Wesleyan University The Honors College

Smokin' Ocean

by

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FADE IN:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

The lights are off - it's deadly quiet. A cockatiel sleeps in its cage, perched on a swing.

A scuffle of feet outside. The cockatiel is alert, anxious.

THWACK! The door is knocked off its hinges by a police battering ram. A line of officers rushes in, guns drawn.

COP 1
MOVE MOVE MOVE!

The cockatiel SQUAWKS madly. Its cage hangs in front of a giant chalkboard listing lap times next to nicknames.

An officer kicks in a door, he aims his flashlight and pistol at an empty bed.

COP 2
CLEAR.

Another officer busts in the bathroom door - nobody.

COP 3
CLEAR!

In the living room, Cop 1 smacks the hanging bird's cage, sending the cockatiel into a frenzy.

COP 1
DAMN IT!

EXT. MARINA - NEW ORLEANS - CONTINUOUS

The night sky throbs with flashing red/blue/white police lights. Local law enforcement swarm the dock.

A cop questions a stringy looking kid in handcuffs.

OLLIE
Ollie.

The cop jots down his name.

COP 2
Short for Oliver?

Along the dock, a Coast Guard boat flashes its lights out to sea - Morse code. In the distance, identical lights signal back, combing the bay.

At the end of the dock the COAST GUARD CHIEF stands looking through night vision binoculars - not a soul on the horizon. He lowers the binoculars, his creased face contorted with rage.

He fills his lip with chewing tobacco.

At his waist, a radio CRACKLES:

COAST GUARD PERSONNEL 1 (O.S.)
I'm sorry, chief.. We lost 'em!

The Chief bitterly spits a dark glob into the water below.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - AERIALS - NIGHT

We're high in the air. The dark ocean stretches on forever, dappled with clouds. As we dissolve closer, creases of waves are faintly visible.

COAST GUARD PERSONNEL 1 (V.O.)
(crackly radio)
They're just too damn fast!

A V formation of FIVE CIGARETTE BOATS enters the frame - tiny blurred bullets ripping across the ocean. Tracking in, we can make out figures at the wheel of each boat.

Moving closer in on the lead boat, we're looking down over the cockpit's windshield. Through the glass, a sliver of a slender woman's face - JAX (34) - is visible by moonlight.

We move down, through the metal and plastic of the boat, inside the engine. A falling piston triggers a fiery, red explosion....

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - JESSUP AUTOSHOP - DAY

A red glow pulses on and off. Moving back, the glow shines through a calendar, illuminating MONDAY, JUNE 24TH, 1974. The box is circled in pen: "MIT" scrawled inside.

The top page of the month for JUNE is a photo of an angular speedboat coasting atop clear turquoise water.

Pan right to the intricate gearbox on which the calendar hangs. In the heart of the machine ticks a mechanical clock.

Pan further right to a mattress against the wall below a window with drawn shades. A large lump under the covers rises and falls to a slow rhythm.

EXT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP - POINT PLEASANT, NEW JERSEY - DAY

The sun rises above a grungy looking shop. The sign out front reads “& BOAT RE” with the letters “PAIR” resting against the building at the bottom of a tall ladder.

CLOCK FACE

TICK TICK TICK - the second hand races past 12 on a clock face. The minute hand CLUNKS to 6AM, triggering a convoluted alarm.

GEARBOX

An axle rotates - CLICK, STATIC...

RADIO
This is 95.9FM WRAT, wishing you a good morning, Point Pleasant! Another scorcher today...

INT. FRANK’S ROOM

A motor yanks up the blinds, flooding the utility-closet-turned-bedroom with sunlight. The cement floor is littered with piles of tools and clothing.

Another motor yanks the covers off the bed revealing a groggy FRANK (20) - rail-thin and pale, wearing a ratty pair of HOT WHEELS tighty-whities.

Frank sits up, resting his feet on a pedal next to his bed. He rubs the sleep out of his eyes.

He presses his feet down on the pedal causing the glass on his night table to press up against an inverted water bottle with a modified liquor dispenser, filling it with water.

INT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP

Rows of cars sit in the dark in various states of dusty dis-repair. The garage door CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNKS open - Frank framed in silhouette. Daylight floods into the workshop.

In the corner, a 39-foot cigarette boat sits atop a trailer. A hatch on its hood lies open, revealing a deep, empty compartment in the hull. Frank approaches it reverently.

A sign next to the boat reads: “GET YOUR GO-FAST BOAT”. Frank runs his hand along the glistening hull. He walks backwards, admiring it as he passes.

FRANK’S WORKSTATION

On Frank’s desk, next to a shiny new engine, is a set of keys. Beside his desk, a yellow Mustang sits on a pneumatic lift.

Frank grabs the keys. He hops up to lean through the car’s open window. He turns the key, fiddles with the radio. The stereo WHIRS, lands on a channel with “Mambo Sun” by T. Rex.

UNDERNEATH THE CAR

Frank yanks out aged brake cables.

FRONT WHEEL - SIDE CAR

A drill ZIP-ZIPS bolts off the wheel, revealing the grimy brake plate underneath.

PNEUMATIC LIFT

A piston HISSES to life, CLICKS angrily, and droops.

FRANK
Still?? Dang, Jessup!

INSIDE THE MUSTANG’S HOOD

The hood pops open. We look straight up at the high ceiling. A rickety crane lowers the engine down on top of us.

INT. MUSTANG

Frank sits in the driver’s seat and turns the key. The engine PURRS to life. He peers out the window. His boss’s office is dark - nobody is in. A grin spreads across his face.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Frank ROARS along in the Mustang, dodging the occasional Sunday morning commuter.

A big rig honks at him loudly as he passes.

FRANK
Yeah! I see ya...

A BOAT HORN returns the truck's call. Frank cranes his neck to see an obsidian speed boat following alongside the road from the bay. In just her bikini, Jax flips him the bird as she passes.

The back of her boat reads: THE BLACK SWAN.

Frank's foot pushes the accelerator. He catches up to the boat, which stays even with him. His knuckles tighten on the steering wheel as he passes 100MPH.

The boat turns off as the bay opens up. Frank eases off, watching the craft glide off.

EXT. MARINA

Frank leans against the hood, looking out into the water. A gang of cigarette boats swarm the bay, VROOMING loudly. LEO (25) - a hippie with long, shaggy black hair, wearing a Hawaiian shirt - approaches Frank, admiring his car.

LEO
Sweet ride, man!

FRANK
... uh, what? Ha, thanks. Sorry..

LEO
For sure.

Looks out to bay. Jax pulls into the dock.

LEO (CONT'D)
You ever ride one?

FRANK
Nah.

On the dock, ROBBIE (35) - a stylish-looking Jersey dude - approaches The Black Swan, arms open wide in welcome. On the boat, Jax does a double take; ignores him, finishes docking.

LEO
It’s a trip, man. A bunch of us just landed. Coming from New Orleans..

FRANK
You here for the powerboat racing?

LEO
Don’t you know it, brother. Guess I’ll see you on the track tonight?

On dock, Jax hops off her boat, walks past Robbie, who follows her, talking animatedly, gesturing with his hands.

FRANK
Huh?

LEO
In Newark tonight. Race on Fulton. Line up’s at 11.

Frank looks confused; he glances at the Mustang.

FRANK
Oh, nah. This ain’t mine.

LEO
(laughing)
Jacked? Or just renting?

Frank forces a smile.

JESSUP (V.O.)
You gotta be fuckin’ kidding me!

EXT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP

JESSUP - Frank’s fat old boss - smacks him upside the head, snatches the keys out of Frank’s hand.

JESSUP
How many times, Frankie?

He tugs on Frank’s ear, twisting it. Frank GASPS sharply.

FRANK
I’m sorry, sir!

JESSUP
And I’m trying to run a fuckin’ business here.

INT. JESSUP'S OFFICE

Jessup opens his desk drawer, tosses the keys into it. In the doorway, Frank eyes a stack of mail. Jessup notices.

JESSUP
Ain't nothing for ya.

FRANK
Where is it?

The left corner Jessup's mouth twitches.

JESSUP
I told ya, they don't want ya!

Frank reaches for the pile of mail, Mr. Jessup grabs his arm.

JESSUP (CONT'D)
Now make yourself useful!

EXT. STREET

Frank marches down the street, teeth clenched. Off-screen, a phone RINGS.

MIT REP (O.S.)
Admissions!

INT. PHONEBOOTH

Frank holds the receiver to his ear.

MIT REP (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Mr. Taylor, I'm not seeing any record of an application under that name.

FRANK
There must be some mistake.

MIT REP
It's possible. If you want to provide me with your address, we can send you application materials for next year's registration.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Frank bangs his head on a locker. Next to him, the door of his open locker is covered in Frank's photos and documents.

FATHER TAYLOR (V.O.)
Patience...

Frank rips off an MIT recruiting pamphlet and tears it to shreds, revealing a photo of baby Frank at Christmas building an Erector Set race car.

FATHER TAYLOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Humility...

A photo of young Frank holding a wrench the size of his arm next to FATHER TAYLOR (38) - a friendly, fatherly looking priest - in front of a beat up jalopy.

FATHER TAYLOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And for God's sake, eat something!

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Frank sits at a mustard yellow table with his head in his hands across from FATHER TAYLOR, a priest in his mid 50s. There's a 6-year-old's birthday party going on behind them.

Frank PUSHES his fries across the table. Frank snatches his soda and sips - a loud, icy GURGLE.

FATHER TAYLOR
It's their loss, you know.
Besides, it may come yet.

Frank glares at him.

FRANK
They said they didn't get it! You read my app, you know I did it.

FATHER TAYLOR
In time, son. You just never know.

A kid from the party plays with his Happy Meal's toy car, driving it off the walls and through the air.

KID
Vrooom!

He bumps into Frank's seat, who turns angrily.

KID (CONT'D)
Maa maa!

The kid scampers off.

FRANK
How'm I gonna be an engineer without a degree?

FATHER TAYLOR
Mind you, learning predates university. I never went to college.

FRANK
Yeah, you don't need a bachelor's to praise God!

Frank gets up with his tray, storming to the garbage. Father Taylor looks after him, concerned.

EXT. STREET

Walking next to Father Taylor, Frank stops in front of a toy store with an Erector Set roller coaster in the window.

FRANK
I just... what now?

FATHER TAYLOR
Welcome to the flock, son. Perhaps it's not for you to know. Just don't let your expectations and desires blind you from your path.

Frank rolls his eyes, walks on.

INT. JESSUP'S OFFICE

The office is empty. Through the window, we see Jessup talking to Robbie - the stylish guy from the docks and the owner of the MUSTANG in the autoshop. Robbie's slicked back hair and motorcycle jacket look a bit greasy.

JESSUP
(ingratiating)
Just one sec, Bob.
(shouting)
Frankie!

Frank hurries into the office, opens the drawer, and digs through keys to find the Mustang's. He feels a manila envelope on the bottom of the drawer.

He lifts it out, hands trembling. It's stamped, addressed to MIT Admissions - never sent.

JESSUP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HEY!

INT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jessup stares daggers at his office window through which we can see Frank staring down. Robbie inspects his ride, happy. Through the door we can see a hottie smoking, pacing outside.

Frank exits the office with the keys and a blank expression.

JESSUP
Move, son!

ROBBIE
Don't rush the boy, now. I'm in no hurry.

Frank walks up to them slowly. Robbie pops the hood, appreciating the fresh engine.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Beautiful! You got some help. A good mechanic's hard to come by.

Frank turns his head, hiding a scowl. He spots the woman outside.

JESSUP
Yes, sir! Frankie here's been with me for, what? Almost two years now!

ROBBIE
Bet you've been a gearhead longer than that, eh kid?

Frank is distracted by the hottie outside. Catching Frank's eyeline, Robbie's smile falters.

JESSUP
Answer the man.

FRANK
Yes, sir.

JESSUP
Boy had a wrench in his hand before he was in diapers!

ROBBIE
You hone your craft in the service?

JESSUP
Too young.

ROBBIE
School, then?

Jessup's lip twitches, Frank stares daggers at him.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Anyway, you did a fine job.

Robbie clasps Jessup on the shoulder and hands him a wad of bills.

JESSUP
Don't mention it.

Jessup returns to his office, counting greedily.

Robbie puts out his hand to shake Frank's. Frank offers him the keys. Robbie laughs and playfully punches Frank's shoulder.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Ready yet, dickhead?

Jax waits impatiently by the garage door. Tall, slender, dirty blonde, Jax is stunning.

ROBBIE
(smiling)
Your chariot awaits!

Jax strides over, takes the keys out of Robbie's hands and gets in the front seat. She starts the engine and FLOORS THE GAS, driving out of the shop. Robbie jogs after.

She SCREECHES to a halt in the parking lot outside.

JESSUP
(calling from office)
The heck was that??

Robbie pulls on the door handle, but it's locked.

ROBBIE
Really, Jax?

CLICK - it opens and he jumps in.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Thanks, sweetheart.

Before he can close the door, she floors it again. Frank's jaw is on the floor.

INT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP

Frank is changing oil in a car by his workstation. Jessup's office light shuts off and he comes out into the workshop.

JESSUP
Sorry you din't hear back, boy.

Frank continues working, ignoring him.

JESSUP (CONT'D)
You look at me when I talk to you!

Silently, Frank looks up with a withering expression.

JESSUP (CONT'D)
Anyway... it's I always say: honest work's the best school for you. You understand?

FRANK
Yes, sir.

JESSUP
Well, night, son. You close up, alright? See ya in the morning.

Jessup exists. Frank waits a second, making sure he's gone. SOUND of an ignition. Jessup drives away.

The coast is clear: he walks into Jessup's office. Opening the top drawer, Frank sorts through keys and grabs a pair. His un-sent college application is still underneath the pile.

EXT. BACKSTREET - NEWARK, NJ - NIGHT

In an ORANGE 1969 Camaro, Frank drives through a throng of grungy strangers milling about - beefy, leather-clad biker-types and lanky barefoot hippies in colorful shirts.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A squat red-bearded man in a Hells Angels vest comes up to Frank's window.

BIKER
Grass? Blow? I got what you need, dude.

A denim-jacketed hipster butts in.

DENIM HIPSTER
How much?

Frank reaches the line of cars, parking next to a Blue GTO with its hood opened. Its driver grandstands for the crowd.

RACER
Totally custom. Ain't nothing like it.

EXT. BACKSTREET - CONTINUOUS

Frank gets out of the car to observe. He is engrossed by the chrome. A dude knocks into him, sending Frank reeling. Another guy jumps atop of the first, fists flailing.

FIGHTER
Where's my money!

Frank scuttles away. A hand grabs his arm, helping him up. Frank jumps, startled.

LEO
Hey, man! Relax.

FRANK
Thanks..

LEO
(smiling)
Thought you didn't race.

FRANK
That's right...

Leo smiles, glances over his shoulder.

LEO
Your car sure does.

The yellow Mustang Frank drove earlier now sits towards the end of the line. Her back to Frank, Jax leans against on the far side of the car smoking a cigarette.

LEO (CONT'D)
I'm only curious how you know Jax?

FRANK
Uh.. her?

LEO
I take it you don't..

Robbie approaches behind Frank, clasps him on the shoulder.

ROBBIE
Hey! You did some real magic - she rides like a dream.

Frank smiles, relieved. Leo scowls at Robbie.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Do I know you?

LEO
I know Jax. Robbie?

ROBBIE
Right! What dirty rumors she tell you about me?

LEO
Oh, no rumors.

Robbie grins, puts his arm around Frank.

ROBBIE
Good luck to ya.
(to Frank)
This way...

BURRRRRRRMP an AIR HORN wails. Frank glances behind him to see Denim Hipster readying the front of the line.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
(shouting to Jax)
Hey, baby!

Twenty feet away, Jax flicks her smoke and hops into the front seat. The Mustang ROARS to life.

DENIM HIPSTER
(yelling into a megaphone)
Drivers, to your vehicles!

Frank freezes, looks to his car, and back at Robbie.

Robbie leans into Jax's window, which she rolls up. He struggles to free himself.

Frank jogs back to his car, zigzagging through the crowd. He hops into his seat and shuts the door.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The BUZZ of the crowd and the engines are eclipsed by the throbbing LUB-DUB of Frank's heartbeat pounding in his head.

Taking a deep breath, he turns the ignition. The SPLUTTER sand ROAR of the engine restore the glint in Frank's eyes.

Entering into first gear, he creeps up to the starting line.

EXT. BACKSTREET - CONTINUOUS

The Denim Hipster faces the line of cars. He raises his hand with three fingers up.

A hush of silence falls over the crowd. The air is electric with a constant hum of engines.

Two fingers. One finger.

BURRRRMP! An airhorn sounds as his hand drops and the line of cars erupts like a den of lions harried by hornets.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Lurching forward, Frank turns the wheel frantically to avoid hitting the jockeying cars.

A yellow blur passes on the right. Frank catches a glimpse of Jax at the wheel - effortlessly pulling ahead.

The cars hurtle towards the end of the alley. Frank grips the wheel, buffeted by vehicles passing him on either side.

He swerves just in time as a black Corvette in front of him skids out, slamming against a building.

EXT. FREEWAY

Exiting the alley, the racers fall into line. ENGINES SQUEAL as everyone kicks into a higher gear.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank strikes the clutch and up-gears himself. The pitch of his car's HUM rising higher and higher.

Frank passes one car.

Another.

A third.

FRANK
WOO HOO!

Frank's moving so fast the dotted white lines on the road blur into a solid streak.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jax leads the pack, ROCKETING around a bend. Four cars behind her, Frank gains speed.

Behind the THUNDERING racers, flashing blue and red lights dance nearer on the horizon. A distant WAIL of sirens grows louder.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frank gains on the car in front of him - but it swerves recklessly, batting him away.

Frank accelerates fast, pulling up next to the wild driver. Neck-and-neck, MEATHEAD RACER stares Frank down through the window.

Frank begins to break away. The driver swerves again, this time SLAMMING into Frank - metal CRUNCHES and CREAKS.

FRANK
Woah!

Frank swerves away, his rear view mirror falls to the road. BA-BUM-BA-BUM - Frank's heart beats deafeningly.

EXT. FREEWAY

Leading the way, Jax's yellow Mustang veers right, onto an exit. Two other cars her HOWL after her. Behind them Frank still can't shake the rogue racer.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Seeing the single-lane exit, Frank floors it trying to overtake the madman who swerves again.. CRUNCH!

Sparks fly as the two cars hurtle in tandem towards the exit.

Just as they reach the turn, Frank makes a hard left, forcing his enemy into the traffic barrier.

MEATHEAD RACER
Ahhghh!

On impact, the water-filled barrels ERUPT into a tidal wave. Frank swerves right, avoiding the blast.

FRANK
Phew!

Frank's visibility is drowned out in the deluge. He flicks on his wipers.

Rounding the bend, Frank cruises past a broken-down race car parked on the side of the road. Smoke billows out of the car's hood; its driver kicks up dust in a rage.

Only one car remains between Frank and Jax. In Frank's windshield, Jax's yellow Mustang flits in and out of view in front of the final competitor.

The road turns left sharply. Frank takes the inside shoulder, steadily advancing on the next car.

Frank's view is filled with the other car's back end. A halo of blue, white, and red dances around the frame in front of him. Frank cranes his neck out the window to see what's going on.

EXT. FREEWAY

The roadway is blocked by three police cars lined up end-to-end. Armed officers wait behind their cars taking aim at the oncoming racers.

Three officers jog ahead of the line, rolls of spikes slung over their shoulders. Metal JANGLES with each step.

Jax's yellow Mustang barrels towards them.

INT. JAX'S MUSTANG

Framed against the flashing police lights through the windshield, officers' silhouettes unroll chains of spikes across the road.

JAX
No!

She makes a hard left.

EXT. FREEWAY

Careening towards the police blockade, Jax's car spins 120-degrees.

Her door busts open and she tucks and rolls out. The car behind Jax slams to the right to avoid her and slams back to the left to stay on the road.

B-BANG, B-BANG, Jax's tires burst over the spikes. The front end flies up as Jax's car becomes airborne, flipping over itself, CRUNCHING down on its rear bumper, rocketing towards the police line.

Amidst a SCREECH of skidding steel, cops scatter from behind their cars as Jax's wrecked vehicle comes in for a landing.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank slams on the breaks, a plume of smoke and fire fills the sky as Jax's Mustang bowls over the police cars. B-BANG B-BANG, the racer in front of Frank passes over the spikes. SPARKS FLYING, the car in front of him skates into a police van.

SCREECH! Frank SLAMS the breaks. He veers left to avoid the spikes, pulling up parallel to them, inches away.

His passenger door opens and Jax jumps in.

JAX
DRIVE!

Eyes wide, jaw on the floor, Frank stares at her, his knuckles white on the wheel.

JAX (CONT'D)
Ugh.. fine..

Jax jumps on to Frank's lap, leaning over between his legs.

FRANK
Hey!

CLICK. She shoves the driver seat back so she's sitting properly, HITS the clutch, SHIFTS down to first gear, and FLOORS the gas. The engine ROARS back to life as they fly back down the road away from the police.

Several officers run after them, firing into the night.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE PULASKI SKYWAY

Jax pulls up in a vacant lot near the water. Suspended above them are the massive girders of the Pulaski Skyway bridge.

The engine purr dies and she hops out of the car, retrieves a cigarette from the inside pocket of her jacket and lights up, pacing around.

Frank steps out of the passenger seat, shaken. The light WHOOSH of traffic overhead fills the air as cars pass along the bridge.

Jax tosses Frank the pack. He fumbles it. She snorts derisively as he stoops to retrieve it.

Standing back up, Frank clumsily puts a cig between his lips. Jimmying the lighter from the pack, Frank cautiously lines up the flame with the end of his smoke.

He bursts into a coughing fit, doubling over. Jax giggles.

FRANK
I uh.. I don't smoke.

JAX
You don't say.

She strides over to him and takes her pack back.

Jax stares him down for a moment. Her cigarette CRACKLES.

JAX (CONT'D)
What's your excuse?

FRANK
Excuse?

JAX
(sarcastically)
What's a girl like you doing in a race like this?

FRANK
(smiles)
I dunno... Guess I could ask you the same thing...

Jax scowls and turns from him. She wanders idly, looking up to the bridge.

FRANK (CONT'D)
But you can really drive... I like doing it. But tonight was a first.

JAX
No kidding.

Jax takes off her jacket, Frank gulps. She's wearing a black tank-top - an ornate tattoo on her back obscured by the right strap. Frank can't take his eyes off it. Glancing behind, she notices Frank checking out her tat.

JAX (CONT'D)
What ch'you lookin' at?

Frank fails to pretend he wasn't looking.

FRANK
(embarrassed)
Nothing, ma'am...

Jax flicks the butt of her smoke to the ground. She pulls the right strap of her shirt down with her left hand, uncovering her tattoo. Her right arm keeps her shirt from falling off.

JAX
Don't be a wuss about it.

Frank turns back. His ruffled expression gives way to a placid, entranced stare. On her back is a Phoenix, the great bird's head and wing tips emerging from a fireball.

JAX (CONT'D)
What'd you think?

FRANK
It's beautiful. What's it mean?

JAX
It's a reminder..

Jax pulls up her tank-top strap.

JAX (CONT'D)
Marks a fresh start.

FRANK
Moving here from New Orleans?

Jax snaps him a piercing look, her mouth slightly open. A distant ECHO OF SIRENS heralds the twinkling blue & red of cop cars passing over the bridge. Looking wearily after them, Jax throws her jacket back on.

JAX
Let's go.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

The busted ORANGE Camaro pulls up to the dock where rows of speedboats are tied up.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank scratches the back of his head.

FRANK
You live here?

She turns off the engine. JANGLE of keys as she drops them into Frank's hand.

JAX
Thanks for the lift, kid.

She pounds his shoulder with the side of her fist. She pops the door and jumps out. Frank gapes after her tall, slender figure sashaying into the darkness of the pier. At the end of the dock she disappears into a houseboat.

INT. JESSUP'S KEY DRAWER

The keys to the Camaro fall on top of the pile. Frank's hand enters the frame, digging into the pile - the CHINK of keys on keys. From the bottom, he fishes out his MIT application.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM

Sitting off his bed in the darkness, Frank holds his letter to MIT over a trash bin. He fires up a blowtorch and sets the corner of the letter on fire. The glow lights the room, illuminating Frank's smile.

INT. JAX'S BEDROOM - HOUSEBOAT - MARINA

An alien landscape of velvety black dunes gently rises and falls. The rhythmic movement is accompanied by a WHISPER OF BREATH.

We're looking at the sheet clinging to Jax's torso, framed in partial silhouette against the city lights on the horizon visible through the boat's small windows.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK - Jax SITS UP disoriented, her hair matted from the pillow. She clutches the sheet to her otherwise bare chest, peering blindly through the window.

JAX'S POV

A figure leans near the Plexiglas, his Cheshire Cat smile glinting out of the darkness.

JAX
Robbie??

EXT. DECK - HOUSEBOAT

The figure pops up and disappears around the side.

INT. JAX'S BEDROOM - HOUSEBOAT

JAX
What the...

She roves the windows, looking for where he went.

ROBBIE
Aww, was wittle Jackie sweeping?

Robbie's head pokes into cabin.

JAX
Get out!

ROBBIE
I been worried sick about ya!

Robbie slides through the door.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
I din't know weddah to check lockup
or da morgue!

He sidles up to the bed. Jax fumbles with her night table, putting on the cabin light. When she turns back, Robbie's standing over her. He gently brushes the hair off her face. She snorts in disgust, pushes his hand away.

JAX
Don't touch me!

ROBBIE
What gives?! Ever since you been
back it's like <u>we</u> never happened..

JAX
<u>We</u> *never* did!

She opens the duffle she uses for a pillow, extracting a shirt that she shimmies into.

ROBBIE
When did I become the bad guy?

JAX
You know damn well, jackass.

A grin spreads across Robbie's face.

ROBBIE
It's a crime to be a romantic?

She kicks out towards his chest, but he catches her foot.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
None of that, now!

She struggles against his grip.

JAX
Let go of me!

ROBBIE
You can't destroy a police unit and
not expect me to check up on you...

He drops her foot, she scuttles away from him, her back against her duffle pillow. He reaches into his back pocket and removes a folded manila envelope.

JAX
The hell is that?

ROBBIE
Oh this little thing?

The letter is addressed to “Jacqueline Laurent” from St. Peter’s Orphanage.

ROBBIE (CONT’D)
Guess who was looking for you while you were so busy running away from me?

Beat. Jax softens.

She scooches back to the end of the bed, one hand outstretched for the letter, the other behind her. Robbie hides the envelope behind his back.

ROBBIE (CONT’D)
Say pwitty pweeze.

JAX
Robbie...

Leaning over, on the mattress, Robbie leers over Jax. Jax’s eyes are transfixed on the envelope.

ROBBIE
And while we’re at it, I will need to collect on my Mustang *eventually*...

Lowering himself to the bed, clambering on top of her, Robbie slides his hand onto her hip. CLICK - Jax cocks the 9mm she hid in her other hand, now pressed into his crotch.

JAX
Get. Out.

Unhanding her, Robbie puts his hands in the air in mock surrender. The letter flutters down onto the floor.

ROBBIE
Hey now! Careful with the merchandise...

He bends to retrieve it. Jax aims the gun between his eyes.

ROBBIE (CONT’D)
Like I said... catch you tomorrow, home-slice.

He exits. Jax keeps her gun trained on the door, tears start rolling down her face. FOOTSTEPS outside, Robbie's gone. She crumples onto the floor, searching for the envelope.

EXT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP - DAY

In his car, Jessup pulls up alongside the shop and parks.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM

RADIO BLARING, shades yanked up and blanket pulled off by his machines, Frank SNORES loudly in bed. SLAM - the door busts open and a set of keys SMACKS Frank in the face.

JESSUP
Get the hell up, boy!

FRANK
Wha!?!

JESSUP
You so'm'bitch!

Jessup advances, brandishing a large wrench. Frank looks up groggily. Processing the imminent danger, he throws up his arms to protect himself. Jessup takes a swing.

TINK - Jessup hits Frank's forearm. Frank CRIES in pain.

FRANK
Aghh!

JESSUP
I warned you boy! What you doing stealing cars?

FRANK
I'm sorry, sir!

JESSUP
Sorry??

Jessup grabs Frank's ear. He pulls him to his feet, yanking him towards the door.

INT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP

Jessup pushes Frank past the massive Go-Fast boat.

FRANK'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Parked next to Frank's desk is the wrecked orange Camaro. The left side of the vehicle is dented beyond repair, the windows are shattered, and the side mirror is missing. Jessup brandishes the wrench at the heap of a car.

JESSUP
I oughtta have you locked up!

FRANK
But...

JESSUP
What the hell were you thinking?

Cowering, Frank glares up at him silently.

JESSUP (CONT'D)
You got something to say?

FRANK
(whisper)
MIT...

JESSUP
What's that, now?

FRANK
I saw the letter.

Beat. Jessup's lip twitches.

FRANK (CONT'D)
My college...

Jessup's hand snakes out, smacking Frank upside the head.

JESSUP
I know, y'ungrateful lil basturd!

Frank sits on the floor, crying into his hands.

JESSUP (CONT'D)
I'm the best you got! And look how you done me wrong.

Jessup's face is beet red, he storms towards the Camaro.

JESSUP (CONT'D)
GOD DAMN IT!

He chucks the wrench through the rear window. Frank is showered with tiny shards of glass. He shields his face, runs for the door.

JESSUP (CONT'D)
AND STAY OUT!! I WANT THIS PAID IN FULL BY THE END OF THE MONTH OR I SEND YOU TO JAIL!

Alone, Jessup heaves with anger. Hearing scraping from outside, he hurries to the door. We faintly hear a glass shard fall on concrete and quick footsteps.

JESSUP (CONT'D)
HEY!

EXT. PARKING LOT - JESSUP AUTOSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jessup runs out of the shop chasing Frank, who runs away from Jessup's car, the letters "FAT ASS" scraped into his door with a shard of glass.

EXT. STREET

Frank jogs down the block, glancing bloodshot eyes behind him every so often. Other pedestrians stare at him quizzically. He passes the toy store with the Erector Set in the display.

FATHER TAYLOR (V.O.)
Patience...

He knocks into a free newspaper dispenser that sails out into the street. The door breaks off its hinges, loose pages fly off. A storekeeper ducks out.

STORE CLERK
(furious)
Hey! Get back here!

Frank jogs away, brow furrowed, biting back tears.

FATHER TAYLOR (V.O.)
Humility...

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH

Frank sits alone in the dark wooden chamber breathing fast. B-BUM B-BUM - Frank's heart beats thunderously. The window slides open noiselessly, behind which sits a young priest.

Muted, he mouths to Frank through the grate who sits transfixed, scowling. The priest leans closer to the window, mouthing more, waving to Frank, trying to engage him.

FRANK'S POV

Jessup's mouth fills the frame, spittle flying like shrapnel.

JESSUP
I'm the best you got!

CLOSE UP ON FRANK'S MOUTH

FRANK
(shrieking)
NO!

INT. CHURCH

The young priest watches with doleful eyes, hands hovering helplessly in front his chest, as two large parishioners frog march a struggling Frank away from the booth.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Sunlight dances off the water. Docked boats float lazily.

INT. JAX'S BEDROOM - HOUSEBOAT

Jax lies on her back in bed next to the manila envelope from St. Peter's Orphanage - now torn open. She's reading the back of a photograph of a little girl on a swing.

RACK FOCUS from the face of the little girl in the photo to Jax's. We can see they share the same intense, amber eyes. On the back of the photo, Jax's gaze lingers on the adorably scrawled "Love, Sylvie" at the bottom.

Sighing, Jax returns the photo to a small envelope with a return address in Rye, NY. She swaps the envelope for a stack of photos next to her.

The top photo is of Jax at 19 posing in front of the New York Public Library. Her hair is darker, her face all made-up.

Flipping to the next photo, we see a series from a photo booth: four poses of Jax - smiling naïvely - in the arms of a younger Robbie - leering proudly.

Jax tosses the photos to the bed and scooches off.

EXT. DECK - HOUSEBOAT

Jax steps through the doorway, cigarette between her lips. Hand cupped, she SNAPS a lighter. Her cig SIZZLES to life. In the adjacent spot on the dock, Leo unties his speedboat.

LEO
Mornin' sunshine!

She nods back wordlessly, exhaling a plume of smoke. Leo starts his boat's engine, which makes an odd puttering noise.

LEO (CONT'D)
Damn, do I miss Ollie! Kyle wants a new motorboy stat.

Jax nods absentmindedly, bracing herself against the cool morning breeze. Cigarette boats dodge and weave in the bay.

JAX
Yo Leo, could I borrow your wheels?

LEO
No prob, Bob!

He tosses a novelty pot-leaf key chain over to her.

INT. LEO'S CAR - MORNING

Jax sits parked across from a row of suburban houses.

EXT. SYLVIE'S HOUSE - RYE, NJ - CONTINUOUS

SYLVIE (16) exits the front door with a knapsack slung casually on one shoulder. She's the spitting image of Jax - tall and slender, but with darker, short, cropped hair. Sylvie waves back into the house before closing the door.

INT. LEO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jax flattens back, seat leather SQUEAKING. Out the window, Sylvie stands by the corner, looking down the block. Jax turns in her seat to look through the rear window.

Captain and Tennille's "Love Will Keep Us Together" grows louder as a car full of teenagers pulls up - Sylvie's ride to school. Sylvie hops in. Jax turns back to the house where a middle-aged woman has popped out to wave Sylvie goodbye.

EXT. SYLVIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sylvie's mom waves to the car full of kids, smiling.

SYLVIE'S MOM
Drive safe!

INT. LEO'S CAR

Jax watches Sylvie's adoptive mother looking after Sylvie before retreating into her house.

EXT. MARINA - POINT PLEASANT - AFTERNOON

Frank tries to explain himself to the boat basin superintendent blocking his way, arms folded.

FRANK
No, I don't live here, but my...

SUPERINTENDENT
Right... And can you tell me "Jax's" last name?

FRANK
Well, I just met her, but I dropped her off last night...

The superintendent smirks. Frank is crestfallen. A POP of a car door opening off screen. The superintendent's eyes dart to whoever got out of their car, his eyebrows rise.

JAX (O.S.)
It's cool, man.

The superintendent is nearly drooling. Jax returns, twirling her keys on her finger.

JAX (CONT'D)
He's with me.

Frank smirks, follows Jax down the dock.

EXT. DOCK - MARINA

When they reach the houseboat, Jax turns to face Frank.

JAX
What do you want?

Frank looks down, ashamed.

JAX (CONT'D)
(softening)
How long have you been out here?

FRANK
Not that long... I didn't want to bother you.

Jax hoists herself up the ladder onto the boat deck, motions for Frank to follow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSEBOAT

Frank sits on her couch, defeated. Off-screen in the kitchenette, Jax cracks open a beer. She enters the living room with two fresh Coronas.

She plops on the couch next to Frank, passes him a beer, kicking hers back. He doesn't join her in a swig. She meets his tired, tear-dried eyes with a sympathetic frown.

JAX
What happened?

Frank starts to tear up. Raising her hand gently to cup the back of his head, Jax lowers his face to rest on her shoulder.

JAX (CONT'D)
(semi-sarcastically)
Anything I can do?

FRANK
(laughing through tears)
Not unless you've got $5000.

Beat. A light sparks in Jax's eye and she grins.

JAX
I know someone who does...

She kills her beer in an epic 3 second chug and jumps up, leading Frank out by the wrist.

INT. CLUB HOUSE - POINT PLEASANT, NJ - AFTERNOON

The living room looks like a frat house - empty beer cans strewn about - despite being nicely furnished. On the wall behind a large dining room table is a big blackboard with a chart of track times listed next to people's initials.

Jax enters, Frank following sheepishly.

JAX
HEY, KYLE! I FOUND US A NEW OLLIE!

Somebody stirs in the back room.

JAX (CONT'D)
Kyle?

TONY (27) emerges. He's built like a bull - tanned bronze, head buzzed - wearing a bathrobe. Smoke billows from his nostrils, a bong idly smoking in hand at his hip.

JAX (CONT'D)
Hey, where's Kyle at?

Tony gives Frank the evil eye, unblinking. He advances.

JAX (CONT'D)
Tony...

Frank cowers as Tony towers over him. Tony snorts, his upper lip curling in distaste.

TONY
I don't like 'im.

Jax rolls her eyes.

JAX
Great, cuz that's what I asked...

Tony turns to Jax who meets his gaze coolly.

TONY
Kyle ain't here.

JAX
You don't say?

Tony pulls a lighter from his bathrobe pocket. He takes a dense hit off the bong. He exhales in Frank's face, obscuring the frame with pot smoke. Frank COUGHS, Jax giggles.

TONY
He's at his juice joint again.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - AFTERNOON

KA-DUNK, KA-DUNK, KA-DUNK - a PATH train barrels down the tracks.

INT. BETWEEN CARS - PATH TRAIN

Jax sits on the floor leaning back against the accordioned plastic walls. A cigarette rests lazily between her fingers.

Frank squats across from her, glancing nervously into the adjoining cars, teetering off balance with the swaying train.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION EXIT - STREET - BROOKLYN

Jax climbs the stairs two at a time. Frank jogs behind.

Emerging on the street, Jax orients herself, Frank catches up, panting a little. He takes in the view: a taxi breezes by the intersection, a couple of bell-bottomed disco dudes chat animatedly exiting a record store.

Frank notices Jax is gone. He races to catch up with her down the block.

EXT. GREENE & BEANE'S HEALTH NUT EMPORIUM & JUICE BAR

A SHAGGY HIPPIE sits on a bench in front of a health food store. He nods at somebody approaching from off-screen.

SHAGGY HIPPIE
Hey beautiful!

Jax enters the frame, smiling familiarly. She tousles his hair, he scrunches up his face, baring his teeth in delight. His playful expression falters as Frank enters the frame.

SHAGGY HIPPIE (CONT'D)
Who're you?

JAX
He's here to meet Kyle.

SHAGGY HIPPIE
He's in back. Practicing.

Jax snorts with laughter and pushes the door open - a bell JINGLES. Holding the door, she ushers Frank inside.

INT. GREENE & BEANE'S HEALTH NUT EMPORIUM & JUICE BAR

The whole right side of the store is dedicated to a juice bar complete with bar stool seating. Above the bar, a row of blackboards listing the drink menu are mounted on the wall.

A GANG OF HIPPIES sits towards the back, the tremble of their last laugh hangs over stark silence: all eyes are on Frank.

Amidst the aisles in the middle of the store, a FLOWERY LADY peruses the shelves, reading the boxes.

At the bar, a GRIZZLY HIPPIE with a shaved head and full beard drains his juice, breaking the silence with the RATTLING SLURP of his straw. Frank stands dumbly, wiping his sweaty palms against his jeans.

The woman shopping passes between them, confused and unsettled, crossing over to check out at the register. The bartender walks to the register behind the counter, tosses an orange and green stained dish towel over his shoulder.

Jax saunters in having finished catching up with the SHAGGY HIPPIE on the bench outside, visible through the glass storefront.

JUICE BARTENDER
Hiya Jax.

He glances at shopper's basket and punches numbers in the register.

JAX
Hey, guys. This is Frank.
(to Frank)
Take a seat.

Jax leads Frank to sit a table set up in the front left corner by the door.

JUICE BARTENDER
(to shopper)
$13.50. Would like a bag for that ma'am?

FLOWERY LADY
Please.

She looks around, shiftily, digging bills out of her handbag. The bartender packs her things. Across the room, the Grizzly Hippie calls to Frank.

GRIZZLY HIPPIE
Ain'chya gonna buy summin, Frankie?

Forcing his lips into an apologetic smile, Frank falters responding; he shrinks in his chair.

JUICE BARTENDER
Hey, man, chill.

He hands the lady her bag, which she grabs hastily, one eye over her shoulder on the gang.

JUICE BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Thank you, ma'am. You have a good day now!

The bell JINGLES behind her as she hurries out.

GRIZZLY HIPPIE
Some folks call that "loitering." Mind ya, that's disturbin' the peace!

The bartender shakes his head, returning to the juice bar. Tossing the empty juice in the recycling bin, he leans over to check the clock on the back wall mounted above a door painted in an elaborate neon mandala pattern.

JUICE BARTENDER
(to Frank & Jax)
Kyle oughtta be out soon...

KYLE (O.S.)
(muffled through the door)
Coast clear?

JUICE BARTENDER
(shouting)
You're good, man.

A woman MOANS loudly from the other side of the door in back.

WOMAN (O.S.)
UHHNH! Oh god! Thank god!

KYLE (O.S.)
Ohmmmmmm.... Ohmmmmmm....

Frank cranes his neck around the aisles to see the back door. His brow's furrowed, jaw dropped. Jax catches his expression, smiles. The bartender rolls his eyes.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(crying)
AHHHH. I LOVE YOU. UHHN...

KYLE
Ohmmmmmm.... Shanti. Shanti.
Shanti. Ohmmmm...

The moans are replaced by RUSTLING and THUDDING from behind the door, which suddenly bursts open.

KYLE steps out - his bare foot REVEALING his CARROT ORANGE SKIN COLOR. He wears loose fitting kaleidoscopic African pants with no shirt. His wiry, muscular frame and thinning straw-colored mane makes him look like an athletic carrot.

Striding over to the bar, he slams down a glass.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Fill 'er up, Bro-ski!

JUICE BARTENDER
Carrot Ginger?

KYLE
Don't you know it!

JUICE BARTENDER
Comin' right up boss.

KYLE
Now, where is she?!

On the other side of the aisles, Jax stands up. Following her lead, Frank knocks over his chair. Mortified, he stoops to pick it up. Kyle bound around the corner.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Hehey! There she is!

He briskly dips her and kisses her on the lips. Jax is taken off-guard, eyes wide open, but she doesn't resist.

Frank rises to his feet, picking up the chair when he notices Jax in Kyle's arms. The chair CLATTERS back to the floor. Kyle releases Jax, turns to Frank. Frank and Jax lock eyes: his incredulous, hers embarrassed.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Well shit! I didn't see ya down there, brother. Kyle.

Kyle deftly rights the chair and offers Frank a hand.

FRANK
I'm sorry.. Frank.

KYLE
You bet. What brings you to our neck of the woods?

FRANK
I need your help?

Frank looks pathetic. At the bar, GRIZZLY HIPPIE smirks.

KYLE
Is that so?

JAX
He's a gearhead and he's better than Ollie was.

KYLE
No kidding!
(to Frank)
We'll see about that.

Kyle clasps Frank on the shoulder so hard that Frank wobbles.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(to Jax)
How's my angel settlin' in?

JAX
Been better.

She grimaces at the partly open door in the back. Through the crack, we see a indistinct figure of a woman dressing.

KYLE
Been too long, sister! Let's fix that.

He speeds back to the back room, leaving Frank and Jax in his wake. They look after him and awkwardly smile at each other, avoiding eye contact.

KYLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Back here!

CUT TO BLACK

INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR, FACING OUT

Total darkness is broken as the door cracks open, triggering the light on. The door swings wide, REVEALING Kyle, Jax, and Frank's torsos. They kneel down for a better look. Frank is bug-eyed. Jax looks relieved. Kyle leans in with a kid-in-a-candy-store smile.

KYLE'S POV - LOOKING INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR

Organized on shelves is labeled mason jar after labeled mason jar of hairy, green nuggets. It's a collection of marijuana - organized alphabetically by strain and country of origin. Kyle grabs one of the jars labeled ACAPULCO GOLD.

INT. KYLE'S ROOM - GREENE & BEANE'S - CONTINUOUS

Kyle bustles between Frank and Jax, sets up a little rolling station at his desk. Behind him, the woman lies on his sheet-less futon mattress on the floor, applying lipstick in the mirror mounted on the ceiling. She's dressed like a hooker. Frank eyes her suspiciously. She waves into the mirror.

WOMAN
I seee you..

Frank averts his gaze. Kyle spins around, joint in hand.

KYLE
(manic grin)
Who's down for a ride?

FRANK
Uh...

EXT. RIVER SIDE HIGHWAY

A small, boxy-looking red convertible BOLTS down the road, swerving madly. Kyle's WILD LAUGH blends with the ENGINE GROWING & FADING as it blows past us.

INT. KYLE'S CAR

Kyle's feet stomp on the clutch, the car wailing at various octaves as he shifts to an ever-higher gear. Jax draws deeply from the joint, closing her eyes in ecstasy. She reaches her hand behind her headrest, offering the joint.

Frank takes it carefully between his thumb and index finger. He raises the joint to his lips. Looking down his nose, his eyes cross as he inhales.

HACK! HACK! Frank doubles over into a fit of coughing, from his gargantuan toke.

KYLE
(laughing)
WHOOO BABY!

Frank blearily passes the joint to the prostitute.

FRANK
Ouch.

WOMAN
The first time always hurts.

Frank blushes.

FRANK
It's not my first time!

She smiles at him. He jumps in his seat, surprised. She's running a nail down his outer thigh. Looking back up at her, she's smiling - blows a puff of smoke in his face, sending him back to coughing.

KYLE
(quietly)
Seat belts.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK - everybody but Frank knows the drill.

FRANK
Wha??

NEEE-URNNN - Kyle SLAMS the clutch, down shifts dramatically and takes a HARD 90 DEGREE TURN - SCREECH.

Frank tumbles headlong into the woman next to him as the car swerves off the road. The windshield fills with the view of the river as Kyle drives straight off the side of the world.

PLUNK! The vehicle crashes into the water.

FRANK (CONT'D)
OH SHIT!

WOMAN
(nonchalant)
Watch out, dude.

She pushes Frank off her. He shimmies back to his side and looks out the window. The current laps at the door handles. The car continues drifting forward. Looking back, Frank sees the car is leaving a wake.

FRANK
(amazement)
What the...

There are two propellers where the exhaust pipes should be. Kyle laughs heartily, blasts the radio playing The Allman Brother's "Where It All Begins". An officer on a passing Coast Guard boat taps his partner, pointing with his thumb to Kyle's car-boat shrugging, smiling bemusedly.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Driving into the sunset, the amphibious convertible speeds up. It signals a turn, pulling out into middle of the river.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MARINA

Frank nerds-out with Kyle over the car, gesticulating emphatically at the propellers. Jax and the prostitute dip their feet in the water off the dock, admiring the sunset.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The sun shines brightly over a packed beach, dappled with multicolored sun umbrellas and bodies outstretched on towels.

BEACH VOLLEYBALL COURT

A fit dude dives to hit the ball, catching it just before it hits the sand. His teammate rockets the ball over the net.

SHORE

Kids skimboard along the tide. A hefty father rushes into the oncoming waves, carrying his squealing boy in with him.

OCEAN

An embracing couple bobbing in the glistening water kiss.

A surfer glides by on a CHURNING crystal blue wave.

Further out, Frank and Jax bob next to each other on surfboards. Jax is giggling as Frank tries to stand on his board on the flat water.

A small swell knocks him off balance and the dives off his board, limbs flailing. Jax laughs out loud. Frank doesn't resurface. Jax paddles over to his board and...

SPLASH!

FRANK
RAWWR!

Frank pops out from underneath her board, sending Jax into the ocean with him. They both laugh. She splashes him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEO'S BOAT - LATE AFTERNOON

Amidst the breeze and waves we can hear a whirring... TK-TK-TK-TK-TK. Leo passes a cigarette to Tony who, shirtless, bares his tattoo of a life-sized skull eating a photo-realistic heart on the middle of his torso.

TONY
Ya gatta be kiddin me.

LEO
I swear to god! He's been unlocking some real horsepower. I'm hitting 65 in the open ocean. Ain't that so Frank?

INT. COCKPIT - LEO'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Frank is working on the exposed control pad with a socket wrench. He is noticeably tanner.

LEO (O.S.)
Frank?

Frank's engrossed in his work - deaf to the world. Frank wipes the sweat from his brow.

EXT. LEO'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Tony stifles laughter as Leo sneaks into the cabin.

INT. COCKPIT - LEO'S BOAT

Frank doesn't notice Leo sneaking behind, greasing a chain. THWACK! Leo whips him with a rag.

FRANK
Ow!

Frank clasps his neck.

LEO
(laughing)
Isn't that right Frank?

FRANK
Sorry... what?

TONY
He's tellin' me you're some kinda boat whisperer or sommin'.

Frank shrugs, bashful. Leo sneaks the keys off Frank's belt.

FRANK
Wait! I'm...

VROOOOM.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Not finished...

Tony's face begins to vibrate from the engine's power. His jaw drops. Leo laughs his head off.

LEO
Not done yet??

FRANK
With a little tuning... I think she’s got another 5 knots.

Leo dances out, on to the deck. Tony glares after his friend, making sure he’s out of earshot before turning to Frank. Frank looks concerned.

TONY
(puppy dog eyes)
Do me next?

He points at his blue & gold boat across dock. Frank smiles, relieved. Jax pokes her head into the cabin.

JAX
Sorry, Tony, I need him for a sec.
(to Frank)
Meet me at my boat.

Jax looks at Frank impatiently, his smile fades.

EXT. DOCK - MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Frank hops off Leo’s boat, toolbox in hand.

TONY (O.S.)
No way!

Frank turns, eavesdropping on their conversation in the boat.

JAX (O.S.)
I need you on your game tomorrow night. We’ll have him look over your shit before the time trials.

Tony CURSES under his breath.

JAX (O.S.) (CONT’D)
We cool?

Frank leans in to hear better.

TONY (O.S.)
Fine.

We hear SHUFFLING from inside the boat. Frank turns aroud, Jax exits the cockpit. He casually looks over his shoulder.

FRANK
What’s up?

She eyes him, suspicious, and points across to her boat.

JAX
I need you on my boat, now. Time trials tomorrow.

INT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP

The wrecked Camaro sits in the middle of shop floor. DETECTIVE HALPERN (40) circles the vehicle, hand on his hip. He points to various areas for a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER to shoot, flooding the autoshop with the camera flash.

EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

The current glistens, reflecting the golden lightbeams. Jax's flame-streaked obsidian craft cuts across the frame.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax accelerates. Frank fastens his seatbelt as the craft goes intermittently airborne, flying off waves, the ocean falling in and out of frame through the windshield. Frank watches Jax, her smile growing the faster they go.

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

Jax's boat bobs, parked in the middle of nowhere. We can hear the TK-TK-TK of Frank's tools.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax watches Frank work on the exposed machinery under her steering wheel. He looks up.

FRANK
Less tension in the wheel?

JAX
Mm-hm.

Jax claps him on the back. Frank turns back to his work, but her hand lingers there. Frank gulps, keeps turning his tool.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Arrow-like speedboats zoom past the frame.

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

Along the shore hangs a giant banner: “Benihana Grand Prix Preliminary Trials”

ANNOUNCER
(over PA system)
KUDU #20, LA TORTUGA #47, & BLACK SWAN #23, please advance to the starting line.

Jax’s craft roars past her two time trial competitors, stopping in front of the start line at the end of the inlet.

EXT. HOFFMAN’S MARINA - CONTINUOUS

We can see the starting line in the distance and faintly hear starting horns. The dock is bustling with racing teams and hard-core fans. Robbie saunters through the crowd.

He approaches Tony’s boat, moored to the dock. We can hear a TK-TK-TK from the back of the craft.

EXT. DECK - TONY’S BOAT

Frank is putting the finishing touches on the engine.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
Boats, too? What can’t ya do?!

Frank fumbles his tool, nearly dropping it into the engine. He turns to face Robbie who stands over him on the boat, grinning beneath a pair of Wayfarer sunglasses. He offers Frank a hand up.

ROBBIE (CONT’D)
How’s it hanging, Frankie?

Frank glances to the crowd on the dock, looking for Tony.

FRANK
Robbie, right?

ROBBIE
If ya gotta ask...

He punches Frank’s arm a little too hard, heads for the cockpit. Frank rubs his triceps, brow furrowed. Robbie leans over, admiring the console. Frank’s hand tightens on the wrench.

FRANK
If you're looking for Jax, she's..

ROBBIE
On the track... ya know, I'm not deaf, Frankie.

Robbie slips around the windshield to the bow.

FRANK
Yo! You can't...

Robbie presses a foot down on a panel that spans the bow. CLICK - a hatch pops up. Frank quiets, curious. Robbie lifts the panel, looking inside.

ROBBIE'S POV

looking into a deep hatch, a pile of heavy-duty cordage with carabiners lie at the bottom.

EXT. BOW - TONY'S BOAT

Robbie grins at Frank, who looks back at him dumbly. Robbie hops in. Frank rushes to the edge.

FRANK
Dude!

INT. HATCH - TONY'S BOAT

Searching on the bottom of the hatch, Robbie sees small, round, green seeds. He flashes the sleaziest grin.

ROBBIE
Bingo.

EXT. BOW - TONY'S BOAT

Frank helps hoist Robbie up, out of the hatch.

ROBBIE
Thanks, buddy!

Together, they close the hatch with a CLICK. Frank faces him standing full height, holding his wrench.

EXT. HOFFMAN'S MARINA

Several boat teams launch. Fans crowd the dock, cheering. Tony emerges from the crowd, sees Frank with Robbie on the bow of his boat.

TONY
(under his breath)
What the hell?

He jogs down the dock to his speedboat.

FRANK
I'm not your buddy and you can't be here. I've got work to do.

Tony slows, watching Frank shove Robbie off his boat with a wrench. He glows with respect towards Frank.

ROBBIE
Watch the merch!

Tony walks up to Robbie, gets in his face with out saying a word. Robbie winks at him and slithers off into the crowd.

EXT. DECK - TONY'S BOAT

Tony climbs up to join Frank.

FRANK
I'm sorry, man.. He...

Tony pulls Frank into a headlock, gives him a noogie.

TONY
Well played, bro.

Frank playfully works to free himself, smiling abashed.

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

The pack of speedboats approach the finish line. Ashore, the crowd goes WILD.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax bares down on the wheel, grinning.

JAX'S POV

We hurtle towards the finish line.

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

The JUDGE'S boat cruises along the finish line, the judge waiving a checkered flag. The competition lags behind Jax by several lengths.

I/E. COCKPIT - KUDU

Hurtling past the finish line after her, KUDU'S RACER rips off his sunglasses, ogling Jax's boat in awe.

KUDU RACER
Damn, she's fast!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLUB HOUSE - SUNSET

A cold Corona and a rocks glass of whiskey clink in front of the orange orb of the setting sun. Jax smiles, laughing at Leo's silly pantomime gestures.

KITCHEN

Tony passes a joint to Kyle who feeds carrots into a complicated juicer spraying orange fluid into his glass.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Behind the closed door, we hear water running in a sink. The door swings open, Frank steps out, surveys the motley crew, smiling warmly.

LIVING ROOM

Jax beckons Frank into the living room, tosses him a beer, winking at him. He catches it awkwardly. He smiles wanly, watching her laugh at Leo's joking. He joins in laughter.

EXT. BOARDWALK - EVENING

Frank and Jax walk slowly away from the club house towards the marina. Frank glances at her, breath held, then looks away, sighing. Jax stares him down expectantly.

FRANK
Wanna go somewhere tonight?

Her expression falters. Frank looks mortified.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Sorry...

JAX
It's not like that... I've got some shit to take care of later....

Frank looks back to her, flashing her a sad smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Dark foamy waves ride up the dimly lit sand.

EXT. STERN - JAX'S BOAT

Tony and Leo talk idly in Jax's boat. Down the dock, Jax creeps quietly to the houseboat.

EXT. DECK - HOUSE BOAT

Jax peers through the tiny window into Frank's small bedroom. A shape in the blankets, rhythmically rising and falling, assures her Frank is sound asleep. A pivoting fan whirs on the night table next to his bed.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - HOUSE BOAT

Behind the pile of blankets a CO2 tank is attached to a balloon with a small hole in its top. The pivoting fan is connected to the tank nozzle, alternatively releasing and stopping the gas flow, creating the illusion of breathing.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax climbs up to join Leo and Tony.

TONY
My baby's never run better! The kid works magic.

JAX
That's real sweet, but can you shut up about him so *we* can get to work?

TONY
(sours)
How far out's this trip again?

Faking a smile, she waves to a neighboring HOUSEBOAT RESIDENT enjoying a cigar on his deck, who salutes her in reply.

JAX
(Whispering)
SHHH! Idiot..

INT. HATCH - JAX'S BOAT

Frank stoops in the small space, his ear close to the top of the hatch.

JAX (O.S.)
We're not alone here.

The engine starts. Assaulted by the noise, Frank covers his ears - its deafeningly loud in the compartment. The boat lurches forward, Frank loses his balance and falls over.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax pulls away from the marina. Tony looks confused.

TONY
You feel that?

INT. HATCH - JAX'S BOAT

Curled up at the bottom of the hatch, Frank covers his mouth.

LEO (O.S.)
(muffled)
Yeah. It's called being on a boat.

Frank sighs in relief.

CLOUDS PASS OVER A NEARLY FULL MOON IN FAST MOTION.

DISSOLVE TO:

DARK WATER RUSHING PAST THE BOAT'S HULL

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

Jax's tiny boat speeds along the vast abyss.

LEO
Are we there yet?

TONY
IT WASN'T FUNNY THE FIRST TIME.

INT. HATCH - JAX'S BOAT

Frank stifles his own laughter.

EXT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP - NIGHT

Father Taylor knocks on the front door. Under the door, there's clearly a light on, but no reply. He knocks louder and doesn't stop. We can hear footsteps inside.

FRANCIS (19) opens the door - a stringy, pimply kid covered in grease smears, holding a wrench.

FRANCIS
Excuse me, sir, but we ain't open.

FATHER TAYLOR
That's quite alright, young man. I'm actually looking for a boy who works here - do you know if Frank is in?

Francis scratches his head with his wrench.

FRANCIS
I don't know any Frank, sir, but Mr. Jessup comes in 11 in the AM.

Father Taylor looks perplexed.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - 100 MILES OUT TO SEA

Moonlight glints off binocular lenses. In a black raft with an outboard motor a shadowy figure scans around, bobbing up and down with the current.

BINOCULARS POV

On a hulking buoy, two figures sit chatting animatedly. Pan to the clear horizon.

EXT. SKETCHY RAFT - OPEN OCEAN

The man checks his watch. The glowing dial illuminating a masked face.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax checks their location against coordinates written on her wrist. The buoy appears on the horizon - a growing dot.

CUT TO BLACK

OVER BLACK we hear the engine quiet to a dull purr.

INT. HATCH - JAX'S BOAT

A moonbeam slices through the darkness as Frank delicately lifts the panel for fresh air.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN

The sketchy raft bobs in the extreme foreground. Beyond, Jax's boat docks to the buoy. Leo steps out greet the men.

BUOY BLOKE 1
Ahoy!

LEO
Evening, fellas.

BINOCULARS POV

Buoy Bloke 1 fumbles with the fuel valve on the side of Jax's boat - it's a mid-ocean gas station.

EXT. DECK - JAX'S BOAT

LEO
Good night so far?

BUOY BLOKE 1
Just getting started. Y'all are the first to the party.

INT. HATCH - JAX'S BOAT

Frank moves his ear towards the open crack, trying to hear the dialogue over the sound of fuel gushing into the tank.

EXT. SKETCHY RAFT

The shadowy figure spies through his binoculars. He moves his free hand to his ear, dials up a hearing aid. The amplification distorts the voices.

BUOY BLOKE 1 (O.S.)
Y'all know where to go, right?

LEO (O.S.)
Yessir... Cape May in 2 hours.

BUOY BLOKE 2 (O.S.)
Full up 'n good to go, folks!

LEO (O.S.)
Thank you kindly!

BINOCULARS POV

Jax's boat pull away. The two gas station attendants wave after them as they disappear on the horizon.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Checking the dash, Jax eases the throttle.

TONY
You sure we're in the right place?

JAX
We're early.

TONY
Aiight. Anyone care for a smoke?

INT. HATCH - JAX'S BOAT

Frank listens attentively as the engine sound dies away.

LEO (O.S.)
(muffled)
You got a light?

Footsteps are audible overhead.

JAX (O.S.)
(muffled)
Prep the hatch, first, will ya?

Frank freezes, petrified.

LEO (O.S.)
(muffled)
On it.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax triple checks the coordinates, Tony smoking behind her. On the other side of the windshield, Leo enters the frame, STRUMMING his fingers against the glass.

Kneeling over, he lifts the panel on the bow.

LEO
Holy...!

He hops back in shock, the panel CRASHES back down over the hatch. Jax jumps from her seat - her hand moves to the gun tucked in the back of her pants.

Tony spots the gun, freaks out, grabs Jax's arm to confiscate it. She struggles.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN

The boat rises and falls atop the endless field of undulating silvery black water.

TONY
This is bad! Bad juju, man.

On the moonlit deck, shadows move towards the cockpit. A light clicks in the cockpit.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Tony holds Jax's pistol, looking appalled. At the wheel, Jax sits fuming. Frank crouches next to her looking ashamed. Leo glances from face to face, shaken.

TONY
(to Jax)
Does Kyle know about this?

CLICK - he removes the gun's magazine. Frank is awed.

JAX
He'd understand...

TONY
... that you broke his ONE RULE?
"Guns are for gangsters," which...

Leo steps in, putting his arms around both of them.

LEO
Tony... If she says it's cool...

Tony chucks the weapon to the ground, flustered. He storms to the stern, pacing. Leo goes over to console him.

Jax turns to Frank. His hands fidget, he looks at his feet.

JAX
Was I unclear?

LEO
I think it was a honest mistake.

TONY
You feel like explaining it to 'em?
I'm *sure* they'll understand.

Frank looks up, confused and curious.

JAX
(calming)
Nobody has to explain anything.

Jax takes Frank by the shoulder.

JAX (CONT'D)
Frank, you're not to leave the cockpit. We've got a job to do and you're being here puts us all at risk. Got it?

Frank nods obediently.

LEO
We've got company!

EXT. OPEN OCEAN

Jax's boat is joined by three dark speedboats.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Tony's gaze follows one of the circling cigarette boats.

FRANK
What's going on?

JAX
Get down now.

Frank hits the floor, rolls under the seats. The radio crackles to life.

KYLE (O.S.)
(over the radio)
How's it hangin', Princess?

Jax grabs the receiver and clicks it on.

JAX
Waiting.

Through the window, a light flickers on the horizon. A light on the distant boat flashes - Morse-code. Jax hits the signal light.

KYLE (O.S.)
(over the radio)
First come, first served.

JAX
Don't you mean ladies first.

KYLE'S belly laugh crackles from the dash. Jax pushes the throttle, they lurch forward, towards the flashing light.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN

We track back on Jax's boat cruising along. Leo and Tony run out to the bow, opening the hatch wide.

As the speedboat slows, we continue tracking back, revealing a tremendous shadow on the water - something huge lies just behind us.

CLOSE UP ON TONY

His head tilts further and further back, looking up. A shadow spreads over his face, blocking the moonlight.

TONY
(whisper)
Jesus Christ...

TONY'S POV

We're looking up the hull of a freighter. A person's silhouette waves down from the deck 20 feet above.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

As Jax's craft falls with the swells, the freighter floats up four feet, towering over them ominously. Jax maneuvers the wheel and throttle in perfect harmony, bringing them parallel to the oscillating wall of steel.

Peering out from his sleeping bag, Frank's eyes are saucers transfixed on the windshield.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - AERIALS - NIGHT

Relative to the freighter, Jax's boat looks like a piece of Pez next to its dispenser. A CRUNCH OF GEARS builds momentum as a crane on the freight deck moves slowly into position.

DECK - JAX'S BOAT

Leo and Tony brace themselves as - high above them - a very large package swings on the crane. WHIRR - the crane lowers the package, swaying precipitously.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

From the floor, Frank watches through the windshield as a package as wide as the hatch eclipses the freighter's hull. Leo grabs hold of one side. It drags him, swinging towards Tony, who grasps the other side.

The two men guide the massive load into the hatch. It lands with a resounding THUD. The bow drops under the weight.

EXT. DECK - JAX'S BOAT

Tony unhooks the net. Looking straight up the side of the freighter, he tugs repeatedly on the line with one hand, signaling THUMBS UP with his free hand. A man on deck above gives an exaggerated wave. WHIRRRR - the crane lifts the rope back up.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Outside the window, Tony gives Jax a thumbs up while Leo closes the panel back over the hatch. Jax nods. Her hands orchestrate the complex maneuver of pulling away from the freighter.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN

Jax's boat speeds away from the huge ship, which once again flashes its light in morse-code. Kyle's boat passes in the opposite direction.

KYLE (O.S.)
(radio crackle)
Race ya to the drop!

TIME PASSES - DARK WATER RACES BY

BIRDS EYE VIEW: JAX'S BOAT IS TRAILED BY FOUR CIGARETTE BOATS IN A V FORMATION.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DELAWARE BAY - NIGHT

The boats approach the shore at Cape May, NJ.

BINOCULARS POV

Pan along a row of tents on the Cape May shoreline. Strangers emerge, rushing to meet the on-coming racers in the water.

EXT. SKETCHY RAFT - DELAWARE BAY

The sketchy raft bobs off the coast. The shadowy figure lowers his binoculars and jimmies off his mask - it's Robbie. Wiping sweat from his brow, he lifts the binoculars back up.

BINOCULAR POV

Tony and Leo stand over the hatch on the bow of Jax's boat. They're tossing satchel after satchel overboard to somebody standing in the shallow water.

EXT. CAPE MAY SHORELINE

The bags are passed down a line of people running from the water to the beach, where they're finally loaded into an array of vehicles. Still more people are disassembling the tents along the beach.

I/E. ROBBIE'S RAFT

Grinning, Robbie adjusts his binoculars, lying flat on his belly in the raft.

BINOCULARS POV

ZOOM in on a WHITE PICKUP TRUCK next to one of the tents.

EXT. CAPE MAY SHORELINE

SHAGGY HIPPIE stands in the back of the pickup, packing the last satchel into the truck's bed.

CLOSE UP ON SATCHEL

Its closed zipper divides the frame. A hand enters, unzipping the bag. Inside is a row of forearm-sized plastic-wrapped green bricks. A finger breaks through the corner fishing out a fat, hairy nugget of marijuana.

EXT. CAPE MAY SHORELINE

As they're filled, cars rev to life, driving out of frame one by one. In the bay behind them, the last cigarette boat is being unloaded while the rest sail off.

EXT. NIGHT SKY

Clouds race across the moon in fast motion. The darkness behind is beginning to break - black giving way to navy.

EXT. MARINA - DAWN

Jax's boat backs into position at the dock. Tony hops from the stern onto the dock. Leo tosses him a rope, which he wheels around to catch just in time.

Jax kills the engine - her boat drifts into place as Tony ties it to the dock. Leo jumps down next to him turning to wave to Jax's boat.

LEO
Sweet dreams, everybody!

Jax waves goodbye to them as they walk to the parking lot.

EXT. STERN - JAX'S BOAT

Jax breaths easy - inhaling deeply, sighing in satisfaction.

FRANK (O.S.)
Uh...

Jax twists her head back to the cockpit.

I/E. FLOOR - COCKPIT

Frank looks up at her from beneath the seat.

FRANK
Can I move yet?

Jax cracks a wide smile, giggles involuntarily.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAYBREAK

Day trembles on the brink of the horizon. Jax moves at a leisurely pace, her hips rocking fluidly from side to side. Frank walks stiffly, works a kink out of his neck.

They walk past the Club House nestled in the dunes. Through the window, we see Tony whip Leo with a towel.

FRANK
So how long have you been doing this, exactly?

Jax swings her arms, looking out along the ocean.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Was this what you meant by a fresh start?

He points towards the Phoenix tattoo on her back.

JAX
I grew up in Jersey. And things -

Her gaze falls to the boardwalk. Frank cocks his head, trying to catch her eye.

JAX (CONT'D)
Things got complicated. Kyle found me in Cali.

FRANK
And he hired you?

JAX
He helped me find my way.

The sun flirts with the skyline. They walk in sync, both their heads turned to the coming of the day.

Beat.

FRANK
... was Kyle always orange?

Jax laughs.

INT. ROBBIE'S CAR - DAY

Robbie rounds a corner, leaning forward, peering ahead. Frank Sinatra blares on the radio.

RADIO
I'VE GOT YOU... UNDER MY SKIN...

ROBBIE'S POV

Robbie's reflection in the windshield overlays the rear end of the white pickup truck he's tailing. Both cars slow down approaching a stop sign.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Frank and Jax walk into frame, descending the staircase to the dock. Frank stops short, looking out to the dock in disbelief.

Below, Father Taylor stands in the middle of the dock next to Leo who points up towards Frank. Father Taylor nods and waves up. Frank gulps, Jax studies Frank's reaction.

EXT. METRO DINER

Pedestrians and cars flit past the storefront. Through the window, Father Taylor and Frank are seated at a table.

FATHER TAYLOR
It's been quite a while, son.

INT. METRO DINER

Father Taylor squeezes his left arm, yawning deeply. His expression one of compassionate concern. Frank fidgets.

FATHER TAYLOR
Sounds to me like you're in some sort of trouble.

FRANK
Whaddyou mean? Trouble?

Taylor rubs the right side of his jaw, taking another deep breath.

FATHER TAYLOR
I spoke with Mr. Jessup. He seems to be under the impression you owe him some money.

FRANK
Oh.. Yeah.

A waitress fills Father Taylor's cup with coffee. Smiling in thanks, Father Taylor absentmindedly squeezes his right hand into a fist several times. She fills Frank's cup, Frank fakes a smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(mumble)
Thanks..

FATHER TAYLOR
Five thousand dollars is a serious sum, Frank.

FRANK
You don't...

Frank's getting flustered.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I've got a job..

Father Taylor lifts his coffee cup to his tight lips. Frank scratches his neck nervously, a guilty look on his face.

Taylor returns the cup to its saucer. His right hand trembles, spilling his coffee. Taylor raises his wet hand, wiping it roughly against his lips. He sheds a tear.

FATHER TAYLOR
Aye, boy... Frank, I yeen....

Frank snaps.

FRANK
(interrupting)
Stop fucking worrying about me!
You're not my damn father!

Tears begin streaming down Father Taylor's cheeks.

FATHER TAYLOR
Not.. that, he hurts...

FRANK
What?

Frank squints across the table, confused. Taylor shakes his head vigorously, his expression souring.

FATHER TAYLOR
Nah!

Pushing his fist against the table, Father Taylor rises shakily to his feet. Frank rises tentatively.

FATHER TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Na.. GOD! I'd og..

His breathing grows ragged. He takes a step towards the bathroom, but he staggers, falling to his knees.

FRANK
What?

Other diners turn to investigate the cry. Frank runs to Father Taylor's side. The old man twitches unnaturally, his breath trapped in his throat.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I NEED HELP OVER HERE!

We hear WAILING ambulance sirens.

INT. AMBULANCE

Father Taylor rocks lifelessly on a gurney, his shirt torn open. BEEEEEEEEEEE - his pulse flatlines.

A paramedic rubs paddles together.

PARAMEDIC
CLEAR!

Father Taylor's body seizes up. Frank cranes over the doctor, biting his knuckle.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
CLEAR!

We hear gurney wheels grind, rolling across linoleum.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL

Father Taylor's face grows brighter/dimmer/brighter as he glides under fluorescent light after fluorescent light.

Frank strides behind the doctors pushing the gurney.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
Nurse!

INT. ER - HOSPITAL

In the extreme foreground Father Taylor is being intubated. In the background there's a window on the door through which we can see a doctor putting his arm around Frank leading him out of frame.

INT. WAITING ROOM - HOSPITAL

There's a smattering of glum strangers in the waiting room. Frank sits alone. His leg bobs frantically - his foot on the floor incessantly TAPPING. His eyes are bloodshot, he looks crazed.

We hear the BEEP-BEEP, BEEP-BEEP, BEEP-BEEP of medical gear.

SOUNDBRIDGE:

A HEART RATE MONITOR TRACES A GREEN LINE, RISING AND FALLING.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HOSPITAL

Frank stands over Father Taylor, unconscious in bed. Against the wall behind them, the monitor continues tracing Taylor's heartbeat in a green line.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
At his age, these things get tricky.

Frank shuffles closer to the bed, placing his hand atop Father Taylor's.

DOCTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As his healthcare proxy, you'll be responsible for decisions regarding his care.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - HOSPITAL

Frank sits across from the doctor looking like a zombie. The doctor idly thumbs through Father Taylor's file, glancing from it up to Frank.

DOCTOR
Now, Mr. Taylor -

A flicker of life crosses Frank's face. Across the desk, the doctor passes him a clipboard.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Please fill these out in the hall. You can leave them with the receptionist.

Frank takes it, reading the first page.

INSERT - HOSPITAL FORMS

Our view is dominated by the blank spaces for “Insurance Information.”

CLOSE UP OF FRANK

Dismay etched across his face, he looks back up the doctor.

FRANK’S POV

The doctor gestures to the door, smiling.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Jax’s houseboat rocks at the end of the harbor.

INT. JAX’S BEDROOM - HOUSEBOAT

Nestled in her bed, Jax sleeps lightly. A shadow looms over her. She rustles awake, rolling over, stretching groggily to face the intruder.

Ducking under the doorway, Frank enters the cabin. His expression is veiled by shadows.

JAX
(groggy)
... what’s up?

Frank stoops to his hands and knees, sidling up beside her. She scooches back, sitting up more fully, rubbing her eyes.

JAX (CONT’D)
Frank? Talk to me.

He embraces her, nuzzling his face into her neck. She wraps one arm around his back, cradling his head with the other, her expression concerned.

Without anything to lean against, Jax struggles to keep her torso vertical. She lowers back down with Frank on top of her, still pressed against her neck. She caresses the back of his neck.

Jax’s eyes shut tightly and lips part, her fingers tighten on the back of Frank’s neck. We hear LIPS PRESSING against skin. Fabric rubs against fabric. In her arms, Frank’s back quivers.

TIME LAPSE OF THE HORIZON AT SEA FROM NIGHT TO DAY

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - SUNRISE

The sun breaks over the ocean, flooding blue frame with warm golden tones. A seagull majestically glides past, riding the breeze.

EXT. DOCK - MARINA - EARLY MORNING

A RANDOM HOUSEBOAT RESIDENT stands on the dock between his boat and Jax's speedboat, his back to the camera. He yawns loudly and a TINKLING SOUND starts up.

Boats trail across the frame in the distance.

INT. JAX'S BEDROOM - HOUSEBOAT

Frank lies on his back in the middle for the floor. Jax sleepily pushes herself off his chest, glancing out the window. Frank rustles to life.

Frank pulls Jax closer with his arm that's trapped under her. Arching her back, their lips meet.

KYLE (O.S.)
HEY!

Jax pushes off Frank, whirling to face the door, pulling the sheet up around her.

EXT. DOCK - MARINA

Kyle approaches the houseboat looking uncharacteristically tense. On the boat, Jax ducks through the doorway, pulling on a shirt.

KYLE
Club House, pronto.

JAX
What gives, K?

KYLE
We've got a problem.

INT. HOUSEBOAT

Through the window, Frank watches Kyle and Jax leaving the dock together. All alone, he rubs his bare arms for warmth. Amid the sheets, his foot touches an envelope - it's Sylvie's letter to Jax. He reaches for it, curious.

INT. CLUB HOUSE

Kyle, Leo, and Jax are joined at the broad dining room table by the HIPPIE GANG from the juice bar. A toilet flushes.

KYLE
(to Tony)
We're waitin' on you, Bro-ski!

Tony jogs from the bathroom.

LEO
What gives, boss?

With everyone assembled, Kyle sighs.

KYLE
I'm here to tell y'all payment's been postponed.

Several racers groan, mutter curses under their breath. Everybody looks puzzled, search Kyle's face for answers.

TONY
What for?!

Kyle scans the line of racers with a fierce gaze.

KYLE
They're sayin we lost product.

TONY
LIKE HELL WE DID!

KYLE
Well that's what they're saying, anyway. One load didn't show and they're not paying out until it does or somebody steps forward.

JAX
This is ridiculous. Do they honestly think we'd pull some amateur shit like that?

Kyle shrugs at her.

KYLE
That's the story. It may show up yet, but I want everyone to keep their eyes and ears to the ground.

Tony kicks his chair to the ground, fuming.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Hey! In the meantime, we've got a race tomorrow. The Benihana Grand Prix is tomorrow so let's all keep our heads. Okay?

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT

People file in and out of the building, several in uniform, others in suits, a couple in T-shirts and jeans. A BELL RINGS from within.

INT. HOLDING CELL - POLICE PRECINCT

Three sketchy-looking men slouch in opposite corners of the cell, looking outwards, watching police pass by with folders. An officer passes by escorting a man in cuffs.

A FAT HAND SLAPS A PHOTO DOWN ONTO A DESK. WE LOOK AT A SCHOOL PORTRAIT OF FRANK, SEVERAL YEARS YOUNGER THAN HE IS NOW. A SLIMMER HAND PROTRUDING FROM A DARK NAVY CUFFED SLEEVE REACHES INTO FRAME TO PICK IT UP.

INT. MAIN ROOM - POLICE PRECINCT

An officer examines Frank's face, looking up and nodding at the civilian sitting across from him just out of frame.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Father Taylor lays in bed, unconscious. Frank holds his hand, sitting by his bedside. Jax stands behind Frank, running her hand along Frank's neck. A nurse bustles in.

NURSE
(chipper)
Hi, folks!

Frank greets her with a nod.

NURSE (CONT'D)
So nice of you to visit. And how're we doing today, Mr. Taylor?

Frank and Jax look at her scathingly.

FRANK
He can't hear you, lady.

NURSE
Well..

She glares at him, lips pursed, makes a note in Taylor's chart and bustles out. Frank's attention returns to the sleeping old man.

FRANK
He raised me when nobody else would. And I...

Jax puts her hand on Frank's shoulder for a moment, her face tense.

FRANK (CONT'D)
He's the best I got.

Frank turns to look up at Jax, but she's gone. He catches her slipping into the hallway out of the corner of his eye.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL

Frank looks to see where Jax went. He spots the nurse behind a desk.

FRANK
Did you see my friend?

The nurse gives him a dirty look and storms off. Frank hurries down the hallway.

EXT. STREET - HOSPITAL

Frank rushes out, spots Jax crossing the street. She's wiping her face with her hand.

FRANK
Jax?!

INT. POLICE CAR

A pair of officers riding in the front seat. The one on the passenger seat is the same officer who'd been handed Frank's photo earlier. Reaching the end of the block, Frank is visible crossing the street.

OFFICER
HEY!

Frank passes by, oblivious. The officer pops his door.

EXT. STREET

Frank pushes past strangers, trying to catch up to Jax, who rounds the corner ahead. Behind him the cop bounds closer.

OFFICER
Frank Taylor!

Frank turns, sees the officer running towards him with a hand on his billy club. Frank bolts down the block.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
STOP!

EXT. ALLEY - LATER

Frank dives into an alley, panting heavily. He waits, catching his breath, looking out from behind a pile of fat trash bags.

Several blocks away, the police car flits past an intersection and out of sight. Frank rises, mops his brow, and jogs in the opposite direction of the car.

EXT. MARINA - EARLY EVENING

Jax walks down the dock towards her boat. The panel to the hatch on her bow is wide open. She hops onto the stern and walks around the outside of the cockpit to the bow.

EXT. BOW - JAX'S BOAT

Jax looks down, uncomprehendingly, into the hatch. At the bottom lies Sylvie's photo atop a black satchel - one from the missing load.

CLICK - Jax reaches for the sky. Jax's gun is pressed against her back.

ROBBIE
Shhhh...

Robbie holds a finger to his lips, grinning like an idiot. He draws closer to her breathing down her neck, sliding the gun to her temple.

Her eyes burn, fists clench. He gives the back of her neck a slobbery kiss. Her eyes shut in disgust, she bites her lip, shaking with rage.

EXT. BOARDWALK - MARINA

Frank jogs towards the staircase. Distant sirens wail. He glances back to ensure the coast is clear. Walking along the boardwalk, Frank squints against the growing darkness into the harbor.

FRANK'S POV

He spots two figures on the bow of Jax's boat. They appear to be mid-embrace.

CLOSE UP ON FRANK

FRANK
Wha...?

EXT. BOARDWALK

Frank jogs down onto the dock as the couple pauses at the threshold of the cabin, one of the figures falling out of view.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Robbie shoves Jax down the stairwell. She spills into the cabin. He chucks the keys in after her, pistol drawn at his hip.

EXT. DOCK - MARINA

As Frank runs down the dock, Jax's boat comes to life and pulls away. Frank skids to a stop at Jax's empty port. He watches Robbie follow Jax into the cabin.

The boat speeds up, disappearing into the night. He looks on in uncomprehending horror. His face is haloed in FLASHING BLUE/RED/WHITE light.

Two police cars are parked on the boardwalk behind him. Two officers jog down the stairs towards him, the other two covering him from above.

INT. BACKSEAT - POLICE CAR

Head against the window Frank stares into space - a million miles away.

EXT. UNDERPASS - RIVER

Robbie holds the gun on Jax who tosses the rest of the missing load from the back of the white pickup into her boat's hatch.

ROBBIE
What'd you say we pick up Sylvie when we're done?

Jax trembles with rage, chucks the next bag extra hard.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Could be one big happy family, eh?

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Officers mill in and out of the precinct. A criminal resists his escort.

CRIMINAL MAN
I ain't do shit, man!

INT. HOLDING PEN

Behind bars, Frank is slumped on a bench facing the concrete wall, his back to the bustling precinct. His creased forehead suggests the storm brewing within.

INT. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax sits at the wheel with Robbie standing behind her. He massages her neck with one hand, holding the pistol to her head with the other.

ROBBIE
There.

Robbie points at the coast - a SKETCHY DOCK. Jax turns the wheel, driving the boat towards it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SKETCHY DOCK - NIGHT

CHIK-SH, CHIK-SH - a camera clicks. Crouching behind an unmarked black car, a figure aims a long telephoto lens at Jax's boat docking.

TELEPHOTO CAMERA POV

Through the viewfinder "THE BLACK SWAN #23" is clearly legible.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SKETCHY DOCK

The figure wears a bulky bullet-proof jacket with a DEA vest stretched over it, radio static crackling out of his earpiece - he's a DEA AGENT.

DEA AGENT
(whispering)
Copy that.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Frank sits on a bench, facing the wall. CLICK, SHINK - Frank turns to catch the cell door sliding open. A criminal is tossed into the large cell, the gate slides shut behind him. He lunges against the bars, his limbs flailing.

CRIMINAL MAN
Lemme out, bitch! Where my lawyer?

Frank returns to sulking, ignoring the stranger. The newcomer heaves with rage, storms around the pen muttering.

CRIMINAL MAN (CONT'D)
This some unconsti*tutional*
bullshit...

Frank can feel the man's breath on the back of his neck.

CRIMINAL MAN (CONT'D)
You feel me, brotha?

Frank looks up at him with hateful eyes. The stranger looks like an older, more strung out Robbie.

FRANK
Leave me alone.

CRIMINAL MAN
Come on, brotha, you feel me? The man got us down! We in this together, nah?

Disturbed, Frank stares up into the man's worn face.

Before our eyes, the criminal transforms into a distorted, dirtier looking version of Robbie. The precinct dissolves around him, giving way to a velvety darkness and Jax materializes in his arms, kissing him. A thread of spittle lingers between her pursed lips and his toothy leering grin.

Frank's fist flies. The criminal smacks the ground, dazed. Frank dives on top of the man, raining down punches.

OFFICER
Hey!

Officers rush the cage, keys jingling and scraping against the lock.

EXT. SKETCHY DOCK - NIGHT

Jax's boat flashes its light into the night.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Robbie peers out across the river.

ROBBIE
(calling into the cabin)
Again.

The boat's headlights FLASH ON AND OFF, ON AND OFF.

Robbie continues staring, frustration growing on his brow. Bathing in light flashing on and off, relief spreads across his face. An on-coming vessel flashes back at them.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Quick! Gimmie the keys!

The boat powers down. The JANGLE of keys as Jax tosses them out to Robbie. Pocketing them, he puts the gun in the back of his jeans and heads to the front of the boat.

EXT. SKETCHY DOCK

Robbie's silhouette reaches the bow. He stoops down. Rising slowly, Robbie holds a large bag in either hand. He tosses six satchels onto the dock, two by two, and jumps down after them.

Robbie perches himself on top of the satchels, watches the boat nearing the pier. The boat pulls up. A bulky figure makes its way down the ladder, hopping from the bottom onto the dock. He's carrying two large bags.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE PRECINCT

Frank sits at the small table in a light sweat, fuming.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - POLICE PRECINCT

Through a two-way mirror, we see Frank sitting all alone, cradling his face in his hands.

The door to the hallway opens. An officer enters, leading in a civilian. A reflection of Jessup walking in is superimposed over Frank in the glass. He rubs his hands together.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT - NIGHT

Jax covertly watches from her boat as the buyer approaches the small figure of Robbie sitting on bags of drugs.

ROBBIE
You made it!

He rises, spreading his arms wide to greet the man.

EXT. SKETCHY DOCK

The stiff man is not smiling.

UNDERCOVER AGENT
(coldly)
Where's the rest?

Robbie drops his hands.

ROBBIE
Don't you worry. It's all here, got it on board. This shit is heavy.

UNDERCOVER AGENT
I want to see it.

Robbie points to the man's two bags.

ROBBIE
Is that the money?

Violently unzipping the bag, the man pulls out a single stack of fifties and tosses it at Robbie, who catches it like it was an egg. He thumbs through the bills gently.

UNDERCOVER AGENT
I was promised 3,000 LBS.

ROBBIE
Alright, alright!

EXT. PARKING LOT - SKETCHY DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The Backup DEA Agent presses his earpiece to his ear.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
(static-y)
Up here...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE PRECINCT

Frank is joined at the table by a detective thumbing through a thin folder. AH-HEM - the officer clears his throat. Frank's unfocused gaze snaps up to the man's face.

DETECTIVE HALPERN
Evening, Mr. Taylor. Or you mind if I call ya Frank?

Angry silence. Detective Halpern chuckles inappropriately.

DETECTIVE HALPERN (CONT'D)
I'm detective Ralph Halpern. Got some questions for you.

The detective thumbs through some photos in the file.

HALPERN'S POV

A crime scene photo of Jax's yellow mustang flipped on top of a police car.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Halpern passes a photo to Frank who glances down at it.

FRANK'S POV

A photo of the totaled orange Camaro Frank raced the night he met Jax.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax's eyes follow the sound of FOOTSTEPS rounding the boat to the bow. A CREEK of HINGES as Robbie opens the compartment full of marijuana.

ROBBIE
That's everything. You wanna hand?

Beat.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Happy?

Jax listens intently.

UNDERCOVER AGENT
Hands on your head. You're under arrest.

Jax's eyes widen, she puts her hand over her mouth.

UNDERCOVER AGENT (CONT'D)
Drop the gun!
(into radio)
Suspect is armed! I repeat, suspect is armed!

Jax hears FOOTSTEPS RUNNING in the distance.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Jessup and the officer watch Frank and Detective Halpern through the glass. Halpern brandishes the photo at Frank.

DETECTIVE HALPERN
The car *you're* accused of stealing was witnessed transporting a perpetrator wanted for damaging police property!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Frank sweats under the hot lights.

DETECTIVE HALPERN
Cooperating with us is in your best interest. Think about your future.

INT. HALLWAY - PRECINCT

Following a well-dressed stranger, we track down the dingy hallway. An officer steps out of a doorway, spots the man.

OFFICER
Sir! Excuse me, authorized personnel only.

Without slowing down the man issues him a business card from his inside jacket pocket. The officer reads it dumbly.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Oh...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - PRECINCT

Jessup and the officer watch through the glass. Inside the interrogation room Halpern is pacing around Frank who clutches the photo.

DETECTIVE HALPERN
Nobody else is looking after you.

Frank is on the verge of tears.

FRANK
Just promise me I won't go to jail!

DETECTIVE HALPERN
I can promise to testify on your behalf as to your cooperation. But I can't promise more than that until I hear what you have to say.

KNOCK KNOCK - Halpern and Frank turn to the door.

DETECTIVE HALPERN (CONT'D)
Excuse me a sec.

Halpern opens it. An officer pokes his head in, passes Halpern the stranger's business card.

OFFICER
Detective. He's here for the boy...

Nonplussed, Frank eyes the doorway from over his shoulder. MUTTERING VOICES. Halpern glances nervously at Frank, who pretends he wasn't eavesdropping. On the table, Frank's hands tremble over the photograph of the totaled car.

EXT. SKETCHY DOCK

The DEA Agent runs from the parking lot towards the boat, his rifle drawn. He's moving so vigorously his earpiece bounces out. On Jax's boat, we can see the outline of Robbie being held at gunpoint with his hands in the air.

The running agent's RAGGED BREATH mingles with his HEAVY FOOTFALLS. He trips...

BOOM.

The undercover agent holding Robbie hostage collapses. The shot reverberates into the night. The rifle CLATTERS to the ground.

EXT. BOW - JAX'S BOAT

Eyes wide, hands still in the air, Robbie's face is splattered with blood and brains, looking down at the shot officer.

EXT. STERN - JAX'S BOAT

Robbie looks from the dead officer in front of him to the fallen agent on the dock struggling to his feet, several feet from his rifle.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG CLICK CLICK - Robbie empties the clip at the agent who falls back to the ground. Robbie drops the unloaded handgun to the boat deck and hops off onto dock.

EXT. SKETCHY DOCK

The officer rolls onto his back, rasping for breath. His vest stopped several bullets, but dark liquid ushers from above his collar bone. Robbie jogs closer.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax sits up to see out the window.

JAX
(horror)
Ugh!

The windshield is smeared with chunky blood, half obscuring her view of the corpse on the bow, the bags of cash still strapped to him. She rises, pale-fasced, spots Robbie on the dock stooping to pick up the dropped rifle.

JAX (CONT'D)
Robbie!

Righting himself, he takes aim at the officer's face. CLICK.

EXT. SKETCHY DOCK

Robbie's eyelids flutter open. He stands over the agent, looking down the rifle. The agent looks up at him helplessly, GURGLING with each breath.

Robbie inspects the rifle. CLICK CLICK. It won't fire.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax sees Robbie on the dock struggling with the rifle. She crouches down over the dead undercover agent and pries his cold fingers off his gun.

EXT. SKETCHY DOCK

Robbie fumbles with the rifle. No good. He tosses it into the bay. The Agent MOANS, doubling over to one side. Robbie notices a handgun in the Agent's holster.

He stoops to get it, his fingers fumbling with the holster's snap. The agent writhes. He unsnaps the holster, freeing the pistol. Robbie rises to his feet inspecting the weapon.

He glances behind him to check on Jax. The barrel of Jax's gun fills his view. Robbie brings up his pistol as she winds up. BANG - Robbie's gun fires into the dock as Jax knocks him cold with the butt of her gun.

Robbie crumples at the DEA agent's feet. Jax kicks him hard in the shin. He doesn't move. The DEA agent rolls on to his back, MOANING.

DEA BACKUP GUY
(rasp)
Please...

They lock eyes. The gentle sound of the current lapping the dock contrasts the WATERY RATTLE of the agent's breathing. Jax aims the gun between his eyes, looking away in disgust . Her pointer moves onto the trigger. Though still clearly in excruciating pain, he visibly relaxes.

Beat.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - PRECINCT

Detective Halpern pokes his head in on Jessup and the other officer. Through the glass, we see Frank all alone, pacing.

DETECTIVE HALPERN
Alright, get him out of here.
Clear the room.

OFFICER
Okay, let's go, big guy.

The officer ushers Jessup out of the room.

JESSUP
Bullshit! What's goin' on?

OFFICER
Move along, sir.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Frank paces the room, distraught. The door handle twists. Enter PETER RAY (30s, Clark Kent-look: suit, tie, glasses, dapper hair).

PETER
Frank Taylor.

Peter extends his hand. Frank eyes the man distrustfully.

PETER (CONT'D)
Peter Ray, pleasure to meet you!

Peter lies his briefcase on the table and pulls out a chair and sits down in front of Frank's case file, begins reading.

PETER (CONT'D)
Sit down, will ya?

Frank doesn't budge.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The clerk stares at a celebrity magazine, Country music playing on the radio.

The doors fling open, Jax's marches in, disheveled, her clothes and hands still streaked with blood. The clerk's eyes snap up, following Jax as she jogs over to the "CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS" display, perusing the vast selection.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Frank paces around Peter seated at the table.

FRANK
What are you? FBI?

Peter looks up with a wide smile. Notices Frank's tense stance. His LAUGH resonates in the small room.

PETER
I'm on your side, kid.

He slides a business card across the table.

PETER (CONT'D)
I promise I won't bite.

Frank picks up the car which reads: PETER RAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. He looks up, shocked. Peter's briefcase is open, he's reading the police report, jotting down notes on a legal pad.

PETER (CONT'D)
It's all completely circumstantial.

FRANK
Huh..

PETER
All they've got is this Jessup character's accusation. There's not a shred of evidence you even stole the car.

FRANK
But they said...

PETER
I bet they did. Did they even offer you counsel?

FRANK
They offered me a deal.

PETER
Ha! Like you need one.

FRANK
They know about the race and... I can't go to jail.

PETER
They can't hold you on this let alone -

Frank slams his hands on the table.

FRANK
LOOK! I don't know you. I'm all I've got... I can't risk going to prison.

Peter puts down the pad and paper, he takes off his glasses and meets Frank's strained gaze with calm eyes.

PETER
I can tell you're scared. But you can relax. You're not alone. I'm here to help.

FRANK
Why?! Who the hell are you?!

A thin smile crosses Peter's face.

PETER
Think of me as a friend of a friend...

EXT. PARKING LOT - POLICE PRECINCT - TWILIGHT

We sit behind a parked RED CONVERTIBLE with propellers in place of an exhaust. A mussed up Frank strolls out of the precinct into the parking lot escorted by Peter Ray. Detective Halpern stands in the doorway, arms crossed shaking his head.

A DISTANT DISTORTED PHONE VOICE mumbles off-screen. A clear voice sounds from the car.

KYLE (O.S.)
Alright, here he comes now! Get everyone back to the house, we'll meet you there.

INT. KYLE'S CAR

Kyle speeds down the freeway, Frank riding shotgun.

KYLE
Yeah, Pete's the best. I'd have sent him sooner if you'da called me.

FRANK
I didn't kn- how'd you? Why did-?

KYLE
A little birdy named Tony told me. Can't afford you talking to Newark's Finest. Bad for business.

Frank falls silent.

EXT. SYLVIE'S HOUSE - DAYBREAK

Jax's fist pounds against the door. A light CLICKS on upstairs. Quick footsteps of Jax running away. The door swings open - Sylvie's mom steps out, looking around groggily.

Stepping out, she catches her foot on something, looks down. An envelope addressed "TO: SYLVIE, FROM: MOMMIE" sits atop a sports bag on the welcome mat. She looks around the vacant block, stoops to pick up the bag.

EXT. CLUB HOUSE - DAYBREAK

All lights are on in the house. Kyle's car is parked in driveway, Frank and Kyle get out and walk to the house.

INT. CLUB HOUSE

Tony, Leo, and the others are all sitting around the den drinking beers and passing a joint. Frank and Kyle enter.

LEO
Everything cool?

KYLE
They wanted Frank to get to Jax. Will someone fetch her?

FRANK
She's with Robbie now.

HIPPIE RACER
No way!

KYLE
What??

FRANK (CONT'D)
They took her boat out. I think they had something to do with the missing product.

TONY
Bastards!

LEO
I don't believe it.

KYLE
Frank, why didn't you tell me?

Frank looks at him warily.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Some motherfuckers are just plain mean. Others are dumb enough to be dangerous. This bastard's two-fer-one.

FOOTSTEPS outside. The doorknob turns. Enter a blood-splattered JAX, a satchel slung over her shoulder. Frank looks instantly relieved.

FRANK
Jax!

He strides over to embrace her. She steps back, puts up a hand. Frank backs up to one of the couches looking like a kicked puppy.

JAX
I'm fine.
(to Kyle)
Guess who jacked our shit?

She tosses the satchel at Kyle's feet. He unzips it to reveal the marijuana.

KYLE
The rest?

JAX
We're all good.

LEO
And Robbie?

TONY
I'll kill 'em!

Jax smiles devilishly. Kyle looks supremely intrigued.

EXT. SKETCHY DOCK

The dock is crawling with law enforcement. A crime scene is being established. A crane lifts the Undercover Agent's corpse from the bay.

JAX (V.O.)
I did him one better.

On the dock, an investigator delicately lifts a pistol into a plastic evidence bag. The DEA Agent is in a body bag - his gun clipped back into his holster. The coroner zips the bag.

In the back of a cop car Robbie struggles against his cuffs, his screams inaudible through the glass.

RACERS LAUGH in the sound track.

TONY (V.O.)
Ha! You're too much!

We hear a hand SLAM on a table.

INT. DINING ROOM - CLUB HOUSE

Jax stands at the head of the table with the racers all around. Behind her, a chalkboard filled with racers' names and lap times.

JAX
Enough dicking around!

Everyone quiets, looking to Jax, still matted with blood.

JAX (CONT'D)
For anyone who forgot, we've got a race to run!

The racers all cheer loudly.

LEO
You mean I have a race to win!

JAX
We only have a few hours until it starts and a lot of work to do before that!

EXT. MARINA - SUNRISE

A sliver of sun glimmers on the horizon.

JAX (V.O.)
Frank: engine duty!

INT. ENGINE - TONY'S BOAT

Frank's hand turns a torque wrench, tightening an exposed engine component.

JAX (V.O.)
Give everybody a once-over.

EXT. COCKPIT - TONY'S BOAT

Frank turns the ignition, REVVING the engine.

INT. HATCH - JAX'S BOAT

In the dim hatch we see the pile of drug satchels.

JAX (V.O.)
We've gotta unload my boat...

We move up, through the deck.

EXT. BOW - JAX'S BOAT

The hatch panel and front windshield are smeared with drying blood and brains.

JAX (V.O.)
But first it needs a wash...

A wave of soapy water cascades against the deck. Leo pushes a mop into frame, working it back and forth.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A SHOWER FAUCET

Off-screen a knob SQUEAKS, water rains down.

INT. SHOWER - BATHROOM - CLUB HOUSE

Jax forces her fingers through her matted, bloody hair. Light red water circles the drain, broken strands of hair begin to collect. Leaning against the tiled wall, Jax stands under the hot water her arms folded tight, eyes vacant.

ALL RACERS (V.O.)
BREAK!

EXT. MARINA

The racers form a fire-line from Jax's boat to the parking lot, passing satchels of marijuana from the boat to a van. Leo tosses the last bag in the van, shuts the trunk door. THUNK THUNK - he slaps the vehicle.

LEO
Go go go!

In the driver's seat, Tony starts the car and drives off, saluting Leo, HONKING the horn. Everyone waves him goodbye.

EXT. LEO'S BOAT

Frank looks up from the engine to see the van drive off.

JAX (V.O.)
When Frank clears you, head to the race. I'll meet you guys there.

Frank wipes his forehead, rubbing grease on his face.

INT. KYLE'S CAR

Jax sits in the driver's seat speeding along, looking up at the street signs passing by.

FRANK (V.O.)
What about you?

JAX (V.O.)
I've gotta take care of something...

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Three boats - Tony, Leo, and Kyle - ROAR in a V formation towards the race, flying over waves like skipping stones. A fleet of spectating ships is anchored along the raceway.

INT. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT

Frank works the throttle as Kyle maneuvers the craft. Behind them, Leo and Tony's boats bob after them. Looking ahead, Frank's jaw drops, Kyle grins giddily.

KYLE
Would ya look at that?

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

The racers pass from the ocean into the Manasquan Inlet - either side of the shoreline is teaming with spectators. CHEERS overwhelm the sound track.

EXT. MARINA - KINGS GRANT INN - DAY

Crane down from a massive banner reading: "Benihana Offshore Grand Prix". Hoards of spectators flock the wet docks, where boat after boat is lined up. Racers shmooze with the crowd while mechanics tweak engines.

At the end of the line, Kyle's boat pulls in to a wet dock. SPECTATORS swarm the new craft, COOING their approval. Tony and Leo pull into adjacent spots.

KYLE
(shouting to Tony and Leo)
We'll stay with the boats.
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
Go take care of our registration.

Kyle hands Frank a stack of filled-out forms. Frank leaves through them. The top page registers Racer: J. Laurent, Boat: THE BLACK SWAN #23.

KYLE (CONT'D)
We just have to check-in.

Frank nods, hops off the boat. Track with Frank into the OVERWHELMING crowd on the dock, passing two BEACH HOTTIES.

KYLE (CONT'D)
HOW YOU DOIN' FOLKS!
(to BEACH HOTTIES)
How would you ladies like to sit in my cockpit?

The girls giggle.

EXT. DOCK - MARINA - KINGS GRANT INN

Frank weaves through the crowd - ENGINES ROAR, KIDS LAUGH, GIRLS SHRIEK, GULLS CRY.

Above peoples' heads, Frank spots a SIGN on a nearby kiosk: REGISTRATION. He reaches the back of the crowd.

EXT. REGISTRATION KIOSK - KINGS GRANT INN - CONTINUOUS

Frank gets on line behind a racer filling out his form. A tall man in a suit and aviators arguing with the registration attendant glances at Frank, revealing an earpiece. In the kiosk, the registration attendant is shaking his head at the SECRET AGENT.

REGISTRATION ATTENDANT
I'm sorry sir, that information is private. I can't help you without a warrant. If you'd like to speak with my manager, I can give you his telephone number.

SECRET AGENT
That won't be necessary.

The secret agent glances down at the form being filled out. The racer looks up at him nervously and hunches his left arm over the page. Frank eyes the man suspiciously. The agent turns and takes a couple steps past Frank, towards the crowd.

The secret agent presses his earpiece. Frank listens.

SECRET AGENT (CONT'D)
Roger. Craft name is THE BLACK SWAN. Keep your eyes peeled.

Frank gulps, shuffles the registration papers to cover Jax's.

REGISTRATION ATTENDANT
That's it! Happy racing, sir.

RACER
Thanks, bub!

The racer runs off. The attendant motions to Frank.

REGISTRATION ATTENDANT
Can I help the next person?

Frank steps forward, handing in the forms, his eyes straining left to keep an eye on the agent over his shoulder.

EXT. MARINA - KINGS GRANT INN

On his boat, Kyle flirts with a PRETTY CHICK.

EXT. DOCK - MARINA - KINGS GRANT INN

Frank weaves back through the crowd. Approaching Kyle's boat, he spots a cop down the line reading boat names. Frank forces his way through the front of the crowd.

FRANK
KYLE... HEY!! KYLE!

INT. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Kyle waves out the window, gestures "1 sec" to his date.

EXT. DOCK - MARINA - KINGS GRANT INN

Frank shimmies past spectators who give him the stink eye. Kyle hops down to meet him on the dock.

KYLE
Everything taken care of?

Frank leans in, whispering.

FRANK
They're waiting for Jax...

Kyle's nonplussed.

KYLE
Who?...

Frank becomes stricken as a police officer passes Kyle's boat. Kyle forces a smile and waves to the officer who nods, tight-lipped, before radioing in..

OFFICER
Negative. BLACK SWAN is a no show.

MUSIC BLARES from a PA system. A deep voice fills the air.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen! We're minutes away from race time. Racers, please start your engines and proceed to the starting line.

Kyle nods to Frank as the CROWD CHEERS loudly. A THUNDER of engines booms as boats launch from the dock heading to sea.

INT. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT

Frank and Kyle clamber onto Kyle's boat, kicking the girl out. They follow Tony and Leo towards the inlet.

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

Twenty speedboats drift steadily down the inlet towards the ocean. People mob the shoreline as far as the eye can see. The air buzzes with excitement. Media helicopters soar overhead, flying down to film the boats up close.

INT. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT

Kyle waves animatedly to the shore grinning ear to ear. Frank peers out, looking from boat to boat, clearly worried.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And the pace boat's waving the Red Flag which means we've got 5 minutes to go, folks!

Air horns BEEP in anticipation. Frank squints out to sea in disbelief.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SYLVIE'S HOUSE

The coffee table is stacked with $50-bills. Sylvie holds Jax's card limply, which reads "Benihana Grand Prix, #23." On the floor next to her lies the photo of young Jax in front of the New York Public Library.

She stares at the TV in disbelief.

SYLVIE
Mom?...

SYLVIE'S POV

On the TV, we see the small pace-setting boat SWERVE to avoid being capsized by an oncoming cigarette boat. BLACK SWAN #23 speeds by into the inlet.

ANNOUNCER
(TV)
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT, FOLKS?

INT. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT

Frank taps Kyle's shoulder, points to Jax's craft as she turns fluidly to face back at the ocean in starting position. Kyle maneuvers his craft towards hers.

FRANK
JAX!

Jax acknowledges him with a wave of her hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)
They're looking for you back there!

Boats ROAR over the sound of the water. She nods, smiling politely. It's unclear whether she can even hear him.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN

The pace boat stops in the middle of the inlet, lifting a GREEN FLAG HIGH.

Beat. Silence.

The flag drops. VROOOOOM!

ANNOUNCER
AND THEY'RE OFF!

INT. KYLE'S BOAT

Jax tears ahead, Frank watching her pass, worried.

KYLE
Frankie, focus now!

Boats pass them on either side. Frank comes to.

FRANK
Right!

He throws the throttle forward and they ROAR ahead.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN

The boats race out of the inlet, past the pace-setting boat, passing rows and rows of spectator boats. Jax pulls ahead, fourth in line. Kyle and Frank trail behind in sixth place.

Boats dodge and weave to pass each other. They fly off waves, crashing back down, bouncing back into the air, ripping across the ocean's rough surface.

Jax jockeys for third as Kyle and Frank pull into fifth.

EXT. CHECKPOINT - OPEN OCEAN - 100 MILES AWAY

The first place racer rounds the lighted buoy. Several lengths behind him the second place racer follows suit, skidding off a wave on the bend. Jax gains on them, in third. Pulling up in fourth, Kyle and Frank are far behind.

INT. KYLE'S BOAT

The ocean drops in and out of frame through the windshield as Frank and Kyle are buffeted by the ocean. Frank's head turns left, following Jax as she passes them going back the other way. He radios her.

FRANK
They're waiting for you!

No reply. Frank staggers as Kyle turns the boat around the buoy to complete the lap. In the distance, they can see Jax approaching the second place racer.

EXT. RACEWAY - OCEAN

A helicopter drops low in front of Kyle's boat.

FRANK'S POV

On the helicopter, we see a police officer next to a cameraman, issuing the pilot instructions.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Looking in her rear view mirror, Jax spots the aircraft turning around 90 degrees and leaning forward to follow her. She throws the throttle forward.

EXT. RACEWAY - OCEAN

She skips over a huge wave as she pulls into the lead, spraying the contending boat as she slaps back down next to it. The engulfed boat slows down, disoriented.

INT. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT

Frank and Kyle blow past that boat, pulling into second.

EXT. RACEWAY - OCEAN

Several Coast Guard rafts fly in from the side of the track, but immediately fall behind, unable to keep up with the cigarette boats' tremendous speed. They litter the raceway, sending racers dodging and weaving.

EXT. MARINA - KINGS GRANT INN

The registration attendant shouts at the Secret Service man.

REGISTRATION ATTENDANT
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE DOING!

SECRET AGENT
Sir, we have the situation under control.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

A Coast Guard boat comes at her head on.

COAST GUARD PERSONNEL 2
Racer #23, we have a warrant for your arrest! Please pull off the raceway and stop your engine.

She slams the wheel left, missing the oncoming boat by inches.

EXT. DECK - COAST GUARD BOAT

The officer holding the megaphone watches Jax pass in awe. She's flipping him the finger.

INT. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT

Kyle swerves, avoiding the Coast Guard boat. Admiring Jax's magnificent maneuvering, Frank absently mans the throttle at full-speed. They're moving so fast, it's a near miss.

KYLE
Frank! FOCUS!

FRANK
Right... sorry.

EXT. FINISH LINE - MANASQUAN INLET

Jax crosses the finish line, Kyle and Frank following in close pursuit. Behind them is a horde of police boats mingling with the other racers.

INT. SYLVIE'S HOUSE

Sylvie sits inches from the TV.

SYLVIE'S POV

On the TV, we watch aerial coverage of the police boats forming a blockade at the mouth of the inlet.

INT. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT

The radio crackles to life.

JAX (O.S.)
Frank?

Frank's full attention snaps to the radio.

JAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I need your help...

Kyle grabs the radio.

KYLE
Tell us what you need!

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

Jax rockets down the inlet, while Kyle and Frank's craft breaks away pulling a 180.

INT. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT

Frank and Kyle head back towards the finish line in a zig-zag, sending panicked Coast Guard rafts ricocheting into each other like bumper cars.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SYLVIE'S HOUSE

Sylvie's mom pokes her head in from the kitchen, sees Sylvie inches from the TV.

SYLVIE'S POV

On the TV, we see the red and black speck of Jax's craft about face halfway down river.

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

Jax's boat is perfectly still. Ashore, pandemonium breaks loose. Police rafts and speedboats hurdle towards Jax.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

VROOM - she punches the throttle forward.

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

At the end of the inlet, police boats have formed a blockade. The helicopter swoops down, across the river.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Jax dodges on-coming boats, careening into the air off the wakes and waves. She pushes the throttle to max and ploughs straight ahead for the blockade. She shouts into the radio.

JAX
NOW!

I/E. COCKPIT - KYLE'S BOAT

Frank slams the throttle forward so hard he nearly breaks it.

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

Hiding at the lip of the inlet, Kyle's boat flying diagonally across the river, towards Jax's craft, which is rocketing straight for the police barricade.

JAX'S POV

Through the windshield, feet in front of the police barricade, it looks as though Kyle's boat is about to collide with hers.

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

Missing them by inches, Jax's boat catches their wake, hitting it like a ramp. She flies forward, airborne.

EXT. DECK - COAST GUARD BOAT

The Coast Guard Agent ducks as Jax's craft soars overhead, SKATING on the cabin roof - SPARKS fly. Jax's craft lands on the other side, smacking back into the water. The impact deluges him with sea water. Totally drenched, the Coast Guard Agent watches with disbelief.

I/E. COCKPIT - JAX'S BOAT

Smiling broadly, Jax continues to shoot forward, ocean-bound.

EXT. RACEWAY - OCEAN

The barricade of police boats scatters, trying to follow her, but none of them are anywhere near fast enough to catch her. Her boat glides away, disappearing on the horizon.

EXT. MANASQUAN INLET

On the river, racers come to blows with law enforcement. The crowd is on the verge of a riot. Fans begin diving into the river. The PA blares:

ANNOUNCER
As boat #23 is disqualified, the winner of the FIRST ANNUAL Benihana Offshore Grand Prix is #42 LUVMACHEEN! Everyone please remain calm! Police action is underway...

INT. KYLE'S BOAT

Bittersweet tears run down Frank's face as he looks from the chaos of boats in the river and people ashore to Kyle. Kyle draws him into an enthusiastic hug. He dances up and down, shaking Frank, who moves limply, dazed.

ANNOUNCER
Drivers of boat #42, #27, and #04, due to unfortunate circumstances please contact the race organizer regarding your winnings, prize, and media feature...

Realizing their victory and Jax's successful escape, Frank becomes elated. Hand in hand, Frank and Kyle raise their arms in victory, yelling themselves hoarse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP - DAY

Kyle's aquatic car is parked out front.

INT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP

Kyle admires the orange Camaro - looking good as new. A pimply teenaged mechanic pops the hood and wheels over the pneumatic lift. He clips the lift's hook onto the car's engine, preparing to reinstall it in the restored vehicle.

INT. JESSUP'S OFFICE

Jessup greedily counts a stack of hundreds at his desk into piles of 10. He's halfway through the fourth pile. Kyle saunters in, leaning casually against the door frame.

KYLE
That ought to square things.

Jessup finishes the last pile - counting $5000.

JESSUP
And I oughtta charge interest for all the trouble that brat caused...

CRASH - a CRUNCH of metal from out in the workshop. Smiling, Kyle whirls around to see.

KYLE
Which brat's that now?

Eyes wide, Jessup shoots up out of his chair, pushing Kyle aside jogging into the next room, his jowls flapping.

INT. JESSUP AUTOSHOP

The pimply mechanic frets over the pneumatic lift that dropped the engine into the car, bending back the hood into the now shattered windshield.

MECHANIC
Oh!! I told you the lift was acting up...

Jessup's bug-eyed expression throbs with rage, turning a deeper and deeper shade of red.

JESSUP
Boy! I'll show you acting up!

Jessup pushes the kid over, trying to crank the engine up manually.

KYLE
(sarcastic)
Best of luck, Bro-ski.

Jessup moans as the engine drops back down onto the car, denting its frame even more. Kyle laughs, leaves the shop.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HOSPITAL

Father Taylor lies unconscious in his bed, the heart monitor BEEPING in a steady rhythm. Sunlight streams through the window. Frank sits at Father Taylor's bedside, eyes closed, napping peacefully, holding the old man's hand.

The RHYTHM of the heart monitor picks up a little as the wrinkled fingers tighten around Frank's. Frank's eyes flutter open to meet Father Taylor's warm, sleepy gaze.

FRANK
Dad...

Father Taylor's crinkled eyes tremble with joy. Frank presses the button for the nurse.

INT. SUNNY HALLWAY - HOSPITAL

Frank walks down the hall in slow-motion, smiling broadly.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
He's been responding well to treatment and now appears fully conscious. We'll want to monitor him for another 24 hours, but I think it safe to say: we're out of the woods.

Rounding the corner into shadows, Frank's smile falters into a worried frown.

DOCTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That being said, Patient Accounts got back to me about your father's insurance...

INT. PATIENT ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT - HOSPITAL

A squat middle-aged lady sits behind the counter, administrative assistants bustling along the rows of files behind her. Frank approaches the desk.

RECEPTIONIST
How may I help you, sir?

FRANK
My name is Frank Taylor. I'm the son of the patient in Room 311..

The receptionist clicks away at her computer terminal.

RECEPTIONIST
I see. Taylor, Duncan, Room 311. Can I ask what this is regarding.

Frank gulps.

FRANK
The doctor recommended I swing by to discuss financing options.

She nods curtly and clacks away at her keyboard some more.

RECEPTIONIST
Hmm... one moment, dear.

She gets up and disappears into the rows of files. Frank cranes his neck, following her with a nervous look.

The clock on the wall ticks menacingly. Frank rubs the back of his neck.

She reappears from the stacks lugging a heavy black sports bag, clutching a folder under her arm. She plops them both on the counter. Frank ogles the bag as she flips open the folder.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Taylor, Duncan's account's been paid.

Frank snaps back to attention.

FRANK
Huh??

RECEPTIONIST
See here.

She points to a signature adjacent a bill totalling $15,000. In fluid script it reads: Jacqueline Laurent. Frank is stunned.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Ms. Laurent asked for us to hold onto this for you.

She gestures to the bag. Frank is speechless.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Is there anything else I can do for you today?

FRANK
N-no... Thanks so much!

RECEPTIONIST
My pleasure, dear.

Frank lifts the heavy bag off the counter, feeling the sides, trying to figure out what's inside.

INT. HANDICAP BATHROOM - HOSPITAL

Resting the bag on the sink, Frank unzips it. His jaw drops. On top of stacks and stack of bills rests an MIT Pamphlet with "Stay smart, Jax" scrawled near the bottom.

EXT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

INT. SHOWER - PRISON

Robbie stands under a shower lathering soap on his face. One by one, the dozens of inmates around him sneak out of the room without Robbie noticing, their showers still running.

Robbie splashes water on his face. Opening his eyes, he looks around the empty room, confused. SQUEAK - the HISS of water in pipes dies. All the showers turn off, replaced by a persistent DRIP DROP echoing against the tile.

A PRISON GUARD swaggers into the room. Robbie tenses. The guard is followed by another and another, FIVE GUARDS in all. Robbie backs into the wall.

ROBBIE
What's up, fellas?

The guards surround him, drawing their billy clubs.

PRISON GUARD
(slow drawl)
Robbie, right?

Robbie gulps, his eyes flit to the open door across the room. A SIXTH GUARD enters, closing the door behind him.

The other five form a semi-circle around Robbie, cornering him.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)
Word is you like killing cops.

Robbie shakes his head, clearly terrified.

EXT. PARADISE BEACH - SUNSET

A gull soars along the horizon CROONING. The golden tones of the setting sun kiss the oncoming blue night sky. Anchored offshore, Jax's boat bobs on the waves.

INSERT - POSTCARD

A pen hovers above the page. "DEAR SYLVIE," is scrawled at the top.

EXT. PARADISE BEACH

Ashore, we hear a gentle WHOOSH of lapping waves. The foamy tide kisses Jax's slender calves.

Jax - bikini-clad - reclines on the sand, propped up on her elbows, writing on the postcard. From underneath the postcard, we can see a corner of Sylvie's photograph. The beach is strewn with Jax's photos, blowing into the ocean.

FADE TO:

INT. MAILBOX

In the near darkness, only the letter closest to the top is visible. The slot swings down, flooding the box with light.

A manila envelope slides down, landing on top of the heap, filling the left of the frame. It's addressed to "ATTN: Admissions, MIT," "Frank Taylor" is scrawled in the top left.

FADE OUT.

THE END