(still the salesman)  
-- No, listen, listen -- this is  
worth a fortune.  
(thrusting the necklace

**TOWARD HIM)**

Play the possibilities.

**HENRY**

Yeah. Good advice.  
And he walks away fast.

**ALEX**

Wait, don't go! Come back here.  
Come on back!

Henry's gone. Alex rolls onto his belly and starts dragging himself down the dock, too much of an optimist to give up hope in a hopeless situation.