

UNDERCURRENTS

by
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Sometimes the best lie is the truth.

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"UNDERCURRENTS"

FADE IN:

EXT. WATERFRONT BAR, BELIZE -- DAY

Even from the outside, the place looks like trouble. Sort of a tropical biker bar. Not even a nice place to visit.

INT. WATERFRONT BAR, BELIZE -- DAY

Stripes of light from the barred windows. Ceiling fans turn slowly, keeping the stale beer smell and smoke circulating.

The bottles behind the melanomic BARTENDER attest to the international clientele. Raki, Grappa, Mescal, and Aquavit sit on the shelves next to the Kesslers and Jack Daniels.

A DOZEN SAILORS sit at scarred wooden tables or at the bar. A few HOOKERS work the room.

AT A BACK TABLE, a Latino HOOKER, offers her services to JEFF HOLMES, an out of work sailor in his mid-thirties.

JEFF

Well, to tell you the truth, I got some just this morning. But thanks for your kind offer.

Even in his scuffed shoes and worn denim, Jeff shines through. He's been around and seen most of what the world has to offer.

Jeff is adrift in Belize, and adrift in life, as well. A compass hangs on a lanyard around Jeff's neck as a talisman.

Jeff makes his empty beer bottle do pirouettes on the table.

HOOKER

Buy me a drink? I'm sure I can make you change your mind.

Her sexy smile shows golden teeth.

JEFF

I'm sure you can, but as you see...
(opens his empty wallet)
I can't even afford the drink. Why don't you buy me one?

She considers it.
Then shakes her head.

HOOKER

Wouldn't be good for business.

Jeff stands.

JEFF

Well... You had your chance.

AT THE BAR, a well dressed businessman, KENT DIETRICH, carefully brushes off a stool.

Dietrich oozes power, confidence. Gold jewelry: a Rolex, a jeweled wedding band, a diamond pinky ring. A fat Havana cigar smolders in his hand as he flags down the BARTENDER.

DIETRICH

Excuse me, habla engles?

Jeff spots the gold and moves in.

JEFF

No. He doesn't speak English.

DIETRICH

You're American.

JEFF

Born in Oakland, California. Though, I think they were happy to see me go.

DIETRICH

Do me a favor? Ask if he's ever seen this man before?

Jeff looks down at the snap shot.

It's a SAILOR smiling on the deck of a luxury yacht.

JEFF

He was here last night.

DIETRICH

Where did he go?

JEFF

I don't talk too well on a dry throat.

Dietrich gestures to the Bartender.

DIETRICH

Dos cervaces, por favor.

JEFF

Thought you didn't speak Spanish.

DIETRICH

I can order drinks in any language. Now about this man...

Jeff waits until he's had his first sip before answering.

JEFF
Police hauled him away about four
A.M. Disturbing the peace. Broke a
bottle over a hooker's head. Caught
her going for his wallet.

Dietrich fingers the photo, thinking. Looks up at Jeff.

DIETRICH
You a sailor?

Jeff nods, gestures to the Bartender for another beer.

DIETRICH
Got a job?

JEFF
Had one. Cruise ship. Got fired.

DIETRICH
What for?

JEFF
Insubordination. Amongst other
things.

DIETRICH
How are you at navigation?

JEFF
The best. Give me a chart and I can
find the fastest route to any port.

Jeff holds up his compass for Dietrich. It's a beautiful
old compass, like a pocket watch.

JEFF
I always know where I'm going.

DIETRICH
Ever work a pleasure yacht?

JEFF
Sure. Lots of times.

DIETRICH
What's your name?

JEFF
Jeffrey Holmes. Jeff.

Dietrich reluctantly offers his hand.

DIETRICH
Kent Dietrich.

They shake. Dietrich lays a tip next to his untouched beer.

DIETRICH

Come on. We set sail at dusk.

Jeff gulps down his fresh beer and follows Dietrich out.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - BERTHED AT MARINA -- DAY

The yacht from the snapshot. When we dream of cruising the Caribbean, this is the yacht from the day dream.

INT. CREW QUARTERS -- DAY

Dietrich opens the door and gestures to Jeff.

DIETRICH

This is the crew's quarters.
Stow your gear in there.

JEFF

How big's the crew?

DIETRICH

You and the girl who cooks and cleans.

Dietrich heads topside, letting the door close behind him.

AT THE END of the box-like hallway are three doors, one at the end marked "Head" and two labeled "Crew".

Jeff picks the door to the left.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- DAY

He starts to toss his duffel on the bunk, notes it's occupied.

ANNE CARROL DAILY is an innocent looking freckle faced girl, dressed casually for the tropical heat. Her T shirt and cut-offs add to the girl-next-door look, but can't disguise her clean-scrubbed sex appeal.

Anne lowers her Elmore Leonard paperback.

JEFF

I must have the wrong room.

ANNE

Maybe not. Who were you looking for?

JEFF

You must be the cook.

Anne marks her place, sets the book next to her open purse.

Jeff notes the checkered grip of a pistol hidden in the purse.

ANNE

Anne Daily. And who are you?

She extends her hand. Jeff switches the duffel bag to the other shoulder and shakes her hand.

JEFF

Jeff Holmes. The new captain.

ANNE

What happened to Teddy?

JEFF

He's a guest of the Belize Government.

ANNE

And you're his replacement.

JEFF

Better stow my gear and check in with the boss.

Jeff begins backing out.

ANNE

Come back sometime.

The door closes behind Jeff.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - BERTHED AT MARINA -- EVENING

Purple and red clouds slash the sky as Jeff, dressed in a bright white uniform, watches GUESTS boarding. All are stiff in suits (with wives and girlfriends).

Moments before casting off, a reed thin flamboyant man with a shock of white hair - COUNT WILLEM HUMBERSTONE - boards.

COUNT

I'm here. Where's the party?

JEFF

Swell.

THE YACHT PULLS AWAY FROM THE PIER, into the sunset.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - LEAVING BELIZE -- EVENING

A SERIES OF SHOTS shows the yacht leaving Belize behind and heading into the Caribbean, as the sun sets around it.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- NIGHT

Jeff at the helm, Dietrich moves next to him.

JEFF

What's our destination?

DIETRICH
What does it matter?

JEFF
I want to know where I'm going. I
don't like to just drift around
aimlessly.

Dietrich puffs on his cigar.

DIETRICH
Sunny Puerto Rico. Mayaguez.

Jeff nods, flips through charts.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - CARIBBEAN -- NIGHT

"The Wanderer" cruises through the darkness.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- NIGHT

Dietrich stamps out his cigar, kicks the butt away.

DIETRICH
Let's drop anchor here for the night.
Start up again at six tomorrow
morning.

Jeff nods and cuts the engines.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

Tiki torches on poles provide illumination and add to the
barbecue/cocktail party atmosphere. A boom box provides
rhumba and salsa tunes.

Wealthy passengers sip cocktails and chat with each other,
as Jeff checks the anchor lines, crosses to the cabin.

But stops when he sees NOLA DIETRICH alone at the railing.

Nola is sophisticated sex incarnate. Sensual flowing lines
and bright red lips encased in a skin tight evening gown. A
daiquiri melts in her left hand.

The minute Jeff lays eyes on her, he's hooked.

JEFF
Jeffrey Homes, the new captain. And
you're?

NOLA
Nola... Mrs. Dietrich, to the help.

JEFF
Oh.

A casual handshake, but electricity still flies between them.

NOLA
Do you swim Mr. Homes?

JEFF
A little.

NOLA
My husband doesn't swim at all. He
can't, you see.

Jeff looks to Kent, who's talking with PETER HELLINGER, a
craggy faced Texan who chain smokes unfiltered cigarettes.
Nola licks a little daiquiri from her upper lip.

NOLA
But I love to get wet.

The legend of the three sirens who lure sailors off course:
Nola is Siren #1 on this little cruise.

NOLA
Maybe we'll swim some time.

JEFF
Maybe.

DIETRICH
Hey! What are you doing with my
wife?

JEFF
Just introducing myself, sir.

Dietrich puts an arm around Nola, pulls her close.

DIETRICH
You don't want to mix with the help,
lover. It could be dangerous.

There is an undercurrent of tension as Jeff makes a slight
move towards Dietrich... Then remembers his place.

JEFF
If you'll excuse me.

Nola smiles as Jeff walks away and holds up her empty glass.

NOLA
I need a refill.

Dietrich takes the empty glass and YELLS.

DIETRICH
Anne! My wife needs another drink.

EXT. STERN OF THE YACHT -- NIGHT

Anne is serving from the barbecue.
Jeff picks up a clean plate.

DIETRICH (O.S.)
Anne? Are you still onboard? I
said my wife needs another drink.
NOW!

ANNE
Yes, Mister Dietrich.

Jeff watches her prepare the daiquiri quickly.

JEFF
Why do you take it? Why do you let
him boss you around like that?

ANNE
I'm new here. I need my job.

Anne takes the daiquiri to Nola.

Jeff serves himself, piling his plate with food.

Jeff spots a box of printed brochures sporting a bikini clad
girl on the cover, and pockets one.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff finishes his dinner, looking down at the passengers on
the deck below.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

COUNT WILLEM HUMBERSTONE moves with his video camera like a
ballet dancer.

COUNT
You've got thirty seconds, darling,
tell me your life's story.

He aims his camera at Nola.

THROUGH THE CAMERA'S VIEW FINDER:

Nola smiles and starts to tell her life's story.

NOLA
My name's Nola Dietrich and I was...

COUNT
Thank you, darling. Next?

ON DECK

Humberstone aims the camera at RACHEL HELLINGER, an aging debutante with the smooth, brittle face of a porcelain doll.

RACHEL

Willem, dear, point that thing some where else.

COUNT

That's not what you said last night Rachel.

Someone titters in the background.

THROUGH THE CAMERA'S VIEW FINDER:

Rachel Hellinger tries to hide, but the camera keeps finding her. Chasing her like Harpo Marx.

COUNT

Your name is Rachel Hellinger, you are married to Peter Hellinger, the oil millionaire, and you went to Bryn Mar... Anything to add darling?

The Count shifts focus to PETER HELLINGER, the craggy faced Texan. Peter is all work and no play, ultimate businessman. One arm over Rachel's shoulder. Protecting her.

COUNT

Your turn, Peter. Your life's story in thirty seconds.

PETER

Look, I don't really want to talk to you, okay? I've got more important things to do than answer your stupid questions.

COUNT

You're a Texas oil millionaire?

PETER

Yes. Now will you leave?

The Count continues his interview.

COUNT

And you have a collection of vintage motorcycles?

PETER

Yes.

COUNT

And you ride a Harley to your office in Dallas every morning?

PETER

Usually, but...

COUNT

You're also investing in Dietrich's land development deal, right?

PETER

Yes. Now, do you mind?

The Count swings the camera around, focusing on ANNE.

COUNT

And you're... Oh, the cook. Sorry.

The camera pans over to GEORGE KAZAN, a flashy looking young man in pin stripes with slicked back hair like a tango dancer. He has a hair trigger temper, always threatening to explode.

COUNT

Your life story in thirty seconds.

KAZAN

What?

COUNT

Tell me your life story.

KAZAN

I don't have to tell you anything.

COUNT

Loosen up, darling. This is a PARTY, isn't it?

A woman enters the frame. CARMELLA LITVAK is raunchy sex incarnate. No sophistication. Our second siren. Her full lips are coated with a neutral gloss.

CARMELLA

His name is George, he's here to invest in the casino/condominium complex, and this is as nice as he gets.

COUNT

And who are you, darling?

CARMELLA

Carmella Litvak, I'm his femme de jour.

COUNT

Where were you born?

CARMELLA

Miami, Florida....

COUNT
Time's up! Next!

The camera spins around until it rests on Kent Dietrich.

COUNT
It's out host, Kent Dietrich.

DIETRICH
Get that thing outta my face, boy,
or I'll ram it up your ass. I don't
care if you are a Count.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff watches Dietrich push the camera away. Count Willem
pulls back in horror, examines his camera for damage.

Dietrich turns off the music and moves to the deck railing.

DIETRICH
If I can have your attention for a
few minutes, we'll go over the
investment brochures.

Nola hands out brochures to the Hellingers, Kazan, and Willem.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

DIETRICH
The offering is a Hotel, Casino, and
Condominium complex on the Western
coast of Puerto Rico.

Kazan turns to Carmella and whispers.

KAZAN
Condominium... Sounds like birth
control for midgets, eh?

Carmella laughs politely - part of her job.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff pulls the brochure from his pocket, looks at the photos,
floor plans, and pie graphs as Dietrich gives his pitch.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

DIETRICH
The truth is, you will never find a
better deal. Puerto Rico is a
Caribbean paradise where Casino
gambling is legal, the scenery is
spectacular, the women are lovely,
the beaches are inviting, the language
(MORE)

DIETRICH (CONT'D)
is English, and the currency is US
dollars.

Dietrich holds up a brochure.

DIETRICH
As you can see in your brochures,
tourism is about to take off. When
it does, OUR hotel and casino will
be there to take their money... I
mean, accommodate them.

Even Rachel Hellinger gives a little laugh.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff flips through the brochure.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

Dietrich trims and lights a fat Havana cigar with a gold
trimmer/lighter inlaid with diamonds. His good luck piece.

While Dietrich prepares his cigar, Nola takes the floor.

NOLA
The cost per share in this sixty
million dollar complex is a reasonable
three million dollars. Within four
years, the value of resort will have
doubled. And we plan to make a PROFIT
in each of those four years.

DIETRICH
The truth is, this is a no lose
situation. If the resort only breaks
even during our first four years, we
can still sell the resort for a
profit.

Dietrich takes a puff.

DIETRICH
But if any of you have ever spent
any time in Atlantic City, you know
Casino's don't lose money from
gambling. My wife does.

Laughter from the group.
Dietrich could charm the habit off a nun.

DIETRICH
Now the bad news. There are only
ten shares left.

COUNT
I'll take three of them. No, four.

DIETRICH
I'm sorry, Count Willem, but we have
to limit you to one share each.

PETER
Can my wife and I buy one share each?

Nola and Dietrich look at each other for a moment.

DIETRICH
Okay. Can you wire your bank?

Peter gloats over beating the Count.

PETER
The money will be in Jamaica when we
dock there. I hope cash is
acceptable?

DIETRICH
(smiles)
I prefer it. There are certain...
Tax advantages... available to
investors who use cash.

COUNT
And it's good more places than
American Express and Master Card
combined.

More laughter. Dietrich looks from Kazan to Count Willem,
who's applying Chapstick to his lips, to Peter.

DIETRICH
Any more questions?
(none)
Then let's return to the festivities.

Dietrich switches the music back on, and the party resumes.

The Count caps the chapstick, turns to Peter.

COUNT
Salt air. My lips are just chapping
to pieces.

He offers the Chapstick to Peter.

COUNT
Want to borrow it?

PETER
I don't know where your lips have
been.

Peter walks away. The Count makes a face at him, then throws up his hands and whoops.

COUNT

Come on everyone, it's PARTY TIME!

The Count grabs Nola and pulls her to the center of the deck, dancing with her.

Carmella grabs Kazan, and he reluctantly dances with her. Rachel pulls on Peter's arm.

RACHEL

Come on. You never dance with me.

PETER

I'll having nothing to do with aboriginal customs. Dancing, jewelry, tattoos.

(beat)

First you'll want me to dance, next thing, you'll want those plates in your lips like a Zimbabwe woman and I wouldn't be able to kiss you....

Peter kisses her. It's clear Rachel would much rather dance.

Anne circulates with a drink tray, stopping so Dietrich can grab a Cognac.

PETER

Anne?

Anne takes her tray to Peter and Rachel.

PETER

Scotch, neat.

ANNE

Yes, sir.

She starts to move away, but Peter stops her.

PETER

What brand is that?

ANNE

I'm sorry, sir, I don't know.

PETER

I won't drink cheap shit Scotch.

Peter and Anne move to the Stern to examine the Scotch bottle, leaving Rachel alone.

EXT. STERN OF THE YACHT -- NIGHT

Anne pulls out the scotch bottle, handing it to Peter.

PETER
Laphroig 32 year old.

Peter is very impressed. He hands the bottle back to Anne.

Anne pours a glass for Peter.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

Count Willem finishes dancing with Nola and boogies over to where Rachel stands. He pulls her out to the dance floor.

RACHEL
I really shouldn't.

COUNT
Nonsense, darling. Dancing is the way to romance, but if you hold me in your arms, I won't dance.

Peter returns and sees his wife dancing with The Count. Their sexy rock and roll gyrations put him on edge. He finishes his scotch quickly, and gestures to Anne for another.

Nola sips her daiquiri, and notices Jeff on the upper deck. She raises her drink, and he raises his beer. As she sips her drink, she smiles, knowing he's watching her.

Carmella and Kazan take a breather from dancing.

CARMELLA
George, let's go to our cabin.

KAZAN
You don't want to dance anymore?

CARMELLA
We can dance there.

KAZAN
You just want to "powder your nose".

Carmella runs her hands over his chest.

CARMELLA
That's not all. I thought we could try out the bed, too. The ocean motion.

Kazan allows her to pull him across the deck to the cabins.

Peter has had enough of Rachel's dancing. When a slow tune plays, she and The Count dance so close, they become one. Peter sets down his empty glass and crosses to the couple.

PETER
Pardon me. Can I cut in?

COUNT
Sure.

The Count lets go of Rachel and grabs Peter, slow dancing with him. Peter jumps away from The Count, angry and afraid.

COUNT
Hey! Don't fight the feeling,
darling.

Peter presses his finger into The Count's chest.

PETER
Just stay away from me, and stay
away from my wife.

As Peter and Rachel dance away from The Count, he shrugs.

COUNT
That's NOT a party attitude.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff finishes his beer and watches the skirmish, amused.

JEFF
Lifestyles of the rich and shameless.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- NIGHT

The last tiki torch is extinguished, and the yacht lays quietly in the dark waters.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

The party is over. Everyone asleep.

Jeff at the deck railing, looking out over the still waters.

Hearing a sound to his left, he turns to see NOLA, dressed in a filmy silk night gown at the rail twenty feet away.

Nola puts a cigarette between her lips, Jeff lights it.

NOLA
Thanks. I forgot to bring a match.

JEFF
How'd you expect to get it lit?

NOLA
Always seems to be someone around to
give me a light. This time it's
you.

Those sparks of electricity fly between them.

NOLA
So tell me, what happened to Teddy?

JEFF
Thrown in jail. Drunk and disorderly.

NOLA
Bound to happen sooner or later.
What about you?

JEFF
Am I disorderly?

Nola touches his hand.

NOLA
Where are you from?

JEFF
Here and there. Where are you from?

NOLA
I was born in Shanghai, but we moved
to Boston when I was six.

JEFF
Funny, you don't look Chinese.

NOLA
My father was a missionary. I've
been around the world. Drifting
from place to place.

Jeff shakes his head.

JEFF
I like to know where I'm going.

Nola turns up the heat. Those sparks of attraction turn
into a wild fire, out of control.

NOLA
Where do you want to go?

They slam together, lips pressing lips, tongues entwining.
Her hands push Jeff against her, his hands glide over the
filmy material of her gown.

Something has come between them, and Nola pushes him back,
holding his compass in her hand.

NOLA
What's this?

JEFF
Compass. My father gave it to me
when I was ten.

NOLA
Really?

JEFF
Every couple of months, he'd save
enough money to rent a boat for an
hour, take me sailing on Lake Merritt.
(smiles)
A stupid little two man boat. We
would sail to the amusement park and
back. That's all we had time for.

NOLA
An hour of sailing is better than
none at all.

Jeff takes the compass from her hands, looking at it.

JEFF
He was an alcoholic. Used to spend
all night drinking, and wake up, not
knowing where he was.
(Rubs his thumb over
the compass)
I always know where I'm going. Where
I'm going to wake up.

Nola presses her body against him, lips close.

NOLA
I NEVER know where I'm going to wake
up. It's more exciting that way.

Their lips press together, and passion ignites them.
Jeff stops the kiss, pushing her away.

JEFF
What about your husband?

THROUGH A VIDEO CAMERA VIEW FINDER:

We see Nola grab Jeff's arm, pulling him close.

NOLA
How would he ever find out?

Jeff pulls her hand away from the front of his pants.

JEFF
Husbands have ways of knowing.

NOLA
Sounds like you have experience.

JEFF
I think you should go to bed Mrs.
Dietrich... With your husband.

Nola, angry at being snubbed, turns and leaves.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

Count Humberstone lowers the video camera and smiles. Watches Jeff enter the crew cabins.

INT. CREW'S HEAD -- NIGHT

Jeff washes off lipstick, then leaves the bathroom, bumping into Anne, dressed in a cotton night gown.

JEFF
Excuse me.

ANNE
You always up this late?

JEFF
Just going to bed.

Anne looks at his bare chest and gives her best sexy smile, trying for Siren #3 but coming off like a freckle-faced kid.

ANNE
Join me for a nightcap?

JEFF
No thanks, I hardly ever wear them.

Anne turns from hot to cold.

ANNE
Got lipstick on your mouth.

Anne wipes it off with her finger.

ANNE
Nola's shade. It's probably not a good idea to get involved with the boss's wife. Good way to get fired.

JEFF
Been fired before .. But thanks for the advice.

Anne watches him walk away.

ANNE
Goodnight.

She says to herself.

INT. JEFF'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jeff lays on his bunk, dressed only in briefs, looking at the ceiling. Thinking of Nola Dietrich.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- DAY

We see "The Wanderer" cruising across the Caribbean.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- DAY

Jeff holds the wheel steady, checks the instruments to make sure they maintain course.

INT. DINING CABIN -- DAY

The men smoke and play poker, laughing and drinking.

Peter seems to be the big winner, adding the current pot (of hundred dollar bills) to his substantial winnings.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- DAY

The women, and Count Willem, sun bathe.
The Count, of course, wears the skimpiest bikini of all.
Rachel turns to Carmella, who's face down on a lounge.

RACHEL

Could you put some cocoa butter on me, please?

CARMELLA

Sorry, I have to work on my back.

COUNT

I thought you did that last night?

NOLA

Willem, you are such a bitch!

Nola takes the cocoa butter and rubs some on Rachel's back.

RACHEL

Where did you and George meet?

CARMELLA

Miami Beach Country Club. I was on the prowl.

COUNT

You're ALWAYS on the prowl.

CARMELLA

There were about a dozen men to choose from, and George was the best case Lothario.

RACHEL

This is the first time I've ever been on one of these. Usually Peter just leaves me at home. I spend most of my time at the Dallas Racquet Club Lounge.

COUNT

Checking out the pros?

NOLA

(to Count)

You're in a wicked mood today. What's the matter? Find out someone pissed in your gene pool?

COUNT

S.B.U. Once again, I'm the fifth wheel.

He gestures to the bulge in his bikini.

COUNT

All of this, and no place to put it.

RACHEL

What's S.B.U.?

CARMELLA

Sperm Build Up.

COUNT

It's why Carmella is always washing her face and hands.

The Count moves closer to Rachel.

COUNT

So what does this Country Club have? Tennis? Golf? Archery? A shooting range?

RACHEL

Shooting range?

COUNT

Well you ARE in Texas? Everyone has a pistol, right?

CARMELLA

EVERY man has a PISTOL.

COUNT
You're so vulgar.

CARMELLA
You love it.

Rachel looks at the Count, a touch of flirtation in her voice.

RACHEL
Are you good with a pistol?

COUNT
Am I?
(grins)
I once shot a LAWYER through the
heart.

Everyone laughs.

CARMELLA
(aside to Nola)
Disgruntled lover, no doubt.

Nola laughs.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- DAY

Jeff locks down the wheel and puts the navigation instruments away. In the drawer of the navigation table he notices a laminated card. The yacht's Boat Registration.

THE REGISTRATION:

"The Wanderer" is registered to Miami Boat Rentals, Florida.

INT. DINING CABIN -- DAY

Dietrich looses another hand to Peter.

DIETRICH
Let me go check on our new captain.
See how he's doing.

The game breaks up, and some of the men head out on deck where the women are trying their best to tan without lines.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- DAY

Peter pockets his stack of hundred dollar bills and bends down near the railing to tie his shoe. He pulls a handful of playing cards, all numbers, from his right sock and secretly drops them into the water.

The cards scatter and sink.

Peter checks the Pinocle deck taped to his left ankle, then straightens his cuffs and stands up... Looking for Rachel.

But she is gone. So is The Count.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- DAY

Jeff replaces the Boat Registration and closes the drawer, just as Dietrich enters.

DIETRICH
How you doing?

JEFF
We can make Jamaica by late tonight.

Jeff goes back to the helm and takes the wheel. Dietrich looks at the drawer for a moment.

DIETRICH
We'll drop anchor at six. Spend the night on the water.

JEFF
Sure.

Dietrich looks at the partially closed drawer, then leaves.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- EVENING

The yacht drops anchor, sending ripples over the azure water.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- EVENING

Dietrich is instructing Anne when Jeff passes by.

DIETRICH
.... Don't be clumsy like last night.

ANNE
Yes, sir.

Dietrich catches his attention.

DIETRICH
You'll be serving the wine, tonight.

Jeff just stops, locking eyes with Dietrich.

JEFF
I didn't sign on to be a butler.

DIETRICH
Want to quit? You're free to leave my boat anytime. There's the exit.

Dietrich points to the deck railing, and the Caribbean beyond.

JEFF
Just throw me overboard?

DIETRICH

I'll give you a life jacket. The
nearest land is only a mile away.

Jeff looks out at the horizon.
Nothing but water. Dietrich laughs.

DIETRICH

Straight down.

He points down to the land, a mile under the boat.

DIETRICH

It's my boat. I do what I please.
Do we have an understanding on this?

JEFF

I hear what you're saying.

Jeff walks away. Anne sees Dietrich's rage, and keeps quiet.

INT. DINING CABIN -- EVENING

Dietrich smiles around the dinner table at his guests.

DIETRICH

Tomorrow we'll dock at Jamaica for a
day, so that you can visit your banks.
Then on to Puerto Rico, to look at
the Casino...

COUNT

Cha, cha, cha.

Dietrich freezes The Count with a look.

DIETRICH

To celebrate, I'm going to treat you
all to a special wine from my private
cellar, a 1955 Petrus.

By the way Peter and Rachel look at each other, we can tell
this is a real treat.

Jeff, in a pressed uniform, enters with a bottle of bordeaux.
Dietrich takes a taste, nods his approval.

Jeff moves around the table, filling the glasses.

PETER

Excuse me. May I?

Peter takes the bottle from Jeff and examines it.

The label is in perfect condition, and bits of red wax are
still attached to the neck of the bottle from the cork seal.

PETER
Fifty five Petrus. Amazing.

DIETRICH
I've an entire case onboard, and
five more in my cellar at home.
Drink up.

Jeff takes the bottle from Peter and pours the last serving.

Still three empty glasses.
Jeff goes to fetch another bottle.

INT. GALLEY -- EVENING

Jeff pulls another bottle from the wood crate. He cuts off
the wax seal with his pocket knife, then removes the cork.

INT. DINING CABIN -- EVENING

Jeff fills the remaining glasses, steps out of the way.

Dietrich lifts his glass, smiling with confidence.

DIETRICH
To our casino.

Everyone lifts their glasses in toast.

Peter sips the wine carefully. At two hundred bucks a glass,
he's not about to miss a drop.

PETER
Hmm. Not quite as fat as I thought
it would be. And there's still a
trace of tannins.

DIETRICH
You've had the '55 before?

PETER
I've had the '66, and of course the
1970 vintage...

DIETRICH
Well. Now you've had the best.

Peter greedily finishes his wine.

PETER
It IS special, despite the tannins.

Jeff empties the bottle into Peter's glass, something catches
his eye on the bottom of the bottle.

INT. GALLEY -- EVENING

Jeff turns the empty bottle over, examining the base.

ON THE PUNTED BASE of the bottle are raised numbers, the manufacture date for the glass. The date is 1984.

JEFF

How does 1955 wine get in a 1984 bottle?

Jeff picks at the label with his fingernail. The label is solid, rather than aged.

JEFF

Strange.

Jeff grabs a fresh bottle from the crate.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- NIGHT

Laughter echoes across the water.

INT. DINING CABIN -- NIGHT

Dinner is coming to a close.

Rachel notices that Kazan's plate is absolutely spotless.

RACHEL

That's one plate Anne won't have to wash.

CARMELLA

George eats everything put in front of him.

Count Willem gives a sly smile.

COUNT

Everything?

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

Dietrich takes a puff on his cigar. The Tiki Torches are lit, and guests mill around sipping cocktails.

Dietrich flags down Kazan, who crosses the deck with Carmella.

DIETRICH

I didn't want to mention this at dinner.

KAZAN

Go ahead. Spill it.

Two bulls facing off, about to charge. Only one will survive.

DIETRICH

This is a casino deal. Even in Puerto Rico, it's government controlled.

KAZAN

Okay.

DIETRICH

We can't have any of our investments traced to "unsavory influences".

Carmella gets in Dietrich's face.

CARMELLA

What are you trying to say? That George is some sort of criminal?

DIETRICH

Not at all...

Dietrich tries pulling away from her.

Carmella is FUMING with anger.

CARMELLA

That's what it sounds like to me.

(to Kazan)

You don't have to put up with this shit, George...

DIETRICH

Look, I don't WANT to turn down any investor, but....

CARMELLA

He's insulting you, George. And he's insulting ME.

Carmella lets go of Kazan's arms and storms away.

Kazan watches Carmella enter the cabins, turns to Dietrich.

KAZAN

She's a little touchy. You don't have to worry. The money is from a clean source. Dorado Construction in Miami. No links to anything "unsavory".

DIETRICH

If it's not, I'm afraid I won't be able to accept you as an investor.

The power game over, then the winner walks away.

Kazan watches Dietrich walk away, then flags down Anne.

KAZAN

Gimme a double cognac. Martell cordon
bleu if you got it.

ANNE

Yes, sir.

Anne goes to fetch the drink.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Dietrich stops at a cabin door and knocks twice.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's unlocked.

INT. GUEST CABIN -- NIGHT

Dietrich closes the door behind him.
Suddenly, Carmella, in a lace teddy, grabs him. They kiss.

CARMELLA

What took you so long?

DIETRICH

Making sure my wife was busy.

Before he says anything else, Carmella's mouth is back on
his. A hot, fiery, passionate kiss.

They back to the bed, Carmella unbuckling his pants.

Falling into bed.

DIETRICH

Where did you ever find him?

CARMELLA

Miami Beach. At the Country Club.

They kiss again.

DIETRICH

You sure his money's good?

CARMELLA

I checked him out twice.

This time when they kiss, she doesn't let go.
Clothes end up on the floor, as their passion intensifies.

CARMELLA

How long do we have?

DIETRICH

He's just ordered a double brandy.

CARMELLA
I think we'll make it.

And they do. Passionately.

INT. CREW QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Jeff carries an empty wine bottle to his room, bumps into Anne as she exits the Head.

ANNE
(looking at empty
bottle)
You didn't save any for me.

JEFF
This was 1984 wine with a fake 1955
label on it.

ANNE
I can do better than that.

Anne ducks into her room, returning with a Travel Guide.

ANNE
Check out page one eleven.

Jeff flips through to page 111: a photo of a casino.

JEFF
Dietrich's casino?

ANNE
Here.

Anne hands him the brochure, so he can compare the photos.

ON THE GUIDE BOOK AND BROCHURE:

The two casinos are identical!

JEFF
This says the casino's owned by
MacNally Amusements.

ANNE
It is.

Jeff looks at the pictures for a moment, confused.
Then figures it out.

JEFF
It's a con.

ANNE
The opposite of real estate.
(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

Fake estate... It's not the Brooklyn Bridge, but these people are buying it.

Jeff is floored.
Anne smiles.

ANNE

It's a regular Ship Of Fools.
Everyone out to con everyone else.

JEFF

Is that the truth?

ANNE

Maybe. Maybe it's part of MY game.
Why don't you sleep on it. Tell me in the morning.

She takes her book, careful to brush against him sensually.

Anne goes into her room and closes the door.
Jeff stares at the closed door.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- NIGHT

The yacht floats on the Caribbean.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- DAY

The yacht cruising through the Caribbean to Jamaica.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- DAY

Jeff at the helm.
He looks at the chart for a moment, to check his course.

THE CHART shows Jamaican coastline.
A route is charted to an anchor drop near Kingston.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - ROCKY COASTLINE -- DAY

"The Wanderer" drops anchor at a picturesque location, a shoreline populated by huge rocks protruding from the sea.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- DAY

THE SPEEDBOAT is lowered into the water.

Guests get ready to climb down the ladder into the boat.

Anne turns to Dietrich.

ANNE

I have to pick up some food supplies.

DIETRICH

We're staying overnight. Sure you can find a place to sleep?

ANNE

I can take care of myself.

Dietrich turns to Nola, who isn't crowding the ladder.

DIETRICH

Aren't you going ashore, lover?

NOLA

I think I'm going to stay on-board. Take a swim.

DIETRICH

We won't be back until morning.

NOLA

I'll survive. I have Jeff to protect me from any pirates.

Dietrich nods, wondering what that entails.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- DAY

Jeff watches Dietrich give Nola a final look, before following the others down the ladder to the speedboat.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - ROCKY COASTLINE -- DAY

The speedboat zooms away, headed to the docks at Kingston.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- DAY

Nola turns looks up at the Control Cabin. But Jeff has disappeared.

EXT. JAMAICA -- DAY

Beautiful Jamaica, an island paradise.

EXT. KINGSTON DOCK, JAMAICA -- DAY

The speedboat docks and Dietrich sees the guests off.

DIETRICH

I've made reservations at the Island Princess Hotel for everyone. Most of the banks on the island should be able to see to your wire transfer, and have the money waiting for you by the time we leave tomorrow morning.

CARMELLA
Aren't you coming ashore?

DIETRICH
I have some business on the other
side of the island.

KAZAN
You aren't going to strand us here?

DIETRICH
I'll be back in a couple of hours.

CARMELLA
Catch us at the hotel.

The Count grabs Carmella's arm and pulls her away.

COUNT
Come on, we're missing the party!

Kazan follows along. Peter and Rachel push aside street vendors as they make their way to the banks.

Anne watches them disperse, then turns to see Dietrich zoom off in the speedboat. She checks her purse to make sure she still has her gun, then runs the gauntlet of street vendors.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - ROCKY COASTLINE -- DAY

Reflected in the shimmering water.

INT. UPPER DECK -- DAY

Nola, dressed in a sexy one piece bathing suit, finds Jeff on the upper deck.

NOLA
I'm going for a swim. Care to join
me?

JEFF
I signed on to crew... I didn't
bring a swim suit.

NOLA
I think one of my husband's will
fit. You're about the same size.

She begins unbuttoning his shirt, but Jeff keeps his distance. This woman is dangerous.

JEFF
How would your husband feel about
that? Seems a rather personal thing
to slip into.

NOLA
Kent isn't here.

She runs her hands over his chest to get a rise out of him.

JEFF
So it's okay to cheat on him?

NOLA
Cheating wife, cheating husband.
(beat)
That's what Kent is, you know...
A cheater.

JEFF
A swindler, you mean? A guy that
serves 1984 wine with a 1955 label
pasted on.

Nola laughs.

NOLA
Clever, aren't you.

The ship rolls, and Nola falls into Jeff's arms. Her lips find his. Before he can stop himself, he's kissing back.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT -- DAY

THROUGH A PAIR OF BINOCULARS, we see the compressed tableau of Jeff and Nola's passion a great distance away.

Kent Dietrich lowers the binoculars and sets them next to his shoulder bag.

He reaches into the bag and pulls out a Colt Python 357 Magnum. He sights over the snubie barrel at the yacht, a mile away. Then lowers the gun, replacing it in his bag.

Starting up the speedboat, Dietrich spins the boat around and heads back towards the port.

EXT. ROCKY COASTLINE -- DAY

Jeff and Nola swim up to a giant rock, protruding from the water, and climb on top. They lay in the sun, side by side.

JEFF
How does it work?

NOLA
What?

JEFF
The swindle.

NOLA

Different ways for different cons.
There are long cons, short cons, bar
cons, badger games, home games... As
many cons as there are suckers.

JEFF

Cheating people out of money.

NOLA

The first rule of the con: You can't
cheat an honest man. A con is like
judo - you use the mark's own greed
against them. The more greed the
mark has, the bigger the con. No
greed, no con. There are no victims
in a swindle, only willing
participants.

JEFF

They want to lose their money?

NOLA

No. They want to get something for
nothing. Take advantage of some
situation and screw the other guy.

JEFF

Explain.

NOLA

Take the Black Pearl Scam. Here's
how it works...

EXT. JEWELRY SHOP, KINGSTON -- DAY

Kent Dietrich gives the shop a once over before entering.

INT. JEWELRY SHOP, KINGSTON -- DAY

A TOURIST COUPLE are finishing a transaction. Kent waits
until they leave before stepping up to the showcase of pearls.

JEWELER

Can I help you with something?

DIETRICH

Maybe. I'm interested in pearls.
Is this your entire selection?

JEWELER

Yes, sir. The finest selection on
the island. What are you looking
for?

DIETRICH

Well, to tell you the truth, I was wondering if you ever bought pearls...

JEWELER

We only purchase the finest jems and pearls from reputable dealers.

DIETRICH

I think these pearls are pretty fine. Nothing like anything you have here.

Dietrich pulls a small bag from is pocket, and shakes a pair of black pearls into his palm.

DIETRICH

See, I was scuba diving yesterday and found these two black pearls. I've never seen anything like them before.

JEWELER

Sir, Black Pearls are very difficult to sell. They don't have the luster of traditional white pearls, and...

DIETRICH

You aren't interested? I'll let you have them for three hundred bucks a piece. Both for five hundred.

JEWELER

I don't think I could sell them, sir. I'm sorry.

Dietrich returns the pearls to the pouch, pockets them.

DIETRICH

Okay. But if you change your mind, I'm at the Princess Hotel. Room 486.

The Jeweler watches Dietrich leave.

NOLA (V.O.)

The bait has been set. The Jeweler knows he can buy a pair of black pearls for \$500 from the man in room 486.

EXT. JEWELRY SHOP, KINGSTON -- DAY

The Count and Carmella examine the shop before entering.

INT. JEWELRY SHOP, KINGSTON -- DAY

They enter the shop arm in arm, like a couple.

NOLA (V.O.)
Now we make the play.

JEWELER
Can I help you find something?

COUNT
My wife is looking for some ear rings.

The Jeweler moves to a showcase.

JEWELER
We have some splendid diamond ear rings, all personally mounted...

CARMELLA
Actually, I was thinking of pearls.

The Jeweler closes the diamond case and moves to the pearls.

JEWELER
We have a marvelous selection of pearl ear rings. The finest stones, carefully mounted in gold or white gold settings.

CARMELLA
Honey, did you see the ear rings that woman in the restaurant had on last night. They were beautiful.

COUNT
Black, weren't they?
(to the Jeweler)
Do you have any black pearl ear rings?

JEWELER
No, sir. But we have this beautiful set of white pearls in a silver...

CARMELLA
Come on, Willem. Let's check out that jeweler down the street.

Carmella starts to lead The Count out of the shop.
The Jeweler sees money walking out the door.

NOLA (V.O.)
Now he takes the bait, and we see how far we can hook him.

JEWELER
Wait. A diver offered me a beautiful pair of Black Pearls only this morning.

COUNT
 (to Carmella)
 I'm not spending another forty
 thousand on jewelry like we did at
 Harry Winston's. That was ridiculous.

The Jeweler smiles.

NOLA (V.O.)
 Hooked.

The Count and Carmella turn back to the Jeweler, no longer
 anxious to leave. It's the Jeweler's line:

JEWELER
 These were magnificent black pearls.
 Equal in size. They'd made a splendid
 set of ear rings. I can custom make
 them to your wife's specifications.

CARMELLA
 Honey?

COUNT
 We're sailing to Bimini tomorrow
 evening...

JEWELER
 I can have them ready for you tomorrow
 afternoon. Of course, there would
 be a premium charged for the rush
 service.

COUNT
 Of course.

Carmella points to the most expensive setting in the case.

CARMELLA
 Something like this would be nice.

COUNT
 How much would that run?

JEWELER
 Black Pearls are quite rare. I've
 dealt with this diver before. I'm
 afraid he might charge me as much as
 ten thousand dollars a piece...

COUNT
 Is there any discount for paying
 cash?

JEWELER
 I can take five percent off.
 (MORE)

JEWELER (CONT'D)

I'll be losing money, but I'd rather have your return patronage. Whenever you're on the island again.

COUNT

We're at the Intercontinental Hotel. Count Litvak. Penthouse number three.

JEWELER

I'm sure the Countess will be pleased with the ear rings. I'll call you tomorrow afternoon.

The Count and Carmella nod and leave the Jewelry shop.

EXT. ROCKY COASTLINE -- DAY

Nola runs a hand over Jeff's chest.

NOLA

No innocent parties. The Jeweler is hoping to buy the pearls for five hundred dollars and re-sell them to the Count and Countess for twenty thousand. Plus another twenty thousand in settings and mounting costs. Cheating the diver along with way.

INT. PRINCESS HOTEL HALLWAY -- EVENING

The Jeweler knocks on the door to room 486. Dietrich answers.

DIETRICH

Yeah?

JEWELER

Are you still interested in selling those pearls?

Dietrich plays the silence.

JEWELER

I'll give you a thousand dollars.

DIETRICH

A thousand a piece?

JEWELER

For both.

DIETRICH

I don't know. I kind of like them. Was thinking about giving them to my wife as an anniversary present.

JEWELER

Two thousand.

DIETRICH

Make it five and you've got a deal.

JEWELER

Five for both of them.

DIETRICH

Deal.

The Jeweler pulls out his bill fold and begins counting money.

NOLA (V.O.)

The Mark thinks he's screwing the scuba diver out of fifteen thousand dollars. Taking advantage of him.

Dietrich trades the pearls for the money, and both men are happy with the deal. The Jeweler can hardly control his delight as he walks down the hotel hallway.

NOLA (V.O.)

But when he calls the Intercontinental Hotel the next day, he'll find out the Count and Countess don't exist.

INT. DIETRICH'S HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

Dietrich locks the door, takes the money to his overnight bag. He puts the roll of money in a pouch... with a dozen other Black Pearls!

NOLA (V.O.)

And he's just paid ten times too much for the pearls.

(smiles)

You can't cheat an honest man.

EXT. ROCKY COASTLINE -- EVENING

NOLA

Just like judo - you use their own greed against them. No victims.

JEFF

It's getting late.

Nola and Jeff dive off the rock and swim back to The Wanderer.

EXT. KING LARGO BAR -- EVENING

An elegant tropical bar on the streets of Kingston. Peter and Rachel Hellinger, dressed for a night on the town, enter.

Anne watches from across the street. Smoking a cigarette in the shadows of a doorway.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - ROCKY COASTLINE -- EVENING

Jeff and Nola climb out of the water onto "The Wanderer" and dry each other off. Caressing each other with towels.

NOLA

Jeff...

Jeff begins peeling the bathing suit from her body, kissing every new bit of flesh exposed. Nola pulls off his trunks.

Still entwined, they lower to the deck and make love in the open air, the picturesque background behind them.

EXT. PRINCESS HOTEL -- EVENING

The elegant hotel surrounded by the purple-red sunset.

INT. PRINCESS HOTEL HALLWAY -- EVENING

The Count and Carmella leave Dietrich's room, laughing. Both are a thousand dollars richer.

COUNT

Why don't we go downstairs and work the bar.

(he dances around)

I feel like an eighteen year old!

CARMELLA

At your age: He'd kill you!

The Count laughs.

COUNT

What's got into you?

(beat)

Or should I say "who"?

CARMELLA

Nobody, lover, that's why I'm so bitchy. I haven't had sex in HOURS.

A door opens in the hall behind them and Kazan steps out.

KAZAN

Carmella? Where have you been?

COUNT

(to Carmella)

I hear the dinner bell.

The Count and Carmella do an exaggerated air-kiss, then part. Carmella going back to Kazan, The Count headed to the bar.

CARMELLA

George, I'm so sorry. Count Willem
and I went shopping. I know how
much you loathe shopping...

Kazan yanks her into his arms, kisses her, and pulls her
into the hotel room. The door closes behind them.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- EVENING

Nola and Jeff lay side by side on the deck. Nude. Each has
a glass of champagne, and the bottle of Crystal chills nearby.

NOLA

I don't know how much longer I can
take it.

JEFF

What?

NOLA

The lies. The schemes. Every time
is supposed to be the last, but it
never is. He says he's going to
retire, but that's another lie.

JEFF

Leave him.

NOLA

(laughs)

All of the money is HIS and I've
grown accustomed to helping him spend
it. Sooner or later, he's going to
get caught. Or someone, a mark from
the past, will kill him. I don't
want to be here when that happens.

JEFF

What are you thinking.

Nola touches his chest. Making her play.

NOLA

Kent's coming out of this with nine
million in cash. It'll be locked in
the safe in our state room. There's
a key on a chain around his neck.
One of those plastic mag-stripe cards.
(she looks in his

eyes)

What if we could talk him in to
letting us have it?

Jeff freshens their champagne, considering it.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - ROCKY COASTLINE -- NIGHT

Darkness has fallen on the yacht.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff replaces the empty bottle in the champagne bucket.

JEFF

He's not just going to HAND us nine million dollars.

NOLA

But if we already had the money, he'd be forced to play along, wouldn't he?

(wicked smile)

He couldn't very well go to the police, and he couldn't admit to his investors that he'd lost the money for fear THEY'D go to the police.

JEFF

You left out a part. How do we get the money in the first place?

EXT. UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff and Nola pace the upper deck.

NOLA

I have a few Miltown in my purse. Drop a couple in his after dinner brandy and he'll have an early bedtime.

JEFF

Okay.

NOLA

There are only two keys to our stateroom. His will be in his pocket. I'll hand you my key after locking him in the room.

JEFF

Right.

NOLA

There'll be a fireworks display tomorrow night. Part of the Jungaloo. Everyone will be out on deck. You'll have no problem getting into the room.

JEFF

What about you?

NOLA

If Kent knows I had a part in this
he'll kill me. I need to be out on
the deck with everyone else.

JEFF

So I do all the dirty work. What do
I get out of it?

She moves very close.

NOLA

Four and a half million dollars, and
me. For as long as it lasts.

(she kisses him)

Money is a powerful preservative.
We might last a decade together.

She kisses him, and their passion flares again.

EXT. PRINCESS HOTEL -- NIGHT

Kingston has closed for the night, the tourists sleeping.

INT. PRINCESS HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Anne creeps down the hallway to room 486. She pulls the gun
from her hand bag, checks the action.

When she gets to Dietrich's door, she gets ready to open it.
Can't.

Realizing she doesn't have the courage to kill him.
Tears well in her eyes.

Voices in the hallway!

Anne quickly returns the gun to her handbag and bee-lines to
the elevators, head down.

Passing Rachel Hellinger, dressed only in a robe.
Neither woman acknowledges the other, but Rachel turns to
watch Anne walk away, wondering what she was doing here.

EXT. JAMAICA -- DAY

Beautiful Jamaica.

INT. BANK -- DAY

An attache case is filled with bundled money.

BANKER

Will you be needing a guard, Mr.
Hellinger?

PETER

No. I can handle it.

BANKER

Thank you for banking with us.

Peter closes the attache case, shakes the BANKER's offered hand, and joins Rachel in the bank lobby.

EXT. KINGSTON DOCK, JAMAICA -- DAY

Kazan, Peter and The Count all carry attache cases...
The Count's is paisley.

The women wear festive clothes bought that afternoon.
Anne tries to avoid eye contact with Dietrich.

Dietrich pulls the speedboat to the dock for boarding.

CARMELLA

Too bad we can't stay for the
Jungaloo.

COUNT

I love masquerade parties!

DIETRICH

Sorry. We have to get moving if
we're going to make Puerto Rico.

(smiles)

We'll spend the night on the water.
But we'll be close enough to see the
fireworks.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT -- DAY

When all are aboard, Dietrich hits the throttle and heads
back to "The Wanderer".

Peter clutches his attache case, studying Dietrich.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- EVENING

"The Wanderer" is no longer anchored by the rocky shore.
Now it is in the sea, past Kingston.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- EVENING

Fireworks spray the sky with color.

AT THE BAR

Jeff, in full dress uniform, sets drinks on a serving tray.

After making sure no one is looking, he pulls a trio of gel-
caps from his pocket and drops them into a snifter of Cognac.

He waits a moment for the capsules to dissolve, then stirs
the drink with his finger. A little cloudy, but it will do.

Jeff hefts the tray and moves out on deck to serve the drinks.

Carmella and the Count discuss a mutual friend as Jeff serves.

COUNT

Let me tell you, when she was a runway model, EVERYONE landed on her.

CARMELLA

Well, she STILL has an hour-glass figure, only all the sand has fallen.

Jeff hands Dietrich his snifter of Cognac, moves on.

COUNT

At least she's not getting married again.

CARMELLA

Seven times, that has to be a record.

COUNT

Always a bride, never a bridesmaid.

CARMELLA

(laughs)

I wouldn't mind the alimony.

COUNT

Oh, Carmella, darling! Why don't you cut out the middle man and blow someone's bank account.

Dietrich sets down his empty snifter and rubs his eyes.

DIETRICH

I'm tired, lover.

NOLA

You've been out in the sun all day.

Dietrich nods, almost collapses. Nola props him up on her shoulder. Dietrich is having trouble keeping his eyes open.

NOLA

Come on. We'll get you to bed. Peter, will you give me a hand?

Peter lets go of Rachel's hand, helps Nola take Dietrich to his stateroom.

Jeff puts Dietrich's brandy snifter on his serving tray.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SNIFTER

Traces of undissolved gelatin granules.

Jeff starts to the Galley with his serving tray, but makes a detour to the stern, where he tosses snifter into the water.

The snifter glitters and sparkles with the reflection of firework display as it sinks into the water.

INT. GALLEY -- EVENING

Jeff passes Anne on his way into the Galley. Her tray is filled with crab cakes and prawns.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- EVENING

Nola re-enters the group.

NOLA

You'll have to excuse my husband.
He was working late last night.

COUNT

HARD, too, I'll bet.

Anne passes through with her tray.

Jeff squeezes past Nola...

SHE SLIPS THE STATEROOM KEY INTO HIS HAND.

JEFF

Excuse me.

Jeff crosses the upper deck.
He looks down at the key in his hand and smiles.

INT. STATEROOM PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

At the door to Dietrich's stateroom, Jeff looks down the hall at Peter as he moves deeper into the ship, a suitcase in his left hand.

When Peter is gone, Jeff slides the key into the door.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Jeff gently closes the door, drops the key in his pocket.

Dietrich lays on the bed. Sleeping?

It isn't until Jeff gets right up to him that he realizes Dietrich is DEAD.

FACE BLOWN OFF and three UGLY scorched bullet holes in his white shirt. Blood still oozing. Dietrich's diamond pinky ring and gold Rolex glitter in the soft light. Cigar trimmer/lighter clenched in his left hand.

JEFF

Oh, my God.

The plastic mag card ISN'T around Dietrich's bloody neck.

THE SAFE IS OPEN... and EMPTY.

THE MONEY IS GONE.

Jeff races into the head.

INT. THE HEAD -- NIGHT

Jeff pukes the bottoms of his feet up into the toilet, then sits down on the cool bathroom floor, wiping his mouth and shaking. In his fumbling to the head, he's cracked the crystal on his compass, breaking it beyond repair.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- NIGHT

Fireworks explode overhead.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Jeff sits at the foot of the bed, next to Dietrich's feet. Spots a cigarette smoldering in an ash tray, examines it.

An unfiltered cigarette with two gold bands, snubbed out. But Dietrich smoked cigars. A pair of matches, only the tips burned, are next to the snubbed cigarette.

Jeff lifts the cigarette, studies it, then replaces it. Peter's brand.

Next to the ash tray is a daiquiri glass, a brandy snifter, and a scotch glass. The snifter has the kind of lip mark someone wearing Chapstick would leave.

JEFF

Chapstick?

He sets the snifter down.

Jeff opens a couple of drawers.

The first drawer contains clothing and the box of cigars.

Drawer number two contains a sizable collection of guns.

Drawer number three is empty, save for an envelope filled with alternate IDs for Dietrich and Nola. Passports and driver's license with different names. Also a set of swimmer's ear plugs, in a plastic case.

There's something under the bed. A handkerchief, monogrammed with the letter "H". Jeff uses the handkerchief to cover his hand when he searches Dietrich's pockets.

Finding Dietrich's key to the stateroom in a coat pocket along with his wallet.

Jeff pulls the key out of his own pocket and looks at it. Realizing who set him up.

JEFF

Only one other key.

Knocking on the front door!
Jeff's face turns to terror.

NOLA

Jeff?

Jeff unlocks and opens the door.
Nola looks at Jeff's white face and shaking hands.

NOLA

(whispering)

You were supposed to come back on deck and give me my key, remember? What happened?

Before Jeff can stop her, Nola moves to the bed.

Nola stares at her dead husband, panic rising in her.

NOLA

Oh my God, Jeff. What have you done?

JEFF

He was already dead.

NOLA

What the hell did you do?

JEFF

You've got to believe me...

Nola doesn't buy it.

NOLA

Did he try to fight you? He should have been unconscious...

JEFF

He was dead when I came in.

NOLA

When I brought him in here a half hour ago, and he was fine.

JEFF

I didn't kill him. You've got to believe me.

Nola remains skeptical.

NOLA
 It doesn't matter what I think.
 I can't believe you did this...
 (panicked)
 We've got to get rid of the body...
 Cover this up.

JEFF
 How?

NOLA
 Sink it. Wrap it in something heavy
 and drop it in the water.

Jeff looks at the corpse and almost loses his lunch again.

NOLA
 Sooner or later, you'll have to tell
 the truth, that he's dead, but leave
 ME out of it. I'm not going to jail
 for something you did...

JEFF
 I didn't do this...

NOLA
 Say you came in here, to check on
 Kent, see if he was okay, and you
 found him dead. Shot.

JEFF
 Nola, he was dead when I...

NOLA
 You left to get help, when you came
 back the body was gone. That covers
 all the bases, puts you in the clear.

Jeff nods slowly. Her panic is gone, but he's still shaking.

NOLA
 I'll wrap him in the sheets, you get
 something to weight him down with.

Jeff nods reluctantly, wondering what the scam is, and leaves.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff finds a length of anchor chain in a storage bin.

INT. STATEROOM PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Jeff carries the anchor chain back to Dietrich's room.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Nola opens the door, then closes it quietly behind Jeff.

NOLA
What'd you get?

JEFF
Spare anchor chain.

Dietrich is wrapped head to foot in the bloody sheets and blankets from the bed. He looks like a mummy.

Jeff wraps the chains around the blanketed corpse, hefts the bundle onto his shoulder.

When Jeff gets to the door Nola stops him.

NOLA
I don't know what happened between
you two, and I don't want to know.

JEFF
Nothing.

NOLA
We can't see each other again.

JEFF
(suspicious)
We'll see.

Jeff leaves with Dietrich's corpse slung over one shoulder.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

Almost three in the morning. All of the portholes are dark.

Jeff scans the deck.
Clear.

He carries the roll past the cabins to the rear of the ship.

Terror builds.
Someone might open a door and see Jeff with the corpse.

IN FRONT OF KAZAN'S OPEN PORTHOLE

Jeff tries not to breathe as he passes.
Something drops to the deck behind him. He stops and turns
around.

The roll collides with the wall next to the open porthole.
THUD!
Echoed in the stillness of the night.

Jeff freezes.
Waiting for someone to wake up. Waiting to be discovered.

Nothing happens.

Repositions the roll, continues turning, avoiding the wall.

On the deck: a matchbook from the King Largo Bar.
Fallen from Dietrich's pocket.
Covered with blood.

Jeff sets the corpse down.
Picks up the matchbook and shoves it in a pocket.

A door slams.
Jeff freezes.

All of the cabin doors are still closed.
But he can't see the door to the dining cabin.

A moment. No one comes. No more noises.

Jeff hoists the corpse back to his shoulder and continues.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff sets the corpse on the railing and tries to gently slide it into the water.

THE BODY gets away from him...
.....making a loud SPLASH...
..... as it hits the ocean...
.....and sinks from view.

Jeff wonders if anyone heard.

Behind him, the body floats to the surface, bouyed by air trapped in the sheets.

Jeff turns and sees the floating corpse.

JEFF

Shit.

He spots a bucket of fishing weights near the storage area.

Jeff throws the fishing weights at the air pockets, trying to either deflate them or work the bubbles up to the top.

Splash. Splash. Splash.

The corpse begins SLOWLY sinking into the water.
Slowly.

Anne comes out of the cabins, dressed in her bedclothes.

ANNE

Did you hear that splash?

JEFF

Huh?

Jeff turns away from the slowly sinking corpse, hoping Anne won't see it. Tries to act natural.

ANNE

It woke me up.

JEFF

Probably just dolphins. I noticed them following the ship yesterday.

ANNE

Really?

Starts to look over the railing... right where corpse floats!

Jeff grabs her and kisses her passionately.

Anne and Jeff's kiss is lingering and romantic, unlike the raw animal passion of the Jeff/Nola kiss.

ANNE

I was wondering when you were going to get around to doing that.

JEFF

I've been waiting for the right moment.

ANNE

I thought you had the hots for Mrs. Dietrich.

JEFF

Why do you say that?

Jeff tries to avoid any connection with Nola, and her dead husband... slowly sinking in the water behind them.

ANNE

Come on. You were wearing her lipstick two nights ago, and you spent yesterday swimming with her.

JEFF

Mrs. Dietrich was just slumming. Trying to make her husband jealous.

Anne laughs.

ANNE

You mean she doesn't fuck outside of her social class.

JEFF
Something like that.

ANNE
(slyly)
That wouldn't be a problem with me.

Jeff turns from her, looking out over the water...
In time to see Dietrich's corpse finally sink out of sight.

JEFF
This isn't a good time for me. I'm
all twisted around. I don't know
where I'm headed.

ANNE
Maybe I can help you get back on
course.

JEFF
It's something I have to do myself.

She looks at his profile in the moonlight.
Nods slowly, knowing when she's been brushed.

ANNE
Yeah. Well, it's late.

She leaves Jeff alone on the deck.

Jeff looks at the water, making sure the corpse is gone.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- NIGHT

The yacht floats in the moonlight.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff looks at the monogrammed handkerchief in his hands.
The letter 'H' and scotch.

JEFF
Hellinger. Peter Hellinger.

He heads to Peter's room.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Jeff knocks on the Peter's door.

JEFF
Mister Hellinger?

No answer.

But he can hear someone in the room. He tries knocking again.

JEFF
It's the captain. Are you in there?

A mechanical sound from within the room, then a soft hum.

JEFF
Mister Hellinger?

PETER (O.S.)
Look. I don't really want to talk to you, okay? No offense. But I've got more important things to do...

JEFF
You left your handkerchief behind.

Jeff is sure THAT will get a rise out of him.

But Peter's answer is matter of fact.

PETER (O.S.)
Yes. Now will you leave?

Jeff frowns at the response.
He pockets the handkerchief, walks away.
Confused.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- MORNING

The sun rises over the yacht.

INT. DINING CABIN -- DAY

Anne has set out a breakfast buffet. As the guests enter, she serves them from the steam table.

The Count and Nola are followed in by Kazan and Carmella.

COUNT
Where's Kent?

NOLA
Probably still asleep. He wasn't feeling well last night.

COUNT
Right.
(smiles)
Hmmm. Bangers. I love bangers.

CARMELLA
I'll bet you do.

Jeff enters, looks from Anne to Nola, talks to Carmella.
Trying to separate those with alibis from those without.

JEFF
Did you like the fireworks last night?

CARMELLA
Which ones are you talking about?

The Count laughs.

COUNT
Oh, Carmella, you're such a sleaze.

CARMELLA
You got me pegged.

COUNT
I haven't yet. But there's still
time.

The Count and Carmella laugh.

Rachel enters alone, looking like a lost child.

NOLA
Where's Peter?

RACHEL
I don't know. I could hear him in
his room last night, but when I
knocked on the door, he wouldn't
open it.

JEFF
When did you see him last?

RACHEL
When he helped Kent to his room.

JEFF
He didn't come back?

KAZAN
Why are you so curious, captain?

Jeff and Kazan lock eyes.

JEFF
I want to make sure we don't have a
man overboard.

Neither man disengages his stare as Rachel answers.

RACHEL
No. I heard him in his room.

JEFF

(to Kazan)
Did YOU enjoy the fireworks last night?

KAZAN

I want to know why you're asking.

JEFF

Just curious.

KAZAN

I'm not sure that's an admirable trait. It kills cats, they say.

Carmella pulls on Kazan's arm.

CARMELLA

Quit giving him a hard time, George. Popeye just wants to know if you had a good time.

KAZAN

(looks coldly at Jeff)
I had a good time.

COUNT

Last night, during the fireworks, someone broke into my room.
(long beat)
Stole one of my videotapes.

Rachel's head snaps towards the Count.

RACHEL

Which one?

NOLA

You sure you didn't misplace it?

COUNT

I looked everywhere.

A touch of panic in Rachel's voice:

RACHEL

Which videotape, Willem?

KAZAN

What do you mean, 'broke in'?
(beat)
Was the door broken?

COUNT

No. But it was unlocked.
(MORE)

COUNT (CONT'D)

(beat)

I have valuables in the room. I
KNOW I locked it.

Rachel's voice SHRIEKS.

RACHEL

Willem?

Finally she has his smiling attention.

COUNT

Don't worry, Rachel. It doesn't
concern you.

She relaxes.

Jeff holds out the monogrammed handkerchief to Rachel.

JEFF

Did you drop this?

RACHEL

No. It looks like Peter's.

JEFF

It does?

RACHEL

Where did you find it?

JEFF

Near the galley doors.

She tries to pull it from his hand. Jeff pockets it.

JEFF

I'll give it back to him...
When I find him.

Jeff starts to leave.

Nola leans against the door frame, blocking his exit.
She puts a cigarette in her mouth.

NOLA

I seem to have forgotten my lighter.

JEFF

I don't have any matches this time.

NOLA

Stopped playing with fire?

JEFF

Not interested in getting burned.

Jeff jerks away from her and leaves.
Nola watches him walk away, smiles.

NOLA
That's what you think.

Nola turns and walks away.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- DAY

Jeff climbs the stairs to the helm. Doesn't get there.

THE SPEEDBOAT IS GONE.
No longer hanging from the hoists.

Jeff goes back down the stairs into the dining cabin.

INT. DINING CABIN -- DAY

Jeff moves to Rachel and grabs her by the shoulders.

JEFF
Did you talk to your husband this
morning?

RACHEL
What?

JEFF
Was he in his room?

Jeff shakes an answer out of her.

RACHEL
No.

Kazan pulls Jeff off of her.

KAZAN
What's this all about?

JEFF
The speedboat's gone.

CARMELLA
What?

Everyone leaves to look at the missing speedboat.

Except Jeff.
He heads to Peter's room.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- DAY

Kazan and the others see the empty hoists. No speedboat.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Jeff knocks as he did last night.
No answer, no noise.

He kicks open the door. Wood splinters fly across the cabin.

INT. PETER'S CABIN -- DAY

Empty.
An empty suitcase open on the bed. The same suitcase Peter was carrying last night.

Jeff opens the wardrobe doors.
Empty. Not a single piece of clothing.

He opens a dresser drawer.
Empty.
He tries another.

INSIDE THIS DRAWER is a Colt Python 357 with a snub nose.

Jeff picks up the gun, sniffs the barrel.

JEFF
Fired recently.

Breaks it open, counts the shells.
Two bullets, four spent.

JEFF
The murder gun.

He drops it in the drawer, wipes his hands on his pants.

KAZAN
It looks like Hellinger cleared out.

Jeff spins.

Kazan stands behind him, an ugly Beretta 9mm in his hand.

KAZAN
You want to tell me what's going on?

Jeff looks at the gun.

KAZAN
You act like you got all the answers.

INT. DINING CABIN -- DAY

Kazan keeps the gun aimed at Jeff.

All the others are gathered around.

JEFF

I went to Dietrich's stateroom last night. To see if he was okay.

KAZAN

Go on.

JEFF

The door was open, and he was laying there. Shot four times. Dead.

KAZAN

Really?

JEFF

The safe was open. And empty.

KAZAN

So what'd you do? Go back to bed?

JEFF

I went looking for help. No one was around, so I went back to the room.
(looks at Nola)
But Dietrich was gone.

KAZAN

He just got up and walked away?

JEFF

I assumed somebody moved him.

Kazan uses the gun to point at Nola.

KAZAN

Where were you all this time?

NOLA

I didn't go to bed until later. Kent was... gone. I thought he was spending the night with some body else.

KAZAN

And who would that be?

Nola stares at Carmella.

CARMELLA

(explodes)

Who the fuck do you think you are?

NOLA

(yelling)

I saw the way you looked at him.

(MORE)

NOLA (CONT'D)

You didn't care if he was MY husband,
you wanted to add him to your book -
or should I say your library - of
conquests.

(accusing)

How many THOUSAND is it now?

CARMELLA

At least I don't fuck the help...

NOLA

You're a nothing but a social climber.

COUNT

Climbing from bed to bed, just to be
social.

NOLA

(snapping at The Count)

Fuck off. This is serious.

COUNT

I guess Kent DIDN'T come to bed last
night. Bitchy, bitchy, bitchy.

Kazan twists the gun back to Jeff's face.

KAZAN

Back to you.

JEFF

I saw Peter leaving Dietrich's room.
I didn't think anything of it, then...

Kazan aims the gun elsewhere, relaxing a little.

KAZAN

Well, Captain. Since Dietrich is no
longer with us, I'm taking over.

(quietly threatening)

We head towards Puerto Rico, as
planned. Nobody gets on this boat,
nobody gets off.

He points the gun from one person to another.

KAZAN

A side note. When Hellinger tries
to open my attache case, we'll find
him.

RACHEL

What do you mean?

KAZAN

It's rigged to explode. You think I'd put three million dollars in an attache case a five year old could break in to?

(no smile)

When someone steals from me, they die. I believe in retribution.

Jeff looks at Nola, gauging her reaction. She frowns at Kazan's attache case story. Is she part of this scheme?

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- DAY

The yacht drifting in the currents towards Puerto Rico.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- DAY

THE CHARTS: The Destination Line plots the course to Puerto Rico, but the bolder Travel Line stops dead just past Jamaica.

THE HELM: is unmanned.

The wheel spins right and left as currents shift the rudder.

INT. CREW QUARTERS -- DAY

Jeff stops at Anne's door and knocks twice.

JEFF

Anne?

When he's sure she isn't in, then grabs the knob and twists. It's open.

Jeff enters Anne's room, closing it snugly behind him.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM -- DAY

Jeff searches Anne's room.

The wardrobe offers nothing incriminating.

He finds an interesting assortment of lingerie in a dresser drawer. Runs his hand over a lace teddy, closes the drawer.

In the third drawer he hits pay dirt.

One of Anne's handbags, heavy with the weight of her handgun.

Jeff sits on the bed, searching the purse.

A matchbook from the King Largo Bar, and the Smith & Wesson 38 Airweight. He breaks the pistol open.

FOUR spent shells and two live ones.

Jeff holds the four spent shells in his hand, examining them.

THE DOOR OPENS, Anne enters.

When she sees Jeff sitting on her bed, she smiles.

ANNE
Come by for that nightcap?

Then she notes the gun in Jeff's hands.

JEFF
Tell me about the gun.

She tries to come up with an answer.

ANNE
I'm alone in strange ports...

JEFF
And the four spent shells?

ANNE
I did a little target practice in Belize.

JEFF
A little target practice?

ANNE
A little target practice.

Jeff wonders if she was using human targets.

JEFF
Seems like you came prepared for violence. And of course, you knew about the casino scam, too.

Anne slides slowly down the wall to the floor; sitting there. Looking up at Jeff.

JEFF
It's all lies isn't it?

ANNE
What?

JEFF
You aren't really a maid, it's just part of your game...

ANNE
The truth?
(studies him)
Last year, my father invested in one of Dietrich's scams. Lost everything. When he found out he'd been conned it broke him.

JEFF

Keep going.

ANNE

I was in med school, had to drop out. He died last month. Heart attack.

JEFF

What's the gun for?

ANNE

I was going to kill Dietrich, but you tell me someone beat me to it.

JEFF

Dietrich was shot four times. You've got four spent shells, here.

ANNE

I didn't kill him.

Jeff wonders if he can believe her.

JEFF

I need your help. I want to use your passkey to search some of the rooms.

ANNE

Why?

JEFF

There were THREE glasses in Dietrich's room last night. One was scotch....

ANNE

That's Peter.

JEFF

And one was Nola's.
(remembers)
But the third glass had lip-prints.
Colorless, not lipstick.

ANNE

Like Chapstick?

Jeff pulls the handkerchief from his pocket.

JEFF

When I showed this to Rachel, she wasn't sure if it was Peter's.

Anne moves closer, examining the handkerchief.

JEFF

"H": Count HUMBERSTONE, maybe?
What's he a Count of, anyway?

ANNE

He's The Count Of Nothing. A fake.
Dietrich's shill. Comes along on
the cruise and pretends to invest,
but hands over an empty attache case.
(smiles)
It instills confidence in the other
investors.

JEFF

Is there anyone ELSE on this boat
who's not what they claim to be?

ANNE

No one's ever who they claim to be.
(knowing smile)
You ever captain a yacht before this?

JEFF

No.

ANNE

Well, Humberstone was never a Count.

JEFF

I want to search his room.

INT. CREW QUARTERS -- DAY

As they leave Anne's Room, the yacht shifts.
They end up in each other's arms.
Faces inches apart.
Slowly, they move into a kiss.

JEFF

What if I'm wrong about Peter?

ANNE

What do you mean?

JEFF

What if somebody else killed Dietrich?

ANNE

Who?

JEFF

Someone with a gun.

Anne pulls away. How much of the truth should she tell?

ANNE

I didn't kill him.

Jeff fights his distrust.

JEFF

Okay.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Jeff knocks on the door to The Count's room.

JEFF

Count Humberstone?

No answer. He knocks again.

ANNE

He doesn't seem to be home.

Anne pulls the passkeys from her purse.

ANNE

Let's go in and toss the place.

She opens the door.

INT. COUNT'S ROOM -- DAY

The room is empty, no sign of The Count.

Jeff searches the waste basket, Anne looks around the room.

ANNE

What are you looking for?

JEFF

We'll know when we find it.

In the wastebasket Jeff spots something under a wad of tissues, and bends down to investigate. A tube of Chapstick.

Jeff uncaps and sniffs the stick. He drops the Chapstick back into the wastebasket, moves to the wardrobe.

ANNE

What if the Count comes back?

JEFF

I'm helping you clean his room?

INSIDE THE WARDROBE

Two blue Samsonite suitcases. Clothes are hung on the rail. Jeff searches the pockets of each coat and sports jacket.

Anne searches the dresser, finding a variety of sex toys.

ANNE

Flavored condoms? He came prepared.

Dropping the large suitcase on the bed, Jeff pops it open and does a quick search.
Only clothes.

Jeff pops open the second blue suitcase.
Clothes.

JEFF
No monogrammed hankies?

ANNE
Just sex toys and bikini briefs.

Anne moves to the TV/VCR, opens the door to the cabinet.

A case built to hold ten video tapes contains nine tapes, seven of which are labeled. She scans the labels until she comes to one marked "Rachel: 8/29".

ANNE
Jeff...

Jeff turns from the wardrobe in time to see Anne flick on the TV and VCR and insert the tape.

ON THE TV SCREEN

Rachel begins disrobing the Count, kissing his hairless chest. The tape was shot in this very room. The Count and Rachel strip off each other's clothes and fall into bed.

JEFF
Well, we had Sex and Lies, this was all that was left.

Anne switches off the VCR, shocked.

ANNE
Hard to believe. She seems so cold.
Brittle. Like a porcelain doll.

JEFF
Life's a masquerade party. Do we ever REALLY know who we've been dancing with? Do we care?

Jeff looks over the other tapes.

THE REMAINING TAPES have labels like: "Party 8/6", "Myra 7/20", "Lilly 7/17", and "Peter 8/24".

Jeff grabs the one marked "Peter 8/24".

JEFF
The Count gets around. He did husband and wife both.

ANNE
I wonder how much he made?

JEFF
Screwing the rich and taping it?
That kind of thing could ruin somebody
if the media got hold of it.

Jeff replaces the tapes and closes the cabinet door.

JEFF
Let's take a look in Rachel's room.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Jeff knocks on the door.

JEFF
Mrs. Hellinger?

No answer.
Anne unlocks the door and they enter.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM -- DAY

In the wastebasket, Anne spots something glittering under some tissues and bends down to investigate. A half dozen glass vial "poppers". She sniffs the broken glass.

ANNE
Amys. A half dozen of them.

Anne drops the vial back into the wastebasket.

Jeff pulls open a drawer.

JEFF
There's an entire drug store in here.
More poppers, some bennies and dexies,
a little coke. Even a baggie of
grass.

ANNE
I thought she was the type to Just
Say No.

Anne takes the baggie of grass from Jeff's hand, pockets it.

ANNE
For later.

INSIDE THE WARDROBE

Two tan Louis Vetton suitcases and a small brown one.

Anne drops one suitcase on the bed, pops it open.

ANNE

Only clothes.

Anne pops open the second tan suitcase.

ANNE

More clothes. Mostly evening gowns.
Donna Karin. Versace. Think she'd
miss any of these?

JEFF

Like she's gonna miss the grass?

Anne grabs the brown suitcase.
LOCKED.

ANNE

I've got a locked suitcase, here.
Should we pop it open?

Anne tries to pry it open, has no luck.
Jeff takes a look at it.

JEFF

It's too small for the money. Skip
it. Probably just more drugs.

Jeff moves back to the dresser, opening drawers.

THAT'S WHEN THEY HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE THE DOOR!

Jeff and Anne freeze in mid-motion, holding their breath.

THE FOOTSTEPS move towards the door, stop for a moment...
Then continue.

WHEN THE FOOTSTEPS aren't audible, they resume their search.

IN THE THIRD DRAWER

Jeff finds a box of ammo marked "38 Special Shells".
But no gun.

ANNE

Jeff...

Jeff sees the dress in Anne's hands.

ACROSS THE FRONT OF THE DRESS IS AN UGLY RED BLOOD STAIN.

Jeff closes the drawer and examines the dress.

ANNE

What do you think?

JEFF

I think we should find out what "The Count Of Zero" and Rachel were doing last night during the fireworks.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- DAY

Jeff begins crossing to The Count, when Anne grabs him.

ANNE

Jeff....

He follows her gaze out to the ocean, where:

THE SPEEDBOAT

Floats a hundred yards away.

It hits an undercurrent and pirouettes, twisting around in the water. Abandoned.

Jeff changes course and heads to the Control Cabin.

COUNT

Look! It's the speedboat.

The others notice, crowd the deck rails to get a better view.

RACHEL

Peter? Is Peter onboard?

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- DAY

Jeff is at the helm.

Steering "The Wanderer" towards the speedboat.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- DAY

"The Wanderer" motors to the speedboat.

When it gets close, cuts power, gliding to the drifting boat.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- DAY

Jeff tosses a rope over one of the speedboat's cleats and ties the two vessels together.

When he gets ready to board the Speedboat, Kazan stops him.

KAZAN

Me first.

Kazan jumps aboard the speedboat before Jeff can object. Jeff glances at Anne, then follows Kazan onto the boat.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT -- DAY

Kazan searches the speedboat top to bottom, finding Peter's suitcases, still full of clothing, but no sign of Peter.

KAZAN

He's not here.

Jeff checks out the boat's controls.

JEFF

Steering wheel's locked down.

When he tries twisting it right or left, it won't budge. He clicks off the lock mechanism, and the wheel is free.

The fuel gauge reads: Empty.

JEFF

Looks like he ran out of fuel.

KAZAN

What do you think he did? Swim to the nearest Arco?

Jeff shakes his head, confused.

KAZAN

People don't just disappear...

JEFF

They did off the Marie Celeste.

They look at each other for a moment, a somber expression passing between them. Kazan breaks the silence.

KAZAN

If he drowned himself, he took the money with him. None of the attache cases are on board, not even his own.

Both men look up at Rachel on "The Wanderer".

EXT. LOWER DECK -- DAY

Rachel turns from the railing and disappears.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT -- DAY

Kazan climbs back to the yacht and Jeff moves to follow... But spots something on the deck of the speedboat.

A paper match, burned down to the base.

Jeff lifts the match, studying it, before putting it in his pocket and climbing back aboard "The Wanderer"

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- NIGHT

Anchored on the Caribbean, speedboat back on it's hoists.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff takes another look at the match from the speedboat, then returns it to his pocket.

He looks over the lower deck, where the guests party. Cocktails in hand and rowdy behavior. As if nothing unusual had happened.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

Carmella takes a sip of her brandy, says to The Count:

CARMELLA

Well, you know, with my sex life, it's either Feast or Famine... or I don't like what's being served.

COUNT

Dear, that's why they invented parties. They're sexual smorgasbords. Spice being the variety of life.

(grins)

I just LOVE eating Italian...

Rachel wanders out on deck. She looks like shit: hair matted, a pair of black mascara lines under her eyes from crying. She stops in front of Carmella.

RACHEL

Have you seen my husband?

CARMELLA

(softly)

No, luv, I haven't.

Rachel turns to the Count.

RACHEL

Willem, have you seen Peter?

COUNT

I think he left the boat...

Rachel turns away, wandering towards Kazan. The Count and Carmella exchange looks.

Rachel grasps Kazan's arm.

RACHEL

Where's my husband?

KAZAN

I don't know.

Rachel wanders to Nola.

RACHEL

What have you done with my husband?

EXT. UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff can't hear what Nola whispers to Rachel.
Whatever it is, it sets Rachel off.

Rachel's eyes open wide. She raises the pistol in her hand.

Insanity and intensity in her voice:

RACHEL

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY HUSBAND?

Everyone turns to her.

Jeff bolts downstairs, hoping nobody gets killed before he gets there.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

Bang!
The first shot explodes the brandy snifter in Carmella's hand, spraying liquid and glass.

JEFF

Gun!

Jeff does a flying tackle, grabbing Rachel's gun arm and wrestling her to the ground.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

One shot under Jeff's arm blowing out part of his shirt.

Another sends a tiki torch sparking into the water.

The third shot crashes through a window.

JEFF

Help! Somebody....

Anne drops her tray of drinks, helps Jeff hold Rachel on the deck. Rachel is kicking and screaming and STILL has the damned gun in her hand.

BANG!

Another Tiki torch explodes into sparks.

Rachel sees Anne, tries to wrestle the gun towards her.

RACHEL

What were you doing with my husband?
I saw you in that bar. What were
you doing with him?

THE GUN twists to TOUCH Anne's face.

Jeff pushes the gun away, pressing it down to the deck.

He SLAMS her hand against the deck a few times, until she
lets go of the gun. Then he kicks it away.

RACHEL

Were you screwing him? Someone was.
Some stranger. Some STRANGER.

Her struggling begins to subside.

NOLA

Here. I've got some tranqs.

Nola pulls the vial of Miltowns from her purse, pops it open.
Spills three in her hand, forces them into Rachel's mouth.

RACHEL

No. No. Not until I find Peter.

Nola forces Rachel's mouth closed.

Carmella hands Anne a glass of water. Anne tips it to
Rachel's lips until she's swallowed the pills.

Rachel relaxes. Anne and Jeff are able to let go.

JEFF

Everyone okay? Anyone get hit?

Everyone makes sure they didn't get hit by one of the bullets.

COUNT

Rachel and her stranger.

Carmella takes a drag on her cigarette, then snubs it out.

CARMELLA

I think I've had enough excitement
for one night. Goodnight everyone.

She turns and heads towards the cabins.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Carmella stops at a door and knocks a tattoo.

The muffled voice from inside is not identifiable.

VOICE

Who is it?

CARMELLA

The wicked witch of the west.

The door is unlocked from the inside, and Carmella enters.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

The man who sits on the sofa, his back towards us, wears Peter's Rolex watch.

Carmella closes the door behind her and smiles.

CARMELLA

Admiring the take? And they say
crime doesn't pay.

On the table in front of him are the three attache cases:

Peter's, The Count's, and Kazan's.

CARMELLA

It's going just as you planned.
Everyone believes Peter took the
money and got away on the speed-boat.
(smiles)

No one suspects that he was NEVER ON
the speedboat. And no one would
ever think of looking here in
Dietrich's Stateroom.

Carmella moves to the bar and pours herself a glass of cognac.

CARMELLA

So I guess you've fooled them all.

She takes a sip of cognac, leaving translucent lip prints on the snifter... Just like on the glass at the murder scene.

CARMELLA

The money's all ours. You, me, and
Nola split it three ways...

(licks her lips)

Then you and I sail off into the
sunset. By the time Nola realizes
she's been taken, we'll be long gone.

She does a little cha-cha dance.

CARMELLA

Bimini. Jamaica. Grand Caymans.

A knock at the door.

CARMELLA
Must be that lover of yours.

Carmella grabs a silenced 9mm automatic from behind the bar, checks the action, moves to the door.

Gun ready, Carmella opens the door.

Nola enters holding a daiquiri.
Carmella smiles and sets the gun down on the bar.

CARMELLA
Look, lover, it's Nola.
(sings)
N.O.L.A. Nola.

Nola closes the door, smiles at THE MAN, crossing to him.

NOLA
Honey, it's so good to see you alive.

She leans forward and gives THE MAN a kiss.

We twist around, to see THE MAN's face for the first time.

It's Kent Dietrich!
He's alive, and still partially dressed as Peter.

Nola pulls away from his face and smiles.

NOLA
You are the King Con.

Dietrich laughs.

CARMELLA
Popeye was the perfect witness. You
sure know how to pick 'em.

NOLA
You should have heard him tell the
story of finding your body...

DIETRICH
He almost caught me when I was in
Peter's room last night...

NOLA
Yes?

DIETRICH
Came knocking at the door. But I
used the Count's tape, and away he
went.

Dietrich shoves a video tape into the player.

ON THE TV SCREEN

Peter is interviewed by the Count.

PETER (V.O.)
 Look, I don't really want to talk to
 you, okay? No offense.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Dietrich hits the stop button, turns off the TV.

NOLA
 When do we divide the money?

Carmella and Dietrich exchange glances, then Dietrich smiles.

DIETRICH
 When we get to P.R.
 (smiles)
 Let the Marks go their separate ways,
 fire the crew, then split the cash.

Nola nods.

Dietrich puts a cigar in his mouth and lights it with a match.

DIETRICH
 Shit. Worst part was having to give
 Peter my gold lighter for eternity.

Nola looks at the three attache cases and smiles greedily.

NOLA
 Nine million dollars.

DIETRICH
 Six. Kind of a shell game, isn't
 it? One empty. One with six million.
 One with three million wired to
 explode.

Dietrich moves the three attache cases around on the table.

DIETRICH
 Which do we take?

CARMELLA
 This one.

She pulls Peter's attache case off the table.

DIETRICH
 Fine, I'll chuck the Count's. Wouldn't
 want Kazan to find it and chrome the
 play.

Dietrich takes The Count's attache case into the bedroom.

Nola moves to the bar, quietly lifts the silenced 9mm pistol.

Dietrich enters, looks at the case in Carmella's hand.

DIETRICH

Two million each isn't bad for a couple weeks work.

NOLA

You know, darling, I was thinking we should keep up appearances.

DIETRICH

What do you mean?

NOLA

Well, everyone on the yacht thinks you're dead...

She aims the pistol at Dietrich, shooting him four times.

Pfft!

Pfft!

Pfft!

Pfft!

Dietrich is hit four times in the chest.

Dies sliding down the wall.

NOLA

Now they're right.

Carmella snubs out her cigarette.

CARMELLA

Good work, luv.

Nola moves towards Carmella, gun smoking in her right hand.

Carmella looks down at the gun, wondering what she's going to do. Nola is inches away from Carmella when she strikes.

MOVING both arms around her, Nola GRABS Carmella and gives her a passionate kiss!

Dietrich's dead eyes watching them.

NOLA

Now strip Peter's clothes off him and dump him in a storage closet. They'll probably find him by the time we get to Puerto Rico.

CARMELLA

(to Dietrich's corpse)

What a fool. Didn't you realize if there was a murder, there'd HAVE to be a body. The con man gets conned.

NOLA

Only seven hours before we hit Mayaguez.

CARMELLA

Seven hours? That's plenty of time.

She pulls Nola close and begins undressing her.

Dietrich watches as his wife and mistress kiss and make love, light and shadows flickering over his dead eyes.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff sees light flickering in the Control Cabin. Climbs the stairs to investigate.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- NIGHT

Anne leans against a wall in the dark, smoking a joint. The matchbook from the King Largo Bar in her hands.

ANNE

How's Mrs. Hellinger?

JEFF

Sleeping.

She offers him a hit, but he takes the matchbook instead.

JEFF

What were you doing at the King Largo Bar with her husband?

ANNE

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

Her handbag is open on the bench nearby: gun exposed.

JEFF

Just tell me the truth.

She takes a deep hit, thinking.

ANNE

I was trolling for information on Dietrich. Peter came on to me one night. I thought if I pretended to be interested, he might answer some questions...

JEFF

Did he?

ANNE

He didn't know anything.

JEFF

What did you tell him?

She takes another hit.

ANNE

Sure you don't want some?

JEFF

Anne, if you told Peter about the scam and he killed Dietrich...

ANNE

Why would I tell him?

Jeff stares at her.

ANNE

I never slept with Peter. Did Rachel say I did? Whatever she said, I can explain it...

JEFF

How would I know if you're telling the truth?

ANNE

Sooner or later, you have to trust SOMEBODY.

JEFF

And if they lie?

ANNE

They WILL lie. We all do.

(smiles)

Everyone on this ship has their own con going, their own little grift. We con others and we can con ourselves.

(looks into his eyes)

But if we don't take a chance, trust somebody, then we're completely closed off in this world. Alone.

He turns away, looking at the dark waters.

JEFF

It's all uncharted waters. I don't know where to go. What to do.

ANNE

Jeff...

She moves to her handbag...

JEFF

I'm trying to figure this thing out
on gut instinct, 'dead reckoning',
but I feel like I'm drifting...

Her hand moves to the gun.

Doesn't grab it.

She puts the joint in a baggie, turns to Jeff.

JEFF

Out of control...

Anne turns him to face her.

ANNE

Trust me.

Jeff hesitates.

ANNE

Trust me.

They move into a kiss.

Unlike the raw passion of the Jeff/Nola kiss, this one is
tender. The ship's wheel spins behind them out of control.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- NIGHT

Jeff and Anne continue kissing.

Anne only in white cotton bra and panties.

Anne opens his shirt, kissing his chest.

Jeff feels something coming between them, reaches down, yanks
off the broken compass and tosses it on the floor.

Jeff and Anne make love, reflected on the face of the broken
compass. A romantic sex scene, as well as a tender one.

Jeff and Anne are comfortable enough to laugh together.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

Count Willem smokes a cigarette, looking across the water.

The yacht shifts, a storage door behind him opens, and
Dietrich body flops out.

Dietrich is dressed only in his trousers.

All of Peter's belongings have been removed.

When The Count spots the body he begins screaming.

COUNT
HELP OH MY GOD HELP OH HELP!

EXT. "THE WANDERER" AT SEA -- NIGHT

The Count's scream echoes over the water.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

Kazan examines the corpse.

KAZAN
I count four hits.

He touches Dietrich's neck.

KAZAN
He still feels warm.

The Count shaking, behind Kazan.
Carmella strolls up and looks over his shoulder.

CARMELLA
What are we all looking at?
(spotting the corpse)
Oh...

Kazan sees something behind the corpse and grabs it.

COUNT
My videotape.

Kazan holds up the tape.

KAZAN
Mind if we take a look?

COUNT
It's.... private.

KAZAN
Not any more.

INT. GUEST CABIN -- NIGHT

Kazan slides the tape into the VCR, hits play.
The Count and Carmella look at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN

The last half of the Count/Peter interview.

PETER (V.O.)
Yes. Now, do you mind?

The camera swish pans to Anne.

COUNT (V.O.)

And you're... Oh, the cook. Sorry.

Kazan hits the Fast Forward Preview button.

The rest of the interviews speed past.

KAZAN

None of this is worth killing
Dietrich.

ON THE SCREEN

The lower deck at night.

Nola and Jeff slam together, lips pressing, tongues entwining.
Passion explodes, hands run over each other's bodies.

JEFF (V.O.)

What if your husband finds out?

Nola grabs Jeff's arm, pulling him close.

NOLA (V.O.)

How would he ever find out?

Nola's hand finds the front of Jeff's pants.
She begins unzipping them, taking him into her hand.

Kazan hits the pause button.

The two figures freeze on screen.

KAZAN

Interesting. Something you're working
on for National Geographic?

COUNT

I...

KAZAN

Skip the bullshit.

Kazan moves to his feet and leaves.

COUNT

Is he going to get a gun? Carmella?
Where is he going?

Carmella pops out the video tape, hands it to The Count.

CARMELLA

Willem, luv, why don't you run off.
I think I'll go to bed.

COUNT

But....

The Count takes the tape, and leaves.

When the Count is gone, Carmella bolts the door, reaches under the bed and pulls out Peter's attache case.

Dropping it on the bed, she pops it open...

CARMELLA
Six million dollars.

When she sees the contents, she goes ballistic.

INSIDE THE ATTACHE CASE

A stack of brochures for the Casino.

CARMELLA
No. No. No.

Carmella digs through the brochures like a mad woman.

CARMELLA
No. No.

But there are only brochures.
Scarcely six million dollars worth.

CARMELLA
She's not going to get away with
this.

Closing the attache case, she storms out of the cabin...
Grabbing a handgun along the way.

INT. CONTROL CABIN -- NIGHT

Jeff stands at the helm, bare chested, guiding the yacht
towards Puerto Rico. Anne is behind him, also bare chested.

ANNE
You seem to have your bearings back.

JEFF
We'll be in Mayaguez by dawn.

She kisses his neck.
Jeff seems centered. No longer drifting.

A noise behind them.

Kazan stands in the shadows, holding a gun.

KAZAN
Hope I didn't interrupt anything.

Anne grabs her shirt, making no move to cover her breasts.

JEFF

Just trying to get back on course.

Kazan smiles.

He can't see Anne's gun poking out of her purse.
Anne sits on the bench, hand on top of her purse.
Touching the gun.

KAZAN

Just saw an interesting videotape.

JEFF

Yeah?

KAZAN

You and Nola plotting to kill
Dietrich.

JEFF

It never happened.

KAZAN

I saw the tape. The Count shot it.
A little arty for my tastes, but I'm
sure the police won't care.

JEFF

Nola was kidding....

KAZAN

We found Dietrich's body.

It's as if Jeff was slammed in the face.
He lets go of the wheel... it spins out of control again.

JEFF

What?

KAZAN

We found Dietrich's body shoved in a
storage closet a half hour ago.
While you two were 'plotting your
course'.

JEFF

Impossible.

KAZAN

You killed him, didn't you?

JEFF

No. Hellinger did. Dietrich was
already dead when I got there...

KAZAN

Why did you go to his room?
 (aims the gun)
 The truth this time.

Jeff looks at the gun, deciding it's time for the truth.

JEFF

To rob him. He was conning you. He was conning EVERYONE. There is no Casino. He was going to give you some phoney certificates, then leave you in Puerto Rico.

(beat)

By the time you figured it out, he'd be long gone.

KAZAN

And you knew about this?

JEFF

I figured it out.

Kazan pokes the gun at Jeff.

KAZAN

Well, then you shouldn't have any trouble finding my money by the time we get to Puerto Rico.

JEFF

And if I don't?

KAZAN

I'll kill you.

Matter of fact. Jeff realizes he'd do it. He's a mobster.

KAZAN

I want the money, or I want retribution.

Jeff grabs the wheel, stopping it from spinning.

JEFF

Okay. Tell me something: Was Dietrich shot in the face when you found him?

KAZAN

Four times in the chest.

JEFF

(smiles)

You'll know who stole your money within an hour.

He locks the wheel down, turns to Kazan.

JEFF

But first, one more question.
An easy one...

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

CARMELLA

Where's the fucking money!

She shoves her gun into Nola's nose, backing her into the stateroom, and slamming the door shut with her foot.

Nola scrambles away from the gun, stumbling over a chair.

NOLA

You have it. It's right in your hand!

CARMELLA

This? You mean THIS?

She thrusts the attache case at Nola, laughing.

CARMELLA

Here. You can have my half.

She tosses the case at Nola, who catches it clumsily.

Nola backs away from Carmella (and her gun) sets the attache case down on the table next to Kazan's attache case.

NOLA

The money's in here, isn't it?

CARMELLA

See for yourself.

Nola slowly and carefully pops open the attache case.

Carmella watches Nola look at the contents, slightly confused.

NOLA

So? Do you want your half now?

As if the money was in the attache case.
Carmella is confused.

CARMELLA

What are you talking about?

NOLA

Your half of this money.

Nola moves away from the attache case.
Carmella approaches it slowly, gun lowering.

CARMELLA

Wait a minute...

Carmella can finally see inside the attache case, all she sees are the brochures...

Nola presses the silenced automatic against Carmella's neck.

NOLA

Nice try. What did you do with the money? Hide it in your room?

CARMELLA

That's what was in the case when I opened it. Just brochures.

Carmella remembers the gun in her hand, but isn't in a good position to fire it.

NOLA

The money just walked away?
 (ready to pull the
 trigger)
 Great story, but I don't buy it.

CARMELLA

It's the truth.

NOLA

I wonder what would happen if I pulled
 the trigger?
 (beat)
 The clip holds nine rounds.
 (beat)
 We used four on Peter, and four more
 on Kent. If the clip was full,
 there's one shell left...

CARMELLA

I don't know where the money is! I
 swear it! I thought YOU took it.

Nola pulls the gun from Carmella's neck, studying her.

NOLA

This is part of your game, isn't it?

Both women begin circling each other like caged lions.
 Guns aimed at each other.

CARMELLA

You're the one with the games. You
 set me up, didn't you? Slept with
 me, lured me into your gaff, then
 after your husband was dead, left me
 with nothing.

(MORE)

CARMELLA (CONT'D)

(accusing)

What was next? Calling the police
in Puerto Rico? Having me take the
fall?

NOLA

You're out of your mind. Where's
the money?

CARMELLA

You first.

NOLA

I don't know where the money is.
YOU were the one who left the room
with it...

CARMELLA

But it wasn't in the attache case...

Nola looks at the attache case, thinking.

NOLA

What if it never was?

CARMELLA

Scamming again?

NOLA

Remember Kent calling it a shell
game?

CARMELLA

Yeah.

NOLA

What if HE pulled the switch on us.
We thought the money was in the
attache case, but it wasn't.

CARMELLA

Then where is it?

NOLA

He never left this room.

They lower their guns, temporary allies, and begin searching.

Nola pulls framed prints off the wall, flipping them over to
look for a stash-board. Nothing.

Carmella pulls the cushions off the sofa, tearing out the
stuffing looking for the money.

NOLA

The bar....

Nola moves on to the bar, pulling out bottles and tapping the sides of the bar looking for false panels.

CARMELLA

Chairs...

Carmella moves on to the chairs, tearing the cushions apart.

Nola finishes with the bar and moves to the walls, tapping them with her fist and listening for hollow sounds.

NOLA

Hollow?

When she finds such a sound, she picks up a small table and begins slamming it into the wall, splintering the panels.

Within a few minutes, the two women have completely torn the room apart, but found nothing.

Nola looks at the mess, trying to catch her breath.

NOLA

It has to be somewhere.

The door to the stateroom opens and Jeff saunters in.

Jeff pockets Anne's passkeys and looks around the room.

JEFF

Redecorating?

He smiles at Nola...

THEN CARMELLA'S GUN presses into the back of his neck. She was behind the door.

CARMELLA

Up against the wall. Feet back, and spread 'em.

Jeff complies carefully.

JEFF

Shouldn't we undress first?

Carmella pokes him with the gun again, and he shuts up.

Carmella pats him down.

When she gets to his upper thighs, he sighs.

JEFF

Ahhhh...

Carmella yanks him off the wall, throwing him into the room.

Jeff stumbles towards Nola, catches himself.

CARMELLA
What do you want?

JEFF
My share of the money.

NOLA
What money?

Said with such innocence, in a room she's just torn apart.

Jeff laughs.

JEFF
The nine million dollars.
(smiles)
I figure I deserve part of it, since
I was such a good witness.

Jeff spots the attache case filled with brochures, pretends not to notice.

CARMELLA
Witness to what?

JEFF
Your Grand Con. "The Murder Of Kent
Dietrich By Peter Hellinger".

NOLA
Explain.

JEFF
Everyone was conning everyone else
but you two conned them all. The
Top Of The Food Chain. And it was
PERFECT.

We see the actions as Jeff explains...

EXT. UPPER DECK -- EVENING

AT THE BAR

After making sure no one is looking, he pulls a trio of gel-caps from his pocket and drops them into a snifter of Cognac.

JEFF (V.O.)
You gave me fake gel-caps to put in
Dietrich's brandy, after you mixed
the real drugs into Peter's scotch.

Jeff hefts the tray and moves out on deck to serve the drinks.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- EVENING

Peter and Nola lay Dietrich's "sleeping" form on the bed.

JEFF (V.O.)
 He helped you carry Dietrich into
 his room, and you offered him a drink.

Nola offers Peter a drink that's slightly coldly looking.
 She hands him the drink and brushes against him sensually.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Jeff looks at Nola.

JEFF
 Maybe you offered him more?
 (beat)
 I don't know.

NOLA
 Keep going.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- EVENING

Peter sets down his empty glass, almost collapsing,

JEFF (V.O.)
 After Peter lost consciousness,
 Dietrich swapped clothes with Peter.

Dietrich move off the bed and begin the clothes swap.

JEFF (V.O.)
 Not EVERYTHING, because they were
 different sizes.

Dietrich puts on Peter's Rolex.

JEFF (V.O.)
 But coats and trousers and jewelry.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Carmella keeps the gun aimed at him.

CARMELLA
 Keep going, Popeye. This is
 fascinating.

JEFF
 After the change was complete...

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- EVENING

Peter is now laying on the bed in Dietrich's clothes.

JEFF (V.O.)
 Nola shot Peter in the face, so I
 wouldn't be able to identify him.

Nola pulls the trigger of the silenced 9mm.

Pfft. Pfft. Pfft. Pfft.

EXT. UPPER DECK -- EVENING

Nola squeezes past Jeff...

JEFF (V.O.)
You gave me the key.

Jeff crosses the upper deck.
He looks down at the key in his hand and smiles.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- EVENING

Jeff sees "Peter" walking away.

JEFF (V.O.)
In the hallway, I saw Dietrich leaving
in Peter's clothes.

This time we notice how much he's walking like Dietrich.

JEFF (V.O.)
I was so nervous about stealing the
money, I didn't notice he was walking
differently.

Jeff fumbles the key into the stateroom door.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- EVENING

Peter is wrapped in the bloody sheets like a mummy.

JEFF (V.O.)
You needed me to get rid of the
corpse, because any REAL examination
would show it was Peter.

Jeff wraps the chains around the blanketed corpse, hefts the
bundle onto his shoulder.

JEFF (V.O.)
Hell, I was so rattled, I didn't
notice much besides the suit and the
jewelry.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Jeff pulls out the King Largo matchbook for them to see.

JEFF
This matchbook fell out of his shirt
when I was carrying him to the deck.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- EVENING

Dietrich trims and lights a fat Havana cigar with a gold trimmer/lighter inlaid with diamonds.

JEFF (V.O.)
Dietrich always used a lighter, but
I didn't think of that, then.

Peter pulls out a matchbook and lights his cigarette.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Jeff pockets the matchbook.

JEFF
You'd established Dietrich's murder
and Peter as the killer.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Jeff knocks on the Peter's door.

JEFF (V.O.)
I went to Peter's room, to question
him, and he told me to go away.

No answer.
He tries knocking again.

A mechanical sound from within the room, then a soft hum.

JEFF (V.O.)
That was the Count's missing
videotape.

INT. PETER'S CABIN -- NIGHT

Dietrich uses a remote to que and play the videotape.

JEFF (O.S.)
Mister Hellinger?

PETER (V.O.)
Look. I don't really want to talk
to you, okay? No offense. But I've
got more important things to do...

JEFF (O.S.)
You left your handkerchief behind.

Dietrich hits PAUSE, then FF to the next time Peter speaks.

PETER (V.O.)
Yes. Now will you leave?

EXT. PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Jeff walks away, confused.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Jeff looks from Nola to Carmella.

JEFF
 Later that night, Dietrich took off
 in the speedboat.

Jeff pulls the burned paper match from his pocket.

JEFF
 I found this on the speedboat.

INT. SPEEDBOAT -- NIGHT

Dietrich puts a cigar in his mouth, searches his coat pocket for his lighter, comes up with matches instead. Frowns.

JEFF (V.O.)
 Burned all the way down.

Dietrich lights his cigar with the matches.

JEFF (V.O.)
 Used to light a cigar.

The match burns all the way down before his cigar is lit.

The speedboat zooms away from the yacht.

JEFF (V.O.)
 Dietrich put the throttle on auto,
 dove off, and swam back to the yacht.

Dietrich tosses his cigar butt into the ocean, dives from the moving speedboat and swims to the yacht.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Jeff smiles at the two women.

JEFF
 You told me he didn't swim, but that
 was all part of the con.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- EVENING

Jeff opens the third drawer: alternate IDs for Dietrich and Nola. Also a set of swimmer's ear plugs, in a plastic case.

JEFF (V.O.)
 He had swimmers earplugs in his room,
 and you loaned me his bathing suit.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Jeff gestures to the stateroom.

JEFF
Dietrich hid here.
(smiles)
Who would look for a dead man in his
own room?

INT. PETER'S CABIN -- MORNING

Dietrich, in Peter's clothes, plants the 357 Python.

JEFF (V.O.)
Dietrich planted the revolver in
Peter's room for me to find.
(Jeff finds it)
But it COULDN'T have been the murder
weapon. It would have made too much
noise. You can't silence a revolver.

INT. DIETRICH'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

JEFF
So far, it was the perfect con...

Jeff looks at Carmella.

JEFF
But Kazan would never have believed
it without a corpse.
(smiles)
Dietrich never knew he was part of
YOUR con.

Jeff is confident - completely in control.

JEFF
Kazan will probably spend the rest
of his life looking for Peter
Hellinger... While you two spend
nine million dollars.

Carmella runs her gun over Jeff's face.

CARMELLA
Interesting theory. But where would
you go with these UNSUBSTANTIATED
allegations?

JEFF
I know EXACTLY where to go.
Directly to George Kazan.

Nola smiles at Jeff, moving closer as if to embrace him.

Instead she presses the silenced automatic against his throat.

JEFF

Go ahead. But how do you explain it to Kazan? The minute he suspects this whole thing's a con, you're dead. He'll kill you in your sleep.

Nola and Carmella look at each other.

Jeff tries to ignore the gun pressed into his throat. Nola lowers the gun and smiles.

NOLA

What do you want?

JEFF

One third of the take. The three million in Kazan's attache case.

CARMELLA

It's wired to explode.

JEFF

(laughs)

You believed that?

(beat)

That's HIS con to make sure he gets his money back. I asked him right before I came here. There's no explosives in that attache case.

CARMELLA

You can't sell me that.

Jeff offers more proof.

JEFF

Think about it. He never even mentioned the explosives until AFTER the attache case had been stolen.

(shakes his head)

It was a scam.

Jeff smiles at Nola, still in control of the situation.

JEFF

If you don't believe it, just give me the attache case. Let me find out on my own.

Nola looks at Kazan's attache case.

JEFF

What have you got to lose? Except your prime witness.

Nola and Carmella look at each other.
Reaching a decision, Nola lowers her gun.

NOLA
We'll give you the case...
When we get to port.

JEFF
I'll take it NOW.

He makes a grab for the attache case.

Carmella swoops in, yanking the case out of reach.

JEFF
Give it to me.

She does.
Right across the face.

The attache case hits Jeff in the head, sends him sprawling.

Jeff tries to scramble to his feet.
Nola slams him back down.
Straddles him, pressing her gun barrel against his forehead.
Her finger squeezes slowly the trigger.

Carmella sprints to the door: gun in one hand, attache case
in the other.

Nola's finger tightens on the trigger.
Jeff kicks up with both feet.

Nola is knocked off balance.

Pfft!
The gun fires, shattering a vase.

Nola takes dead aim at Jeff.
Squeezes the trigger.

Click!
Out of shells.

Jeff pushes himself to his feet.

JEFF
Hold it...

Carmella stops at the door, aiming at Jeff.

BANG!
The bullet splinters the table near Jeff's hands.

Jeff grabs table, swinging it at Carmella's gun.
Brochures flutter as Peter's attache case opens.

BANG!

Part of the table turns to sawdust near Jeff's hands.

Nola regains balance, runs to the door.

NOLA
The speedboat!

Carmella kicks the table out of Jeff's hands.

Jeff has a second to realize he's defenseless, before Carmella SLAMS her gun into his face.

Jeff hits the floor HARD.

Carmella and Nola bolt out with Kazan's attache case.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

Nola drops the speedboat into the water with a SPLASH!

Carmella scrambles down the ladder, jumping into the boat.

INT. SPEEDBOAT -- NIGHT

Carmella secures the attache case, starts up the speedboat.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

Nola hears the speedboat engine and scrambles down the ladder.

She only gets a couple of rungs, when Jeff emerges.

JEFF
No....

BANG! BANG!

Nola fires a couple of rounds, showering wood dust through the night as bullets pummel the door frame.

Jeff DIVES to the deck to avoid being hit.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT -- NIGHT

Nola slides down the ladder.

Carmella presses down the throttle, zooming out of there.

Nola yanks off the silencer, shoves a new clip into the gun.

BANG!

BANG!

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

Jeff DIVES to the deck again.

Bullets shatter portholes and spray wood dust over him.

By the time it's safe to move come from behind cover, the speedboat has zoomed away.

Kazan and Anne join him.

KAZAN
They're getting away!

ANNE
We can catch them!

Jeff stops Anne from running to the Control Cabin.

JEFF
Let them go.
(to Kazan)
I think you'll lose your three million.

KAZAN
As long as there's retribution.

ANNE
What do we do?

JEFF
We wait.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT -- NIGHT

Zooming across the water.
Shooting farther away from the yacht.

Nola and Carmella smile at each other, at the attache case.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

JEFF
Any minute, now.

Kazan looks at him.

JEFF
Curiosity will get the best of them.
It kills cats, they say.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT -- NIGHT

Carmella slows the speedboat.
Joins Nola by the attache case.

CARMELLA
Three million dollars.

NOLA
Explosives. Bullshit.

Carmella clicks open each of the locks.

CARMELLA
Never try to con a con.

Nola watches Carmella slowly open the attache case.
Both women smile with ultimate delight.

NOLA
I love screwing... Other people.

BLAAAAAAAM!

THE SPEEDBOAT EXPLODES into a HUGE FIREBALL.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

Night turns to day.

The FIREBALL lights up the ocean for miles.

Kazan, Anne and Jeff are temporarily blinded.

KAZAN
Jesus!

EXT. SPEEDBOAT -- NIGHT

Actually just a slick of burning oil.
Burning hundred dollar bills rain from the heavens.

EXT. REAR DECK -- NIGHT

As their vision returns, a few burning hundred dollar bills
flutter past. The explosion big enough to scatter them.

Kazan blinks away the blindness.

JEFF
Dietrich's wife, and your girlfriend.
They thought your explosive attache
case was a scam.
(smiles)
You told them the truth, and it was
the ultimate con.

Kazan processes it. Nods slowly. Smiles.

KAZAN
I like it.
(smiles wider)
In fact, I fucking love it.

Count Willem jogs to the railing next to them. Frightened.

COUNT
 (shaking)
 What happened?

JEFF
 Some con men got conned.

Kazan looks at The Count.

KAZAN
 You know anything about it?

The Count looks at the fireball. Decides how to play it.
 Casually, of course.

COUNT
 I lost my investment, too, darling.

KAZAN
 Good answer.

Kazan holsters his gun, turns away from the burning speedboat.
 Jeff and Anne watch the slick continue burning on the horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAYAGUEZ -- DAY

The beautiful port of Mayaguez, a tropical paradise.

"The Wanderer" pulls into the docks.

Jeff throws ropes down to a BOY who secures them to the pier.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - BERTHED AT MARINA -- DAY

PARAMEDICS help Rachel off the yacht in a wheelchair.

She's catatonic, and babbling to herself.

RACHEL
 Peter. I can't leave without Peter.
 Where is my husband? Some stranger.
 Stranger. Stranger. Stranger.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- DAY

Jeff and Anne watch them wheel her away.

KAZAN
 Captain?

Kazan shakes Jeff's hand, then shakes Anne's.

KAZAN

Good luck.

Jeff and Anne watch Kazan walk down the ramp to the pier.

EXT. "THE WANDERER" - BERTHED AT MARINA -- DAY

Count Willem is last off the yacht.

COUNT

I'm here. Where's the party?

Everyone laughs.

The Count does a wacky Carmen Miranda dance down the pier.

COUNT

Come on everyone, it's PARTY TIME!

More laughter.

EXT. LOWER DECK -- DAY

Anne smiles at Jeff, hands him his compass - shattered crystal super-glued back together - almost as good as new.

ANNE

We still have to return this boat to the rental agency in Florida.

The compass points the way to Florida.

Jeff returns the compass to its place around his neck, unlocks a storage closet, pulls out The Count's case.

JEFF

Or we could buy it. Sail wherever you want. Just kick back.

They kiss. A good, healthy, romantic kiss. The compass doesn't get in the way at all.

FADE OUT