

CLUB FED

by
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FADE IN:

INT. STARKE PRISON - DAY

The cinder-block walls of a long dreary hallway, puny yellow light entering through wire mesh and coke-bottle-thick glass. A metal door at the end reads STARKE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS behind the door get louder, louder. . .

BAM! CHARLIE MALTHROP (WM, 30), wide eyed and dressed in prison blues, flings the door open and runs into the hall. More FOOTSTEPS follow him behind the door. He shags ass.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

The low point, more so for Le Tigre, maybe, was probably the incident with the cake.

Charlie runs, breathless, up to the door at the other end of the hall, below a sign that reads MAIL ROOM.

Beside the door is DALLAS GRIFFEY (WM, 25), a burly hick in a guard's uniform, holding a shotgun.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You gotta help me, there's this crazy Haitian guy after me with ah, a shiz, or a shank, or -

GRIFFEY

A shiv, buddy. Ivy League mo-ron.

He shakes his head at Charlie in contempt, still leaning.

CHARLIE

Shouldn't you be pumping that boomstick, or something? Come on, serve and protect, man!

The door at the opposite end of the hall SLAMS open, and LE TIGRE (BM, 23), a grim-faced prisoner in dreads, bolts into the hall towards Charlie and Griffey, holding a knife.

GRIFFEY

Job's to keep you boys in here. Looks of things, you ain't going nowhere, Chief.

Exasperated, Charlie snatches open the mail room door and dashes inside. Griffey makes no move to stop him, and instead simply raises his left hand.

Le Tigre runs up to Griffey, slaps a WAD OF CASH in his open hand, and enters the mail room.

Griffey props the shotgun on his arm and leafs through the cash, counts it. CRASHING sounds are heard through the door.

INT. STARKE MAIL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Le Tigre runs into the dimly lit room, but has to drop to the floor beneath a row of shelving toppled over by Charlie. The shelving unit wedges against the wall, but Le Tigre is buried under MAIL and PARCELS that fall from the overturned shelves.

Charlie runs further into the mail room, glancing frantically around for some kind of weapon, in the canvas mail bins and shelves marked INCOMING, OUTGOING and CONFISCATED CONTRABAND.

He runs to the shelves marked "contraband" and starts dumping out the sliced-open boxes and parcels.

CHARLIE

Look, Ray, can't we talk about -

LE TIGRE

(thick Haitian accent)

Leh - Tee - GRAY! God damn chicken head bastard!

Le Tigre crawls out from under the shelving, slipping in the scattered mail.

CHARLIE

What is that, French? That's cool, man, eye of the tiger, I dig it -

Charlie spreads open a package - it's a sack of BROWNIES. What the hell? He hurls the sack at Le Tigre.

Le Tigre dodges it and picks up one of the brownies that lands nearby. He sniffs it - it's glistening green with HASH.

LE TIGRE

Why I not tink of this?

Le Tigre pockets the brownie and advances towards Charlie.

Charlie tears the next parcel apart. A huge pile of POLAROIDs flies out, all of a buxom nude woman in/around a trailer.

Both Charlie and Le Tigre pause a moment, staring at the pictures on the floor, then they both snap out of it.

Charlie reaches in the last box - pulls out a BIRTHDAY CAKE.

He stands there holding it, and Le Tigre busts out laughing.

LE TIGRE (CONT'D)

You kidding me? My boy Travis was right: Charlie Malthrop, you are the beegest loser I have evah seen. Take your best shot, ess hole.

Charlie HURLS the cake as hard as he can, and it slams full force in Le Tigre's face, sticking there with a messy SLOP!

Le Tigre freezes. Charlie flinches, waiting for the Haitian to slap away the cake from his face, rush Charlie with the inevitable death strike.

The knife falls from Le Tigre's hand. He drops to the floor. He's dead.

CHARLIE

What the fuck?

Griffey emerges from the shadows of the mail room and walks to Le Tigre, pokes his lifeless body with the shotgun.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You were there the whole time?

GRIFFEY

After the scratch Lay Tigray paid me, I was gonna let my stock climb some before I saved your ass. Looks like you got 'er done, Poindexter.

Griffey peels the cake off Le Tigre's face. Sticking out of the Haitian's eye is a fat METAL FILE, covered in frosting.

CHARLIE

(shell-shocked)

How the hell could I know there was a file in there? I thought that was an old wive's tale.

GRIFFEY

Who you think bakes the cakes?

Griffey pulls out his radio, it SQUEALS as he turns it on.

GRIFFEY (CONT'D)

This is Griffey. I got a Ten-Zero in the mail room.

PRISON DISPATCH

(distorted thru radio)

Shit, more paperwork. How?

GRIFFEY

(winks at Charlie)

Ain't figured that out yet.

(MORE)

GRIFFEY (CONT'D)
 (turns off radio)
 Hey, Partner. Who's Travis?

Charlie drops to a seat on the floor as he stares in shock at Le Tigre's body. He looks like he might cry, or puke.

He rubs his temples, as if a massive headache is setting in.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
 Yeah, I wasn't always steely-eyed,
 gangsta-killing, Inmate Number
 9818783. This is all my brother's
 fault. I used to have a great life.

INT. EARWIG OFFICES - ONE MONTH EARLIER - DAY

Etched across the windows and the NYC skyline is the EARWIG LOGO, a stylized bug on steroids wearing earbuds, crawling out of a human ear like a cartoon worm in an apple.

Inside is a Tech-biz mix of conservative and Braniac casual decor. OFFICE WORKERS dart thru the halls clutching reports, barking on cell phones, like something big's brewing.

CHARLIE'S OFFICE:

Charlie, in suit and tie, shakes a lethal-looking pile of ASPIRIN out of a bottle straight into his mouth. He grabs a bottle of PEPTO off his desk and tilts it back - empty. He shakes it pathetically, looks like he's swallowing sand.

PENELOPE CHAN (24), bespectacled but rocking a leather miniskirt, tosses Charlie a bottled water. He downs a gulp.

PENELOPE
 Damn. You sleep here last night?

CHARLIE
 No sleep involved. Where's Dennis?

Penelope checks her watch.

PENELOPE
 Around here somewhere. Just rolled in, ten minutes to spare. You know this deal's been stressing him out.

Charlie pulls out his cell phone and punches numbers.

DENNIS' OFFICE:

A CELLPHONE LIGHTS UP in an Armani jacket pocket: the ringtone is the rap song "Gettin' Paid" by Travis-T.

DENNIS MALTHROP (WM, 32), a blonder, tanner version of Charlie, ignores his phone as he reclines on an undulating AUTO-MASSAGE TABLE, eyes hidden behind chrome shades. He's so relaxed, the MARTINI in his hand is tilting toward the floor.

Charlie throws open Dennis' door, Penelope in tow. Charlie slaps his phone shut.

CHARLIE
Stress my ass. He's unconscious.

Dennis snaps upright, drink sloshing, his voice VIBRATING from the table.

DENNIS
Relax, Broheem. I'm focused like a laser beam.

CHARLIE
More like Jim Beam. Jesus, Dennis, we gotta reassure stockholders, not send them crying to their brokers.

Dennis kills the drink and whips off his shades.

DENNIS
The Euros are in the mail, right? This is just to pacify Nervous Nellies like Ursula and the board. A dog and monkey show.

Dennis hops off the table, claps Charlie on the shoulder.

CHARLIE
Pony show, not -
(off Dennis' grinning mug)
No, monkey is right.

EXT. HALCYON BUILDING - SAME

A row of BLACK SUVs is lined up at the curb down the block a ways. A LIMO pulls past them to the Halcyon and stops.

I/E. CAITLYN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

CAITLYN MOSS (WF, 29), a pretty redhead in a sober suit, sits behind the wheel of the lead SUV.

The three AGENTS in cheap suits beside her study the limo as Caitlyn swallows a handful of CAPSULES with a Venti Espresso.

AGENT 1
Migraine?

CAITLYN

Heading one off. You know how an office full of cuffed, weepy VPs gets on your last nerve.

The limo door opens, and URSULA MALTHROP (26) exits, smoking-hot in painted-on businesswear. GUYS hustling to work slow to rubberneck. She shows them her perfect upturned nose.

Caitlyn's expression turns to stone.

AGENT 2

Issat that model? Maxim's Top 25 Babes last year. I heard, that is -

CAITLYN

Ex-model. Ursula Shenker.

AGENT 1

Malthrop, now, you mean? Isn't she married to our guy Charlie -

Caitlyn shoots him a look. He lets it drop, as Ursula enters Halcyon, and the limo pulls away. Agent 1 opens his door.

AGENT 1 (CONT'D)

With the number 3 stockholder on her way up, the gang's all here -

A gold BENTLEY CONVERTIBLE BLASTS past the SUVs and SCREECHES to a halt where the limo was parked.

TRAVIS-T (BM, 27) leaps out of the Bentley, bling swinging from his neck, and charges for the Halcyon door. CRUSHER (BM, 26) and two THUGS follow, carrying BOXES of ROSES.

One of the thugs trips on the steps, drops his box. A CROWBAR CLANGS out to the ground, and he scoops it up and runs on.

CAITLYN

Let the well-wishers go first.

INT. EARWIG OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie and Dennis pace on a dais before two dozen seated SHAREHOLDERS packed in a modest conference room, one seat up front notably EMPTY. The room is ABUZZ with anticipation.

Behind them, Penelope types on a laptop, and a wall-sized VIDEO SCREEN flickers to life, with the words TELECOM LINK ESTABLISHED - COLOGNE, GERMANY, UTC+1 (14:59:53).

CHARLIE

Where the hell is -

Ursula breezes into the room, gracing the shareholders with a Royal light-bulb wave as she poses by the empty seat.

She offer Charlie a cheek to peck.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Babe, where have you been?

URSULA
Don't be a fussbucket, silly,
Ursula was tied up.

An AUDIO WHINE from the screen distracts Charlie: Dennis winks at Ursula, and she smiles slyly, massaging her wrists. Charlie looks back as Ursula pouts and plops into her seat.

GUNTER FRAGMA (O.S.)
(BOOMS through speakers)
Ordnung!

Everyone recoils from the sound. The screen is BLACK.

Charlie looks at Penelope, but she shrugs. Not her fault.

KARL FRAGMA (O.S.)
(speakers, faint)
Gunter! Damn it!

VIDEO SCREEN:

The image on the screen lightens: it's like a giant RED CAVE with a lone stalactite, the image pulls back, and we see -

- it's GUNTER FRAGMA'S (WM, 22) MOUTH, as he pulls the camera out of it and sets it on a table, laughing. His hair is a blonde Einsteinian mess.

Behind Gunter, KARL FRAGMA (WM, 23), a Clark Kent with razor stubble, SLAPS his brother on the head and sits beside him.

The room behind them is designed to look like the gears of a giant glass clock.

KARL FRAGMA (CONT'D)
Good morning, Herr Malthrops.
Excuse my brother, the idiot sans
savant.

CHARLIE
Guten Tag, Karl, Gunter.

DENNIS
My Deutschland dawgs.

GUNTER FRAGMA
Und Ursula, my little wiener
schnitzel. Charlie, in Austria, a
shnitzel is a boneless cutlet.

KARL FRAGMA
 Who says there is no bone for
 Ursula's cutlet?

The Germans LAUGH wildly at their own joke. Ursula stares like a deer watching headlights whiz by on the Autobahn.

GUNTER FRAGMA
 Ah, HUMOR! HA HA, now -

They immediately sober, as if an invisible wall fell.

KARL FRAGMA
 - speaking of intercourse, we meet
 today, via the ether, to discuss
 the merger of Gearverk und Earvig.

Charlie waves at the crowd behind him, to show the Germans.

CHARLIE
 We have assembled our key
 shareholders, gentlemen.

GUNTER FRAGMA
 As have we!

VIDEO SCREEN:

The image of Karl and Gunter shifts right as the screen image splits, to show a CROWD in Germany of A THOUSAND, glaring.

KARL FRAGMA
 Gunter and I trust you, but we are
 spending their hard-earned euros.
 What can this merger gain them?

Charlie swallows hard, nods at Penelope.

CHARLIE
 My friends, to bridge the language
 barrier, we can tell the Earwig
 story with images, and few words.

A HOLOGRAM appears on the table in front of Charlie:

A cartoon CAVEMAN MUSICIAN beats a log with a rock. A SECOND CAVEMAN appears beside him, and taps his foot to the beat. The angle on them pulls way back, as the cavemen shrink to reveal they are separated by a vast MOUNTAIN RANGE.

The 2nd caveman scampers over the range to get to the first.

DENNIS
 Getting music you want ain't easy.

When the 2nd caveman gets to the musician, he stops playing and holds out his hand. The 2nd caveman hands him a BONE.

CHARLIE

Many people mistakenly think this
is the whole of the formula.

The cavemen TRANSFORM into 17TH CENTURY wig-wearing FOPS.

The musician-fop plays a violin, the second fop swoons. This
time they are separated by a smoky RAT-INFESTED CITY. The
second fop leaps on a HORSE, rides through town to the 1st.

The musician stops until he's handed a SACK OF GOLD.

DENNIS

So, what do you really need?

The city fades away, leaving a VIOLIN and a SACK OF GOLD.

Between them appears the HORSE.

CHARLIE

People are by nature lazy-ass
sloths. So transport is the most
critical part of this equation.

The horse TRANSFORMS into a LAPTOP COMPUTER.

DENNIS

When Earwig started five years ago,
Charlie and I were just college
punks looking to share some free
tunes online, out-nap Napster.

CHARLIE

By selling ad space, our "free"
music service paid for Princeton.

DENNIS

And a lot of ganja.

Charlie shoots Dennis an evil look, steps to Penny's laptop.

CHARLIE

When we started trading publicly,
our 50 million subscribers didn't
want to switch captains in mid-
stream. And they paid to stay.

A CHART appears, Earwig PROFIT shooting skyward.

DENNIS

Pay five bucks a month, yo. That's
four euros, carry the one, tack on
six zeros, check it, we'll wait.

The holographic laptop TRANSFORMS into a rotating icon, a
GLASS GEAR on one side, the EARWIG BUG on the other.

Travis-T's "Gettin' Paid" BLASTS over the speakers.

Charlie and Dennis wait, watching the German shareholders -
- and the shareholders on the video screen CHEER.

The Earwig room in NYC erupts in APPLAUSE.

Karl and Gunter SMILE. They produce champagne flutes and toast them to the camera, and Charlie and Dennis mirror them.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Take care of our golden goose. To the new owners of Earwig, Gearwerk!

GUNTER FRAGMA

Spend our 150 million Euros in good health, meine freunds.

While Charlie is toasting the screen, Dennis winks at Ursula.

Everyone's smiling, even Penelope, shyly sipping bubbly -

- as the boardroom door is KICKED IN, and in stomps Travis and crew. Travis flashes the crazy eye as he hears his song.

TRAVIS

You muthafuggas even know the meaning of "cease and desist"? This is my song! All y'all bitches about to catch a Ass-Whooping Supreme.

INT. HALCYON BUILDING ELEVATOR - SAME

Caitlyn and the agents ride up, watching the numbers go higher and higher as a Muzak version of "Gettin' Paid" (sounding a lot like Girl From Ipanema) plays behind them.

Caitlyn is polishing something we can't see. She raises it to breathe on it, polish it some more.

It's a gleaming pair of HANDCUFFS.

INT. EARWIG OFFICES - SAME

Flying ROSE PETALS fill the air.

Travis grabs Charlie and SLAMS him into the table on the dais, as Dennis runs behind it, in front of the screen.

The thugs SMASH anything within reach of the crowbars.

Karl and Gunter seem highly amused by the action, but the German stockholders fulfill Charlie's prophesy by running around, gripped with anxiety, dialing cell phones, cursing.

The American stockholders do the same - with more cursing.

"Gettin' Paid" plays on, and as the screen saver kicks in, the holographic gear above the table TRANSFORMS back into an animated Earwig bug. "Earwig" dances to the music merrily.

TRAVIS

I'm the only muthafugga that ain't
gettin' paid from this song! Can't
you see the ironism?

Charlie tries to choke out a reply, but T's hands are around his throat. He holds up a finger, and T relaxes his grip.

CHARLIE

If it's any consolation, it's
probably our most popular download.

Travis resumes choking Charlie with renewed vigor.

CRUSHER

Hold still, Saltine!

Crusher hurls a crowbar at Dennis. Dennis dodges, and the crowbar SMASHES into the video screen. ZZAP!

Ursula follows Penelope as she crawls under the board table, cordless phone in hand as objects CRASH all around them.

PENELOPE

Security? There's a fugtastic
situation at Earwig on 38. Yeah,
good job jerking off while psychos
waltzed past you and - what do you
mean, just wait? For what?

KABLAM! A GUNSHOT stops the chaos in the room on a dime.

Everyone turns to see Caitlyn standing at the door, her agents and the HALCYON SECURITY TEAM behind her, a SMOKING PISTOL in one hand and an SEC BADGE in the other.

Penelope reaches up with a shaking hand, stops the MUSIC.

CAITLYN

Can I have everyone's attention?
Thanks. As your duly appointed
Compliance Agent with the SEC, it's
my great pleasure to inform you -
(a savored beat)
- that Earwig Communications is
hereby under seizure by the Federal
government for securities fraud,
its incorporation is forfeit, and
all its Executive officers
thereunto are to be placed under
immediate arrest.

Dennis raises his head up from his hiding spot.

DENNIS
 (to Charlie)
 Dude, isn't that your ex-
 girlfriend?

On the table, Charlie turns his head and looks at her in disbelief, Travis' hands dangling loose around his throat.

CHARLIE
 Caitlyn.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND JAIL - NIGHT

Charlie rubs his aching head as he and Dennis sit on a metal bench in the city jail. Travis and Crusher pace in front of them, sneering, as other PRISONERS lounge about the cell.

TRAVIS
 Oh, how the muthafuggin mighty have fallen. Seeing you like this is so damn fun, it's almost as sweet as suing your ass for every nickel you got for stealing my song.

CHARLIE
We didn't steal your - aw, forget it. You know, you're locked up in prison, too, dumbass. Look around.

Travis and Crusher laugh.

TRAVIS
 "Prison"? This ain't prison. You on the porcelain rim of the bowl here, biatch. Where you going in the system, where all the shit flows eventually - that's prison, Homey.

CRUSHER
 The Pen. Only stuff you be trading in there is fluids, haw!

Dennis stands.

DENNIS
 You wanna talk lawsuit? With our assets frozen you won't be able to squeeze enough out of us to buy a six of Colt .45. So, laugh it up!

Travis hadn't considered that, and it hits him hard. He starts punching the air as he thinks and stalks the cell.

TRAVIS

Fuck! These broke-ass crackers
goin' to the pen, ain't paying me a
dime! I ain't ever getting mine!

Crusher tries to catch his arm.

CRUSHER

Hey, T, calm the fuck down before -

BAM! Travis decks Crusher with a wild swing, and he goes down like a sack of wet laundry. Fuming, Travis looks at Dennis.

TRAVIS

Looks like it's Car Pay muthafuggin
Diem, boyeee.

Travis LUNGES at Dennis and SLAMS him up against the wall.

JAIL GUARD (O.S.)

Malthrop! You made bail!

Travis releases Dennis, and they turn to see the City JAIL GUARD standing on the other side of the bars with a slimy amphibian of a man in a slick suit, FRANK REMORA (WM, 37).

TRAVIS

Dream Team Remora? How the hell did
y'all swing the jack to pay him?

Charlie springs to his feet. The guard opens the cell door, and Dennis steps outside.

CHARLIE

Frank, I tried to call, but I never
got through. Thank God you're here,
you can hook my bail up, too, and -

The guard closes the cell with a resounding CLACK.

REMORA

No can do, Chuck. Conflict of
interest. Here.

Remora hands Charlie a fat STACK of PAPERS through the bars.

INSERT: NOTICE OF DIVORCE, assorted legalese.

REMORA (CONT'D)

I'm representing Ursula, Sorry to
break it to you like this, Bud.

CHARLIE

Dennis, wait!

Dennis extends a "fist bump" through the bars.

DENNIS
Hang in there, bro.

Travis makes a mad leap for Dennis' hand, but it's retracted too quickly. Dennis and Remora exit.

Travis turns to Charlie.

TRAVIS
You get twice the ass-whooping now.

JAIL GUARD (O.S.)
Malthrop, Charles, visitor!

The cell door opens, and Charlie hustles out.

Travis looks at the ceiling.

TRAVIS
Why me, Lord?

RIKER'S ISLAND JAIL - VISITOR'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Charlie sits down across the mesh glass from Caitlyn. She's already got the phone to her ear. He pauses, then picks up.

CHARLIE
I don't see the point. You can't kick me in the balls from there.

CAITLYN
That's why I wanted to talk to you - to assure you this is not personal.

Charlie scoffs.

CHARLIE
If you stole my kidney and left me in a bathtub in Reno, this couldn't be more personal.

CAITLYN
Why does everything just "happen" to you? Did you ever think this may be Karma doing the crotch-kicking?

CHARLIE
For what, breaking up with you after college? Did you read that in Cosmo? Oh, you're talking about the insider trading, the stolen money. I got nothing on that 'cause I didn't do it.

CAITLYN

You've no remorse for ripping off all those investors - a hundred million bucks unaccounted for, Buster.

(dripping sarcasm)

Don't worry, with that kind of dough, Remora will whisk you out of here any minute now.

CHARLIE

You want to phone a friend on that one, Smartypants?

CAITLYN

I saw his fat cat car in the parking lot. I know he's here.

Charlie plasters the divorce papers against the glass.

CHARLIE

He's Dennis' lawyer. Ursula's too, now. I wasted my one call on him.

Caitlyn is thrown by this, but only for a moment.

CAITLYN

This - is all part of some master plan, right? Spread out the legal team, separate trials, tax loop-hole so your wife gets half the -

CHARLIE

Do I look like I have a plan?

Charlie hangs up the phone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(muffled thru glass)

Excuse me, I've got a date with Karma back in my cell.

INT. NEW YORK SUPERIOR COURTROOM - DAY

Dennis stands with Remora on one side of the defense table, Charlie (with a BLACK EYE) and his COURT-APPOINTED LAWYER on the other, a study in contrast of slick vs. shambles.

REMORA

Since the codefendant won't reveal what he did with the millions in stockholder assets, we insist my client Dennis be charged only with failure to act upon tangential knowledge of a criminal conspiracy.

Charlie's lawyer rifles through papers like he's looking for a lost lottery ticket. Charlie's patience is frayed.

CHARLIE
Tangent? What money? What fucking
conspiracy? I object, Your Honor.

JUDGE KREBS (60) leans forward, gripping his bench with white knuckles as he squints through coke-bottle lenses.

JUDGE KREBS
One more goddamn outburst,
Malthrop, and you're in contempt!

CHARLIE
(pushed to the edge)
Right back at ya, Blinky!

As the Judge BANGS the gavel and the BAILIFFS seize Charlie, the SPECTATORS murmur over the scandal.

JUDGE KREBS
Order! Get that jackass outta here!

Caitlyn watches from her seat, smiling smugly as they hustle Charlie out the side door. She looks back at the table.

Dennis grins at Remora, and glances back to give a little confident wave to Ursula, on the back row. Ursula tilts down her Gucci shades and puckers her collagen-stung lips.

DENNIS
(whispers, Caitlyn
catches)
Pangloss, baby.

An OLDER MAN in a dark suit leans in to shake Caitlyn's hand.

OLDER MAN
You've done a hell of a job, Moss.
Word in the Commission is, your
elevator's going up, top floor.

Caitlyn's face shows she's a little conflicted now, on her role in what is looking like the Dennis Screws Charlie Show.

I/E. PRISON BUS - FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

Charlie sits in his prison blues, SHACKLED to twenty other PRISONERS in a rickety PRISON BUS as it jounces along a sun-bleached Florida Highway in sweltering heat.

JUDGE KREBS (V.O.)
- the decision of this court, is
that you, Charles Dexter Malthrop -

Charlie looks at BUG-EYED BOB sitting next to him.

JUDGE KREBS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 - having been found guilty of two
 counts of obstruction of justice,
 and securities fraud -

The bug-eyed man holds up a snack-sized piece of CHEESE,
 offers it to Charlie.

JUDGE KREBS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 - are to be sentenced to no less
 than fifteen years, to be served in
 the Starke maximum-security Federal
 Correctional Facility.

CHARLIE
 How did you get that on the bus?

Bug-Eyed Bob smiles mischievously, and Charlie realizes he
 doesn't want to know.

I/E. FEDERAL MARSHAL SUV - FLORIDA HIGHWAY - SAME

A white SUV emblazoned with FEDERAL MARSHAL on the side zips
 along a blacktop past a "Welcome to Florida!" sign.

JUDGE KREBS (V.O.)
 - the decision of this court, is
 that you, Dennis Allen Malthrop -

Dennis sits in the back in khakis and a tan polo, as the A/C
 blows his hair around.

JUDGE KREBS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 - having been found guilty of one
 count of conspiracy to commit
 securities fraud -

One of the FEDERAL MARSHALS in front, ROGER, digs around in a
 COOLER at his feet, then turns and looks back at Dennis.

JUDGE KREBS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 - are to be sentenced to five
 years, to be served in the Pearl
 River minimum-security Federal
 Correctional Facility.

ROGER
 You want another Sierra Mist?

DENNIS
 Naw, I'm good, man, thanks.

Only when Dennis raises his hand to wave off the soda do we
 see he is wearing HANDCUFFS.

EXT. STARKE PRISON - LATER

High stone walls topped with snaky concertina wire, set off at intervals by looming guard towers. Over a hundred CONS are in the yard. GUARDS with HIGH-POWERED RIFLES man the towers.

TWO SHORT SIREN BLASTS issue from the main tower, drawing everybody's attention to the main gate. The outer gate swings open as Charlie's bus lumbers inside, and stops.

KNOX (BM, 55) emerges from the shade into the harsh noon light, slouches low-key through the prison yard, a worn KENTUCKY WILDCATS cap on his head. He and the other cons converge on the fence beside the bus.

A blonde metal-head, ANGUS (WM, 24) grabs some real estate on the fence beside Knox.

ANGUS

Hey, Knox, what's the betting pool prize on the first dead fish?

KNOX

(consummate salesman)

A case of Sterno and Kool-Aid just fell off a truck, imagine that. Wrap your mental taste buds around some 200-proof Grape-Berry Splash.

ANGUS

Delicious.

Charlie and Bug-Eyed Bob shuffle off the bus with the other prisoners like a human charm bracelet.

Guards with SHOTGUNS prod them to walk along the fence.

BUG-EYED BOB

You look like you never made the walk before.

CHARLIE

Not dropping the soap's gonna be an adjustment, too.

BUG-EYED BOB

Well, they say all kinds a shit to mess with the new guys, don't let it get to you.

Charlie nods, and the prisoners shuffle forward. All manner of VILE INSULTS are hurled at them from the cons.

CON 1

I'm gonna skull rape you, boy!

Charlie holds his head up, "sticks and stones," shuffles on.

CON 2

I wanna butter your muffin!

CHARLIE

This is really getting disturbing.

Behind the fence, Knox and Angus look at each other.

ANGUS

I got five packs of Morleys on the
loser with Bug-Eyed Bob.

As Charlie and the rest pass into the main prison building,
the last person, watching coldly from the fence, is Le Tigre.

EXT. PEARL RIVER PRISON - SAME

Stucco and red terra-cotta roofs, more of a cheap resort than
a minimum-security prison. Only a few fences to provide an
obstacle for escape, because otherwise that'd spoil the view.

POCK! SQUEEK! POCK! On a tennis court near the entrance,
WHITE-COLLAR CONS work on their backhand, drinking O'DOUL'S.

Guards sit at strategic points, PAINTBALL GUNS slung on their
Adirondack chairs. A few prop REFLECTORS under their chins.

Dennis' SUV pulls up to a gate you could hop over, the driver
reaches out the window and BEEP! swipes a card in a reader.

The gate opens and the SUV enters, past a tranquil DUCK POND.

INT. PEARL RIVER PRISON - MINUTES LATER

The Warden's office, oak-paneled and airy.

WARDEN GORDON (48) rises from behind his desk as Dennis
enters, and extends his hand.

WARDEN GORDON

Mr. Malthrop, I hope your trip to
Pearl River wasn't too unpleasant.
Though, I suppose adjusting to
prison life is never easy.

Dennis shakes Gordon's hand, sinks into a leather chair.

DENNIS

Sure got that right.

Gordon sits, presses his fingers together in a pensive pose.

WARDEN GORDON

I want you to get off on the right
foot, here, Dennis.

(MORE)

WARDEN GORDON (CONT'D)
Everyone "does" time in prison, but
what you do depends on your unique
skills.

Dennis nods, anticipating where this is going.

WARDEN GORDON (CONT'D)
I understand you landed here with
us in the coastal pokey as a result
of insider trading?

DENNIS
Conspiracy, alleged, you forgot
some words in there, but, yeah.

Gordon smiles.

WARDEN GORDON
Just happen to have my portfolio
right here. I'd love to pick your
brain on a couple stocks.

Gordon drops a FAT RED FOLDER on his desk.

INT. SEC NEW YORK DIVISION HQ - DUSK

Caitlyn drops a FAT MANILA FOLDER on the desk of her
superior, senior agent BURNS (53), as he has one arm in his
overcoat sleeve, headed out for the day.

Burns looks at it, and at her, pulls his arm from his coat.

BURNS
Can't this wait? I have tickets for
Mamma Mia.

CAITLYN
It's the Earwig case. I have reason
to suspect -
(sighs, swallows pride)
- I may have made a mistake.

BURNS
This is beyond eleventh-hour,
Caitlyn. This is more like 12:25.
Do you have any evidence?

CAITLYN
It's just a hunch, but does the
name Pangloss mean anything to you?

Burns pushes the folder back across the desk to her.

BURNS

Let it go. In the Brave New Crack-down on corporate crime, you're our Elliot Ness - in Jimmy Choo.

(looks down)

Or Payless.

(beat)

Why don't you treat yourself? Take a few days off - you've earned it.

CAITLYN

What if I was wrong?

BURNS

I'm not asking you.

Burns takes his jacket and exits the office, SNAPPING OFF the lights on Caitlyn as he goes. She stands alone, a silhouette, as Burns walks down the hall, humming "Dancing Queen".

EXT. STARKE PRISON - MORNING

Charlie and Bug-Eyed Bob stand off to the side of the prison yard as the cons spread out to exercise, play games or gab. Knox and Angus chuckle at Charlie's haggard look.

CHARLIE

The catcalls last night were so perverse, just imagining what they're saying is almost worse than what they're threatening to do.

KNOX

Look on the bright side: once you become cellblock bitch, you won't notice the nightly chatter at all.

Nearby, a SWEATY CON pumps iron with a stack of weights as big as a train axle. Mid-pump, the con WINKS at Charlie.

ANGUS

Looks like a muffin butterer to me.

CHARLIE

I get it - this is kind of an initiation by way of prison humor?

KNOX

Nah, I'm hoping maybe you'll freak out and off yourself so I can collect my dead fish bet faster.

Charlie laughs, but quickly realizes Knox is serious.

CHARLIE

Hey, I'm innocent!

KNOX

Word is, you stole a hundred million large. Ruined a lot of lives, Wall Street.

CHARLIE

I never stole anything, or hurt anyone in my life.

KNOX

Well, now you're stuck in here with lots of cold bastards that did.

Suddenly, all the cons around them stiffen noticeably.

WARDEN SLADE (50) enters, with Griffey and another guard.

ANGUS

(under his breath)
Here comes the motivational spiel.

WARDEN SLADE

(finger quotes)
"Crime doesn't pay." Bullshit! Of course it does! But not you losers. You're all failures, even at crime.

Slade stalks the men, staring til they shrink from his gaze - except Le Tigre. Creeped out a bit, Slade moves on.

WARDEN SLADE (CONT'D)

So, your behind's mine now. You got a chance to play your cards right.

Slade stops near Charlie and crew.

WARDEN SLADE (CONT'D)

Any of y'all wanna spend the day on the other side of the wall? We need volunteers for the farm.

GROANS rise up from the cons. Charlie scoffs, raises his arm.

BUG-EYED BOB

(urgent whisper)
No, Charlie, you don't -

CHARLIE

I'll do it.

Knox raises his hand as well, grinning.

KNOX

Count me in, too.

ANGUS
 (to Knox)
 Are you kidding me?

KNOX
 This I gotta see live.

EXT. STARKE PRISON FARM - MINUTES LATER

Griffey and the guards lead Charlie and a dozen other cons through the gate. Le Tigre tags behind in the rear.

ROWS of corn, cabbage and other crops stretch before them. An elaborate waist-high SPRINKLER system rings the fields, fed by long accordion hoses siphoning the nearby SWAMP.

CHARLIE
 Is this farm organic?

The guards halt Charlie and crew by a stack of SHOVELS as a rickety DUMP TRUCK RUMBLES up, followed by a CLOUD of FLIES.

KNOX
 If by organic, you mean it was processed though the internal organs of a cow, you're right.

The DRIVER, a CARROT-TOPPED HAYSEED in overalls, hops out and hits a lever on the side. The bed tilts over, dumping a massive load of WET MANURE in a gut-churning pile in front of the cons.

HAYSEED DRIVER
 Got caught in a gully washer on the way over here, reckon it'll be a mite stickier than usual.

Griffey points his shotgun at the shovels.

GRIFFEY
 Start spreading.

EXT. STARKE PRISON FARM - LATER

The cons walk along the rows, shoveling the sloppy manure around. Charlie, his pants spattered with the stinking mess, gags as he walks past the truck to the still-massive pile.

CHARLIE
 I went to Princeton for this?

Warden Slade approaches from the prison gate to inspect the new workers. Knox sidles up beside Charlie, clothes relatively manure-free, laughing at Charlie's disgust.

KNOX

Why don't you explain that to Slade? Shame to waste all that brainpower shoveling shit.

Le Tigre moves closer to Charlie. He glances at Griffey, who nods and turns to show the other guards porn on his cell.

Oblivious, Charlie ponders the manure. He walks over beside the swamp siphon hose.

CHARLIE

We should work smarter, not harder. This stuff's the perfect viscosity.

Charlie pulls a hose loose, dunks it in the manure.

KNOX

Charlie, wait, don't -

Charlie cranks the sprinkler valve as Slade strolls up. Le Tigre veers off to scoop up a shovelful of manure.

CHARLIE

You guys might want to stand clear -

The Pump CHUGS, making SLURPING sounds, but nothing happens.

WARDEN SLADE

How's it going, boys?

CHARLIE

(watching the pipe throb)
I don't understand why it won't -

Knox darts around behind the truck. The other cons scramble.

POW! POW POW! The pressure BLASTS the heads off the tops of the sprinklers, sending the guards diving for their rifles.

GEYSERS of wet manure spray from the broken sprinklers, dousing the unlucky within range, Slade and Le Tigre, in shit.

Knox watches from the shit-free zone, shaking his head.

INT. STARKE PRISON - LATER

Charlie sad-sacks in the doorway of a grey, empty cell. The door SLAMS in his face, obscuring him from view.

The door is marked SOLITARY.

INT. STARKE PRISON VISITING ROOM - SAME

Le Tigre enters, squeezing water from his dreads.

Waiting for him at the phones, dressed in psychic "Miss Cleo" drag like a half-ass Caribbean Madea, is Travis-T.

Le Tigre sits before T and takes a phone, scowling.

TRAVIS
Damn, Tigga, what's that smell?

LE TIGRE
Fuck you, mon. What dis get-up, you my conjugal visit?

Travis flips the braided wig out of his pinched face.

TRAVIS
You better back off when you talking to your employer, byatch. It's looking like you can't close the deal on Malthrop.

LE TIGRE
It's not been two days yet!

The VISITATION GUARD turns at this outburst. Travis smiles at him, his mouth full of bling, then whips back to Le Tigre.

TRAVIS
Check the expiration date on that song-stealin' cracker - God knows how many other hits been taken out on him here, after that stock crash. Vengeance is mine, ya hear?

LE TIGRE
He in solitary, mon. Trus' me, I love nothing more than to carve his pumpkin, but I no magician.

VISITATION GUARD
Time's up!

TRAVIS
Then you be waiting. God damn, I hope my man at Pearl River has got the balls to do the other job.

INT. PEARL RIVER PRISON VISITATION ROOM - DUSK

Dennis slips into a Barcalounger behind the glass partition.

DENNIS
Hello, gorgeous.

Ursula pouts on the other side.

URSULA

Ursula is lonely. How long must
this torture go on?

DENNIS

It's only for a little while, babe -

Dennis realizes every guy, including the VISITATION GUARD, is
craning at Ursula like filings to a supermodel magnet.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Can we get some privacy, please?

The men reluctantly turn away, grumbling. Dennis leans in.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

It's all as we planned, remember?

URSULA

(sighs)

Ursula is no dummkopf.

DENNIS

We just bide our time - with good
behavior, two years tops - hell,
once your divorce is final, we can
even shack up in a private suite,
with Korbelt in the minibar!

Ursula's eyes flash with horror.

URSULA

Domestic champagne!

The visitation guard turns at this outburst. Dennis flashes
his pearly whites and finger-shoots him, cool-guy style.

DENNIS

(whispers to Ursula)

Baby, keep thinking about all those
clams I sent to Mr. Pangloss, just
chilling til we come collect them.

Ursula kisses the glass, leaving a fat LIPSTICK PRINT.

URSULA

Ach! Is this glass sanitary?

Dennis (and everyone) stares at the pink pucker on the glass.

DENNIS

More than it will be tomorrow.

EXT. PEARL RIVER PRISON PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Caitlyn SPITS her gum out the window as she backs her SUV into a space.

She shuts off the motor, and digs through a dash littered with takeout wrappers for her SEC folders.

Caitlyn's PHONE BUZZES on the dash, the first few chords of the MIDI version of "Gettin' Paid" before she snatches it up.

BURNS
(phone distortion)
Where the hell are you?

CAITLYN
I'm taking your advice. On vacation, soaking up the rays.

BURNS
Yeah? It wouldn't be smart to be in a Sunshine State of mind, because -

CAITLYN
Gotta go, Burnsy, the boy with my fruity drink is here.

She hangs up the phone, pulls out a tube of lipstick, and grabs the mirror to apply it.

As the mirror reflection swipes across the prison entrance, Caitlyn sees Ursula emerge, walking toward her.

Caitlyn slumps down in her seat, waiting as the CLOP CLOP of Ursula's heels draws near.

Caitlyn hears the DING of a Benz door opening, the CRUNCH of wingtips on pavement. She raises her eyes to doorsill level.

A few spaces down, Frank Remora waits with open arms beside his Benz, and Ursula trots up and bounds into his embrace.

REMORA
Hello, gorgeous.

Ursula lays a sloppy kiss on the sleazebag lawyer.

Caitlyn's eyes open WIDE. She sinks back out of sight.

URSULA
Ursula should win Oscar.

REMORA
That's my girl. So the douche bag brother won't be a problem?

URSULA

What's he going to do? He's in fucking prison. By the time he or Charlie get out, Ursula will have long since cleaned out Pangloss, to finance her fabulous new life!

REMORA

You mean you and me, right, babe?

Ursula shifts from Evil Queen to practically purring.

URSULA

Of cooocourse, silly man.

They get in the Benz, and drive away.

Caitlyn raises back up in her seat, jaw slack.

CAITLYN

Oh my god, Charlie, what've I done?

She tosses the folders in the back seat, cranks the SUV and BURNS RUBBER out of the parking lot.

INT. STARKE PRISON - MORNING

The door to Charlie's solitary cell opens, he shuffles out. He looks at the guard, who points him down the hall.

GUARD

Chow time, Captain Cowshit.

Charlie shuffles off to the dining hall.

INT. STARKE PRISON DINING HALL - MINUTES LATER

Knox sits with Angus and Bug-Eyed Bob, eating from trays of mystery slop.

KNOX

I'm telling you, the bet is off. I feel like a buzzard waiting on a fence for this loser to croak.

ANGUS

Who gives a rat's ass? What goes around, comes around, right?

HOOTS and LAUGHTER rise up from the CONS on the other side of the dining hall. Charlie has entered, his head hanging low.

KNOX

Dead man walkin'.

Charlie's jostled by cons as he walks the line with his tray.

CON 1

We don't serve no cow pie, biznit!

Charlie smiles weakly, keeps moving.

CON 2

Wall Street here needs a diaper!

From a railing above, Warden Slade stares daggers down at Charlie, then stomps off through an exit.

Charlie steps beside Knox and crew's table. They look at him, then each other, and shrug. Charlie sits.

BUG-EYED BOB

Hey, shit happens, right?

They all glare at Bob, and he turns back to his slop.

Twenty feet away, Le Tigre plops his tray on the table-CLANG.

KNOX

I'll give you this, son: you're good at making enemies.

CHARLIE

Who is that guy?

ANGUS

Name's Le Tea Ray. Haitian ice man.

Cons, in ever-increasing numbers, start making for exits.

KNOX

Come on, Charlie, let's bounce.

CHARLIE

I've been sitting in solitary all night. I just want to eat my - whatever the hell this is.

The FIVE MINUTE BUZZER sounds.

KNOX

Suit yourself. But you better grow eyes in the back of your head.

Knox, Angus and Bob take their trays and leave.

Charlie and Le Tigre are practically alone in the dining hall. Charlie drops his spoon and meets Le Tigre's stare.

CHARLIE

What?

Le Tigre stands and SWEEPS the tray from the table, CRASH! In his hand flashes the SHIV.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, crap.

Charlie bolts from the table, for the door marked MAIL ROOM.

INT. PEARL RIVER PRISON THEATER - SAME

Dennis ambles down the aisle of the 100-seat theater to his chair, munching handfuls of POPCORN and leaving a trail on the floor all over the "landing strip" lights.

Several dozen CONS settle into the red velvet seats as the lights DIM, and curtains withdraw from the modest screen. It flashes BLUE, reads INPUT: DVD PLAYER.

Dennis looks underwhelmed, turns to the con beside him.

DENNIS

Got a setup like this in my crib.
What's the show?

CLUB FED CON 1

Public Enemy.

Dennis brightens.

DENNIS

Hell yeah, Cold Lampin' With Flavor.

His amped up popcorn CRUNCHING causes the irritated con beside him to rise and move to another row.

ON GINGRICH

In a dark corner, another con, TOM GINGRICH (BM, 40) stares at Dennis, perking up as the irritated con moves. It should be clear Tom's an "Oreo", black outside, fluffy white inside.

Gingrich pulls out a shiv, bends close to the floor lights to inspect it. It WHIRRS: it's a modified ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH.

Gingrich pockets the shiv, glances around, and moves to the end of the aisle, keeping low.

ON DENNIS

The screen goes BLACK. Analog CRACKLING fills the speakers.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(mouth full of popcorn)
Old school.

ON GINGRICH

Gingrich zigzags discreetly aisle to aisle, closer to Dennis. He stops in the row behind Dennis, ducks down.

ON SCREEN

A BRICK WALL appears, with the 1930s WARNER BROTHERS LOGO. Tough-guy MUSIC swells. "THE PUBLIC ENEMY" film title card.

ON DENNIS

Dennis looks confused, popcorn falling out of his mouth. Gingrich creeps up, perched behind Dennis' blonde head.

ON SCREEN

JAMES CAGNEY appears, grinning malevolently and making a pantomime motion like he's stabbing a guy in the neck.

ON DENNIS

Gingrich rises, shiv in hand, and leans in towards Dennis. Dennis LEAPS to his feet and whirls around, shouting.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?! Where's
Chuck D? Flava Flav?

Instantly, the THEATER LIGHTS flash on, and Gingrich freezes in mid lunge, Dennis staring at the shiv.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
You the tooth fairy, G?

Gingrich, desperate, fires up the shiv and SLICES at Dennis, splitting his popcorn bag and sending white kernels flying.

Dennis looks at his hand, BLOOD oozing down his palm.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
What the fu -

The doors to the theater KICK open, and GUARDS with paintball guns enter from all corners, trained on Gingrich.

CLUB FED GUARD 1
Get down!

Dennis hits the floor as the guards OPEN FIRE.

Gingrich is BLASTED with HOT PINK PAINT, his body jerks to and fro like Warren Beatty in Bonnie and Clyde.

The guns cease fire, plumes of CO₂ trail from their barrels.

Gingrich falls to the floor beside a cowering Dennis.

GINGRICH

Owww.

INT. STARKE PRISON MAIL ROOM - SAME

An INFIRMARY GUARD drapes a sheet over Le Tigre's body on a gurney, dreads hanging below, the file making a "tent" above.

The Infirmary guard wheels the gurney out of the wrecked mail room as Griffey stands in a circle of other GUARDS, slaps a stunned Charlie on the back.

GRIFFEY

Thought this sumbitch here was gonna keel over himself when he told me he found yon colored feller there, laid out like cold meat.

Griffey winks at Charlie, who winces. The guards seem satisfied, probably couldn't care less.

GUARD 1

So, whatcha think went down, Griff?

CHARLIE

You don't think it could've been a case of self-defense?

Griffey glares momentarily at Charlie, then guffaws.

GRIFFEY

Dumbass fish. Naw, this is probably some Haitian-Mexicali drug deal gone bad. File's a calling card.

GUARD 2

Whatever. You're writing it up.

The guards shuffle out. Charlie, zombie-like, follows. Griffey catches his collar, as soon as they're alone.

GRIFFEY

I'm your silent partner now, Chief. That chunk of change you stole to land you here? I'm getting half.

Griffey's radio SQUAWKS. He thumbs it on.

GRIFFEY (CONT'D)

Yo, Griffey here, 10-4.

PRISON DISPATCH

(radio distortion)

Griffey, that guy Malthrop, that found the Rughead in the mail room? Some badge is here to see him.

STARKE PRISON VISITING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Caitlyn, looking as beat as Charlie, waits at the glass.
Charlie falls into his seat across from her, lifts the phone.

CHARLIE
We've really, really got to stop
meeting like this.

CAITLYN
They said you found a dead body?

CHARLIE
Better than him "finding" mine.

CAITLYN
You're not saying he was still -

CHARLIE
What the hell do you want? To
gloat? Then you're in luck, 'cause -

Caitlyn slaps the SEC folder against the glass.

CAITLYN
I screwed up your case.

CHARLIE
After you testified so
enthusiastically in open court? I
don't think a change of heart now
would make much of a dent.

Caitlyn scowls, but takes a breath, opens the folder.

CAITLYN
If we find your missing money, you
could be exonerated for -

CHARLIE
God damn it! I didn't take any -

CAITLYN
I know. Dennis did.

Charlie lowers the phone, holds his head like it might pop.

CHARLIE
(mumbling)
My backstabbing weasel brother.

CAITLYN
(muted)
What does the name Pangloss mean?

Charlie snaps out of it, raises the phone.

CHARLIE

Where did you hear that?

CAITLYN

Twice. From Dennis and . . .
Ursula. Yesterday. At Club Fed.

Charlie looks back at her, utterly defeated.

CHARLIE

Pangloss was a shell corporation
Dennis talked about creating, to
protect Earwig in case Travis'
lawsuit got traction. But I would
have known if it happened, because -

He suddenly stares blankly, gobsmacked.

CAITLYN

Why? Stay with me, Charlie -

CHARLIE

Because Remora would have had to
draw it up - with a majority of the
major stockholders' signatures.

CAITLYN

Bam. That's Dennis and your loving
wife. And from what I overheard,
Remora is looking to doublecross
Dennis and siphon off that account.
We have to get there first.

VISITATION GUARD

Time's up!

CAITLYN

Wait - where is Pangloss supposed
to be incorporated?

CHARLIE

(laughs bitterly)
That's just it. You can't touch
them. It's the Cayman Islands.

The phone goes dead with an audible CLICK! The guard moves to
usher Caitlyn away, but she lingers, shouting thru the glass.

CAITLYN

Charlie! I'm going to fix this!
You've got to hang in there!

Charlie watches her exit.

CHARLIE

(under his breath)
I've gotta get the fuck outta here.

INT. STARKE PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Charlie, Bob, Angus and Knox sit on the floor in Knox' cell. They're DRUNK, chipped coffee mugs in hand, propped against the bed and toilet.

Knox dips a mug in the toilet and hands Charlie a cup of MAGENTA LIQUID.

Charlie takes a sip, COUGHS.

CHARLIE

This Grape-Berry Sterno is smooth.

KNOX

Drink up - you need it. Ain't nobody faced Le Tigre and lived to tell the tale til you, Wall Street.

They all CLINK mugs.

CHARLIE

Travis'll try again. Could it get any worse? I mean, every-frickin' one I know poled me in the butt! And now Griffey owns half that.

KNOX

Welcome to the One Cheek Club.

ANGUS

Still, I got a eyeful of that redhead cop, dude, she's hot! And into you - I sense these things.

CHARLIE

Yeah, but she's got issues.

BUG-EYED BOB

The best ones all do, brother.

CHARLIE

(rising)

All the more reason - it's Friday, if they catch a flight to the Caymans tomorrow before noon - fuck me, I gotta bust out of this joint.

Knox pulls him back down, looks around for the guards.

KNOX

Chill out, Charlie. It's almost lights out. Tomorrow's the first day of the rest of your jail-breakin' life, you hear? Leave it to me, son. We got the element of surprise working for us now.

EXT. STARKE PRISON YARD - MORNING

Charlie, Angus, and Bob wait by the gate to the farm. Charlie has Knox's WILDCATS CAP pulled low over his head. The men cast furtive glances over at Knox. It's ON.

Griffey and the other guard canvas the yard for volunteers. Griffey chuckles as he spots Charlie and crew.

GRIFFEY

Can't get enough, can you, boy?
Manure must be your Chanel No. 5.

Griffey opens the farm gate. Charlie, Angus, and Bob enter.

I/E. CAITLYN'S SUV - STARKE PRISON MAIN GATE - SAME

Caitlyn pulls her SUV into the parking lot. Her hair's up, sleeves rolled, ready to dig in. The SUV dash is clean, and her folders are stacked neatly into a milk crate beside her.

Her PHONE RINGS.

INSERT: CALLER ID - AGENT BURNS

Caitlyn pulls a CD out of her visor, pops it into the slot.

INSERT: CD, in black marker, "Princeton Sailing Trials 2005."

SOUNDS of WAVES LAPPING, GULL cries, a BREEZE off the water.

Caitlyn answers the phone.

CAITLYN

(fakes a yawn)

Oh, hi, Burnsy. The Malthrop case?
The hell with that. No, I'm just
kicking back at the beach.

She scans the concertina wire along the prison wall, the guards patrolling with their high-powered rifles.

CAITLYN (CONT'D)

You should see the view.

EXT. STARKE PRISON FARM - MOMENTS LATER

The manure truck RUMBLES up beside the shovels.

GRIFFEY

Since the unfortunate incident a
couple days ago, none o' you boys
will git anywhere near them pipes -
(PUMPS shotgun)
- got me? Good. Now -

ON CHARLIE

As Griffey speaks, Charlie and Angus slink beside the truck. The carrot-top Driver hops out, spots Charlie.

HAYSEED DRIVER
Well, if it ain't the Shitigator.

ON BOB

Bob moves perilously close to the swamp siphon pipe.

BUG-EYED BOB
You mean these pipes here, Boss?

Griffey sticks the shotgun in Bob's face.

GRIFFEY
You testin' me, Retard?

EXT. STARKE PRISON YARD - SAME

Knox leaps atop the bleachers, holding a familiar envelope.

KNOX
You screwheads wanna see some skin?

Knox HURLS the envelope. The nude POLAROIDS from the mail room fly into the yard, cons descend on them in a FRENZY.

The sweaty con from the weight bench (the muffin butterer) shoves his way in, and holds up a pic, eyes full of tears.

SWEATY CON
That's my wife!

KNOX
Oh, Lord.

The Sweaty Con starts swinging, working towards Knox, and a RIOT breaks out.

I/E. CAITLYN'S SUV - SAME

Caitlyn, holding her crate full of files, bumps the door closed with her butt.

The SIRENS start wailing, and Caitlyn snaps her head to look at the wall. The guards raise their rifles.

EXT. STARKE PRISON FARM - SAME

ON CHARLIE

Charlie whips off the Wildcats cap, to reveal his HAIR's been DYED MAGENTA with the Kool-Aid/Sterno concoction. At a passing glance, he could be the hayseed driver. On acid.

HAYSEED DRIVER

What in tarnation -

BAM! Angus elbows the driver, drags him up into the truck.

ON GRIFFEY

Griffey turns as the sirens wail. The cons in the field hit the deck. They know the drill. Griffey looks back at Bob - he knows something is up.

ON CHARLIE

Angus hops out the passenger side, as Charlie climbs in the driver's side and slams the door. He looks at Angus.

ANGUS

Good luck, Wall Street. Avoid any open flames - your Sterno hairdo's a match away from torch city.

CHARLIE

I won't forget this, Angus.

ON GRIFFEY

Griffey hears the manure truck engine RUMBLE to life.

GRIFFEY

Son of a bitch, tryin' to play me.

He CRACKS the shotgun stock against Bob's face, and Bob keels over backwards into the cabbage patch.

Griffey runs toward the truck as it lumbers to the gate.

ON KNOX

The riot's in full swing in the yard. Sweaty Con chokes Knox.

KNOX

Would it make you feel any better if I said I had some pics of Slade's wife, too?

The Sweaty Con pauses a beat.

CLANG! The big man topples over, to reveal Angus standing behind him with one of his weights.

KNOX (CONT'D)

I was seconds away from breaking his fingers with my larynx.

ON CHARLIE

Through the windshield, Charlie sees the farm gate guard makes windmills with his arms, trying to hustle the "civilian" vehicle out so he can lock the gate.

Charlie GRINDS the truck in gear, moves forward - until the guard looks beside the truck, throws his palms up, "halt".

The driver's side door opens. Griffey stands there, huffing.

GRIFFEY

Where you going, Meal Ticket? You were about ten seconds from Gone.

CHARLIE

I don't have time to explain. But whatever gold you think is waiting at the end of my rainbow, if I don't get out that gate, and stop my ex-wife from robbing me blind, we'll both be broke and crying.

Griffey looks at the gate guard. The bar is down. He's picking up a phone.

GRIFFEY

Shit! Move over.

Griffey forces his way in with the shotgun.

CHARLIE

What about -

Griffey reaches over, opens the passenger door, KICKS the unconscious hayseed out. Griffey throws the truck in gear.

GRIFFEY

I'm on you like white on rice.

The truck LURCHES forward, the gate guard dives for cover. Charlie CLIPS his seat belt.

ON CAITLYN

Caitlyn tosses the files aside and leaps into her SUV, and pulls her pistol from the glove compartment.

As her eyes dart across the prison wall, she hears the CRASH of the manure truck smashing through the side gate.

EXT. STARKE PRISON FARM GATE - SAME

Warden Slade SCREECHES up in his shiny Lincoln on the road outside the farm gate.

He snatches his COFFEE out of its cup holder before it splatters all over his windshield.

The manure truck barrels towards him at top speed.

WARDEN SLADE
What in the Sam Hill is -

The manure truck turns HARD RIGHT before it hits him. The back end SLIDES sideways and Griffey corrects, speeds off.

The manure flies out of the truck bed, BURIES the Lincoln.

Caitlyn, pursuing, SLAMS on her brakes to avoid hitting the truck, and SIDESWIPES the Warden's car, her SUV SPITTING SPARKS before zooming off again.

The Lincoln rocks back on its springs, as Slade holds his now empty coffee cup, his face and suit SOAKED in coffee.

WARDEN SLADE (CONT'D)
Mommy.

I/E. MANURE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Out the window, swamp foliage blurs past on either side. Griffey watches as Caitlyn's SUV pulls alongside in the on-coming lane. He steadies his shotgun barrel on the doorsill.

CHARLIE
What the hell -

Charlie wrenches Griffey's arm back as the shotgun goes BOOM!

Instead of the SUV, the manure truck DOOR HINGE catches the blast. The door BLOWS off the truck, RICOCHETS off the SUV, and BOUNCES under the truck wheels.

The SUV careens off onto the shoulder. The manure truck tire SHREDS off the rim, and though Griffey wrestles madly with the wheel, the truck FLIPS on its side, and slides to a halt.

Swamp birds CAW. The truck radiator HISSES, its wheels slowly spin down. In the distance, the prison SIRENS wail, faintly.

The passenger door CREAKS open, skyward. Magenta hair appears. Charlie crawls out, dazed, and drops to the road.

EXT. FLORIDA BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Charlie stumbles over to Caitlyn's SUV. She's unconscious, head against the driver's side door.

Charlie opens the door, and Caitlyn falls halfway out, into his arms. Her eyes open with a start, staring up at him.

A hint of a smile, then her eyes flash anger and she pushes herself free. She hits the ground like a sack of flour.

CAITLYN
 (stands, eyes the hair)
 You lose your goddamned marbles,
 Ziggy Stardust?

A GROAN from inside the sideways manure truck.

CHARLIE
 Unless you want to go ten rounds
 with the Gene Pool Reject in the
 truck over there, just listen, OK?
 I'm going to Grand Cayman.

CAITLYN
 You are batshit. Where's my cuffs -

She reaches into the SUV. Charlie turns her around to face him, and rests his hands on her shoulders. She lets him.

CHARLIE
 You said it yourself, we have to
 get there before Ursula. What's the
 fastest you could have made a case
 against her some legit way?

CAITLYN
 A week, maybe.
 (sighs)
 Too long.

CHARLIE
 Then trust me. Scratch that - you
owe me. If we can get to the coast,
 find some way to the Cayman bank
 before her, we'll get the money
 back, and - shit! What's that?

Rising above the prison wail, are SIRENS on the road.

CAITLYN
 Troopers. I called for backup. You
 even have a plan? The feds will be
 watching the planes and ports, you
 know. And what's all this we?

His sheepish look betrays his nonexistent plan.

CHARLIE
 All I know is I have to get there -
 and, somewhere on the way, ditch
 this psycho hillbilly guard.

CAITLYN
 You bribed a guard?

CHARLIE

He wasn't part of the plan, he just leeches onto what he thought was a crooked embezzling asshole.

CAITLYN

What am I bitching about, I'm aiding and abetting one.

CHARLIE

What good is being a cop if you don't know how to break a few laws?

More GROANS from the truck, THUMPS as Griffey climbs the dash. Caitlyn chews her lip, thinking. She reaches into her SUV and picks up an antique COMPASS.

CAITLYN

Here. Remember that last sailing trip we took, to the Keys?

CHARLIE

Like I'd forget. It's not every day a - what was it? "Heartless corporate robot" like me gets hit in the face with a bucket of shrimp.

Caitlyn slaps his hands away, presses the compass into one.

CAITLYN

Keep moving, robot, I'll stall the searchers here. Find that old dock in the Keys, I'll meet you there.

The manure truck door CREAKS open. Griffey pokes his head out of the truck, and spots them.

CHARLIE

(whispers)
We have to make this look real.
(yells)
Eat knuckles, Pig!

Charlie "punches" Caitlyn, but she BLOCKS, swings him around and SLAMS him into the SUV hood, his arm bent like a pretzel.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(face smushed)
You're doing this all wrong.

Charlie "elbows" her face, and Caitlyn topples over, eyes rolling back like she was kicked by a mule, overacting.

Griffey hobbles over, rests his weight on the shotgun.

GRIFFEY

Damn, Hoss, didn't know you had the huevos. She'll make a good hostage.

As Griffey reaches for her, Charlie drags him away, toward the swamp, as the SIRENS draw near around the corner.

CHARLIE

She's dead weight.

The two men flee past the truck, into the swamp, and disappear.

Three HIGHWAY PATROL CARS, full-on lights and sirens, SCREECH up. Caitlyn stands, badge in hand, as TROOPERS rush to her.

CAITLYN

I'm all right. They went that way.

Caitlyn points to the opposite side of the swamp.

INT. SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - MINUTES LATER

Urban BASS MUSIC pounds the walls. The opulence is marred slightly by the PARTY FOLK sprawled and staggering amid piles of empties, and half-eaten lobster nachos. It's not yet noon.

Travis-T floats in a jacuzzi off the patio beside two voluptuous HOs, draining a champagne flute.

TRAVIS

Where's Crush with that Cristal?
You want some more bubbly, Shorty?
(girl nods vacantly)
Then get yo ass up and get it,
byatch! And sprinkle some more
diamonds in it!

The naked woman flees the jacuzzi, dripping wet. She passes Crusher on his way in, a worried look on his face.

CRUSHER

T, you got to check this out.

Crusher fishes the blinged-up remote out of the jacuzzi, shakes it off. A 75-INCH PLASMA TV flashes on.

TRAVIS

Hells yeah, I had a dream today
would blow up big, so I knew the
Malthrops was toast. We celebratin'
early. Tell me - is it done, son?

Crusher mutes the music.

CRUSHER

Uh - yeah, you could say that.

ON TV:

A news ticker at the bottom reads BREAKING NEW STORY.

An attractive woman with a microphone, VELOCITY DIAZ, stands in front of the Starke Prison gates.

VELOCITY DIAZ

- confirm that, Dave, but we do know that this morning, Charles Malthrop took Officer Dallas Griffey hostage in a daring prison break, and is presently at large -

Charlie's MUG SHOT and Griffey's PRISON ID appear beside her.

ON TRAVIS:

POP! Travis breaks the champagne flute in his death grip. A ring of bloodshot white surrounds the iris of both eyes.

The ho beside Travis scrambles out of the jacuzzi, and even the most lethargic party peeps hustle to exit the room.

ON TV:

Diaz is still talking, and a terrifying MUG SHOT of LE TIGRE replaces the pics of Charlie and Griffey.

VELOCITY DIAZ (CONT'D)

- following the murder of Haitian gang lord Lee Tigris yesterday. In a related story at Pearl River Prison, a botched attempt -

ON TRAVIS:

TRAVIS

MUTHAFUGGAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

Travis stands, fists trembling. Were lightning bolts to shoot out his ass, you'd believe it. Even Crusher backs up a step.

INT. PEARL RIVER PRISON - GAME ROOM - LATER

Dennis stands beside a felt game table as seated CONS break out the piecemeal accessories to an old MONOPOLY game.

DENNIS

Why can't I be the dog?

CLUB FED CON 1

No dog. You can be the thimble.

DENNIS

Fuck that, what about the battleship? The top hat?

CLUB FED CON 1

All that's left is the bottle cap.

The con holds up an O'DOUL'S bottle cap, bent and rusty.

Dennis wanders away grumbling, by the sectional sofa where a bored BESPECTACLED CON watches the 32-INCH PLASMA TV.

ON TV:

AC 360 on CNN. ANDERSON COOPER stands in a windbreaker outside Pearl River, looking serious.

ANDERSON COOPER

- problem with America's prisons.
Pearl River, one of the handful of notorious "Club Fed" facilities, is-

ON DENNIS:

Dennis looks out the bay window. Cooper, his CAMERAMAN and his CNN NEWS TRUCK are parked right outside the gate. Dennis can actually hear Cooper outside and in, with a weird delay.

BESPECTACLED CON

(spaced out by the TV)

What do you think AC puts in his hair to make it so shiny?

ON TV:

Still IMAGE of Starke, Photoshopped to look even drearier.

ANDERSON COOPER

- where this morning, notorious Earwig CEO Charlie Malthrop made a daring escape, taking hostage a -

ON DENNIS:

DENNIS

What the fuck?!

ON MONOPOLY GAME:

CLUB FED CON 1

Give me my money, bitch!

ON SOFA:

BESPECTACLED CON

It's probably some damn tropical extract we can't get here.

ON TV:

ANDERSON COOPER
 - Guantanamo Bay, America's
 notorious detention facility, 200
 miles east of the Cayman Islands -

ON SOFA:

BESPECTACLED CON
 Whatcha think, Malthrop? Your
 hair's silky smooth, and -

The con looks around, but Dennis is gone, the game room door closing on its cushion spring.

EXT. PEARL RIVER PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis runs at a fast jog to the front gate, towards Cooper.

Cooper makes a cut motion across his neck, the cameraman lowers his rig and switches off the gratuitous LIGHTS.

Dennis HURDLES the front gate easily like a tennis player after a winning match.

CAMERAMAN
 What's good around here for lunch?

Dennis ignores him and runs to the CNN van, but pauses with his hand on the door, to look down at his prison polo. Hm.

He strolls back inside the gate.

ANDERSON COOPER
 Let's go find that strip club Jim
 Cantore said was so notor -

Dennis grabs Cooper's windbreaker, and SNATCHES it off him.

ANDERSON COOPER (CONT'D)
 What the hell, mister?

Dennis runs to the CNN van, CRANKS it, Cooper on his heels.

Dennis PEELS OUT of the parking lot, billowing SMOKE in Cooper and the cameraman's faces.

ANDERSON COOPER (CONT'D)
 (shakes fist)
 Nobody steals from us!
 (softer, to cameraman)
 Did you get that? That was my
 profile, right, but my hair is -

EXT. EVERGLADES - LATER

Verdant soggy swampland, Spanish Moss a droopy canopy above.

A CLOUD of INSECTS follows Charlie's dyed hair, distracting him as he bats them away. He checks the compass.

As Charlie and Griffey wade through the swamp, Griffey follows closer to the treeline, shotgun on his shoulder.

GRIFFEY

Bubba, I don't hear no dogs, so I'd
stick to the bank if I was you.
Water ain't safe in the 'glades.

Charlie stumbles upon a little island in the bog, and clambers up onto it on his knees. He pockets the compass.

CHARLIE

These bugs are eating me alive.

GRIFFEY

They's a hell of a lot of things
lookin' to eat you out here.

Charlie holds his breath, dunks his head in the brackish water, then raises it, scrubbing his hair and spitting.

CHARLIE

I get it, okay? Let's stick to -

Griffey scans the trees from the bank.

GRIFFEY

Gators, goes without saying, but
nowadays the damn pythons, the
occasional bald eagle -

CHARLIE

Can we just talk about something
else?

Charlie scrubs, magenta Kool-Aid running down his face.

GRIFFEY

Why don't you tell me more about
that pot of gold, then, leprechaun?

CHARLIE

It's - at least a million.

GRIFFEY

I ain't risking my ass for no box
of Lucky Charms, dickweed. That old
spook back at Starke told me
different.

CHARLIE
Okay, a hundred million.

Griffey WHISTLES, unzips his pants to pee in the swamp.

GRIFFEY
Sweet. Where you got the shit hid?

Charlie stops scrubbing, squints at him.

CHARLIE
You can't get it without my - HEY!
Do you mind?

Griffey laughs, steps onto the bank behind a cypress.

GRIFFEY
Don't worry about it, Chief. I
ain't gonna end-run you. Fifty mil
will set me up with pussy and Pabst
Blue Ribbon the rest of my days. I
just wanna know where we're headed.

Charlie thinks about it. It's reasonable. He dunks again, and raises his head back up, eyes closed.

CHARLIE
It's the Cayman Islands.

GRIFFEY
SHIT!

CHARLIE
Hey, now who's overreacting -

Charlie freezes, as he hears a LOW REPTILIAN HISS behind him.

Charlie peeks to see Griffey staring wide-eyed at the swamp water. Charlie looks around with increasing horror to see the little island surrounded by HALF A DOZEN FLOATING ALLIGATORS.

Charlie rises, trembling.

GRIFFEY
(urgent whisper)
Keep it slow, dumbass! They're cold-
blooded, reflexes ain't good until
they warm up. Lemme think -

Charlie drops into slo-mo. He looks across the swamp to Griffey on the bank, it's about ten yards. The gators are lined up parallel to the island, almost like stepping stones.

His fear leads him to a desperate light-bulb moment.

CHARLIE
Can I run across the top of them?

GRIFFEY

Heh! Sure. On Three: One, Two -

As Griffey counts, Charlie tenses, ready to spring.

GRIFFEY (CONT'D)

THREE!

BOOM! Before Charlie can move, he nearly craps his pants as Griffey BLOWS the HEAD OFF the first gator, pumps another shell in the shotgun, BLASTS the next.

BOOM! Ka-CHOCK BOOM! Swamp water and gator pulp fill the air. If the gators were sleeping before, they're AWAKE NOW.

CHARLIE

FUUUUCK!!!

Charlie leaps from the small island as the gators WRITHE and SNAP around him, Griffey FIRING shell after shell into them, a split second before they can bite Charlie in half.

Charlie scrambles up the bank and cowers behind the cypress, gasping as gator corpses sink in the swamp behind him.

Griffey calmly loads more shells into the shotgun.

GRIFFEY

"Run across 'em?" That's the most retarded plan I ever heard, man. Good thing you got me around.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - NOON

This place makes Travis' suite look like a crack hovel.

A BELLBOY struggles, his back to an incredibly overloaded CART, to push Ursula's mountain of luggage up a ramp to the elevators. It's three steps forward, two steps back.

Ursula and Remora follow the bellboy, she checking her reflection in the gold fixtures as Remora checks his watch.

REMORA

For the love of God, why couldn't you leave all this crap? With the kind of money we'll have, you can buy your own private sweat shop!

Ursula manages to make a pout look like acid scorn.

URSULA

Ursula is wanting the more, not the less, understand? You do not "give" your way to a fortune, you fool.

The bellboy glares at her, as he sweats and grunts. No tip.

REMORA

I - respect that, I guess, but,
this is taking forever - the banks
will be closing soon. We're not
gonna make it, it's Saturday, and -

Ursula closes his lips with her perfectly manicured nails.

URSULA

The money will wait for Ursula. So
it is Monday instead of today. What
do we have to worry about?

INT. STARKE PRISON VISITING ROOM - LATER

Crusher, eyes hidden behind dark shades but with a visibly
busted lip, hands a fat WAD OF CASH to the visiting room
guard. The guard exits, as Travis enters, still seething.

The door from the prisoner side opens, Knox enters. He
chuckles to see Travis, and casually sits across from him.

TRAVIS

You know who I am?

KNOX

You're that "gangsta" always
bellyaching about gettin' something
- but never getting it, right?

TRAVIS

The days of me not gettin' are
over, muthafugga.

Knox stares coolly back at Travis through the mesh glass.

KNOX

Yeah, I'd like to see you -

Crusher taps on the door. One of Travis' thugs enters,
rolling in an ACETYLENE TORCH on squeaky wheels.

The thug SPARKS it up, and starts CUTTING THE MESH.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Oh, my. Aren't visiting hours over?

Travis shakes his head.

TRAVIS

Here shortly, my boy with the torch
will cut a hole so I can git my
hands on you, old man.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Then I'm gon' let Mr. Blowtorch
sweet-talk you into tellin' me
where Malthrop's at.

Knox watches the mesh GLOW.

KNOX

You know, I'd rather pass. He looks
pretty persuasive.

(sighs, resigned to rat
Charlie out)

Ever watch that show Deal Or No
Deal? Dumb bastards always wait too
long to pick the right case.

The torch STOPS, and the glow FADES.

EXT. SHADY COVE MARINA - THE FLORIDA KEYS - SUNSET

An out-of-the-way marina on the Gulf Coast. Pelicans roost
atop the docks, beside a handful of bobbing BOATS. An old
PICKUP is loaded with buckets of ICED JUMBO SHRIMP.

A grizzled old coot, yellow slicker straight off a box of
Gorton's, hands Caitlyn a set of KEYS. He lifts a trucker hat
that reads CAPTAIN FRED'S BOATS AND REDS and wipes his brow.

CAPTAIN FRED

Ya caught me just in time, Missy.
Any later and I'd be back on Largo
boiling some Royal Reds and you'd
be out of luck for the weekend.

CAITLYN

Thanks, Captain Fred, I knew I
could count on you to hook me up
with a bareboat charter.

Caitlyn studies the keys, as Fred glances out at the rippling
red ball of the sun over the water.

CAPTAIN FRED

Red sky at night, sailor's delight.
Perfect weather for your trip. Hey,
Missy - look sharp - you'll catch
the green flash!

Fred points OS at the horizon. Caitlyn looks, but it's gone.

CAITLYN

That's OK. I always miss it anyway.

Fred climbs in the truck, noticing Caitlyn's anxious look.

CAPTAIN FRED

You know you can't sail that beast
alone - it takes at least two. You
sure your crew is comin'?

Caitlyn looks the boat over: a gleaming, FIFTY-FOOT, ALL-WOOD
racing SAILBOAT, the name DAEDALUS emblazoned on the back.

CAITLYN

They probably just got held up
somewhere gathering supplies.

EXT. EVERGLADES - NIGHT

Charlie and Griffey emerge from the swamp near a FARMHOUSE.
No lights on in the farmhouse, it's dark and windy out.

CHARLIE

I can't go another step without
something to eat. Hey, look! Maybe
there's a pie on the windowsill.

Griffey squints at Charlie like he's nuts, then points beside
the farmhouse to the squat corrugated-metal CHICKEN COOP.

GRIFFEY

Get real, city boy. Now, we could
hole up in yon henhouse for the
night, get some fresh eggs -

CHARLIE

Raw eggs?
(takes a whiff)
Chickenshit? No more shit! No
caves, no outhouses, no sewers -

GRIFFEY

Awright, pansy. That means we gotta
risk heading up to the main road.

EXT. SOUTH FLORIDA BACKROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie and Griffey emerge from the treeline, crouching low
beside the shoulder of the road.

They duck as the headlights of an approaching SUV flash
across their faces.

INT. FEDERAL MARSHAL SUV - SAME

The white SUV blasts past Charlie & Griffey on the back road.
The two guys inside are Roger and Steve, the preppie US
Marshals that drove Dennis to Pearl River, popped pink polo
collars and all.

Roger does a double take as he looks in the side-view mirror.

ROGER

Maybe this prison break search has me hallucinating, but I think I just saw one of our guys.

STEVE

You're just getting jumpy. It was probably just a swamp coyote. Have another Makers and Sierra Mist.

ROGER

No, I swear! It's not our Malthrop, it's what's-his-name, Chuck, the brother with the guard hostage.

Steve brakes, whips the SUV around in a 180, speeds back.

STEVE

Then let's bag us a coyote.

Roger reaches into his plaid L.L. BEAN TOTE BAG and pulls back the slide on a 9mm PISTOL.

EXT. ROAD HOUSE - SAME

Charlie and Griffey, further along the back road, come upon a ROADHOUSE with a row of ugly HARLEYS parked out front. The FLICKERING neon sign above the joint reads "CHAIN SMOKERS".

CHARLIE

We go in there, they'll eat us.

GRIFFEY

Naw, we just gotta lose these duds.

Around back of the bar, they hear a SMACK of punches, GRUNTS.

GRIFFEY (CONT'D)

Sounds like somebody dancing. Maybe we can cut in.

They head around the side.

I/E. FEDERAL MARSHAL SUV - SAME

Roger and Steve approach, lights off, as Charlie and Griffey disappear around the corner of Chain Smoker's.

Steve starts to follow, but Roger punches his arm, and he slams on the brakes.

STEVE

Ow! What the hell?

ROGER

Take it easy. We don't want to spook them.

The SUV rolls slowly, quietly around the side of the bar.

EXT. CHAIN SMOKERS BACK DOOR - SAME

Muted SOUTHERN ROCK and RAUCOUS BAR CHATTER from inside.

Two grizzled BIKERS in LEATHER JACKETS, BLOODY-NOSED, pound each other just outside the back door. The victor lands a punch that sends the loser to the dirt, unconscious.

The winning biker sways on his feet, as Charlie and Griffey appear behind him. The biker blinks at them, bleary-eyed.

GRIFFEY

You wasn't using them last few teeth, was you?

Griffey SLAMS the shotgun butt into the biker's face, and he goes down. Griffey bends down to remove the biker's jackets.

CHARLIE

Damn it, Griffey, is violence the only answer?

GRIFFEY

What was the question? Hold this.

Griffey hands Charlie the shotgun. Charlie's eyes widen. He points the gun at Griffey, shaking, finger on the trigger.

I/E. FEDERAL MARSHAL SUV - SAME

Roger and Steve roll around back unobserved, in the corner of the gravel lot, just in time to witness this. They HIGH-FIVE.

ROGER

He's about to whack him! Yes! Use of deadly force authorized!

They slip out of the SUV, and duck behind a dumpster.

EXT. CHAIN SMOKERS BACK DOOR - SAME

Griffey stands, sliding on the jacket. He notices Charlie pointing the gun, and shakes his head.

GRIFFEY

Watch where you're pointing that thing. Shit, good thing there ain't no shell in the chamber.

Griffey snatches the shotgun back, PUMPS it and tosses Charlie the other jacket. Griffey slips the shotgun under his jacket as Charlie sighs, slides his jacket on and follows.

Roger and Steve emerge from hiding as the back door closes.

STEVE

Crap! Malthrop made us. He's running - we're gonna have to follow him in. Get ready partner - we may have to reload.

They creep up and crouch by the back door, checking their pockets for full clips, taking deep breaths, getting psyched.

INT. CHAIN SMOKER'S ROAD HOUSE - SAME

BIKERS drink and laugh in a smoky haze. Charlie and Griffey enter as one biker CRACKS a pool cue over another's head.

A SLUTTY half-naked BABE gyrating on a pole shakes her ass at Charlie: her panties read "This ain't gonna lick itself". They make their way to the bar.

Charlie and Griffey pull two passed-out DRUNKS off their bar stools, and nobody seems to care. They sit. A shovel-faced woman, the BARKEEP (45), approaches.

BARKEEP

What you boys havin'?

GRIFFEY

Everclear.

The barkeep starts filling a mason jar with grain alcohol. Charlie looks up at the menu above the bar.

CHARLIE

Are you still serving food?

BARKEEP

24-7, baby. Breakfast all day.

CHARLIE

Just like IHOP.

Griffey KICKS Charlie under the bar.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Ow! I mean, damn right you do.

GRIFFEY

Lemme add a jalapeno burger, then.

CHARLIE

Whoa, Griff - er, Bro. I don't know what kind of sea legs you've got, but eating spicy food when we sail tomorrow -

At this, Griffey goes pale.

GRIFFEY

Sea what? I - I thought we were catching some kind of puddle jumper, Chief. I ain't too fond of the water, capice?

CHARLIE

Don't worry about it. Just order something that will digest easy. Like the steak and eggs.

GRIFFEY

What about grits?

CHARLIE

What the hell's a grit?

SCRATCHING RECORD moment as the bar goes deathly quiet, and every head turns with MALICE to Charlie. The barkeep eyes him with the pinched evil stare of the Crypt-keeper.

BARKEEP

What the hell did you just say, you poodle-balled motherfuckin' Yankee?

Just then, the back door BURSTS open, and Roger and Steve enter, guns drawn in a combat stance.

ROGER AND STEVE

Freeze! Federal Marshals! You are under arrest -

A beat.

GRIFFEY

RUN!

The road house erupts in CHAOS as Charlie and Griffey bolt from their barstools and the bikers converge on Roger and Steve, en masse.

EXT. CHAIN SMOKER'S ROAD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Griffey SLAM open the front door and run out at a full clip, as the sounds of SHOUTING, GUNFIRE, BREAKING GLASS and SMASHED CHAIRS fill the road house behind them.

Charlie tries to veer off away from Griffey, make a break for the back parking lot. Griffey COCKS the shotgun.

GRIFFEY
You forget our gentlemen's
agreement, fuckface?

Charlie turns, and jogs over beside Griffey. They haul ass together into the night, and don't look back.

I/E. CNN VAN - ON I-75 OUTSIDE NAPLES, FLORIDA - DAWN

TRAFFIC backed up for miles over the crest of a hill. HONKING DRIVERS crane their necks to see what the holdup is about.

Dennis pulls up, peering out the CNN van windshield with a million-mile stare. He SLAPS himself, rubs his eyes.

He reaches in the glovebox, it's wall to wall TWINKIES. He pulls one out, peels the plastic off and gnaws on it.

At the van creeps over the top of the hill, he sees them: the FOUR STATE TROOPERS, their car lights FLASHING BLUE, parked sideways across I-75, forming a CHECKPOINT.

DENNIS
(mouth full of Twinkie)
Hells bells.

A KNOCK at his window startles the bejeezus out of him. A SOCCER MOM (40), wired on life, glares at him.

SOCCER MOM
What's going on here? A little
heads-up would be nice.

DENNIS
Lady, how the hell should I know?

The woman steps back, and flourishes at the CNN LOGO on the side of the van like it's a prize on The Price Is Right.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Fuck! I mean, uh, hold on, Ma'am.

SOCCER MOM
If I'm late to spinning class,
making me late to the carpool lane
at Timmy's school, then believe me -

As she drones, Dennis realizes he's six cars back from the front car in the checkpoint, a Bentley GT convertible.

As Dennis watches, the Bentley trunk pops open, and a trooper strolls back to check it. The trunk is cavernous, full of golf clubs and other assorted crap. He has an idea.

Dennis turns to the woman, flips her the bird.

DENNIS
Here's your news, Betty Crocker.

Shocked, the woman runs back to her minivan.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Probably a lawsuit for AC there.

Dennis pushes in the van's EMERGENCY BRAKE, CLICK-CLICK-CLICK, until the van is barely creeping forward. He slides across to the passenger seat and slips outside, keeping low.

I/E. BENTLEY GT - CONTINUOUS

Travis sits at the wheel of the Bentley, Crusher beside him, Knox and one of Travis' thugs in the back. Knox is dressed in street clothes. He watches the troopers, and shakes his head.

KNOX
Son, you must be dumb as a box of hammers. You couldn't keep a low profile if someone was mowing your lawn with a Gatling gun.

TRAVIS
Shut up, old man. We gonna be cool.

KNOX
Planning to drive to the Caymans?
Never heard of an airplane?

Travis turns back on "blast", but checks himself, and grins.

TRAVIS
Fuck a plane, Pops. I been banned from all of 'em but those damn Aaliyah crash n' burn specials. Naw, I got some luxury aquatic shit lined up, Crockett and Tubbs style. Just gotta get through this.

The trooper at the trunk, COX, finishes his inspection.

TROOPER COX
It's clean back here, boys.

ON CNN VAN:

TISH! The van bumps into the HYUNDAI in front of it, smashing out a BRAKE LIGHT. The OWNER hops out to inspect the damage.

ON BENTLEY:

Cox looks back, jogs up the hill to the van. As he passes, Dennis creeps forward from his hiding spot - behind the front tire of the TAHOE behind the Bentley. He glances up - the driver of the Tahoe is busy rubbernecking at the CNN van.

Dennis slips inside the Bentley trunk, and covers himself with a thick Callaway GOLF CLUB BAG.

ON TRAVIS:

Travis is getting antsy.

TRAVIS

Why can't we roll? Pig said we cool. Ain't nobody said shit about recognizin' Uncle Remus back there.

Crusher check the side view mirror.

CRUSHER

Chill out, T, there's some hit and run shit, ain't nobody in that van -

Travis opens his door. A trooper, PETERS steps forward and holds up one hand, the other on his holster.

TROOPER PETERS

If you could just remain in the vehicle sir, until we determine what the problem is -

TRAVIS

Y'all done determined everything, G. Why don't you just pull them bubblegum machines out my way -

CRUSHER (O.S.)

Damn! Just get in the car, fool.

Trooper Peters thumbs on his radio. Tension is mounting, Travis is getting bug-eyed.

TROOPER PETERS

Cox, what's the story on that van?

TROOPER COX

(distorted thru radio)

It's that GTA on the AC 360 van, but the driver beat feet. Let those guys go, we'll canvass the area. He can't go far. We got him now.

Travis relaxes, and so does Peters.

TROOPER PETERS

My apologies, sir, you're free to -

Peters' CELL PHONE starts BUZZING, VIBRATING in his pocket.
He pulls it out to check the caller ID.

TROOPER PETERS (CONT'D)
Told that stripper never to call m -

The RING TONE kicks in. You got it: it's GETTIN' PAID.

TRAVIS
(eyes LIT)
Oh, HELL no, muthaFUGGA!!!

Travis reaches into the driver's door SECRET COMPARTMENT.

ON DENNIS:

Dennis hears muffled SHOUTS, activity - he's confused.

DENNIS
That voice. Is that -

He rolls the golf bag over. It's embossed with a DIAMOND "T".

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck ME -

Dennis starts to bolt, but freezes when he hears GUNSHOTS.

ON TRAVIS:

Travis has two chrome DESERT EAGLE .45s in his hands, BUSTING CAPS as Peters and the other troopers dive for cover.

KNOX
Oh yeah, your days of "not getting any" are long over, ya punk ass -

CRUSHER
Motherfucker! I had enough of your shit! Consider this my resignation!

Crusher jumps out of the passenger side, and opens up on Travis with two MAC 10s. BRAT-TA-TAT! Travis ducks and rolls.

Travis' thug hops out, an AK-47 in his hands, but one of Cox's rounds POPS him in the shoulder, and he goes down.

Travis is caught in a CROSSFIRE between the troopers and Crusher. Windows SHATTER, sheetmetal PLINKS, rounds RICOCHET.

Cars begin to HAUL ASS away from the scene, SMASHING into each other like bumper cars, churning up grass in the median.

ON DENNIS:

Dennis quivers in the trunk, the occasional GUNSHOT from Cox ricochets off one of the fat Callaway clubs.

I/E. BENTLEY GT - CONTINUOUS

BULLETHOLES are turning the Bentley's ragtop to swiss cheese.

KNOX
This idiot's gonna get me killed.

Knox climbs over into the drivers seat and grabs the wheel.

KNOX (CONT'D)
Get in, you goddamned amateur!

Travis DIVES into the back seat, and Knox BURNS RUBBER away, straight into the two trooper cars blocking the path. WHAM!

The trunk lid SLAMS SHUT, locking Dennis in.

Empty highway stretches ahead. Travis FIRES a couple parting shots to discourage pursuit.

TRAVIS
You coulda bailed, old man. Why didn't you?

Knox grips the wheel, the Bentley speedo climbing over 100 mph. He considers his words.

KNOX
I don't leave a partner in the lurch.

EXT. SHADY COVE MARINA - THE FLORIDA KEYS - LATER

An 18-WHEELER blasts past on the road in front of the marina. After it passes, Charlie and Griffey peek out from the bush.

GRIFFEY
Looks clear as a two six-pack piss.

They stroll across the road, and Charlie gets his first good look at the Daedalus. He seems to recognize it.

CHARLIE
Son of a bitch, it's the same.

GRIFFEY
What?

CHARLIE
It's a shame, we couldn't have eaten some grub at that road house.

GRIFFEY

Thought you'd be over that shit.

Caitlyn emerges from below deck. With Captain Fred's trucker hat on, face and hands smeared with grease from the boat engine, her transformation to "Coast rat" is complete.

CHARLIE

No, I'm a glutton for punishment.

Caitlyn snickers, looking down as the men approach: beneath the tattered leather jackets, they're dirty, sweaty, still caked with gator meat.

Griffey eyes the boat dubiously as they climb aboard, the ladder boards CREAKING under his weight.

GRIFFEY

Ain't that the truth.

I/E. THE DAEDALUS - LATER

Below deck, Charlie emerges from the shower, fluffing the towel around his head.

CHARLIE

Oh my God, that's the best shower
I've had since, JESUS!

Griffey sits on a bench outside the shower, towel around his waist, shotgun across his fat gut, staring at Charlie.

GRIFFEY

You think I was gonna let you outta
my sight, Vienna Sausage dick?

Caitlyn walks down the steps from the deck above carrying an armload of clothes, and dumps them at their feet.

CAITLYN

I figured you'd need these. Took
the liberty of burning your old
ones, hope you don't mind.

Griffey pulls out a flaming RED HAWAIIAN SHIRT.

GRIFFEY

What's your name, sweetheart?

CAITLYN

That's Captain Sweetheart to you.

Caitlyn heads back up the steps.

Charlie pulls a PRINCETON SAILING TEAM shirt from the pile.

Charlie rolls his eyes, and pulls the shirt over his head.

CHARLIE
(mutters)
Captain Sweetheart has been
carrying some of this crap around
for a long time.

EXT. SWANKY MARINA - NAPLES, FLORIDA - SAME

Millions of dollars in glistening fiberglass yachts, tethered beside a marina that could be an appendage of a country club, green manicured lawn, palm trees, flags flying crisply.

The stillness, BIRDS CHIRPING, is broken by a LOUD CAR ENGINE approaching. The Bentley appears around a corner, sideways.

Knox drives up onto the pier, slams on the brakes at the end of it, TIRES SMOKING. He and Travis climb out. Knox looks up at the two-story Diddy-esque monster yachts.

KNOX
Which one of these floating booty
palaces is yours?

Travis walks back to the trunk, and points Knox lower.

TRAVIS
Ya got me all wrong, Pops, it ain't
greed, it's the need for speed.

Beside them is a long, sleek high-speed CIGARETTE BOAT, the choice of drug smugglers for decades. Knox eyes the powerful TWIN ENGINES hanging off the back with disdain.

KNOX
We'll be deaf in seconds! How will
we know if we're being followed?

Travis pops the trunk.

TRAVIS
What's behind us don't matter.

BAM! Dennis whacks Travis in the crotch with one of the golf clubs and climbs out, unsteadily. Travis drops to his knees.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What - the - fuck?!

Dennis shakes his head, SWINGS the golf club menacingly, but can barely keep his balance.

DENNIS
Stay back, psycho! You, too!

Travis pulls a chrome .45 from his waistband.

TRAVIS
I'm gonna enjoy this, Malthrop.

Knox' eyes widen in recognition.

Wailing SIRENS rise in volume, approaching the marina.

Knox grabs Travis' arm.

KNOX
We don't have time for this!

Travis looks like he might implode.

He shrugs Knox off and - BAP! - smacks Dennis upside the head with the .45. Dennis drops the club and falls, unconscious.

TRAVIS
To be continued, byatch.

As the sirens grow louder, Travis and Knox drag Dennis to the boat and toss him in. Travis scrambles into his seat.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Hey, old man, what are you -

Travis looks up as Knox reaches in the Bentley and shifts it into gear. Knox jogs over to the boat, smiling devilishly as the Bentley cruises OFF THE END OF THE DOCK - and disappears, bubbling. Travis scowls as Knox climbs in beside him.

KNOX
You rather get caught? Shit, why do you care, you're made out of money.

Travis CRANKS the RUMBLING boat to life. Knox straps in. Travis grabs the throttle handle.

TRAVIS
Not that it's any of yo damn bizness, Gramps, but you just sank my bank. Livin' large takes Benjamins. Why you think I'm chasing these fools? After today, we coastin' on fumes.

KNOX
Well, son, at least you got motivation.

VROOM! The powerful boat BLASTS a FANTAIL of water in its wake, and exits the marina at top speed, into the Gulf.

On the highway behind them, the STATE TROOPER CARS zoom past, oblivious to their escape.

I/E. THE DAEDALUS - SAME

SNAP! The sails catch the breeze and curve out, propelling the boat at amazing speed.

Caitlyn tends the wheel as Charlie bends the boom back to keep the sail taut.

Griffey watches the foam splatter off the bow, as the PINK CORAL of Key West beside them blurs past in the clear water.

He clutches a rail with one hand, a BEER with the other, the shotgun beside him.

GRIFFEY

Watch out for that shit! What is that, like, petrified sea noodles?

CHARLIE

Coral. What do you think the Keys are, dumbass. It's one big reef!

Griffey chugs the beer. He has the green face and rubber legs of a lifelong landlubber.

GRIFFEY

I'm not fucking around! I won't let you crack up this matchstick piece of shit!

Charlie nods at Caitlyn, and she steers the boat towards the last spit of land in the Keys, the DRY TORTUGAS. An old abandoned FORT rises above the tiny island.

CHARLIE

Quit bitching and help me, then. It's the sail. We have to shift it to steer away from the island!

Griffey rises, and tosses the beer overboard. Clutching the rail, he glares at Charlie and Caitlyn.

He picks up the shotgun with his free hand. The WIND whips at his crazy Hawaiian shirt.

GRIFFEY

Don't get cute. You'll regret it.

Charlie leans back with the boom as Griffey inches along the rail to him.

CHARLIE

That's good. One hand for the boat, another for yourself. Always.

Griffey comes alongside Charlie as the boat comes alongside the Dry Tortugas. It's clutch time.

Griffey lets go of the rail - but his paranoia won't let him release the shotgun. He reaches for the boom -

- just as Charlie LETS IT GO, and Caitlyn turns hard on the wheel. The boom swings around and SLAMS into Griffey's gut, sending him and his shotgun FLYING OVERBOARD into the Gulf.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Told you.

GRIFFEY

Motherfugluglug -

Charlie grabs the boom and ties it against a cleat on the deck. He runs to the rail in time to see Griffey bob out of the water, splashing, sputtering. Charlie cups his hands.

CHARLIE

(shouting to Griffey)

If you can make it ashore, someone
will be along to rescue you!

(to himself)

In about a month.

EXT. DRY TORTUGAS, THE MIDDLE OF FUCKING NOWHERE - CONTINUOUS

Griffey crawls ashore on the sands of the Dry Tortugas, coughing up lungfuls of Gulf water, looking like a drowned hedgehog. He squints back out at the Gulf of Mexico:

The Daedalus, at full sail, like a postcard from a dream vacation, is shrinking rapidly on the southern horizon.

GRIFFEY

Payback gonna be a bitch, Malthrop.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - LATER

Remora types on his LAPTOP at an ornate desk in a lavish hotel room, his BRIEFCASE open beside him, next to a squat LASER PRINTER. Ursula rustles around in the next room.

Through the french doors to the balcony nearby, Remora sees two CAYMAN PARROTS perched on the railing, vibrant green with throats and cheeks a startling PINKISH RED, watching him.

URSULA (O.S.)

What's taking so long? Ursula
doesn't hear any printy-printy.

REMORA

Listen, we have to make sure this
is perfect, okay? Besides, these
parrots are freaking me out.

(MORE)

REMORA (CONT'D)
They look like they just -
cannibalized another one.

URSULA (O.S.)
Oh, silly person, they're just
stupid birds. Do you know I read
they mate for life?

REMORA
What are the odds.

Remora pulls a sheet of paper from the briefcase, labeled PANGLOSS, with TYPE filling half the page and DENNIS, CHARLIE and URSULA'S SIGNATURES at the bottom, beside HIS OWN.

Remora loads the paper into the printer, his hand shaking. He holds his finger over the laptop keyboard.

URSULA (O.S.)
Printy-printy! Burn the daylight!

REMORA
Christ, Ursula! If this screws up,
this paper is worthless.

URSULA
Then Ursula will have to squash the
worthless little man, no?

Remora turns. Ursula stands beside him, GLISTENING with OIL, a RED BIKINI two sizes too small practically PAINTED ON her bodacious body.

His finger drops to the keyboard with a CLACK. The printer PURRS back and forth, the paper feeding through it.

REMORA
Fuck!

URSULA
I am so kidding you, liebchen.

The paper ejects. Remora snatches it up.

INSERT: It's perfect: below the original type, in the formerly blank space, is a WHOLE NEW SECTION of type, freshly printed but blended in like it was always there.

REMORA
Oh thank god. This is it, baby.
With the changes to this document,
any one of the original signatories
- and that would include you and me
- can withdraw those millions.

Ursula swings her leg over and sits in Remora's lap, SMEARING IT with OIL.

URSULA

"Million" is such a big, sexy word.

Ursula holds Remora's face and french kisses him like she's sucking his brains out through his tonsils.

After an almost painfully long moment she releases him, but he still leans back, dazed, arms slack, eyes closed.

URSULA (CONT'D)

Ursula is hot and ready to get wet -
in the pool. Change to your Speedo
and join her? Don't dilly-dally!

Ursula's out the door like a whirlwind, it SLAMS behind her.

Remora opens his eyes and shakes his head. Faintly, through the open balcony, the sounds of SIRENS approach.

REMORA

Yeah. Yeah, sure. Hey -

Remora feels his face. The sirens get louder.

REMORA (CONT'D)

That's weird. How'd you get all
that oil all over you and not any
on your hands -

He looks down. The freshly-printed paper is GONE.

He leaps from his chair. The sirens reach a shrill pitch as Remora hears the SCREECH of brakes outside the hotel. DOORS open. BOOTS STOMP to the stairs.

Remora runs toward the exit but TRIPS over two SUITCASES placed strategically outside the bedroom door. Remora tumbles to the floor, then turns back to look at the luggage.

REMORA (CONT'D)

Ow! What the - wait a minute - I
don't remember bringing these -

FLASH: Remora remembers the massive cart with Ursula's bags.

BACK TO REMORA:

Remora unlatches the suitcases, rifles through them. Inside, they're filled to capacity with MEGA-SLEAZY SCHOOLGIRL PORN MAGS. Dear God, I can't even describe them.

REMORA (CONT'D)

"Old Enough To Breed" - Oh, SHIT!

Remora leaps to his feet, clutching a handful of smut. The door to the hotel room is KICKED IN by three burly GRAND CAYMAN COPS. At the violent entry, the parrots FLY AWAY.

The cops stare at Remora's oily crotch.

REMORA (CONT'D)
 There is a really funny explanation
 for this.

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON POOL - MINUTES LATER

Ursula floats on an INFLATABLE SEA SHELL in the pool, reclined like a lazy Venus, as HOTEL GUESTS (men - except one hot woman with a buzz cut) stare at her. A POOL WAITER wades through the water to her with an UMBRELLA DRINK on a tray.

In the background, Remora is led out in CHAINS to the waiting CAYMAN POLICE CARS, kicking and screaming.

REMORA
 God damn it! I've been framed!
 (muffled, as door SLAMS)
 It's that DRAGON WOMAN! URSULA!!!

A beefy Cayman cop opens the door to the back seat and PUNCHES Remora, knocking him unconscious. No one, however, is turned in Remora's direction. The Cayman cops pile in, and the police cars SPEED away. The sound of the cars fade.

Ursula SLURPS her drink. She smiles - and everyone pool-side smiles back. In the background, parrots CAW like they're ripping each other apart.

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - SAME

Charlie watches, from the crow's nest, as the Daedalus plows through blue water of the Gulf, foam frothing around the bow.

The sun beams from the wide open sky: it's clear blue horizon in all directions except Southeast: the grey line of Cuba is a blur in the distance.

Charlie climbs down the mainmast and cranks on the halyard; the sails are perfect. He drops to the deck and looks aft.

Caitlyn stands behind the wheel, her hair billowing behind her in the breeze. Charlie walks back to her.

CHARLIE
 You look like a regular salty dog
 behind that wheel. Wait, that
 didn't come out like I meant.

CAITLYN
 Forget about it. I take it as a
 compliment. I'm proud, too, you
 haven't tossed your cookies once.

CHARLIE
Give me a break, it hasn't been
that long since I handled a sheet.

Caitlyn stares at him. She ties off the wheel, then bends
down to a cooler at her feet.

CAITLYN
Yeah? I wouldn't be too sure.
Pretty soon, you'll be ready for
some butter sauce.

Charlie looks at his arms. He's a little PINK.

CHARLIE
Oh, shit! You got any -

Caitlyn tosses him a TIN of CLEAR ZINC SUNSCREEN.

Charlie opens the tin and scoops some zinc on his finger. He
slaps too much on his cheek, then tries to scrape it off.

CAITLYN
You idiot! It's clear, so it's
harder to see than the old stuff.
You'll get it in your eyes! Here.

Caitlyn takes the tin out of his hand and dabs some on her
finger. She expertly applies it to Charlie's face.

He laughs, but the more she applies, the more sober he gets.
Her fingers move softer, slower. He watches her, looking at
him. She slides her finger down his nose, to his lips.

CHARLIE
It might be worth it, for this.

CAITLYN
(in a reverie)
This? Worth ... what?

She's so close. Getting closer, eyes on his mouth.

CHARLIE
The whole thing. The reason we're
here. I mean, the prison shank I
could have done without, but -

Caitlyn snaps out of it, and THROWS the tin in his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Ow! What was that for? I was trying
to say it was good to be out on the
water with you, on this perfect
day, and be honest about the -

CAITLYN

But you didn't say that. You were back to the "big picture." Damn it! You can't live in the moment to save your life, Charlie Malthrop.

Caitlyn storms past Charlie to the steps below deck, and on the way pulls loose the tie-down for the ship's wheel.

The wheel SPINS back and forth, aimlessly, and Charlie grabs it, instinctively, to steady it.

CHARLIE

(under his breath)
Now this tub just officially became the Titanic.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - MIDDLE OF F'ING NOWHERE - LATER

Travis, Knox and Dennis blast across the water toward the Dry Tortugas, Travis shouting above the ROARING engines.

TRAVIS

- the brains shot out and Crusher was all, "it got in my eye" and I was like, "that's what she said!"
Haw, haw, hey - what's that?!

Travis throttles back and points to a RED FLAG above a FIGURE on the Tortugas beach. Knox reaches up and pulls wads of tissue out of his ears.

KNOX

You say something?

DENNIS

For the love of God, give me those. The engine's not loud enough.

TRAVIS

You ain't even listening? God damn it! The dude from the charter said anyone leaving from the Keys would pass through here. Could be that cracka-head Charlie capsized that byatch, or fell overboard.

As they draw near, the figure waves its arms wildly.

DENNIS

That shit would never happen. When he's on a boat deck, Charlie has, like, fucking magnets on his feet or something. That's someone else.

They pull up to see Griffey waving his red Hawaiian shirt.

At first, Knox grins, looking at Griffey's sunburned gut.

KNOX
 (under his breath)
 Attaboy, Charlie. They keep
 underestimating you.
 (realizing his situation)
 Oh, my dumb fucking luck.

Knox pulls his hat low on his head, and slumps down. Travis cuts the engine, and they float just offshore from Griffey.

TRAVIS
 Put your damn shirt back on,
 redneck, this ain't Mardi Gras.

GRIFFEY
 What the - hey, you fellers showed
 up just in time, there ain't
 nothing on this fuckin' hell hole.
 I was about to eat my damn shoe.

Travis FIRES UP the engine.

TRAVIS
 Well, bon appetit, we outta here.

GRIFFEY
 WAIT! You get me to the Caymans,
 help me catch the lowlife ball-sack
 that ditched me here, I'll make it
 worth your while.

Travis CUTS the engines again.

TRAVIS
 You say the Caymans?

GRIFFEY
 (eyes him warily)
 Yeah - chasing a cod-licking
 bastard named Charlie Malthrop. You
 know him? Wait a minute -

At Charlie's name, Travis and Dennis perk up.

Griffey splashes into the water, only daring a couple steps. He squints at Knox, who tries to shrink into the boat seat. His recognition enrages him, trumping his fear of the water.

GRIFFEY (CONT'D)
 YOU! Motherfucker! You're in on
 this, ain't you?!

Before he can take another step, Travis whips out one of the chrome .45s and levels it at him, COCKING the hammer.

TRAVIS
 You asking for an injection of
 Chill The Fuck Out, cracka.

GRIFFEY
 You better hope that piece is made
 of chrome-plated chocolate, 'cause
 I'm gonna make you eat it, boy.

Travis' eyes FLARE. Dennis FREAKS at the thought of more
 gunfire. Knox rises in his seat, realizing he has to act.

TRAVIS
 BOY?

KNOX
 Whoa! Whoa! Travis, you pull that
 trigger you might as well put it to
 your own head, son. I got less of a
 reason to spare this ignorant son
 of a bitch's life than you. But he
 has information we need, to find
 the money, you dig?

Travis' hand trembles, but he CLICKS OFF the hammer.

TRAVIS
 All right, Pops.
 (to Griffey)
 This yo lucky day, White Boy. Get
 in, we goin' hunting.

GRIFFEY
 Come over here and get me. I - I
 don't like the water.

TRAVIS
 (waving the .45)
 I bet you don't like lead
 poisoning, either!

Griffey reluctantly wades over, climbs up on the speedboat.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 (to Knox)
 Hey, brotha, why don't you ride in
 the back with Goldilocks. If I have
 to bust a cap in this redneck I
 don't want it to fly out the back
 of his skull and hit an engine.

Knox climbs over in the back seat with Dennis, as Griffey
 sits beside Travis, scowling. Travis CRANKS the boat again,
 and lays down the throttle, hard. They ZOOM away.

Dennis looks like he's seriously out of his element.

DENNIS

All this gunplay. I don't know what the fuck I'm doing here.

Knox shakes his head.

KNOX

Don't you get it, dumbass? This is the bad-guy boat. You're one of the villains, son. Me, too.

Dennis looks shocked.

DENNIS

But - I thought I was the good guy.

KNOX

(disgusted)

Shit. You couldn't spot a good guy unless you were bending them over.

I/E. HEMINGWAY'S RESTAURANT - GRAND CAYMAN - AFTERNOON

The open-air bar off the patio in back of the fancy restaurant, that spreads out onto the Seven-Mile Beach.

TIKI TORCHES are already blazing under the palms, as TOURISTS sit at tables in the sand, or wander around with drinks. A STEEL-DRUM CALYPSO BAND plays the hypnotic "Kingston Town."

Ursula appears at the patio steps, dressed for sheer seduction in a tiny emerald chiffon dress, legs for days.

She scans the crowd, then looks back at a DREADLOCKED WAITER.

The waiter nods, and points discreetly at a table on the beach. A bear of a man in a crumpled suit, the GRAND RUE CRITERION BANK MANAGER (50), tears the LEG off a LOBSTER.

DREADLOCK WAITER

'E is de one you seek. Bank Manager of de Grand Rue Criterion, what you call High Street. If anyone can open de bank early, it be him.

Ursula slips the waiter a handful of bills.

URSULA

For a boy with a spider on his head, you are very resourceful.

The waiter catches her arm.

DREADLOCK WAITER

En garde. 'E is a man of - voracious appetite, cherie.

Ursula shrugs him off, and puffs out her chest.

URSULA
 Good thing Ursula is no hors
 d'oeuvre then, eh? Auf Wiedersehen.

Ursula strolls over to the Bank Manager's table like she owns the beach, and plops down across from him. He stares at her, LOBSTER MEAT hanging out of his greasy mouth.

URSULA (CONT'D)
 Across the bar, you suck me in, a
 moth to a magnet. I am powerless!
 You are a man of such charisma.

The Manager is transfixed by her boobs, dumbfounded.

GRAND RUE BANK MANAGER
 (dislodging lobster)
 Moi?

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - SAME

The sun is low on the horizon. Charlie tends the wheel on the deck, alone, as the sails FLUTTER, growing SLACK.

CHARLIE
 Come on, just a little further.

The Daedalus loses the wind, and the boom rocks back against the halyard line.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Fuck it.

Charlie releases the wheel and goes below, the boat drifting.

INT. THE DAEDALUS BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS

Caitlyn sits on a bench, leaning against the hull, looking at the compass she gave Charlie earlier.

When Charlie comes below deck, she turns her face from him, to wipe her eyes. When she turns back, she's all business.

CAITLYN
 I can hear the sails luffing. You
 need to head up, catch the -

CHARLIE
 It's no good. Horse Latitudes.

CAITLYN
 Then I'll fire up the diesel.

She rises from the bench. Charlie shakes his head.

CHARLIE

That's not why I came down here.
You been sitting there, staring at
that old compass this whole time?

CAITLYN

It's funny. That last trip we took,
I was going to give you this. We
were going to kick around the
Caribbean, remember?

CHARLIE

Yeah, and blow off grad school?

Caitlyn walks to the porthole, her face red from the sunset.

CAITLYN

That's what I was trying to tell
you. I was going to drop out.

CHARLIE

WHAT?!

CAITLYN

Until you cut the trip short.

CHARLIE

If I hadn't pounced on that office
space, Dennis and I would still be
working out of a beer-soaked dorm.

CAITLYN

(acid)

So it was just business. You never
needed this. Guess I didn't either.

She hands him the compass, and walks to the steps. Charlie
steps in front of her.

CAITLYN (CONT'D)

Get out of my way.

CHARLIE

You going to kick my ass again?
That's what this is all about - you
holding a grudge because I grew up,
and tried to get in the game?

CAITLYN

Did that make you happy? Did she
make you happy, that vapid, size
zero piranha?

She pushes him back, but Charlie holds his ground, and grabs
her by the wrist.

CHARLIE

No! No. It's just what you do,
okay? You start a business, years
pass. Christ. Maybe I am a robot.
(releases her)
You were gone. I met someone,
thought I knew her. What the fuck
does it matter? You didn't have to
do what you did, either, Supercop.
Nobody stopped you from sailing
into the sunset.

CAITLYN

Who was I going to do it with?

They stare into each other's eyes, lit ORANGE by the sunset
in the portholes. As one, Charlie and Caitlyn move to kiss,
and their faces are lit for a second in the GREEN FLASH.

A SHADOW moves across the porthole, followed by the sound of
a CIGARETTE BOAT ENGINE idling.

KNOX (O.S.)

Ahoy! Charlie!

They look out the porthole to see Knox behind the wheel of
the speedboat, alone, waving.

Caitlyn, on instinct, pulls her pistol from her bag, but
Charlie stops her before she rushes up the steps with it.

CHARLIE

This guy's a friend from Starke.
Why he'd be way the hell out here,
I've no clue. You have a Plan B?

Caitlyn thinks, then slips the pistol under an overturned
saucepan on the stove beside the steps. They walk up top.

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Caitlyn emerge onto the deck.

Travis, dripping wet and grinning like a Cheshire Cat, sits
on the rail of the bow opposite the steps, with the chrome
.45s trained on Charlie.

CHARLIE

Fuck me.

TRAVIS

Ha! That I did.

Charlie looks past Travis at the speedboat. Griffey raises up
and nods, vindicated, in the front beside Knox. Knox shrugs,
"whaddya gonna do?"

From this angle Charlie can see Dennis, looking sheepish, hunched over in the back.

DENNIS
Heh - hey, Broseph. Heard any good jokes lately?

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON - GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - NIGHT

Through the gently swaying drapes onto the balcony, the sound of a headboard BANGING against the wall repeatedly.

It goes on for some time, rises in tempo, then stops.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Above the silk sheets, the sweaty, hairy, gargantuan back of the Grand Rue Bank Manager rolls out of frame to reveal Ursula below, looking up, blinking.

She gasps for breath with the first look of concern and confusion we've seen on her face.

URSULA
I did not expect you to be such an - enthusiastic fellow! You must have concern for your, your heart -

The Bank Manager chuckles, and takes a swig from a bottle of Rum on the bedside table, beside REMORA'S DOCTORED DOCUMENT.

GRAND RUE BANK MANAGER
Pourquoi? Every day could bring death. To be so fortunate, as to briefly possess a rare flower like you - I drink the fragrance deeply.

He sets the rum back on the bedside table.

URSULA
I - I imagine you feel the same way about money! Tell me about the Grand Rue Bank, I'm sure you have fascinating stories about the millions in the -

The Manager rolls back over her.

GRAND RUE BANK MANAGER
Forget such petty concerns.

URSULA
Don't you have to rest, take a break, a smoke - Ach Du Lieber Himmel!

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - LATE NIGHT

The black mirror of the Caribbean surrounds the boat, above is a massive canopy of stars.

Caitlyn, at the wheel, throttles back the diesel engines on the Daedalus. The LOW RUMBLE subsides to a steady LOPE.

Travis monitors her from a nearby hammock, pistol gleaming in the moonlight. Griffey hugs the rail with his trademark death grip and watches Travis, looking for an opening.

Knox stares sorry-eyed off the back of the boat at Charlie and Dennis, tied up in the seats of Travis' speedboat, which is now towed behind Daedalus on fifty feet of rope.

TRAVIS

What time is it? I'm gettin' hungry
as a mufugga.

CAITLYN

Then you're in luck. We're maybe
fifty miles north of Grand Cayman.
Listen, the whole point of sailing
was to attract as little attention
as possible. I'm gonna need Charlie
to help me set the sheets -

TRAVIS

Cut it, Shorty.

CAITLYN

What? So - you agree, to let him -

Travis swings out of the hammock.

TRAVIS

Naw, byatch, cut the motor and shut
ya damn pie hole. I didn't ride in
here on the short bus. Malthrop
stays back on the line.

CAITLYN

But we could make it before dawn -

BLAM! Travis fires the pistol in the air, Caitlyn, Griffey and Knox JUMP at the sound. A SEAGULL falls dead on the deck.

ON THE SPEEDBOAT

Dennis, his hands tied to the steering wheel, shudders at the gunshot echo. Charlie, hands tied behind his back, leans out to look at the Daedalus, counting heads.

DENNIS

What the hell was that for?

CHARLIE
 (sighs, relieved)
 Nothing. Caitlyn's all right.

DENNIS
 Well, that makes it peachy.

ON THE DAEDALUS

TRAVIS
 Hear dat?
 (beat)
 Nothin'. No Coast Guard, Cavalry,
 none of that shit. We gonna chill
 for a little while. If I have to
 ventilate one of you crackas, won't
 nobody be the wiser. Escort Daisy
 Mae to the kitchen, White Boy.

Caitlyn sighs, CUTS OFF the engine, as Griffey puffs up.

GRIFFEY
 Your fucking finger's on the pull-
 tab of an Industrial Size can of
 Whoop-Ass, you son of a -

KNOX
 No need to get your panties in a
 wad, I'll take her.

TRAVIS
 Naw, Pops. You gonna help me fire
 up dis grill, ya hear? There's
 gotta be something to throw on it
 beside this flying rat here.

Travis BOOTS the dead gull off the side of the boat.

INT. THE DAEDALUS BELOW DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Caitlyn passes by the overturned saucepan, eyes aslant, but
 Griffey's too close, and she misses a chance to grab the gun.

CAITLYN
 There's - steaks in the cooler.

GRIFFEY
 Yeah. I remember. Thought about 'em
 ALL DAY while I was sitting on a
 FUCKING DESERTED ISLAND, imagining
 my SLOW-ASS DEATH.

Griffey shoves her, stumbling, towards the cooler. Caitlyn
 opens it, and pulls out a stack of barely-thawed STEAKS.

CAITLYN

I know you probably feel you owe Travis something, for bringing you along, but if you think you can trust a guy with smoke coming out of his ears -

GRIFFEY

Put a sock in it, "Captain". I recognize you now, from Starke. You been in cahoots all along. Well, I'll get mine from that twitchy jungle bunny upstairs, don't you worry your pretty little head none.

Caitlyn stands up, nods and walks back towards him.

CAITLYN

Okaaay. No point beating two dead mules, I'll just thaw these and -

As she nears the stove she reaches for the sauce pan - but Griffey grabs her wrist.

GRIFFEY

You been eyeing this damn stove since we got down here. What's got you so all-fired up about -

He flips over the sauce pan and sees the pistol.

GRIFFEY (CONT'D)

What the -

BAM! Caitlyn HITS Griffey in the head with the frozen steaks.

WHACK! Just as quick, Griffey BACKHANDS the sauce pan across Caitlyn's face, and she goes down, lips BLOODY.

Griffey pockets the pistol, looks up the stairs to check if Travis heard any of the melee. He drags Caitlyn over to mainmast pole and drapes her arms around it, as she comes to.

Griffey digs around in Caitlyn's bag, and finds her HANDCUFFS. He slaps them on her, chaining her to the mast.

GRIFFEY (CONT'D)

You done me a big favor, honey.

Griffey throws the steaks back in the cooler and drags the whole thing up the steps.

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - CONTINUOUS

Travis stands at the back of the boat, a FLARE GUN in his hand, as Knox dumps a sack of charcoal into a HIBACHI.

Griffey drops the end of the cooler on the deck with a THUD, glaring defiantly now at Travis as if waiting to be reprimanded. Travis is in too good a mood to notice.

Knox STRIKES a match and tosses it into the Hibachi, emotionless as an automaton. He stares at the tiny FLAMES licking up, looks back toward the rear of the boat.

TRAVIS
Where's Red?

GRIFFEY
I put her in Time Out.

TRAVIS
Whatever. Watch this, suckas!

Travis takes aim and FIRES a flare near the speedboat.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH! The small PURPLE FIREBALL whizzes just over the top of the speedboat, trailing smoke.

Dennis ducks, but Charlie sits rock-still.

DENNIS
Jesus H. Christ! Charlie!

CHARLIE
I'm through talking to you.

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - CONTINUOUS

Back on the Daedalus, Travis loads another flare, grinning.

TRAVIS
Man, this is fun as a mufugga.

Griffey grins back this time, caressing the butt of Caitlyn's pistol when Travis turns his back.

GRIFFEY
Yeah, buddy, I just love pulling a trigger like that, sending a hot love letter straight at some dumb son of a bitches' skull, haw haw!

Travis laughs, oblivious to Griffey's meaning, FIRES AGAIN.

Knox watches the two psychopaths laughing, shakes his head.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Dennis cringes.

DENNIS

I know you're pissed, but don't be
an idiot! Keep your head down!

WHOOSH! The flare ZIPS past, close, but Charlie doesn't move.

CHARLIE

This is his boat. He wouldn't know
how to sail The Daedalus to save
his sack of shit life. Even he
wouldn't be so stupid as to damage
his only ticket out of here.

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - CONTINUOUS

Travis glances back at the paltry charcoal flame.

TRAVIS

Hey, Pops, what the fuck? We ain't
toastin' marshmallows. Go down
below and ask that bitch for some
lighter fluid, yo?

Griffey's EYES FLASH with opportunity, as he watches Knox
shuffle down the steps.

Travis FIRES the flare gun again.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH! The flare flies wildly at Charlie and Dennis.

CHARLIE

See? I told you it wouldn't -

POW! The flare slams into the seat beside Charlie, BURNING a
WHITE HOT concentric CIRCLE into the leather.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

SHIT!

DENNIS

SHIIIIITT!!

Charlie stands, shaky, due to his hands being bound behind
his back, and STOMPS on the flaming circle. Dennis tries to
turn, but the ropes won't allow much movement from the wheel.

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - CONTINUOUS

Travis eyes the mishap with concern, and even Griffey forgets
his murderous intent for a moment and steps over to the rail
to watch Charlie hopping and stomping.

After a tense moment Charlie stamps the fire out, and drops in his seat.

Travis tosses the flare gun in the water, and pulls out a fat JOINT.

TRAVIS

There goes my deductible. Enough of dat. Want a beverage, White Boy?

Travis leans over and rummages through the cooler. While his back is turned Griffey makes a gun of his finger and FAKE-SHOOTS Travis in the head. Travis turns, and Griffey opens his "gun" to receive the beer, all smiles.

GRIFFEY

Hell, why not. Heh. We got the world by the nads, now, right?

Travis SPARKS up the joint.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - CONTINUOUS

SMOKE hangs over the air around the speedboat.

Charlie glares, face covered in soot, eyes blinking from the afterimage of the flare, at the back of Dennis' head.

Dennis looks out the windshield at the Daedalus, as Travis and Griffey toast their beers.

DENNIS

Dude, I saw that thing coming straight for us and I thought -

CHARLIE

Fuck you. You don't ever think, Dennis, that's your problem.

INT. THE DAEDALUS BELOW DECK - SAME

Knox stops at the end of the steps, to see Caitlyn on her knees, handcuffed to the mast, mouth bloody, staring at him.

KNOX

Mary, Mother of God.

CAITLYN

Are you next on the tag team?

KNOX

No! No, I -

Knox stands stunned for a beat, then steps to the sink. He takes a washcloth, wets it, and kneels beside Caitlyn.

He starts to clean her mouth but she snatches the washcloth out of his hand, wincing as she touches her lips.

CAITLYN

I thought Charlie said you were his friend. Who needs enemies, right?

KNOX

Lady, I don't know what I am, 'cept between a rock and a hard place.

CAITLYN

At least you'll still be around tomorrow to bitch about it.

KNOX

Will I, now? If I don't get back soon with some lighter fluid, I might not live to see a steak.

CAITLYN

You idiots put charcoal in the grill? That's for a fire pit, on the beach. The hibachi's propane.

Knox stares at the can of LIGHTER FLUID on the shelf, beside a row of 16 oz. PROPANE TANKS.

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - SAME

Travis and Griffey laugh, and Griffey CRUSHES his can and tosses it over the side. He looks more maniacal every second.

TRAVIS

(exhales, eyes glazed)

Thirsty, Cracker? Better pace ya self. Get some beef in ya, maybe play a little Spin The Top with Ms. Hot Slice O Bacon below, come sunup we cruise into Cayman and get paid. You can even help me cap Malthrop.

GRIFFEY

Gun all sideways I reckon, shells flyin' in your fucking face? Yeah. Folks been promising all kinds of bullshit the past couple days. Is there a "cap" with my name on it, "G"? Since you're the one packin'.

Travis narrows his eyes at the question, but maintains.

TRAVIS

Ain't but half the mufuggas on this trip gotta worry about tomorrow - and you in the right fiddy percent.

Travis CRUSHES his can. He turns to the cooler, warily.

GRIFFEY
I'll drink a toast to that plan.
(under his breath)
And to you flunking math.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - SAME

Dennis watches the Daedalus with dismay.

DENNIS
It ain't looking good, Bro.

CHARLIE
Oh, I thought it was all going
according to plan. Ursula's and
Remora's plan, that is.

DENNIS
What? She sold me out to that slime
bag? Fuck! I should have known.

CHARLIE
Tell me about it, asshole.

Dennis grips the steering wheel, and hangs his head.

DENNIS
I - I'm sorry man. Is that what you
want to hear?

CHARLIE
I don't give a shit what you say
anymore. You ruined my life.

DENNIS
Good.

Charlie KICKS the hard back of Dennis' seat, and Dennis BANGS
his head on the windshield.

CHARLIE
OW!
DENNIS
OWWW!!!

Dennis turns back to look at Charlie, craning his neck.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
I only did it because it sucks
being the loser in this family. Mom
and Dad always had that look in
their eyes, you know? No, you
wouldn't, Einstein. You didn't need
me to start Earwig. I was fucking
dead weight and I knew it.

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 Hell, I only went after Ursula
 because she was "yours" and I knew
 I could get her. Admit it - I did
 you a fucking favor.

Charlie is shocked, and leans in close.

CHARLIE
 How the hell do you figure that?!

DENNIS
 Because you never should have left
 Caitlyn, you idiot! She's crazy
 about you. I mean, literally, man.
 Bugfuck nuts.

Dennis turns back to the front.

CHARLIE
 That hurts.

DENNIS
 Well, you needed to hear it.

Charlie slides to one side in his seat.

CHARLIE
 No I mean, OW, that hurts, this
 seat is still on fire!

Dennis cranes his neck around. The PIPING on the leather of
 the back seat is BURNING low, like a candle flame.

Charlie's eyes flash with inspiration. He scoots over, and
 backs up to the flame.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Dennis, you're not a loser, you're
 just a dumbass. But when you're
 right you're right. I was a fool to
 lose Caitlyn, and I'm not going to
 do it again.

CLOSE ON the flame: The ropes around Charlie's wrists are
 SMOKING. Charlie stretches the rope as taut as he can.

DENNIS
 Hurry, man! Now's the time,
 Charlie, they aren't looking!

CHARLIE
 Jesus, this is hot - almost got it -

SNAP! Charlie's rope BREAKS, and his arms swing free!

DENNIS
 C'mon, c'mon, untie me!

Charlie SMACKS the flame out with his hand, keeping an eye on the Daedalus. Travis and Griffey aren't watching. Charlie RIPS the seat cushion out, and KNOCKS on the panel below it: it's HOLLOW.

CHARLIE
Hold on - I've got an idea.

Charlie opens the panel, grabs a HOSE inside, TUGS it loose. As FUEL glogs into the hull, Charlie climbs over the seat.

DENNIS
What's that smell?

Charlie unknots the ropes.

CHARLIE
Eau Du Dead In The Water.

INT. THE DAEDALUS BELOW DECK - SAME

Knox stands, eyes cold, and straightens his jacket. He reaches up to the propane on the shelf, takes a tank.

KNOX
S'cuse me, ma'am. Thanks for the tip about the grill.

He walks to the stairs. Caitlyn sees her chance slip away.

CAITLYN
Wait! Knox, wait, where are you -

Knox pauses, smiles cruelly.

KNOX
The man with the gun is waiting.

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - WATER LINE - SAME

Charlie and Dennis pull themselves along the rope connecting the speedboat to The Daedalus, gliding through the water silently, halfway to the back of the big sailboat.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - SAME

INSIDE THE HULL: the open fuel line is still steadily gurgling fuel, filling the bottom of the hull. The BILGE PUMP kicks on, CHUG-CHUG-CHUG...

OUTSIDE THE SPEEDBOAT: fuel pumps out in a small, throbbing golden ARC from a vent in the fiberglass hull into the Caribbean, forming an oily pool around the speedboat.

KNOX
I didn't smoke any crack today,
Junior, so I can hit what I aim at!

Knox bobs up momentarily and FIRES - the beer can beside
Travis ZINGS overboard.

TRAVIS
It's gonna take more than that to
scare me off, old man!

Travis BLASTS a couple rounds back, as Griffey yanks a LIFE
PRESERVER from the helm. The life preserver CRACKS apart when
it falls to the deck - it's a fake balsa ornament.

A BURNING ROPE breaks free from the sail beside them and
whacks the deck like a flaming whip.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
That's my cue.

Travis climbs the boat rail, but Griffey catches his shirt
before he jumps.

The main sail is a wall of flames behind them.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Leggo, cracka! This bitch goin' up
like a pile of kindlin' wood.

GRIFFEY
Help me! A bullet in the brain's
one thing, but burning, drowning -
(to Heaven)
Why's it always gotta be wa -

TRAVIS
SHUT DA FUCK UP, FOOL!

Travis LEAPS over the side, and the momentum pulls Griffey
with him. SPLASH! Just as -

- Charlie and Dennis clamber over the back rail, onto the
deck. Dripping wet, they stare up at the flames, in shock.

DENNIS
Holy shit!

Knox pops up from behind the helm. Charlie looks at his gun,
then glances around for Travis and Griffey.

KNOX
Charlie - I was just trying to get
'em to back off, to help her -

Charlie looks at the unattended wheel.

CHARLIE

Caitlyn.

Charlie rushes below, as Dennis HEAVES the ice in the cooler at the flames. It barely makes a dent.

INT. THE DAEDALUS BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS

Charlie hits the bottom step and sees Caitlyn.

CAITLYN

What the hell's going on up there?

Charlie rushes to hold her hand, and sees the cuffs.

CHARLIE

We gotta get you out of here - the mainsail's on fire.

CAITLYN

Well, put it out! Where's Griffey? He has the keys to these!

Charlie looks at Knox. Knox shakes his head.

KNOX

He and the King of Bling hit the water. Those bastards would let us burn, long as they had the golden goose and that speedboat. Now -

CHARLIE

He'll be back - but by then it'll be too -

(looks at Caitlyn)

We gotta get these cuffs off.

Charlie reaches into a footlocker, and pulls out an AXE.

CAITLYN

Why do I hate this plan already?

Charlie rears back, and Caitlyn pulls the cuff chain tight against the mast. Charlie swings - WHACK!

SPARKS fly, a CHIP of the axe blade SPLINTERS and SLICES Charlie's cheek. The mast is gouged, but the chain holds.

CHARLIE

(wiping blood)

Damn it! What the hell else can we -

Knox pulls out the chrome .45, extends it to Charlie.

KNOX

One round left.

Charlie drops the axe and takes the pistol. He aims it, shaking, at an angle on the cuff chain.

He COCKS the hammer.

Caitlyn abruptly slides the chain up to ruin the shot.

CAITLYN
Wait! Forget it. These are tempered steel. You'll just put a hole in yourself, or me.

CHARLIE
What are you saying?

CAITLYN
(eyes full of tears)
I'm not going anywhere. You are. If you stay here any longer, wasting your time - just leave me that gun.

CHARLIE
Are - are you crazy?

Knox drops to the galley floor, head in his hands.

KNOX
Jesus, Charlie, this is all my fault, I couldn't stand by and let -

Dennis stumbles down below deck, oblivious to the three of them, and RIPS a TINY FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall.

DENNIS
What's this for, if the salmon flambe gets outta hand? We're gonna need a new boat, man, this one's -
(notices everyone)
Shit, woman, lose the cuffs! That same wooden pole's a fucking bonfire above us!

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - SAME

Travis drags Griffey sputtering behind him, to the speedboat.

TRAVIS
This is some slimy, stinkin' water. Before I haul you up, did you bring that piece? If you can't shoot, I'm gonna let ya ass go right now.

GRIFFEY
Glub - got it, you fugcker - guh!

Travis pulls himself up onto the speedboat.

TRAVIS

Now, Malthrop, you and yo dickless
brother got some bad -
(sees the boat's empty)
WHAT? Where those crackas go?

INT. THE DAEDALUS BELOW DECK - SAME

Charlie leaps to his feet, and grabs the axe.

CHARLIE

You're a genius, Dennis! Grab that
other axe.

DENNIS

What am I, Paul Bunyan?

Charlie turns to Caitlyn.

CHARLIE

You might want to duck.

WHACK! Charlie knocks a chunk out of the mast at a point just
below where it enters the roof - the underside of the deck.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We're gonna do this Blackbeard
style, and cut down the mast.

CAITLYN

You'll have nothing but diesel
power then - there's no way you
could keep up with Travis!

CHARLIE

(still swinging)
You prefer the alternative?

CAITLYN

You're doing great.

Dennis grabs the other axe, WHACKS a chunk out of the mast.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - SAME

Travis watches the Daedalus mast burn. It looks out of
control.

TRAVIS

Ain't nobody bailed yet. Why didn't
we torture 'em sooner? If I have to
bust in there and save somebody
just to beat some info out of 'em -

GRIFFEY

They're comin'. That tub's burning
like a sack of dog-shit at a ring-
and-run. Hey - what's that sound?

As Travis and Griffey watch, the mast of the Daedalus
QUIVERS, CREAKS -

TRAVIS

What the -

- and KEELS OVER in a FLAMING ARC to the Caribbean, SPLASH!

GRIFFEY

That don't change nothing. We still
got the upper hand as far as -

WHOOSH! The pool of gasoline the bilge pump has been steadily
spewing out of the speedboat IGNITES, sending a SHEET of FIRE
racing across the water toward Travis and Griffey.

TRAVIS

WHAAA?!!

GRIFFEY

GO! GO! GO!!!

Travis frantically cranks the speedboat - VROOM!

Just as the flames reach them, Travis hits the throttle and
BLASTS through the wall of fire. They look at each other and
laugh, having escaped imminent death. Then, they look back:

The bilge pump is still pumping out fuel, so a RIBBON OF
FLAME follows Travis' boat!

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - SAME

Knox runs on deck, fire extinguisher DOUSING the last patches
of fire on the deck. He watches the speedboat zip past.

INT. THE DAEDALUS BELOW DECK - SAME

Charlie lifts Caitlyn to the ceiling, and she slips her
cuffed hands over the splintered top of what's left of the
main mast.

She drops free, and looks up at the purple light of dawn
entering through the hole in the deck.

KNOX (O.S.)

You ain't gonna believe this shit!

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - DAWN

Charlie, Caitlyn and Dennis run up to join Knox on deck as Travis circles the Daedalus in the speedboat, a thin trail of fire following close behind him.

Caitlyn cranks the diesel engines, and they ROAR to life.

She spins the wheel, bringing the boat about.

As Travis comes around again, the bilge pump in the speedboat finally sucks air, and the flames DIE OUT. Travis whips his boat around to come alongside the Daedalus.

POW! POW POW! Griffey fires at Charlie and crew with Caitlyn's gun, and the speedboat blasts past.

KNOX
Mother piss bucket!

Knox drops to the deck, BLOOD seeping through his pants leg.

CAITLYN
(to Charlie)
Take this a second, would you?

Charlie steps to the wheel, as Caitlyn runs to the pulpit.

Travis comes around again, as Griffey opens fire.

POW-TINK! A rounds ricochets off the metal rim of the pulpit. Caitlyn pulls out Travis' chrome .45, and takes steady aim.

POW-CHA! Griffey fires again, his bullet PUNCHING a hole in the jib sail behind Caitlyn. She WAITS. As Travis draws closer, she follows, eyes trained down the barrel of the .45.

POW-KABLAM! Griffey fires again, and MISSES - Caitlyn fires her round at the same time and HITS her mark - Griffey's gun arm is FLUNG BACK in a RED SPRAY.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Griffey fumbles Caitlyn's gun, and it falls over the side.

GRIFFEY
(clutching his arm)
Fuck it. Crime don't pay enough.

Travis looks at him, wild-eyed in disbelief, barely maintaining control of the speedboat.

TRAVIS
Mothafugga! You deserve this!

Travis sticks his .45 in Griffey's face and pulls the trigger.

CLICK. The .45 is EMPTY.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
WHAT?!!

SPUT-Sput-sput - the speedboat loses speed, LURCHING violently. Travis and Griffey rock back and forth in the seats, the latter moaning in pain.

Travis looks down at the instrument cluster, as the speedboat slows to a crawl, and the Daedalus CHUGS past.

INSERT: The gauge FLASHES "Warning: Fuel Level Low".

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
NOOOO!!!!

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie and Dennis look back, as Travis' speedboat shrinks in the distance, in the pale morning light.

Caitlyn walks back from the bow, Knox's arm over her shoulder as he limps with her.

KNOX
Can you please take me back to
prison? I'm tired of adventure.

Charlie looks past them, as they approach a looming gray shape in the morning fog: the outline of an ISLAND.

AH-OO-GAH! Red FLASHING LIGHTS appear in the fog, headed towards them. Silhouettes emerge - it's two GRAND CAYMAN SHORE PATROL cruisers, coming to investigate them.

CHARLIE
I don't think that's going to be a
problem.

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON - GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND

The Grand Rue Bank manager licks his thumbs to smooth back his eyebrows as he exits the lobby.

Looking like a cat that ate a canary in butter sauce, he grins mightily as he straightens his tie.

He squints at the sun, checks his watch, and glances back at the hotel with a hint of concern. He shrugs it off.

A CAB pulls up in front of him, and he enters.

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - MINUTES LATER

One of the Shore Patrol boats breaks off and heads north, towards Travis' distant speedboat. The other circles The Daedalus, as it CHUGS on towards the Cayman shore with no one visible on deck.

INT. THE DAEDALUS BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS

Charlie, Caitlyn, Dennis and Knox huddle on the steps out of sight of the Shore Patrol boat.

CAITLYN
Are you sure about this?

Knox nods.

KNOX
Come on - it's my forte, isn't it?

CHARLIE
I just wish Travis could go down for this, too. He and Griffey will probably cook up some bullshit that makes him look like a hero.

Dennis turns from peeking out a porthole.

DENNIS
It's time. They're coming around the front pointy part again.

CHARLIE
The bow.

DENNIS
Whatever. Caitlyn, you still have your cell phone?

Charlie and Caitlyn eye him with suspicion.

CHARLIE
You got some pressing call to make?

DENNIS
No, man, it's not like that. I left my cell phone on Travis' boat.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The PHONE beside Ursula's bedside table, the one we saw before, RINGS. The Pangloss document Remora doctored is GONE.

I/E. CAYMAN CAB - SAME

The cab zips past ISLANDERS starting their day, cyclists, children, women with FRUIT BASKETS on their heads.

The CAB DRIVER leans his head out the window every so often as they pass a pedestrian.

CAB DRIVER

Inside!

WOMAN WITH FRUIT

Outside!

In the back of the cab, the Grand Rue Bank manager has his cell phone to his ear, frowning.

CAB DRIVER (O.S.)

Inside!

EXT. THE DAEDALUS - GRAND CAYMAN - MINUTES LATER

The Daedalus drifts to a halt just offshore Grand Cayman.

The Shore Patrol boat floats alongside, CAYMAN MARINES using BELAYING HOOKS to draw them close enough to the big sailboat to board.

The CAYMAN MARINE CAPTAIN in full regalia lifts a BULLHORN.

CAYMAN MARINE CAPTAIN

Ahoy! You on the Daedalus! Prepare to be boarded by authority of the Royal Police of Grand Cayman!

Knox appears, behind the ship's wheel.

KNOX

Bone-jour, gentlemen. Quite a day for sailing, isn't it? That is one hell of a fancy hat.

The Cayman Captain climbs aboard The Daedalus, holding his mildly regal hat.

CAYMAN MARINE CAPTAIN

I see from your stern you hail from Key West. You mean to say you came all this way by yourself, sir?

KNOX

I'm kind of a loner.

The Cayman Captain's arm drops slack when he sees the BURNT CAVITY in the deck where the main mast used to be.

CAYMAN MARINE CAPTAIN
What - what happened to your mast?

Knox indicates his bloody pants leg.

KNOX
Shark attack.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - SAME

On the lip of a cove fifty yards onshore from the Daedalus, Charlie and Dennis slip out of the water, each with an arm supporting Caitlyn. They scurry across the sand to some Pampas grass and duck behind it.

They glance back to see Cayman Marines swarming over the deck of The Daedalus, as a GURNEY with Knox, in handcuffs, is carried across to the Shore Patrol boat.

CHARLIE
Thanks, Knox, you old rascal. We just might make it - the banks will be opening soon.

CAITLYN
Can we get out of here? I need to snag some cuff keys. Or maybe a blowtorch.

Dennis pulls a wad of PLASTIC WRAP from his pocket, and peels it open.

DENNIS
Hold on a second.

When he gets to the center of the plastic wrap, he pulls out Caitlyn's cell phone. He flips it open.

INSERT: cell phone face: five bars of SIGNAL.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Must be the Feds and Family plan.

He PECKS OUT a number.

I/E. TRAVIS' SPEEDBOAT - SAME

The Cayman Marines on the second Shore Patrol boat look down, shaking their heads with compassion, at the speedboat -

- as Travis, sitting up in the seat, gives an Oscar-worthy performance, and carelessly pats Griffey's injured shoulder.

Griffey WINCES, then continues fake-weeping, playing the rescued hostage for the crowd.

TRAVIS

- so I ask you peoples, when you find yaself confronted by the atrocities of mufuggin' escaped cons, willing to cap a grown-ass man of law here, facing down death and shit - what would you do? That's right, I manned up and busted out some heroism, G.

The men on the Patrol boat nod sympathetically.

From the back seat, DENNIS' PHONE starts buzzing.

As the familiar strains of the "Gettin' Paid" ringtone cut through the air like a knife to Travis' heart, Travis loses all semblance of sanity and Griffey drops his pretense.

GRIFFEY

Aw, shit.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - SAME

Charlie, Caitlyn and Dennis make their way through the brush to a row of coral-colored CONDOS along West Bay Road. They hear a SCREAMING sound coming over the water like a whale being electrocuted, and random muted GUNFIRE.

CAITLYN

What was that?

DENNIS

Hm? Nothing. Hey, I didn't get through, you mind if I hit redial a couple times?

As Charlie, Dennis and Caitlyn reach West Bay Road, a GEORGE TOWN CAYMAN POLICE CAR zooms by, on it's way to the docks.

Caitlyn moves to hide her cuffs too late; the police car SLAMS on its brakes, and the REVERSE LIGHTS kick on.

Dennis sees the BLUE LIGHTS flash, has a moment of clarity, and moves in front of Charlie, blocking him from view.

Charlie reaches for Caitlyn's hand, but Dennis takes them first, and pulls her out to the road.

CAITLYN

Hey, what the hell are you doing?

DENNIS

You wanted these off, didn't you?
(to Charlie)
Go, brother. I got this.

CHARLIE

What? They'll pin this on you,
Dennis! We can haul ass, make it
back to the beach, maybe find a
marine machine shop-

DENNIS

I'm tired of running. Remember,
take Stingray to the end. Before I
flake out, asshole - GO!

Charlie slips back behind the edge of the coral condo,
Caitlyn still visible as the back of the cop car SCREECHES to
a halt beside her.

She turns to look at Charlie. He can hear the doors OPEN.

DENNIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This is your lucky day, b -

WHOMP! Charlie hears the COPS slam Dennis on the car hood.

Caitlyn mouths the words "I'll find you!" - then turns to
greet the Cayman cops.

ON CAITLYN

One of the burly Cayman cops, the same guys who worked Remora
over, has Dennis spread eagle on the hood, as the other
approaches Caitlyn.

CAITLYN

My name is Caitlyn Moss. I'm an
agent of the US Securities and
Exchange Commission. I was -
kidnapped by this man -

The cop by Caitlyn pats down her pockets. He reaches in and
pulls out her BADGE.

DENNIS

(head mushed on hood)
I'd have got away with it, too, if
it wasn't for you meddling kids!

BURLY COP 1

So close, asshole.

BURLY COP 2

Who were you looking at?

CAITLYN

I was afraid the other guy from the
boat was after me.

The burly cop looks beside the condo. Charlie is GONE.

BURLY COP 2

No, we got that old man. It's over.

EXT. GRAND RUE BANK - MORNING

The sun is rising higher, and the morning mist has burned off the island. This is High Street, lined with multinational banks, the wealth of 50,000 corporations contained within.

The Bank Manager exits his cab, and walks up the steps of the majestic granite GRAND RUE BANK, palm trees swaying beside its tall Ionic columns.

In the distance, a BELL begins to chime. BONG -

The Bank Manager checks his watch again.

INSERT: ROLEX - seven-fifty-nine. BONG -

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie reads the sign that says STINGRAY STREET, and runs at top speed down it. CHICKENS scatter. BONG -

EXT. GRAND RUE BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The Bank Manager adjusts his crotch, and walks up to the front door. BONG -

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie runs past a woman with fruit on her head, and SNATCHES loose a BANANA as he passes. BONG -

EXT. GRAND RUE BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The Bank Manager fishes his keys out of his pocket, beside the sign on the front door.

INSERT: GRAND RUE BANC / HEURS. LUN-VEN 9-4p, SAM 10-6p.

Oddly, the front door is already UNLOCKED.

GRAND RUE BANK MANAGER

I wonder if my early bird is here?
Alphonse?

ALPHONSE THE GUARD (O.S.)

Monsieur! We have a customer voici!

BONG!

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie, drenched in sweat, takes a chomp of banana and tosses the peel aside as he stumbles to the end of Stingray St.: before him, in all its glory, is the Grand Rue Bank.

He sees the front door closing. Reads the sign on the door.

BONG -

CHARLIE

French? Fuck! Nine to - it's not supposed to open until - WAIT!

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - SAME

Ursula, STILL IN BED, bags under her eyes, the worst rat's-nest BED-HEAD in history, peeks open a vampiric eye at the sun beaming though the open balcony.

She glances at the clock in horror. BONG!!! Eight o'clock, and the forged paperwork isn't there.

She's been done in by the manager's virility, and overslept. She shrieks at the heavens.

URSULA

Ich bin anally geprüft!

INT. GRAND RUE BANK - MINUTES LATER

Charlie, feet dragging, opens the front door with a CREAK.

He looks around the lobby dejectedly: the marble, the gold trim, the fat crimson leather sofas, and sees -

- the bank is empty, save for an ARMED GUARD by the door - and the Bank Manager at a table at the very center of the room. The Manager pours a cup of TEA for someone hidden behind a high-back chair.

GRAND RUE BANK MANAGER

Monsieur Malthrop. I should have known this early Pangloss withdrawal was set in motion by your invisible hand, given the nature of your recent legal ... entanglements. The paper-work is in order, naturellement. I was, um, led to believe your wife would serve as courier -

Charlie's eyes go cold at the mention of Ursula.

CHARLIE
 (dripping venom)
 My fucking ex-wife.

The Bank Manager's hand shakes a little with the teapot as Charlie speaks.

GRAND RUE BANK MANAGER
 Of course, I know nothing of her
 tardiness, much less her
 whereabouts the last twenty-four -

CHARLIE
 Wait. You mean Ursula didn't -

Caitlyn leans around the edge of the chair, teacup in her hand, wrists pink but cuff-free.

CAITLYN
 - show for her appointment, isn't
 it a pity? I would so like to have
 seen her.

Caitlyn smiles, a little too prettily, and the Bank Manager grins, displaying a mouthful of monstrous teeth.

GRAND RUE BANK MANAGER
 Your business associate -

CAITLYN
 (winks)
 Bodyguard.

GRAND RUE BANK MANAGER
 - said you'd want this withdrawal
 in negotiable bearer bonds, is that
 correct? One hundred million
 dollars' worth, at today's US prime
 rate? Absolutely untraceable.

The Bank Manager slides Remora's paper across the desk, and extends a PEN.

Charlie cocks his head at the door, listening.

CAITLYN
 Are you waiting to hear the sounds
 of sirens, Charlie? There isn't
 going to be any. You can take these
 bonds and walk out that door, I'm
 not going to stop you. You're free.
 Maybe you've earned this, in some
 crazy way. Buy an island somewhere,
 and disappear. Or don't. Like you
 said - you were right about me, all
 along. I didn't have to do anything
 I didn't want to.

CHARLIE

What about you? Are you part of that deal?

Caitlyn, moving slowly, lays her badge beside the paper.

CAITLYN

No.

Charlie looks at the pen, and the badge.

CHARLIE

My own private island?

Charlie reaches for the pen.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOMEWHERE TROPICAL-LOOKING - DAY

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

CLOSE ON CHARLIE: he's kicked back in a beach chair on the sand, in weathered Hawaiian-print shorts, a REFLECTOR under his chin. His tan is approaching the George Hamilton zone.

A hand with a tray blocks the sun. On it are two FRUITY DRINKS with umbrellas. Charlie takes one, and has a sip.

CHARLIE

Ah. This is passion fruit, right?

INT. STARKE PRISON YARD - SAME

Dennis, in his prison blues, holds court atop the bleachers, Bug-Eyed Bob and Angus listening with rapt attention.

BUG-EYED BOB

What then? I would have pooped my Pampers at that point, I ain't ashamed to say.

DENNIS

- then I said, "You better hope that pistol is made of butterscotch caramel, 'cause I'm gonna make you eat it, byatch" and Travis -

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Didn't say no such damn thing, fool!

Travis strolls over in HIS prison blues, but with Gucci shades on, surrounded by a criminal ENTOURAGE.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 You be spreadin' falsehoods,
 mufugga. That don't lead nowhere
 but to Crying Bitch City, you dig?

The guys around Travis seem to takes his words seriously, but Dennis blows him off.

DENNIS
 You're doing all right asshole,
 what with all the gangsta cred you
 built up on that berserker spree.
 You're probably making more jack
 selling mp3s than you ever dreamed
 of on the outside.

Travis grins, sporting a couple new DIAMONDS in his grille.

TRAVIS
 Yeah. You probably right. More than
 I can say for that cracka.

Everyone turns to see Remora walking by with an odd gait, the Sweaty Con's arm draped around him.

ANGUS
 Who's that?

Dennis shrugs, pretends he hasn't a clue.

TRAVIS
 Peace out, mufuggas. Word: Grow
 some eyes in the back o' yo heads.

Travis chucks a Deuce and strolls off with his boys.

BUG-EYED BOB
 What was that all about?

DENNIS
 Travis. Always trying to be the Big
 Bad Woof. Well, I just got the
 4-1-1 on that new transfer, and
 he's not going to like it.

ANGUS
 Who is it, and what's the spread?

DENNIS
 A case of Sterno and some Kickin'
 Kiwi Lime, 10 to 1, on - him.

Dennis nods at a CON moving through the yard, weaving through knots of prisoners, on an intersecting course with Travis.

He's the SPITTING IMAGE of LE TIGRE.

BUG-EYED BOB

Is that -

DENNIS

Some Haitian guy named "Le Tigre"'s
twin brother, looking for some
payback on Travis. They say his
name's ... Le Puma.

The guys all think about this, as Le Puma follows Travis into
the main prison building.

ALL

I'm in.

EXT. DRY TORTUGAS, THE MIDDLE OF FUCKING NOWHERE - SAME

Griffey, in a PARK RANGER outfit, picks up a cigarette butt
that's washed up on the beach with a stick.

As the waves lap closer, he scuttles backward.

BWAHHHH! A low-rent CRUISE SHIP passing the Tortugas blasts
its horn at him. As he waves, on the side he can read a
banner: 4th ANNUAL HOOTERS BOOB CRUISE!

SCANTILY-CLAD WOMEN slink around the deck, flirting with OLD,
FAT BALD GUYS wearing gold chains.

On the 'Lido Deck', gazing down, is a miserable-looking
URSULA in a butt-floss MACRAME BIKINI.

An old geezer SLAPS her on the ass, making her jump and
jiggle. She sighs, and follows him below deck.

GRIFFEY

Man, that's the fucking life.

Lost in thought, his feet get wet as the next wave washes in,
and he YELPS like a little girl.

EXT. PEARL RIVER PRISON - SAME

Knox takes the other fruity drink and sits the tray down
beside Charlie in the sand. He plops down in the chair next
to him, and slides on a big FLOPPY STRAW HAT.

KNOX

No, I think this is Mango. If we
had any real booze we could taste
the difference. The passion fruit
had all those weird seeds,
remember?

CHARLIE

Right. It all blurs together.

CLUB FED GUARD 1 (O.S.)

Malthrop! You got a visitor!

Charlie smiles at Knox, and climbs up from the chair.

When he walks a few feet away, it's now clear that the "beach" is actually a pile of sand spread next to the exercise yard at the Pearl River Club Fed Prison.

KNOX

Have I told you you're The Man for arranging my transfer here?

CHARLIE

Only every day.

INT. PEARL RIVER PRISON VISITATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Charlie walks into the visitation room, to see Caitlyn waiting. She looks happier than we've ever seen her.

Charlie drops into the Barcolounger behind the glass.

CHARLIE

What're we down to?

Caitlyn SLAPS a day planner calendar against the glass, with rows of RED X's marked on the dates.

CAITLYN

Five-hundred thirty-nine days. But who's counting?

CHARLIE

Too bad you can't arrange some kind of conjugal visit. I hear you have some pull with the Justice Department, especially for a fine upstanding citizen like me.

Caitlyn smiles, and digs in her pocket.

CAITLYN

Well, seeing as how you did risk life and limb to return a fortune for love, in the end...

She holds up a KEY.

CAITLYN (CONT'D)

I think I can bend a rule or two.

FADE OUT.