EYES OF POSEIDON

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**Overboard (definition)**

O·ver·board – *adverb*

1. Over the side of a ship or boat.
2. To go to extremes, as in deeds or behavior.

(Translated from the *Russian-Volga Dictionary*, 1993)

“OVERBOARD”

fade in: PITCH BLACK

SUPER: THE END

As if truly *The End*. Audible is the ROAR of rushing water.

ext. balcony overlooking the blackness - night

A MAN stands outstretched, balanced on a RAILING looking out at the SEA. He wavers, unstable. His SHOES SQUEAK, patent leather scuffing the rail. He grasps a bulkhead above, his fingers slip.

zach

Shit!

ZACH CARSON (30s) pants in near panic in a rented tux. Facing out, he kicks off his shoes. One topples into the cabin, the other falls overboard. He looks down to see it twirl SIXTY FEET, vanishing within churning foam.

zach (v.o.)

*Jesus...* My God...

He turns away, a last glance into his cabin. An emotive exhale.

int. cruise ship cabin – continuous

A SUITE. A king bed, an open balcony, drapes blowing. Island MUSIC from the TV that declares “2:26 A.M. - Fourth of July Celebration Tomorrow!”

Zach glances across the unmade bed covered with a tropical dress, bras. On a bedside is an 8 X 10 tourist PHOTO of Zach and a PRETTY BRUNETTE with giant cocktails. Kissing, in love.

A TRAVEL FRAME beside it shows a cute BABY BOY held by the same lady, well-dressed, in a BEAUTIFUL HOME. He exhales.

zach (v.o.)

How can I do this?

On the floor are PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES and empty mini BOTTLES of LIQUOR. He squeezes his eyes closed and almost cries –but stops. With ROLLING WAVES, he regains his balance and faces the sea.

zach (v.o.)

No time for doubt. Not now.

ext. balcony – continuous

Zach inches his feet apart. Despite ten-foot seas, he gazes out, staunch. He takes three deep breaths, pauses and then steps forward into the chasm. No sound, no plea for help. Gone.

Nothing but the rush of foam below and the pitch-black night.

ext. “majestic azure” cruise ship – night

SUPER: 163 NAUTICAL MILES EAST OF MIAMI

The illuminated ship already seems a mile away. The unforgiving blackness churns in its wake.

FADE OUT.

super: eighteen months earlier

ext. matoon, indiana – day

Small-town Midwest. Fat folks wave as cars chug by a SIGN for “MATOON, INDIANA, Pop. 56,700.” A church next to an adult shop; Cracker Barrel next to a diabetic clinic. Foreclosure signs.

A one-story 70s-era STRIP MALL has a sign, “Matoon Wellness Center.” Small print adds, “Zachary Carson, Chiropractor.”

ext. matoon wellness center – dusk

Zach Carson, in Walmart khakis and a lab coat, EXITS his shop to lock the door. A portly yokel, JEB, in flannel approaches.

jeb

Closing for the weekend, Dr. Carson?

Zach looks at his watch, needs to dash.

zach

Please call me Zach –I’ve been your tenant for five years.

jeb

Speakin’ of... Sally next door’s goin’ belly-up. Two storefronts might look pretty fancy...

zach

Interesting proposition. I’ll run it by my marketing team.

Jeb bursts out laughing.

jeb

Marketing? It’s just you and Katie!

zach

Exactly. I should get going or sixty-nine will be a nightmare.

jeb

Romantic vacation to Indy for you and your bride?

Zach shouts as he hustles to his ten-year old Camry.

zach

I wish. Chiro conference in Bloomington.

int. zach’s camry – night

It’s growing dark. Zach’s on his CELL, trapped in traffic.

zach

...the same 200 people as last year. Same social mixer, the same one-uppers. You’re not missing a thing.

int. carson home – night

KATIE CARSON (30s) is the epitome of cute. She’s on the phone with Zach, curled on the couch with a book and a glass of wine.

katie

You trying to convince me? Stuck with 200 chiropractors sounds like hell –no offense.

She takes a sip. She’d rather get to her book.

katie (cont’d)

Seriously: I saw the agenda. Take good notes on the new billing codes.

BACK TO: ZACH – CONTINUOUS

He pauses with a grimace at the traffic ahead.

zach

Snow. Crap. I calculated exactly two hours. Even with variances, I’d be in my room at 8:30 sharp.

katie (v.o.)

Life doesn’t always work that way.

zach

With enough planning it can. Love you.

ext. zach’s camry – night

Zach enters BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA, a larger Midwestern Mecca. Buildings are a story taller, more chain restaurants. It’s ICY.

EXT. BLOOMINGTON REGENCY TOWER - NIGHT

He pulls into the parking lot for the circular REGENCY TOWER, a hotel that was futuristic in 1977. A SIGN reads: “Welcome Midwest Chiropractic Association.”

He must park fifty yards from the ENTRANCE. He exits wearing a cheap stuffed coat for the icy weather. He pulls a suitcase.

He carefully navigates around PATCHES OF ICE. He makes his way around other attendees’ PORSCHES and MERCEDES, obnoxiously parked right up front. He wistfully admires them.

int. regency tower hotel – night

Zach enters the tacky-tropical LOBBY. ATTENDEES are wearing suits, shaking each other’s hands with shit-eating grins. Some pause to see Zach enter –then dismiss him.

Zach has zero interest in these people.

He enters a CHECK-IN LINE. A TANNED MAN (50s) in a blazer and a Rolex ENTERS behind him, then a WOMAN with slick hair and a scowl. They irritably inch forward, their bags bumping Zach to move along.

Zach sees a sign on the DESK: “Use of debit cards will require an additional hold.” He flinches as his CELL RINGS. He answers.

zach

Hi honey. I just got--

katie (v.o.)

--The card didn’t work.

He turns away from the crowd and lowers his voice.

zach

What card?

int. katie’s car – night

She’s parked in a GROCERY STORE parking lot. Not so cute.

katie

The Visa! You said it had $70.00 on it! I am so embarrassed!

back to zach – continuous

A DESK CLERK with bad make-up shouts at Zach.

desk clerk

Next! Checking in sir?

The tanned man and the short-haired woman behind Zach groan for him to move along. Zach lowers the phone and shuffles forward.

zach (to the clerk)

Hello. Carson, Zachary Carson.

He slides the phone back as the woman pecks on the keyboard.

zach (into phone)

Wednesday it had $71.42 available.

katie (v.o.)

A billing cycle kicked-in. It has $17.00 on it now.

The loud clerk interjects.

desk clerk

--Photo ID and major credit card, sir.

Zach fumbles to hand over his card, continuing to Katie.

zach (into phone)

How’d you pay?

desk clerk (interrupts)

--Sir, don’t you have a major card? Debits require an additional hold.

The man and woman behind Zach huff.

zach

It’s fine, it’s my...corporate card.

back to katie – continuous

Katie’s annoyed at him multitasking.

katie

You there? I still had to pay. I’m bringing mom dinner. I used our debit--

Back to zach – continuous

desk clerk

--This card says declined, Mr. Carson. Another form of payment, sir?

short-haired woman

Jesus...

The tan man sighs and gives a mock look of compassion. Zach clears his throat and meekly mumbles.

zach

Sorry, an error -I’ll call my bank.

back to: katie – continuous

Oblivious, she’s still speaking.

katie

You should have enough. The meeting includes breakfast both days -right?

back to zach – continuous

It’s a struggle to exit cool. The others scowl for holding things up. Katie’s voice faintly emanates from his phone.

katie (v.o.)

Have fun at the conference..!

ext. regency tower parking lot – continuous

Zach drags his bag behind him. As he passes a GORGEOUS LADY exiting her Land Rover, he WIPES-OUT on the ice. She reacts.

well-dressed lady

Are you okay? Can I help?

Mortified, he waves her off. He attempts to stand on the ice. Stained, he hobbles the remaining distance to his car.

int. zach’s camry – seconds later

Meticulous planning, shot to shit. He opens his wallet, sighs.

ext. zach’s camry – streets of bloomington – night

The town grows more urban as he drives. A BUDGETEL brags, “Rooms $49.00 Cable TV!” His car swerves across two lanes to pull in.

int. motel room – night

Zach’s in bed, lying on his back staring straight up. He’s speaking on his phone like a monologue.

zach

Thirty-two years old. Seven years out of chiro school. I should be in a Ritz Carlton in Hawaii.

Zach’s POV: above him on the CEILING is a WATER STAIN that looks like piss, the circumference of a garbage can lid.

katie (v.o.)

The other attendees have it better?

zach

The other attendees are finishing pretentious steaks paid for by vendors’ infinite expense accounts. My dinner?

He turns to his bedside table.

zach (cont’d)

Microwave bean burrito and Funyons.

(beat)

Babe, why’d we pick Matoon, Indiana?

katie (v.o.)

It was our decision. Easier to pay your loans than from a high-rent city with a million other chiros. It won’t be like this forever.

A pause. The water stain. It had better not be forever.

ext. regency tower – day

Zach’s the first to arrive. In his best suit and a briefcase.

int. regency conference cenTER – day

Zach approaches tables distributing conference materials. He smiles at a pretty VOLUNTEER.

zach

Good morning. *Doctor* Zachary Carson...

 (leans in)

I understand there’s a complimentary breakfast...uh...included..?

INT. CONFERENCE BALLROOM – MOMENTS LATER

A wide smile as Zach fills a cup with (free) coffee. He juggles his briefcase and a heaping plate of food to a rear table.

He notices the room has other CHIROS trickling in. They slap each other’s backs and laugh. Pretentious and full of crap.

He sits far away. He opens his laptop. Perfect-but peeking over his laptop, he spots the TANNED MAN with the Rolex from check-in. The man scans the room -then gazes directly at Zach.

zach (v.o.)

Shit!

The man (50s) in a fine beige suit and jewelry, approaches.

tan man

Seat taken?

zach

Not at all. Please.

Zach pretends to be diligently working. Lingering humiliation.

tan man

We were in line together last night.

Zach winces.

zach

Is that right?

The man smiles knowingly. Takes an unhurried sip of coffee.

tan man

Debit rules. Not too customer-friendly.

Zach halts mid-sip, wary.

tan man (cont’d)

Where do you practice?

zach

Matoon. Just south of Fort Wayne.

tan man

*Ma-toon...*Ah yes. I understand it’s hard to make a buck in this state.

Zach’s downright irritated with the golden man.

zach

I’m very happy with my practice.

tan man

I left Indiana a long time ago.

zach

Then why are you here?

tan man

I’m a presenter. “The New Gold Rush.” Incredible financial opportunities with specialized marketing tactics.

His white teeth crunch into a bagel. Zach pauses to recalibrate.

zach

What state are you from?

The man blots his lips and flashes a smile.

tan man

Sunny Florida.

 (leans in)

What if I told you your annual income could triple –in your first month?

Zach freezes, a complete loss for words.

tan man (cont’d)

No more icy roads, ever again.

A corner of Zach’s mouth grins. The man offers a jeweled hand.

tan man (cont’d)

Dr. Rolando Pierce. Call me ROLLY.

int. ballroom – day

Lunch is served to hundreds of ATTENDEES. Zach scans the room to see Rolly at a table surrounded by YOUNG CHIROS, engrossed by whatever he’s telling them. Zach frowns –is it jealousy?

int. hotel conference room – day

Zach enters a VACANT ROOM. A sign confirms: “The New Gold Rush - Dr. Rolando Pierce, DC.” He takes a seat in front. Time blurs as the room fills. The lights DIM and a SCREEN illuminates, “Vast Oro Consultants.” A VOICE gives a lame intro.

introduction (o.s.)

We have with us today Dr. Rolando Pierce from *Vast* *Oro Consultants*, to discuss new, unique opportunities. Welcome Dr. Pierce.

Rolly enters the stage to just a smattering of APPLAUSE. Elder CHIROS in the crowd snicker as if they’ve heard it all. Rolly smiles with Vast Oro’s logo emblazoned behind him.

 rolly

What if I told you -in very desirable states- there’s $10,000, per accident, automatically payable to you?

A heckler shouts.

dr. heckler

$10,000 max for an accident? No thanks.

Rolly patiently smiles as the man chuckles to his pals.

rolly

$10,000 per person. I had patients from one accident, seven men in a Corolla. That one loss tendered $70,000 within fifteen days. That was one case out of hundreds.Hence, “The New Gold Rush.”

Zach scribbles notes. A MONTAGE of SLIDES and sound bites.

rolly (cont’d)

With Florida’s fruitful legal environment and the wonderful guidance by Vast Oro’s experts, my income has quadrupled in four years.

The crowd grows intent. A slide shows COLOR-CODED STATES including FLORIDA, MICHIGAN, NEW JERSEY, NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA.

rolly

The highest-grossing states for chiropractors.

The graphic zooms-in on Florida.

rolly (cont’d)

It’s no coincidence Vast Oro operates in the *warmest* of those states. Helping with parts of the job you *don’t* need to do: billing, marketing, locating patients.

The slide changes to a glass tower reflecting in water with the marble and gold logo for “Vast Oro Consultants.”

rolly (cont’d)

Imagine a vast (wink) network of experts on your side. Chiros –as a field of health care professionals- are no longer unrepresented*.*

int. zach’s car – dusk

Zach drives, on the phone, eager.

zach

The only marketing we’ve done is the Yellow Pages –who uses Yellow Pages?

katie (v.o.)

All I’m saying is, check them out. There are no guaranteed get-rich--

zach (interrupts)

--I can see it like a flow chart: they help get referrals; how to bill to maximize benefits. It’s a win-win.

Katie scolds, maternal.

katie (v.o.)

Zach: you’re the most creative researcher I know. Just check out those claims. See if they’re accurate.

int. hotel hallway - regency tower – night

Rolly approaches his room’s door. He seems different; his smile’s gone, his glow’s tarnished.

int. rolly’s suite – continuous

Rolly tosses his jacket on a bed. Pours whiskey from a plastic bottle. He removes his Rolex and drops it in a stainless CARRYING CASE holding tangled watches –certainly counterfeits.

With the case at his side, he props up on pillows. He hesitantly dials a number on his PHONE. After a series of TONES, a RUSSIAN-accented VOICE answers.

man (v.o.)

What do you have for me?

Rolly shrugs, listless.

rolly

The room had two hundred people. The weather’s shitty, so I don’t--

man (v.o. interrupts)

--What do you have!?

rolly

I dunno, MR. TOVAR! A dozen maybe. What is my balance with you people?

tovar (v.o.)

Four. To fill your slack. Your habits cost us. Your country has no lenience for your... *per-ver-sions.*

Rolly squeezes his eyes shut.

rolly

Four bites or four placements?

tovar (v.o.)

Full assignments, idiot! Or your mama will see images of the boys that would have gotten you *elec-tro-cu-ted!*

Rolly’s tension palpably doubles.

tovar (cont’d)

So, you sick fuck, get to your next seminar in...Peoria!

Rolly flinches as Tovar abruptly HANGS UP.

Emotional, he opens the case. From under the jewelry, he lifts a GLOCK. He stands to slide the MATTRESS aside. He rips through the thin top of the BOX SPRING –the box is HOLLOW.

Holding the mattress UP with one hand, Rolly CLIMBS INTO the box spring and RECLINES. From inside, he holds the wavering mattress over his head like a tent.

He inserts the gun’s barrel into his mouth. His quaking hand makes the barrel RATTLE HIS TEETH. With a concise BANG, BLOOD SPATTERS the bottom of the mattress. It FALLS to cover his mess, concealed inside the box spring. No sign of anything amiss.

int. starbucks – night

Zach’s huddled over his laptop. CROWDS come and go as he focuses on his screen, researching with the proficiency of a hacker.

ONSCREEN: The U.S. BUREAU OF LABOR “Annual wage for chiropractors, Matoon: $45,700.” “National Average In Florida: $90,500.” His eyes bug when he sees “Miami Average: $221,000.”

“Top five states for chiropractic income: Florida, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania.” Zach’s finger traces its way south of the others to sunny Florida. Zach smiles.

int. zach’s car – night

Despite the gloom and snow, he’s excited on his cell.

zach

We’re young enough to start over. No kids. We can make $20,000 easily on our townhouse. Those old quacks are just bitter they can’t do the same.

He sees a BILLBOARD of an ISLAND RESORT saying “JUST ESCAPE…”

katie (v.o.)

Please drive safe. We need to do this for the right reasons--

Zach SKIDS to a STOP as traffic halts. On the side of the road a WARNING SIGN flashes “HIGHWAY 37 CLOSED DUE TO ICE.”

zach

Here’s one big reason. Katie: I can’t see any possible down side.

EXT. ZACH’S HALTED CAR – NIGHT

FADE OUT as snow swirls in the blackness.

ext. “majestic azure” cruise ship – night

The swirling blackness is water churning in the ship’s wake.

SUPER: EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER

THE MAJESTIC AZURE - 170 NAUTICAL MILES EAST OF MIAMI

int. ship’s corridor – night

Katie Carson, despite a posh cocktail dress, is disheveled. She holds her pumps in one hand and BEATS the door with the other.

katie

Open up! I can’t find my key!

She huffs then digs in her purse for a key. She shouts:

katie

Did you pass out?

Katie finally opens the door.

int. carson cabin – continuous

katie (cont’d)

You’re gonna’ have a migraine the size-

She stops. The slider’s open, drapes blowing like ghosts. She winces at overturned tequila on the carpet. Beside it a prescription bottle. She lifts it: PROZAC. Katie frowns, confused. She sees the closed BATHROOM DOOR. She shouts:

katie

When were you given antidepress--

She opens the door –he’s not there. She spins, rushes to the balcony. She sees one DRESS SHOE on the deck. She peers overboard. Nothing. She discerns the RAILING, black SCUFF MARKS, eighteen inches apart. She notices the shoe’s black sole.

Katie clutches the bedside phone, on the verge of panic.

katie

Carson, suite 7866. I think my husband fell overboard!

INT. hall outside of carson cabin – night

A leather-skinned SECURITY OFFICER of some eastern European descent takes notes. He’s stoic, unhurried with her assertion.

security officer

Our *pro-to-col* begins with paging the missing person every twenty minutes.

Katie’s drained of vanity, wiping snot from her nose.

katie

I think he’s out there –can’t you call a Coast Guard or some…authority?

security officer

Did you witness him jump?

She recoils, frustrated.

katie

No! I showed you those scuff marks.

security officer

*Mari-time* authorities are alerted if our onboard search is *un-success-ful*.

katie

How long will that take?!

Security officer (shrugs)

6,000 passengers on sixteen decks... Perhaps two hours or so--

She interrupts, angry at their lack of haste.

katie

--How fast is this ship?

security officer

Average...twenty-one knots, *eh*, about twenty-four miles per hour--

katie

--Two hours means fifty more miles! What are your procedures to find my husband?

ext. deck of majestic azure – night

A uniformed CREWMAN shouts into a radio.

crewman

Oscar! Repeat: Oscar, Oscar!

The code ECHOES through the P.A. The ship churns to a STOP.

int. ship’s bridge – night

The seasoned Master CAPTAIN’s face glows from the controls.

captain

Williamson turn. Sixty degrees.

He exhales. This is not convenient. A FIRST MATE approaches.

first mate

Cap’n, the wife first noticed just after 03:00. It’s almost 05:00...

The captain squints at a WEATHER RADAR.

first mate (cont’d)

Air Station Miami is 183 miles. He’d have to survive another hour.

The captain shakes his head, it’s not good.

captain

Make the call.

ext. skies over atlantic – night

DUSK breaches the horizon. A COAST GUARD C-130 TURBOPROP and a MH-60 JAYHAWK HELICOPTER flies east. Only open sea before them.

int. carson cabin – night

Katie’s on the floor, tidying with nervous energy. At the door is the security officer and a SECOND OFFICER, whispering.

In a drawer she finds a NOTE. Puzzled, she opens it. It’s HANDWRITTEN. Her hands quake, fearing what it could be. She reads:

zach (v.o.)

Katie,

Since that first rainy morning we met in Analytical Research, I wanted to be with you. I promised to protect you and love you forever. As you move on in this world, I’ll be waiting for you in the next with open arms.

Love always,

Zach

CLOSE ON: the handwritten note – day

But it’s held by an austere NORDIC WOMAN. She lowers the note.

int. ship’s inner chamber – continuous

The woman, OFFICER EKLUND, sits across from Katie in a windowless cabin with stark bulkheads. Katie cowers in a sweater, chilled.

eklund

You agree this is a suicide note?

Katie wells-up at those words. Fingers through her hair.

katie

I don’t know. He’s never done--

She looks up as a hanging light sways.

katie (cont’d)

--Why are we turning again?

eklund

We are resuming our course--

katie (interrupts)

--But Zach’s still out there!

eklund

Your Coast Guard now has the search. We must resume our itinerary.

Eklund looks down stoically at notes.

eklund (cont’d)

Had Zachary gotten into any altercations on this voyage?

Katie blows her nose

katie

No. He isn’t like that.

eklund

Was your husband experiencing any financial hardships? Gambling perhaps?

katie

No. Business has been unbelievable.

Eklund jots this information.

eklund

Had he recently been diagnosed with any serious illnesses?

katie

No. He even had a recent check-up for a Life policy. He’s completely healthy.

Eklund perks up.

eklund

Life insurance policy?

Katie halts, realizing how it sounds.

katie

Certain insurance was required with his new businesses.

The gypsy security officer enters. He hands Eklund a note. He looks at Katie and exits. Eklund scans the message.

eklund

According to your dining server, you and your husband had a heated… fightbefore his disappearance. How long was that before he allegedly…fell?

Katie half-stands, shouting, incensed.

katie

A verbalfight! A private spousal disagreement! Look at me –I’m a hundred and fifteen pounds, you think I threw him overboard!

Eklund seems amused at her outburst, aloof.

eklund

I am simply trying to ascertain the last person to see Zachary on the ship.

Katie sits back down, depleted, crying.

katie

We never had physical fights! He just...drank a little too much.

eklund

Fair to say you consumed alcohol during the evening as well?

Katie pauses, sensing a trap.

katie

Yes! I consumed alcohol. It’s a cruise; I’m an adult, on vacation!

eklund

I am confirming witness statements. From the dining room, the casino--

katie (interrupts)

--Give me his note! I want it back!

eklund

It is now evidence. I will deliver you a copy.

 (leans forward)

Please, Mrs. Carson, can you think of *any* motive for your husband to do this?

Katie slowly shakes her head, gazing up into space.

ext. skies over the atlantic – night

The two Coast Guard aircraft, fleeing another auburn DAWN.

c-130 pilot (V.O.)

We are at twenty-four hours. Search has been terminated. Over.

FADE OUT.

ext. miami international airport – day

super: fifteen months earlier

Zach and Katie EXIT doors to smile in awe at towering palms.

int. miami cab – day

Katie and Zach sit in a CAB. Dodgy LITTLE HAVANA outside. Zach rifles through his printed research. Katie looks outside.

katie

“Little Havana” sounded more romantic on the maps.

Surroundings rush by: OLDER BUILDINGS, bars in their windows. A cement sprawl with lots of day-glow and Spanish signage.

zach

We can get 800 square feet for $1,600 bucks. A “starter location.”

ext. little havana strip mall – day

The one-story STRIP MALL is clean but almost third-world. Katie remains close at Zach’s side. They absorb the area, fascinated.

Katie

Look -a whole family of roosters!

zach

I want to show you something.

He pulls her to a CAFÉ’S walk-up COUNTER. A pretty LATINA smiles, awaiting his order. He seems cool with passable SPANISH.

zach (cont’d)

*Uno colada, por favor...Dos copas.*

Katie’s eyes bug, impressed. The girl grins and hands them two small cups of Cuban coffee. He toasts Katie with a wink.

katie

How’d you know that?

zach

YouTube even teaches pronunciation.

They sit at an outdoor CAFÉ TABLE with their coffees.

zach

The landlord should be here at 2:00. I think it was an old dental office.

katie

How’d you find this one?

Zach grins, relishing his coup.

zach

I called Vast Oro for my “no-obligation” marketing session. She found three places that fit our budget.

 (leans in with a smirk)

I simply saved the addresses and conducted my own property searches. I cut out the middle man.

Katie frowns to consider his tactic.

katie

Wasn’t our whole plan initiated by the services of these Vast Oro people?

zach

You saw the income comparisons. That information is fact regardless of Vast Oro’s “services.”

He mocks “services.” Katie seems unsold.

zach (cont’d)

We’ve operated a clinic for seven years. Why pay a slice to a third party?

int. vacant storefront – day

A burley bald man, UGO, opens the door for Katie and Zach. She’s hesitant. Zach crosses his arms and nods at the empty space.

zach

Same square footage as back home...

The bare and dank room has trash strewn and marred walls.

ugo (russian accent)

$1,600. First, last, *secure-ity*.

The large tank-topped guy lifts a finger.

ugo (cont’d)

One year contract.

int. cab – day

Katie’s clearly irritated, animated, next to Zach.

Katie

That’s a commitment! Twelve months –*there?* I thought we were looking--

zach (interrupts)

--That’s what deposits are for. If we fail for some farfetched reason that’s the most we lose. It’s not like he’d break our legs.

She cuts him a glare that invites no debate.

zach (to cab driver)

Sir, can you take A1A along the beach?

ext. beachfront ave, miami beach - dusk

Their cab cruises south along Miami’s exciting SOUTH BEACH. Neon and ART DECO HOTELS. Beautiful people and a pastel dusk.

int. cab – continuous

Katie’s eyes gaze up along their drive like a child at Disney.

katie

That’s the Fontainebleau! From the music awards -and Scarface!

Zach grins. At a stop, sexy PEOPLE in bathing suits brush by with EXOTIC MUSIC from a CAFÉ. The place is happy and vibrant.

zach

And it’s only February.

Katie looks at him and finally...smiles.

ext. latin café – night

At the strip mall café, Ugo sits with a CELL and a cigarette.

ugo (into phone)

Name is *Zach-a-ry Car-son.*

int. high-tech office – concurrent

On the phone is AURORA (25) a raven-haired beauty, looks like Wonder Woman. She slides on trendy glasses to check her MONITOR.

aurora

The name sounds *very* familiar... You’re on 27th Ave and *Calle Ocho*?

BACK TO: UGO

ugo

*Da.* One of my shitholes. He pay first month cash.

aurora (v.o.)

Here it is -that IS my territory. He called US. YOU need to fix that.

Ugo blows cigarette smoke, indignant.

ugo

Aurora: he is mine. He come to me.

BACK TO: AURORA

She licks her red lips like an incensed lioness.

aurora

That’s not how it works, Ugo. Perhaps Mr. Tovar needs to visit?

A pause.

Ugo (v.o.)

No. No need to send Mr. Tovar.

ext. miami- downtown – day

On the fringe of the city is an ABANDONED HIGH-RISE. The upper floors are unfinished without glass. A GHOST BUILDING.

FENCES around the building have aged SIGNS: “Risk of Injury Due To Chinese Drywall; No Trespassing; Health Hazard...”

int. ghost building, 52nd floor – day

Steps from a construction ELEVATOR, plastic tarps blow in vacant windows. Walls are incomplete METAL STUDS.

A shirtless BRUISED MAN is spread upright, CUFFED to studs. His eyes BUG and he SCREAMS through a GAG as TOR approaches.

Tor is wiry, bald and riddled with PRISON TATTOOS. His nose is skeletal SCAR TISSUE. His JAW is held in place with a SLING.

tor (russian, subtitles)

Too stupid for one job?

He wipes drool from his mouth. The floor’s stained with piss, blood and grit. He rips the gag from the bawling man’s mouth.

bruised man (subtitles)

GENERAL TOR, the intersection had no cameras! I checked!

Tor moves in his face. He looks like a nightmarish skull. He speaks in clipped sentences as he must WIPE his impaired chin.

tor (subtitles)

What about fucking McDonalds? Exxon? Walgreens? At SAME crossing?

He jams a finger entirely up the man’s nose. The man WAILS.

tor (subtitles)

Three videos for police! Your fucking tow truck. Placing the cars!

 (twists his finger)

MY men; arrested for staging; accident!

Tor pauses as a CELL RINGS. He turns to a filthy TOOL BENCH. He lifts one PHONE, it’s not it. He tries another; answers it.

tor

*Da*

As he listens, he tests a grimy POWER DRILL.

russian (v.o.)

We have a freelancer. A compatriot.

tor (subtitles)

I do not execute countrymen.

russian (v.o. subtitles)

I don’t care “what” you do to him. As long as he halts.

Tor installs a DRILL BIT used to saw THREE-INCH HOLES.

tor (subtitles)

Who?

russian (v.o. subtitles)

The fat shit slumlord, Ugo.

Tor closes the phone and tosses it. He returns to his captive.

tor (subtitles)

The local children. Talk of this building. Legends of rats the size of hounds. I will permit you to survive. If you show them rat bites.

Tor REVS the drill and PLUNGES the THREE-INCH wide BIT into the man’s torso, sawing circular CHUNKS OF FLESH. Tor laughs as the man SHRIEKS. Tor repeatedly DRILLS “BITES” in the man’s skin.

montage: matoon, indiana - day

Katie gives a tight hug to her MOTHER (70s.) She and Zach pack a U-Haul trailer. They drive away, their town in the rearview.

montage: cross-country, multiple

They take turns driving through the blue grass of KENTUCKY; the gridlock of ATLANTA; the orange groves of “Welcome to Florida.”

EXT. MIAMI “EXTENDED-STAY” LODGE – NIGHT

Their Camry pulls into the lodge in a congested suburban area.

int. “extended-stay” hotel room – night

In bed, Zach pours a bottle of beer into two Solo cups. He and Katie toast -mission accomplished- and romantically embrace.

int. carson clinic – day

The clinic’s shaping-up. Zach and Katie paint and hang pictures.

Katie bends to open a can of PAINT. The fumes make her wince, then NAUSEA. She peeks for Zach –then dashes for the BATHROOM. She emerges from the tiny bathroom, pale. She SHOUTS:

katie

I’m going next door for a Gatorade.

She swiftly exits. Zach’s shout is too late.

zach (o.s.)

I brought a cooler with drinks!

ext. strip mall “pharmacia” – moments later

In a neighboring shop, Katie enters a tiny Cuban PHARMACIA.

int. pharmacia – continuous

In the cluttered shop, she timidly asks a MAN in a lab coat:

katie

*Como se dice*... pregnancy test..?

int. carson clinic – day

Katie –NOW DEADPAN- stands over Zach, who’s oblivious. He’s excitedly showing her areas circled on a MAP.

zach

I’ve been researching apartment affordability. Areas come into range the farther we get from the beach*--*

He looks up to notice her odd expression.

zach (cont’d)

--What’s wrong? We’ll still do our Christmas picture on the beach.

She gives a distraught grin at her monkey wrench in his plan.

ext. carson clinic parking lot – day

Zach’s a nervous mess as Ugo looms over him with a cigarette.

zach (stammering)

Yep, we’re going to have a baby. Our first. Incentive to succeed –right?

After a puff –ironically- Ugo seems happy.

ugo

I am proud for you. I say *Pazdravliayu!*

He then morphs back to subtle menace.

ugo (cont’d)

You need medical equipment, soon.

zach

Katie’s been reviewing some bids--

Ugo halts him with a hand on his shoulder.

ugo

--My cousin rent to you. Best price.

Zach locks eyes with him. There’s no debate.

ugo (cont’d)

Good for us both that you triumph. You owe rent in twelve days. Cash.

ZACH flinches as a MASERATI PULLS IN. The window lowers with throbbing EDM. A MAN with white shades SHOUTS in RUSSIAN to Ugo.

ugo

My cousin PAVEL. To show equipment. Get in.

Zach freezes. Looks at his shop -where Katie’s alone.

zach

I can’t. My wife--

ugo

--We are going now.

Ugo pushes Zach’s shoulders down towards the car’s door.

int. maserati – day

Zach’s crushed in the BACK SEAT. Ugo and Pavel bark in RUSSIAN as EDM THROBS. Zach’s eyes dart as he subtly slides out his CELL.

TEXT EXCHANGE:

ZACH text:

Out with Ugo, looking at furniture.

KATIE text:

SERIOUSLY?? I just told you the biggest news of our marriage!!!

Zach clenches his eyes shut. She’s right. He inhales.

zach text:

There’s a reason. Promise. Love you. I’ll text in 15. If you don’t hear back call police.

He DELETES “If you don’t hear back call police.” His eyes grow more anxious as their surroundings become darker, INDUSTRIAL.

int. warehouse – day

A steel DOOR is opened. Ugo, Pavel and Zach gaze at STACKS of MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, TABLES, FURNITURE. Clearly second-hand. Zach squints, taking a mental inventory. Impressed.

zach

Wow...From bankruptcies or whatever?

They chuckle in Russian. Pavel points with his ringed pinky.

pavel

Four massage table, eight chair, TENS units, one x-ray. $2,000 per month.

zach

That’s half the going rate..?

The men move into his personal space.

pavel

Our gift to you--

ugo

--Because you pay six month. Now.

Zach’s speechless. He looks at them, then the equipment.

zach

I...don’t have cash...on me.

EXT. bank’s atm machine – day

Zach stands rigid at an ATM. Ugo and Pavel stand on either side.

zach

Evidently, there’s a $500 limit...

int. bank teller’s line – minutes later

POV from a BANK TELLER: Zach manufactures a weak smile.

zach

Hello. $11,500 from savings please..?

Ugo and Pavel stand close behind with large crossed arms.

int. carson clinic – day

Zach clutches Katie at his side behind the blinds. They watch Ugo and Pavel drive away. Katie cuts him a furious glare.

katie

I tell you I’m pregnant, and you spend $12,000 of our savings -in one hour?

zach

An investment. We can open a month early.

She deflates to consider this.

zach (cont’d)

Ugo’s very happy you’re pregnant.

katie

Why? Some *Russian* thing?

zach

He said I now have “golden handcuffs.”

int. lavish office – day

Extravagant yet garish. COLUMNS, GOLD and MARBLE, cliché Russia. VLADAMIR MAXIMOV (70s) is petit, silk shirt, gold chains, tired.

maximov (subtitles)

Tor suddenly has a conscience?

In an 1800s chair, TOVAR (50s) is stuffed in a passé suit.

tovar (subtitles)

Says he won’t execute anyone from the Motherland. Ugo was born in Kiev.

Maximov shakes his head like a weary parent. Chews a TUMS.

maximov (subtitles)

Is he my *torpedo* or the boss? Tell him to stop this fucking Ugo!

WE FOLLOW Tovar, with his mini-ponytail, exiting the lavish office. Outside is a BOILER ROOM of OPERATORS at makeshift DESKS.

int. boiler room call center – continuous

Haggard GIRLS are split: rows of WHITE, LATINA and BLACK. As Tovar walks past, we hear English spoken from the white girls:

white operators (multiple)

Hello, I’m calling from USA Wellness. Your insurance asked us to call you...

The black girls repeat the same in CREOLE; SPANISH from the Latinas. Tovar ignores them as he EXITS the room to:

ext. The ghost building – 52nd floor – continuous

Tovar exits to the unfinished floor of the abandoned high-rise. The offices were concealed in TRAILERS.

Tor’s busy DRILLING HOLES completely through a MAN who’d been cuffed to a wall. He’s dead. Tor turns and wipes his chin.

tovar (RE: dead man)

Making Swiss cheese? Where was he born?

tor (subtitles)

Havana.

tovar (subtitles)

You need to stop this Ugo today. I will let you shepherd my girls.

Tor lights up at the notion, and wipes his chin.

ext. carson clinic – day

Day-Glow letters announce “GRAND OPENING!” The area’s vacant.

int. carson clinic – day

As the front DOOR JINGLES, Zach eagerly peeks from the patient area. He sees it’s just Katie entering with McLunch.

Zach

Oh, it’s you.

katie

Yes, I’m great! Thanks! Love you too!

He holds her, ashamed.

zach

Sorry.

 (sincere gaze, a kiss)

How long can a business legally announce “grand opening”?

katie

Flower-Friday didn’t work like home?

zach

It’s my fault. No one can read the signs in English. We need a Spanish and Creole receptionist.

katie

And we will. You try to anticipate every little detail. We will get there.

He smiles. The JINGLE of the door makes them turn. An ELDERLY HAITIAN MAN shuffles in. He appears fragile and confused.

haitian man

Good afternoon... You are new?

Zach leaps into salesman mode.

zach

Yes sir! Hello, I’m Dr. Zach Carson--

The MAN TRIPS and FALLS, STRIKING his head on a chair. Katie and Zach lunge to help. The man SHOUTS, holding his head.

katie

Are you okay!? Sir are you--

Zach

--Call 911!

ext. strip mall – night

EMERGENCY LIGHTS illuminate Zach and Katie as the old man is hoisted into an AMBULANCE. LOCALS gawk to see what’s going on. Zach’s CELL RINGS. He checks the SCREEN; it’s UGO. He answers.

zach

Ugo! I left three messages! A man got hurt on your property. What insurance do you--

ugo (interrupts v.o.)

--There is no insurance. No *mort-gage,* so no insurance.

zach

What do you mean?

ugo (v.o.)

It is a *Zach-ary* problem. Just like my rent. Six days. Cash.

The line goes dead. Zach fumes as red lights pulse.

ext. carson apartment building – night

Lower-middle income, HIGHWAY NOISE, looks like a beehive.

int. carson apartment – night

The unit’s small and claustrophobic. Zach and Katie sit at a KITCHEN TABLE. He appears fried. She pours two glasses of wine.

katie

I’m sure he’ll be fine.

He stares, struggling to analyze their predicament.

zach

We didn’t do anything wrong... There wasn’t even a doormat to trip over.

katie

If he’s hurt –God forbid-can he sue?

zach (chuckles)

The office has no insurance. We don’t. A lawyer might go for assets. We don’t have property or a 401k. Just an old car and a magically-vanishing savings.

She goes to him. He cocks his head -there’s some piece missing.

ext. carson clinic – day

Daybreak as Zach arrives. As he fumbles with his keys, he looks up to see his shop’s FRONT WINDOW SHATTERED. *Fuck!*

int. carson clinic – day

In the LOBBY, Katie has a broom and dustpan. Zach has his CELL.

zach (to katie)

You’re supposed to be on bed rest.

katie

You got the big pieces –what’d the police say?

zach (scoffs)

They don’t respond without injuries.

katie

I’m more worried about our computers. We have no security...

Zach almost retorts, but stops himself.

zach

I’m going to Home Depot for plywood.

int. zach’s camry – day

Clutching the wheel at a red light, a CLINIC catches his eye.

BAUER HEALTH CHIROPRACTIC, a much nicer building. At the early hour, the only car is a 911 PORSCHE. Its tag: “BONECRKR.”

Zach squints, yearningly. *What’s he doing so differently..?*

int. bauer health cHIRO – lobby – day

Zach enters, awestruck by the EXQUISITE LOBBY. He hesitantly rings a receptionist’s BELL. He notes a DIPLOMA from the Georgia School of Chiropractic. He hears a FEMALE GIGGLE, almost sexual. He questions his intrusion –but a sexy LATINA opens a partition.

Receptionist

*Hola*. May I help you?

He’s a deer in headlights. He stammers.

zach

I’m Zach Carson... Dr. Bauer doesn’t know me, but tell him I also went to Georgia Chiro...

ext. *La CaRreta* – little havana café – day

Zach walks with REX BAUER, tall, athletic and handsome. They approach vibrant OUTDOOR CAFÉ TABLES. Rex is salesman-outgoing.

Rex

Not at all! I’m always happy to chat with a fellow Georgia Chi!Welcome to the Magic City.

Zach’s relieved and exuberant, like a kid meeting an idol.

zach

I know I’m sort of a competitor, but I’m four miles away, so--

Rex interrupts, calming him, as they sit.

Rex

--No worries, bro. I remember when I was fresh from G-A. A gringo in paradise. As far as business, there is plenty to go ‘round. Believe me.

zach

That’s my problem: I’ve done my homework, but there’s some... disconnect. Zero walk-in traffic. We’re having a...string of bad luck.

Rex motions to a PRETTY LATINA for two coffees like a regular.

rex

You’re doing the right things*:* cheap rent in this ‘hood. Let the plastic surgeons on Biscayne pay the big rent. Our patients need to see we’re *men of the people*, not some assholes. The irony is, you can be doing better than them in a year.

Zach hesitates at his advice.

Rex (cont’d)

Who’s your marketing partners?

Rex winks at the SERVER who brings their coffees.

zach

My wife. Who was just ordered on pregnancy bed rest due to stress.

Rex toasts his cup.

Rex

*Salud!* You’ll need some help, *amigo!* I’m with an outfit called *Vast Oro.* I wouldn’t be here without ‘em.

Zach’s jaw drops at the familiar name.

Rex (cont’d)

They have...*tools* that we don’t. They help solicit patients, help with billing. They even have doctors who can amend patients’ conditions--

zach

--Is that legal?

Rex flashes a smile.

rex

Of course! Otherwise, they couldn’t be doing it. Right?

 (knocks on the table)

Tell ya’ what: I’ll send my rep over to visit. No obligation –and she’s easy on the eyes. Tell me what you think.

Zach blinks to mull the proposal. Before he can respond:

rex (cont’d)

If you think they’re a raw deal, I’ll bring you and your bride to my suite for a Heat game. Hell, we’ll go anyway!

int. carson clinic – day

Alone in his OFFICE, Zach intently researches on his COMPUTER.

ONSCREEN: Miami Property Appraiser site. He types REX BAUER. Clicks one match. Purchase Price: $ 3,499,000. Clicks “Satellite View” and ZOOMS in: a PALATIAL HOME on the water. He shakes his head, *wow...* Then turns at the door’s JINGLE.

int. clinic lobby – seconds later

zach

Welcome, I’m--

HE STOPS at the vision of the well-dressed, AURORA. Her tall model-looks do not fit with the local pedestrian traffic.

zach (cont’d)

*--Doctor...*Zach Carson. How may I--

Though striking, she’s robotic, *Stepford-ish*. She extends a hand.

aurora

Hello, Dr. Carson. I’m Aurora. With Vast Oro Consultants. Dr. Bauer thought perhaps we could meet.

int. BACK office - carson clinic – minutes later

Aurora SITS erect in a used chair. Zach appears with Styrofoam cups of water. She politely smiles at the meager surroundings.

zach

Here’s some ice-cold water.

aurora

Up and running I see. Doing well?

Zach SITS across from her. He’s a poor actor.

zach

Not bad... Enjoying some challenges.

Referring to notes, her next question sucker-punches him.

aurora

I believe you consulted Vast Oro before your move? You called *us*?

zach

Uh...I might have. A lot of calls...

She crosses her legs; her skirt riding higher. Zach conspicuously looks away. With a smirk, she seems to notice.

aurora

Are you married –may I call you Zachary?

zach

Zach. Call me Zach. And yes, I’m married. Katie -Katherine actually. Pregnant. I mean *she’s* pregnant.

Aurora cocks her head and delivers a Ms. America smile.

aurora

That is magnificent. Congratulations. She is a lucky woman.

Zach reacts to the comment. She leans forward, down to business, but with boosted cleavage.

aurora (cont’d)

Let’s discuss the services we –really I (smile)- provide. In the simplest analogy, think of us as a law firm.

 (shrugs)

We have clients who are injured. They are in need of care. You provide care, correct?

zach

Uh...yes.

aurora

Super. If our clients reside in your zone, we refer them to you. In turn, if you have patients who are in need of legal services, you endorse our firm. Can it be any easier than that?

He frowns at the simplicity, as if he’s missing something.

zach

Are there any laws or statutes that limit what we can--

Aurora touches his leg, even closer.

aurora

--Let attorneys deal with “laws and statutes.” You’re a health care professional. Yourjob is to heal. Together we share the returns paid by carriers. That’s what they do.

He’s silenced by the pitch. She looks deep into his eyes.

aurora (cont’d)

Have you met any other law firms to align yourself with?

zach

No.

aurora

There you have it (smile.) You have absolutely nothing to lose. We’ll call it a “30-day trial.”

Zach ultimately smiles like a smitten boy.

int. carson apartment – night

Irritated, Katie looks like she hasn’t left the computer.

katie

Did you sign anything?

Zach’s defensive, on a corner of the desk.

zach

No! Worst case, we don’t get any referrals. No harm, no foul.

 (rubs her shoulders)

You’re not supposed to get stressed.

She slides her glasses back on, feigns resuming paperwork.

katie

Is she pretty?

zach

Who?

katie

Sales-rep girl. Companies don’t hire marketing *hags*.

zach (huffs)

She’s extremely all-business--

katie (interrupts)

--because I feel like a hog. I only left today to get the mail. I have to do all the billing from here.

He kisses her neck, passionate. She visibly reacts.

zach

I hope piles of billing is the biggest problem we get from these people.

int. south beach hostel – night

TOR stands at a FLOPHOUSE door, SHOUTING at TEN GIRLS (18-21.) Though gaunt, they’d be supermodels in any other circumstance.

tor (subtitles)

Let’s go! Let’s go! Hunting time!

The “B-GIRLS” dare not argue. In SKIMPY ATTIRE and PUMPS, they file out the room. They WINCE at the revolting Tor, as they must KISS his cheek as they walk by. He SLAPS each of their asses.

ext. streets of south beach – night

The B-Girls strut in a “pack,” with Tor as their shepherd. They FAN-OUT to the BARS and CLUBS of SOUTH BEACH before them.

MONTAGE of their hunt: At an OUTDOOR BAR, B-GIRL #1 flirts with a uniformed PILOT –he wears a GOLD ROLEX. They drink and laugh.

In a martini LOUNGE, B-GIRL #2 slinks over to a BUSINESSMAN.

The girls cozy-up, squirting DROPS in their TARGETS’ DRINKS.

b-girl #1 (russian accent)

I know a private club. I get you in.

pilot (slurring)

Is that right? A drink to go!

She smirks at his gold CREDIT CARD.

B-Girl #2 gets in her businessman’s red BMW X6 TYPHOON.

ext. south beach alley – night

In a BACK ALLEY, B-Girl #1 and the Pilot ENTER a plain DOOR.

int. private vodka bar – continuous

The DARK bar’s only patrons are the B-Girls and their inebriated VICTIMS. Russian BOUNCERS at the doors. Pulsing EDM.

In the REAR, the BARTENDER slides multiple CREDIT CARDS, ringing-up ungodly tabs. Tor observes; he opens a FLIP PHONE.

tor (subtitles)

You receiving?

INT. HACKER’S DEN - concurrent

Behind computer MONITORS, ROMAN (20s) in his coke-bottle glasses and headphones, studies COMPUTER CODE from the credit cards.

roman (subtitles)

Numerals flowing like the Volga.

BACK TO: VODKA BAR – CONTINUOUS

Victims laugh as the B-Girls lick their necks like vampires.

int. carson clinic – day

Morning. Zach’s going through mail. A FLYER catches his eye.

FLYER: “NANNY CAM.” A tiny VIDEO CAMERA for a shelf. The ad suggests, “Have you had break-ins? Watch babysitters! Watch online!” Zach reads the ad closely. His CELL RINGS; he answers.

zach

Hi Hon.’ I want to order this camera--

katie (v.o)

--I just spoke to Insurex!

zach

What’s going on? You okay?

katie’s (v.o.)

They pre-approved treatments!

zach

For who?

The front door JINGLES. He heads to the LOBBY.

katie (v.o.)

For how many. A bus was hit on Flagler. Passengers submitted claims for neck and back.

In the LOBBY, Zach sees a COUPLE of Hispanic PATIENTS ENTER.

zach

How many?

katie (v.o.)

Thirty-nine. They’ll be there any--

His eyes bug at what he sees out the WINDOW: a SHUTTLE BUS.

zach

--Oh they’re here. What’d they approve?

katie (v.o.)

Three times a week for all thirty-nine. Up to $10,000 -per person.

zach

Make space for that billing.

ext. south beach alley – day

The hungover PILOT stands with a MIAMI COP, taking a report.

pilot

I’m sure of it...there was a club or a bar. It was right here...

They study the alley. It appears to be an abandoned WAREHOUSE.

pilot (cont’d)

My card was charged $15,000! And my Presidential Rolex is gone.

The cop seems dubious.

cop

You don’t remember anything? Do you know the name of the girl you were with?

Exasperated, the pilot shakes his head like he’s losing his mind.

ext. opa-locka – body “chop” shop – day

The businessman’s BMW X6 TYPHOON is unloaded from a TOW TRUCK. Grimy shop WORKERS grin as it’s unloaded. A scrawny Ukrainian, SLEEK (20s) in a tight leather jacket, approaches a FAT CUBAN.

fat cuban (RE: car)

*Muy Bueno!* Worth more if I chop it up. Or we can use for *accidentes*?

sleek

Not for smashing! Use shitbox for crashes. Like those.

He points to TWO dented JAPANESE SEDANS in the yard.

sleek (cont’d)

Use elderly. Insurance believes them.

CUT TO: The SAME TWO SEDANS CRASH into each other at an INTERSECTION. Four ELDERLY OCCUPANTS exit holding BABY CARRIERS.

int. carson clinic – day

MONTAGE: Zach in his element. Many PATIENTS, LADIES, MEN, being treated, including four from the staged accident. Rotated on the massage table; spinal manipulations, x-rays, etc.

Zach has an almost comical communication barrier; he struggles to explain things, all with his kindly Midwestern demeanor.

int. carson apartment – day

In sweats and glasses, Katie has a stack of MAIL. MONTAGE of CHECKS from INSUREX: $4,900; $7,500; $9,700...

Her MONITOR: SPREADSHEETS display their accumulating EARNINGS.

int. carson clinic lobby – day

Zach’s surprised to unlock the door so early. Standing outside is Aurora with a GAUNT WOMAN (50s.)

zach

Aurora? Good morning -everything okay?

They ENTER. The small woman seems detached like a servant.

Aurora

Hello. Everything is above projections.

Zach and Aurora sit. The woman remains standing.

aurora

We have analytics suggesting a gap with your ability to service certain multicultural markets.

Zach’s stumped -or taken with her stylish curves.

aurora (cont’d)

It’d be helpful if you could communicate with more patients.

He blinks, *okay.*

aurora (cont’d)

Which is why I brought ILIANA. She speaks Spanish, Creole and Russian. She can serve as receptionist--

 zach (interrupts)

--I’m not sure I’m ready to hire--

aurora

--Consider Iliana on loan. We believe her services will increase your volume, which will raise both of our margins.

He looks back and forth between the ladies.

zach

Alright.

Aurora turns to spew perfect RUSSIAN to Iliana.

aurora

*Pereyti k stolu s predpriyatiyem!*

Zach’s shocked. Iliana scurries to the reception desk.

Aurora

One small housekeeping item: you can pay your rent directly to us.

zach

What about Mr...Ugo?

aurora

He was a...subcontractor who is no longer...functional.

ext. joe’s stone crab, miami beach – night

Zach VALETS. Despite her growing shape, Katie’s dressed pretty. He’s in a sharp blazer. Zach takes her by the arm, proud.

int. joe’s stone crab – night

They’re seated by a BLACK-TIE HOST in the legendary Miami restaurant. Katie feels special. Zach’s glowing. He kisses her.

katie

I feel like we’re celebrating something fancy.

Zach sips a martini. Cleaned up like James Bond. Finally.

zach

It is a celebration –of you. Taking a chance with me. A leap with no safety net. You always trust me.

After a whirlwind evening, the BILL’S delivered. Zach opens it: $320.00. She takes it without batting an eye. An overdue night.

int. little havana café – day

MORNING in a hectic Cuban COFFEE SHOP. LOCALS debating at the counter. Zach ENTERS; he sees the back of UGO at the bar. He steps over to say hello. Zach taps his shoulder.

UGO TURNS –then TERROR in his eyes. THREE-INCH CIRCULAR SCARS over one EYE and his FOREHEAD like LOBOTOMIES. Coffee runs out of his mouth like DROOL. He stumbles off his stool to FLEE Zach.

Zach RECOILS. The BARISTA and locals scowl at Zach, cussing in SPANISH at him to leave as if Ugo was one of theirs and Zach –an outsider- is at fault, like something out of the *Twilight Zone.*

ext. fbi’s miami field office – day

An imposing modern chrome tower.

SUPER: FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION - MIAMI FIELD OFFICE

int. FBI’s Miami field Office – day

A SIGN outside a DOOR states “Supervisory Special Agent Case Review – Room 620.” Outside, a tray of scattered Dunkin Donuts.

int. fbi conference room – continuous

Agent VIKTOR CHESNEY (40s), sturdy with JFK hair and an untucked Columbia fishing shirt, is presenting with a SCREEN behind him to TWELVE AGENTS in suits. ONSCREEN is a PHOTO of the shriveled VLADAMIR MAXIMOV.

Chesney

...I believe the “*Pakhan*” or boss is this man, Vladamir Maximov, 72, Ukrainian-born. A former colonel with the Soviet army. Now in Miami –I theorize- by way of Cuba--

His boss, Supervisory Special Agent (SSA) GOLDMAN, interrupts.

goldman

--Theorize? We’re not even sure who’s on U.S. soil? Or where?

Chesney

I haven’t located a headquarters. But they’re a new breed. Invisible, shell companies, employing attorneys--

goldman (interrupts)

--Precisely why they might not be an ideal target for our Squad’s resources.

Chesney huffs, frustrated.

Chesney

It’s just me. Heidi helps with Analytics.

 goldman (irritated)

Agent Chesney, I’ll explain resources: does this involve an immediate threat of a terrorist nature?

Chesney

No.

goldman

Any evidence that proceeds are being used to fund extremist activity?

Chesney sighs.

Chesney

No.

goldman

*Viktor*, remember their hackers? It was a jurisdictional nightmare when they were 4,000 miles away.

Chesney raises his voice, brazen but focused.

Chesney

I know they’re here. Miami’s even known as “Little Moscow.” Criminal industries shielded by white-collar soldiersso that he-

 (points to Maximov)

-remains unseen. Maximov’s “*Boevik”* or warrior goes by the street name:

A FEMALE AGENT RECOILS at a NEW IMAGE ONSCREEN: a B/W PRISON PHOTO of TOR. Tattooed, wiry, skull-like.

Chesney (cont’d)

*--*General Tor. “Tor” short for torpedo which means assassin. “General” signifies his level of prison-syphilis that’s scarred that lovely face.

All glower at his SCARRED NOSE and deformed chin.

Chesney (cont’d)

Moscow’s *Butyrka* prison said he also suffers from C.I.P.A. -congenital insensitivity to pain with andhidrosis. He feels no pain or fear.

 (beat)

He escaped eleven months ago.

goldman

You have evidence he’s in Miami?

Chesney points to the IMAGE onscreen.

Chesney

Witnesses vividly described that. Skull tattoos mean death row. Tigers mean he murdered law enforcement. You think God made two of this guy?

Everyone shifts in their seats.

goldman

You have to prove a network. Not just the boogeymen.

int. carson clinic – exam room – day

Zach’s concluding a prognosis with an older man, Mr. TESTE.

zach

...You’ve reached what’s called “maximum medical improvement.”

teste (broken english)

What is that?

zach

It’s a goodthing, Mr. Teste. You don’t need further treatment.

TESTE (upset)

I was told four months. Then law suit.

zach

I’m not sure who you spoke to. No one has a crystal ball.

Troubled, Teste puts his shirt on to EXIT. Outside the door is Iliana. They immediately begin a heated dialogue in SPANISH. They glare at Zach. Iliana nods and approaches Zach.

iliana (to zach)

Have you consulted anyone at Vast Oro about your diagnosis?

Zach frowns at being questioned.

zach

This is between my patient and I.

Iliana narrows her eyes and walks away.

int. carson clinic bathroom – day

Humble, Zach has his sleeves rolled up, using a plunger.

aurora (o.s., sing-song)

*Hel-lo* Zachary...

He turns, drops the plunger and steps out, mortified.

zach

I’m a “man of many talents…” Already time for our monthly check-in?

Predictably, she’s like a fashion plate -but less automated.

aurora

Somewhat. I see now it’s late. Can you meet after work, perhaps 6:30?

zach

Tonight? What about?

She seems to step off her facade. She chuckles.

aurora

I need help. It’s my expense account. If I don’t use it, I get penalized. I can discuss some matters and we both get free drinks.

She pouts with instant puppy-dog eyes.

zach

I... Katie needs me to--

 aurora (interrupts)

--An hour max. It will directly impact your business. I promise.

The scale is tipped. He smiles.

zach

Glad to keep a damsel out of distress.

int. zach’s camry – streets of miami – night

The lights of Miami rush by as Zach speeds. He’s on his CELL.

zach

The meeting’s with Vast Oro. I’m not responsible “who” from there shows up.

int. carson apartment – concurrent

Katie’s curled on the couch, PJ’s, glasses, tissues.

katie

Tell them your fat, pregnant wife needs you home.

 (blows nose)

Seriously: We have enough to go condo shopping on Sunday -I’ll show you when you get home.

BACK TO: Zach – CONTINUOUS

zach

Sounds great. I’ll bring home that Crème brûlée you like. I love you.

Zach takes his tie off; checks his hair in the mirror.

ext. “mai kai” polynesian restaurant – night

Kitsch-cool Tiki restaurant, thatched roof and torches.

int. mai kai - night

Zach enters the busy “Ship Wreck” BAR. HULA GIRL SERVERS, tropical-romantic, DIMLY LIT. His eyes adjust to see Aurora at a BACK TABLE. Stunning, but evident she’s CHANGED CLOTHES: low-cut and a short skirt. She beams her smile. He approaches, dubious.

Zach

Wasn’t this a straight-from-work thing?

He sits. She dodges his comment entirely.

aurora

I ordered two rum barrels. They’re famous here, made from like four rums.

He reacts to her complete change in demeanor –but keeps cool.

zach

So, what did we need to discuss?

She smiles and pulls a file from her bag.

Aurora

Ah yes. Business. Do you have a recollection of Mr. Teste’s case?

zach

He reached MMI. He was very fortunate. I released him last week.

aurora

Therein lies our dilemma. Mr. Teste was t-boned by a Miami cop who blew a .20. Vast Oro found a prior DUI the cops tried to bury. There’s a million dollar umbrella policy. But, if there’s no injury--

zach (interrupts)

--There’s no payday. I get it. But Mr. Teste’s very lucky he’s not hurt.

A pregnant pause. Aurora smiles.

aurora

So that’s it? Any way you could render a second opinion?

A sexy HULA GIRL SERVER delivers two drinks. They each sip.

zach

I took an oath -you can make light of that. I have to stand by my professional opinion.

She nods and takes a long pull of her cocktail.

Aurora

I tried. It’s seven o’clock and I’m officially off. I don’t blame you.

He’s thrown by her change. She pulls her hair into a ponytail.

aurora (cont’d)

I’ve been consuming myself with work, 25-7. Hoping it’d give me some sort of blinding objective. You know?

He doesn’t know. She exhales, a glimmer of emotion.

aurora (cont’d)

Four months ago my daddy died. Carcinoma. When he was gone, it left me with nothing. Literally. No kids, no spouse. Therapists said, “Join a community group, a church,” But I had a job. No better way to consume your brain than to instantly double your hours.

Zach’s thunderstruck. No clever retorts. He sips his drink.

zach

I’m so sorry... You do a great job.

She smiles and takes a long sip of her rum.

aurora

How is –Katie her name?

zach

Yes. Great, thanks. About to pop. It’s gonna’ be a boy. Says she’s tired of being “out of commission.”

She LAUGHS through her nose. He winces at his choice of words.

aurora (teasing)

Out of commission? Are we backed-up?

Her tongue on her straw seems suggestive. She re-crosses her legs –Zach has a birds-eye view. He checks his watch.

zach

No... I’m good...

He anxiously chugs his drink. She stretches, lithe as a cat.

aurora

I have to pee. Be right back.

She grins and EXITS. He lifts his phone. Before he dials, a BAND starts five feet away. He FLINCHES; too loud. He TEXTS:

zach text:

Hi hon. Just boring talk. Leaving now. Be home in 30.

KATIE text:

Can u pick nausea meds? I feel awful.

He shuts his eyes with guilt. Aurora reappears -one foot away.

Aurora

Any second opinion for Mr. Teste?

zach

Sorry, can’t do it.

She smirks.

aurora

Your wife really is lucky.

She LUNGES forward to plant a PASSIONATE KISS on Zach’s lips. He retracts, and Aurora does as well, to rapidly EXIT.

int. zach’s camry – night

Zach speeds, a hand on his face, *what have I done..?* Panicked, he tugs his collar to smell it. Wipes his lips in the mirror.

int. carson apartment – night

He enters their bedroom’s small BATHROOM.

katie

What took you so long!?

She’s kneeling at the TOILET, sick. He rushes to her side.

IN BED, Zach lies facing straight up, WIDE AWAKE with anguish.

int. carson clinic – day

Morning. Alone in the back, he opens a BOX to remove the NANNY-CAM he had ordered as he finishes a call with Katie.

zach

Remember that Nanny-Cam I ordered after the break-in? With Iliana here all day, I’m setting it up.

As he chats, the LIPSTICK-SIZED CAMERA has a USB antenna he plugs to his computer. He then takes the wireless cam to a shelf. He hides it behind a retro HULA-GIRL DOLL.

zach (cont’d)

Love you too. Bye.

He enters data on his laptop. ONSCREEN is a decent IMAGE from the cam. Zach shrugs. The door JINGLES; he frowns at his watch.

zach (shouts)

Aurora..? Please tell me you--

In the LOBBY, it’s not her, but a poorly-dressed SWARTHY MAN.

zach (cont’d)

--I’m sorry sir, we open at 9:00.

swarthy man

Are you Dr. Zachary Carson?

zach

Yes, sir. Need a chiropractor?

The man slaps a stack of PAPERS into Zach’s hands.

swarthy man

Consider yourself served. *Adios.*

Int. ZACH’S OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER

Clutching his head with the worst migraine imaginable, Zach reads the papers at his desk. He cringes as the PHONE RINGS.

zach

Carson Clinic.

rex bauer (v.o.)

Howdy *hermano!* Just a social check-in!

zach

Rex, you caught me at a shitty time. I just got fuckin’ sued!

Rex laughs.

rex (v.o.)

It’s about time! For what? Med-mal?

zach

No. Some man –*Francois Pierre*- fell in my lobby. Now he’s alleging injuries. I got no insurance so I’m fucked.

rex (v.o.)

Brother, did I call at the right time! Get a pen. You visit this man and all your problems will vanish!

Zach rummages for a pen; scribbles to make sure it works.

rex (cont’d)

Nikolas Tovar. We call him Mr. Tovar.

int. zach’s camry – day

Zach checks the Miami address. In the distance are impressive glass towers, but before him is a 1960s THREE-STORY BUILDING.

int. office building – day

He approaches a nondescript DOOR stating “LAW OFFICE.” No names.

int. law office lobby – continuous

Dark woods mixed with harsh-modern. Zach meekly approaches a sexy RECEPTIONIST (one of the B-Girls.)

zach

I was told to be here at 3:50..?

 receptionist (russian accent)

Yes... Criminal defense division?

He shrivels.

zach

No, just “defense..?”

int. conference room – moments later

Zach observes the stately room’s FINE ART. He sees a LAW DIPLOMA for NIKOLAS TOVAR. He reads the fine print “College Of Guyana.”

He turns as the door opens. Mr. Tovar ENTERS. Imposing, passé 3-piece suit, mini-ponytail, goatee. A slight RUSSIAN ACCENT.

Tovar

Have a seat. Please.

They sit at a lavish TABLE. Tovar mulls through the lawsuit. Zach nibbles his nails. Tovar seems confused.

Tovar

When the man fell, you had no license yet from the Department of Health?

zach

Technically no –we opened early. My Indiana license carried over while--

Tovar (interrupts)

--Then you knew you are required to carry liability insurance? A $100,000 lawsuit will impact your licensing.

zach

I thought I was covered--

Tovar lowers his reading glasses, troubled.

Tovar

--How many patients have you treated under this flawed belief?

Before Zach can reply, Tovar activates an INTERCOM on a phone.

Tovar (cont’d)

Bring in the stats for Dr. Carson.

Zach’s stunned as AURORA ENTERS. She hands a FILE to Tovar, then sits at his side like a feline harem girl.

Tovar (re: fILE)

You’ve billed 117 patients *illegally,* with your deficient qualifications.

Agape, Zach looks at Aurora.

zach

How...Why are you here?

aurora

This is the parent firm under the Vast Oro umbrella. You’re lucky.

Tovar

Before we say more, you need to sign this. To be your counsel of record.

Tovar produces a form. Zach shakes his head, utter confusion.

zach

Why would I sign anything?

Tovar

It creates the attorney-client privilege –anything we discuss remains private. If you do not like my offer, you can shred it.

He opens a candy from a dish and repulsively SUCKS it.

TOVAR (cont’d)

Or you can take your lawsuit and licensing abuses elsewhere.

Zach pauses, cornered. He grudgingly scribbles a signature.

Tovar (cont’d)

Lovely. Now I guarantee I can make your lawsuit disappear.

zach (terse)

How can anyone guarantee anything?

Tovar presses the intercom again.

Tovar

Coffee please. Service for three.

zach

I don’t want coffee.

aurora (coy)

You’ll want this coffee.

Tovar

When you grasp how we operate--

A HAITIAN MAN ENTERS with a coffee tray –it’s the elderly man who tripped and fell in Zach’s clinic.

Tovar (cont’d)

--Have you met Mr. *Francois Pierre?*

Zach’s stunned –then fuming, head darting.

zach

Was this some...set-up?

aurora

We like to view it as a test.

Tovar

You handled yourself admirably.

Zach gets up to leave.

zach

This is all bullshit--

Tovar

--I assure you the lawsuit and your licensing threats are very real.

Zach freezes, stuck.

aurora

We want to help you, Zach. Hasn’t Iliana already worked wonders?

cut to: carson clinic – day

ILIANA, speaking SPANISH to an OLDER PATIENT at the front desk. She points to a SIGNATURE LINE on a STACK of FORMS.

iliana (subtitles)

Sign all the forms, like before.

older patient (subtitles)

Six months of dates? My kickback should be higher.

Iliana narrows her eyes with a sneer.

iliana (subtitles)

You’re lucky to be in this country.

BACK TO: conference room – day

Zach sits back, WEARY, gazing at a PowerPoint PRESENTATION. ONSCREEN: CHARTS and GRAPHS. The top is labeled “Ally Clinic.”

aurora (o.s.)

As an *ally clinic*, by billing over the limits, our partner law firms can litigate the balances.

A SLIDE changes to a COURTROOM and a CIRCULAR CYCLE of arrows.

aurora (cont’d)

This will assure ongoing litigation.

Zach’s face is a mix of skepticism –and curiosity.

Tovar

You’ll also be an expert. To testify that litigants are indeed disabled--

It hits at once: Zach’s disgusted by Tovar -and their system.

zach (indignant)

--If someone’s not hurt, I’m not going to say they are.

Tovar clicks a remote. He and Aurora RECOIL as if upset by what they see. Zach turns -STUNNED. ONSCREEN is a PHOTO of him and Aurora kissing at the bar. Tongues and her knee on his leg.

Tovar

Pregnant Katherine will be very upset.

Zach stands, white as a sheet.

zach

Who the fuck are you people?

Aurora returns to her robotic, pragmatic self.

aurora

It was just a test Zach. Of your vulnerability. We are always under a microscope. It was...sloppy...

Tovar sloshes candy. He bizarrely grabs Aurora’s bare thigh.

Tovar

I should be angry. Aurora is my concubine. Let us consider it an honest mistake.

int. zach’s camry – night

White knuckles gripping his wheel. His CELL RINGS, It’s Katie.

zach

Hi Hon.’ Love you!

katie (v.o.)

I have a surprise! You know I can’t keep secrets.

zach

*Really?* A surprise for me?

katie (v.o.)

Mom bought us a cruise! Our tenth anniversary! I know it’s next summer, but she’ll even watch the baby!

He’s truly surprised –pleasantly.

zach

Wow. A cruise? I wish we could sail away right now.

katie

Bad day? Iliana said it was a record.

zach

I bet she did. I want to hear more, but I need to see Rex. Then I can’t wait to get home.

ext. Bayside outdoor bar, miami – night

A BAR overlooking a MARINA with a CITY SKYLINE backdrop.

REX BAUER is not his jovial self. A loose tie, chewing a toothpick. Across from him is a haggard Zach with a beer.

rex

Six years, June. Maybe they own me. But I make more than I can spend.

zach

Did they... threaten you?

rex

Nope. Craigslist. Needed a “consultant.”

 (smile)

I’m up to 10k per week as an expert. Two-mill’ annual reviewing records.

He leans forward, an odd seriousness.

rex (cont’d)

I sleep at night because it’s all opinion. I’m not saying someone has cancer. Someone’s telling me their neck hurts. *Insurance* pays it.

He says *insurance* like they’re pariahs.

rex (cont’d)

Who’s to say my opinion is wrong? If I believe a lady is the most beautiful one I’ve ever seen, how am I wrong? If my opinion is Mr. Perez is 10% impaired, how is that wrong?

Zach sits back. Overwhelmed.

Rex (cont’d)

Thousands of cases. Streams feeding an ocean. We’re ships on their sea.

zach

I don’t want to be on “their sea.” America’s a free country.

Rex

These aren’t Americans, if you haven’t guessed. Think about your lawsuit, your license. Your baby...

Rex points at him with a wink.

rex (cont’d)

Think about that from the pool of your two-story estate on the water.

ext. marina bar parking lot – night

Zach bids farewell to Rex, seated in his PORSCHE convertible.

rex

You can be a ship out there. They just own all the ports.

He smiles, then PEELS OUT. The DIESEL of a YACHT makes Zach turn. He admires the boat, a trail of foam as its ENGINE CHURNS...

dissolve to: foaming trail from a cruise ship – day

super: “thirteen months later”

The image is FOOTAGE of a CRUISE SHIP on a TV NEWSCAST.

newscaster (v.0.)

In the wake of last week’s missing passenger from the *Majestic Azure*, the Coast Guard has announced a discovery…

int. carson estate – day

In the FAMILY ROOM of her GORGEOUS HOME, Katie sits as her mother (70s, Midwest grandma) holds an 8-mo-old BABY BOY. The posh home has lots of windows, marble, high-end furniture.

Katie (though stylish) is distraught as she watches the NEWS.

newscaster (cont’d)

...A tuxedo jacket was found off the coast. A label identifies it as a rental belonging to the Majestic Azure.

Katie’s mom, CARMEN, touches her shoulder.

Carmen

It could be anyone’s jacket...

Katie cringes at the news.

katie

I have to learn this from TV?

ONSCREEN a uniformed COAST GUARD REP holds a TUX JACKET.

Coast Guard Rep (Onscreen)

The jacket is a men’s size 39...

Carmen

A very common size--

coast guard rep (Onscreen)

...A ship’s ID card –typically used for room charges- states the name “Zachary Carson.”

Carmen moves in to hold a devastated Katie, CRYING.

ON TV, two fake-tan NEWS ANCHORS belabor the topic.

anchor one

This was the sixth suicide from a cruise in four years. Why is that?

anchor two

Perhaps to experience one last thrill? Questions to ask: Are your loved ones depressed? On medication--

Katie SCREAMS at the television.

katie

--Zach was not sick!

int. fbi field office, miami – day

Within a row or large cubicles, Agent Vik Chesney types at his workstation with his readers on. He rubs his eyes, exhausted.

A cute Latina (26) with blonde curls creeps up to pinch him. Chesney predictably flinches and turns –but can’t help smiling.

heidi

Did you read the spreadsheet? Highest billing new incorporated clinics?

HEIDI MARTINEZ, FBI Analyst, is a happy-positive millennial. She sits on Chesney’s desk rather an available chair.

chesney

Yeah..?

heidi

Does the name “Vast Oro” ring a bell in your vintage brain?

chesney

“Oro” means gold, so how could I forget?

Heidi teasingly scoots closer.

heidi

Have you read the name in the Majestic Azure jumper case?

Chesney winces, confused.

chesney

What does one have to do with the other? It was suicide. We work Eurasian Organized Crime. Talk to cruise crimes.

Heidi pauses with a grin at knowing something he doesn’t.

heidi

The jumper was a Dr. *Zachary Carson*…

All humor drains from his face at the very familiar name.

heidi (cont’d)

You’re my assigned mentor, Vik, so teach me*:* what could force a financially-successful, married father to suddenly choose to kill himself?

ext. carson estate – day

The HOME’s a large Spanish style, regal arches and columns.

int. home office - carson estate - day

Katie’s finally cleaning DESKS. A FILE catches her eye: “Revised Will And Testament.” An ENVELOPE says “Open under direction of Attorney SEAN NEGRONI, Hialeah, FL.” She frowns, mystified.

ext. hialeah strip mall – day

Katie parks her BMW at an unsavory PLAZA. The only English sign is “GUN RANGE.” Jittery as a cat, she opens a DOOR beside the range, “Attorney Sean Negroni, 2nd Floor, Probate, DUI, Taxes...”

int. attorney negroni’s office – day

On Katie’s bewildered face, intense.

katie

I can’t phrase this in any other way that won’t sound offensive.

boyish voice (o.s.)

Go for it. Can’t hurt my feelings.

katie

My husband could afford any attorney...in the state for his final affairs. Why did he choose you, two weeks before our cruise?

SEAN NEGRONI’S office looks like an attic over the gun range. They periodically FLINCH with the GUNFIRE downstairs. Sean, late 20s, appears bookish and clearly brilliant.

sean

I can’t explain “why” I was the chosen one. Mr. Carson did insist on discretion, perhaps away from the eyes of his everyday work.

They each FLINCH with GUNFIRE. Sean chuckles.

sean (cont’d)

Noise pollution downstairs. Savings in my rent, passed on to my clients.

Katie looks around, like a surreal nightmare.

katie

Is it odd he revised his will so recently? Before he...(FLINCH)--

sean

--Normally one could think so. But with two new clinics and a son, perhaps he was being responsible.

He refers to a file.

sean (cont’d)

I commend his planning. He prepaid years of health care for your family. Prepaid college and graduate school. As for his insurance--

katie (interrupts)

--I don’t care about his insurance. No one pays for suicide.

He rocks his head.

sean

There is some misconception. Life policies contain clauses that state no benefits are payable if the insured commits...

 (awkward pause –FLINCH)

But only within two years of obtaining the policy. So...his new policies won’t be paying...

Katie inhales with emotion, a tissue to her eyes.

katie

He hasn’t even been declared dead.

sean

True. Five years are required before a missing person can be declared…(FLINCH) There’s an exception if we can establish the person was exposed to a specific peril of death. I believe we can apply that in this case.

katie

Zach wanted you to handle any probate? In the event of (FLINCH)--

She wells-up again.

sean

--He had sizeable assets. My job’s to reconcile those with his debt. I’ve already been visited by...*Alfa-Capital*..?

Katie perks up, puzzled. He locates paperwork.

katie

What debt?

sean

Two gentleman, Russian. They said they knew you. Alfa-Cap--

 (references notes)

--a brokerage regulated by the Bank of the Russian Federation. They hold the mortgages for your home and the condos in Aspen and Key West.

katie

I never heard of Alfa-Cap...

sean

A broker required by Vast Oro. They’re also collecting the leased equipment.

katie

But that’s...everything. And no insurance?

sean

Zach can’t even be declared deceased yet. These men said they’d be visiting.

Katie locks eyes with him. FLINCH.

ext. hialeah strip mall – day

As Katie exits, she notes the silhouette of a MAN in a HAT looking at her from a SEDAN. She rushes to get in her BMW.

int. katie’s bmW – moments later

Katie’s driving, tense. She’s on her Bluetooth PHONE.

Operator (v.o.)

Insurex Mutual, how may I help you?

katie

I’m returning a call to a Dan Holms. This is Katherine Carson.

Katie keeps an eye on her rearview as she drives.

dan holms (v.o.)

Hello Ms. Carson? I apologize for the call at this difficult time--

katie

--What is this about, Mr. Holms?

dan (v.o.)

I’m investigating billing from your clinics--

katie (terse)

--My husband’s been dead a week, and your nitpicking the billing? What’s this have to do with me?

dan (v.o.)

You’re listed as an officer on the corporations. So we *will* require your cooperation. I am sorry...

She exhales, eyes closed. *How’d it get to this?*

int. carson estate – day

In a perfect NURSERY, Katie puts baby Jack down in his crib. She gazes at the only peace in her life. The DOORBELL RINGS.

DOWNSTAIRS, she looks through the peephole –it’s the MAN in the HAT from Hialeah. She reacts, hesitates, and then SHOUTS.

katie

Who are you?

man’s voice (v.o.)

Chesney, Viktor. FBI

He holds his BADGE up to the peephole.

Chesney (cont’d)

We have jurisdiction because you departed a U.S. port, and your husband was a U.S. Citizen.

She frowns, wary, but lets him in.

In the LIVING ROOM, Chesney observes photos of Zach, Katie and the baby. Katie studies him as she returns with coffees. She can’t shake paranoia with this guy. She cuts to the chase.

katie

Agent...Chesney, I’ve seen all the *Datelines,* where murders are always committed by the spouse...

Chesney

That’s a myth. It’s more like 26%. A motive is typically Life insurance. I’m not an insurance guy, but I’m guessing suicide won’t be profitable.

She throws her hands out, *so* *what..?*

Chesney (cont’d)

Ms. Carson, I’m hoping your husband’s office might contain some...clues that can help me.

katie (irate)

Clues?There’s nothing left! We had another break-in during the cruise. Our computers are gone--

Chesney (interrupts)

--Computers? Where? What was taken?

katie

Our main office. Where we keep our backups. Stolen. Laptops, hard drives…

Chesney

Ms. Carson, can your mother watch the baby? I’d like you to come with me, willingly. Can we do that?

int. hacker’s den – day

ROMAN and PALE TWINS (17) are busy in a room crammed with computers. Roman answers his headset PHONE.

tovar (v.o. subtitles)

Dissect all drives and email. Confirm nothing was concealed for the wife.

roman (subtitles)

If he was playing games, I will know.

The pale twins are disassembling the HARD DRIVES.

int. conference room, FBI Office – day

Katie with Chesney sit in a small conference room. Intimate, with a table and a TV on the wall. He seems sincere.

Chesney

This is just us. Okay? You want a Coke, or a Debbie Cake?

Katie shakes her head, puzzled why she’s even there.

chesney

I brought you here to share evidence. From the ship. Why you’re not a suspect.

Daunted, Katie blinks. Chesney starts a VIDEO on a TELEVISION. They gaze at security video of Zach entering his ship’s cabin.

Chesney (cont’d)

You see it’s time-stamped. Zachary enters at 2:14 a.m. He never exits.

She’s drawn-in just seeing her husband. The video changes to the ship’s CASINO. In it, Zach’s HOLLERING, out of character.

Chesney (cont’d)

Forty-two minutes earlier. The Casino Royale, evidently...feeling no pain.

Katie’s on the verge of crumbling at the vision.

Chesney (cont’d)

Half hour before that, the Lido Lounge--

katie (interrupts)

--I get it. No more.

Chesney pauses. He hands her a tissue.

Chesney

Evidence includes empty bottles of antidepressants. I am sorry.

He captures her eyes, speaks bluntly.

Chesney (cont’d)

Why would he do this? I don’t do “cruise crimes.” I work Organized Crime –Eurasian Criminal Enterprises.

She frowns, confused.

Chesney (cont’d)

Maybe you know it as *Russian Mafia*?

katie

I don’t know anything about--

Chesney (cont’d)

--You’re already involved. Legally speaking, you were a business partner. That makes you an accessory.

Her eyes bug. Chesney softens.

Chesney (cont’d)

What if I told you I once met Zach? And he looked absolutely terrified.

EXT. carson clinic II – day

SUPER: 12 MONTHS EARLER

In a more upscale STRIP MALL, a sign states “Carson Wellness Center II.” A “Carson Courtesy VAN” is dropping off PATIENTS.

int. carson clinic II – day

The NEW OFFICE is nicer, modern fixtures, a flurry of activity. In BACK, Aurora is addressing three YOUNG INTERNS in lab coats.

aurora

As licensed massage therapists, I’ll give you templates for procedures to give each patient. It’ll save time.

The interns nod. On the sidelines is Zach, observing, detached.

In an OFFICE, Aurora sits with reports, all business.

aurora

With two clinics, you’re not required to be present for each exam--

zach

--I’d like to see my own patients!

Aurora cocks her head as in *really..?*

aurora

The statutory loopholes are clear: as long as you just “oversee” your clinics, we can treat and bill more.

 (looks at her watch)

We’re late for our lunch. We’ll circle-back.

He huffs, stands reluctantly.

zach

No more bar surprises. Understood?

aurora (sexy smirk)

You wish. It’s strictly a congratulatory lunch with Mr. Tovar.

int. zolotoy CLUB – day

Zach and Aurora ENTER the DARK and cavernous restaurant. Ornate furniture, but empty. Long drapes, fixtures of gold, reds and black leather. Zach’s tense.

zach

Where is everyone?

aurora

It’s sort of a private gathering.

They turn a corner to see a BOOTH with Tovar and a couple of dour BUSINESSMEN on each side of MAXIMOV, in a dated silk shirt.

Tovar

Dr. Carson! Welcome!

 (introduces Maximov)

I’d like you to meet Mr. “Max”, our founding partner.

Zach warily shakes the old man’s hand. In the darkness, over his shoulder, he recoils seeing Tor and his sidekick Sleek.

maximov (to zach)

Patients like you. So I like you.

Zach’s forced to sit. Aurora sits close at Tovar’s side. Tovar CLAPS twice and a parade of SLINKY BEAUTIES (the B-GIRLS) bring trays of vodka, lobster, duck, gluttony.

tovar (re: businessmen)

These gentlemen are BROKERS who can discuss very special mortgages for you -and leasing more locations.

zach

More? I have two offices now..?

maximov

Is my gift. We record you as owner of the locations.

tovar

To applaud your success, you are expanding to Palm Beach and Boca.

He gives a yellowed smile. Zach frowns at this bizarre circus.

zach

I can hardly oversee one clinic. How am I going to drive around to--

aurora (abrupt)

--We discussed this Zach. There’s no clear case law that defines how often--

She gasps, silenced. Zach sees Tovar GRIP Aurora’s bare thigh.

tovar

--We discuss after our meal. For now, let us enjoy!

Zach studies Tor and Sleek’s tattoos, looming as guards. As all TOAST vodkas, everyone speaks more RUSSIAN including Aurora. Zach sees a BRUISE on her leg; she pulls her skirt to cover it.

tovar (to zach)

Zachary: you like to go fishing?

Zach recoils, confused. He’s distracted by slinky girls beginning to dance. In the cacophony of laughter and RUSSIAN CLUB MUSIC, it seems like a psychedelic nightmare.

int. psychiatrist’s office – day

Zach’s tense in a huge chair. A PSYCHIATRIST makes notes.

psychiatrist

When you use the word “escape,” you seem to be using it in a troubling context. Have you ever had thoughts of...suicide?

Zach blinks. After a pause, he’s about to open his mouth.

ext. carson estate – day

broker (russian accent)

Compliments on your new home.

A BROKER hands Katie (6 mo. Pregnant) a KEY. She HUGS Zach, overjoyed with their dream home. Zach smiles weakly, distant.

INT. CARSON ESTATE – DAY

Katie’s in awe of the home’s lavish ROOMS, KITCHEN, POOL...

katie (to zach)

Honey, let’s decide on a nursery!

int. carson master bedroom – night

Prepping for bed in a lavish room and plush bed, Katie’s annoyed.

katie

A fishing trip? For how long? I’m seven months pregnant!

zach

It’s not my idea. It’s Tovar. They do an annual trip. It’s a *big deal* to be invited. It’s a thirty-minute flight, back on Sunday.

She pouts. Absorbs their beautiful room.

katie

I guess the Bahamas isn’t like Vegas. I’ll miss you –and maybe you’ll bring home fish.

He kisses her, sincere, overdue and romantic.

ext. nassau, bahamas – day

A 40’ SPORT FISHING BOAT on a stunning, clear day.

int. “Abaco Dream” fishing boat - continuous

As the boat heads out, Zach actually smiles as he grasps the paradise around him: luminous water and islands on the horizon.

Tovar, fat in a tropical shirt. Burly RUSSIANS wear black despite the heat. Zach, Rex and three DOCTORS hold poles and beers.

tovar

WAH HA! Look what I caught!

Tovar pretends he “caught” a group of TOPLESS B-GIRLS who emerge from the cabin. Zach scoffs, privately displeased. The other doctors beam as the girls coo and sit in their laps.

zach

I’m grabbing a beer. Anyone?

He proceeds towards the controls and grabs a water. CAPTAIN RANDY, an ordinary guy like Zach, chuckles.

captain randy

Yaw’ll are some crazy comrades.

zach

I’m an Indiana boy with a pregnant wife who’s texting every hour.

captain randy

I’m from Indy! I don’t miss the cold. I suppose I better get used to it...

zach

Why? You got paradise right here.

captain randy

One more year and I’m gone.

 (shrugs to explain)

A demonic ex-wife. Alimony for a thug kid who ain’t mine. In a year I’ll have enough cash to vanish to Alaska. Maybe try salmon fishin.’

Zach raises his brows.

zach

Thought I had issues. Good luck.

He shakes his head at the men dancing with the nude girls.

ext. nassau marina – day

As the boat docks, Zach stands aside, seeing his drunk peers. They’re hollering and pawing at the girls like idiots.

As the men file off the boat and pose with fish (one man puking,) Zach gazes at the idyllic CARIBBEAN SETTING.

Waiting to enter an airport TAXI, Zach notices the BILLBOARD from before: a Bahamas RESORT and SHIP, the words “JUST ESCAPE.”

int. carson clinic – night

CHRISTMAS decorations. Alone in the back, Zach’s ending a call.

zach

Leaving now. I will. Love you too.

A BANGING on the FRONT DOOR. He turns, eyes wide. He peeks through the blinds: it’s Aurora, she’s HURT. Zach lets her in, bruised, bloody mouth, ripped skirt, scratches on her thighs.

zach

What’s wrong? What happened?

Hysterical, she latches onto him, her true accent prominent.

aurora

It was Tovar. He is a monster!

He ushers her to the BACK OFFICE to sit. He gives her a blanket.

aurora (emotional)

They are bad people, Zachary.

zach

Who? What happened?

She wipes a drip of blood from her lip.

aurora

They will kill me. Everyone must know how they operate. If I die--

He touches her.

zach

--No one’s going to hurt you. What--

She locks eyes with him, red and full of terror.

aurora

--You must tell everyone if I vanish! They are the *Bratva* –the Brotherhood... you say...like Red Mafia.

He recoils.

zach

Russian mafia? I’m just a...chiropract--

She clutches his shirt, panicked.

aurora

--You are one of many trades. Their *roskrychivat*, their schemes. Tovar is the family *sovietnik*, counselor. Remember this!

She turns to pace the floor like a panther. He’s speechless.

aurora (cont’d)

They have their B-Girls –Bar Girls. Barely eighteen. Tovar smuggles them in to be thieves. Pornography...

She turns, anxious energy, rattling off crimes.

aurora (cont’d)

Hackers seize data from the air. Gas stations, Starbucks. Clones the cards. Sells the data across the globe. Buys junk cars and insurance. Then crashes the cars to produce patients.

 (she turns to Zach)

For our clinics. Our attorneys. For you.

Zach suddenly pieces it together.

zach

Because I was naïve... Clean.

She paces towards a shelf, squints at Zach’s HULA-GIRL DOLL.

aurora

I wouldn’t be his doll. I would never advance. Women are only whores or property. I refused to be either.

Zach’s cell VIBRATES. His eyes widen at Katie’s TEXT:

katie’s text:

I THINK I’M GOING INTO LABOR!

zach

I gotta’ go! You stay here. I have a futon and pillows. No one will know.

Her eyes dart around the room, considering it. Aurora clutches his shirt. A BLOOD SMEAR on white cotton.

aurora

There is no way out! They are predators. Ruthless. Take this.

From a pocket she hands him a pink RABBIT’S FOOT.

zach

For good luck?

aurora

It’s a flash drive. Five years of financial transactions. All of it.

A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM, as we’re suddenly in:

int. hospital delivery room – night

Katie SCREAMS in labor. Zach, white and perspiring, stays near her head as the DOCTOR delivers their son.

int. hospital room – day

Katie’s glassy-eyed in bed. Zach’s still in his previous clothes as a NURSE rolls the BABY out the room in a bassinette.

nurse (sing-song)

Say goodbye to Jack Lewis Carson... His mommy and daddy need rest too.

Zach and Katie are incredulous, yet glassy-eyed and exhausted. As the nurse exits, Katie rolls her eyes to Zach.

katie

Is that...blood...on your shirt?

He looks down -Aurora’s bloody HAND SMEAR. He freezes.

zach

It’s...from you. You don’t remember. I felt so bad. I have calls to make with our big news!

He kisses her dry lips as she zones out.

zach (cont’d)

I’ll change clothes. Be right back.

int. carson clinic I – day

Zach rushes into the lobby, flinches when he sees Iliana.

zach

How are you here?

iliana

I work here. I have a key.

Zach darts towards the rear.

zach

Was anyone...here?

iliana

Who would be here?

No sign of Aurora. In his office, DISTURBED SHEETS and a pillow.

int. public library – day

Zach enters the busy library. He locates “Public Computers.” A sign warns “30-Min Max for Public Use.” He sits and peeks over his shoulders. He huddles in to TYPE.

ONSCREEN: “Russian Mafia,” a burst of data and images. PAGES on “Russian Crime Organizations,” “Cybercrime,” ”Meanings of Russian Tattoos.”

SOMEONE TOUCHES Zach’s shoulder. He TURNS.

librarian

Your time is up. Others are waiting.

int. psychiatrist office – day

White as a sheet, Zach’s back in his chair.

zach

Am I protected by some sort of... “doctor-patient” confidentiality?

psychiatrist (wary)

If a patient threatens self-inflicted harm, I’m not obligated to warn anyone... But I will take steps to prevent any such injury.

zach

Imagine a... bad, no-win dilemma. Where my family would be better off. My wife young enough to move on. My son too young to remember.

The doctor frowns to interpret.

psychiatrist

As if you were provoked by some “inescapable catalyst”?

He locks eyes with her. He repeats the word, pensive.

zach (sotto)

*Inescapable...*

int. carson estate – night

The NURSERY, Katie kisses baby Jack and lies him in his crib.

The MASTER BEDROOM, Zach’s in bed, consumed with his laptop and TV. Katie enters the bed, they kiss. She rolls over.

katie

Good luck with that monitor.

He fiddles with a baby monitor at his bedside. As he overly fidgets with it, he ignores a NEWSCAST.

newscaster (v.o.)

...The body found in Biscayne Bay has not been identified. In hopes of finding clues or family members, police have released a photograph.

Zach does a double-take at the TV –HORRIFIED.

newscaster

A driver’s license has been deemed counterfeit by the DMV, but it states the name Aurora Petra.

ONSCREEN: Aurora’s PHOTO, smiling, stunning. Zach drops the baby monitor. He reflexively stands, in shock.

Katie looks up, tired and curious.

newscaster

According to Miami-Dade’s Coroner, “Aurora’s” injuries include severe knife wounds to the neck...

ONSCREEN: a BODY under a tarp on the bank of BISCAYNE BAY.

newscaster (cont’d)

...including lacerations extending to the spinal cord. If anyone recognizes this woman, please contact Miami Police.

int. master bathroom – seconds later

Ironically, Katie strokes Zach’s hair as he’s sick at the toilet.

katie

Something you ate, babe..?

int. Makeshift porn studio – night

Behind MONITORS in a crude studio (B-Girls performing,) Tovar’s watching the NEWS showing Aurora’s face. Tor and his MEN are taunting the girls. Tovar shrugs to Tor about Aurora.

tovar (subtitles)

Dead? Was she not from Russia?

tor (subtitles)

Maryland. Pikesville. Ukrainian.

int. zach’s car – night

Perspiring, Zach speeds, SWERVING.

zach (v.o.)

An *inescapable catalyst?* That’s what just happened.

The news replays in his head.

newscaster (v.o.)

*...severe knife wounds...lacerations extending to the spinal cord...*

FLASHBACK: Aurora, pacing in his office, approaching his hula doll where he’d hidden the Nanny Cam.

aurora (v.o.)

*You must tell everyone if I vanish!*

Zach IMAGINES the FOOTAGE from the video cam. A FISH-EYE VIEW of her face as she peers into the lens.

int. carson clinic I – night

He enters the door to see the LOCK SMASHED. He rushes to the rear. He approaches his shelf -the doll and cam are gone.

Aurora’s voice (v.o.)

*There is no way out..!*

int. carson clinic I – day

Bad to worse. A KNOCK at the door. Zach wakes in a chair where he’d passed out. Skittish, without sleep, Zach OPENS the door, squinting in the DAWN sun, to see AGENT CHESNEY.

Chesney

Dr. Zachary Carson?

 (doesn’t wait for response)

Agent Viktor Chesney, FBI. Can I borrow a minute of your time?

Zach’s red eyes don’t blink.

In Zach’s work area, he sits across from Chesney. A nervous wreck.

zach

You said this has something to do with a traffic camera..?

Chesney sits comfortably, unwavering.

Chesney

Partially. Did you know a woman who called herself Aurora Petra?

Zach’s face goes white at the abrupt name.

chesney (cont’d)

A traffic cam -right outside- caught a tag registered to that name, turning into here the night before we found her body.

Chesney slides B/W PHOTOS across the desk. Zach glances.

Chesney (cont’d)

It’s blurry, but it appears she entered your office, and never came back out. Know anything about that?

Zach looks down, eyes darting –he spots a BLOOD DROP on the carpet. A MEMORY of Aurora wiping her mouth. He locks eyes with Chesney.

ext. port of miami – day

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

The ship MAJESTIC AZURE looms imposingly before Zach and Katie. As they approach the ship in near slow motion, a smile is frozen across Katie’s face. Zach is deadpan, eyes wide.

katie

Can you believe we’re finally here?

zach (v.o.)

That’s when I knew that ship would not be bringing me home.

FADE OUT.

pitch black

zach (v.o. cont’d)

Katie said I was the most creative researcher she’d ever known.

fade in:

EXT. tropical island bar – day

zach (v.o.)

My research found Pete’s Pub in the Abacos. So off-the-hook it doesn’t even have electricity for blenders.

The rustic PETE’S PUB on the sand, surrounded by sailboats and islands. Just a SPARSE CROWD of bronze, sand-dusted types.

zach (v.o. cont’d)

Beers served out of ice chests.

Zach’s at the bar, tan, a month’s stubble, shades. He hails a pretty bohemian BARTENDER.

zach

Another Kalik please.

int. miami public library – day

FLASHBACK when Zach was using public computers. He wore a hoodie, turning away from any CAMERAS he noticed.

zach (v.o.)

But my research had to be completely invisible. Nothing from home or on Vast Oro’s servers.

Huddled at a TERMINAL, as he scans NEWS HEADLINES, one catches his eye: “Woman Jumps from Cruise Ship, Third This Year.”

zach (v.o.)

If I needed to vanish, it had to be a dead-end. No body and plausible.

A flurry of RESEARCH: “Average Temperature in the Atlantic.” Then he searches: “Wet Suit Temperature Guide.”

EXT. ron-jon SURF SHOP, FT. LAUDERDALE – DAY

Zach meanders into a busy (anonymous) surf shop.

int. surf shop – day

He searches through a rack of full-body WETSUITS.

zach (v.o.)

Full wetsuit, one millimeter neoprene, to protect against possible hypothermia.

int. carson’s cruise ship cabin – night

FLASH: Zach’s wetsuit under his TUXEDO SHIRT as he dresses.

BACK TO: PETE’S PUB – CONTINUOUS

Beyond the bar are bungalows and a POOL. Zach walks up to the pool, takes off his shirt and JUMPS IN, feet first.

zach (v.o.)

But I knew the memories would be seared onto my conscience forever.

As he PLUNGES into the pool, it’s suddenly the ATLANTIC NIGHT.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN – NIGHT

Eight-foot seas. Zach STRIKES the water, full force. When he surfaces, the illuminated Majestic Azure seems a mile away. He PANTS and SCREAMS, clasping his neck.

Zach (v.o.)

Hyperextended neck and back. Self-diagnosed, of course. Nothing my months of practice could prepare me for.

ext. ft. lauderdale’s aquatic center – day

At the pools, Zach’s awed by towering DIVING PLATFORMS. He JUMPS from the two-meter. Then the five; then climbs the TEN. At the peak, he looks down, hesitates, then JUMPS. Again and again.

zach (v.o.)

Elbows tight, one hand covering the nose and mouth, the other holding that hand at the wrist –according to a U.S. Coast Guard Survival Guide.

back to: atlantic ocean – night

zach (v.o.)

A dose of anxiety meds didn’t hurt.

Zach struggles to tread water. He pulls out a handheld GPS.

ext. “Abaco Dream” fishing boat – night

CAPTAIN RANDY holds his RADIO and gazes at a GPS MONITOR.

captain randy

I read your position. Hang in there!

The boat pulls alongside Zach. Randy helps him aboard.

zach (v.o.)

I made a deal with a man wanting to escape to Alaska. I offered him that one-year of savings with just one job. Cash.

BACK TO: PETE’S PUB – DAY

Zach towels off and returns to his beer at the bar.

zach (v.o.)

Anonymity is why I’m here. Another nation, just 100 miles away. Scarce law enforcement, and unlike the U.S. no video cameras every fifty feet.

He sees a fat BAR PATRON (60) dancing with a GIRLFRIEND (30.)

zach (v.o.)

The regulars are expatriate Americans. Probably drug dealers from the 80s. No one asks. No one cares.

He looks out at the LAGOON dotted with SAILBOATS.

zach (v.o.)

Their addresses are their boats. They paddle-in for rum punch, fried conch, peas and rice. Then pull anchor for a new island tomorrow.

EXPATRIATES LAUGH and dance to REGGAE with their young girls.

Zach (V.O.)

No one gives a shit about a Miami chiropractor. And Russians –in their year-round leather jackets- aren’t exactly aquatic people.

int. hacker’s den – day

Roman and the twins curse in RUSSIAN as they TYPE.

zach (v.o.)

Back home, Vast Oro doesn’t know whether to shit or wind their watches. You see, with six months’ planning, I skimmed over $4,500,200.

int. carson chiro I – day

FLASHBACK: Zach in early-morning mode, going through mail.

zach (v.o.)

Insurance checks are conveniently made out to me. I had to beat that bitch for the morning mail.

We see a CHECK from INSUREX: “$19,570 payable to Dr. Zach Carson.” He lowers the check to see Iliana with her nasty smirk.

int. tovar’s office – day

Tovar frowns through reading glasses at his MONITOR.

zach (v.o.)

Of course they’ll catch it –weeks after my obituary.

ext. carson estate – pool deck – dusk

Katie holds baby Jack, wistfully gazing at a sunset.

zach (v.o.)

My priority was make sure there’s zero evidence Katie was involved. If they believe that, they’ll leave her alone. In the Russian criminal world--

CUT TO: A webpage on RUSSIAN CRIME.

zach (v.o.)

--“…Females and children serve no purpose or function…” Even Aurora said women are only whores or property.

BACK TO: Katie and baby Jack.

Zach (v.o.)

When they’re convinced Katie had no involvement, she’ll be shunned. Safe.

In the NURSERY, Katie places baby Jack in his crib.

zach (v.o.)

I could have never shared my plan. Katie would fail a polygraph.

Katie’s own words when she revealed the cruise:

katie (v.o.)

*You know I can’t keep secrets...*

FLASHBACK: The PSYCHIATRIST’S office. Zach sulking in his chair.

zach (v.o.)

Finishing touches: Sessions with genial Dr. Cohen. Implying just enough to get some nice ‘scripts. Then acting like a drunk fool on the ship.

int. majestic azure – multiple - night

In the CASINO - We see Zach HOLLERING like a drunk idiot.

zach (v.o.)

I knew where every *eye-in-the-sky* was for my performance.

His CABIN – The TEQUILA and PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE on the floor.

zach (v.o.)

Decisive items of evidence -and I highly recommend anxiety meds when hunted by Russian mafia.

back to: pete’s pub – day

Paying his tab, Zach inadvertently pulls from his backpack Aurora’s RABBIT’S FOOT. He pauses; proceeds to pay and exits.

zach (v.o.)

All that’s left is to choose which plan: let Katie move on with her life? Or wait the determined time to reach out after I know no one’s on my trail.

int. fbi’s miami field office – day

Chesney’s presenting to a cynical Goldman and his peers.

Goldman

Let’s talk about the trail. The decapitated Russian girl was a dead-end?

Chesney

She was Ukrainian, and she wasn’t *fully* decapitated. I was unable to confirm any verifiable links.

goldman

What was Miami PD’s verdict?

Chesney

They got an ID from her mom in Maryland. She’d been in and out of trouble for prostitution when she was a teen. She ran away.

 (shrugs)

Case closed as a *victim of the streets*.

goldman

You burned months on this. What about the chiro you were trying to coerce?

Chesney huffs, deflated.

Chesney

Carson wouldn’t budge. Had the best alibi a man could have during Aurora’s time of death –he was with his wife, having their first child.

Heidi in the front gives him a nod of support. He plows ahead.

chesney (cont’d)

If Carson sounds familiar, he’s the guy who took a dive from the cruise ship.

A few agents scoff and shake their heads at his misfortune.

goldman

You probably pushed him.

int. chesney’s work area – day

Dispirited, Chesney works as Heidi observes at his side.

chesney

“Follow the money” still holds true. We need to see where their cash--

Heidi’s a quick study –but interrupts.

heidi

--Don’t we always know where the money’s going? Drugs, guns, *bla, bla*. I find it more interesting to see where it’s coming from.

Chesney cocks his head, *enlighten me.* She opens a SPREADSHEET.

heidi (RE: chart)

From the insurance companies. Paying Vast Oro clinics for thousands of patients. -Where are they coming from?

chesney

I don’t care. Bus benches. Radio. Those grating “Call 911-HURT” ads.

heidi

Do you know Dan Holms, an investigator at Insurex? He’s studying Vast Oro too. –Cool what’s this?

She playfully lifts a colorful wooden egg, knowing she’s now piqued his interest. He smiles at her game.

chesney

That’s a *pysanka*, a Ukrainian Easter egg. For good fortune. So what’s your insurance friend want from me?

heidi

You have it backwards, *jefe*. He might have evidence you’re missing.

chesney

I’m not talking to an insurance guy.

She frowns, studies him.

heidi

Wow. Your generation really is closed-minded. He shared this:

 (refers to report)

Based on DMVs, 85% of their patients have been in the U.S. for less than five years--

chesney (interrupts)

--Whoa. You’re not playing that card.

heidi

There’s no *card*. I work with facts. In one of Dan’s cases, a seamstress was making $50.00 a month in Havana. A year later she owns her own Vast Oro clinic in Boca.

She looks at him, stoic, no longer playful.

heidi (cont’d)

He told me a Tampa doctor who worked for Vast Oro blew his brains out in a hotel room last year.

chesney

Why haven’t I heard about this?

heidi

FBI wasn’t called. It was a suicide. Same story as Carson. What if the doctors aren’t the bad guys?

int. carson estate – day

Katie holds Jack, weary. The PHONE RINGS. She checks the ID: “DR. REX BAUER.” She’s puzzled by the unexpected name.

katie

Hello..? Rex?

Rex’s jovial tone is replaced with mock compassion.

rex (v.o.)

Hi-ya Katie. How are ya’ holdin’ up?

katie

Busy. My mom’s been a huge help.

rex (v.o.)

That is truly a blessing. I’m hoping you’d let me buy you a coffee. Figure you’d enjoy some fresh air. And to be honest, the Vast Oro folks need me to give you some forms.

Katie hesitates, but softens.

katie

I don’t know. I--

rex (v.o.)

--I promise thirty minutes. A nice change of scenery might do ya’ good.

katie

Why not. Jack’s naptime is perfect.

int. agent Chesney’s DESK – day

Chesney lifts his PHONE, irritated. He calls over to Heidi.

Chesney

What’s the insurance guy want?

 (huffs)

Put him through...

He has no time, multitasking on his computer.

Chesney (cont’d)

Mr. Holms, what’s up?

int. insurex headquarters – day

Within a maze of cubicles, DAN HOLMS sits upright. He’s slightly rogue and less corporate, with stubble and khakis.

dan

Hello Special Agent. I think we’re both aiming at the same target: Vast--

INTERCUT on CHESNEY: Pulling his hand through his hair, impatient.

Chesney

--My investigations are classified.

ON DAN: He smirks; a slight swagger.

dan

You’re pulling your hair out because attorney referral services aren’t illegal, aren’t you?

ON CHESNEY: Jerks his hand out of his hair like Dan’s psychic.

Chesney

Why does a “claims adjuster” care?

ON DAN: Grinning now.

dan

That money your case is about, *sort of* came from our banks. So we care.

 (beat)

Are you allowed to accept a beer from an “insurance guy” on your day off?

Chesney (v.o.)

I don’t drink.

dan

I’m seeing your problem. Pepsi it is. Rusty Pelican, Saturday, 8:00 p.m.

Dan hangs up. He glowers at Heidi, who grins.

ext. biltmore hotel cafe – day

Rex and Katie at a poolside CAFÉ TABLE at the historic hotel.

katie

Jack helps the days go by faster.

Rex still has the air of unclear deceit.

rex

So true... Did you get the invitation for Dr. Kolov’s little boy’s birthday party? Tomorrow?

katie

I did. I think I will go. Maybe get out and meet some other moms.

rex

Then I’ll see ya’ there!

 (big smile)

Listen: I was chattin’ with the Vast Oro folks, and we’re praying Zach really took care of you.

katie

What do you mean?

Rex

Well...they’re hoping Zach was shrewd enough to tuck away something nice for you. You know.

She shrugs, not understanding.

rex (cont’d)

Perhaps assets that were a... I don’t know... A surprise? I’d be happy to take a peek at your records.

Katie sits upright. A strange vibe. She lifts her purse.

katie

I’m not friends with these Vast Oro “folks,” but tell them I’ll be fine. I need to relieve my mom.

ext. Elbow cay, abacos, bahamas – day

Zach’s cruising on a BIKE through the quaint island village of HOPE TOWN. A candy-stripe LIGHTHOUSE and pastel COTTAGES.

zach (v.o.)

With spotty island electricity comes crappy internet –but it’s anonymous. And again, no cameras, no eyes.

He notices a BANK SIGN on an island SHACK: “Open Only Tues and Thurs, 2:00-4:00.” Zach nods with a grin, *must be nice...*

Zach enters a knockoff STARFISH’S COFFEE that offers INTERNET.

EXT. starfish’s coffee shack – day

Seated on a back PORCH overlooking a harbor, he opens a LAPTOP.

zach (v.o.)

The first –and hardest- step was new identification. Fortunately, offshore fake ID sites accept Visa gift cards.

We see scrolling WEBSITES offering “Create Your Own Fun ID!”

zach (v.o.)

Not perfect, but good enough to get a second form of ID from a library in the same name. I used some obscure Canadian province--

We see ONLINE MAPS of Canadian Provinces. Way north is NUNAVUT.

Zach (v.o. cont’d)

--I never even heard of Nunavut. To avoid any pain-in-the-ass from being from the same place.

CUT TO: Zach in the LIBRARY showing his ID. The LIBRARIAN smiles, hands him a new laminated LIBRARY CARD.

zach (v.o.)

IDs are required for Eastern Union cash transfers and P.O. Boxes in Nassau. “Real banks” are out of the question.

INT. EASTERN UNION WIRE TRANSFER office, Miami – DAY

Zach in shades walks up to a BUSY, hectic EASTERN UNION DESK.

zach (v.o.)

It has to be less than $10,000 per transaction to avoid alerts. There are ten Eastern Union locations in the Bahamas, five in Nassau alone--

INT. EASTERN UNION, bahamas – DAY

Conversely, in a paddle-fanned SHOP, Zach casually strolls in.

Zach (cont’d)

--that requires only a ten-digit code and a cursory ID to collect.

A calm BAHAMIAN barely glances at the ID, then pays out CASH.

INT. walgreens, Miami - day

zach (v.o.)

In case of any snags with a transfer, a nice way to carry plastic is with prepaid Visa gift cards--

In a drug store, Zach pays CASH for a STACK of Visa GIFT CARDS.

ext. nassau p.o. box shop – day

An ISLAND SHOP advertises P.O. BOXES. Zach enters with DUFFELS.

zach (v.o.)

To move cash, I learned a scheme used by the IRA to ship weapons.

We see Zach in a TOY SHOP, buying large TOYS, ROBOTS, DOLLS, etc. He DISASSEMBLES them to find HOLLOW CAVITIES. He FILLS them with STACKS OF CASH. He reassembles and packs them to SHIP.

zach (v.o.)

The U.S Postal Service never x-rays *outgoing.* And the Bahamas, well...

int. Nassau p.o. box shOp – continuous

Zach barely flashes an ID to collect his stack of BOXES.

ext. rustic marina, hope town – day

An OLD VW CAB drops off Zach and his BOXES. He casually pulls them in a wagon down a dock to a SAILBOAT.

zach (v.o.)

The island expression is “living off the hook.” Meaning an address not found on any map app.

We see Zach paying CASH to a DOCK MASTER, smiling with a cigar.

zach (v.o.)

Vacant boats are rented in the off-season. It’s discreet because this man (dock master) is renting the boats without the real owners having any clue.

INT. SAILBOAT – CONTINUOUS

Zach inspects his docked 50’ SAILBOAT. Nice teak CABIN, GALLEY, TV, DESK, BED. On deck with the lighthouse in the background.

zach (v.o.)

Running water, electricity, Wi-Fi. Nice view. No ID required.

BACK TO: starfish’s coffee shack – day

Zach achingly notices a ROMANTIC COUPLE kissing. He’s wistful.

zach (v.o.)

The one thing cash can’t buy. And I can now only watch Katie from afar…

He turns to his laptop, a SOCIAL MEDIA site.

zach (v.o.)

To exist in Katie’s world, I created a profile for a long-lost relative…

We see his ONLINE handiwork: Copying the FACE of a Hallmark GRANDMOTHER-type. Then inventing a PROFILE on a FACEBOOK page.

zach (v.o.)

Distant Great-AUNT BETHANY from Peoria. She friend-requested Katie to offer her condolences. Katie accepted.

Zach clicks on KATIE’S FACEBOOK PAGE. He’s riveted by her profile -it includes a new PIC of baby Jack. He tears up. True emotion. He scrolls to review PHOTOS. A PARTY pic gets his attention.

zach (v.o.)

A birthday at Dr. Kolov’s? We hate those people..?

In the PIC, Katie’s smiling with other PARENTS. In another, she’s by a cake with Rex at her side –his arm is around her. Rex seems to have a sinister smile. Zach clicks on REX’S PROFILE. His post says “Spent time with a wonderful lady.” Zach fumes.

ext. rusty pelican, miami – night

DUSK. Agent Chesney and Dan Holms sit at an outdoor table with Biscayne Bay and the Miami skyline in the background.

dan

So, “Chesney,” like the country singer –or the Ukrainian *Chesneyy*?

Chesney folds his arms, impatient.

chesney

Ukrainian. So what?

Dan smiles, a breakthrough.

dan

Okay... Vast Oro’s your white whale. To prove they are just *bad apples*--

Chesney (interrupts)

--You have fifteen minutes. I’m only here because my parents have my son across over at Seaquarium. And I’m officially not here.

Dan shakes his head at his nonsense. Looks at his watch.

dan

I have only *ten* minutes. Do you know what 626.989 statutory immunity is?

Chesney rolls his hand, impatient.

Chesney

Let’s go... Enlighten me.

dan

It means*...* I –the insurance investigator- am allowed to share with *you* –law enforcement- my findings without any of those burdensome subpoenas.

This gets Chesney’s attention. A beat as a SERVER brings drinks.

dan (cont’d)

I bet you’re still just working the clinics angle.

Chesney

Why wouldn’t I? That’s their cash machine. I really don’t see how you can help me here.

Dan enjoys an unhurried sip of his margarita. He shrugs.

dan

Our affiliates are 35% of the market. That’s a lot of free evidence... Not just clinics. Theft rings, chop shops... Imagine a nice RICO case...

Chesney’s eyes dance at the notion. Dan leans in.

dan (cont’d)

Tell me: Why the resurgence? Down here?

Chesney counts reasons off on his fingers, cynical.

Chesney

Because how fast you guys pay –no offense. A friendly legal system. Miami’s the new porn capital. Cops don’t give a shit about white collar. Harder to indict--

dan (interrupts)

--But not impossible. Do you know the real reason they chose Miami?

Chesney frowns, unsure where he’s going with this.

dan(cont’d)

You hear about my stolen boats case used for Cuban smuggling? Refugees pay $10,000 each to come here.

Chesney

Good for you. Not my department.

dan

Families don’t have *ten grand* to pay for anyone. My family couldn’t pay for me. But someone’s paying it. Who?

 (slides over a folder)

85% of Vast Oro’s patients are poor refugees or their families.

Chesney’s eyes narrow, his gears turn. He opens the folder.

dan (cont’d)

A sixteen-year-old girl cried when she told me they had to participate in four accidents each to pay off their debt.

Chesney (awestruck)

Have you identified the head?

ext. captain jack’s bar, abacos – night

DUSK, Zach’s brooding with his LAPTOP. Empty beer bottles to his side. Solemnly scrolling through PHOTOS of his wife and son.

zach (v.o. slower)

I set online alerts for news. Of my name, my death... Not outta’ egocentrism or amusement, but to wait for things to pass. Now I helplessly witness her life...

A NEWSPAPER article about the cruise ship shows Katie CRYING.

zach (v.o.)

Seeing her cry crushed me. The feelings were never part of my research. What other flaws are in my perfect plan?

A PAPER AIRPLANE folded from a dollar bill HITS HIM in the head.

blonde (o.s.)

I am so sorry! I was aimin’ for that jar!

Zach turns to see a STUNNING LADY (25) in a bikini top and daisy dukes, clearly buzzed, with a lady FRIEND.

blonde (cont’d)

I’ll make it up to you –I’m buyin’ you a Bahama Mama!

zach (timid)

It’s okay. I’m fine.

With a hand on her hip, she’s animated for her giggling friend.

blonde

No one has ever turned me down!

Zach shrugs, blushing. The BARTENDER delivers drinks for the three. The blonde pulls up close to Zach, motions to his laptop.

blonde (cont’d)

I’m LAINEY, this is TISH. We’re from Atlanta. You a lawyer or somethin’?

Buzzed, he replies reflexively.

zach

A chiropra –retired. I’m Bob.

lainey

Well, *Dr.* *Bob*, here’s to you!

She toasts and they drink. ISLAND SKA MUSIC plays and the girls order tequila shots. Zach falls prey to peer pressure and TIME BLURS. Tish staggers to kiss Lainey goodnight and exits.

lainey (to zach)

Tish has to get back to her fiancé.

To Zach’s shock, Lainey slides her hand into his crotch.

lainey

It’s adorable how easy you blush. I bet I can make you blush again.

He’s unprepared for a change, off his game.

zach

I’m sorry, I don’t--

lainey (into his ear)

--I’m stayin’ at the Abaco Inn. That’s where I want you to fuck me.

Zach almost spews his drink. Despite his state, he BACKS OFF.

zach

Sorry Lainey, this night’s over.

She frowns, confused and furious.

lainey

No one has ever turned me down!

Zach tosses a hundred on the bar, collects his items.

zach

It’s a “not-you-it’s-me” thing.

She glares at him as he exits, humiliated.

int. sean negroni’S office – day

Katie appears nauseous, seated in front of attorney Sean.

sean

Zach hadn’t paid the mortgages for four months prior to... (FLINCH) Alfa-Cap’s alleging he pocketed it--

katie

--That’s bullshit! Why would he? Our clinics were doing great.

Sean shrugs, he’s just the middleman.

Sean

Four months is over $120,000. There’s no equity anyway. My recommendation is to walk away. Florida’s a favorable state for bankruptcy...

Katie’s about to melt as the bad news drones on.

sean (o.s.)

...Consider selling your cars. You own them outright... (FLINCH)

int. conference room, FBI miami field office – day

Chesney and Heidi have progressed their project to a small conference room. Details written on a BOARD and post-it notes.

heidi (RE: laptop)

Every Vast Oro clinic was incorporated using the same registered agent.

Chesney moves closer to read from her screen.

chesney

Attorney Nikolas Tovar. Is he careless enough to have clients tied to other offenses?

heidi (shrugs)

I’ll run his name to see what cases he’s handled.

She begins searching. Vik contemplates.

chesney

He’s just a shield. He won’t lead us to any real players...

heidi (chuckles)

Weird: he handled class-actions. Chinese drywall. He successfully quarantined an entire high-rise downtown. Only his clients allowed in.

chesney

Keep digging. I’m making a call.

int. MiaMI international AIRPORT – food concourse – DAY

Dan Holms sits with the PILOT who was robbed by the B-Girl.

dan

Thanks a million for meeting me. Like I mentioned, my company paid for your stolen Presidential Rolex last July. Do you recall that?

The pilot seethes at the memory.

pilot

That was over $51,000! You people promised my wife won’t have to know--

dan (interrupts)

--That’s not my business. You stated it occurred at a specific Miami address on Alton and Cameo. Are you 100% sure?

pilot

Yes sir. It was saved on my GPS. I was going to sue their ass, but decided to forgive like a good Christian.

dan

That warehouse had a lease, brokered by a Nikolas Tovar. Does that name mean anything?

pilot

Nope. Sounds Russian. They were all Russians –and the thief was a whore.

ext. sean negroni’s office – day

On his door, Sean finds a generic 9 X 12 COURIER ENVELOPE.

int. negroni’s office – moments later

Negroni slides the contents out, curious. A quarter-inch of yellowed PAPERS have a letterhead: MIDWEST FARM LIFE CO.

ext. carson estate, front lawn – day

An emotional Katie holds Jack, standing with her mom. They watch Russian WORKERS move FURNITURE from her home and into a truck.

Carmen

Imagine Jack with a change of seasons…

Katie’s CELL RINGS. She huffs at the name and answers.

katie

I know Sean. I shouldn’t be here--

sean (v.o. interrupts)

--Do recall any policies with a Midwest Farm Life Company?

katie

No..?

sean (v.o.)

Zach purchased two life policies over ten years ago. Each for $1,000,000. They were affordable at the time considering his age--

katie

--What does it matter? Suicide’s not--

sean (v.o.)

--No Katie. That exclusion is for new policies. These are over two years old.

Katie’s eyes bug.

int. zach’s sailboat – day

While researching, his LAPTOP PINGS. He checks it.

zach (v.o.)

Confirmed delivery by courier, via an online service, who accepts gift cards.

WE SEE Katie, beaming, telling her mom the good news.

zach (v.o.)

Two million won’t make her wealthy forever. It’s seed money. I’m imagining her gorgeous smile...

He then observes his confining cabin.

zach (v.o.)

*Off the hook*, just a little longer...

ext. marsh harbour airport, abacos – day

The tiny tropical airport with a few planes on the tarmac.

int. 737 bahamas-air airplane – continuous

A hung-over Lainey is playing on her iPhone, smacking gum.

flight attendant (o.s.)

Your phone on flight mode, please!

lainey

You got *anything* I can look at?

flight attendant (o.s.)

Just those old papers and magazines.

Lainey rolls her eyes. She leafs through a stack of PAPERS at an adjacent seat. “Man Jumps from Cruise Ship” grabs her attention. Unfolding it, she sees a PHOTO of Zach. Her jaw drops. It’s him.

int. conference room, fbi miami field office – day

Chesney and Heidi synergize, FLOWCHARTS taped to the wall.

chesney

The same attorney –Tovar- tied to eleven clinics, billing for fictitious injuries.

Heidi continues from her screen like a tag team.

heidi

Thanks to Dan, we have evidence the same *Tovar* is tied to addresses where multiple property and vehicle thefts have been reported.

She’s drawn to a sudden message on her monitor.

heidi (cont’d)

Speaking of... Dan just wrote.

She turns to Chesney, perplexed.

heidi (cont’d)

Dan received an alert about Dr. Carson: an Indiana carrier is covering a new Life claim totaling $2,000,000.

Chesney’s jaw drops. His eyes calculating the inference.

chesney

Mrs. Carson suddenly has motive.

int. SSA goldman’s office, FBI Miami office – day

An ASSISTANT rushes to hand a PRINTOUT to Goldman. His eyes bug.

Goldman dials his PHONE, anxious. After a ring:

goldman

A tourist claims she met Zachary Carson in the Abacos three days ago. She confirmed a photo line-up.

int. St. Nicholas Ukrainian Orthodox Church, miami – concurrent

In a PEW in the colorful CHAPEL, Chesney’s on his CELL, amazed. As he gets up, old-world WORSHIPERS smile and wave as he exits.

chesney

*Isus..!* What are the chances Miami will keep a lid on this?

goldman (v.o.)

A front-page story? Zero.

int. zach’s sailboAT, ABACOS – DAY

Zach’s researching. His LAPTOP PINGS, then again and again. Something’s up. He surfs to see the ALERTS –then bolts upright.

ONLINE ALERT: NEWS STORIES highlight his name “Cruise ship jumper ZACH CARSON seen...”; “ZACH CARSON seen in Bahamas...” He squints to scan an article -his face displays, *Oh shit.*

zach (v.o.)

But how? There are no cameras any-- Lainey. A drunken flaw in my system.

int. sex webcam studio – day

In a foul WEBCAM STUDIO (B-GIRLS on set) Tovar pulls his pants up and zips. He exits the TRAILER to enter the:

ext. 52nd floor, GHOST BUILDING – continuous

Tovar taps Tor, who’s POWER-SANDING the skin off a SCREAMING MAN’S face, to follow him into an adjacent TRAILER, which is:

int. hacker’s den – continuous

Tor and Tovar enter, irritated. Tovar shrugs to Roman.

tovar (subtitles)

What is all this noise?

Roman and his twins look up with jagged, eager grins.

roman (subtitles)

Remember the alerts I had set? It seems the deceased Carson is alive. Thirty-five minutes east by air.

int. ZACH’S SAILBOAT – DAY

Zach quickly packs duffels, backpack, cash, laptop. He SHAVES his month’s beard into a walrus mustache. Puts on a panama hat.

zach (v.o.)

Locals won’t get today’s news unless they specifically look for it.

ext. hope town’s island ferry – day

The 54’ rust-stained FERRY carries twenty+ SERVICE WORKERS, huddled to and from MARSH HARBOUR for their daily jobs.

zach (v.o.)

The Bahamas are 700 islands, over 30 inhabited, that love U.S. dollars.

Zach, head down in shades, mixes among the passengers.

zach (v.o.)

Pitifully low on police, video security, and overall communication. I just need time for a Plan-C.

INT. customs office, Nassau – day

SUPER: BAHAMIAN CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, NASSAU

A CUSTOMS OFFICER lifts a CUSTOMS ALERT BOLO of ZACHARY CARSON from an ancient fax machine. He hands it to a SENIOR OFFICER.

 senior customs officer

Has the Enforcement Council alerted all air and seaports?

 Customs officer

Yes sir. The Coast Guard’s sending agents here and to the Abacos.

int. island ferry – day

Zach’s losing his cool, hands through his hair.

 zach (v.o.)

Think. The Royal Police only sends someone to the Out Islands twice a week…

He pauses as he sees a MAN with his arm around a LADY.

zach (v.o.)

Katie. She’ll see the same news.

ext. marsh harbour port (main island) – day

The ferry docks and the commuters stand. As Zach shuffles to disembark, he freezes to see a PORT OFFICER on the dock with a radio. The COP TURNS to flirt with a GIRL. Zach flees to the left.

ext. rural tropical dock – day

A lone PIER with a single BOAT in an overgrown area. Zach checks for witnesses, and approaches an old HOUSE BOAT.

He discerns an ATT DISH and a secure tarp; the boat’s closed for the season. He squeezes under the tarp; breaks a corner of glass enough to OPEN A DOOR. He enters.

int. house boat – moments later

Vintage 70s decor. With no concern for luxury, Zach’s on his LAPTOP. His wide eyes water at what he sees online:

BREAKING NEWS: A deer-in-headlights IMAGE of Katie, “Wife of Cruise Ship Jumper Wanted for Questioning.”

There’s no choice. He navigates to an EMAIL PROVIDER in the name of the fictitious “Aunt Bethany.” He types this message:

zach (v.o.)

Katie,

Zach once told me you’d met in Analytical Research class. He promised to protect you and love you forever. He’s waiting for you in the next life with open arms.

Do you understand?

Love,

Aunt Bethany

The same words from his “good bye” note. He presses SEND.

int. sean negroni’s office – day

Katie, ashen, but seated attentive across from Sean.

sean

You haven’t been arrested, and you have no duty to speak to anyone. But don’t have false hope either. The sighting is from one witness who’s had two drunk-driving charges.

Katie looks like she’s about to have a nervous breakdown.

katie

I just want to start over. Go home.

Sean’s desk phone RINGS; he answers. Katie gazes into space.

sean (terse)

That’s ludicrous! You’ve already tendered an offer! This is...bad faith!

Katie looks up. Sean’s uncustomarily ruffled. He hangs up.

sean

With this absurd “siting,” the life insurance company is opening an investigation.

katie

But... I already have their checks..?

sean

They stop-paid them. They’re worthless.

int. 52nd floor, ghost building – day

Tovar shouting orders to Tor, Sleek, Roman and nine HENCHMEN. Lots of chain-smoking, black leather blazers and shouting.

tovar (subtitles)

Roman arranged a charter out of Opa-Locka to Abaco. He wired a donation to a friend at the airstrip.

roman (subtitles)

The manifest will report pallets of textiles instead of eleven of you.

 tovar (subtitles)

Mr. Max is staying here, protected. Roman: you are remaining as well.

tor (to roman, subtitles)

Coward faggot--

tovar (to tor)

--Silence! I need Roman if that banana nation has any CCTV video!

Roman blows smoke at a leering Tor.

roman (subtitles)

My facial recognition software is better than Mickey Mouse Kingdom. If Carson shows his face, I will know.

Tovar looms close to Tor, warning.

tovar (subtitles)

If he is there, he must remain alive until I retrieve our money. Then you may have his flesh, wife and infant.

int. south beach espresso bar – day

Alone, Katie stares into her cup. A BLUR of people around her, she PERKS up as her IPAD PINGS.

ONSCREEN: E-MAIL from: AUNT BETHANY. Odd. She clicks it. As Katie reads, her jaw drops. Her hands quake and she covers her mouth to suppress a scream. She gazes around. Then TYPES.

int. espresso bar bathroom – seconds later

Katie enters, locks the door. With her back to the wall, she collapses. Crying, almost hyperventilating. Curled, fetal.

int. zach’s house boat – day

Zach’s laptop PINGS. ONSCREEN: Reply FROM: KATIE CARSON: “HOW, HOW, HOW??? How could you ever do this to me?”

He almost cries, but stops. He TYPES: “Not now, no time. Remember your report ‘9/11 How the Terrorists Succeeded.’? I won’t throw the ball.” Zach gazes up, hopeful.

zach (v.o.)

I need this to work. The Russians have hackers, certainly on my trail.

FLASHBACK – INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - a YOUNGER ZACH and KATIE, cozy.

zach (v.o.)

Katie and I fell in love in college working on an exhaustive report. Tactics how terrorists communicate.

We see ONLINE research, “9/11 Terrorist Communication Methods.” Then we see an E-Mail INBOX, down to its DRAFT FOLDER.

zach (v.o.)

It’s called a ‘dead drop.’ They wrote messages, but kept them in draft folders –they never sent them. They logged into each other’s accounts, and just read the drafts.

BACK TO: espresso bar bathroom - concurrent

Still on the floor, Katie gazes at her iPad, struggling to interpret his message –something clicks.

zach (cont’d v.o.)

Watchers can’t catch something that’s never thrown.

She sees ONE DRAFT message. She OPENS it: “I’m safe, will explain later. YOU ARE NOT SAFE. GET JACK AND GO TO FBI AGENT CHESNEY NOW.”

int. chuck-e-cheese, kids playground – day

KIDS running wild. Dan, Heidi and Chesney, seated in tiny chairs. Chesney sends his SON (7) to play. Heidi smiles.

heidi

What more do the prosecutors need?

chesney

This isn’t fluffed insurance claims. I know there’s cybercrime, maybe even murder... It’s like...I got all the jagged edges to a puzzle. I just need some big, center chunks.

Dan has an offended smirk.

dan

Fluffed insurance claims? Does Quantico still teach about Capone?

heidi

Al Capone? Prohibition..?

Dan nods. He slides closer to her; Chesney seems protective.

dan

The IRS nailed him when other charges wouldn’t stick.

She nods, seeming to contemplate.

dan (cont’d)

I got enough now for eleven clinics billing illegally, staged robbery, an auto theft ring. Gets the same bad guys off the street--

Chesney moves closer to *his* Heidi.

chesney

--Those charges will get ‘em three years and house arrest. They need to be removed from earth. They’re killers.

Heidi watches them. Chesney’s cell RINGS. He huffs and answers.

chesney (cont’d)

Hey boss. No, I’m at a prostate exam.

goldman (v.o.)

Katie Carson’s at our office.

Chesney

Willing to talk!?

goldman (v.o.)

She brought her attorney, baby and mom. Demanding immediate protection.

INT. SSA GOLDMAN’S OFFICE – CONtinuous

goldman

Zach said to tell us: “Lock them in the safest room in the building.”

ext. marsh harbour, abacos – day

In his disguise and backpack, Zach walks the busy town’s streets.

zach (v.0.)

I wrote Katie: if I was the best researcher, she’s our best presenter. So I sent her my plan.

Zach ENTERS an island supply store, ALBURY MERCANTILE.

int. albury mercantile – day

MONTAGE as Zach buys items including many disposable CELL PHONES off the rack. A cap, clothing, razor, glasses. All cash.

ext. streets of marsh harbour – day

Zach walks with his bags. He sees the recurring “JUST ESCAPE” BILLBOARD with the resort and ship. For the first time he studies it. It’s for a CASINO. The POSEIDON PALACE RESORT.

zach (v.o.)

I’ve been dodging every camera. Now I need as many eyes as I can find…

int. zach’s house boat – day

On his laptop, reading from the CASINO’S WEBSITE:

zach (v.o.)

The Poseidon Palace Casino. 2,000 rooms, 65,000 square-foot casino...

He studies the RESORT’S IMAGES and FLOOR PLANS.

zach (v.o.)

Poseidon will have many *eyes-in-the-sky.* Thousands of cameras. Facial recog software that’ll rival Vegas.

An ARTICLE catches his eye, “Poseidon Manager Accused of Hiring ‘Blackwater’ Private Security.” He ponders how this can help.

zach (v.o. cont’d)

And a manager who enjoys hiring heavily-armed private security...

A faint smile. He plugs Aurora’s RABBIT’S FOOT into his laptop.

int. fbi conference room, Miami headquarters – day

With a new confidence, Katie sits beside Sean in a CONFERENCE ROOM, across from Goldman and several dour AGENTS.

katie (to goldman)

My husband –the very alive Zachary Carson- fled for his life and the protection of his family. We wish for full immunity in exchange for--

goldman (interrupts)

--He’s an admitted criminal! Fraudulent medical clinics, not to mention faking his own death!

Sean interjects with a raised hand, calmly.

sean

International waters. No laws for misrepresenting his demise if not done for profit. As for the clinics, he performed all services. Vast Oro committed the illegal billing-

katie

-We are here about Vast Oro. Zach’s in possession of five years of their records proving illegal transactions. Here’s just a taste.

She hands them a PRINT. The men pass it around. Goldman shrugs.

goldman

This could be anything –from anywhere.

Sean and Katie gaze, poker-faced. Katie calls their bluff.

katie

Your agent tried to coerce my husband and me. Your squad works Russian mob. We don’t have to me MENSA candidates to know you need us.

sean

As you agreed, Mrs. Carson requires secure access to her phone.

int. zach’s house boat – day

Zach, waits at his laptop. He reads Katie’s message:

katie (v.o.)

I know they want it. They’re bluffing. Any proof where the rabbit’s foot came from? Anything more to offer?

zach

Seriously? *More*..?

He shoves the laptop, incensed. He sits back, depleted. He gazes out at the sky, focusing on a CLOUD –an epiphany...

zach (sotto)

The beautiful *cloud...* The cloud?

ONLINE he navigates to his EMAIL’S JUNK folder. Scrolls down.

zach (v.o.)

Of course I unsubscribed the Nanny-Cam. It was stolen with my computer. But...

He locates an EMAIL. “Nanny-Cam Re-Subscribe! Watch Online! All Video STORED ON THE CLOUD!”

zach

...All video stored on the cloud?!

Zach rushes to RE-SUBSCRIBE with Visa gift cards. He clicks on the Nanny-Cam’s webpage. A VIDEO FRAME appears; he CLICKS.

A pregnant pause...then FISH-EYE FOOTAGE. There she is: Aurora, in his office, bruised, recounting all of Vast Oro’s sins:

aurora (on video)

*...Tovar is the family sovietnik, counselor. Remember this!*

Zach blinks with disbelief at what he beholds.

aurora (cont’d)

*...Bar Girls. Barely eighteen. Tovar smuggles them in...Hackers seize data from the air...*

Even footage of her handing him the rabbit’s foot. Zach frowns, terrified of a new thought. He FAST-FORWARDS as the TIME-STAMP zooms. His eyes widen with horror at what he witnesses next.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, MIAMI - DAY

Goldman on the PHONE, his LEGAL CRONIES huddling close.

GOLDMAN

I got a Gulfstream ready on the

tarmac. I want you there. Ready.

CHESNEY (V.O.)

They got five years of records?

GOLDMAN

I'm pushing them. They’re desperate. He actually thinks an "entire team" is on their way to kill him.

EXT. remote airfield, GREAT ABACO - DAY

A barren AIRSTRIP, dirt roads. Tor and Sleek exit their twin-engine CARGO PLANE with NINE MEN in black. Fish out of water.

A huge DUMP TRUCK pulls up, four BAHAMIANS and RASTAFARIANS. The four men lead the Russians to the truck's BED. Under tarps are ASSAULT WEAPONS, KALASHNIKOV RIFLES and AR-15s.

As Tor and Sleek inspect the payload, the Russians aim MAKAROV PISTOLS and SHOOT the islanders, POINT-BLANK. Tor shouts for his men to board the truck's bed. Tor opens a flip-phone.

Tor (subtitles)

Just landed. Got our baggage.

tovar (v.o. subtitles)

Hold until we have a position. Roman is scanning all police chatter.

INT. Poseidon resort suite - DAY

Zach sits in an exquisite HOTEL ROOM, talking on a NEW PHONE.

 ZACH

The video I sent will guarantee a deal. Show it once. Then delete it--

Katie’s voice interrupts, emotional.

katie (v.o.)

--It’s your voice..! I’ve missed you so much! I love—

He pauses to suppress his emotions. There’s little time.

zach

--I love you too. I need you to do this. Okay? Once I surface, it’ll be on every system. Can you do this?

 KATIE (V.O.)

Yes. I can’t wait to see you.

Zach pulls a different PHONE from his bag. Dials a number.

zach

I need to speak to the casino manager. Tell him it’s a family emergency about his son...Daniel.

He pauses, on hold. A deep breath.

zach

You don’t know me. Your casino’s going to be robbed. An entire team, heavily armed. I can tell you how and when.

int. fbi conference room – night

Katie and Sean, across from a smirking Goldman and his agents.

goldman

“Operation Flypaper?”

Sean turns to Katie; it’s news to him as well.

katie

Right. Because Zach will attract an entire crew to one location. You can surround an entire team –you just need to be there first.

goldman

Zach needs to turn himself into local law enforcement.

katie (scoffs)

Beach cops versus Russian mob? Zach prefers a *compound* with high security and lots of walls.

sean

Agents: time is critical. We’ll show the video once. Then disavow all knowledge of the records and the video.

The agents gaze towards a SCREEN. Goldman orders an AV TECH:

goldman

Please mirror Mrs. Carson’s cell to the screen.

ONSCREEN: They see VIDEO of Zach with an injured AURORA. Wounded yet riveting. She paces his floor, recounting Vast Oro’s crimes.

aurora (on video)

*They are the Bratva –the Brotherhood... you say...like Red Mafia.*

Stunned, agents scribble a flurry of notes. Katie and Sean are equally astounded. Goldman’s captivated.

goldman

The murdered girl...Aurora Petra.

Aurora (video, cont’d)

*--You are one of many trades. Their roskrychivat...*

Katie tears-up at seeing Zach’s involvement first-hand. As the video plays seemingly to its end, Katie speaks up.

katie

Zach said to watch the 3:20 mark.

A TIME-STAMP speeds to 03:20. ONSCREEN: Silence -then TWO MEN ENTER the scene. One DRAGS Aurora from behind –he turns towards the camera. It’s Tor. Unmistakable. A FEMALE FBI AGENT gasps.

In the video –with Aurora SCREAMING- Tor SLICES her NECK as the 2nd man, Sleek, covers her in a tarp. The room falls silent.

Katie’s about to dry-heave. Goldman’s eyes ricochet.

goldman

Get Bronstein down here. Draw-up whatever immunity deal we have to.

Int. poseidon casino floor – night

Zach EXITS an elevator, CLEAN-SHAVEN, no shades, wearing a BLAZER. The CASINO’S full of casual GUESTS. Zach struts, looking up directly at SECURITY CAMERAS every twenty feet.

He enters a large CENTER FOYER. He stops, spreads his arms and turns 360-degrees. Big smile, slowly turning. He looks insane.

A stern PIT BOSS on the side notes his behavior. Into his radio:

pit boss

Pit Four to Sky One: center court, Anglo male, tan jacket. Probably high.

Zach stands like *ta-da!,* smiles, turns, then walks off.

int. casino security control – night

Two SECURITY TECHS are studying video of Zach on MONITORS.

security tech 1

He hasn’t caused any problems?

They ZOOM/FREEZE on Zach’s face. 3-D IMAGING of his features.

security tech 2

Check his biometrics. Run it for any Customs or cheat alerts.

int. hacker’s den – night

Roman’s hunched over repeatedly trying to light a joint.

roman (russian)

*Blin!...* *Ahueyet!*

His system PINGS. The twins peek up like prairie dogs. Roman drops his joint. Glued to his screen, he taps his BLUETOOTH:

roman (subtitles)

Boss: We have a hit. Nassau Customs alert. Inside a Poseidon’s Casino.

ext. marsh harbour airport TARMAC – night

On the tarmac, Chesney’s ushered from a GULFSTREAM to a waiting SUV. Accompanied by FOUR BAHAMIAN POLICE TROOPS in SWAT gear.

chesney (on phone)

He’s hangin’ at a casino..?

INT. FBI Headquarters – intercut

goldman (on phone)

It’s smart. A large public place; lots of cameras. It’s got 2,000 rooms. They won’t know which one--

BACK TO: AIRPORT TARMAC – into the SUV – continuous

Chesney and the troops enter the SUV.

goldman (v.o. cont’d)

--You have to get him first.

chesney

Do we know if the Russians are here? I doubt they’ll go through Customs.

goldman (v.o.)

Keep your ears open. My guess is they’ll keep a low profile.

ext. remote airfield – night

A FARMER with barking DOGS lead a POLICEMAN to a tarp. The cop lifts it: FOUR DEAD ISLANDERS shot in the head. Flies and blood.

Horrified and emotional, the Bahamian cop squats to observe. He finds BULLET CASINGS and he studies one. He RADIOS in.

bahamian policeman

This is Darcy. We got a 187. Four males, dead. Bullet casings are... *Makarov*... Russian.

int. bahamian royal police suv – night

On bumpy roads, SERGEANT HUBERT shouts back to Chesney, seated among his geared SWAT TROOPS. In his island PATOIS:

sergeAnt HUBERT

Your Legal Attaché’s makin’ a lotta’ noise on our quiet island.

chesney (shouting)

We appreciate your men. The FBI will--

He stops as Hubert answers his CELL. The news does not look good.

 sergeant HUBERT (terse)

Four bodies. We haven’t had a murder in eleven years. Your Russians are here.

Chesney’s eyes fill with dread.

chesney

How far’s the Poseidon?

sergeant HUBERT

Still thirty minutes.

int. hacker’s den – night

Tovar’s on his CELL, studying Roman’s video monitor.

 tovar (subtitles)

Carson has not departed the property, or returned to any room.

int. dump truck – night

Tor’s on his cell in the passenger seat as Sleek SPEEDS.

tor (subtitles)

He is there. The casino. Idiot.

ext. poseidon resort pool area – night

We see Zach’s quick dash into a restroom; a t-shirt and shorts under his clothes.

Zach –in a hat and glasses- walks the “WATER PARK” POOL AREA, impressive SLIDES, FALLS, etc. FAMILIES are still swimming.

katie (v.o.)

You’re not locked in your room!?

He’s on a cell, cautiously mixing with the crowds.

zach

No way. Elevators and halls have eyes. I’d rather mix among 20,000. I want to witness all the fun.

He sees a SHARK TANK with a WATER SLIDE that goes through it.

katie (v.o.)

Please, you’re scaring me!

int. poseidon casino floor - continuous

Zach ENTERS DOORS to the CASINO. He studies the busy room, his view to the FRONT DOORS. He huddles to calm her.

zach

Don’t worry. Where I am right now, all doors are bulletproof polycarbonate with metal detectors. No one can just come blastin’ in--

The DUMP TRUCK CRASHES through the Casino’s doors. Full speed. Armed men huddled in the back. Tourists flee for their lives in all directions. Zach DROPS to the ground behind slot machines.

int. FBI a.v. room - headquarters, miami – night

Katie returns. Goldman and his Agents watch a PANEL of MONITORS.

katie (shouting)

What just happened?!

Fast-moving FOOTAGE of the truck crashing through the doors. Goldman and an AV TECH ignore her, tense at the controls.

AV tech

This is real-time from the casino’s IP Cams.

female agent

Are the suspects in that truck?

Goldman turns to Katie, intense.

goldman

Mrs. Carson, you should rest with your mother and son.

katie

Are you fucking kidding--

female agent (interrupts)

--Armed men exiting the truck!

VIDEO shows men exiting the truck, FIRING at the ceiling.

goldman

Jesus.

 (into a satphone)

Agent Chesney: suspects arrived at the target. What’s your ETA?

Tense as everyone absorbs the scene.

chesney (v.o.)

Still twenty minutes--

Panicked, Katie grabs Goldman’s sleeve.

katie

--How many agents did you send?

goldman

We don’t have jurisdiction. Locals volunteered four SWAT-trained men--

katie (interrupts)

--Four *volunteers*!? Against that?

int. poseidon casino floor – night

Tor SHOOTS an AR-15 at the ceiling, his men fanning out.

sleek (shouts)

Freeze! No people go nowhere!

TOURISTS stay on the ground. Tor steps to a DESK with a MICROPHONE. He tests it. He shouts over the screeching P.A.

tor (broken english)

*Zach-ary Car-son...* Come to me.

Zach’s frozen on the ground behind games, perplexed.

back to: FBI a.v. room - continuous

Everyone’s riveted, helpless. Video ZOOMS, confirms TOR’S FACE.

katie (horrified)

The monster who murdered that girl!

int. casino vault – night

A well-dressed MANAGER and his ten-person STAFF enter a huge STEEL VAULT. The manager lifts a red PHONE on the wall.

manager

We are secure. Kill the lights.

int. poseidon casino floor – continuous

Zach, frozen, watching armed Russians searching through the guests. His CELL RINGS beside him. The caller ID: CHESNEY.

zach (sotto)

*Fuck!*

Tor TURNS -he sees Zach. As Tor RUNS for him, all LIGHTS GO OUT. Zach continues towards the EXIT to the pools.

PITCH BLACK in the casino. Suddenly LASER SITES and FLASHES of GUNFIRE. RUSSIANS SHOUT in pain –and fear- in their language.

int. fbi a.v. room – continuous

goldman

What’s happening?

They struggle to follow the chaos.

av tech

I’ve accessed infrared.

The INFRARED VIDEO shows multiple GEARED TROOPS, ARMED and with NIGHT VISION. SHOOTING at the scrambling Russians.

female agent

That’s not our SWAT--

Goldman’s in awe, baffled.

goldman

--It’s private security.

ext. resort pool area – night

Zach RUNS with his phone. GUESTS RUNNING, hiding in CABANAS.

zach (on phone)

I faked a tip about a heist.

Zach ducks behind landscaping and statues in an effort to hide.

zach (cont’d)

The manager hired contract security.

cut to: bahamian police suv – continuous

Chesney on his PHONE, tensions high.

chesney

Contract troops? Those guys are ex-special-forces! They’ll slaughter ‘em!

zach (v.o.)

You’re complaining!?

int. poseidon casino floor – night

POV through NIGHT-VISION: perfect green illumination. Confused Russian thugs being SHOT, as easy as a video game.

A panicked Sleek FIRES his SEMI-AUTOMATIC in all directions.

sleek

Fuck you!! Yankee pigs!

Two TROOPS’ bullets hit him, square in the head.

ext. resort pool area – continuous

Tor JOGS with a BLEEDING bicep. He sees Zach with his phone by a waterfall. Zach realizes he’s been spotted. He RUNS.

int. fbi a.v. room – continuous

Everyone huddles close, struggling to follow.

av tech

Positive match on Carson.

VIDEO of Zach running, Tor on his trail. Katie gasps.

goldman (into satphone)

Chesney: Carson’s in the pool area. General Tor appears to be in pursuit.

Katie watches with wide eyes, helpless. Heidi moves to her side.

EXT. resort pool area – continuous

Zach splashes through baby pools, looking back. As Tor rounds a corner, he’s SMASHED in the head by a metal TIKI TORCH. Zach hits him AGAIN with the lit torch. Soot across Tor’s face.

tor (subtitles)

I feel nothing!

Zach hits his BANDAGED JAW, dislocating it. It hangs on one side, grotesque. Tor AIMS his RIFLE. Zach hits it -the torch breaks, but Tor’s gun tumbles into a POOL. As Tor looks down, Zach flees.

int. poseidon casino floor – night

security troop’s voice

You may resume power. Over.

The casino’s LIGHTS FLICK ON by section. Revealed are ten DEAD Russians lying in heaps among stirring bystanders.

Six contract SECURITY TROOPS succinctly walk in unison to a bank of elevators. They press a button, and all get on.

Chesney, in a vest and in a ready stance, ENTERS with four SWAT police. The guests begin to sit up, confused.

int. resort hallway – night

The security troops proceed to adjacent hotel rooms, nod to each other, and ENTER their rooms. They’re gone.

EXT. WATERSLIDE INTO A POOL - CONTINUOUS

Zach attempts to HIDE in the covered end of a tubular WATER SLIDE. He crawls into the tube. Tor's too close behind.

TOR (SUBTITLES)

 I see you. Little fucking crab.

Zach CRAWLS UP the diagonal tube, water seeping in his path.

We see from outside, it's the TRANSPARENT SLIDE through the SHARK TANK. Zach struggles to crawl in the confined space. Heavy breaths. Tor enters and begins climbing, twenty feet behind.

EXT. ADJACENT CABANA - CONTINUOUS

TOURISTS, hiding for safety, gasp at the site of two men crawling upwards in the clear tube through the shark tank. Seven-foot BULL SHARKS spiral around the tube, curious.

INT. TRANSPARENT TUBE - CONTINUOUS

Zach’s echoing BREATH, claustrophobic, no time to fear.

TOR (O.S. SUBTITLES)

I have no fear. You? Pussy!

Tor, slipping but grasping the circular walls, pulls himself towards Zach. Both illuminated by the surrounding tank.

TOR (SUBTITLES)

Fear me! More than fish!

Tor GRASPS Zach's foot. Zach KICKS him. Zach reaches the rim of the opening, pulling himself. He KICKS Tor's face. His kick hits Tor's limp jaw. Tor HISSES.

EXT. UPPER SLIDE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Zach pulls himself OUT. Tor's hand reaches -Zach SHUTS a HATCH on the tube. Written on the hatch, "Sorry Kids, Slide's Closed!"

INT. transparent TUBE - CONTINUOUS

Tor SCREAMS in Russian, POUNDING on the hatch.

He relents, awkwardly shimmying DOWN the tube. His hand brushes his ankle -he recalls an ankle GUN. He grasps the 9MM Makarov. He begins wildly SHOOTING in front of him.

EXT. ADJACENT CABANA - CONTINUOUS

Bystanders SHOUT as the man in the tube starts shooting. SHOTS THUMPING, sharks circling faster.

The shots attract Chesney, approaching, gun ready. He sees Tor in the tube; he’s bewildered at the situation.

EXT. UPPER SLIDE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Zach sees a CABINET labeled “POOL CHEMICALS.” He sorts through it to see JUGS labeled "MURIATIC ACID." With TWO JUGS ready, Zach returns to the hatch.

BACK TO: INT. TUBE - CONTINUOUS

Tor’s bullets RICOCHET within the tube. SPIDERWEB CRACKS form on the clear walls. A rebounding bullet HITS Tor's shoulder. He doesn't react. He sees LIGHT as the hatch above him cracks OPEN.

BACK TO: ZACH

Zach POURS the ACID down the slide, both large jugs.

BACK TO: TOR

A river of acid, instant YELLOW FUMES. A gas chamber. Tor stops shooting as he COUGHS, HACKING. His skin BLISTERS, BLEEDING.

TOR (SHOUTING, SUBTITLES)

I'm going to fuck and kill your wi--

The expanding FRACTURES CRACK.

BACK TO: CABANA - CONTINUOUS

Parents cover their KIDS' eyes. Visible BLOOD from the man puts the SHARKS in a frenzy, BUMPING the glass with their snouts.

BACK TO: TOR - CONTINUOUS

An ECHO OF CRACKLING. The TUBE SHATTERS inward by the pressure.

EXT. SHARK TANK - CONTINUOUS

The tube's almost invisible as it shatters. Tor flails in a cloud of RED; the SHARKS ATTACK. Feeling no pain, Tor appears to PUNCH and KICK them as he's ripped apart.

ext. upper slide deck – continuous

Zach gazes at the frenzied sharks. He can hear Aurora’s words:

aurora (v.o.)

*They are predators. Ruthless...*

Chesney jogs up the stairs to meet Zach.

int. poseidon casino floor – night

Bahamian SWAT assists the injured guests. Sergeant Hubert stands with the smug and polished casino manager.

casino manager

I will never confess to using contract troops.

Hubert sighs, looks at the bloody scene –and the saved guests.

sergeant HUBERT

Then my men can take the credit.

ext. police suv – night

Lit by pulsing lights, Zach sits with Chesney and his LAPTOP. Zach hands him Aurora’s RABBIT’S FOOT. Chesney plugs it in, types to access, and squints to decipher. Into his CELL:

chesney

Uploading. You getting this?

int. fbi a.v. room – night

Goldman and his agents look up in awe at their large SCREEN. SCROLLING DATA. Wide eyes like gazing at a Christmas tree.

goldman

Oh yeah. We are receiving.

FADE IN:

int. press conference - miami-dade federal courthouse – day

Chesney, sharp in a suit, stands at a PODIUM. Cameras FLASHING.

Chesney

As the result of federal and state investigations, indictments were filed today against a Russian-Ukrainian organized crime group.

int. rex bauer’s clinic – day

Miami-Dade SWAT crash the office. Ordering HANDS UP to Dr. Bauer and his STAFF. They secure hard drives and boxes.

chesney (v.o.)

Schemes include sham ownership of medical clinics and illegal billing.

We see ARRESTS in other CHIRO OFFICES (DOCTORS from the fishing trip.) They must TASER ILIANA, working in another office.

back to: chesney at podium – continuous

chesney

And with the invaluable assistance our Analysts and private SIU teams...

He smiles at Dan and Heidi, dressed-up and grinning in front.

chesney (cont’d)

...arrests have been made in connection to theft rings and chop-shops...

ext. opa-locka body “chop” shop – day

Miami-Dade POLICE make ARRESTS of the fat Cuban and his CREW. Cops peer into the shop to see ROWS of CARS being dismantled.

chesney (v.o. cont’d)

...using vehicles in the staging of fictitious accidents.

FLASHBACK: two CARS CRASHING. Sleek overseeing, smoking a joint.

chesney (v.o. cont’d)

Nine attorneys have been identified for filing fraudulent law suits.

int. law offices, multiple – day

Miami POLICE raid multiple plush LAW OFFICES, arresting well-dressed ATTORNEYS. Their STAFF, baffled.

int. URBAN gas station – day

COPS RAID a grimy GAS STATION. They CUFF a fat CLERK, and open his drawer: piles of plastic CREDIT CARDS.

chesney (v.o. cont’d)

Associated conspiracies include identity theft and bank fraud...

We see police lift FALSE FACES from gas pump SCANNERS and ATMs.

chesney (v.o. cont’d)

...linked to a cybercrime network reaching L.A., Denver and Las Vegas.

ext. roof of the ghost building – dusk

An FBI HELICOPTER lands on the roof to deploy HRT (SWAT) AGENTS.

chesney (v.o. cont’d)

Our Analysts were able to pinpoint the gang’s Hub Operation Center...

SIX ARMED and GEARED HRT agents rush down crude stairs.

int. 52nd floor, ghost building – moments later

The AGENTS KICK down DOORS to the trailer-like OFFICES.

chesney (v.o. cont’d)

...where the operation was swiftly neutralized.

int. hacker’s den – continuous

Roman and the twins, oblivious with headphones and joints. Police BUST IN -one twin LIFTS a GUN. He’s SHOT in the face. Roman and the remaining twin are harshly ZIP-TIED.

int. maximov’s office – moments later

Armed agents CRASH the door. Tovar and Maximov cower behind a desk, holding GUNS. Maximov has surrounded his desk with a dozen B-GIRLS, like a cowardly Hefner.

maximiv (subtitles)

Cover us! They will kill me!

HRT Agent

Freeze! Federal officers!

Gaunt and young, the girls look at each other. They abandon the men, moving towards the troops, hands-up, crying. Saved.

The feds’ LASER-SIGHTS put MULTIPLE BEADS on Tovar and Maximov.

back to: press conference - Miami-dade courthouse – day

A female NEWS REPORTER raises her hand. Chesney nods.

reporter

Was there any connection between the organized crime group and the man who went missing from the Majestic Azure?

A brief pause.

chesney

None.

fade in: FBI conference room – day

A cleaned-up Zach has his arm tight around Katie. Beside them is attorney Sean. Across from them are Chesney and Goldman.

goldman

You have a request? After our generous offer of immunity within our Witness Security program?

Zach’s confident, with folders.

zach

We can’t survive working in some Ikea in Des Moines. You even admitted they have ties to larger groups in L.A., Denver, Vegas...

Goldman sighs.

goldman

What do you want? We’re not the lottery.

sean

The funds the suspects were pursuing are the earnings of Dr. Carson. He performed actual treatment, without knowledge of any--

zach (interrupts)

--I’m keeping the money. You have more than enough to make your case.

sean

In addition, we’re asking the U.S. government –the Social Security Death Index- to deem Dr. Carson dead.

goldman

We’ve never “deemed” anyone dead!

Zach slides them a printout.

zach

You have. U.S. versus Spilotro, 1971.

The agents gaze at the case, stumped.

chesney

You’re in witness relo.’ What possible motive is there to be “dead?”

int. midwest farm life company – day

Two CLAIM REPS work side-by-side at their bland cubicles.

Claim rep 1

The feds released their hold. I guess Zachary Carson’s officially dead.

claim rep 2 (shrugs)

Whatever. I’ll request two checks totaling $2,000,000. We can our file.

fade in: hope town, abacos - day

The music of a child’s LAUGHTER, WAVES and BIRDS. A pastel ISLAND HOME, banisters, lush foliage. A SIGN on the door states, “Chiropractic and Massages, Tues and Thurs Only, 2:00-4:00 p.m.”

FADE OUT.

**SUPER:**

The FBI’s *Operation Power Outage* indicted over 100 suspects tied to a Eurasian crime ring. Schemes involved staged accidents, proxy owners of clinics and several Miami chiropractors.

The Russian-Armenian group stretched from Miami to Los Angeles. Charges included money laundering, identity theft, credit card fraud, kidnapping and racketeering, such as the “B-Girl” scheme, where ten girls were charged with conspiracy to defraud Miami men and tourists.

Billions have been fraudulently billed to private insurers and Medicare by these groups.

One “*Pakhan”* leader was a former colonel with the Soviet army.

the end