

"ROCK HARBOR"

An Original Screenplay by
J. Brian King

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FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE-DAY

(SUPER) "MAN-O-WAR CAY, BAHAMAS"

The sound of LAUGHTER comes from a one-room schoolhouse.

The wooden clapboard windows of the school house are wide open, displaying a dozen happy CHILDREN.

The front door swings open, and all the Children empty playfully out the door.

INSERT: A child's drawing of a shell under water with the word "CONCH" as the title, pinned to the back of the of the schoolhouse door.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on Poster showing shell.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSHOP-DAY

A leathery BOAT BUILDER (70), whose exposed ribs protrude from his frail body is holding a small, wooden half model of a boat, which he is sanding by hand.

The boat builder looks dreamily towards the water.

POV: The waters edge, palm trees. boats.

CUT TO:

EXT.UNDERWATER-DAY

Underwater view of sunken piece of wood in the shape of a rudder, curing in the salt water, at the waters edge.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOATYARD-DAY

Same piece of wood, now a carved rudder on the back of a beautiful new wooden boat, a full scale of the model the boat builder was sanding.

The boat builder looks proudly at his boat.

Suddenly the winch holding up the boat gives way, while he is underneath sanding the hull.

You hear the sound of a conch horn BLOWING.

A SCREAM is heard, as the boat falls and crushes the boat builder to death.

CUT TO:

EXT.OCEAN-DAY

(SUPER) "THE GULFSTREAM OFF THE COAST OF CUBA"

Same boat, now in open waters, overcrowded with eight REFUGEES on their freedom voyage to America.

The seas are very rough, you hear the WIND and the high seas, along with CRIES of fear and desperation from the brave men, women and children.

Suddenly, a huge wave comes and capsizes the boat.

You hear the sound of a conch horn BLOWING.

The Refugees are thrown overboard, and everyone drowns.

CLOSE on Transom. Hand painted, it reads "La Pachanga"

The ocean has swallowed all but the possessed wooden boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

(SUPER) "HIGHBORN CAY, EXUMAS"

The boat, one DIVER, (35) Californian tourist with snorkel equipment and a spear gun.

The Diver is diving alone.

CLOSE-DIVE FLAG floating near the Boat.

The diver enters the crystal clear water of the Bahamas, free-diving for lobster and conch.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER-DAY

As he holds his breath, the diver goes and picks up a live conch shell from the sandy ocean bottom, and brings it up to the surface.

The color of the shell is magnificent.

He picks up a machete and cracks the shell open and pulls out the meat of the conch. He cuts off a raw piece of conch and eats it.

The diver goes down again.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER-DAY

POV: Diver spots a nice LOBSTER going in a hole, near some rocks.

He reaches his hand inside the hole, and goes in deeper almost to his elbow. The diver has been holding his breath for almost sixty seconds now.

His lungs about to burst he tries to get his arm out of the hole in the rock, but it is stuck.

You hear the sound of a conch horn BLOWING.

He frantically struggles to come free, and you see him try to reach his dive knife to cut himself free, but his lungs finally give out, and he drowns.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

Same boat, now empty, floating in the crystal clear waters, with a dive flag nearby.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH-DAY

(SUPER) "THE FLORIDA KEYS"

Same boat, seen washing up on a deserted beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT-DAY

CLOSE inside the boat as it comes to rest. A conch shell tucked into the corner of the inside of this unlucky wooden boat.

It is now empty, except for the shell.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER-ROCK HARBOR-NIGHT

TITLE SEQUENCE:

Underwater shot of small, light-emitting fish(similar to fire flies), swimming in the moon-lit waters creating sperm-like patterns as they pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK HARBOR-NIGHT

COUPLE, silhouetted by moonlight, making passionate love on a wooden chair on the edge of the seawall.

The sound of heavy BREATHING fills the night air.

The slow rhythm of their bodies sets the pace.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER-NIGHT

CLOSE on hands rowing same boat, in the darkness, following the sensuous rhythm of the two lovers.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK HARBOR-NIGHT

Two lovers on seawall.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER-NIGHT

Hands rowing boat

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK HARBOR-NIGHT

Two lovers.

-SEVERAL INTERCUTS

Suddenly as they climax, you hear a loud SPLASH in the distant darkness.

It startles Liz and Michael. They look towards the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAWALL-NIGHT

CLOSE on LIZ. BRENNAN (35), a roller coaster blonde by choice. At first sight, she looks smooth.

MICHAEL

What was that?

CLOSE on MICHAEL BARRETT (44). a hopeless romantic with a graying beard, a victim of his own mid-life crisis.

Michael is connected at the hip to Liz. They both have a taste for wet dreams.

LIZ

(breathing hard)

Something very wet- maybe a big one!

CLOSE on Liz.

MICHAEL

Oooh, I like that.

LIZ

Remember, fish don't sweat- or sleep.

They hold each other by the light of the full moon.

EXT. ROCK HARBOR-SUNRISE

Quiet, tranquil scene of water view, showing a great white heron bird overlooking Rock Harbor, now dry from the low tide.

Suddenly, the silence is broken when you hear two huge mosquito spray planes BUZZING overhead about fifty feet above the ground leaving white trails of pesticide behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE-DAY

Inside one of the planes spraying Rock Harbor for mosquitoes. The older veteran PILOT (55) looks up out of his cockpit.

His helmet reads "Skeeter".

You hear a RADIO transmission through the air.

PILOT

Looks like we're not the only ones up here
this morning...

CUT TO:

EXT.SKY-DAY

POV PILOT, sees several buzzards circling above him.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE DAY

CO-PILOT (21) long haired reacting to his intercom.

His helmet reads "Heavy Metal".

CO-PILOT

Must be another road kill on the old blood highway.

PILOT

Whoa-Take a look down there!

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL-ROCK HARBOR-DAY

P.O.V. PILOT

A body sitting high and dry at low tide in Rock Harbor is very visible from the air.

The unlucky boat is seen nearby, aground on the rocks.

At high tide the harbor is a waterway, but at low tide it's like a lunar landscape...Dry as a bone.

CUT TO:

-RESUME-CO-PILOT

CO-PILOT

We'd better radio the sheriff's office.

CUT TO:

EXT.ROCK HARBOR-DAY

There's enough cars pulled off the highway, it could be a yard sale.

Past the yellow tape, a body is being pulled out of Rock Harbor.

The crime scene investigation is under way. There are several rescue vehicles, photographers, policemen, divers, and EDDIE LONG,(52) a clumsy horn-rimmed coroner.

The coroner starts to examine the victim.

Enter two detectives, HARRY and LUKE.

HARRY CLEMENS-(55) detective, a fossil of a small town bully, with a leathery red neck, and a paid for bulge.

LUKE BROTHERS, (26) his partner, a spiritual believer in justice, half Harry's age. If Luke's father was around, he'd probably tell him he needed a haircut.

HARRY

(slaps mosquito on his neck)

Whoever did this sure wasn't from around these parts. Definitely not a local. Dumps a body at high tide- six hours later- show and tell...

LUKE

Welcome to Rock Harbor.

HARRY

(slaps neck again)

God-damned mosquitoes!

Detectives walk over to coroner, who is still examining the victim.

HARRY

After you wring him out, let me know when you get an ID on him
(coroner nods head in agreement)

LUKE

What was the cause of death?

HARRY

Besides too many salt-water cocktails...

EDDIE (CORONER)

Looks like a fractured skull- and a broken neck.

HARRY

I guess he's already wrung out-

Murder weapon?

EDDIE

Bludgeoned to death by a hard, blunt object. That's all I can tell you right now.

HARRY

Well, that just about covers everything you
can buy at the hardware store...Thanks.

A BEARDED POLICEMAN enters the conversation

BEARDED POLICEMAN

We found a small boat nearby.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER-DAY

Unlucky boat, aground in Rock Harbor.

CUT TO:

-RESUME-CRIME SCENE

HARRY

Come hell or low water we'll find the
bastard- probably a snow bird.

BEARDED POLICEMAN

We're not sure yet if it belonged to the
victim or not.

Luke covers his mouth, as they leave.

HARRY

Is it that familiar stench of low tide, or
does something really stink here?

(He slaps another mosquito)

As they walk away from the crime scene,
you

hear the faint sound of a conch horn BLOWING nearby.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOR-DAY

Unlucky wooden boat in the distance.

CUT TO:

RESUME-CRIME SCENE

Harry and Luke shrug their shoulders, not paying any attention to the sound of the horn.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL-BRIDGE-DAY

Beauty shot of car crossing a bridge in the Florida keys.

You hear Jimmy Buffet's "A pirate looks at forty" on the car radio.

CUT TO:

INT.CAR-DAY

Michael and Liz are inside the car.

LIZ

Look- there's an Osprey's nest.

CUT TO:

EXT.KEYS-DAY

CLOSE on Osprey bird's nest sitting on top of a telephone pole, on the side of the highway next to the water.

The bird is protecting her young, as they drive by.

CUT TO:

-RESUME-CAR INTERIOR-DAY

MICHAEL

When I was a kid, we used to count those nests, along with out of state license plates.

LIZ

Sounds like you had a pretty interesting childhood.

MICHAEL

Somehow I feel like you're my insurance policy against a life of boredom.

LIZ
Just keep payin' those premiums.

CUT TO:

EXT.APARTMENT-DAY

Car with Liz and Michael pulls into driveway past a FOR RENT sign.

They stop and get out of the car, and walk past the apartment, to the backyard.

CUT TO:

-THEIR P.O.V.

The water of Rock Harbor.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

LIZ
Oh honey, look- a Gumbo Limbo tree.
They're my favorite.
(a beat, spookily)
There must be some dead Indians buried
here!

CUT TO:

EXT. TREE-DAY

Gumbo Limbo tree as they walk by.

CUT TO:

RESUME-BACKYARD-DAY

MICHAEL
Great.

LIZ
The tree of everlasting life...

Cool.

They both continue to walk towards the seawall, the same one they were at the night before, when they were making love.

MICHAEL

When I said I wanted a water view, this is what I meant.

Not a half a block away, not around the corner, not maybe I can see the ocean on a clear day...

I need the smell of salt air, and ocean waters.

LIZ

Oh honey, It's perfect. It looks like a postcard...

Wait till I send a picture postcard to my friends in L.A.

The LANDLADY (60) a retired boat captain, enters from behind, and surprises them. She runs a tight ship.

LANDLADY

(German accent)

A little quieter than the left coast...What do you think?

MICHAEL

It looks even better during the day...

LANDLADY

You've been here before?

LIZ

We stopped by last night, after we read the ad in the paper...

I hope you didn't mind...

MICHAEL

I didn't.

(Liz embarrassingly kicks him)

LANDLADY

It's none of my business, but are you two married?

LIZ AND MICHAEL

(in harmony)

We're both married.

LIZ

To the wrong people.

MICHAEL

We're both going through separate divorces...

LANDLADY

I know what you mean- I'm going through a marriage...

(a beat)

My daughter is divorced, now it seems she lives her life between her legs...And that's not good.

LIZ

Not exactly the nineties approach.

MICHAEL

Here today, gone tomorrow.

LIZ

We'll take it. Michael loves living by the water.

MICHAEL

Now we can both live on the edge.

LIZ

They say if you're not living on the edge, you're taking up too much room.

LANDLADY

I run a tight ship here, and I don't allow any drugs or pets. I hope you two love-birds like it here as much as we have.

Welcome aboard.

CUT TO:

EXT.BAITHOUSE-DAY

Car pulls up to local baithouse.

Michael gets out of the car, and goes inside.

CUT TO:

His P.O.V. A sign that reads "LOCAL FISHING EXPERTS"

CUT TO:

INT. BAITHOUSE-DAY

MICHAEL

Are you the local fishing expert?

BAITMAN

Used to be.

MICHAEL

Not on duty today?

BAITMAN

I am, but it seems the fish are on permanent vacation.

MICHAEL

There must be a reason.

BAITMAN

I can remember when the water around here was gin clear. Now you can find just about any-thing floatin' in it...

CUT TO:

INSERT- C.U. NEWSPAPER-HEADLINE

Headline in local paper that reads "MURDER IN ROCK HARBOR"

CUT TO:

RESUME-INT. BAITHOUSE-DAY

MICHAEL

Yeah, I read the paper this morning.

BAITMAN

Tides, like tourists, come and go...Too many weekenders, too many rules, not enough fish.

MICHAEL

Really? I heard a big one last night.

Michael picks up a local tide chart from the counter.

BAITMAN

Great...One more beer, bait and ice sign should just about put us over the edge...What can I do for you?

MICHAEL

(meekly holding up bait bucket)

You got a dozen shrimp?

Baitman shakes his head as he starts to pull some live shrimp from a holding tank.

MICHAEL

Tell me something...When is high tide around here?

BAITMAN

Every twelve and a half hours-about... It's a little confusing, between the lows and the highs.

(a beat)

You can't set your watch to it.

MICHAEL

Well, I'll just try to focus on the highs, and forget the lows. It's a lot healthier.

BAITMAN

Good luck...

CUT TO:

INT. MARINA-DAY

Liz and Michael enter Rock Harbor Marina.

They go to the dockmaster's office.

The office walls are covered with old photographs of grinning sun-burned faces, holding up their dead fish.

LIZ

Now don't tell him you can't run it-and
whatever you do, don't ask where the
brakes are.

The DOCKMASTER (50) with a can of beer surgically attached to his right hand, a victim of the Keys disease, enters.

MICHAEL

You have boats for rent?

DOCKMASTER

I wouldn't have that sign out there if I
didn't. How long you need her for?

MICHAEL

About three or four hours...Just long
enough to feed the fish.

DOCKMASTER

You goin' out to the blue or doin' back
country?

LIZ

We're gonna stay on the Gulf side...about
three sees from here.

DOCKMASTER

Three seas? Where the hell is that?

Liz looks out at the water, pointing to the horizon.

LIZ

Look out there...As far as you can
see?...about three of them.

(a beat)

Just kidding.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOATDOCK-DAY

The dockmaster leads them outside to the rental boat.

Liz and Michael do not see the unlucky boat nearby.

They climb into the rental boat, and the dock-master starts the engine and inventories the safety gear.

DOCKMASTER

She's been running real smooth, you shouldn't have any problems.

MICHAEL

Appreciate it.

With Michael behind the wheel, they nervously take off with the stern line still tied to the dock.

You hear a SNAP as the cleat on the stern of the boat holding the dock line rips off the boat, and falls into the water.

LIZ

Nice going, Captain Barret.

I can see the headlines now.

"The case of the missing cleat"

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER-DAY

Liz and Michael are speeding along in the rental boat. Liz's face shows her concern for their safety.

MICHAEL

(uncomfortably)

Now help me watch for those markers- I can't remember if we're supposed to be to the right, or to the left of it.

LIZ

(nervous)

Red right return. But I don't

know if we're coming or going

in this channel.

MICHAEL
(not paying attention)
Who's the captain of this vessel?

The boat glides between two channel markers, dangerously close to an oncoming boat.

LIZ
(frantically)
You're getting too close to that

boat. Watch out...Slow down.

Liz grabs the wheel from Michael and the boat swerves, narrowly missing a channel marker pole.

LIZ
(stressed)
Here- let me drive- I've been doing this
since I was a little girl on my dad's boat

MICHAEL
(pissed)
Fine!

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER-DAY

Michael anchors the boat just off a mangrove island.

He starts to put a live shrimp on his hook, getting ready to fish.

CLOSE on Liz as she sensually unbuttons a loose shirt covering her bathing suit.

LIZ
Honey, the forecast is calling for a light
chop...

Her bathing suit top comes off.

LIZ
(Continues)
...in exposed areas.

CLOSE on her breasts

Michael turns to look at the bow of the boat, and there is Liz lying naked across the bow.

MICHAEL

What the hell are you doing?

LIZ

Mr. Rules?

Liz lights up a joint.

MICHAEL

You're unbelievable. What if somebody-

LIZ

-There ain't nobody out here but us.

MICHAEL

It smells like the inside of my car in high school.

LIZ

It's medicinal. It puts me on an even keel.

MICHAEL

Another zero tolerance drill?

LIZ

Just bring with you what you're going to consume-

(a beat)

So you can come back clean.

MICHAEL

Some people never come clean.

(a beat)

Every morning, between the caffeine and the first nicotine, my father's shaky hands would look forward to his first drink.

LIZ

Take the spots off another dog-

Get over it.

(a beat)

This is my life.

Liz gets up, dives into the water, and surfaces.

LIZ

Try to relax will you?

(a beat)

Before I was old enough to count calories, I used to count my old man's cheap blended whiskey bottles.

MICHAEL

Sounds a lot like my dad's house.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND-DAY

Scenic shots of water, mangroves, an eagles nest.

CUT TO:

RESUME-EXT. WATER-DAY

LIZ

Are we going to live our lives, or let someone else do it for us?

MICHAEL

Like there's no tomorrow.

LIZ

Thank you.

(a beat)

What does Michael want?

MICHAEL

I just want to be happy.

LIZ

Try starting on your own side of the road, before you cross over the line to the wild side.

(a beat)

Liz reaches up and pulls Michael into the water and they make passionate love next to the boat.

Later, Michael gets back into the boat and picks up his other rod and stares out towards the water.

MICHAEL

Sometimes the water out here is like a mirror. You can see yourself plain as day-
(a beat)

But when the winds pick up, and the tides, they are a changin', and there's thunderheads on the horizon-
(a beat)

That lookin' glass has a whole different attitude. You can be pretty, or you can be ugly- it don't mean a thing. Cause it can get pretty ugly out here, and mother ocean- she holds no beauty contests. She likes the lucky ones- the pick of the litter- and she drowns all the dumb ones.

Liz puts her suit back on and towels off. Michael is still trying to catch a fish.

LIZ

Too much slack in the line? When I was fourteen, my first lover drowned in a diving accident. He was much older than me. I'd come down here to the Keys every weekend, and we'd come out here on this Bay.

(a beat)

He used to eat my pussy for hours, out on that boat. He wasn't interested in fucking.

MICHAEL

Thanks for sharing that with me. Maybe he was one of the lucky ones. You still have to wake up every morning.

LIZ

Your choice- You can run with the wolves, or grunt with the grunts.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISH-DAY

CLOSE- As Michael pulls up a small "grunt" fish.

The small fish GRUNTS.

You SEE the fish's lips.

CUT TO:

RESUME-EXT. DAY

MICHAEL

Nice lips.

Michael pulls up the anchor, and Liz starts up the engine. She accidentally throws it in gear, and slams the boat into the mangroves, sending Michael flying onto the deck.

MICHAEL

What the hell are you trying to do?

Kill Me?

LIZ

I'm sorry, it was an accident. The throttle got stuck.

MICHAEL

Nothing like a mangrove sandwich for lunch.

The boat speeds off towards the marina, and drive right by the unlucky boat.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Michael is on the back porch overlooking the water.

He is painting a canvas, his subject is a conch shell transformed into a bottle of wine.

Liz enters.

MICHAEL

There's my inspiration.

Michael and Liz hug each other and kiss.

LIZ

You know how much I love you. I see you're still conch-ering the world.

MICHAEL

Very funny- Somewhere along that long line of pirates, I am probably related to Columbus.

LIZ

Is that when you discovered your daily rum rations?

Michael takes a drink.

MICHAEL

Local anesthetic...It's in my genes. If my father was around, I'd ask him about it. But unlike you, a woman with raging hormones, he had a raging liver.

LIZ

Life in the wet lane.

MICHAEL

What's for dinner?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Michael and Liz are now finishing their conversation at a local fish restaurant, at the waters edge. There is a small conch shell on the table, next to a white candle for decoration.

WAITRESS

(stepping to the table)

What's it gonna be?

LIZ

I'll have the cracked conch. I hope it's not too fresh, that would be illegal around here.

WAITRESS

Don't worry, it's not from Florida waters.

MICHAEL

I'll have the same, throw some fritters in there too.

WAITRESS

You got it.

Liz picks up the shell on the table, and starts sensually rubbing the inside of the pink shell.

LIZ

What is this obsession of yours with these shells? If you're not collecting them, you're painting them. If you're not painting them,

you're eating them.

MICHAEL

I'm not sure. I remember as a child picking one up and hearing the ocean- suddenly I felt drawn to the water...I didn't feel alone

anymore.

LIZ

The seeds of sand were sown...

MICHAEL

Whenever I felt alone, I'd pick up my shell, and...I was on an island, surrounded by water.

LIZ

(still stroking the shell)

Read my lips... I have another theory... Now that I think about it, this whole thing of yours is beginning to come...

...a little clearer to me.

Liz starts to breath a little more heavily.

MICHAEL

Now you're beginning to read between the lips...

LIZ

I'd like to fuck you right here at this table.

MICHAEL

I'm not sure that's what the menu meant by fresh local seafood.

Liz picks up a fork, and licks it.

LIZ

I love it when you speak in forked tongues...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

Two detectives are in four door white DODGE, rolling across a bridge in the Florida keys.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Harry and Luke are brainstorming, on a calm night.

HARRY

Let's bring common sense to the table. I checked the tide charts with the coroner's estimated time of departure- around nine P.M.- coming up on high tide. The body was discovered at day-break- definitely a sinker without a floater at low tide.

LUKE

One thing about this island- without a moon it gets so dark out here at night...you don't see nothin' and you don't hear nothin'.

HARRY

Who's side are you on anyway?

LUKE

Partnership... in the spiritual sense...Let
the winds of heaven dance between us...

HARRY

Listen asshole, I may have to work with
you, but I damn sure don't have to dance
with you...Start knockin' on heaven's doors
and get me a witness...Somebody has to be
a light sleeper on this island besides me.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA- DAY

A STRANGER (55) gorgeous, well preserved, pulls up to a dock at Rock
Harbor Marina in the unlucky boat.

The Dockmaster comes out to greet him.

He admires the wooden boat, leans down and starts rubbing the bow,
almost superstitiously.

DOCKMASTER

Now that's a real boat- made out of real
wood...None of that plastic crap for me.

STRANGER

Got any space?

DOCKMASTER

Yes sir...true craftsmanship...A skill
handed down from father to son for
generations...built in the Bahamas she
was?

STRANGER

How about over there?

DOCKMASTER

If only these hulls could talk...

The Dockmaster pats the side of the boat, then points to a slip next to a
sailboat.

DOCKMASTER

Take the spot next to that stickboat. It's a dollar a foot per day, payable in advance...

How long did you say?

The Stranger hands him a wad of cash.

STRANGER

I didn't.

DOCKMASTER

Is she for sale?

STRANGER

Yes and no.

DOCKMASTER

That's what my ex. used to tell me...I got rid of her.

The stranger neatly coils up the lines on the dock and quietly walks away, leaving the unlucky boat tied up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARD SOUND RD.-DAY

Luke pulls up in front of an old wooden shack on the waters edge, on Card Sound.

On the road next to the shack is an old hand-painted sign that reads: ?"PSYCHIC-LIVE BLUE CRABS".

Luke enters the run-down shack.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK-DAY

The windows are covered with black cloth, and a single white candle lights the entrance. It is strangely neat inside.

LUKE

Hello...Anybody in there?

Gay PSYCHIC (60)thin, worn from the sun, moon and the stars is truly gifted with the power.

He suddenly appears from behind Luke, and startles him.

PSYCHIC

Good news, or bad news?

LUKE

No news is-

PSYCHIC

-good news. Do you like blue crabs?

LUKE

Not really. I need your help

PSYCHIC

You're a policeman.

LUKE

How did you...? Never mind. We found a body, no suspects no clues.

PSYCHIC

You seem like a very nice man. You should come around more often.

The psychic starts to shuffle a deck of cards. They are sitting at a small table facing each other. There is a small tape recorder nearby.

PSYCHIC

Is your father alive?

LUKE

No.

PSYCHIC

I'd like to hear about it. There's something negative coming from the spirit of the existence of your father within you.

LUKE

Really?

PSYCHIC

I don't know what's within you but there's some shit - dwells within the daddy. Did you know him at all?

LUKE

No. I was adopted.

PSYCHIC

It could be psychological - It could be a spirit vibe - I don't know, I'm just telling you...Who is the sign of cancer? June, July birthday?

LUKE

My partner's birthday is June 15th.

PSYCHIC

Do you have any virgins - ugh - Virgo's in your life?

LUKE

I'm a Virgo.

PSYCHIC

Well, you're doing something right for once in your life. Pick a card please.

Luke picks a card from the deck.

PSYCHIC

Ummmh. Is there a Liz, or Elizabeth or Betty anywhere in your life?

LUKE

No, not really.

PSYCHIC

Someone's going to die that's connected to her - ex-husband, ex-boyfriend, ex-business partner. It's an ex-partner, O.K.? Someone's going to die. As soon as that happens, run down and

play seven two eight in the lottery. Seven two eight straight for a buck. Now, does anybody talk about, or say anything about Elvis Presley at all?

LUKE

This is amazing - my stepfather always talked about the night he met Elvis outside a Canteen in Germany in the late fifties.

PSYCHIC

He's in trouble with the Angels now.

(whispering)

Do you ever have dreams that come true?

LUKE

I'm not sure. There was this girl once, Lisa.

I used to dream about her alot. I still do.

What else do you see?

PSYCHIC

Pick another card.

Doors will open for you. If they haven't, they will.

The Psychic slams his fist three times on the table.

PSYCHIC

(loudly)

Bang-bang-bang.

There is a moment of silence.

PSYCHIC

Who is Dick, Richard, Ricky, Mr. Richards?

LUKE

Doesn't ring a bell.

PSYCHIC

Something terrible happens to somebody named Richards. I see murky news about him - either murdered, maimed, I don't know - first name, middle name, last name- Do you know anybody who has, or is affiliated with a boat? Now there is something bad. I just feel bad about that boat or boat captain, for whatever reason- I don't know. The shit vibes don't end here. The vomit smell still comes. Remember, protect yourself to high ends.

(MORE)

PSYCHIC (cont'd)

Light white lights. The enemy is much deeper than you think. You know what I mean? Believe me -I get a lot of information, like other high souls, from reading license plates - they tell you things. I hope I've helped you. You are such a nice man, and thank you for coming today.

Luke gets up to leave. The psychic hands him a cassette tape recording of the session.

PSYCHIC

Ugh, just a minute - that will be seventy dollars.

Luke pays him and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT.POLICE HEADQUARTERS-DAY

Luke enters squad room, to report his findings to Harry.

HARRY

What have you got?

LUKE

I went out to see this psychic-

HARRY

-Bullshit!

LUKE

You know the Feds use them all the time to solve-

HARRY

-What have you got?

LUKE

Well, he talked about my father, Elvis, virgins...

HARRY

Now that we're finished with "This is your life", what have you got?

LUKE

He also said that I should read license plates and look for a

bad boat, or boat captain. He even gave me some lottery numbers.

HARRY

(irritated)

There's a bad boat in the neighborhood? Is that what you spent the taxpayers money on? As far as I am concerned, you can put that uniform back on and start reading license plates all day - Do you understand me?

LUKE

Harry, Take a deep breath...He also said you should light white lights to protect yourself...

HARRY

Get the hell out of here

CUT TO:

INT. APT.-DAY

Liz is alone in the apartment. The living room has windows facing the back porch, overlooking the water. There is a queen size bed sitting

in the middle of the living room, with no other furniture. Being on the Atlantic side, you wake up to the sunrise, and the ocean. Something a little confusing to an L.A. lady.

She hears a knock on the door.

LIZ

It's open.

Enter Harry and Luke. Liz is doing some stretching to the sound of Kenny Loggins "Will of the Wind." She is wearing a loose, transparent robe.

In return, both detectives flash their badges back at her.

HARRY

We're looking for Michael Barret.
The landlord told us we might find him
here.

LIZ

He'll be back later.

HARRY

You know Miss...?

LIZ

Brennan...Liz Brennan.

HARRY

You shouldn't leave your doors unlocked...

LIZ

I just love that ocean breeze. I can't lock
the door when it needs to be open...

(a beat)

for the breeze, that is.

LUKE

Well, look what the breeze just blew in.

Harry slaps a mosquito on his neck.

HARRY

Goddamned mosquitoes!

LUKE

About Mr. Barret...

LIZ

Try his beeper - that's what I do when
want him.

(a beat)

Would you boys like some smoked fish, or a
cold beer?

Liz opens fridge, takes out a Corona longneck bottle of beer and chugs
about half of it.

HARRY

No thanks, I don't smoke.

LIZ
That's all right...
(a beat)
...I don't fish.

Harry and Luke look at each other.

LUKE
But you do read the newspapers?

LIZ
Reading the paper is like watching the
news - not guilty on both counts.

HARRY
We need to talk to Mr. Barret about a
recent homicide.

LIZ
You mean like something dead?

LUKE
More like someone. Yesterday there was a
body found less than a football field from
here.

LIZ
I do like sports...

HARRY
He's been identified as Dr. Richard Collins,
a psychiatrist from Miami, who Mr. Barret
was seeing.

LIZ
Like I told you guys, I don't go out of my
way to find bad news. You don't think...?

LUKE
Just routine. We're going through the
doctor's client list and Mr. Barret lives the
closest to the crime scene- Geographically
speaking, that is...

HARRY

We find it very coincidental that one of the doctor's patients moves to our quiet little island - a stone's throw away from where his body was found, the day after the murder.

LIZ

Geographically undesirable
(a beat)
...highly suspect, I would say.

I can save you boys a lot of trouble- he was with me that night.

Harry walks over to look at the view of Rock Harbor from the upstairs windows.

HARRY

They say when you are looking for something, you shouldn't have to look further than your own backyard.

Liz stops the sensual stretching and strolls over to the open doorway. Her back to them, her back-lit robe tells the whole story.

LIZ

I like my backyard...Don't you?

CLOSE- Liz's body, the wind blowing her robe, as she looks out at the water.

LUKE

Nice view.

Liz finishes her Corona.

LUKE

Do you own a boat, Miss Brennan?

LIZ

No, not yet... you know, we just moved here. Say, you guys aren't the local welcome wagon are you?

LUKE

You haven't got your feet wet yet?

LIZ

I didn't say that. I was wet this morning...
(a beat)
and I wasn't even close to the

water.

Luke looks at Harry and starts to sweat even more.

LIZ

I hope I've satisfied you boys... I'll try to
keep my doors locked.

HARRY

We'll be in touch.

LIZ

How did I know that?

LUKE

I'll take a rain-check on that cold beer.

Harry and Luke leave the apartment, limping on three legs.

Liz stares out at the ocean, almost in a trance.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-DAY

Harry and Luke drive away from their interview with Liz.

LUKE

Was it warm in there, or was it just me?

Luke wipes the sweat from his forehead.

HARRY

A woman like that comes around only
once.

LUKE

I need a cold beer, or some serious shade.

Luke tries to adjust the air-conditioning vent on his face. He leans
towards the dash to cool off.

HARRY

People out there wearing their laundry, but not her. I can't quite figure her out.

LUKE

How about a 24-hour tail on her- I won't even request hazardous duty pay

HARRY

They walk into your life, and all Hell breaks loose. Then, they walk out the door like they were never there.

LUKE

Nobody that looked like that ever knocked on my door- I'm not that lucky. I'd sure like to turn her lights on and-

HARRY

Why the sudden testosterone test? Help me out here, let's check back in later when papa bear is home.

LUKE

Harry, did you ever have dreams that came true?

CUT TO:

EXT.SEA WALL-SUNSET

Michael is sitting alone on the seawall. There is a great white heron bird standing next to him. He is feeding the bird live, whole fish.

Harry and Luke enter from behind.

MICHAEL

(to Harry and Luke)

Shhhh- Don't scare Helga- She's very sensitive. Never interrupt a female with her mouth full.

Helga swallows the whole fish with a big gulp, and the bulge slides slowly down her skinny neck.

HARRY

Are you Michael Barret?

Michael just stares at the bird.

MICHAEL

Did you know that bad guys used to shoot
great white herons to put feathers on
fashionable ladies hats?

LUKE

Really?

MICHAEL

They sent a couple of good guys to stop the
killers- and they also died. All for a
stinking hat.

HARRY

Do you know why we're here?

Harry slaps another mosquito on his neck.

MICHAEL

Let me guess...Mosquito control?
(a beat)
Save the dolphins?

LUKE

Does the name Richard Collins mean
anything to you?

MICHAEL

Why do I feel like the first catch of the day?

HARRY

Just answer the question.

MICHAEL

He was the therapist I was seeing during
the beginning of my divorce.

HARRY

Was?

MICHAEL

I only saw him a couple of times. I didn't
trust him.

LUKE

His body was found less than a hundred yards from where you are sitting.

MICHAEL

(nervous)

I saw the headlines in the paper, but- you don't think...

HARRY

Where were you the night before last?

MICHAEL

My girlfriend and I were looking for an apartment.

HARRY

Miss Elizabeth Brennan?

MICHAEL

You've met?

Luke slaps a mosquito this time.

LUKE

Shit!

(a beat)

I assume that Miss Brennan will confirm your alibi.

MICHAEL

Never assume anything when it comes to a woman. Does this mean that I'm a suspect?

HARRY

Never assume anything when it comes to murder.

MICHAEL

You know- I went from the mainstream to the Gulfstream for a reason.

Shit.

HARRY

Live your dreams.

LUKE

Dreams are for those who sleep.

HARRY

(looks at bird)

Bye Helga!

CUT TO:

EXT.SUNSET

CLOSE- Helga swallows another fish.

CUT TO:

-RESUME- EXT. SUNSET

Luke looks at Harry.

LUKE

You gettin' hungry?

Harry and Luke walk away from the seawall, leaving Michael. Helga the heron follows them out.

CUT TO:

INT-APT.-NIGHT

Michael waits up with a bottle of cabernet, and a white candle, for Liz to come home.

He is painting a canvas. He takes a sip of wine from his glass, then taps the glass three times with his paint brush.

MICHAEL

C-sharp.

Michael takes another large sip of wine from the glass.

He taps it three more times with his paint brush.

MICHAEL

(continues)

Still C-sharp.

Liz enters the apartment, high on life.

LIZ

Hi honey...

Michael remains silent, pissed off and pissed on.

Liz feels the cold from the silence.

LIZ

What's this? Another tropical depression?

(a beat)

I need to take a shower.

Liz leaves the room to take a shower. Michael throws the paintbrush at the canvas.

MICHAEL

(grumbles)

F - flat.

(yells to Liz)

Don't get your feet wet, you'd be living too close to the edge.

CUT TO:

INT.SHOWER-NIGHT

LIZ

I've always lived on the edge.

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. APT.-NIGHT

MICHAEL

Now you live on the water's edge.

CUT TO:

EXT.NIGHT

You see the view from the apartment, looking through palm trees to moonlit waters.

CUT TO:

RESUME INT. SHOWER-NIGHT

LIZ
No, I still live on the edge-
(a beat)
-with a water view.

CUT TO:

RESUME INT. APT. NIGHT

MICHAEL
Where have you been? It's kind of late.

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. SHOWER NIGHT

LIZ
I stopped by Tracy and Bill's.

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. APT. NIGHT

MICHAEL
You didn't do any of that white stuff did
you?

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. SHOWER- NIGHT

LIZ
The only white lines I saw were on the 18
mile stretch from Miami. I'd have been
home earlier but the bridge was up.

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. APT. NIGHT

MICHAEL
(grumbles)
Yeah, sure...Some detectives came by today-

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. SHOWER-NIGHT

LIZ

Oh?

MICHAEL

(O.S.)

Remember the headlines yesterday about a body found in the water here on the island? It turns out to be none other than Dr. Collins, my therapist.

No reaction from Liz, she changes the subject.

LIZ

I saw a bumper sticker today, it

said "dive deep or go home."

MICHAEL

(O.S.)

I think I'm a suspect!

LIZ

Take a deep, deep breath.

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. APT. NIGHT

MICHAEL

Shit - What's wrong with this picture?
Most people go home to relieve their stress.
Me? I leave home, move to an island, and
24 hours later I'm a suspect for murder.
Works for me!

Liz enters, just out of the shower wearing a towel.

She takes a deep breath.

LIZ

You need to learn how to relax. We're all
in the same boat here. You're not alone...

(a beat)

People have been fucking with me since I
was old enough to have blonde hair.

MICHAEL

Do you love me?

LIZ

Still.

They hug each other.

MICHAEL

I guess there's no shortcuts on this roller coaster.

LIZ

Like any good ride, you have to stand in line to get on.

Liz blows out the candle, and drops to her knees.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA-DAY

Water is lapping at the edges of the unlucky boat. It is windy, the water is choppy and there are thunderheads on the horizon.

Enter dock-master with Luke.

DOCKMASTER

It's gonna be rougher than a corn cob out there.

LUKE

Cecil, have you seen any suspicious people, or strangers in the

past couple of days?

DOCKMASTER

I see strange people daily. As a matter of fact, there are a few people around here that would think you're a little strange.

The dockmaster and Luke walk up to an outdoor bar and restaurant at the Marina. They do not take American Express. The walls are covered with sun-faded color snapshots of partied-out regulars.

Sitting at the counter are about a half dozen grizzly old salts drinking beer for breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT-DAY

LUKE

I'm also looking for a bad boat.

DOCKMASTER

What? Yeah and old sarge here is looking for a bad bone.

LUKE

This Card Sound psychic told me there might be a boat in the picture somewhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOORWAY DAY

Old black Labrador dog passed out on the dock from the heat. Sarge looks up when he hears the word BONE.

DOCKMASTER

There's no such thing as a bad boat, only the people that own them.

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. REST.-DAY

DOCKMASTER

There was this couple came in the other day. They practically destroyed one of my rentals. But they didn't look like tourists-
(a beat)

If you ask me, I think he was just out looking for some of that pink snapper.

LUKE

What'd they look like?

DOCKMASTER

He was in his forties, a salt and pepper beard, she was blonde for days...

One of the SALTY CUSTOMER's from the bar,(62) hung-over, speaks up.

SALTY CUSTOMER

I like blondes, no matter what color their roots are...

LUKE

What's the lunch special?

A WAITRESS (22) screwed, blewed and tattooed, comes out from the kitchen. She drives a Harley.

WAITRESS

You ate yesterday.

(a beat)

Grouper fingers, or frozen shrimp. And if you don't like those, Dominoes delivers.

(a beat)

How about a cold draft?

LUKE

What else is there to buy?

DOCKMASTER

Buy? This is Monroe County. Bi-lingual, bi-sexual,, buy American. Take your pick...

LUKE

Thanks for your help, I think I'll pass.

Luke leaves the restaurant. As he drives away, the dockmaster pulls out a wad of bills from his pocket.

He suddenly remembers the stranger with the wooden boat.

DOCKMASTER

Yo! Bud!

Luke is gone, and he just forgets about it.

CUT TO:

INT. APT.-DAY

It is the same morning, Liz is sorting out her vitamins, all in one jar.

LIZ

Let's see. This one's for your cold, this one's for your liver. This one's for our nerves...

Michael enters, and gives her a hug.

MICHAEL

You have anything in there for a full moon? I think we're gonna have one tonight.

Liz opens the refrigerator door, and looks in.

LIZ

O.K. two eggs, that's eighty each- One hundred and sixty... Ugh, low fat cream cheese- about eighty five... Three slices of bacon- about eighty apiece- but they were dried out, sixty apiece. That's one hundred and eighty...Fresh orange juice, about two hundred. That's six hundred and twenty five...

Outrageous!

Michael notices a tide chart taped to the refrigerator door for the week of the murder, underneath a snapshot of a Heron.

MICHAEL

Honey? What's this tide chart for?

We don't even own a boat.

LIZ

(Nervous)

I'm trying to follow the moon phases- the sun and the tides are all connected to Mother Ocean

MICHAEL

Sounds like a sea story to me. The sun and the moon.

LIZ

It really is a good sign. Next you'll be pulling runes with me.

Liz pulls out a bag of runes, and starts shaking the stones. She holds the bag out to Michael.

LIZ

Here, pull one to see how my day will go.

MICHAEL

What the hell are Runes?

LIZ

Each stone has a marking on it that has a very spiritual meaning. When you feel like you don't know what direction you're moving in, it helps to guide you.

MICHAEL

Like a compass. Are you lost?

Michael pulls a stone out of the bag. It has no markings on it.

CUT TO:

INT. STONE-DAY

CLOSE: On stone.

Michael is holding the blank rune.

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. APT. DAY

LIZ

Unbelievable! The blank rune. I've re-named that one the "Call of the conch"

MICHAEL

Great! Listen, the landlord called and said the previous tenant may be by today to pick it up that bike.

LIZ

The one in the bedroom? No problem, Babe.

MICHAEL

Do me a favor. Don't let this guy inside.
The landlord thinks he's a convicted felon.
That's why she evicted him. Just give him
his bike and close the door, OK?

I've got to run up to Miami. I'll be back tonight. My back is killing me.

LIZ

You need to go to my chiropractor.

MICHAEL

(sarcastically)

All right, honey! Maybe I should pull a few
runes along the way!

He kisses her and leaves. Liz picks up her book of runes, and reads aloud to herself.

LIZ

The unknowable....cool! The rune of total
trust. The blank rune is an omen of a
symbolic death.

(a beat)

Drawing the blank rune brings your
deepest fears to the surface.

Liz lights several white candles.

LIZ

Brings your deepest fears to the surface.

(a beat)

Not cool!

CUT TO:

INT.POLICE STATION-DAY

Harry, Luke and another detective are huddled around a

chalk board, with tide times, and other information including crime scene
photos taped to the board.

Harry holds up the coroners report. They are trying to piece the puzzle
together.

HARRY

Six-thirty A.M., the body is discovered at low tide. Coroner on the scene says he was a wet brick for about ten hours. Which means, he was killed around eight-thirty P.M. the night before.

Luke picks up a lit white candle from Harry's desk.

LUKE

Light white lights?

(a beat)

Luke looks at Harry trying to get a rise out of him.

LUKE

Anyway, our prime suspect was less than a stone's throw away from where the body was found, banging his girlfriend around midnight. His alibi, confirms he was with her.

DETECTIVE #3 (35), Chocolate, middle of the road team player.

DETECTIVE #3

It takes two to-

HARRY

(interrupts)

Meanwhile, in the loony world of the dead shrink, we've been going through a list of wackos from Miami- and so far, nothing looks better than our new neighbor...Mr. Michael Barret.

(a beat)

Which brings me to my next point.

CUT TO:

INT. MAP-DAY

CLOSE: MAP-FLORIDA Harry uses the back of a fly swatter as a pointer to follow the path from Miami to Rock Harbor.

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. POLICE STATION- DAY

HARRY

Miami is about an hour and fifteen minutes drive - if the bridge isn't up.

LUKE

That would give the killer enough time to dance the dance in Miami, drive to Rock Harbor, dump the body-

HARRY

-And be barking at the moon at midnight...

LUKE

The only road in and out of here seems to lead in the direction of Michael Barret.

HARRY

Aside from his pretty alibi, he is still very much a suspect, but we need more than his professional link to the therapist- and we don't have the murder weapon.

DET. #3

What was the final from the coroner, you know, the hard blunt object?

HARRY

He found shell fragments in the skull...

LUKE

Old war wounds?

HARRY

Strombas Gigas.

LUKE

What?

Harry holds up a Queen Conch shell.

HARRY

Our very own "Queen Conch."

LUKE

He was murdered with one of these? If that doesn't close this case...

HARRY

If we could find a cracked shell that matches the pieces found in our victim, we'll have our killer.

LUKE

Do you know how many of those damned shells pass through our mile markers every year?

HARRY

Yeah, I know - it's like trying to trace an ice-pick from K-Mart.

LUKE

Chances are better of winning the lottery. Let's see - what were

those numbers?

CUT TO:

INT. MARINE CHART DAY

CLOSE: On a marine chart showing water depths in Rock Harbor, pinned to the wall in the squad room. The camera pans across Rock Harbor, showing depth numbers.

CUT TO:

INT. APT.-NIGHT

Liz is alone in the apartment. You hear the doorbell RING.

LIZ

Come on in - it's open.

FRED KNOWLES,(48) the drunk and disorderly tenant enters the apartment.

His beer belly clearly visible beneath his tight T-shirt, and baggy shorts with no underwear.

FRED
 (looking through Liz)
 My name's Fred.
 (a beat)
 I came to get my bike.

LIZ
 (nervously)
 Oh, the landlord said you'd be by but I
 thought you would come earlier...
 (a beat)
 I'll get it for you.

She exits living room.

Fred sits down on the bed in the living room, his legs spread open
 disgustingly.

FRED
 You gotta beer?

CUT TO:

EXT. APT. NIGHT

The STRANGER drives slowly by in a white Cadillac, stalking Michael and
 Liz's apartment.

CUT TO:

-RESUME INT. APT. NIGHT

LIZ
 (improvising)
 Listen, my little boy is sleeping in the back
 bedroom and my boyfriend should be here
 any minute...Here's your bike.

Fred gets up from the bed and walks towards her.

FRED
 You sure are pretty.

LIZ
 I think you should leave now.

The telephone RINGS. Liz quickly picks it up.

LIZ
(frazzled)
Hello!

MICHAEL
(O.S.)
Babe? LIZ?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Michael on his car phone.

MICHAEL
Are you O.K.?

CUT TO:

INT. APT. NIGHT

CLOSE- Liz on telephone.

LIZ
(whispers)
He's here.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-NIGHT

MICHAEL
Who?

CUT TO:

INT. APT. NIGHT

LIZ
The guy for the bike-

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-NIGHT

MICHAEL

What ever you do, don't let him in the house!

CUT TO:

INT. APT. NIGHT

LIZ

He is in the house...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-NIGHT

MICHAEL

Listen to me.

(a beat)

As soon as I hang up, call the cops. I'm on my way, Just hang in there.

(desperate beat)

I love you...

CUT TO:

INT. APT. NIGHT

Fred yanks out the phone cord.

LIZ

I love you too. Please hurry...Honey?
Honey?

FRED

You know, you shouldn't leave your doors unlocked...You never now who might come a callin'.

Fred makes a move for Liz, she nervously steps away.

LIZ

Let me get you that beer.

As she separates from him, she runs for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT

Michael slams on the brakes of his car as the bridge rises suddenly in front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-NIGHT

MICHAEL

Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. APT. NIGHT

Liz knocks over an easel with a painting on it to obstruct her path. Fred gets tangled momentarily, as Liz reaches the door and opens it.

FRED

Bitch!

She narrowly escapes through the front door and flies down the stairs.

Fred follows her out the door, trips and falls down the stairs, unconscious.

Liz steps over him to try to get back into the apartment. He suddenly comes to and grabs her by the leg.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE-NIGHT

Michael is seen speeding away as the bridge opens up.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT

Liz manages to kick him in the head.

He passes out.

Liz runs up the stairs and locks herself in the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. APT.-NIGHT

Liz falls to the floor, crying uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

Michael enters the hallway and sees Fred crawled up in the corner snoring.

He goes up the stairs, and unlocks the apartment door.

CUT TO:

INT. APT.-NIGHT

Michael embraces Liz.

MICHAEL

It's going to be okay.

He didn't...?

LIZ

(sobbing)

Fucking fucking asshole!

MICHAEL

Did you call the police?

Liz holds up disconnected phone cord.

MICHAEL

I'm here. You're not alone anymore.

(a beat)

He's asleep in the downstairs hallway. Do you want me to call the police?

LIZ

Forget it.

Michael throws his bike down the stairs and locks the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Michael is sleeping. He rolls over, wakes up and finds himself alone in the bedroom. He jumps out of bed.

He looks in the bathroom, the kitchen, the front porch, nothing.

He looks out the window, her car is still there. Finally, he looks in the back bedroom where Liz is sleeping.

Hearing Michael enter, she sits up in bed.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM # 2 NIGHT

LIZ

Hi honey.

MICHAEL

(worried)

What the hell are you doing in here? How long have you been here?

LIZ

I couldn't sleep- you were a bed hog and snoring to the max.

MICHAEL

At the end of the day, how many beds can you sleep in?

After what happened, I was a little worried.

LIZ

I'm OK, really.

They roll over, and go back to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Michael peeks out the apartment door.

The hallway is empty. Fred is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT.MARINA-DAY

Luke and Harry pull into Rock Harbor Marina.

Another crime scene investigation is under way. Near the dock, a covered body surrounded by several policemen, an ambulance, and fire/rescue personnel.

Harry and Luke walk over to the body.

BEARDED POLICEMAN

(to Harry and Luke)

We found the body over there.

Bearded policeman points to the dock, near the wooden boat.

HARRY

Who is he?

BEARDED POLICEMAN

Fred Knowles, a local. Last known address-mile marker 98.8, Overseas Highway. We found him and what we think is his bicycle in about four feet of water, just over there.

The bearded policeman points again in the vicinity of the wooden boat. Harry bends down over the victim, and smells the whiskey from the dead man.

HARRY

Just like my daddy told me-

(a beat)

It's not the whiskey that'll kill you, it's the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT-DAY

CLOSE: Water laps against the hull of the wooden boat. The boat suddenly starts rocking wildly, side to side as if from a wake of a boat, or a big wave

The seas however are mysteriously calm, with no wind, and no other wakes.

CUT TO:

-RESUME EXT. MARINA-DAY

LUKE

(jokingly)

Ninety-eight point eight - Just a tad hotter than my body temperature.

Luke wipes his face with a neckerchief.

HARRY

Was that overseas highway address on the ocean side, or the bay side?

BEARDED POLICEMAN

Ocean side, Rock Harbor.

LUKE

Isn't that the same address as Barret?

HARRY

And Liz. Let's roll.

Harry and Luke leave the crime scene.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-DAY

Michael sits at a low table, flanked by Luke and Harry.

LUKE

You have the right to an attorney.

MICHAEL

Wrong. I hate attorneys. I'll be paying several for the rest of my life.

(a beat)

You know, the cost of freedom? Ex-wives can take it all, but they can't have me.

Take care of whatever's left of number one.

HARRY
(sarcastically)
Live your dreams.

Harry holds up photo of Fred Knowles.

HARRY
Have you ever seen this man before?

MICHAEL
Yes. When I came home last night, he was passed out at my doorstep downstairs. He had stopped by to pick up his bicycle that he had left in the apartment. I guess he was too drunk to ride-

LUKE
So you offered him a nice concrete place to sleep it off.

MICHAEL
Like I said, he was passed out when I got there.

HARRY
What time was that?

MICHAEL
About nine-thirty P.M. What's this got to do with my ex-shrink?

LUKE
You were the last known person to see this man alive.

Luke shows Michael a crime scene photo of the deceased Fred Knowles.

MICHAEL
(freaked)
Shit!

LUKE
He was found this morning, with his bicycle in the drink. A blow to the head, then dumped in the water.

MICHAEL

Maybe you should talk to my girlfriend.

HARRY

Was she home last night?

MICHAEL

Yes. This guy came over to pick up his bike and gave her a hard time.

(a beat)

That's all I know. Like I said he was passed out when I got there.

LUKE

Passed out, or not breathing?

MICHAEL

I could smell the whiskey, and

heard heavy snoring. When we

got up this morning, he was gone.

LUKE

What time was that?

MICHAEL

We usually wake up with the sun, around six-thirty.

HARRY

Did you kill him?

MICHAEL

Of course not!

(a beat)

Maybe I do need an attorney...

HARRY

Two days in town, two dead bodies, and one poor guy slap in the middle.

What have you got to say about all this?

MICHAEL

If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all.

LUKE

Clapton.

MICHAEL

Very good.

HARRY

Even a flower child from the sixties grows up eventually.

MICHAEL

I've never met a grown-up that I've liked. Have you?

HARRY

Listen asshole, I'm trying real hard to like you but things just ain't working out.

MICHAEL

Are you finished?

HARRY

Beat it...

Michael turns to Harry on his way out.

MICHAEL

You ought to try it sometime
(a beat)
Maybe you'd be in a better mood.

Michael leaves the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAWALL-SUNSET

Michael sits alone, on a wooden chair, looking out at the water, next to the seawall.

Helga the Heron flies into the scene, looking for food and companionship.

You hear Bonnie Raitt's "I can't make you love me." playing.

MICHAEL

(tenderly)
Helga...

Michael takes a sip of Cabernet.

MICHAEL

Sorry girl, but I don't have any food for you. I promise I'll get you something for breakfast.

(a beat)

You like this music, don't you?

CUT TO:

EXT. HERON-DAY

CLOSE: Helga the heron turns her head and looks straight into Michael's eyes.

CUT TO:

-RESUME EXT SEAWALL-SUNSET

MICHAEL

I could use a friend- You know what I mean? Yeah, I now you know what I mean. You're so beautiful. How anyone could have made a hat out of you is beyond me.

(a beat)

It looks like it's just you and me for tonight. It's nice to have

someone to talk to, that doesn't really listen.

Helga the Heron reacts, turning her neck in disbelief.

MICHAEL

Just kidding.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE-DUSK

Michael walks alone down a closed section of the seven mile bridge, passing several fishermen.

There are pelicans flying by, hoping to catch someone's bait.

Night falls.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Luke is knocking on the door of a stilt house, lots of hibiscus flowers and bougainvillea in the meticulously clean gravel yard.

A JUDGE (55) unshaven, wearing a tank T-shirt and boxers is in the back of the house near his boat.

JUDGE

(O.S.)

Back here.

Luke walks through to the back of the house where the Judge is cleaning some fresh fish.

LUKE

Good morning judge. I appreciate your help this early on a Sunday morning.

JUDGE

It's not that early. Hell I've already caught my breakfast.

LUKE

Your honor, could you sign this search warrant for me?

JUDGE

Grunts and grits religiously every Sunday morning. You boys getting close?

LUKE

Put it this way your honor, we haven't reached our legal limit yet.

Luke looks at the pile of fish on the cleaning table.

JUDGE

Good luck son.

CUT TO:

INT. APT. DAY

Luke is searching Michael and Liz's apartment for any kind of clue.

There are around thirty different conch shells scattered throughout the apartment.

Luke picks up a shell, looking for a missing piece.

There are paintings of shells everywhere, a collection of corks made into a table and several dream catchers hanging on the back porch.

He sees the local tide chart on the fridge door.

On the cork table lies a copy of last week's paper with headlines that read "Murder in Rock Harbor" Underneath is the second paper with a similar headline announcing the murder of Fred Knowles.

Luke picks up a place mat from the counter with a marine chart showing the upper Keys and Rock Harbor.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH-DAY

You hear a PIANO playing hymns. Michael is sitting with Liz during a typical small-town Sunday service.

A Southern Methodist MINISTER (45) is at the helm. He is short with red cheeks and resembles a bowling ball camouflaged with a white gown.

Liz has a tight grip on Michael's hand. Drops of sweat cover his face and hands. The entire congregation is fanning themselves with today's paper programs.

MICHAEL

(un-comfortably)

I'm only here because I love you.

(a beat)

These places remind me of weddings and funerals.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH-DAY

The MINISTER raises both his arms.

MINISTER

Let's take a moment now, to say hello to your neighbors. Turn around and shake their hands.

The entire assembly gets up and greets each other. There is a lot of shaking hands, smiling and mingling.

Michael turns around and sees the STRANGER, who seems to stare right through him.

Liz does not see the stranger.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH-MINISTER

CLOSE: On minister.

MINISTER

Let us Pray.

CUT TO:

RESUME-INT. CHURCH-DAY

Everyone in the church bows their heads.

Michael nervously looks behind him again, and the stranger is not there.

LIZ

You shouldn't be here for me, you should be here for yourself.

MICHAEL

Where have I heard that before?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-DAY

Michael flashes back to a session with the now dead therapist Dr. Richard Collins in Miami.

They are talking about his relationship with his new girlfriend Liz.

THERAPIST

Mister rules meets Miss no-rules.
Remember, she's a free bird.

She's not the type that tests the waters, she just jumps in with both feet.

(a beat)

If you want to tear down some walls, do it for yourself- not for her...

(a beat)

Otherwise, you might think she owes you something.

CLOSE: On Michael, match same framing as in church.

MICHAEL

I just want to be happy.

(a beat)

She's looking for a soul mate.

THERAPIST

You still seem depressed. Look at you-
you've got your freedom from your ex-wife,
you're getting laid-

(a beat)

Why aren't you jumping up and down?

MICHAEL

I don't know. You tell me.

Sometimes she shows no feelings- no emotions- like a dripless candle.

(a beat)

I think it's a matter of trust. And I don't.

(a beat)

She's too open, too free. She talks to every person on the street.

THERAPIST

If you met her in a grocery store, you'd
have a friend for life...I know the type.
Maybe this freedom she has, is what
attracted you to her?

MICHAEL

Freedom. There's nothing free about it.
Nothing is free...

THERAPIST

What about Liz? She seems to be pretty
free.

MICHAEL

Pretty, yes. Free? She's just as expensive
as you are.

(a beat)

Wait a minute... How did you know her
name was Liz?

THERAPIST

(taken back)

I have it in my notes.

The therapist fumbles through the pages of a yellow legal pad.

MICHAEL

I have never mentioned her name to-

THERAPIST

-Do you feel that this is a good investment?

MICHAEL

You or her?

THERAPIST

Both.

MICHAEL

Currently, the interest is there but the
rates go up and down too much.

THERAPIST

Are you a jealous person?

MICHAEL

I told you, I don't trust her.

THERAPIST

Trust is something that takes years to
build, and minutes to lose.

(MORE)

THERAPIST (cont'd)

(a beat)

Jealousy, however, can become a prison.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE-DAY

CLOSE: On Liz now in the therapists office, the same identical camera angle as Michael's.

She is answering the therapist. (Michael is not there)

LIZ

He got pissed off when I spent the night with a mutual business contact.

THERAPIST

Did he ask you not to?

LIZ

Nobody tells me what to do.

THERAPIST

Did you sleep with him?

LIZ

I don't have many rules, but that's one of them.

(a beat)

When I was growing up, my parents were divorced. Two different households, two different sets of rules. I didn't follow any of them.

THERAPIST

Everyone has to live by some rules.

We have two rules here when it comes to our clients- One, we don't sleep with them and two, we don't do business with them.

LIZ

So you don't get in bed with anybody. You're beginning to sound like my boyfriend.

(a beat)

I told you, I don't have many rules and I certainly don't live by anyone else's. And as far as your rules go, good luck.

(MORE)

LIZ (cont'd)

(a beat)

If I wanted to fuck you, you could throw your rules right out that window.

THERAPIST

Are you a leader or a follower?

LIZ

A little of both. Sometimes I lead, sometimes I follow. You know, kinda like a junior high school dance. Just don't step on my toes.

THERAPIST

It sounds like you've always been in charge, in control.

Liz flashes the therapist a sensual look.

The therapist eyes her hungrily, desire is showing in his face

LIZ

Do you think I'm in control now?

THERAPIST

I'll ask the questions.

LIZ

Am I breaking your rules? It sounds like you need to tear down some of your own walls.

THERAPIST

Walls are walls, thick or thin.

(a beat)

Build them up, tear them down, put your ear to them and listen-

(a beat)

These are all choices we must make.

INT. CHURCH-DAY

CUT TO:

Michael is squirming in his seat, and looks around the church.

INT. THERAPIST-OFFICE-DAY

CUT TO:

Michael now takes the place of Liz, and answers the therapist's statement.

MICHAEL

Brick by brick... The walls are

coming down. Years of living with and without. I feel like I'm in an open field, fenced in, but tearing down one section at a time.

THERAPIST

Remember- Whatever changes you make in your life, do them for yourself. Don't do them for her.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH-DAY

CLOSE-Beads of sweat run down Michael's face.

Liz finally lets go of her grip on Michael's hand.

You hear the "Lord's Prayer" from the congregation.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

CLOSE- on Liz, same angle as therapists office. You think she's

in church, or the therapists office.

You still hear the "Lord's Prayer".

LIZ

I've got to take care of number one When someone tells me not to do something, I usually just go out and do it.

Camera pulls back to show Liz, now in the interrogation room, being questioned by Harry and Luke.

HARRY

Why didn't you tell us that you were also seeing Dr. Collins?

LIZ
You never asked.

LUKE
Did Michael know you were seeing his
therapist during his divorce?

LIZ
He never asked.

HARRY
Why did you give a different last name to
the therapist, with an L.A. address?

LIZ
I was married then, now I'm not.
(a beat)
Is there a law against single women
changing their name?

HARRY
Did you fuck him?

LIZ
Who?

HARRY
Dr. Collins.

LIZ
He never asked.

LUKE
You realize, Miss... whoever, that this
information now puts you in the same boat
as Mr. Barret...His alibi was you, your alibi
is him...You both shared the same
therapist, and you were both practically on
top

of the scene of the murder.

LIZ
I was on top-
(a beat)
He wasn't.

LUKE

Why do you have a marine chart showing water depths in Rock Harbor when you don't even own a boat?

LIZ

We're decorating. Michael bought the placemat at a yard sale along with a plate with a pelican on it- like tourists.

HARRY

And both of you were the last ones to see Fred Knowles alive.

(a beat)

What category do you think that puts you in?

LIZ

Geographically undesirable?

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH DAY

Liz is day-dreaming. Michael is still sitting next to Liz. He shakes her.

MICHAEL

Wake up! It's time to leave.

Liz snaps out of it to find herself alone in the church with Michael. Everyone else has left the church.

LIZ

I must have dozed off...

MICHAEL

Usually it's my snoring that wakes you up.

LIZ

I was having a nightmare.

MICHAEL

In the middle of the day?

CUT TO:

INT. APT-NIGHT

Michael enters kitchen where Liz is cooking.

MICHAEL

Honey, I'm home.

LIZ

I missed you.

They give each other a hug, Michael turns around and looks toward the dining room to find a yellow bug light over the table.

MICHAEL

What's this...mood lighting?

LIZ

It was the only bulb I could find...

MICHAEL

Expecting guests with wings?

LIZ

I knew deep down that you were a spiritual person.

Michael makes gesture of round halo above his head.

MICHAEL

Listen Angel, this is a bug light. If I was a mosquito I'd leave.

(a beat)

What are you wearing? That smell-

LIZ

Citronella.

Liz holds up a lit hurricane candle with citronella in it to keep the mosquitoes away.

LIZ

Do you like it? It goes with the bug light.

MICHAEL

There's some real dry humor in these wet lands...Are you Okay?

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

You've been acting a little strange lately-
And Lord knows I could use a little
strange...

Michael goes to hug her.

LIZ

(pissed)

Oh- you want to fuck somebody else?

Liz picks up a plate of food and throws it at Michael.

MICHAEL

Look, you're the only girl I'm going out
with, and I don't even go out with you!

LIZ

You're such a challenge.

MICHAEL

And you're not?

LIZ

Next you're gonna be telling me you need
some space!

MICHAEL

Astronauts need space.

LIZ

Fuck you!

Liz storms out of the apartment.

MICHAEL

Fuck you!

CUT TO:

INT. APT.-DAY

Another suitcase drill. Michael wakes up alone, and finds a letter
addressed to Liz open on the table.

Michael picks up the letter.

GRANDMOTHER (75)

(V.O.)

My dearest Elizabeth, It is with great sorrow, I send you these words. Poppy is dead. My fears are now upon me, too real to touch. The Lord taketh away. what he gives. You were his favorite granddaughter, so please share in your own way, my grief. Love, Grandma. Man-O-War Cay, Bahamas.

Michael's face shows his remorse.

CUT TO:

EXT.-SEAPLANE-DAY

An old "Goose" seaplane takes off from the water.

CUT TO:

INT.-SEAPLANE-DAY

Liz is sitting next to the CUBAN PILOT.

CUBAN PILOT

(heavy accent)

What brings you to the islands? Business or pleasure?

LIZ

A "back to the bones" adventure. My grandfather passed away, and I'm going to pay my last respects.

CUBAN PILOT

I'm so sorry- Have you ever been to the Abacos before?

LIZ

I was born on Man-O-War Cay.

CUBAN PILOT

Really? Very cool!

LIZ

I left there as a little girl- I don't remember much about it, my mother left with an American Flyer, I was excess baggage.

CUBAN PILOT

Well, you're my wingman today.

LIZ

He liked the big fluffy clouds the best.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOUDS-DAY

LIZ'S P.O.V. cumulus clouds outside the plane.

CUT TO:

-RESUME-INT. PLANE-DAY

LIZ

My stepfather used to call the sky his security blanket, and the clouds his pillows.

The plane encounters a heavy wind pocket, and there is a sudden drop in altitude. Liz turns white, starts trembling and grabs her throat.

LIZ

Jesus- I felt like my uterus was in my throat!

CUBAN PILOT

You're going to make someone very happy someday...

CUT TO:

EXT BAHAMAS-DAY

The seaplane lands in the waters off Man-O-War Cay and taxies up to a small group of kids. Liz gets out carrying two six-packs of Corona beer, and an overnight bag.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH-NIGHT

Liz finds her GRANDMOTHER alone, praying inside a small church. She is wearing black and is surrounded by white candles.

LIZ

(Breaks the silence)

Hey momma!

GRANDMA

Elizabeth! My sweet little girl.

LIZ

I got here as fast as I could. How did it happen?

GRANDMA

I was in the kitchen when I heard the conch horn blow...

LIZ

Conch horn?

GRANDMA

For centuries, our people have warned of danger, or proclaimed death with the sound of the conch horn. I ran outside, but it was too late. He was crushed underneath the boat.

LIZ

How could that happen? Poppy was one of the best boat builders around-

Liz walks Grandma out of the church.

CUT TO:

EXT.-COBBLESTONE ROAD-SUNSET

GRANDMA

The boat was possessed by demons.

LIZ

You've been on this island too long. Demon's- bullshit. This is the nineties. Give it up. It was an accident.

GRANDMA

The priest promised to bless the boat the next day to ward of any evil spirits...

LIZ

Speaking of spirits, I need a drink...

GRANDMA

This is a dry island.

LIZ

Now I remember why I left here.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

They enter Grandma's house, an old clapboard island-style house next to the boatyard where Poppy died.

GRANDMA

The priest came the next day with Holy water to bless the boat but found only an empty yard.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT-NIGHT

CLOSE on a half-boat scale model that the old man was sanding in scene number three, hanging on the wall. An exact replica of the unlucky wooden boat

CUT TO:

RESUME INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Liz opens refrigerator and sticks her two six-packs of warm Coronas in the freezer.

LIZ

Yeah, I know, dust to dust- Salt of the earth- you got any cold beer?

Liz still looking in fridge, pulls out some fish bait.

GRANDMA

The boat had mysteriously disappeared.

LIZ

Pirates?

Liz is still looking for a cold drink.

GRANDMA

I am an old lady, with nothing left but memories. Please- heed my warnings- without the past, there is no present.

LIZ

Shit! Beer, bait and no ice.

GRANDMA

You know that we do not allow alcohol on this island.

LIZ

Ain't that a bitch! Doesn't anything ever change around here? There's no such thing as a dry island- we're surrounded by water!

GRANDMA

I never want to see her again.

LIZ

Maybe the thing grew wings and went-

GRANDMA

(interrupts)

-Straight to Hell! That's the devil's boat!

LIZ

Well, between Hell and high water-

GRANDMA

(interrupts)

Elizabeth. Stay close to the water, it is your heritage. But don't treat her like a fool- Respect her.

(MORE)

GRANDMA (cont'd)

She lives and breathes, and has many more lives than you or I, or even Poppy. We are on this Earth for but a short period. But the sea is forever.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAPLANE DAY

Grandma, standing on the dock waves farewell as the seaplane takes off from the water with Liz on board.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

There is a small wooden sign that reads "Conch Largo" hanging from a bamboo pole above the entrance to Michael and Liz's apartment. It is flanked on both sides by discarded blooms from a coconut palm.

With the aid of a book, Michael attempts to weave a hat out of a palm frond. He is about half-finished with the hat. A palm leaf is in his lap.

Liz walks up.

LIZ

Hi honey!

MICHAEL

(distant)

You're early. I haven't had time to change the locks.

LIZ

Do you miss me yet?

MICHAEL

I'm sorry to hear about your grandfather.

LIZ

Basket weaving 101-

(a beat)

Next it'll be the men in white coats.

MICHAEL

That's not funny.

LIZ

I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

I did miss you a little.

LIZ

Really? Are you feeling Okay?

MICHAEL

I don't know what it is about you- I'm trying real hard to love you but you drive me crazy!

LIZ

Are you afraid of a little color? Better put on some sun-block if you don't want to get burned.

MICHAEL

I'll try to remember that.

LIZ

If you spend your whole life inside you'll substantially reduce the chances of ever getting burned.

MICHAEL

Living in a shadow of doubt...

LIZ

Sounds pretty lonely. I'll take the sunrise any day.

Liz and Michael keep their distance.

MICHAEL

I've got to run up to Miami and pick up my boy. It's my weekend with him. Do you want to join us for lunch when we get back?

LIZ

(trying on the hat)

As long as I don't have to wear this hat.

CUT TO:

INT.RESTAURANT-DAY

Liz, Michael and GEORGE (?), (Michael's son) enter Rock Harbor Marina restaurant. There are four or five SALTS sitting at the bar. All eyes are on the new-comers.

A strong breeze blows through the open doors, and you can hear the CLANGING from a few stickboats above Patsy Cline singing "Crazy" from the jukebox in the corner.

A dog walks along the dock outside with a football in his mouth, looking for attention.

Several cats lay around in the shade, with one brave kitten balancing on the edge of a boat, smelling the hooks on the fishing poles, looking for last night's bait.

The old salts stare at Liz like there was a storm warning.

MICHAEL

I love this place. It looks like nothing has changed here in forty years. I'll bet they make a great fish sandwich.

GEORGE

(bored)

Dad, can I go out and play?

LIZ

Just don't get too close to the edge-

GEORGE

Not like you, eh?

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA DAY

George goes outside to play and watch the mullet splashing near the dock. He wanders a little too close to the unlucky wooden boat, tied up to a nearby dock.

The dog barks at the wooden boat, as George throws the football near it. The football lands in the water.

Liz bored with the conversation follows George out to the water.

George leans over the dock and tries to get the football out of the water.

CUT TO:

RESUME INT. RESTAURANT-DAY

Michael is eavesdropping on a conversation between two SALTS.(40), both fugitives from last years carnival rides.

SALT # ONE

Here I am, no sight of land, it's cloudy, no stars, windy, and I'm

sayin' where the hell are ya?

WAITRESS

You be gone darlin'.

SALT # TWO

Gone with the wind.

SALT# ONE

Yeah, right. I got a twenty- nine dollar compass on the boat, going in circles, like the wind. I know it may look like I got only one oar in the water, but I ain't goin' in any circles.

SALT # TWO

Just remember the earth ain't flat.

WAITRESS

You talking about me again?

My brain is fried.

(a beat)

Blackened or broiled?

The waitress brings the food to the bar.

MICHAEL

Blackened.

Michael turns away from the bar to look for his son and Liz.

MICHAEL

George!
(a beat)
Liz?

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER-DAY

George's P.O.V. you see fish jumping in the water, just off the dock.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOORWAY-DAY

Michael exits towards docks.

MICHAEL

(nervous)
George!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY

CLOSE- a machete rises.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA-DAY

Michael is now frantic.

MICHAEL

(shouting)
George!!

You hear the CRACK of the machete

CUT TO:

EXT.-DAY

CLOSE as machete rises and falls several times.

MICHAEL

(O.S.)
George!!!

A conch horn BLOWS.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK-DAY

White with fear, Michael suddenly comes upon the scene.

CLOSE- George blows a conch sitting on the dock, next to an old white-bearded JAMAICAN (67). Liz is sitting next to them, holding a shell.

The old man is harmlessly cleaning the meat out of a conch shell.

George watches the Jamaican as he pulls the protein rod out from the shell's stomach and slurps it down.

The color slowly comes back to his face.

MICHAEL

(relieved)

George- I've been calling you. Your lunch is ready.

JAMAICAN

(heavy Jamaica accent)

This is what makes you a man.

He offers Michael and George a big bite of a fresh, ugly piece of conch.

GEORGE

Eewh...That's gross.

LIZ

Good for your love life, eh?

JAMAICAN

Mother ocean has always been good to me, man.

LIZ

Wo-man.

CLOSE- on three or four shells, glistening wet, tied together with a piece of string on the dock.

The color of the shells are breath-taking.

MICHAEL

You do know that conch is protected in these waters...

JAMAICAN

Where I come from, a man has to eat. The sea watches over me.

Big-up.

The Jamaican takes a big bite of conch, and picks up the machete to crack open another shell.

GEORGE

Can you show me how to do that?

MICHAEL

I don't think so.

You see the Jamaican take the machete and crack open another conch.

Little George BLOWS the conch horn.

LIZ

That sound gives me the creeps.

JAMAICAN

It is sometimes good. In my township in Jamaica, as a boy, I would blow that same horn into the hills, when the dark clouds were hanging low. We believed that the vibrations would SHAKE the rain down from the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. THUNDERHEAD-DAY

-PANORAMIC VIEW of a thunderhead off on the horizon.

CUT TO:

-RESUME EXT.DOCK-DAY

GEORGE

Cool!

Michael takes George by the hand.

JAMAICAN

Big up u-fi-get big up.

MICHAEL

What does that mean?

JAMAICAN

It means respect. But more. Big-em-up.

GEORGE

Big-Up.

Bob Marley's "Redemption Song" PLAYS on the juke box as Michael walks Liz and George back towards the restaurant.

GEORGE

Was that thing he was eating a boy or a girl?

LIZ

Ask your father.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT-DAY

Harry and Luke enter the restaurant. The local Salts glance up disinterestedly. They see Michael and Liz.

HARRY

What brings you two love birds to this fine dining establishment?

LIZ

(casually)

The breeze...I just love that ocean breeze.

Michael holds up a fork of fried fish.

MICHAEL

Grouper...therapy.

LUKE

You two are starting to get quite a reputation around town.

HARRY

And I don't like it.

MICHAEL

(to George)

Son, go out and play some more.

GEORGE

OK dad.

Little George leaves the marina restaurant. Michael turns to Harry-

MICHAEL

Are you enjoying life today? What's your problem? Have you had a bowel movement lately?

HARRY

Fuck you asshole!

LIZ

Really? Right here in front of God, the bad, and the ugly?

MICHAEL

If you were going to arrest me, you would have done it by now. Go sit in somebody else's corner. My plate is full.

HARRY

Fresh local seafood. Enjoy it while you can...

LIZ

Tell me detective, is the trial already over?

(a beat)

We never even got an invitation.

LUKE

Welcome to Rock Harbor.

MICHAEL

Is this a business lunch, or are you guys the entertainment?

HARRY

So, Elizabeth- have you mentioned to your honey anything about Doctor, Barret?

Michael looks at Liz in disbelief.

LUKE

It's a small, small town. Just thought we'd share that with you. And you didn't hear it from me.

HARRY

Have a nice day.

Luke looks at Michael's plate.

LUKE

Fish is a four letter word- don't let it leave a bad taste in your mouth.

Harry and Luke leave the restaurant. There is a storm brewing. You hear THUNDER and the WIND is picking up.

MICHAEL

(To Liz)

What were they talking about?

LIZ

When I first moved from L.A., I asked you what therapist you were seeing.

MICHAEL

And you went to see him?

(a beat)

You were seeing Dr. Collins the same time that I was? And my wife? Why didn't you tell me?

LIZ

You never asked.

MICHAEL

(nervous)

Now it all makes sense to me.

(a beat)

The leaks.

LIZ

What are you talking about?

MICHAEL

Every time I saw him, it was like he knew more about you than I cared to say. I never mentioned any names, I'd just say my girlfriend-

(a beat)

My wife would see her therapist and the two of them would talk- to try and glue the cracks between us.

(a beat)

And then along comes Liz. I could never figure it out. Now its all falling into place. I walked into his office one night, and he said "So, I understand there's been some changes in your life..."

(a beat)

He was talking about me leaving my wife to be with you.

(a beat)

You were the only one who knew that information.

Liz stares blankly at Michael.

MICHAEL

I challenged his source of information, and his professional ethics. He swore to me that he had not discussed my personal life with anyone. No one but you! You tell him, he tells me, he tells her...

LIZ

I did it for you.

MICHAEL

You're beginning to scare me. What else have you done for me?

LIZ

I love you Michael!

MICHAEL

You're not looking for a soul mate, you're looking for a cell mate.

LIZ

I should have told you. I'm sorry.

(a beat)

I did see your therapist but I didn't kill him.

MICHAEL

Well, that leaves me. Thanks for the alibi.

(a beat)

Alibis are almost as hard as good-byes.

LIZ

Well, I guess it worked. You took the bait-Hook, line and sinker. Can't you see they just want to create conflict between us? Mistrust? Those guys don't have a clue who we are.

MICHAEL

Do you? I've lived your lines- boy meets girl, falls desperately in love, shares his therapist, and her attorney- moves to the Keys to live his dreams, only to find himself a prime-time murder suspect!

(a beat)

So what's the hook?

LIZ

You need to learn to face your dreams.

MICHAEL

And live my fears!

LIZ

Are you harboring any other deep thoughts?

MICHAEL

(pissed)

You mean like how did I get rid of the body?

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Why don't you go see your new therapist-
or pull some runes- or go to your
chiropractor- or maybe some shiatsu... You
know, that natural high and dry crap-
Because there's something very sobering
about dealing with you on sea level.

LIZ

If you want to sink this relationship just
say the word.

A moment of silence.

LIZ

There's too much tension in your cheeks.
(a beat)
You need an adjustment- some cranial-
sacral work.

The show is over. Liz storms out of the restaurant. All the inhabitants of
the bar are sorry to see the entertainment go.

The waitress comes over to pick up the plates.

WAITRESS

Is that all she wrote?

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM-DAY

Harry is reading a book about shells, as Luke walks in. He tries to hide it.

LUKE

Michael Barret's attorney in Miami, the
one he's using for his divorce? I checked
with the clerk- it seems that six months
ago, Elizabeth used the same attorney for
her divorce! I read the transcripts from
the trial- Elizabeth practically threatened
the Judge! She lost it big time.

HARRY

The same attorney, the same dead
therapist, the same alibi-
(a beat)
Where's her ex. now?

LUKE

He went back to L.A. after the trial.

HARRY

Give him a call- see if you can dig up some dirt on his ex-wife Liz, while she was in the land of fruits and nuts. Maybe he has something to share with us.

CUT TO:

EXT.GROCERY STORE-NIGHT

Michael enters the grocery store. As he goes through the front door, suddenly the noise level drops to silence.

The CASHIER(20) turns and stares. A YOUNG MAN (19) stocking the shelves stops and peeks around the corner. The BUTCHER (30) behind the meat counter puts down his cleaver. Other PATRONS stand aside clearing a path for Michael. The BAGBOYS (16) are huddled near The front doors, whispering.

Michael pays no attention to them, he needs some alcohol.

An older MAN stands in a corner, holding a six-pack of beer, protecting it with both arms as if it were a baby.

Michael walks past him, and picks up two bottles of red wine and goes to the silent cashier.

The whispers are getting louder, the expression on the employees faces turn from fear to anger.

The tides have turned for the worst. Michael faces the beginning stages of a lynch mob.

He pays the cashier in silence, and is escorted out of the store by angry, chanting VOICES:

VOICES

(O.S.)

Murderer...Murderer!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Michael hurriedly heads towards his V.W. convertible.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a large, white Cadillac with no headlights appears, heading right for him at break-neck speed.

Michael freezes like a deer in it's tracks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CADILLAC-NIGHT

HIS P.O.V.-The STRANGER at the wheel.

CUT TO:

-RESUME-PARKING LOT-NIGHT

He dives out of the way just before impact.

Michael quickly locks his doors, looks up and sees the sky through his topless car and realizes that there is no safe harbor in a convertible.

He hurriedly starts to put the top up.

MICHAEL

(trying to get a grip)

Why am I running? What am I doing?

This is crazy!

He starts the car and leaves the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM-NIGHT

Luke reports back to Harry.

LUKE

Elizabeth Brennan, A.K.A. Elizabeth Jackson- divorced three months ago from Bruce Jackson.

(a beat)

No tales from this guy- Check this out- He died two months ago- accidental drowning.

HARRY

Accidental?

LUKE

He went on a dive trip to the Bahamas and never came back.

HARRY

Was she questioned?

LUKE

No crime, no suspect. The case is closed.

(a beat)

L.A.P.D. did speak to her- She told them she was with her therapist in Miami on the day in question.

HARRY

Jesus Christ!

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT-DAY

The STRANGER is at the wheel of a boat cruising at a good speed.

The camera pans back to reveal the rear of the boat and you see Liz stretched out in the aft of the boat. She is soaking up some rays.

They are in Biscayne Bay and you see the skyline of Miami.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY-SKYLINE

Liz's P.O.V.-Skyline of Miami.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAWALL-DAY

Michael sits on the seawall alone.

He calls Liz's beeper number, no response.

Helga the heron is no where in sight.

He rises to his feet and paces along the waters edge.

His portable phone rings.

MICHAEL

Hello-

CUT TO:

INT. MASSAGE ROOM-DAY

Liz lies on a massage table. A Masseur (25), gorgeous is pulverating her back.

LIZ

(into phone)

Hey...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAWALL-DAY

MICHAEL

(into phone)

First of all, I called to say maybe I'm the one who needs some professional help.

CUT TO:

INT. MASSAGE ROOM-DAY

LIZ

We do need to talk...

(a beat)

Why don't you meet me at my chiropractor's in about an hour and a half. I'm almost finished with my massage, next is my therapist, and on to the chiropractor.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAWALL-DAY

MICHAEL

Maybe I'll break down and see your
chiropractor. My lower back has been
bothering me.

CUT TO:

INT. MASSAGE ROOM-DAY

LIZ

Don't make me faint. I'll see you around
six.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY-DAY

Michael is in his V.W. bug, on his way to Miami, on the eighteen mile
stretch from Key Largo.

CUT TO:

-

EXT. PARKING LOT-DAY

Michael pulls into the chiropractor's parking lot next to Liz's car.

He walks by a white Cadillac with the unlucky wooden boat on a trailer
behind it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHIROPRACTOR'S BUILDING-DAY

Michael walks up to the entrance of the chiropractor's office building.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIGN-DAY

CLOSE- a sign by the door that reads "STOP AND SMELL THE ROSES."

There is a rose bush right next to the door.

CUT TO:

INT.-CHIROPRACTOR'S RECEPTION AREA-DAY

Michael enters the chiropractor's building. He glances skeptically at the pictures of Jesus, ying-yangs and other assorted religious paraphernalia, decorating the walls.

Michael is greeted by a chubby RECEPTIONIST(23).

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

MICHAEL

Yes, my girlfriend made an appointment for me to see Doctor Richards.

RECEPTIONIST

You must be Michael...we've heard a lot about you from Liz. She's been talking about bringing you in for quite awhile...

MICHAEL

It takes patience and perseverance to bring in a fish like me.

(a beat)

Is Liz here?

RECEPTIONIST

She's in with Dr. Richards now. You'll need to sign this waiver and have a consultation with the doctor, and most likely some X-rays. Have a seat in there-
(Points to open door)

The doctor will be with you shortly.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE-DAY

Michael enters the chiropractor's office.

His eyes wander around the room as he waits.

HIS P.O.V. Plaques and personal family photos hang on the walls.

CLOSE- a conch shell being used as a paper weight on the chiropractor's desk.

Michael picks up the shell, smiles and puts it to his ear to try and hear the ocean.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees a five by seven- inch framed photograph of two fishermen and a girl on a boat, presumably in the Florida Keys, sitting against the wall on the floor, hidden behind the desk.

Michael goes behind the desk and picks up the photograph.

He can't believe what he sees.

There is Liz, standing between two men with fishing poles. One of the men is his now-dead therapist, Dr. Richard Collins, and the other is the STRANGER Michael saw in church, and also the same person who tried to run him over.

Michael's eyes shift to other photos on the wall.

Liz's CHIROPRACTOR is the STRANGER.

Michael, waiting for the Chiropractor to come in at any moment, starts to leave, reconsiders, and steps back towards his desk and rifles through the drawers

HIS P.O.V. Michael pulls out an unlabeled file. As he opens it to reveal newspaper clippings with tide charts for Rock Harbor.

CLOSE- A clipping bearing the headline "MURDER IN ROCK HARBOR", and a torn snapshot of the dead therapist with his arm around Liz. The picture is torn in two, separating them.

His half of the torn photo is crumpled up.

He continues sorting through the files. He pauses at a clipping about Fred Knowles death, the ex-tenant whose body was found by the Marina.

(Also inside is a receipt for the wooden boat, left at Rock Harbor Marina just after the body was found.)

Michael senses real danger.

CUT TO:

INT. TREATMENT ROOM-DAY

Liz is lying face down on her stomach, alone with the Chiropractor.

RECEPTIONIST(O.S.)

(over intercom)

Doctor, There is a Michael Barret waiting
for you in your office.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE-DAY

Michael,s eyes widen.

MICHAEL

Shit!

CUT TO:

INT.-TREATMENT ROOM-DAY

CLOSE on the chiropractor's face.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE-DAY

Michael throws the framed photograph down and races out of the office,
in search of Liz.

CUT TO:

INT.-CHIROPRACTOR'S TREATMENT ROOM-DAY

Liz MOANS as the chiropractor sensually adjusts her buttocks and lower
back.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Michael runs down the hallway opening doors, frantically searching for
Liz.

CUT TO:

INT. TREATMENT ROOM-DAY

The chiropractor places his hands around Liz's neck.

His crotch rubs against her head as he begins to adjust her neck.

He gives it a hard twist. Liz GROANS.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Michael opens up another wrong door.

CUT TO:

INT. TREATMENT ROOM-DAY

The chiropractor twists Liz's neck in the other direction.

Liz GROANS loudly.

CHIROPRACTOR

How does that feel?

Liz groans appreciatively.

Michael enters the room like a cannonball.

MICHAEL

Take your hands off of her!

The chiropractor doesn't even look up.

CHIROPRACTOR

(calmly)

I could break her neck with one little
twist...

MICHAEL

But you wouldn't do that.

(a beat)

Would you?

CHIROPRACTOR

If you come any closer she'll be a vegetable.

(a beat)

(MORE)

CHIROPRACTOR (cont'd)

We were close friends- You know what I mean?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I know what you mean-

(a beat)

But not close enough. Why did you murder Doctor Collins?

The chiropractor tightens his hold on Liz's neck.

LIZ

(nervously)

Honey...

The chiropractor looks down at Liz.

CHIROPRACTOR

You see, my good therapist took a liking to your little roller coaster...

LIZ

(muffled)

We were friends- that's all!

CHIROPRACTOR

And good fishing buddies...

(a beat)

...until he wanted more, and he wouldn't give it up.

LIZ

(muffled)

What are you saying? He just invited me out on his boat!

CHIROPRACTOR

He was a sick man. Obsessed with a woman he could never have. He was in love with you.

(a beat)

He was a threat-

MICHAEL

So you killed him.

CHIROPRACTOR

In the army they taught me one thing. If
there is a threat, eliminate

it. I live by that rule.

MICHAEL

And others die by it. Liz is not in love with
you.

The chiropractor shifts his weight and menacingly rotates Liz's head.

CHIROPRACTOR

Take a deep, deep breath...

Michael lunges at the chiropractor.

The chiropractor's hands quickly leave Liz's neck, and suddenly wrap
around Michael's neck. Liz tries to help, but to no avail. The chiropractor
quickly twists Michael's neck.

Michael drops to the floor, unconscious.

CHIROPRACTOR

(to Liz)

You're coming with me. If you make one
sound, it will be your last-

(a beat)

Darling...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHIROPRACTOR'S PARKING LOT-DAY

The chiropractor drags Liz outside and throws her in the front seat of his
white Cadillac.

Attached to the car is a boat trailer, carrying the unlucky wooden boat.

CLOSE- the vanity plate reads: BONES

The Cadillac speeds off with Liz as hostage.

CUT TO:

INT. TREATMENT ROOM-DAY

Michael comes to, rubs his neck and finds himself alone. He jumps up, goes out the chiropractor's back door, looking for Liz.

HIS P.O.V. Liz's car is still in the parking lot, but there is an empty space where the Cadillac and boat trailer were.

He jumps in his V.W. bug convertible, and the speeds out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM-DAY

Harry and Luke are eating pizza by white candlelight.

HARRY

I went back to that psychic character of yours-

LUKE

I didn't know you liked blue crabs?

HARRY

Where'd you dig him up?

LUKE

The yellow pages.

HARRY

I drove all the way out to Card Sound, and all he said was one word to me.

(a beat)

Bones.

(a beat)

What do you think he meant?

LUKE

I'm not sure- bones...bones...

(a beat)

Read license plates! He told me to read license plates!

HARRY

Check with D.M.V. for a personalized tag.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-DAY

Michael sees the Cadillac in the distance.

He is passing cars at a high speed, and swerves narrowly avoiding a head-on collision with a tractor-trailer.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM-DAY

Luke gets on the computer, and pulls up the license plate BONES.

CLOSE on the tag information on the computer monitor.

LUKE

Here it is! Bones! A trailer tag registered to a Doctor Richards, chiropractor. Forty-four-O-eight Shelby Lane, South Miami.

HARRY

Bones-

(a beat)

You don't think Liz and Michael share the same chiropractor too?

Luke and Harry's eyes meet.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE CAR-DUSK

Luke and Harry spin away in their unmarked Dodge patrol car towards Miami, sirens BLARING.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-DUSK

Luke and Harry speed North on the eighteen mile stretch, which is surrounded by water, sirens SCREAMING.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC-DUSK

Liz looks back and sees Michael's car coming.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S V.W.-DUSK

Michael is at the wheel in hot pursuit weaving in and out of the oncoming traffic.

He is right behind the Cadillac with the boat trailer.

The rear tire on the boat trailer, BLOWS causing the Cadillac to swerve into the on-coming traffic.

Suddenly the trailer jack-knifes. Both the Cadillac and the trailer careen off the highway and roll into the water.

There are several CRASHES.

Michael SCREECHES safely to a halt and jumps out of his car.

The Cadillac is sinking.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-UNDERWATER

Liz frantically bangs at the window from the inside of the car, now quickly filling with salt water.

The chiropractor is slumped under the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER'S EDGE-DUSK

Michael takes a deep breath, and jumps in the water, as motorists start to gather.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER-DUSK

Michael swims under the water, grabs a rock from the ocean floor, smashes the window of the car and pulls Liz out.

They swim to the surface.

The chiropractor is left behind, in the Cadillac.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER'S SURFACE-DUSK

Liz and Michael come up from the water, gasping for air.

The wooden boat that was on the trailer, is now floating upside down.

Liz and Michael both grab on to the capsized boat and hang on for dear life.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-DUSK

Luke and Harry pull up to the accident scene, and see Liz and Michael clinging to the upside down boat, in the water.

Rescue divers, ambulances and paramedics arrive on the scene.

Luke sees the license plate BONES on the trailer, being pulled out of the water by a tow truck.

LUKE

There it is.

CUT TO:

EXT-HIGHWAY-LATER

Liz and Michael sit by the side of the road wrapped in blankets. PARAMEDICS look them over.

Harry checks on the body being pulled out of the wet Cadillac.

Luke approaches Liz and Michael.

MICHAEL

How did you find us?

LUKE

Bones.

(a beat)

The chiropractor's license plate.

Luke looks at Liz.

HARRY

Well, it looks like our chiropractor won't be doing any more bone fishing.

LUKE

Just like my boat-
(a beat)
sittin' dead in the water.

MICHAEL

Did you ever find the murder weapon?

HARRY

It never did surface.
(a beat)
Chiropractors-
(a beat)
I never did believe in them.

LUKE

I had this back problem that went on forever.
(a beat)
Then I went to this soul, very spiritual-
(a beat)
-a few adjustments later...

LIZ & MICHAEL

(in harmony)
Back to your bones.

LIZ

Honey, I love you.

MICHAEL

Does this mean we're off the hook?

HARRY

For now.

Harry slaps his neck.

HARRY
(slapping his neck)
God-Damned mosquitoes!

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAWALL-ROCK HARBOR-SUNSET

Liz and Michael walk towards the seawall.

The unlucky wooden boat is tied up at their dock.

MICHAEL
I have a surprise for you...

Liz sees the boat, and is delighted.

LIZ
Honey? For me?

MICHAEL
Well you know me, Captain sittin on the
dock of the bay- I couldn't pass up a good
deal.
(a beat)
I bought it at the annual Sherriff's auction.
Ain't she cute?

LIZ
What's the occasion?

MICHAEL
The parting of the waves- go ahead, jump
right in with both feet.

Michael's P.O.V. Liz steps into the boat. A conch shell is in the corner
inside the boat.

The shell has been cut at the top to make a conch horn. It is cracked on
the side, with a piece of shell missing from it.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT

CLOSE on a bloody conch shell violently SMASHING up and down, several times.

CUT TO:

RESUME EXT. SEAWALL-SUNSET

LIZ

Come on, let's try her out!

There's gonna be a full tide and a high moon tonight!

MICHAEL

No thanks. I'm superstitious-

(a beat)

I always sit out the first dance.

(a beat)

Where ya headed?

Michael slaps a mosquito on his neck.

Liz starts to row the wooden boat.

LIZ

Just out to mosquito reef. It's not far.

(a beat)

I thought Michael rowed the boat ashore...

MICHAEL

I still love you.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT-WATER-SUNSET

PANORAMIC VIEW of a beautiful sunset.

Michael's figure is silhouetted on the seawall.

Liz and the boat are now in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT-WATER-SUNSET

Liz puts down the oars, lights up a joint and steps to the bow posing like George Washington crossing the Potomac.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHELL-DAY

CLOSE on the cracked shell inside the boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT-SUNSET

CLOSE- The words LA PACHANGA are painted on the wooden boat's transom.

The wooden boat starts to ROCK.

Billy Joel's "THE STRANGER" whistles.

CUT TO:

-RESUME EXT. PANORAMA SUNSET

Helga the heron flies from the seawall.

The Heron SQUAWKS as though to warn of danger.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAWALL SUNSET

Michael turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT SUNSET

The boat is now rocking violently, as Liz begins to lose her balance.

FADE TO BLACK

A CONCH HORN BLOWS.

THE END

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-