

LAST RESORT  
by  
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ON TELEVISION: N.F.L. FOOTBALL GAME

The quarterback can't be seen under the pile of LINEMEN on top of him. The linemen get up, exposing parts of the quarterback, "Big" MARK BAILEY.

Mark stands up and brushes off his uniform.

MARK exudes a cocky self confidence, and a rugged joy for the game. Even if he wasn't making six figures a year, he'd still be out here playing.

Mark moves across the field to huddle with his team. The ANNOUNCER and the COLORMAN comment.

ANNOUNCER

There he is, Mark Bailey. He may not be the fastest man in the N.F.L. but he's certainly the most fun to watch.

COLOR

No doubt about it. He's single-handedly put the FUN back in football.

The ANNOUNCER, a Al Michaels type, smiles at the Terry Bradshaw-like COLORMAN.

Mark gives the camera a big smile, moves into the huddle.

COLOR

Everyone wants to know what Big Mark's gonna do next.

ANNOUNCER

Already this season, he's used several of yesteryear's more unusual plays to gain yardage and bring the Panthers to victory. The 'Flying Wedge', the 'Quarterback Sneak', and even the 'Statue Of Liberty' play...

The huddle breaks up.

COLOR

I'd never seen that done before. When I was playing, we wouldn't even think of doing something that strange.

The team assumes their positions on the line.

ANNOUNCER

There's the snap. Looks like a pass play, Gilman's going out long... But wait! Mark Bailey's running.

Mark circles the rush of linemen, speeds towards the goal.

COLOR

Running like a son of a bitch!

ANNOUNCER

Look at that! Look at him run!

At the ten yard line, a pair of HUGE linemen SLAM into Mark.

Mark hits the ground with enough impact to drown out the play by play.

ANNOUNCER

Oh! Got him on the ten yard line.  
A definite first down which brings  
the Panthers into scoring position.

Mark doesn't get up. His left leg is twisted around in an unusual position.

ANNOUNCER

Something's wrong. Bailey's not  
moving. They're calling for a medic.

A pair of MEDICS with a stretcher run onto the field.

COLOR

Looks like Bailey is out of the game.

Mark Bailey is carefully loaded onto the stretcher.

An AMBULANCE pulls up on the field, and Mark is loaded into the back.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The television screen freezes as the tape in the VCR reaches its conclusion.

The lighted controls go from PLAY to REWIND - tape whirring backwards. The television screen shows only snow.

MARK BAILEY is asleep in a Lazy-Boy chair. Not as young as he was on television, almost a dozen years have passed.

Light from the television flickers across his face. On the arm of the chair next to him a bentwood cane hangs.

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- NIGHT

Through a gap in the curtains, Mark can be seen sleeping.

His apartment is attached to the office of the Las Palmas Motel on Key West - a 1950s style resort gone to seed. Bright colors, maybe even a few palm trees. You'd complain to your travel agent if they sent you here...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- DAY

Behind the counter Mark checks over the registration card for the couple across from him. Another couple is leaving, drops their key on the counter.

MARK

Thanks, hope you enjoyed your stay.

Mark grabs the key for unit six, hands it across the counter. Mark notices their wedding bands don't match. Neither has luggage. Both in business attire.

MARK

Unit six. To your left, in the corner. Enjoy your stay.

The MAN takes the key and the WOMAN's arm and leaves.

The phone rings.

MARK

Las Palmas Motel. Yes. We have a unit available for this afternoon.

A MAN comes in and drops off a room key on the counter.

MARK

Thanks. Yes: Forty nine ninety five plus tax.

The door opens again, and two people enter.

When Mark sees the woman, ends the phone conversation.

MARK

Good-bye.

LACY HALLIDAY is the most beautiful woman Mark has ever seen. Dressed in a clinging wrap skirt cut very low in front. Lacy is beautiful, seductive, and accompanied by a man with a gun not very well concealed under his coat.

RAOUL AZUL is a short Hispanic dressed in an exaggerated suit and enough gold chains to sink a ship.

Lacy looks at the pile of returned keys on the counter.

LACY

Too much work for one man. If you d like, I'll write the owner. Get you some more counter help.

MARK

I AM the owner. But you can still write me if you want.

Raoul doesn't like Mark flirting with his woman.

RAOUL

My wife and I need a room. Two weeks.

Mark looks at Lacy's hand. No wedding band. He grabs a pair of keys to unit seventeen.

MARK

Unit seventeen. AT the back of the motel. Quiet. Fill out the card, here, it'll be two hundred and fifty a week, including tax.

Raoul sets down his briefcase and fills out the card, then pulls five crisp hundred dollar bills from his wallet.

RAOUL

You accept cash?

MARK

Sure do.

RAOUL

You have a safe? I have some important papers in my case.

Mark points to the big upright safe directly behind him.

MARK

Right there. Also rent fishing equipment and sell live bait.

Raoul watches carefully as Mark opens the safe and places the briefcase inside.

MARK

Anything else?

Raoul shakes his head no. Mark looks at Lacy and smiles.

MARK

Then have a nice stay.

Lacy returns Mark's smile, then follows Raoul out.

Mark steps from behind the counter to watch her glide down the walk, past the pool, to unit number seventeen.

He is hooked.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- EVENING

The Las Palmas Motel is shaped like a horseshoe with the pool in the center. Twenty units with the office like a spur on the left end of the U. From behind the counter, Mark can see anyone coming or going.

Mark makes his rounds, feeling good, not carrying his cane.

HELEN GARROWAY steps out of unit 12. Wholesome good looks and skin that freckles instead of tans.

MARK

How you doing today, Miss Garroway?

HELEN

Good, thanks.

Helen leaves the complex.

At the back of the Motel, an archway leads to the dock. The Palms can take drive ups or sail ups. Mark looks through the archway at a pair of boats tied up at the dock.

MARK

Busier than I thought.

Mark hops the the low privacy wall to the pool.

Sitting in a chaise lounge is BOBBY WALKER, an ex-Miami cop in shorts, a LOUD print shirt funky sunglasses, 35mm camera around his neck. Bobby has a cooler filled with beer, and a there's pile of crushed cans on the cement around him.

MARK

Bobby.

BOBBY

Have a beer.

Mark pulls up a webbed chair and Bobby hands him a beer.

MARK

Rent's two weeks late.

BOBBY

Tell it to Miami P.D. You'd think, a guy takes four bullets in the chest, the least they could do is get the pension check to him on time.

MARK

Just make sure I get it.

BOBBY

Hey. I been living here, what? Four years? I ever stiffed you?

MARK

You never paid it on time, either.

BOBBY

Give me a break. Think of all the money I saved you in maid fees.

MARK

Maria wouldn't go in your room on a dare.

BOBBY

'Fraid I'd slip it to her. You know she wants me. Always looking at me.

They laugh, finish their beers.

Bobby hands Mark another and pops one for himself.

Mark notes a pair of binoculars slung over the back of the chaise lounge.

MARK

What's with the binoculars?

BOBBY

Just watching the nooner trade. Checking out the latest positions.

MARK

Bobby....

Bobby cuts him off.

BOBBY

I'm just a curious guy. You know one of the Religious Retreat gals in four undressed with her shades open.

Mark looks up to number four.

The venetian blinds are open and he can see GLORIA and JESSIE, virginal looking girls, walking around in very modest dresses.

Mark puts a hand over his eyes, turns away.

BOBBY

You can't tell me you're not just a little curious about that nurse in twelve. That's centerfold material.

MARK

What about the Janowskis in ten?

Bobby wrinkles his brow in horror.

BOBBY

Jesus, Mark. Who wants to look at sagging tits and gray pubes? You sick or something?

MARK

You're the one peeping.

BOBBY

Rand, the guy in five, I think he's a Vampire. Wears his sunglasses at night... Just like in the song.

Mark holds up his hand to cut him off.

MARK

You know I don't like to know about the guests. I never go in their rooms. That's why I got a maid.

BOBBY

You're never going to see them again.

MARK

Bobby, that's their private lives in there. None of my business. I don't want to peek through their windows and find out what they're doing. I don't want them peeking through MY windows and seeing what I'm doing.

BOBBY

What are you afraid of seeing?

MARK

Nothing.

BOBBY

Wrong. You're afraid of seeing people as they really are.

Mark crushes his empty can.

MARK

I'm just not interested.

He tosses the empty in the trash can - makes he shot.

BOBBY

If I had naked pictures of the nurse, you'd be interested...

MARK

Maybe.

Bobby laughs at Mark, tosses him another beer.



BOBBY

You're so full of shit.

Mark catches the beer, joins in Bobby's laughter.

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- NIGHT

The flickering neon reads "LAS PALMAS MOTEL. RENT BY THE DAY, WEEK, MONTH" The NO VACANCY lights on for the night.

EX. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- DAY

Neon still flickering, but the NO VACANCY is off.

Cars leave the parking lot - the nooner trade.

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE - DAY

Mark behind the counter, hanging up keys from the nooner trade, when Bobby pops his head through the office door.

BOBBY

Going to the store to get some beer.  
Want anything?

MARK

Nothing I can think of.

BOBBY

I'll get extra beer, just in case.

Bobby nods and ducks out.

Mark with the keys, then switches the phone to 'exterior bell', strolls out of the office.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Mark limps around one of the umbrella tables to look at the pool. No one in it, no leaves in it.

MARK

Clean it tomorrow.

He takes a look at unit 17 - where Lacy and Raoul Azul are.

MR. and MRS. Janowski leave unit 10, dressed for the beach. A pair of retired folks from New York, who bring the brotherly love of that city with them wherever they go.

MARK

Mr. and Mrs. Janowski. Enjoying  
your stay in Key West?

MR. JANOWSKI

It's not New York.

MARK

Yeah, but we're working on it.

MR. JANOWSKI

Too damned quiet. Can't sleep.

MARK

You want, I'll hire some kids to keep you awake.

MR. JANOWSKI

You getting lippy with me?

MARK

Just trying to make your stay more enjoyable. Just call me.

The Janowskis mumble to each other as they leave.

Mark sits in the same webbed chair as last night, sipping a can of beer, eyes closed to the glare of the sun. Hears footsteps from the other side of the pool. Female footsteps.

Lacy lays out a towel on a chaise lounge; dressed in an abbreviated white bikini that shows every tanned curve.

MARK

Afternoon.

Lacy goes to the diving board at the deep end and gracefully dives in. Water splashes.

Mark sips his beer while she does a couple of laps.

She swims over to the side of the pool near Mark.

LACY

Who's minding the store?

MARK

On automatic. Slow time of day.

LACY

You mean: all the "Mr and Mrs. Smiths" have checked out?

MARK

(laughs)

Sign out front says "Rent by the Month, Week, Day". Most folks only rent for an hour. Welcome to Key West, where the wealthy come to play.

She takes the beer from Mark's hand, has a sip.

LACY

You don't belong here. I can't see you running a 'Hot Sheet' motel.

MARK

Why's that?

LACY

Too smart. Too good looking. What happened to your knee?

MARK

Got sacked on the ten yard line.

LACY

High school? College?

MARK

Pro ball. I used to quarterback for the Panthers. Mark Bailey.

LACY

Lacy Halliday.

They shake. Mark doesn't want to let go of her hand. A charge of sexual electricity passes between them.

LACY

I've been here four days, surprised you haven't made a pass, yet.

MARK

Didn't know you were an eligible receiver.

LACY

Would have been nice if you'd have tried. No harm in flirting, is there?

MARK

Your husband wouldn't object?

LACY

Husband? Oh, you mean Raoul.

On cue, the door to seventeen opens and Raoul steps out, dressed in one of his exaggerated suits.

RAOUL

Lacy! Come get dressed. We'll be late for dinner.

She answers over her shoulder.

LACY

On my way, Raoul.

Turns back to Mark and smiles.

LACY

This was fun. Let's talk again.

MARK

Sure, have a good one.

Lacy swims to the shallow end, walks up the steps to Raoul.

After Lacy disappears inside, Raoul gives Mark a smile and closes the door.

MARK

She's yours, I get it.

A noise behind him.

He spins to see...

Bobby standing behind him with a twelve pack of beer.

BOBBY

Interesting conversation?

MARK

She didn't know who I was.

Bobby sits down and rips into the twelve pack.

BOBBY

You been out of the game too long.  
Cold one?

Hands Mark a beer, takes one for himself.

MARK

Thanks.

BOBBY

Interesting couple. I been watching  
them for the past couple'a days.

MARK

Looking to get busted for peeping?

Bobby takes a sip of his beer, sits back.

BOBBY

Fucking Cubano and his 'chiquita  
blanca'. They sure like the blondes,  
don't they? You think it's the skin  
contrast thing? I tried me a white  
girl once, and it was kinda cool.  
Ebony and ivory - like that song.

MARK

Bobby, just play it cool with the binocs, okay? Don't want to hear any complaints from the guests.

BOBBY

That Raoul guy is bad news. Seen his gun? He don't leave home without it. Always strapped.

MARK

None of my business. Little guy, maybe he's insecure.

BOBBY

Gets a lot of visitors, too. Two, three a night. They come in boats and leave in taxis.

MARK

Boats?

BOBBY

You check your dock the past couple of days? Hardly any place to berth.

Mark looks at the archway to the dock.

BOBBY

Go take a look.

EXT. LAS PALMAS DOCK -- DAY

Two dozen spaces, most of them filled.

Mark and Bobby walk past the boats, sipping on their beers.

Most of the boats are late model powerboats - every state except Florida as their home ports.

BOBBY

Know what I think? Stolen. I bet there's not one boat here that's not on the Coast Guard's 'hot sheet'.

MARK

What kind of money's in stolen boats?

BOBBY

Not much. But if the holds are filled with cocaine or pot or, God forbid, heroin, it makes for a great way to transport drugs, am I right?

MARK

The Coast Guard would stop them. Search them.

BOBBY

Maybe. But if it was some nice tourist couple from Texas, just tooling through the Gulf?

MARK

Why'd they pick my place?

BOBBY

Look at it! It's perfect. Low profile shit-hole motel - no offense.

MARK

None taken.

BOBBY

People come and go, all of named Smith. No one wants to see anything, least they be seen themselves.

MARK

What am I gonna do?

BOBBY

Have a beer and forget about it.

Bobby laughs and claps a hand around Mark's shoulders.

INT. SHERATON LUXURY HOTEL RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

A back booth. Raoul Azul has an after dinner coffee while he discusses business with William James Wright.

RAOUL

You think I'm trying to screw you?

WRIGHT is a suave gangster in the George Saunders mold, dressed in elegant evening wear.

WRIGHT

Of course not. I am simply saying that you already have the merchandise.

Also at the table are Wright's henchmen:

NICK DRAGO, a creepy little Cuban with a huge scar on the side of his face.

RUSS LAMBERT, a huge ex-heavyweight boxer with squinty eyes.

Lacy Halliday sits at Raoul's side, bored.

Raoul plays nervously with a Hotel matchbook.

RAOUL

Two boats missing.

WRIGHT

They'll be delivered tomorrow night,  
I promise you. But it would be an  
error for you to take the merchandise  
without paying me. A grave error.

RAOUL

You'll get your money. I always  
paid before, right?

Raoul looks down at the matchbook for a moment.

WRIGHT

I'll give you two days to examine  
the merchandise. I'll expect payment  
Friday morning.

RAOUL

You'll get your money. When I get  
my boats. You don't trust me? Well,  
you're the one who owes me boats.  
Two boats. You don't give me my  
boats, you see what happens.

WRIGHT

Playing with matches is what gets  
your burned.

Raoul pockets the matches.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mark lays in bed unable to sleep. Checks the time - 12:17am.

Throws on pants, grabs a flashlight, exits his apartment.

EXT. LAS PALMAS DOCK -- NIGHT

Mark walks to the boat on the very end of the dock. Kicks  
it with his foot.

MARK

(whispers)

Permission to come aboard? Hello?  
Anyone home?

No answer. He jumps onto the boat, quietly climbs into the  
cabin and then flicks on the flashlight.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark sweeps the interior of the boat with the light. Nobody  
here. He does a quick surface search... finds a newspaper -  
The Nassau Guardian.

MARK

Maybe they were at the paternity trial?

He knocks against the wall, listening for hollow sounds. Goes all the way around the cabin. Nothing.

MARK

If you're a cop long enough, everyone seems suspicious.

Notices a rug on the floor, kicks it aside. Some of the deck seems to be a different color than the rest. As if it the wood wasn't as old.

MARK

Recent repairs?

He pulls at the different colored wood... It opens up - a secret hatch. Exposing bags of cocaine inside. Maybe a dozen of them.

MARK

Why couldn't you use a Motel 6?

Closes the door, puts the rug back, clicks off the flash.

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- NIGHT

Mark crosses to the big upright safe. Stares at it for a few minutes.

MARK

Bury my head or look inside?

He spins combination dial spin, unlocks the safe.

Looks at Raoul's briefcase for a moment, then pulls it out.

Mark studies the polished chrome latches on the briefcase.

MARK

Key locks. Pickable.

Opens the desk drawer, pulls out a pair of paper clips. Carefully picks the locks. Twice, he accidentally scratches the chrome with the clips. Can't get it open.

MARK

So easy on TV.

Mark hears the bell, spins around. Someone has entered the office!

Helen Garroway, dressed in a tied off shirt and jeans.



MARK  
Miss Garroway...

HELEN  
Call me Helen.

Mark positions his body between Helen and the open safe.

MARK  
What can I do for you?

HELEN  
Saw the lights on. Thought I'd come over and talk.

MARK  
Thought you'd still be out on the town. Bars haven't even closed.

HELEN  
You go on vacation to get away from the boredom. Try to escape your life by changing your location. But you always bring yourself along.

MARK  
You kind of have to, don't you?

HELEN  
You think you're going to meet some new interesting people, but the guys in the bars in Key West are no different than anywhere else.

Helen moves to the left.  
Mark tries to keep the briefcase and safe covered.

MARK  
You're a nurse, right?

HELEN  
R.N.

MARK  
Don't you meet interesting people in your work?

HELEN  
As soon as they're well, they always leave.

Mark looks down at his leg self consciously.

MARK  
You gonna ask about my leg?

HELEN

Don't have to. I was there.

MARK

You're kidding.

HELEN

I saw all of your games, most on TV.  
But I was in the stands that day.

MARK

My last day in the game.

HELEN

And now you own this luxury motel.

Mark laughs, forgets about blocking the safe for a minute.

MARK

Live here, too.

Helen changes positions, looking past Mark.

HELEN

You got a bedroom back there?

Not an innocent question.

Mark moves a bit, blocks her view of the briefcase again.

MARK

Living room and kitchen, too. Used  
to be two units, but I combined them.

HELEN

You can cook?

MARK

Enough to get by. When I first bought  
this place, there were connecting  
doors between all the units.

HELEN

Really? Why'd they do that?

MARK

That's how they used to run 'Hot  
Sheet' motels in the old days. Rent  
one room to the man, the other to  
the woman, let 'em use the connecting  
door to get together.

HELEN

It's easier to sleep around, now.

MARK

Yeah. I nailed the doors shut and built closets around them.

HELEN

You keep the place up pretty good. This wasn't my first choice...

MARK

But it was cheap.

HELEN

Yeah. I figured I'd only use the room to sleep, so who cares? But the place isn't bad.

MARK

I'll use that next time I splurge for an ad in one of the travel mags.

HELEN

Why don't you advertise that you're the owner? Might bring people in?

MARK

That was the old me. The famous me. No one remembers. Not sure I really want them to.

HELEN

I remember.

She touches his hand.

MARK

It's late. I have to close up.

HELEN

When you're finished, why don't you come over to my room for a nightcap?

MARK

Can I take a rain-check?

Helen takes her hand away.

HELEN

I leave next Tuesday.

She leaves without saying goodbye.

Mark watches her leave, thinking he handled that all wrong. He turns back to the briefcase, returning it to the safe. Spins the combination dial.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mark sits in his recliner, drinking beers. Conan on TV - but he isn't watching, mind elsewhere.

MARK

They'll be gone in a week, take the boats with them. What do I care?

But he can't stop thinking about Lacy and Raoul and the hot boats on the dock and the cold cash in the briefcase.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mark is asleep in the recliner when a noise wakes him. Looks at the time on the VCR - 3:23am.

Splashing from the pool.

MARK

Damned high school kids.

Grabs his cane, ready to chase them away.

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- NIGHT

Mark sees that it isn't high school kids.

In the pale moonlight Lacy Halliday swims, her towel draped over a chaise lounge. It isn't until Mark gets to the poolside that he realizes she's swimming buck naked.

Lacy stops at the side of the pool.

MARK

Pardon me, Miss Halliday. Thought it was high school kids.

Mark starts to leave.

LACY

You don't have to go.

Mark stops, not knowing what to say.

LACY

Why don't you join me?

Mark looks down to unit seventeen and Lacy smiles.

LACY

Raoul's asleep. He probably won't wake up 'till noon.

Mark looks from unit seventeen to Lacy. Makes his decision.

MARK  
How's the water?

Pulls off his clothes, dives into the pool.

IN THE POOL

Mark and Lacy swim in the moonlight like playful dolphins. They surface and splash each other, laughing.

The door to number seventeen remains closed - Raoul asleep.

Lacy dives underwater.  
Mark searches the moonlight pool, trying to find her.  
She springs out of the water in front of him.  
Taking him in her arms.

LACY  
Did I scare you?

MARK  
Not at all.

They kiss in the moonlight, steam from the heated pool swirling around them. He moves down to taste her nipple. Her hand moves down Mark's chest. He kisses her again.

Lacy disengages and paddles to the side of the pool, pulling herself out of the water and laying on the cool cement.

Mark follows her, hoisting himself out of the water.

AT THE SIDE OF THE POOL

They kiss, moonlight glittering off their wet bodies. Making love in the moonlight at the side of the pool.

Mark looks at the door to unit seventeen.

MARK  
Hope he's a sound sleeper.

LACY  
Don't worry about Raoul.

Entwined with their passion is a little fear at the possibility that Raoul might catch them. And kill them.

Lacy's climax is frighteningly vocal.

Mark looks at unit seventeen, expecting a light to go on.

Nothing happens.

MARK

I couldn't have slept through that.

LACY

Let's hope not.

Lacy pulls his lips down to hers.

While they kiss, someone moves quietly inside unit seventeen. Neither notice the curtains move closed.

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- DAY

Mark stands behind the counter, smiling.

That expression changes he sees Raoul headed to the office. Panic sets in.

Mark opens the drawer directly under the cash drawer, exposing a 32 caliber revolver.

The door bell tinkles as Raoul steps into the office.

RAOUL

Senor Bailey?

Mark's hand sits on the counter directly over the gun drawer. Raoul's gun bulges under the left lapel of his disco suit.

MARK

Something I can do for you?

Raoul moves his hand to his suit lapel. Mark almost dives behind the counter.

Instead of going for the gun, Raoul flicks lint off his suit.

RAOUL

You know, you gotta pretty nice place.

MARK

Thanks.

RAOUL

It's clean. Quiet. Nice pool.

Mark tenses, hand over the drawer.

MARK

Something wrong with the pool?

RAOUL

No. No.

MARK

Then what can I do for you?

Raoul smiles and brushes his lapel again.

Mark gets ready to go for the gun.

Raoul's hand returns to his side.

RAOUL

I'll be doing business tomorrow morning. I need my briefcase.

MARK

Sure.

RAOUL

You still have it, right?

MARK

Of course.

Mark twists the combination dial, opens up the safe, and reaches inside for the briefcase.

Hesitates.

In the high-contrast light, the scratches on the briefcase locks are easy to spot.

Mark has tampered with the man's briefcase, and tampered with the man's woman.

He grabs the briefcase and carefully pulls it out.

Raoul studies the case, checking the locks.

MARK

There you go. Anything else?

Mark's hand is back over the drawer with the 32 revolver. Dots of sweat on his brow.

RAOUL

Yes. My wife...

MARK

Mrs. Azul?

RAOUL

(confused for a moment)

Yes, that is right, she would be Mrs. Azul.

(laughs)

I have some business this afternoon. Could you keep an eye on her. I worry about the man in the shirt --

MARK

Bobby?

RAOUL

Yes, this Bobby. He watches her.

MARK

He's retired. Nothing better to do.

RAOUL

Yes, well, I feel better if you are the one watching her.

MARK

I'll tell Bobby to mind his own business.

RAOUL

That would be very kind of you.

Raoul takes the briefcase, turns and leaves the office.

Mark slowly closes the drawer, hiding the 32 caliber revolver.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Mark is cleaning out the pool with a long handled skimmer.

GLORIA and JESSIE, the religious retreat gals from unit four come back from the beach in one piece bathing suits that show nothing at all.

MARK

How you doing today?

GLORIA

Very well, thank you.

JESSIE

The beach was kind of crowded. We'll be stuck indoors all day tomorrow with Bible study.

GLORIA

These things always end up more religious than retreat.

MARK

Well, have a good one.

They give Mark a cool smile, proceeds to their room.

Mark goes back to work on the pool.

The door to unit five opens and RAND steps out, dressed in black slacks and a black pull-over sweater and sunglasses. Pale and gaunt, long bony fingers; he does resemble Nosferatu.

Mark watches as Rand looks up at the sun for a moment.



MARK

Hey, he didn't crumble into dust.

RAND

Pardon me?

MARK

Just wondering if you're enjoying  
your stay in Key West?

RAND

I don't see how that's any of your  
business.

Rand gives Mark a scowl and returns to unit five.

MARK

I get such friendly people.

Finishes cleaning the pool, puts the net back on it's hook.

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- DAY

Mark opens the office door and steps inside. He passes  
through the office, heading to his apartment.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Mark enters his apartment.

Realizes he is not alone.

A lone cigarette ember glows in the darkness.

Smoke creates a fog that filters through the room.

He pulls his cane from the rack, lifts it like a club.

Reaches for the light switch.

Click.

MARK

What do you want?

Light blasts through the room.

Exposing the identity of the person in his chair.

LACY

Can't you guess?

Lacy Halliday.

MARK

What are you doing here?

LACY

I had to see you. Talk with you.

She moves towards him.

MARK  
What about Raoul?

LACY  
He was the reason I had to come.

MARK  
He knows you're here?

LACY  
No.  
(touches him)  
When I met Raoul, I was divorced.  
Broke. Here was this little Cuban  
who owned a Rolls and a Porsche.

MARK  
Wonder where he got the money.

LACY  
He was charming, and romantic...

MARK  
You didn't know he was in the drug  
business.

Lacy shakes her head.

LACY  
I knew. At least I suspected. But  
I didn't know what it was going to  
be like living with him.

MARK  
Places like this?

LACY  
Never having a home. Being his  
'woman'. When we're in bed, he's....

MARK  
I don't want to know what goes on in  
your room. It's none of my business.

LACY  
I want out. Will you help me?

She puts her arms around him.

Their lips slam together in passion.

Lacy rips his shirt off, buttons pinging all over the room.

Mark pulls off her blouse, fingers trace over her nipples.

MARK  
Where's Raoul?

LACY  
Business. Gone for an hour.

MARK  
An hour? When did he leave?

LACY  
We have time.

Mark's his fingers hook the crotch of her panties, gives a yank, RIPPING them off her body.

LACY  
Yes! Yes!

Their lips fuse as they start to make love...

Knocking at the door!

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hello? Anybody home?

Mark pulls away - is it Raoul?

MARK  
Give me a minute...

VOICE (O.S.)  
What you doing in there? Playing  
with yourself?

MARK  
Bobby?

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Gotta fresh twelve pack.

MARK  
Look, um, I'm taking a nap. Didn't  
sleep well last night.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Okay. See you tonight, then.

Mark waits a minute, listening...  
Then goes back to making love with Lacy.  
She laughs...  
Then moans.

AFTERWARDS:

They lay on the floor, entwined, light from the blinds forming zebra stripes across their naked bodies.

LACY

I couldn't stop thinking about you. All day. I hooked up with Raoul out of desperation, and now, I want to be with someone by choice.

MARK

It's not going to be easy.

She looks into Mark's eyes, her voice filled with confidence.

LACY

But it is. Tomorrow morning, Raoul has a meeting with his supplier, Mister Wright. He hands over his briefcase, there's six million dollars in it, in exchange for the cocaine hidden in the boats on your dock.

MARK

Why are you telling me this?

She caresses him.

LACY

Don't you see? If someone stole that briefcase tonight, Raoul would be in big trouble with Mr. Wright. He'd have to flee the country, leave me behind. Hide out somewhere. Maybe go back to Cuba.

MARK

Someone.

LACY

And 'Someone' would be six million dollars richer.

MARK

What about the boats?

LACY

Mr. Wright would 'repossess' them.

MARK

You make it sound easy.

LACY

Wright just takes back the cocaine.

MARK

What is Raoul gonna say about this? Or did you forget about him, and that gun of us?

LACY

He'll think one of the mules Wright gets to bring the boats robbed him. They look like tourist couples, but --

MARK

Why would they cross him?

LACY

They know what's in the boats is worth more than Wright is paying them. It's only a matter of time.

MARK

Think he'll go after them?

She touches him again, Mark feels the electricity.

LACY

Who else knows about the boats and the money?

MARK

You do. Now I do.

Mark can feel her against him.

LACY

It'll work. We can steal six million dollars, and no one will call the police, because it's dirty money.

She rolls on top of him, rubbing her crotch against his.

LACY

Think of what we could do together with six million dollars.

MARK

I'd be back in the game.

LACY

Huh?

MARK

Spent eight years playing a game where they draw a line, and you keep stepping over it. I stepped over one too many and got sacked.

LACY

What does that mean?

MARK

For the past ten years, I've been afraid to step over any lines.

Mark rolls to his feet, moves to the window.

MARK

Find a way to get out of your room tonight...

LACY

We're going to do it?

MARK

I don't care where you go, as long as it's an alibi that Raoul can check. Don't want him to go gunning for you.

Lacy moves up behind him, fingers moving to his groin. Zebra-people involved in the mating ritual.

LACY

I'll have dinner with Mr. Wright. Two alibis for the price of one.

MARK

These guys that deliver the boats, are they Cuban?

LACY

Wright hires them in Texas.

MARK

Okay. I'll wear a ski mask, do a Texas accent, throw 'em off.

Lacy kisses his neck. Their lips fuse together.

LACY

How are you getting into the room? If you use a pass key, he'll --

MARK

Don't worry. I won't go in through the front door.

LACY

How else can you --

MARK

Tomorrow, we'll meet at the pool.

They kiss, long and passionately.

LACY

We'll have six million dollars. And Raoul will be a memory.

They kiss again, lust consuming them like a fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- NIGHT

The neon sign goes from "Vacancy" to "No Vacancy".

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- NIGHT

Behind the counter, Mark watches the entrance through the window as if it were a television.

The clock ticks loudly behind him.

The Janowskis come back from a show, passing by the window. Mark nods at them.

They glare at him with anger.

Mark opens a drawer: Ski mask covering the 32 revolver.

Rand passes the office, headed out for the night.

MARK

Just take the ball and run with it.

Lacy walks past, looks at him and nods.

Mark returns the nod.

MARK

Showtime.

Stuffs the ski mask into his pocket.

When his hand reaches back over the drawer, the glittering gun seems to fly into it; moving with a will of its own.

Mark grabs the key to unit eighteen.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Mark walks quietly past the privacy wall, hanging close to the left side of the complex.

Trying to avoid Helen in twelve, the Janowskis in ten.

At unit four, he creeps quietly, so as not to wake Gloria and Jessie.

AT UNIT NINE

Mark can hear Bobby laughing at something on TV. The blinds are partially open.

Squatting down, Mark creeps past the window, hugging the wall with his back.

His gun scrapes the plaster.

The laughter stops.

BOBBY  
Somebody out there?

Mark stops moving.

Above him, the blinds open wider and Bobby looks out, beer can in hand. He looks at the steaming pool.

Mark hugs the wall.

Bobby sees nothing, lets the blinds fall back into place.

Mark waits for the laughter to resume before continuing.

The blinds of unit seventeen have the flickering glow of television, but no sound.

Mark creeps to unit eighteen, slides the key into the door.

INT. UNIT EIGHTEEN -- NIGHT

Mark quietly closes the door.

Flicks on his flashlight, crosses the spooky, empty room.

TNT. CLOSET OF UNIT EIGHTEEN -- NIGHT

Sliding open the closet door, Mark shines the beam around until he spots the old connecting door.

A shelf built over the door.  
It only takes a second to lift it out.

Mark pulls out the ski mask, pulls it over his face.

Pulls out the 32 revolver.  
Looks at the gun and gets cold feet.  
Closet compressing around him.  
He yanks off the ski mask, fighting for air.

MARK  
Shit...

He stands in the empty closet, panting.

MARK  
Just take the ball and run.

Pulls the ski mask back over his face.  
Readies the 32 revolver.  
Pops open the old connecting door between units.  
Exposing a closet on the other side.



INT. CLOSET OF UNIT SEVENTEEN -- NIGHT

Filled with clothes, most of them Raoul's.

The soft hum from the television, but nothing else.  
Maybe Raoul is asleep?

INT. UNIT SEVENTEEN -- NIGHT

Closet door slides open.  
The 32 revolver enters the room.  
Followed by Mark.

Blue-green flickering of the television.  
Raoul sits up in bed, dressed in an oriental robe.  
Eyes closed.  
Gun in one hand.

On the television: Robert Donat finds the dead woman in his flat in THE 39 STEPS.

Mark creeps to the bed.  
Will Raoul wake up and use the gun?

When Mark gets right up to the bed he sees the blood.

Three scorched holes in the red kimono.  
Sheets puddled with crimson.  
Someone has pumped a trio of bullets into Raoul's chest.

MARK

Shit.

Mark notices what's in Raoul's other hand.  
The briefcase.  
Pried open and empty.

Mark's 32 bounces on the floor.  
Lands under the bed.

His knees get weak and he runs into the bathroom.

IN THE BATHROOM

He barely gets the ski mask off before vomiting.

MARK

She set me up.

IN UNIT SEVENTEEN

Mark looks at Raoul's corpse and the empty briefcase.

MARK

Why didn't I wear gloves?

Mark grabs a towel, wiping down everything he's touched: The toilet seat, the bathroom door, the end of the dresser.

On the dresser: three bags of cocaine labeled 'Blue Lady'.

MARK

The boats.

He throws the towel into the bathroom.

Turns to Raoul's corpse.

MARK

She killed you in Miami.

Mark pries open Raoul's hand and removes the briefcase handle.

He untucks the sheets and rolls the corpse up inside.  
Throwing in the bags of cocaine and the gun. Throws in  
Raoul's suit as an afterthought.

MARK

Nobody goes to Miami naked.

Mark pulls the roll off the bed, drops it to the floor.

The mattress is stained with blood.  
He grabs it in both hands and flips it over.  
The flip side is unstained.

Mark cleans up the rest of the room, closing the briefcase  
and putting it in the closet.

MARK

Let's get you out of here.

Mark hoists the rolled Raoul up over his shoulder.  
Quietly opens the door.  
Looks out over the quiet motel.  
Clear.  
He carries the Raoul burrito out, locks the door behind him.  
Forgetting his 32 revolver glittering under the bed.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Mark carries the Raoul burrito around the pool to the dock.  
The extra weight is hard on Mark's knee; he's limping again.  
Terror builds.  
Any minute, someone might open a door or look out a window.  
He hears something drop out of the roll onto the cement.  
Stops and turns around.  
Raoul's feet collide with one of the umbrella tables.

The sound echoes in the night.  
Mark freezes.  
Waiting for someone to wake up.  
Waiting to be discovered.

Nothing happens.

Mark continues turning, avoids the umbrella table this time.

On the cement is a matchbook from the Sheraton Hotel.  
Covered with blood.

Mark sets the corpse down.  
Picks up the matchbook.  
Rinses the blood off in the pool.  
Shoves it in a pocket.

A door slams somewhere in the motel.  
Mark freezes.

All of the doors are still closed.

Mark hoists the rolled corpse, continues to the dock.

EXT. LAS PALMAS DOCK -- NIGHT

Red neon buzzes as Mark lugs the rolled up corpse down the dock to the boat he searched earlier.

He tosses the corpse onto the deck of the boat.  
Thud.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark jumps onto the boat, pulls the flash from his pocket, clicks it on as he climbs into the cabin.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Moves behind the wheel, searching for the keys. Not in the ignition. Not on the dash. In the drawer under the dash?

MARK

A key - here.

Pops the key in the ignition and goes back to the deck.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark drags the Raoul burrito into the cabin, then untethers the boat and uses a hook to push away.

As the boat drifts into the sea, Mark goes to the cabin.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark starts up the engine, pulls the boat away from the dock without running lights. Heading along the Keys to Miami.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

The boat cruises far enough off shore not to call attention, yet close enough to be bathed in the lights of every town.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark keeps the running lights off, using ambient light and dead reckoning to guide him. Between Keys - along Highway 1 - the world is black - only the scattered stars providing light.

Suddenly - a boat appears in the darkness ahead.

MARK

Damn.

Mark tries to steer around it... but they flash their lights at him. He pops on his running lights.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark's boat and the other boat pass each other.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

The dead Raoul burrito on the deck near Mark's feet.

The last thing he needs right now are new friends.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark steps out of the cabin and waves at the PARTIERS on the other boat. He can hear their laughter roll across the water.

PARTIER

What you doing in the dark there?  
Playing with yourself?

MARK

Thanks! Eventually would have run  
into something and turned 'em on.

The PARTIERS cheer as their boat moves away from him.

Mark gives them a final wave, goes back inside.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark keeps the running lights on until the other boat is gone, then shuts them off again. As he approaches the 7 Mile Bridge, another boat comes out of the darkness...

A Coast Guard Cutter.

Mark pops on his lights moments before the Coast Guard's spotlight blasts his boat.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

The Coast Guard cutter - spotlight blazing, slowly motors toward Mark's stolen boat filled with drugs and a dead guy.

A COAST GUARD LIEUTENANT steps on deck with a loud hailer.

COAST GUARD LT.

Ahoy. Operator. Please turn off your engine and step outside.

A couple of COAST GUARD guys have guns ready.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark doesn't want to be boarded. He looks down at the Raoul burrito, unrolls it a little and pulls out Raoul's garish suit jacket, tries to put it on. It tears up the back.

Wearing the garish jacket, Mark steps out of the cabin.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark steps into the bright light. He tries on Raoul's accent.

MARK

How you doing?

COAST GUARD LT.

Name and name of your vessel?

MARK

Raoul Azul. Lucky Lady, from Galveston.

COAST GUARD LT.

What are you going this time of night?

MARK

Miami. My sister lives there. Was fishing for marlin today.

COAST GUARD LT.

Kind of late.

MARK

This is when they're biting.

COAST GUARD LT.

Prepare for boarding.

MARK

No reason for that --

COAST GUARD LT.

Section 89, Title 14 gives us the  
right to board and search any vessel  
in US waters if we...

Mark ducks back into the cabin.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Hits the ignition, pushes the throttle lever as far as it  
will go. The boat roars to life, shoots out of the spotlight.

Mark gives the boat full throttle, hoping to lose the Coast  
Guard Cutter near Marathon Key. But when he looks back...

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The Coast Guard Cutter roars to life, chasing him.

Mark's boat speeds to the 7 Mile Bridge.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark clicks off the boat's running lights, blending with the  
night. The spill from the bridge the only illumination.

MARK

Dark under the bridge.

He races to the bridge.

Looks behind him at the Coast Guard Cutter... gaining.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The darkness of the bridge a few feet ahead of Mark's boat.

The Coast Guard Cutter closing in - fifty yards behind him.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

When Mark hits the darkness under the bridge, he spins the  
wheel, hugging the shadows. He is invisible...

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The boat is just another shadow under the bridge.

The Coast Guard Cutter slows as it approaches the bridge.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark zooms under the bridge to the next pillar.  
Invisible.

Until the Coast Guard Cutter's spotlight blazes on him.

MARK

Damn.

Hits the throttle and roars around the pillar.  
Back into the shadows.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The Coast Guard Cutter zooms around the pillar behind him.  
Spotlights finding him again.

Mark's boat skids right, throwing a wake at the Coast Guard  
Cutter. The wake crashes against the bow.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark spins hard left... the tight coat constricting him.  
He sheds it.

MARK

Can't outrun you, but I can sure as  
hell out maneuver you.

Mark spins around another pillar, entering the darkness again.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Mark zooms right, then left, slaloming through the pillars  
under the bridge at high speed. Throwing wakes behind him.

The Coast Guard Cutter crashes into the wakes - turning radius  
is wider than Mark's boat... but it's faster.

Every time Mark's boat gains a few hundred feet, the Coast  
Guard Cutter closes the gap. There is no escape.

The Cutter's spotlight finds Mark's boat in the darkness...  
Then loses it as the boat zooms around a pillar...  
Then finds it again.

Both slalom through the pillars under the Seven Mile Bridge.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark makes a tight turn, zooming back under the bridge after  
rounding a pillar. He can't seem to lose the Cutter.

When the boat shoots out from under the bridge he should be  
in darkness... but a spotlight blazes over the boat.

MARK

What the...?

Looks behind him - no Coast Guard Cutter yet - it's still  
coming around the pillar. Where's the spotlight coming from?

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Shut down immediately. Or we will  
 open fire on your craft.

Mark looks UP at the voice.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Not the voice of God... it's a Coast Guard Helicopter!

The helicopter swoops down at Mark's boat.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark doesn't stop.  
 He doesn't slow down.

He twists the rudders and zooms back under the bridge.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The Coast Guard Helicopter tries to follow, but can't.  
 The causeway is in the way.  
 It pulls away from the bridge...

Almost slamming into the Coast Guard Cutter as it zooms from  
 under the bridge.

The Helicopter misses the Cutter by less than a foot!

Helicopter and Cutter react - steering away from each other.

Dropping out of the chase with Mark's boat.  
 For a moment.  
 Then the Helicopter zooms OVER the bridge, giving chase.  
 The Coast Guard Cutter zooms UNDER the bridge, giving chase.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark is in the dark, speeding along the bridge.

He keeps looking over his shoulder.  
 Waiting for it.

Wham! Light from behind and above. Blinding him.

MARK  
 Can't hide, can't run. What's left?

Hard turn around the pillar and under the bridge.

BLAM! Chased by machinegun fire from the Cutter!

Bullets splatter over the boat.

Mark hits the dirt... landing next to dead Raoul.  
 The corpse stares at him.



The gunfire stops when he's out of the spotlight.

Mark pops back onto his feet in time to see that he's going to crash into a pillar! He yanks the wheel - heading back into the spotlight... and the machinegun fire erupts again.

MARK

Shit.

Bullets spatter over the boat again.  
Splinters fly near his head as a bullet almost hits him.

Mark hard turns back under the bridge - into the safety of darkness. The gunfire stops... for the moment.

He zooms under the bridge toward a pillar. Safety and danger.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The Cutter follows Mark's boat and the Helicopter zooms over the bridge to block his exit. Mark is trapped under the bridge. No way out.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark sees pools of light on either side of the bridge.  
The pillar ahead of him - getting closer.

He reaches into the cubby hole under the wheel.  
Finds what he's looking for.  
Pulls out the flare gun.  
Aims at the Cutter rounding the pillar behind him.

MARK

Sorry, guys.

Fires at them.  
Then hard turns away from the pillar seconds before crashing.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The flare shoots onto the deck of the Cutter, scrambling Coast Guard Officers. Instead of firing their machineguns, they're busy dealing with the fire on their deck.

But the Helicopter picks up the slack.  
Zooming over the bridge to intercept Mark's boat.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark gives the boat full throttle. Racing to do a wide turn around the pillar and go back under the bridge before the helicopter catches him. He can see the spotlight cresting the bridge, ready to engulf him.

MARK

No choice.

He grabs the boat hook, then drops the the deck next to dead Raoul for a moment.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The blinding circle from the helicopter's spotlight closes in on Mark's boat. When it picks up the boat, the Helicopter opens fire. Wood splinters, metal sparks...

The Mark's boat hard turns, zooming back under the bridge. Back into the darkness.

The Helicopter zooms over the bridge.

Mark's boat BLASTS out from under the bridge. Instead of turning back to safety under the bridge, it keeps going. Heading out to sea!

The Helicopter gives chase.

The Coast Guard Cutter, already on this side of the bridge, also gives chase.

Mark's boat is shooting over the waves at full throttle.

Two spotlights struggle to find the speeding boat in the darkness - the Helicopter and the Cutter. When both spotlights capture the boat - silhouetting the man behind the wheel in the cabin - they both open fire.

A steady stream of machinegun fire from both the Helicopter and Coast Guard Cutter riddles the boat. The fuel tank is hit, gasoline spraying behind the boat.

It doesn't explode. That's stupid movie bullshit. Instead the boat's speed decreases and then the engine sputters...

It begins to drift in the sea - propelled only by momentum.

The Coast Guard Cutter reaches the boat, wedges it to a stop.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

The COAST GUARD LIEUTENANT gestures for TWO ARMED COAST GUARD GUYS to board the boat. They jump onto the deck.

Marks' boat has been splintered to pieces by gunfire.

The Two Coast Guard Guys enter the cabin.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Using flashlights they carefully search the cabin. Someone might still be hiding here with a gun.

Instead, they find a corpse behind the wheel of the boat. Riddles with bullet holes.

COAST GUARD GUY

This dude's been Swiss cheesed.

The corpse is wearing Raoul's ripped jacket.  
Or what's left of it.

The other Coast Guard Guy spots something under the splintered deck... a bag of white powder. He digs it out, holds it up for his partner to see.

COAST GUARD GUY

Man, you're getting your finger prints  
all over that. It's evidence, stupid.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

The Two Coast Guard Guys exit the cabin.

They report to the Coast Guard Lieutenant.

COAST GUARD GUY

Secure. Not much left of the guy,  
but there's a sizable stash of cocaine  
in a hidey-hole under the deck.

COAST GUARD LT.

He's dead?

COAST GUARD GUY

Affirmative, sir.

The Coast Guard Lieutenant signals the helicopter that it's  
a wrap.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Mark drops the boat hook in the water and flips from under  
the bridge to a ledge on the side of the bridge.

He climbs over the side railing and watches the Helicopter  
zoom away in the distance. The Cutter keeps its spotlight  
on the boat - creating a pool of light in the dark off shore.

Mark turns away from the show, walks down Highway 1.

When headlights wash over him, he sticks out his thumb.

The car zooms by without slowing down.

MARK

Gonna make me walk seven miles?

More headlights wash over him.

Thumb goes out.

This car slows to a stop a few feet ahead of him.

Mark jogs up to the car.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Mark climbs in, sees that the DRIVER is in uniform.  
Looks like a cop's uniform.

DRIVER  
What the hell you doing out here?

MARK  
Car broke down.

DRIVER  
Didn't see it back there.

MARK  
My luck, somebody stole it.

Driver chuckles, shifts to drive, heads to Big Pine Key.

DRIVER  
Where you headed?

MARK  
Key West, but you can drop me at Big  
Pine. I can catch a cab from there.

DRIVER  
What about your car?

MARK  
I'll call Triple A when I get home.

DRIVER  
No cell?

MARK  
Forget to charge it.

Mark looks at the Driver's uniform.  
Badge.  
Insignias.  
And the guy has a gun in a holster on his waist.

The Driver sees the light from the Coast Guard Cutter.

DRIVER  
What's that all about?

MARK  
Pretty good show. Was watching it  
before you came along. Coast Guard  
chasing some boat. Gunfire and  
everything. Finally caught the guy.

DRIVER  
Fucking drug runners.

MARK

Keys are full of them.

DRIVER

Tell me about it. Half the scumbags  
I deal with on a daily basis are on  
something or selling something.

MARK

All in a day's work, huh?  
(nods to gun)  
Even have to use that?

DRIVER

Not yet. Kind of itching, to, though.  
(unsnaps holster)  
I mean, it's there, the scumbag's  
being an asshole and it would be so  
easy to... but it's against policy.

The Driver pulls the gun out, lays it on his lap.

MARK

Loaded?

DRIVER

Not much use if it's not.

Mark notices some blood on his shoes from Raoul.  
Hopes the Driver won't notice.

EXT. SEVEN MILE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The car reaches the end of the bridge, and Big Pine Key.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Mark sees the lights of a town ahead.

MARK

You can just drop me at that gas  
station ahead?

DRIVER

Make you call a cab at this hour?  
You'll be waiting 'til morning.

MARK

Not a problem.

DRIVER

I'm headed to Key West, take you all  
the way.

MARK

Thanks. You at the Flager Station?

The Driver looks at him.  
Really looks at him.

Mark crosses his feet to hide the blood spatters.

DRIVER  
Flager Street Station? Oh, the  
uniform. You live by there?

MARK  
I can get home from there.

DRIVER  
That's not where I'm headed.

MARK  
Don't expect you to take me to my  
door. Just glad you stopped.

DRIVER  
Golf course okay with you?

MARK  
Golf course? Kind of late to be  
playing golf.

DRIVER  
I'm there to keep people from playing.  
They'll fuck up the greens if you  
don't keep an eye on them.

MARK  
That's what the gun's for?

DRIVER  
No way I'll ever use it working the  
golf course. They still want us  
armed. More of a threat that way.

Mark takes a careful look at the Driver's uniform: ATAS  
SECURITY is what it says on the badge.

DRIVER  
Next rotation I'm on a construction  
site. Get a chance to draw down on  
some copper thieves. Maybe get a  
chance to fire this old hog.

MARK  
Put a hole in one.

The Driver pulls onto College Road and stops.

MARK  
Hey, thanks for the ride.

DRIVER

Not a problem.

Mark gets out and the Driver continues to the Golf Course.

EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Mark gets back to the highway from College Road, walks home.

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- NIGHT

Mark passes the office on the way to the dock.  
Checks his watch. Time - 3:17.

Everything is quiet. He takes a look at Unit Seventeen.  
Dark, empty.

The scene of the crime. Did he leave any evidence behind?

EXT. LAS PALMAS DOCK -- NIGHT

Mark walks down the dock and hops onboard a boat.

Unties it from the dock, pushes off, starts the motor and  
zooms down the coast.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark pilots the boat to the broken down abandoned dock a  
mile from his motel. Cuts the motor.

EXT. BROKEN DOWN DOCK -- NIGHT

Doesn't tie up the boat. Mark walks down the dock to the  
street, careful where he steps. The wood is rotting.

EXT. LAS PALMAS DOCK -- NIGHT

Mark hops onboard another boat. Unties it, pushes off.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Mark gets behind the wheel, prepares to start the motor.  
Notices the registration.  
Pulls it out.  
Registered to Alberto Janowski.

MARK

One of mine.

Replaces the registration and leaves the cabin.

EXT. LAS PALMAS DOCK -- NIGHT

Reties the Janowski's boat, moves to the next boat.

MARK

Don't see them on a boat. Too  
"lippy".

Mark unties the next boat, goes into the cabin and starts the motor. The boat putters to the broken down dock.

EXT. BROKEN DOWN DOCK -- DAWN

Mark jumps off the deck of a boat...

The dock is FULL of boats, now. All of the boats from the Las Palmas Dock (except the Janowski's) are now floating around the broken down dock. Some have drifted a few yards out to sea.

Mark walks down the broken dock, surrounded by the orange glow of the rising sun. He's dead tired - almost steps on a rotted portion of the dock.

MARK

All I need - break my leg here.

At the end of the dock, he drags himself home.

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- DAY

Mark pops the BACK AT sign off the front window, moves the clock hands to 1pm, replaces it. Keeps the NO VACANCY sign lighted. Clicks off the light and heads to his apartment.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Mark sets his alarm clock for 1pm and hits the sheets.  
Time - 7:24am.

In no time, he's asleep.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Loud ringing.

Mark's eyes open enough to find the alarm clock, push in the alarm pin. Then his eyes drift closed...

But the ringing doesn't stop.  
It becomes more insistent.

MARK

What the....?

Sits up, grabs the alarm clock, prepares to throw it across the room when he spots the time: 10:15.

More ringing. The office bell.

Mark rolls to his feet, grabs his cane.



INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- DAY

Mark (dressed) hobbles over to the locked front door.

Outside: Bobby hits the buzzer again.

Mark doesn't unlock the door. He takes the Back By sign off the door and double checks the time. Rehangs it.

Then he unlocks the door.

Not noticing that the hook for room #18's key is empty.

Bobby strolls into the office, an envelope in one hand and a beer in the other.

MARK

Peeping Bobby.

BOBBY

Brought by my rent.

MARK

You couldn't read the sign?

Mark points to the Back By sign.

BOBBY

Figured it was a misprint.

MARK

How can you misprint hands on a clock?

BOBBY

Look, do you want the money or not?

Mark holds out his hand for the envelope.

BOBBY

Hey, were you in last night?

MARK

Out getting drunk. Can't you tell?

Mark wonders if Bobby will buy the explanation... and alibi.

BOBBY

You do look a little under the weather. Want a sip of my beer?

MARK

Shit no. It's before noon.

Bobby finishes the beer and tosses the can over his shoulder, Into the waste basket by the door.

BOBBY

I drink on European Time. Past noon over there. Those guys drink all day long anyway. Hammered by lunch.

MARK

They really know how to live.

BOBBY

Doing something naughty last night?

Like disposing of a dead body and a bunch of drugs?

MARK

What do you mean: naughty?

BOBBY

Drinkin' alone.

MARK

Sorry I didn't invite you.

BOBBY

That's understandable, you know, if you were with those religious gals in four or that nurse in twelve.

MARK

Helen.

BOBBY

(sly smile)

Right, Helen. You gettin' any of that, yet? She's got that shy thing going, but you know what they say about the quiet ones? --

MARK

Bobby. You're giving me a headache.

BOBBY

Best thing for that's a cold brewski. Hell, I could use one myself.

Bobby notices the missing key.

BOBBY

Someone check into eighteen?

Mark looks at the place where the key should be.

MARK

Uh... no. I did some repairs, forget to put the key back.

He pulls the key from his pocket, replaces it.

BOBBY

Repairs?

MARK

Some nooners clogged the toilet -  
you want the details?

BOBBY

Shitty job but somebody's got to do  
it. Glad it's not me.

Bobby lifts his hand to take a sip - no beer can!

BOBBY

Come on.

Mark grabs his cane, limps out of the office after him.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Bobby turns to make sure Mark's following, noticing the cane.

MARK

Knee's bothering me today.

BOBBY

All that drinking. Anyway, I was up  
watching "I Spy", one of my all time  
favorite shows. You know, it's got  
comedy, action, girls. I mean, where  
would movies like "Lethal Weapon"  
and "Rush Hour" be without "I Spy"?

Mark notices the maid cart in front of unit sixteen.  
One door away from 17... the crime scene.

MARK

Does this story have a point, or are  
you gonna keep talking about reruns?

BOBBY

Man, you ARE hung over. Chill out.  
So I'm watching TV, and I could have  
swore I heard gun shots.

MARK

Gunshots?

BOBBY

Yeah. Three of them.

They get to Bobby's room, and he unlocks the door.

BOBBY

Not on TV. Here at The Palms.

Bobby looks right into Mark's eyes, then enters his room.  
Does he know?

MARK

Shooting at The Palms? Never happen.

Mark sticks his head through the door, not wanting to break his rule about going into other people's rooms.

MARK

Maybe it was just Mr. Janowski  
watching "Law & Order" with the volume  
up?

BOBBY

Could be. Janowski's a deaf old  
guy. But I swear, it sounded real.  
I know what gunshots sound like, I  
took four of them.

Bobby comes out with a pair of beers, offers one to Mark.

MARK

No thanks.

BOBBY

More for me.

Mark notices MARIA, the maid, leaving unit sixteen. She pushes the maid cart toward unit seventeen.

BOBBY

It was like, three distinctive shots.

MARK

Three?

Maria enters seventeen with some towels. Did he get rid of all the blood? Will she wonder where the bedding went?

BOBBY

Yeah, and not those fake movie sound  
effects. You know: Ka-choooow!  
Bang Bang! Blammmmmmm. None of those  
sounds real. Too loud.

MARK

Can you turn it down just a notch?

BOBBY

Beer will take care of that.

MARK

So would sleep.

Maria returns to the cart a moment later to get clean sheets.

Bobby notices Mark staring at Maria.

BOBBY  
I tell you I been teaching Maria  
English?

MARK  
What?

BOBBY  
Hey, Maria.

Maria turns around, smiling at Bobby.

MARIA  
Your pants look rad today, Senior  
Bobby.

Bobby snaps a picture of her with his 35mm camera.

BOBBY  
Thanks. How's it going with you?

MARIA  
That man in number five is a bogus  
snot from hell.

BOBBY  
Yeah, but he's a vampire. He can't  
help it. Have a nice day, Maria.

She waves and goes into unit seventeen.

Mark's eyes stay on the doorway to number seventeen.

BOBBY  
I haven't seen Disco Dan today.

MARK  
Who?

BOBBY  
Raoul Azul, you know? Haven't seen  
his chiquita blanca either.

Mark looks from the door to unit seventeen (where Maria will be discovering the bloody bed any minute now) to Bobby (who seems to be hinting at something).

MARK  
Not my job to keep tabs on them.  
You're the one with the binoculars.

BOBBY  
And you're the one does plumbing.

In Unit eighteen, next door to the room with all the blood.

MARK

You worried about them? Think I should call the cops or something?

BOBBY

Why? They're probably just hung over, too.

Maria hasn't come out of seventeen, yet.

BOBBY

What's she hanging around with that Cubano for, anyway?

MARK

Women always go for dangerous guys.

BOBBY

You saying I'm not dangerous enough?

MARK

Bobby, you're half 'faced and it's not even noon.

BOBBY

See - I'm a bad boy. Irresponsible.

Maria leaves unit seventeen, closing the door behind her. Mark relaxes.

MARK

Get some chains and shit, maybe she'll dump Azul. You need the bling if you wanna be king.

BOBBY

I'd sure like to pork that woman.

MARK

Me, too... but it ain't gonna happen.

Maria pushes her cart to unit eighteen. Mark limps back to the office, leaving Bobby drinking beer.

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- DAY

Mark puts the keys back after the noon rush, when Lacy glides up to the counter, touches his arm.

LACY

How'd it go with Raoul?

MARK

How do you think it went?

Mark pulls away slowly. Her fingers fall onto the counter one by one.

LACY  
Something's wrong.

Mark doesn't reply.

Lacy gives him a final look, walks out of the office.

Mark limps to the window, watches her enter unit seventeen.

Mark explodes, swiping the pile of keys onto the floor.

LATER:

Mark is picking up the scattered keys when the door bell rings. He rises up, looking over the counter at Lacy.

LACY  
Where'd Raoul go?

MARK  
You don't know?

LACY  
I was with Mr. Wright all night.

MARK  
All night?

She glares at him.

LACY  
Raoul never showed up for the payoff this morning. Mr. Wright isn't happy at all. Raoul knows better...

MARK  
Maybe he skipped with the money?

LACY  
You mean, you didn't get it?

MARK  
You know I didn't.

LACY  
I don't understand.

Only reason she'd play innocent is to pin the guilt on him.

MARK  
Practicing for the cops? Great rehearsal. You sound so damned innocent. Well you're guilty as hell, girl. Never pull anything like that on me again. I cleaned it all up. I didn't want to, but I didn't want to be involved.

LACY

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

MARK

The performance is over Lacy.

Lacy looks confused.

LACY

What happened last night?

Mark moves his face right up to hers.

MARK

I'll tell you what happened:  
Raoul was gone when I got there.

LACY

Gone?

MARK

I think he just got up, walked away.

Lacy is really confused, now.

LACY

Something's going on, here.

MARK

Right. I'm not going to play your game, anymore. Do you understand?

LACY

No. No, I don't.

She walks out of the office, even more confused.

Mark turns away from the front doors and picks up the last room key (#13) and puts it on the board.

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- NIGHT

Darkness falls over the motel.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mark watches an old football game, drinking a beer.  
A pile of smashed beer cans sit next to his chair.

The office door bell rings.

Mark grabs his cane to hobble into the office.



INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- NIGHT

Three men are waiting. William James Wright, the suave smuggler, and his two henchmen: Nick Drago and Russ Lambert.

MARK

Can I help you?

WRIGHT

I hope so. I wonder if you know where one of your guests, a Mr Raoul Azul, might be found?

MARK

I think he checked out.

Wright looks at the board, a pair of keys for every room.

Single keys for five, twelve, and nine. Empty hook for room ten and seventeen and four.

WRIGHT

Well, it looks as if he forgot to return his key.

MARK

You're right.

WRIGHT

Yes, I am. William James Wright. And you are?

MARK

Mark Bailey. I own this place.

Wright gives him a cold smile.

WRIGHT

Well, then I'm sure you don't want any trouble on your property.

MARK

I hate having to call the police.

Mark's hand touches the phone.

WRIGHT

I'd like to use your pass key to search Mr. Azul's room for some... papers of mine, he may have left.

MARK

No.

Mark takes the handset off the cradle.

WRIGHT

Before you call the police, you might want to know that Raoul Azul's body was found behind the wheel of a stolen boat this morning by the Coast Guard.

MARK

He have my key in his pocket?

WRIGHT

At this point in time the Coast Guard believes they are responsible for Mr. Azul's demise. But, eventually they'll perform an autopsy and who knows what they will find?

MARK

All nice, but I'm a busy man.

WRIGHT

Maybe Raoul was killed somewhere else? Maybe someone put his body behind the wheel of that boat?

Mark tries to walk away, Lambert steps in front of him. Hand on his shoulder - stopping him.

WRIGHT

The authorities don't know he was staying here. When they find out, they'll probably tear this place apart looking for evidence of some sort. That can be messy.

MARK

What do you want?

WRIGHT

I don't think our friend Raoul was killed on that boat. I think he was killed here. And I'm always right.

Wright snaps his fingers.

Nick and Russ grab hold of Mark and YANK him over the counter.

Russ SLAMS Mark in the stomach. The punch smashes Mark into the counter. He doubles up.

WRIGHT

The pass key.

Russ gives Mark a one-two punch in the stomach.

Mark swinging an elbow, hits Russ in the nose which erupts into a spray of blood.

Nick SLAMS a fist into Mark's face.  
Then takes him by the arm and THROWS him towards the door.

Mark grabs for his cane, but it's out of reach.

Nick giggles, pulls a nasty switch blade, snaps it open.

NICK

You wanna play rough, kitty cat?

Wright watches Nick rush at Mark with the knife.

Mark's right foot kicks up, connects with Nick's groin.  
Kicking him into the air.

Nick's face goes white.  
He falls to the floor, knife skittering away.

MARK

I think that's --

Russ SLAMS Mark in the face.

Mark hits the floor.  
Russ pounces on him, pinning him onto the ground.  
Defenseless.

Russ's fist races to Mark's right eye.  
Mark jerks his knees up, slamming Russ in the groin.  
Russ rolls off.

Mark moves to his feet, smiles, thinking he's in the clear.  
Nick jams his switchblade against his neck.

NICK

You think you're hot shit, he? You  
bleed just like everyone else.

Nick cuts Mark's neck.  
Blood dribbles onto Mark's clothes.

WRIGHT

Take it easy, Nick. He's just  
protecting his property... And pride.

Russ staggers to his feet.

WRIGHT

The pass keys.

Russ grabs Mark's pants pocket and rips it open.  
Takes out the keys.

Mark squirms under the switchblade, blood runs down his neck.

Russ tosses the keys to Wright, who catches them.

WRIGHT

Let him go. He's a busy man.

Nick turns his blade sideways, pressing into the cut. Giggles at Mark's response, then pulls the knife away.

WRIGHT

Sorry for the mess.

Wright, Russ, and Nick leave. Head to unit seventeen.

Mark crumples to the floor, a broken man.

MARK

Damn them. Damn them.

He crawls to his cane, using it to climb back onto his feet. Needing the crutch more than ever, now.

INT. UNIT SEVENTEEN -- NIGHT

Lacy, dressed in sexy lingerie, hears a key in the door.

LACY

Raoul?

Wright walks into the room followed by Drago and Russ Lambert.

LACY

What are you doing here?

WRIGHT

I came for my money.

Lacy moves to the opposite side of the bed.

LACY

Raoul took it and split.

WRIGHT

Quite a trick, since he's dead.

LACY

How can he be dead...?

WRIGHT

Shot dozens of times by the Coast Guard. Trying to escape by boat.

LACY

Escape from what?

WRIGHT

With what. My six million.

(MORE)

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Of course, he may have been killed somewhere else. Perhaps this very room.

Lacy looks through the window to the office...  
Where Mark leans against his cane...  
Watching her.

LACY

I was with you last night.

WRIGHT

I remember it well.

Wright turns to Russ and Nick.

WRIGHT

Toss it.

Russ searches the pair of cushioned chairs and the small round table near the door.

RUSS

(to Nick)

Hand?

Nick tears open each cushion with his switch blade.  
They savagely rip the chairs to pieces - find nothing.

LACY

What are you doing?

Russ moves to the closet, Nick opens the desk drawers.

Russ yanks all of the clothes out of the closet, tearing open pockets, checking shoulder padding, tearing through all of Lacy's clothes.

LACY

You know how much that cost?

Sniffs a pair on her panties.

RUSS

Panties ain't the best thing in the world, but they're next to it.

Lacy squirms, Wright smiles.

Nick yanks out each drawer, spills the contents onto the floor, kicks through it. Checks the bottom of each drawer.

NICK

Nothing, boss.

Nick dumps the flowers from a vase on the floor, smashes it on the floor.

IN THE BATHROOM

Russ scatters Lacy's make up, finding nothing. Lifts the lid on the flush tank. Nothing.

WRIGHT

The bed.

Russ pushes Lacy aside and takes one side of the mattress. Nick takes the other side, they pull the mattress off...

The box springs are covered with blood. Russ flips the mattress, exposing a MASSIVE blood stain.

WRIGHT

Blood. Quite a lot of blood.

LACY

I was with you, I don't know anything about this, you have to believe me.

Wright moves up to Lacy, touching her face.

WRIGHT

Of course - you were with me.

Wright grabs her face and squeezes her cheeks together, jerking her towards him.

WRIGHT

I don't know how you and your boyfriend planned to get away with this. But it's over, now.

RUSS

Something you should see.

Wright pushes her away.

Russ is on his hands and knees in front of the bed.

In his hand: Mark's revolver.

Russ hands the revolver to Wright, who looks at Lacy.

Lacy shrinks against the wall, trying to stay as far away from Wright as possible.

WRIGHT

Any sign of the money?

RUSS

Nothing.

WRIGHT

Maybe you DIDN'T have anything to do  
with this, Lacy.

LACY

I didn't Mr. Wright. I swear...

Wright advances towards her.  
Lacy presses against the wall.  
Wright grabs her face in his hand.

Tears fall down her cheeks, touching Wright's hand.

Wright moves his face right up to Lacy's.  
And kisses her gently on the lips.  
Letting go of her face, he takes a step back and smiles.

WRIGHT

Until we meet again.

He leaves the room, followed by Nick and Russ.

Lacy waits a beat before locking and bolting the door.

At the window, she watches Wright walk up to Mark.

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- NIGHT

Mark tries to stand tall, even though he's scared to death.

Wright pulls the revolver from his pocket, aims it at Mark.

WRIGHT

You left your weapon behind.

Hands the 32 revolver to Mark.

INT. UNIT EIGHTEEN -- NIGHT

Lacy watches Mark accept the gun from Wright and pocket it.

LACY

Weren't supposed to kill him.

She lets the blinds fall closed.

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- NIGHT

Wright hands Mark back the pass key.

WRIGHT

Her room was squeaky clean. She  
doesn't know where the money is.  
That leaves you.

Wright snaps his fingers.  
Russ kicks Marks legs out from under him.

He hits the cement HARD.

WRIGHT

I want mt money.

Nick moves in to kick him a few times - giggling.  
Russ put his foot on Mark's knee - ready to stomp it.

MARK

I don't have it...

Mark finds the 32 revolver in his pocket.  
Yanks it out, fabric ripping.  
Points it at Wright's face.  
Pulls the trigger again and again.

Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.

Wright laughs, pours the shells from bone hand to the other.

WRIGHT

You think I'd give you a loaded gun?

Nods to Russ, who yanks Mark off the cement.

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- NIGHT

Wham! Mark's face slams into the safe.

Russ pulls him back and slams him into the safe again.

WRIGHT

This would have been easier if I had  
been able to reposes my merchandise.

Wham! Mark's nose breaks as its slammed into the safe again.

WRIGHT

But someone reported several boats  
drifting around an abandoned pier -  
not that far from here it seems -  
and the Coast Guard impounded them.

Wham! Mark's face hits the safe again.

WRIGHT

So, really, I have no choice but to  
recover the money, do I?

This time Russ just pushes Mark to the safe.

Mark stumbles for a moment, wipes the blood from his face -  
but it just keeps flowing. Gives the combination dial a  
spin and opens the safe - exposing the contents to Wright.

MARK

I don't have your money. Never did.



WRIGHT

You killed Raoul for the cooze?  
She's hardly worth it. Debutante  
turned coke whore turned --

MARK

He was dead when I got there.

WRIGHT

Suicide?

MARK

She killed him. Set me up.

WRIGHT

I seem to remember her being in my  
room last night.

MARK

Someone killed him for her.

WRIGHT

You.

MARK

My gun hasn't been fired. Check it.

Russ sniffs the gun barrel.

RUSS

Fresh as a morning breeze.

WRIGHT

Where would she find such a man?

MARK

She have any trouble getting you to  
be her alibi? Any trouble getting  
me to be her fall guy?

Wright turns, looking at Lacy look at him.

MARK

People rent rooms here by the day,  
by the hour. Someone could have  
checked in, killed Raoul --

WRIGHT

Took my money.

MARK

-- went back to their room and checked  
out the next morning. Half of them  
pay by cash and shove the key through  
the slot when they leave.

WRIGHT

Leave her here to deal with the mess?

MARK

You'd hunt her down and kill her if she ran. She knows that.

Wright looks out the office window at Lacy in unit seventeen.

MARK

She screwed you, she screwed me.

WRIGHT

You think he took it with him.

MARK

You think she'd let him?

Wright snaps his fingers.

Russ SLAMS Mark in the face with his 32 revolver.

Mark hits the floor like a sack of potatoes.

Pulls his gun, aims it at Mark's face, finger squeezing...

MARK

Give me a day. I'll find your money.

WRIGHT

If you don't?

MARK

Tear this place apart and find it.

WRIGHT

AFTER I kill you and the cooze.

Nods to Russ, who holsters his gun and drops Mark's revolver on his face. Ouch.

WRIGHT

You have twenty-four hours.

Wright begins to turn away, then stops, looking at Mark.

WRIGHT

Don't get any ideas about leaving with the money before I return. Mister Drago will be parked out front, and I have a boat parked in back.

Nick opens the office door for Wright,

WRIGHT

Now, I bid you good night.

Wright and his men leave the office.

Mark watches them walk away, grabs his cane and struggles to his feet. He's covered in blood, everything hurts.

MARK

Where would she hide six million.

Mark picks up the pass keys.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mark takes off his bloody clothes, walks into the bathroom.

The shower goes on.

MARK (O.S.)

Shit. Damn.

Everything hurts.

Shower goes off, enters wearing a towel, holding another towel to his nose. The towel is already bloody.

At the mirror, Mark snaps his nose back in place, puts some ointment up his nostrils to staunch the bleeding. Wipes some blood off his face.

Grabs some clothes from the closet, carefully puts them on. When he sits down on the bed to put on his socks, he lays back for a moment... eyes drifting closed.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

The alarm clock goes off. Mark sits up, turns it off.

MARK

Seven? Shit.

Carefully moves to his feet, still in pain.

MARK

Day's half gone.

Grabs the pass keys off the dresser.

EXT. UNIT TWO -- DAY

Mark looks around the motel.  
No one watching.

He slides the pass key into the door to unit two.  
Takes a deep breath, then steps into the room.

INT. UNIT TWO -- DAY

Mark closes the door, moves to the chairs and begins searching. Unzips each cushion and looks inside.

MARK

Nothing.

Looks behind and underneath furniture, takes apart cushions, pulls paintings off the wall, tries to find the missing money.

Finds nothing.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Mark locks two behind him.  
Makes sure that no one is watching.  
Goes to unit three.  
Uses the pass key to unlock the door.

TNT. UNIT THREE -- DAY

A flipped version of two: bathroom and closet on the right.

Mark searches the closet.  
Opens the drawers of the desk.  
Nothing inside at either place.

Waste baskets are totally empty.  
Looks under the bed.  
Nothing.

IN THE BATHROOM

Toilet tank contains nothing.  
Medicine cabinet mirror is secure.  
Nothing here.

In the bathroom's wastebasket: a section of the Havana Times.

MARK

A mule? Or just a tourist?

Looks at his watch.  
Almost eleven.  
The nooner trade will be here any minute.

Pockets the pass keys and leaves.

INT. LAS PALMAS OFFICE -- DAY

Mark checks in one NOONER COUPLE as another COUPLE drop off their keys. Two things at once.

MARK

Hope you enjoyed your stay.

Mark grabs the key for unit two.

MARK

Unit two. Just one door down.  
Enjoy your stay.

The MAN takes the key and the WOMAN's arm and they leave.

Mark looks at the clock: almost two.  
Nooner trade winding down.

Gloria and Jessie from unit four wave at him on their way to their religious retreat. Mark returns the wave...

Flips on the 'No Vacancy' sign and leaves the office.

EXT. UNIT FOUR -- DAY

Mark uses the pass key to open unit four.

TNT. UNIT FOUR -- DAY

The room is immaculate. Folded clothes on the foot of the bed, Bibles on the pillows. Religious study material stacked neatly on the night stand near a Key West Guidebook.

He does a careful search of the room, then goes to the closet.

IN THE CLOSET

Conservative clothes hang neatly. Looks more like a store display than a closet. Mark searches a couple of pockets, finds nothing at all... but his foot kicks a suitcase.

It doesn't budge. Heavy. Full. Of what?

Mark pops it open. Inside - lingerie, sex toys, a camera.

Mark pulls out the digital camera and clicks back through the photos: Gloria and Jessie in lingerie (and not) with a variety of men. Two gals, one guy. Their secret life.

The MAN in one picture wears gold chains like Raoul. Face can't be seen, but both gals are involved in activities.

MARK

Raoul?

Can't see the face no matter how he holds the camera. He replaces the camera and sex toys, makes sure the other two suitcases are empty, closes the closet door.

IN THE BATHROOM

A dry cleaner bag filled with Gloria & Jessie's dirty clothes.

Mark pulls out dirty underwear, soiled clothes, everything.

At the bottom of the bag: a white blouse with blood stains.

MARK

Gloria's or Jessie's?

Me studies the blouse for a moment, replaces it.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Mark locks the door to number four. Behind every door, some secret he doesn't want to learn.

The door to ten SLAMS SHUT as the Janowskis leave for a day of sight seeing.

MARK

Enjoying your stay?

MR. JANOWSKI

How is that any of your business?

MARK

Have a good one!

Mark watches them leave the motel.

TNT. UNIT TEN -- DAY

The only indication that someone is staying here are the photos of the Janowski's grandchildren on the desk.

IN THE CLOSET

Clothes hung neatly.  
Suitcases empty.  
No sign of the missing six million.

IN THE BATHROOM

The toilet tank contains nothing.  
The medicine cabinet is filled with prescription drugs.

He looks in the wastebasket.  
A few tissues, no money.

IN THE BEDROOM

Mark opens the desk drawers.

The third drawer contains the Janowski's secret treasures:

A Baretta 9mm 92FM automatic pistol. A mirror with a little white powder on it. A dime bag of cocaine. "Blue Lady".

MARK

Raoul's brand.

Mark picks up the Baretta.  
Clean, freshly oiled.  
Pops out the clip.

He flicks each bullet from the clip and counts them.

MARK

Three... Four... Five out of eight.

Returns the shells to the clip, shoves the clip back into the Baretta and returns it.

Closing the drawer, he notices an oil stain on the desk.

MARK

Shit.

Crosses to the bathroom, comes back with a tissue.

Mark wipes the oil, tosses the tissue into the waste basket.

MARK

Came by boat... From New York? One  
of Wright's mules?

He backs away.

Something SLAMS into his back!

Mark spins.

Arms up to defend himself.

It's only a chair.

Mark, lowers his guard and leaves the room.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Locks the door to unit ten, decides to check out the dock.

EXT. LAS PALMAS DOCK -- DAY

The Janowski's boat still tied up.

Home city painted on the stern - Jacksonville.

MARK

They didn't come from New York.

Wright's speedboat anchored a few dozen feet off the end of the dock. A GUNMAN onboard watches him.

Mark walks to the end of the dock...

The Gunman lifts his MAC-10 machinegun - aiming it at him.

MARK

No reason to get hostile.

Mark walks carefully back to the motel.

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- DAY

Pulls out his pass key and slips it into unit eleven.

INT. UNIT ELEVEN -- DAY

Gets three steps into eleven and realizes it is occupied.

He has walked in on a married couple.

Not married to each other, but married just the same.

The naked woman looks at Mark when he enters the room.

MARK

Sorry. Didn't mean to bother you.

He backs out the door, closes it behind him.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Steps away from the door, hears a sound behind him.

Rand leaves his room, pale body dressed in black speedo.  
Knee pads. Sunglasses and a gym bag.

MARK

Afternoon.

Rand says nothing at all.

Mark watches him walk away.

Then crosses to unit five and breaks into Rand's room.

INT. UNIT FIVE -- DAY

A black suit is laid out on the bed. A Key West guide book  
and some pocket change on top of the desk.

Mark searches through the pockets of the suit.  
Finds nothing.

On top of the dresser - five pair of sunglasses.

MARK

In case he loses a pair.

First drawer - nothing. Second drawer - nothing. Third  
drawer - a stack of gay beach boy porno magazines.

MARK

And I thought he sucked blood.

Mark flips through the magazines, finds twenty crisp hundred  
dollar bills amidst the Mahler bait. Returns it.

He searches the rest of the room; looking behind and  
underneath furniture, opening drawers.



## IN THE CLOSET

Mark pops open Rand's suitcase. Empty.

Goes through the pockets of Rand's suits.  
Finds a matchbook from the Sheraton Hotel.

Mark reaches into his pocket and pulls out an identical matchbook. Almost identical. Mark's is stained with blood.

Keeps the clean matchbook, puts the bloody one in Rand's suit pocket. Money, matchbook... murderer?

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Mark makes sure the door is locked, moves to eight...

Bobby steps out of nine.

BOBBY

Headed on a beer run. Need anything?

MARK

I'm fine.

Changes course from eight and checks the pool filter.

Bobby locks his door.

BOBBY

Something going in in eight?

MARK

You're the one with the binocs.

BOBBY

What'd those guys want last night?

MARK

A private matter.

BOBBY

That's right - you're big on privacy.  
You don't wanna know about the guests.  
Don't wanna peep through their windows  
or go in their rooms.

MARK

Right.

Bobby waves goodbye.

Mark waits until he's gone and breaks into his room.

INT. UNIT NINE -- DAY

Clothes thrown over the chairs, socks and underwear on the floor, a mound of pocket change and matchbooks on the desk.

Empty beer cans strewn on the floor. Dominos pizza boxes.

MARK

I'm sending Maria in here, whether  
he likes it or not.

He searches through the discarded clothes, careful not to touch any socks or underwear. Finds nothing.

MARK

Come on, Bobby, where'd you hide it?

On the dresser - two sets of binoculars and a pair of 35mm cameras. A tripod propped up in the corner.

Clothes just thrown in the drawers.

Last drawer: a stack of skin mags. Hidden under the mags, a spiral notebook. Mark flips it open.

Names, addresses, dates, and numbers - with dollar signs.

MARK

What the hell are you up to?

He replaces the notebook. Also in the drawer - Bobby's badge and holstered gun. A few Miami PD commendation plaques.

THE BATHROOM

Converted into a make-shift dark room. A drying line cuts the room in half. A dozen photos are drying.

Shots of nooner couples. Face shots of couples entering the room. Some juicy through-the-blind shots of couples screwing.

MARK

Shit.

A stack of photos on the counter: Paper-clipped together: A face shot, a sex shot, a note with car make, license number.

MARK

He's blackmailing them.

Mark returns the photos, spots something in the tray: Lacy's face.

THE PHOTO

A black and white shot of Mark and Lacy screwing by the pool.

MARK

Evidence.

Shoves the photo in his pocket and searches for any others. None.

Looks at his watch.  
Better get out of here before Bobby returns.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Mark makes sure Bobby hasn't returned.

Heads to unit eight, using his pass key to enter.

INT. UNIT EIGHT -- DAY

Mark pushes the door closed, but it doesn't catch.

Searches the chair cushions, opens the desk drawers, looks behind and underneath the bed, moves into the bathroom.

When Mark steps into the bathroom, he hears the door open.  
Freezes.

Footsteps move toward him.  
He is defenseless.  
Caught.

BOBBY  
What are you doing?

Bobby with a grocery bag.

The folded photo in Mark's pocket is protruding.

MARK  
Just checking out the room.

BOBBY  
Thought you never went in the rooms.

MARK  
Maria finished in record time, and I wanted to make sure she's been getting the rooms clean.

BOBBY  
Don't want one nooner couple to sleep in another's wet spot.

MARK  
Yeah.

Bobby reaches in the bag and pulls out a beer.

BOBBY  
Brewsky?

MARK  
Maybe later.

Bobby pops open the beer.

BOBBY

You know where to find me.

Bobby leaves.

Mark pulls the photo out of his pocket, tearing it into little pieces, he drops it into the toilet and flushes it away.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

Mark locks eight, walks around the pool: staying as far away from Bobby's door as possible.

Mark goes to unit twelve.

Knocks on the door.

No answer.

He unlocks the door and disappears inside.

INT. UNIT TWELVE -- DAY

Helen the nurse's room is clean.

IN THE BATHROOM

The toilet tank contains nothing.

The medicine cabinet filled with vitamins.

In the wastebasket: a few tissues, no money.

IN THE BEDROOM

Mark opens the drawers. Carefully folded clothes.

One drawer has a leather bound book - newspaper clipping poking out. Mark pulls out the clipping.

Headline: Cougars Quarterback Mark Bailey Washes Up In Key West.

A candid photo shows him looking like hell as he skims the pool. Obviously shot by Bobby.

MARK

Thanks, Bobby.

Article is typical tabloid fall from grace stuff. Mark replaces it in the book and closes the drawer.

Nothing in the sofa cushions, nothing in the trash.

IN THE CLOSET

Suitcases empty. No sign of the missing two million.

Clothes neatly separated into tops and skirts or pants. Also separated by color. Very organized.

Hanging in the back of the closet - lingerie. A black lace teddy, some baby dolls, a red lace trimmed cammy, a few garter sets, a blue lace teddy. Mark smells a teddy - perfumed.

The door opens behind him!

Mark spins, still holding the blue lace teddy.

HELEN

Look who's sitting in my chair.

Caught red handed, and red faced.

MARK

I was checking on my maid's work.

HELEN

She makes lingerie on the side?

She takes the teddy out of his hands.

MARK

Sorry, I was a little curious.

HELEN

Want to try it on?

She tries to give it back, but he won't take it.

Helen laughs. Mark is nervous.

MARK

I think I should leave.

HELEN

You aren't here for that nightcap?

She moves to kissing distance.

HELEN

I'll even put this on, if you'd like.  
But then, I don't want to rush you.

MARK

I've been rushed before. It's part  
of the game.

Mark kisses her. Hell, it's one way to get out of the room without any more questions. She tosses the teddy on a chair.

Helen kisses down Mark's neck, opening his shirt and kissing his chest. He slowly undresses her, kissing every new bit of skin he exposes. They fall onto the bed.

A soft, tender sex scene. Gentle passion.

Both naked on top of the bed.  
Kissing, licking, caressing.

AFTERWARDS:

The sun is beginning to set outside the window.

MARK

How old were you when you saw my  
last game? Twenty?

HELEN

Sixteen.

Ouch.

Mark grabs his underwear, pulls them on.

HELEN

No bullshit... What were you really  
doing in my room?

Mark tries to smile.

MARK

I've been having some problems with  
Maria, the maid, and...

HELEN

You were searching my room.

MARK

No, I was --

HELEN

I said no bullshit.

Mark decides to tell the truth.

MARK

The guy in number seventeen, Raoul,  
was using the motel as a drug drop.

HELEN

On the water. Makes sense.

MARK

He was supposed to meet this guy  
Wright yesterday. Pay him six million  
in exchange for some cocaine.

HELEN

But?

MARK

Somebody shot Raoul and the money's  
missing. Wright thinks I took it.

HELEN  
Why would he think that?

MARK  
I don't know --

HELEN  
Because you were screwing Raoul's  
wife?

The rug pulled out from under Mark.

MARK  
She talked me into taking the money.  
Set me up. I think the money's still  
here. In one of the rooms.

HELEN  
When's he coming back?

MARK  
In about two hours.

HELEN  
How many rooms you have left?

MARK  
Four.. no, five.

HELEN  
Then we'd better get busy.

She grabs him and heads out.

EXT. UNIT THIRTEEN -- DAY

Mark slides the pass key into the door while Helen stands  
look out. They enter the room.

INT. UNIT THIRTEEN -- DAY

Mark searches the dresser while Helen takes the bathroom.

After a few minutes of searching...

HELEN (O.S.)  
Nothing.

MARK  
Clean.

Helen comes out of the bathroom and they leave.

EXT. UNIT FOURTEEN -- DAY

Mark is look out as Helen opens the door.

INT. UNIT FOURTEEN -- DAY

Helen takes the bedroom and Mark searches the bathroom.

Helen searches under the cushions, through the drawers of the desk and the drawers of the dresser. Everything is empty. This is a nooner room.

IN THE BATHROOM

Mark searches the toilet tank, the medicine cabinet - both empty. When he pulls back the shower curtain, the rod falls from the walls...

And a half dozen syringes fall out of the curtain rod.

MARK

Shit.

HELEN

Find something?

Helen pokes her head in.

MARK

Not the money. Somebody's stash.

Carefully picks up all of the syringes - doesn't want to prick himself - and throws them in the trash. Replaces the shower curtain rod.

EXT. UNIT FIFTEEN -- DAY

Mark pops open the door while Helen keeps watch.

She doesn't notice the blinds on Bobby's windows part.

INT. UNIT NINE -- DAY

Bobby watches them go from room to room.

BOBBY

What the hell you up to?

He watches them enter the room.

INT. UNIT FIFTEEN -- EVENING

They search the room - needs to click on the light.

Mark looks at his watch. Running out of time.

Mark searches the room, Helen takes the bathroom.

At the dresser - drawer #1 is empty.

Drawer #2 is empty.

He skips drawer #3.



HELEN (O.S.)

Clean.

She returns from the bathroom and the head out...

EXT. UNIT FIFTEEN -- DAY

Mark opens the door... runs into Lacy in her white bikini.

LACY

What's going on? Tell me.

MARK

You tell me.

Helen stands in the darkness just behind Mark.

LACY

I saw Wright give you that gun. Did you kill Raoul? Was there a fight?

MARK

A fight?

LACY

Raoul wouldn't give you the money. Did Raoul pull his gun? You had to shoot him?

MARK

I didn't shoot him, you did.

LACY

I need to get my half and hide it before Wright comes back.

MARK

I don't have the money.

LACY

You have to...

MARK

That is one hell of a performance. Maybe good enough to convince Wright. But I'm gonna tell you - I'm not taking the fall. You killed him --

LACY

I don't know what you're talking about. I don't have the money. I wasn't even here...

She touches Mark, and he removes her hand.

LACY

It's the truth, Mark.

MARK

That one needs more rehearsal. I  
just don't buy it.

Lacy walks away.  
Plops down on a lounge in front of number ten.  
Glares at Mark, puts on her dark glasses.

Mark steps out, followed by Helen.

HELEN

That was interesting.

They move in to room sixteen... but don't get that far.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- EVENING

William James Wright stands just inside the complex, flanked  
by Russ and Nick. Wright cradles an Uzi in both hands.

WRIGHT

I believe you have my money.

Mark looks from Wright to Russ to Nick.

RUSS has a Striker 12 automatic shotgun with a 12 inch barrel  
and pistol grip over his shoulder. The Striker 12 can fire a  
dozen 12 gauge shells in less than three seconds. He also  
has a 44 magnum with suppressor under his arm.

MARK

You... You're early.

NICK carries a Baretta PM125 machine pistol, with a 32 round  
magazine and never goes anywhere without his switch blade.

WRIGHT

I'm having drinks later.

They enter the pool area like the gunfighters in "High Noon".  
The sun setting behind them.

A pair of HENCHMEN stay near the entrance. Each armed with  
an Uzi machine pistol. No way out.

Mark turns to Helen.

MARK

Go to your room.

HELEN

Mark?

MARK

Lock the door. Don't come out.

Helen reluctantly goes to her room, opens the door, gives a last look at Mark, then closes and locks the door.

Wright moves to Lacy and reaches out for her face.

WRIGHT

Lacy. Looking lovely this evening.  
Too bad Raoul isn't here to partake  
of your beauty.

MARK

What do you want?

Wright's hand caresses Lacy's face gently.

WRIGHT

I came for what is mine.

MARK

Don't have your money. Never did.

WRIGHT

I'd be willing to pay a... finder's  
fee... ten thousand dollars.

MARK

Looked for it, but couldn't find it.

Mark and Wright face off on opposite sides of the pool.

WRIGHT

Ten thousand is my limit. No sense  
in trying to bargain.

MARK

I don't have your money.

Wright snaps his fingers.

Russ yanks Lacy out of the lounge.  
Presses his 44 Magnum to her head.  
Lacy panics and sobs.

LACY

No... Please..

The gun in her honey hair.

LACY

Mark, give him his money.

MARK

I don't have it.

WRIGHT

He will have to kill her if you don't  
give me the money.

MARK

I don't have it. She has it! She set me up!

LACY

Just give him the money.

WRIGHT

Is what this man says true? Do YOU have my money?

LACY

I didn't take it. I was with you. He... He was supposed to take it.

Wright focuses on Mark again.

MARK

I was gonna take it, but it was gone when I got there. Let her go.

Sweat pours off Mark's brow as he awaits Wright's decision.

WRIGHT

I believe you.

Wright turns to Russ and nods.

Mark sighs in relief.

Lacy stops panicking.

Russ pulls the trigger.

Blowing Lacy's brains all over the chaise lounge.

MARK

Nooooooooooooooooooool

Her corpse drops into the pool with a splash.

They aren't playing by the rules. No ref - he's on his own.

Mark grabs a lawn chair and throws it at Wright.

Hits him square in the face.

Wright ROARS.

Russ raises the Striker 12 and opens fire.

Mark rolls to an umbrella table.

Shotgun blasts follow him, tearing a lawn chair in half.

Taking out the window of unit two.

Sparking off the cement.

Mark dives behind the umbrella table just as Russ blasts the umbrella in half. Sparks and splinters fly.

Mark knocks the table over, using it as a shield.

Wright moves to his feet, wipes blood from his face.

WRIGHT

Kill that son of a bitch!

Russ blasts at the umbrella table.

Shot pellets denting and sparking the table.

Mark starts to roll the table out of the line of fire.

Crouching behind it as it's pounded with gunfire.

Nick's machine pistol sparks gunfire off the walls behind Mark. Clouds of plaster spray over him. When a bullet hits the table, it PUNCTURES the aluminum.

Mark rolls the table to Unit Eleven. Bullets and shot spraying, pounding, puncturing, shredding.

A shrub to Mark's left is blasted out of the ground.

Mark gets the pass key in the door, pops it open, dives inside. Closes the door behind him and gives the umbrella table a push - rolling it toward Unit Thirteen.

INT. UNIT ELEVEN -- NIGHT

Mark lays on the floor for a moment, catching his breath.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Russ and Nick continue to blast at the rolling table.

Punching huge holes in it.

The table - what's left of it - stops rolling at Thirteen.

INT. UNIT ELEVEN -- NIGHT

Gunfire continues blasting away outside.

Mark rolls to his feet, throws the bolt, wedges a chair under the door knob. Safe?

This room is a mess. Sheets scattered. Used condoms on the floor. Two used sample packs of Viagra.

MARK

Nooners.

Suddenly, the shooting stops.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Not much left of the umbrella table.

WRIGHT

Drag him here.

Nick holsters his gun, pulls out his knife.  
 Scampers to the torn up table.  
 Kicks it aside... nothing.

NICK  
 Ain't here, boss.

Wright looks to Eleven, where the table stopped for a moment.

WRIGHT  
 That room.

Points.  
 Nick scampers to Unit Eleven.  
 Draws his gun again.

INT. UNIT ELEVEN -- NIGHT

Mark runs to the closet and crawls inside.

Closes the closet door just as Nick kicks down the door to  
 room eleven. Wood splinters. The chair in front of the  
 door becomes kindling.

Nick jumps into the room, gun ready.

NICK  
 Here, kitty-kitty.

IN THE CLOSET

Mark hears Nick kicking over furniture and trashing room

IN THE BEDROOM

Nick fires a shot under the bed.  
 Hits nothing.  
 Goes into the bathroom.

NICK  
 Kitty-cat, time to come out and play.

Nick springs into the bathroom, gun ready.

IN THE BATHROOM

Nobody here.  
 Nick looks at the closed shower curtain.  
 Is Mark hiding there?  
 Advances slowly.

Giggles and yanks open the shower curtain.  
 Fires a shot that ricochets through the shower.  
 The shower is empty.

IN THE BEDROOM

Nick kicks over a chair, looks through unit eleven.

NICK  
You don't want to play kitty-cat?

He spots the closet door.

IN THE CLOSET

Mark pulls down the wood shelf, finds the connecting door.  
Springs the connecting door open.

NICK (O.S.)  
Now you have to play.

Mark squeezes into the closet of unit twelve, replaces the  
shelf in #11, closes the old connecting door.

IN THE BEDROOM

Nick kicks open the closet door.  
Empty.

No clothes, no luggage, nothing to hide behind.

NICK  
What the...?

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Nick comes out of eleven, looks at Wright.

NICK  
He's not here.

WRIGHT  
Impossible. Search all the rooms.  
He didn't just disappear.

Russ starts at the Office, Nick starts at the other end.  
They kick down doors, guns ready.

Wright takes a seat by the pool.

INT. UNIT TEN -- NIGHT

Mr. Janowski holds his 9mm Baretta in his shaking hands,  
aimed at the front door. His wife hides behind him.

INT. UNIT FIVE -- NIGHT

Rand lays under his bed, waiting to die.

INT. UNIT FOUR -- NIGHT

Gloria and Jessie hide in the bathroom.

Gloria remembers something, nods to Jessie and does a slow commando-crawl to out the closet.

When she returns to the bathroom she hands Jessie a whip, keeps one for herself... ready for action.

INT. UNIT TWELVE -- NIGHT

Helen hides against the wall, scared to death.

THE CLOSET DOOR creaks open.  
She looks around for a weapon.  
Grabs a discarded shoe.

A man rolls out of the closet...  
Mark.  
She lowers the shoe.

HELEN

You said --

Mark puts his finger to his lips.

MARK

Shhhh!

Next door, Nick trashes the room.

Mark scurries to the phone.  
Dials 9 and then 9-1-1...  
Nothing.  
No dial tone.

MARK

They cut the phone lines.

HELEN

I have a cell...

MARK

Call nine one one.

Helen crawls to her cell, flips it open and dials.

A gun blast from the room next door.

MARK

We'll probably dead by the time they  
get here.

HELEN

I'm on hold.

MARK

Room to room.



Mark picks up the phone, dials room to room.  
Mark hears the phone ring two units away.

INT. NINE -- NIGHT

Bobby is about to polish off the last in a 12 pack, drunk.  
Grabs the phone.

BOBBY  
Madame Lee's House Of Teenaged Girls -  
your full service prostitution --

MARK (V.O.)  
Bobby.

BOBBY  
Mark! What the hell's all that noise?

Bobby reaches for his beer, out of the phone cord's reach.

INT. UNIT TWELVE -- NIGHT

Mark whispers into the phone.

MARK  
People with guns.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
That damned Janowski again!

Helen waits for a human to pick up the phone.

MARK  
No. Raoul's boss. They killed Lacy,  
now they're searching for me.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
Well, that sucks.

Mark hears FOOTSTEPS moving towards the door.

INT. UNIT NINE -- NIGHT

Bobby finally gets the phone cord to reach to the last beer.

MARK (V.O.)  
I need your help.

BOBBY  
What the hell? Retirement's dull.  
What do you need?

No answer... the phone has gone dead.

EXT. UNIT TWELVE -- NIGHT

Nick kicks open the door to unit twelve.

INT. UNIT TWELVE -- NIGHT

The door splinters in. Nick charges into the room, gun ready. Aims at the bed and fires.

The bed explodes into stuffing.  
But it's empty.

Kicks over a chair. Trashes the desk.

NICK  
You in here, kitty-cat?

He notices the open closet door.

Nick saunters over to the closet. Using his gun to rip through Helen's hanging clothes. Nothing behind them.

NICK  
You pissing, little kitty?

Nick kicks open the bathroom door.

IN THE BATHROOM

When Nick's foot slams through the door, Mark grabs it. Pulls him into the bathroom.

NICK  
Found him!

When Mark gets Nick into the bathroom, Helen swings the toilet tank lid at him. Woosh - misses.

Nick aims his gun at Mark's face.

NICK  
Say good-bye kitty-cat.

Helen swings again...  
Connects with the gun hand.  
The machine pistol skitters across the floor.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

William James Wright looks at the doorway to twelve.

WRIGHT  
Mr. Lambert - number twelve.

Russ Lambert steps out of two, swings the Striker 12 into his hands and jogs around the pool to twelve.

INT. UNIT TWELVE -- NIGHT

Nick rolls out of the bathroom.  
Followed by Helen, swinging the toilet tank lid.

She hits the wall and it shatters.

Nick pops to his feet, clicks open his switchblade.

HELEN

Mark!

Mark stumbles out with the machine pistol.

Nick kicks the gun out of his hands.  
It slides across the floor.  
Nick slashes his knife at Mark's face.

Mark grabs a chair, holding it up for protection.

Nick tries slashing around it.

Mark pokes the chair at Nick, like a lion tamer.

Nick steps back, giggling.  
Grabs the chair legs to pull it away from Mark.

Mark spins the chair left, right, slapping Nick's hands away.

He pokes the chair at Nick, forcing him against the bed.

NICK

You wanna get me in bed, kitty?

Helen scrambles for the fallen machine pistol.

Mark swings the chair at Nick.  
It shatters over him, knocking him onto the floor.  
Chair legs bounce against the bed.

Helen reaches the fallen gun.

Nick grabs a chair leg, swings it at Mark's face.  
Mark jumps back.  
Swings again.  
Barely misses Mark.  
Swings again.  
Connects!  
Mark is knocked to the floor!

Helen swings the gun up - aims it Nick.

HELEN

Drop it, asshole.

Nick drops the chair leg. Giggles.

NICK

You not bad looking. Fiery. I like  
that. Big gun.

HELEN

Mark?

Mark pulls himself to his hands and knees.  
Nick quietly pulls the switch blade from his pocket.

NICK

You know how to shoot? I don't think  
so. You too pretty to shoot me.

Nick's switchblade slices at her, almost cutting off a finger.  
She pulls her hand away.

Nick swings the knife.  
Blade swishes past Helen, almost cutting her.  
Nick giggles, swinging the knife at Helen.

She uses the gun to deflect the blade.  
He swings the knife again.  
Blade slices through the fabric of her blouse, misses flesh.  
Helen takes another step back.

NICK

You can't do it, huh?

Nick swings the knife again.  
Knife misses her nose by less than an inch.

She takes another step backwards.  
Raises the gun at Nick's face.  
Closes her eyes and squeezes the trigger.

Click.  
Out of shells.

NICK

(laughs)  
Maybe you lucky in love, he?

The knife slashes half of her blouse off.

Helen takes another step back...  
Hits the wall.  
Drops the empty.

Nick giggles and swings the switch blade again.

Helen watches the blade slice towards her left eye.  
Then stop.  
Nick looks down at his wrist, a hand clamped on it.  
Turns to see who's hand.  
Sees a fist instead.

Mark punches Nick down and out, knocking him over the bed.

MARK

Come on.

Mark pulls Helen to the closet door...  
Just as Russ kicks through the door.

Russ sees a flitter of Helen disappear in the closet.  
Runs to the closet - sees the wall between closets broken.

INT. UNIT ELEVEN -- NIGHT

Mark and Helen race through the room to the front door.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Mark and Helen run out of unit eleven.  
Into Russ Lambert.

RUSS

You're a tricky one.

Russ aims his Striker 12 at Mark, finger on the trigger.

Mark grabs the shotgun barrel, pushes it into the air.

Russ squeezes the trigger.  
Discharges four shells in less than a second.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Exploding right between the two struggling men.  
The flash from the shotgun singes Mark's hair, blinds him.  
Helen jumps back from the explosions.

MARK AND RUSS struggle with the shotgun.

Russ tries to twist the barrel down at Mark's face.  
Mark tries to keep the damned thing away from him.  
BLAAAAAAM!  
Another shot blasts through the night.

Mark tries to push the barrel away.  
Russ twists - and Mark loses his grip on the barrel!  
Russ levels the shotgun at Mark...

Helen kicks Russ in the balls.  
Russ groans and drops to the cement.

Mark lets go of the shotgun, blinks the flash from his eyes.

HELEN

Come on.

MARK

I can't see.

Helen grabs his arm, pulls him behind her.

Russ grabs the shotgun, pulls himself to his feet...

A door opens in front of Helen, she dives inside - pulling Mark behind her. The door slams closed just as...

Russ rolls to his feet, shotgun ready to fire.

Nobody there.

INT. UNIT TEN -- NIGHT

Mrs. Janowski pushes a chair in front of the door as Mr. Janowski aims his gun out the window.

Mark and Helen stay down.

MR. JANOWSKI

What kind of a place are you running?  
People shooting?

MARK

I'll give you a refund.

MR. JANOWSKI

Damned right you will. And we're  
not coming here again.

MARK

Hear the shooting two nights ago?

MRS. JANOWSKI

This has happened before?

MR. JANOWSKI

Must have slept through it.

Something blocks the patio lights coming through the window.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Russ, shotgun ready, prepares to kick in the door to ten.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bullets shatter the window next to him.

Russ hits the dirt.

Well, the concrete - skins his face in the process.

INT. UNIT TEN -- NIGHT

Mr. Janowski goes for the door.

MR. JANOWSKI

Come on, we have a boat --

MARK

They have people back there. Two  
guys with machine guns.

MRS. JANOWSKI

I told you we should have gone to  
Hawaii, but you wanted Key West.

MARK

The closet's our only way out.

MR. JANOWSKI

I don't swing that way, young man.

MARK

There's a passage to the next room.

Mark and Helen race to the closet.  
The Janowskis reluctantly follow.

Mark tears everything out of the closet, pulls out the  
shelves. Pops open the connecting door...

BOBBY'S CLOSET

Is filled with crap. It flows into Unit Ten.

Mark and Helen pull the stuff out of the way. Trying to  
make a man-sized hole in the clutter.

IN THE BEDROOM

The front door starts to open...

And Mr. Janowski opens fire.

Blasting holes through the door.

RUSS (O.S.)

Son of a bitch!

Mark and Helen dive through the closet into...

INT. UNIT NINE -- NIGHT

Mark and Helen smash through the closet door into the room.

A gun barrel touches Mark's face.  
Bobby aims the gun.

MARK

Welcome to the party.

BOBBY

Telling me you invited those assholes?  
Who's your date?

MARK

This is Helen.

Bobby starts to say something when...

Mr. and Mrs. Janowski crash out of the closet into the room.

MARK

The Janowskis. Alberto has a gun.

MR. JANOWSKI

I'll kill those motherfuckers.

BOBBY

Nice to meet you.

HELEN

Thanks for the help.

BOBBY

If I was sober or knew what I was doing, I would have "just said no"

Bobby reaches into his pocket and pulls out a 38 Police Special, tossing it to Mark.

BOBBY

Christmas present.

Mark catches the gun. Bobby looks at Helen and shrugs.

BOBBY

Sorry I didn't buy nothing for you.  
Maybe next Christmas.

Bobby pulls out a box of 45 ammo and refills his clip.

Mark breaks open the 38.  
Three live rounds and three spent shells.

MARK

Got any more 38 ammo?

BOBBY

Don't you have a gun?

MARK

In the office. Want to get it for me?

Bobby laughs, slams the clip back into the automatic.  
Mark snaps the cylinder back into place.

MARK

Mr. Janoswki? How you doing on ammo?



MR. JANOWSKI

Full box back in the room. Three shells here. How many are there?

HELEN

Five.

MARK

Two on the boat.

MR. JANOWSKI

Seven.

MARK

You still on hold?

HELEN

Maybe. The phone's in my room.

MARK

They could GPS it and find us. Not likely. Gotta cell, Bobby?

BOBBY

Who's gonna call me?

MARK

We've got Rand in five, the Religious Retreat girls in four. Let's see if we can get to them, keep them safe.

Bobby pulls his shaving mirror off the desk, leans against the wall and edges the mirror past the doorframe.

IN THE MIRROR

Russ, shotgun ready, only a few feet away. Creeping to the doorway.

Bobby pulls the mirror back.

BOBBY

Cover me.

Before Mark can stop him, Bobby rolls out of unit nine... Into the war zone.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Bobby pops to his feet, aims his 45 at Russ with both hands.

Russ is shocked for a moment. Then raises his Striker 12.

Bobby squeezes off two shots.

BLAM!

BLAM!

Russ rolls away, both miss, spraying plaster dust.

RUSS

Nice try, butt-face.

Russ jams the barrel of the Striker 12 into Bobby's chin. Finger ready to squeeze the trigger.

Bobby fires a third shot.  
Hits Russ square in the chest.

Russ flies back, mouth opening into a bloody scream. Into the pool, shotgun discharging as he hits the water.

Water sprays over the sides of the pool.

BOBBY

Thanks.

Russ' body floats in the pool, a dozen feet from Lacy's. Back-lit from the pool lights.

Bobby pretends to blow smoke from his 45, like a cowboy.

BOBBY

I'll be back with the girls.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Mark and Helen smile.

AT POOLSIDE

Bobby gets ready race to unit four.

Still seated in his lawn chair, Wright aims his gun at Bobby and fires a stream of bullets.

Helen and Mark duck behind the doorframe as bullets strafe past them...

Bobby slams down on the cement, screaming in agony.

His 45 skitters across the cement, jumping the tile and splashing into the pool.

Bobby has no gun.  
No defense.  
Looks down at his legs.  
Four hits.  
Three in his right thigh, one in his left.  
Blood pumps out of the wounds.

BOBBY

Freakin' damn shit hell!

Bobby continues screaming.

Wright gestures to HENCHMAN #1.

WRIGHT

That's really annoying. Quiet him.

Henchman #1 leaves Henchman #2 to guard the exit and trots over to kill Bobby.

INT. UNIT NINE -- NIGHT

Mark and Helen listen to Bobby scream outside the door.

MARK

Three bullets. Cover me.

HELEN

With what?

MARK

Mr. Janowski?

Janowski grumbles as he moves to the door with his gun.

Mark gets ready to run when Helen plants a kiss on his lips.

HELEN

For luck.

MARK

I'll need it.

Mark takes a firm grip on the 38, rolls out of unit nine.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Mark runs to Bobby.

Henchman #1 jogs to Bobby.

Mr. Janowski fires at Henchman #1, forcing him to take cover. Janowski now has two shells left.

Mark gets closer to Bobby.

Henchman #1 fires back at Janowski. In the room, everyone pulls back but Janowski - who springs to his feet.

MR. JANOWSKI

Eat lead you son of a bitch!

Fires his two remaining shots.

Henchman #1 hits the dirt.

Giving Mark the advantage!

Mark is almost to Bobby when he slips in the water from Russ's splash and falls on his butt. Lands HARD. Slams onto the cement. The wind knocked out of him.

MARK

Shit.

The 38 revolver goes sliding across the wet cement.  
Hits the wall of unit nine and bounces.  
Comes to rest a dozen feet from the door.

Henchman #1 pops to his feet - gun blasting.  
Mr. Janowski dives back inside the room.  
Bullets send plaster dust flying.

Henchman #1 stops running when he gets to Mark.  
Presses his machinegun against Mark's head. Bobby looks at Mark.  
His friend is going to get killed for trying to save him.

WRIGHT

Do it.

Helen dives out of the door to unit nine.

Henchman #1 see the motion, pull his weapon away from Mark.

WRIGHT

She's unarmed.

The gun moves back to Mark.

Helen rolls to the fallen 38 revolver.  
Grabs the gun.  
Pops to her feet.  
Tosses it to Mark.

Mark makes a perfect one hand catch.

Henchman #1 swings his gun down at Mark.  
Mark swings his gun up at Henchman #1.  
Mark fires first.

Henchman #1 is propelled back into an umbrella table.  
His Uzi discharges, sparking gunfire off the rain gutters.

Henchman #1 and the umbrella table roll across the cement,  
crashing into a wall.

Henchman #2 charges.  
Mark sees the motion, spins, fires.

Henchman #2 skitters across the cement... dead.

Wright is shocked. Moves slowly to his feet.

WRIGHT

Why can't you just kill him?

Mark grabs Bobby and drags him quickly back into unit nine. Any second, now, Wright will take aim and fire.

INT. UNIT NINE -- NIGHT

Mark drags Bobby inside, props him up against the wall. Safe. Turns to thank Helen - but she isn't in the room.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Nick holds his switch blade to Helen's throat, his other arm encircling her waist.

NICK

Got you, kitty-cat.

He drags Helen around the pool. She kicks and fights. Nick drags her to where Wright stands, in front of four.

HELEN

You need to take your hands off me and cut down on the after-shave.

A pair of gunfighters: Wright and Nick stand in the undulating light from the pool.

Wright caresses Helen's cheek, smiling at her.

WRIGHT

How much do you think you're worth? Six million dollars?

HELEN

Your life.

WRIGHT

I assure you, it is your life that is on the line, here. Not mine.

Wright looks across the pool to unit nine's open door.

WRIGHT

Mark! We're both civilized men. No reason for further bloodshed.

Nick presses the blade into Helen's neck until she squirms.

WRIGHT

I know you've got the money. You've always had it. So let's trade! The money for the girl. What do you say?

Uzi ready, in case the answer is no.

INT. UNIT NINE -- NIGHT

Mark breaks open the cylinder of the 38 revolver.  
One bullet left.

MARK  
The money for the girl?

WRIGHT  
You walk away. I'm being generous.  
Giving you a chance to live.

Mark looks at Bobby.

MARK  
Okay! We deal!

Mark whispers to Bobby.

MARK  
I need an empty suitcase.

BOBBY  
In the closet - what's left of it.

Mark grabs a blue plastic suitcase from the rubble.

BOBBY  
Where you gonna get the money?

Mark looks at a pile of Playboy Magazines near Bobby's bed.

MARK  
Think Hugh Hefner'd loan it to me?

BOBBY  
Give him a call. While you're at  
it, order me a centerfold. To go.

Mark fills the suitcase with old Playboys. Closes it, grabs  
the handle and lifts. It feels heavy enough.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Nick scrapes the knife across Helen's throat.  
Giggling when she squirms.

INT. UNIT NINE -- NIGHT

Mark grabs the suitcase.

MARK  
Good luck.

BOBBY

You, too.

Mark steps through the door. Into the war zone.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Mark walks to the edge of the pool, suitcase at his side.

Nick holds the switch blade tight against Helen's neck.

Mark sees blood on her ripped blouse, and almost loses it.

MARK

You said you wouldn't hurt her.

WRIGHT

I said we wouldn't kill her.

MARK

Here's the deal: I leave the suitcase here, you leave the girl there. We circle the pool until you come to the suitcase and I come to the girl.

Wright looks bored.

MARK

You get yours at the same time I get mine. We walk away.

Wright shakes his head.

WRIGHT

Wrong. Here's the deal: You leave the suitcase there, we circle the pool WITH the girl. You circle the pool. We check the suitcase. If the money's there, you get the girl. If it's not there: We kill her.

MARK

No deal.

WRIGHT

It's the only deal available.

MARK

No deal.

WRIGHT

You can SEE the girl, but I can't see the money.

MARK

No deal.

WRIGHT

It's MY way, or NO way.

Wright turns to Nick, who pushes the knife into Helen's neck.

MARK

Okay! Okay! Okay!

Nick giggles at Mark's reaction, pulls the knife away.

WRIGHT

Thought you'd see it my way.

Mark looks at Helen.

MARK

You okay?

HELEN

All this time, you had the money?  
You fucking lied to me?

MARK

Lacy and I planned it.

Helen is confused, angered, betrayed, helpless...

WRIGHT

Ready?

Mark lowers the suitcase to the cement. Raises up, keeps his hands away from his body.

They move slowly, at the same speed, circling the pool.

Nick dragging Helen, keeping the knife blade at her neck. Giggling every once in a while.

Wright, walking with the regal self awareness of a king, Uzi in one hand like a scepter.

WRIGHT

Not too fast.

Mark paces them on the opposite side of the pool. Always directly across from them. Keeps his hands up.

Halfway around, Mark slips on some water. Falls. Hands out to catch himself.

Wright raises his gun. Nick gets ready to slice off Helen's head.

MARK

Hey! Hey!



Wright allows Mark to get back on his feet.  
Nods to Nick, who doesn't slice Helen.

Finally, they've circled the pool, exchanging places.

Mark stands in front of unit four.

Nick, Helen, and Wright stand in front of unit nine.  
Next to the suitcase.

MARK

As soon as you see the money, you  
let her go, right?

WRIGHT

You have my word.

No trace of honesty in his voice.

Wright bends down to the suitcase.  
Snap.  
He undoes one of the latches.

Mark's hands are shaking.  
The tension is unbearable.

Helen looks over Nick's knife arm at the suitcase.

Wright moves to the second latch.  
Snap.  
Slowly opens the suitcase.

Mark tries to stop shaking.  
He watches Wright slowly open the suitcase.

IN THE SUITCASE

The smiling face of Shannon Tweed on the cover of Playboy.

WRIGHT

What is this!

Wright digs through the case, finding nothing but Playboys.

WRIGHT

Kill them.

Bobby rolls out the doorway to nine, shoots Nick in the back.

BLAAM!

Blood flies past Helen, as Hobby's chest opens up.

Nick drops the switchblade, lets go of Helen, grabs his  
spurting chest to hold his lungs and life inside.  
He fails.

NICK

Wha-----?

Helen dives through the door to unit nine, rolling past Bobby.

Wright looks from Nick's corpse across the pool at Mark.

Russ floats, dead, in the pool between them.  
All of Wright's men are dead.

Mark lowers his hands, looks across the bloody water.

MARK

It's over, Wright. I never had the  
money. Just lay down your gun and  
go home. I'll let you live.

WRIGHT

It's not over.

MARK

You're wrong.

WRIGHT

I'm right. I'm always right.

Wright aims his machine gun at Mark and pulls the trigger.

Mark dives into the pool.  
Machinegun fire missing him by less than an inch.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Wright sees Mark underwater, aims at him.  
The stream of bullets cuts through the pool.  
Missing Mark due to the parallax.

Bullets splash and splatter.

UNDERWATER

Mark swims, bullets raining around him.  
He looks up and sees Russ's floating corps.  
Begins swimming to the surface.

POOLSIDE

Wright loses Mark for a moment.  
Realizes he's under Russ's corpse.  
He pulls his stream of fire around to meet the target.

WRIGHT

Think you can hide? You have to  
come up for air.

Mark pops to the surface...  
Holding the Striker 12.

Wright pulls his trigger.  
 Mark pulls his.  
 BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

A deafening blast of water and shot.  
 The Striker 12 fires four rounds in less than a second.

Wright flies back, hits the window of eight, breaks it, flies inside the room.

INT. UNIT EIGHT -- NIGHT

Wright's body plows backwards, flying glass surrounding it.  
 Smashes into the back wall, bouncing onto the floor.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Mark, dripping wet, shotgun in his hands, looks through the shattered window of eight at Wright's corpse.

MARK

You could have walked away.

In the distance, a police siren.

Mark turns from the window, looks towards the siren.

MARK

About time. How long do they keep  
 people on hold?

He throws the shotgun into the pool and walks into unit nine.

INT. UNIT NINE -- NIGHT

Mark looks at Helen, holding a towel to the cut on her neck.

MARK

You okay?

HELEN

Not the best vacation I've had.

Bobby, propped up by the wall, neck ties around his legs as  
 tourniquets, sips a beer.

BOBBY

What about me? I mean, shit, I'm  
 the guy got shot.

MARK

You okay?

BOBBY

Take four in the chest on the job  
 and four in the legs just minding my  
 own business sitting around the house.

MARK

Thanks.

Mark slides down the wall next to Bobby.

BOBBY

I mean... where's the fucking justice?

Mark grabs the beer out of Bobby's hands, takes a sip.

Sirens get closer.

MARK

On their way. There's still enough time to tell me where the money is.

BOBBY

What money?

MARK

Come on, Bobby. I know you killed Raoul. I know you took the money.

MRS. JANOWSKI

What money? This is about money?

MARK

You spy on everyone. Take their pictures. You were the one who noticed the boats. You couldn't have missed seeing the money.

BOBBY

I spy on people. Doesn't prove nothing.

Mark uses a screwdriver to pick up Bobby's 38.

MARK

Your 38 had fired three rounds recently. All they've got to do is compare the bullets from Raoul with the one from Nick.

(beat)

Your prints are still on the gun.

Bobby looks at Mark.

BOBBY

I didn't mean to set you up. The guy was scum. He was hurting you, hurting The Palms. I figured they'd think one of the mules did it.

The sirens have arrived.

BOBBY

I was gonna fuck up a drug deal and  
get rich, all at the same time.

He looks up at Mark.

BOBBY

Never meant to get you in trouble.

MARK

I know.

Sirens are right outside, red and blue strobes flash across  
the the motel. Pool turning blue and red.

EXT. LAS PALMAS DOCK -- NIGHT

The Gunman hears the sirens, puts down his machinegun and  
gets behind the wheel of the boat. Starts it up and takes  
off before the Coast Guard arrives.

EXT. LAS PALMAS MOTEL -- NIGHT

Cops are everywhere.

Mark and Helen look down at Bobby as the AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS  
pull him past in a gurney.

BOBBY

Mark!

Mark goes to the ambulance doors.

BOBBY

Money's in my air conditioner.  
Two screws and it's yours.

MARK

I'll keep it safe for you.

Bobby smiles and extends his hand from under the sheet.  
Mark takes it and shakes it.

Then the Ambulance Attendants lift the gurney and slide it  
into the back of the ambulance, closing the door.

Mark walks back to Helen, puts his arms around her.  
They hold each other, watching the ambulance pull away.

HELEN

Where's your cane?

MARK

In my room. Let's go get it.

She laughs as they go to his room.

OVERHEAD

Mark and Helen, surrounded by the strobes and police cars,  
walk through the mess to his room as DETECTIVES question the  
Janowskis. Rand, and the two girls.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

WGAW #441412 William C. Martell