

SALVAGE

Written by

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FADE IN

1 EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

1

Three PEOPLE are getting ready to enjoy a perfect day of diving in the Florida Keys. The water is glassy calm, the sun is high. The QUEEN WILHELMINA, a converted 30' fishing boat with a tuna tower, is bobbing at anchor while the divers gear up in the stern.

The boat has some large ALUMINUM MAST and a tangle of LINES laying on the foredeck.

STEVE hasn't been out in the sun much. He waves his hands, clearly talking non-stop in an expansive, all-embracing way. His gear lays in a jumble at his feet; some is assembled, some is not. He roots haphazardly through piles of stuff. He, at least, has his wet suit on.

DAVE has a beard shot with gray; he's close to three hundred pounds. He's wearing the obligatory big-fat-party-animal Hawaiian print shirt over a shorty wet suit. He's quiet, focusing on his gear, adjusting, fiddling, tweaking; reclipping his gauges here then there.

HANNAH is a skinny sun-bleached blonde. Her gear is minimal: T-shirt and shorts. She helps Steve find his mask and one of his flippers. She tries to lay his things out for him so he doesn't spend time rooting and rummaging.

Hannah grabs her SCUBA package from a neat pile and sets in on a bench, ready to go. She's restless, waiting for Steve to finish fooling around. She'd prefer to do it for him, but is barely able to restrain herself. Her hands move, silently coaxing him on what to do next.

2 INT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY

2

The QUEEN WILHELMINA bobs at anchor in the blue Atlantic. Steve's got his mask on his forehead, his gear piled on a bench near where he's standing. Dave's got his mask around his neck and his gear piled neatly behind him. Hannah's got her gear on, mask in hand.

Steve addresses no one in particular.

STEVE

So we ready to go?

Hannah squints at him, then Dave. Dave notices her and holds up an OK sign. Hannah points at herself and shows OK. She points at Dave and shows OK.

She points at Steve, shrugs and shows an OK. She makes a big sweeping question mark in the air and points vehemently down the hatch under the foredeck.

Dave looks puzzled for a moment. Then he gets it.

DAVE  
(shouting down the hatch)  
Hey Hub, you going with us, or  
what?

HUBERT HAYES (Hub for short) shuffles up from below with a handful of SAILBOAT RIGGING.

HUB  
Two minutes. It'll work this time.

Dave shakes his head; he's amused at Hub's antics.

Hub scrambles around the cockpit and out onto the foredeck. He pins his latest piece of rigging onto the ALUMINUM MAST on the foredeck. He clammers up the tuna tower.

STEVE  
So, is something always broke on  
this boat?

Hub is clipping his rigging onto some kind of REINFORCED STEEL BAR on the tuna tower.

HUB  
No, no, no, no. I'm just trying to  
kill two birds with one snatch  
block.

STEVE  
Maybe you should just get a real  
boat.

HUB  
This is a real boat! Sunk by  
Hurricane Gordon; salvaged by Hub  
Hayes, and I've been fixing her  
ever since.

Steve looks at Dave, incredulous.

STEVE (TO DAVE)  
Was he always like this?

DAVE  
He over-engineered every product  
until you couldn't figure out how  
to sell it.

HUB  
(vehement)  
Value! Consumer's want value!

DAVE  
(repeating himself)  
Simplicity. They want a simple  
solution.

Hub clambers back down onto the deck.

HUB  
Whatever. So, are you ready for  
this?

Hub grabs a LINE dangling from the tuna tower. He hauls, and the rig on the deck starts to rise until it is about sixty degrees up when something catches and it jams there. A big mess of aluminum poles, lines and pulleys, sticking out forward like some kind of unicorn horn.

HUB (CONT'D)  
Crap.

DAVE  
Is that one supposed to be shorter  
than the other?

HUB  
Crap. I thought I measured those.  
Okay, so anyway, if it was all the  
way up, check this out.

Steve is amazed. Hannah giggles, which comes out as a weird warbling.

Hub pulls another line. Some of the aluminum poles move apart, spreading out a large red-and-white DIVER DOWN flag. It flops around the foredeck haphazardly.

DAVE  
I see.

STEVE  
Now what?

HUB  
(defensive)  
I fix it.

DAVE  
Why don't we dive first, and fix  
later?

Hub looks at his watch.

HUB  
Oh wow. Yeah. Well, we've covered  
our surface interval. No more  
nasty nitrogen in our blood.

Hub drops the lines, hunts around a moment and grabs a big metal-bound CLIPBOARD. He blinks first at Steve then at Dave. He takes a breath.

Hub brightens now that the mast debacle is behind him. He's suddenly "on".

HUB (CONT'D)  
(Sports announcer voice)  
Okay dive fans, its a beautiful day  
out here in Atlantic Ocean park.  
Everybody ready to have some fun?

Dave and Steve certainly are. Dave's almost completely exasperated. Steve barks his assent.

Hannah elbows Dave. Still giggling, she signs "everything he touches turns to crap." Dave looks at her, puzzled. Steve notices this. Hub sees it, too, but didn't catch it.

STEVE (TO HANNAH)  
Once more, slow.

Steve repeats what Hannah signs.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
All - everything. He. Touches.  
Turns. On? To?

Hannah does a really expressive sign for "crap" that kills Dave and Steve.

Hub signs "very funny," wincing. It hurts, but she's right.

3

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

3

A small PLANE flies out of the SUN, low over the OCEAN. The plane is pursued by a large Coast Guard HELICOPTER. The plane is weaving and yawing as if struggling to fly through a hurricane.

4 INT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY

4

Hub waves his big metal clipboard. Dave and Steve are sitting on the benches, finally ready to go. Hannah sits up on the rail.

HUB  
Okay. Whadda you guys got for weight?

STEVE  
Twelve.

DAVE  
Eighteen.

HUB  
Eighteen pounds?

DAVE  
I'm a floaty kinda guy.

HUB  
Do me a favor, okay? Drop two more pounds and tell me how it goes. I'm afraid you're going to overcompensate your buoyancy, loose control, shoot to the surface like a little polaris missile, get the bends and spend the rest of your life walking funny.

Steve laughs. Dave shakes his head. He starts fooling with his WEIGHT BELT and GAUGES and FASTEX CLIPS and other dive junk on his BC.

HUB (CONT'D)  
Air?

STEVE  
Twenty five hundred. Another Hub Hayes short fill.

HUB  
And don't you forget it.

DAVE  
Twenty-five hundred here, too.

Hub puts the clipboard under his arm to sign to Hannah; she responds with "2500".

HUB

Okay, be back on the boat with 500.  
Max time is one hour. Max depth is  
25 feet. At this spot you can't go  
deeper without a shovel.

Steve laughs. Dave winces and swats at him. It's a standard  
dive boat joke, and it's not funny after the first few  
repetitions.

Dave goes back to fooling with his BC.

HUB (CONT'D)

(Sportscaster)

Here's the wind-up and there's the  
pitch!

Hannah does a roll-backward from where she is sitting. Hub  
looks over the side, she never reappears. Dave and Steve  
watch her bubbles also.

HUB (CONT'D)

So there's a good example of what  
not to do. Give me an Okay sign  
when you hit the water, Okay?

Steve shuffles to the LADDER in the stern. He does a  
haphazard giant stride which turns into a belly flop. After  
a bit he comes up and gives a big Okay. Dave shuffles to the  
ladder at the stern, and takes a moment to get ready. Hub  
whistles. Dave turns. Hub hefts Dave's weight belt.

Dave shuffles back to meet Hub. Hub helps him into the belt.  
Dave shuffles aft. Dave does a good giant stride, pops right  
back up and signals Okay.

Hub grabs his TANK, inflates the BC and throws it into the  
water. He grabs his MASK, FINS, a FISHING NET and a  
fiberglass ROD. He jumps in with the armload of stuff.

He swims over to where his tank is floating, sticks an arm  
through it, and starts gearing up in the water.

5

INT. SMALL PLANE - DAY

5

BOB, the pilot, and TED, the passenger, are arguing. Bob's a  
big guy with a big gut and a big temper. He really wants to  
beat the living shit out of Ted, but has to fly the plane  
instead. Ted is a sniveling, untidy guy.

TED

Some stinking great plan of yours.  
You're in it deep doo-doo now, bro.

BOB

Ted, so help me God, I'll chop your  
sorry ass into fish bait if you  
don't shut up and let me think.

Bob reaches across with his left and starts to hit Ted, cursing him as he hits. Bob is purple with rage. He is utterly frustrated and is taking it out on Ted the only way he knows how. Ted wriggles around in his seat. Behind him is a 55 gallon DRUM wrapped in PLASTIC and DUCT TAPE.

TED

What the Christ, man! Fly the  
plane, asshole.

Bob notices that he is tipped way to the side. He snaps the wheel to right the plane. This rolls the barrel out of the bungee cords holding it down. The barrel slams into the door, popping it open.

The wind BANGS the door against the body of the plane.

Bob swivels, tipping the plane. The barrel wedges part-way through the door.

Ted reclines the passenger seat. He struggles to get over the seats and into the back, next to the drum.

Ted hauls on the drum for a while, but can't budge it.

6

EXT. UNDER WATER - DAY

6

Under the water everything is blue and beautiful. Hub looks around for a moment. He finds Steve and Dave converging on Hannah. Hannah has found something and is talking excitedly about it. Dave and Steve have no clue, but Hub knows what it is.

Hannah has found a LOBSTER. Hub shows them how to capture it. Hub readies his NET. He gooses the lobster with the fiberglass ROD. The lobster flees from the rod and is snagged in the net.

The customers silently ooh and ahh. Hub clips the rod onto his B.C. He takes the lobster out of the net, dropping the net. No sooner have they started to examine the bug when they hear Hannah shaking her RATTLER. They all swim off to see what she's found this time.

Hub grabs his MESH DITTY BAG and stuffs the lobster in. He clips the mesh ditty bag onto his belt and swims off, leaving his net where he dropped it.



A small school of GOATFISH swim by the net.

Hub swims back and grabs the net. Hannah's rattlers sound again, spurring him.

7 EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

7

A small PLANE with a 55 gallon DRUM hanging half out of the passenger side flies low over the OCEAN. The plane is pursued by a big Coast Guard CHOPPER. The plane narrowly misses the tuna tower of the QUEEN WILHELMINA. As the pilot jerks the plane away from the boat, the drum slides out.

The drum tumbles into the ocean, landing with a monstrous eruption of water.

The small plane wobbles on its way South to who knows where.

8 INT. COAST GUARD CHOPPER - DAY

8

A PILOT, CO-PILOT and AGENT watch the BARREL tumbling into the OCEAN just starboard of the QUEEN WILHELMINA. The agent is snapping pictures with a CAMERA which has a huge LENS. The pilot's disembodied voice cuts over the intercom.

PILOT

(Official)

Cargo away, cargo away. Mark the location.

CO-PILOT

Roger, cargo away. GPS coordinates locked.

PILOT

(Unofficial)

There goes your evidence.

AGENT MARTIN

Hey. Bite me. That boat might be in on it. This might be their contact.

PILOT

You're dreaming, Jamie. They ditched your evidence. The FAA could get more of a case now than you could.

## AGENT MARTIN

How about a deal? I investigate,  
you do what I say. I say follow  
those creeps.

The Pilot and Copilot smirk at each other while Jamie fires off another half-roll of film of the Queen Wilhelmina.

9

EXT. UNDER WATER - DAY

9

HUB and HANNAH are floating the endless blue, surrounded by CORAL, examining a DITTY BAG with three LOBSTERS. Hannah is all excited. She comments on the size and health of these lobsters; they'll be good eating.

Hub asks about the other two divers. Hannah gestures away to the North. Hub rises up and looks that way, but isn't able to see them or their bubbles. Both Hub and Hannah check their GAUGES and their WATCHES.

Above them a 55 gallon DRUM CRASHES into the ocean. It is surrounded by bubbles and foam as it drifts down.

The barrel, still seething bubbles, passes by them.

With a deep, quiet BUMP the barrel caroms off a coral head and settles to the bottom.

Hub grabs Hannah and points. Hannah slaps Hub and points. Hannah grabs her rattler. Hub stops her. He signs for just the two of them to go over quietly.

Hub and Hannah glide up over a coral RIDGE and find the drum nestled in a SANDY patch between a coral HEAD and an OVERHANG.

Hub and Hannah examine the barrel. Hannah signs "What is it?".

Hub signs, "I think I know."

Hannah gets excited and signs back "We have to call the CG."

Hub thinks; straining, peering around, scratching. He signs "I'll handle it when we get back" very slowly, while he thinks. Hub looks around, slowly and carefully. He looks up as well. He spots a coral overhang with a GROUPER sleeping peacefully.

Hub signs for Hannah to help. They roll the barrel under the overhang. It tumbles down into a hidden CAVERN.

Hub checks the depth with his gauges. Then he slowly rises to the surface, while Hannah watches.

10 EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - DAY 10

HUB breaks the surface of the ocean. He looks around, turning slowly. He spots the QUEEN WILHELMINA. He pulls up his GAUGES and shoots a bearing to the boat.

Hub pulls up his dive SLATE. He writes down the depth, bearing and distance information.

Hub raises his B.C. VENT, and sinks back below the surface. Bubbles mark his spot.

11 INT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY 11

Hannah accepts a pair of FLIPPERS and a DITTY BAG with LOBSTERS from Hub. Hub heaves himself up the ladder.

Hub drops his BC onto the RACK, and secures it. The dive SLATE flops out onto the deck. Hub drops his WEIGHT BELT. Hub flips off his MASK. Hub unclips the dive slate from the BC and clips it next to the GPS.

Hub grabs his TOWEL and dries off enough to write. He flips open the big metal CLIPBOARD. He checks his WATCH and logs his time and air.

Hub looks up. Hannah is up on the tuna tower, still dripping. She's turning slowly, eyes shielded, checking for the customers.

Hub turns up the volume on the RADIO.

VOICE 1 (OS)

Yes, yes the airplane jettisoned something. It would look like a fifty-five gallon drum. Over.

Hub grabs the microphone and thinks for a moment.

VOICE 2 (OS)

You say it was here at Dry Rocks? I've been here with divers and haven't seen a thing. Over

VOICE 1 (OS)

It was closer to North Dry Rocks. The Guard has the GPS, but I don't have a chart. Over.

Hub picks up the slate and copies coordinates from his GPS onto the slate, right under the range and bearing information.

Hannah lets out a ululation. Hub reaches up and taps her on the foot. She's pointing very close to the port side. Hub climbs up on the rail and sees the divers' bubbles. Hub turns to her and signs that he sees them. He signs that she should go help them board.

Hub and Hannah help Steve and Dave back on the boat. They take FLIPPERS, help them up the ladder, grab their BC's and stow them. Steve and Dave drop their WEIGHTS. They're happy with their dive.

DAVE

Score one for me -- I saw the shark.

STEVE

Yeah, but I saw both turtles.

DAVE

Nurse shark. Definitely. At least six foot.

STEVE

Six foot -- no way!

Hannah goes forward, grabs a beach bag from a small locker on the bridge. Gracefully and fearlessly she leaps up onto the rail and scrambles onto the prow of the boat.

Dave elbows Steve and points. Steve cranes over to look at her through the windshield. Hub looks, too.

Hannah wriggles out of her tropical shorty WET SUIT. She slips off her BATHING SUIT. She towels off quickly, naked in the afternoon sun. She slips on a pair of SHORTS and a T-SHIRT.

The men all exhale at once and go back to getting their gear organized before she can turn and catch them leering.

12

EXT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY

12

HUB, DAVE and STEVE are getting out of wet suits, breaking down their SCUBA, and stowing their gear.

HANNAH finishes hauling up the ANCHOR. She scampers up to the TUNA TOWER and starts the ENGINES ROARING.

The men all turn and look with "oh no not again" expressions.

Hub grabs for the roof of the boat. Dave and Steve grab what they can to keep from tumbling into the water. Hannah slams her into gear. The boat rears up as it leaps away.

Hannah cuts the tightest circle she can. The wind is in her hair, the sun on her, a sturdy boat beneath her, what more could she want from life?

Dave, Steve and Hub struggle to pack gear away as Hannah drives the boat at break-neck speed, leaping from wave top to wave top.

Hub grabs for his lines and struggles to lower the complex mast arrangement on the foredeck.

13 EXT. PIER - LATE AFTERNOON

13

Hannah finishes tying up the Queen Wilhelmina. Hub hands DIVE GEAR to Steve and Dave. They put the gear into their car.

Hub waves good-bye as they get into the car.

Hannah gets her shiny new GEAR and starts chucking it into her nice new TRUCK. She hops in and drives away without a glance at Hub.

Hub takes his ratty old GEAR and throws it in his RUSTY old TRUCK. He takes his lobsters out of a pail and rips their HEADS off, flinging the heads far into the harbor. He drops the TAILS into a small COOLER. He drops the cooler in his truck.

Hub is left to wash the boat and clean up. He uncoils a dockside HOSE, gets out a BRUSH on a long POLE. He does a pretty careful job. There's a lot to do, and he does it with a will, even though it's late and getting later.

14 EXT. HUB'S HOUSE - EVENING

14

Hub's rusty TRUCK edges into the driveway. The house is small, ramshackle and has JUNK piled up in the yard and under the car-port. It is nothing like the clean, organized boat.

Hub eases out of the truck. He grabs his WET SUIT, and hangs it under the car-port. He takes his GEAR BAG out and sets it on a flimsy-looking PICNIC TABLE.

Hub grabs the COOLER with the lobster tails and tip-toes in through the screen DOOR.

15 INT. HUB'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING 15

Hub tip-toes in through the living room. The room is sparse and cramped. It is a strong contrast from the roomy and well-appointed boat.

Hub tip-toes past a vast home COMPUTER setup. He has two huge TOWER systems with big color MONITORS.

Hub tip-toes into the kitchen.

16 INT. HUB'S KITCHEN - EVENING 16

WILHELMINA (Wim for short) is making MAC'N'SACK -- macaroni and cheese from a box. She's humming and having a wonderful kitchen time. She's stirring the macaroni with a big WOODEN SPOON. She wears a faded, shapeless HOUSE DRESS, her hair up in a BUN. She's very pretty and adopts an earth-mother look to everything she does.

ACE is behind her, working at a cluttered TABLE. The TABLE is covered with little country decorative CRAFTS. This week it is wooden CAT SILHOUETTES with ribbons, painted country BLUE. ACE is painting one with tiger stripes.

ACE  
Mom, hey mom!

Wim turns to see what Ace is making. Hub steps back a little to be less conspicuous. Ace waves the tiger.

WIM  
(Disappointed, but trying  
to encourage)  
That's okay. Now we've got to  
clean up quick. Dinner's in a few.  
(grows a little cold and  
tense)  
Since dad's late, I guess maybe you  
can eat now, okay?

Hub tip-toes in with the COOLER behind his back.

HUB  
Hi honey, I'm--

Wim's surprised. She's a little upset with him. He is late for her carefully planned -- if low-budget -- dinner.

WIM  
Hub, it's you.

HUB  
 (Groucho Marx)  
 In the flesh. And what flesh it  
 is, I might add.

He goes to give her a hug and a kiss. She's stiff and turns a little away from him. He doesn't seem to care. This defines their relationship.

ACE  
 Mom...

WIM  
 (The mom-standard pre-nag  
 voice)  
 Just a sec, honey.

HUB  
 (Groucho)  
 We had a good dive, the keys are  
 nice this time of year. Take two,  
 they're small, we can always grow  
 some more.

Wim turns back to her macaroni.

WIM  
 (forced)  
 So you had a good dive.

HUB  
 (himself)  
 They're good customers. They'll be  
 back. I gave 'em more business  
 cards to spread around.

WIM  
 Two hundred a week-end is a little  
 behind plan, but its income.

ACE  
 Mom...

HUB  
 I'm hoping some of the ads start  
 paying off.

WIM  
 I waited as long as I could. If  
 you were any later--

ACE  
 Mom...

WIM  
 (Mom's nag voice)  
 Honey, could you please wait a moment?

HUB  
 I brought you something.

Wim looks to the side, trying to collect herself. First he ruins dinner by being late. Now he makes it worse by bringing lobsters after she already made macaroni.

WIM  
 (bitter, sardonic)  
 Alright, great. Lobsters. I'll just set the macaroni aside to get cold and hard and then I'll boil the lobsters. Thanks for your help, Hubert.

Hub's a little disappointed, but not for long. Wim starts banging PANS and making a huge racket. She slams the LEVER on the sink to draw WATER for the lobsters. She snaps on the BURNER with a vengeance.

WIM (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 You two might as well eat the macaroni while it's hot. I'll cook the lobsters.

Ace watches his parents bitter non-argument. Wim is fuming and banging pans, Hub tries not to care.

HUB  
 We could keep the macaroni warm until the lobsters are done.

WIM  
 Fine. Just fine. Would you at least take care of your son until dinner's ready.

Hub, dismissed, turns away from Wim to Ace.

ACE  
 Mom, I'm hungry.

WIM  
 Please! I'm trying to put dinner on the table. Why do you have to pester me like this? What is wrong with you?



HUB

Hey, Ace, howsabout a cookie to tide you over until dinner.

WIM

(Really tearing into Ace)  
 Certainly not, young man! You will ruin your dinner by eating a cookie now. I don't know what gets into you. You can be so irresponsible sometimes. I'm trying to salvage a rare dinner with all three of us together, and you two are...are...

She's about out of steam, and resorts to banging pots and pans as she gets ready to boil the lobsters. Ace's eyes are filling with tears and he's starting to snuffle. He turns to go.

HUB

Listen, honey, don't yell at Ace, it was my idea.

WIM

Your idea, your idea. I don't know why I...

She can't stay mad at him without feeling conflicted, which leads her to have panic attacks.

She has to catch her breath and hold onto the sink. She's in control after a moment. She goes back to the stove.

WIM (CONT'D)

Oh, Hub, what are we doing here?

He comforts her by giving her a sideways kind of hug. She doesn't leave the sink.

HUB

Its okay, honey. Everybody likes me. I've got customers. We're making payments. We're okay. We knew we'd have to slow down when we left the rat race.

WIM

I...We...why'd you...Look at us! We had a nice house. I could afford good food. Now we can barely scrape by. It's just awful. Look at me.

HUB  
 It's not awful at all. We have  
 lobster a couple of times a week.  
 Lobster was three bucks a pound in  
 New England. Here it's free.

ACE  
 Mom...

WIM  
 (Almost the end of her  
 rope)  
 Would you please take care of your  
 son.

HUB  
 But Wim...

WIM  
 Just take care of him.

HUB  
 (Looking at her depressed  
 condition)  
 But honey...

Wim has had it. No one listens to her at all. She storms  
 out of the kitchen.

Hub and Ace look after her, helpless and clueless.

HUB (CONT'D)  
 Okay, Ace, how about a bowl of  
 macaroni while I cook us a nice  
 juicy lobster tail?

Ace is too upset at Wim's tirade. He starts bawling "mom".  
 Hub tries to give him a hug.

FADE TO:

17 EXT. PIER - MORNING

17

Hub is supposed to be cleaning the Queen Wilhelmina, getting  
 ready for some more customers. He's not doing a real good  
 job, his heart's not in it. He spends more time staring out  
 over the ocean, sighing, pulling his hair than working.

He pauses, looking away and thinking. Then he tries to snap  
 himself out of it: he sighs or stretches his fingers and  
 starts back to cleaning the boat.

He tugs halfheartedly at the complex rigging on the foredeck.

A big, conservative CAR crunches along the road next to the pier.

Two youngish guys in expensive SUITS and SHADES ease out of the car. AGENT HATHAWAY, built like a weight-lifter wanders along the pier, looking at the boat. AGENT MARTIN, tall, goofy looking, goes over to Hub and watches him intently for a moment.

HUB  
Hi, howya doin? Looking for a charter?

AGENT MARTIN  
No, but I am looking for a boat.

HUB  
Cool. For the right price, this one's for sale.

AGENT MARTIN  
Not to buy.

HUB  
Okay. You don't want to buy it or charter it. You got me swinging. I give up.

AGENT MARTIN  
What about a deal? I tell you I'm Lawrence Martin from the U. S. Customs Service; you tell me if this is your boat.

Hub's mind is racing. He goes from friendly to cold in a heartbeat.

HUB  
My boat? (Stall) Sure, it's my boat.

AGENT MARTIN  
Can I get your name, please?

HUB  
Hubert. Hubert Hayes.

Agent Martin is carrying a fat SPIRAL NOTEBOOK. He writes this down.

AGENT MARTIN  
I wonder if you could tell me where you were yesterday, Mr. Hayes?

HUB  
Hub.

AGENT MARTIN  
Hub?

HUB  
Hub. Everyone calls me Hub.

AGENT MARTIN  
Okay, Hub, can you tell me where  
you were yesterday?

HUB  
Yesterday?

AGENT MARTIN  
(To Agent Hathaway)  
DJ, what day was yesterday?

AGENT HATHAWAY  
(Still casing the boat and  
pier area)  
Saturday.

AGENT MARTIN  
(To Hub)  
Yesterday. That would be Saturday.  
Where were you?

HUB  
I was home.

AGENT MARTIN  
All day?

HUB  
No, I went out for a couple of  
hours.

AGENT MARTIN  
(About had it)  
Alone?

HUB  
No, there were a few people with  
me.

AGENT MARTIN  
Can I get their names?

HUB

They were customers of mine. What do they have to do with... What's this about?

AGENT MARTIN

Are you a priest? A lawyer? You don't have any privilege, Mr. Hayes. Who did you take and where did you take them?

AGENT HATHAWAY

Take it easy, Lawrence. Show him the picture.

Agent Martin relents. He pulls out big black and white aerial PHOTOS of some dive boats. Its taken with a long lens and has no depth-of-field. The boats are hard to identify, but not impossible. The mess of aluminum rigging all over the foredeck of one boat definitely marks the Queen Wilhelmina.

Hub studies the pictures for a moment. He's even more guarded.

HUB

This one looks a little like this boat.

AGENT MARTIN

Our feelings exactly. Can you tell me where this boat was yesterday afternoon?

HUB

(the lights come on)  
Where was this picture taken?

Agent Hathaway knows that Hub knows the dilemma. Agent Martin is about to get very pissed off.

AGENT HATHAWAY

If we knew that, we wouldn't be wasting your time, would we? Where were you yesterday? Who'd you take out?

HUB

We did two tanks out near... Creole Rock. I had two customers.

AGENT MARTIN

Two tanks?

HUB  
Yeah, two tanks. You know, two  
tanks of air. Two dives.

AGENT MARTIN  
And the customers?

Hub rummages around for a moment and produces a big metal CLIP-BOARD. He flips open the lid and pulls out a page. He almost hands it over, but stops. Agent Martin notices all the lapses and evasions, including this one.

HUB  
Dave and Steve Trangucci.

AGENT MARTIN  
Brothers?

HUB  
Brothers.

AGENT MARTIN  
Phone number?

HUB  
Don't know.

AGENT MARTIN  
Address.

HUB  
Don't know.

AGENT MARTIN  
You take these guys out on your  
boat and you don't know anything  
but their names?

HUB  
(Angry)  
Credit card number. It's just a  
goddamn business. Whadda you guys  
want? Creole Rock is where the  
picture was taken. That's where we  
dove. We went diving at Creole  
Rock. Happy?

AGENT MARTIN  
Ecstatic.

AGENT HATHAWAY  
(Real low-key)  
She's a nice boat.

HUB  
(Puzzled)  
Thanks.

AGENT HATHAWAY  
Cost a lot?

HUB  
I salvaged her, but all the  
improvements--

AGENT HATHAWAY  
Hate to see anything happen to it.

HUB  
Like what?

AGENT HATHAWAY  
You've read the zero tolerance  
notice. I'm sure its posted  
conspicuously.

HUB  
(Hot)  
What are you saying? I'm running  
drugs on this boat? Is that what  
you're saying? Well I'm not. This  
boat's clean! You can come on here  
right now and search the whole  
goddamn thing from fly-bridge to  
bilge: I'm clean and the boat's  
clean.

AGENT HATHAWAY  
(Edgy)  
I'm not saying anything. We're  
Customs, we can board any time with  
or without a warrant. But, we're  
just gathering data. Thanks for  
your time.

Agent Hathaway strolls over to the car and gets in the passenger side. Agent Martin glares at Hub for a moment. Hub tries glaring back, but doesn't have the will-power. Hub turns away, slams the clip-board shut and chucks it onto a SHELF.

Agent Martin, victorious, closes his note-book and returns to the car. He hops into the driver seat and closes the door quietly.

18

EXT. PIER - AFTERNOON

18

A flashy-looking GANGSTER RIDE lurches to a SKIDDING stop in the gravel by the pier. Hub is sitting up in the tuna tower having a COKE and watching the ocean.

The marine VHF RADIO BURBLES in the background.

Two menacing looking guys pile out of the car. STU is small and trim. He is a bundle of energy and pops out of the driver's door. JOEY is big and dark and powerfully built. He's slower and looks around at everything. Stu lights a cigarette.

Stu walks along the pier for a while, examining the BOATS. Joey watches him. Hub turns a little in his seat to watch them. Hub doesn't bother turning all the way to see their car. Stu is clueless, and spends time looking at a flashy CIGARETTE BOAT. Joey walks the other way, and spots the ALUMINUM MAST on the front of the Queen Wilhelmina.

Stu stakes out the wrong boat; Joey goes back to the car. Joey leans in the rear window to have a couple of words with the passenger. Joey points at the Queen, especially the mast arrangement.

ROD gets out of the car. He is not as menacing as Stu and Joey. He is older, with a beard and a cheap hair-cut. Rod has a very cold smile which amplifies his low-key, cold menace. Rod has a job to do and picked Stu. Someone else assigned Joey as an informant.

Rod ignores Stu and looks Hub's boat over carefully.

ROD

'Scuse me, you do dive trips?

Hub leaps up. He never gets walk-on business. He blinks at Rod for a moment.

HUB

Diving? Sure, do lotsa dive trips. Don't have any scheduled this after, though. What're you looking for?

ROD

Friend of mine says you took some folks out yesterday on this boat. A real nice place. He says we might like it, too.



HUB  
When I'm there, everyone has fun.  
So you know Dave and Steve?

ROD  
No, I don't know no Dave or Steve,  
a friend of mine does.

HUB  
Oh, well, cool. So, you here to  
dive right now?

ROD  
I don't want to interrupt your busy  
schedule, but yeah, we'd like to  
dive right now. We just drove down  
from Miami for the day.

HUB  
When'd you start, lunch-time?  
There's not much of the day left.

Rod's irritated, as this is touching something a little too close to home. They did start early, but they stopped a lot along the way. Rod and Stu give Joey a look, but this is none of Hub's business.

ROD  
(colder than usual)  
We did some shopping.

STU  
Yeah, eventually we bought some new  
dive gear because (pause) and we  
want to try it out.

Joey shoots Stu a "keep a lid on it" look.

STU (CONT'D)  
(to Joey)  
What's your problem?

ROD  
So we going diving?

JOEY  
Sometimes you can be so childish.

HUB  
(Covering his  
embarrassment)  
Okay! Howsabout some diving? Uh...  
Okay...

(MORE)

HUB (CONT'D)  
 And it's fifty bucks each for a two-  
 tanker. I'll call the shop to get  
 the air.

Hub scrambles down from the bridge. He goes into the lower control area and turns on some electronics. He hits a key on a keyboard a few times in a row. A pause. He hits the key again a few times in a row.

He looks down intently. He types very quickly. He nods and types some more. He mouths words as he types, "and step on it." He slaps a key a few times and switches the gear off.

Hub hops out of the control area and down onto the pier.

Hub sticks out his hand.

HUB (CONT'D)  
 Hub, Hub Hayes.

Rod shakes it coldly.

ROD  
 Hub?

HUB  
 Everyone calls me Hub.

ROD  
 Rod. This is my assistant Stu.  
 That's Joey.

Hub waves, trying to warm these guys up. Stu responds with a cynical wave of his cigarette.

Since Rod didn't like his choice in boats, Stu's staying put.

HUB  
 Stu, Joey, how you guys doing  
 today? Ready to have some fun?

STU  
 How come we gotta go on the little  
 boat?

Hub is upset by this slam.

HUB  
 (Is he too patronizing?)  
 They don't have a dive platform?

Rod reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of money. He peels off two bills and hands them to Hub. Hub looks at them.

HUB (CONT'D)

Okay... I'm a little short of change... you know... most people use credit cards.

ROD

Don't like 'em myself.

Hub's uncertain in the sudden quiet.

HUB

I guess it's too easy to get into debt, huh? That's my problem, anyway. I'll see what I can do about change when Hannah gets here.

(with new energy)

So let's get your gear on board.

ROD

Keep it. Credit our account. We may be back to dive in the near future.

Hub is puzzled by crediting their account, but he'll work it out. Rod turns and looks at Stu and Joey. Reluctantly, Stu goes and unlocks the trunk with Joey tagging along. Joey doesn't like what's happening; he's not afraid of much, but this diving thing is no good. He was told to watch over these two, but even under water?

Hub stuffs the money in his pocket and goes to the car. Stu is looking into the trunk of the car. Hub tries to reach around him to grab a bag of dive gear. Stu, acting on habit, bumps Hub arm away from the car.

Joey and Rod know that this is Stu's style and it's inappropriate for this situation.

JOEY

Is that any way to treat the dive-boat guy?

STU

Listen to you. Dive boat guy. Dive con.

Stu grabs a huge, new DIVE GEAR BAG, complete with unremoved tags, and drags it over to the boat. Hub waits till Stu gets out of the way before grabbing a bag.

Rod and Joey eye each other. After a moment, Joey goes for the third bag.

Rod climbs up onto the boat and looks around, approving. Stu watches Joey, derisively. Hub tries to help, but Joey waves him off. Joey tries holding the bag with two hands, but can't climb up on the tipping boat. He won't hand the bag to Hub or set it on the boat. He tries a few other approaches before setting the bag on the deck.

19 INT. CAR - DAY

19

Agent Hathaway and Agent Martin are rolling along the waterfront.

AGENT HATHAWAY

I guess you know your job as well as I do.

AGENT MARTIN

What?

AGENT HATHAWAY

What makes you think this Hayes guy is some kind of mule?

AGENT MARTIN

His boat was there; he was nervous and evasive. He's hiding something, but he hasn't got the guts to keep this up.

AGENT HATHAWAY

I think you were way over the top. He's gonna see his lawyer. You won't get anything without a warrant.

AGENT MARTIN

Lawyer? Warrant? That bum? You just wait till I really start to sweat him. He's gonna wish he never went out on that boat.

Agent Hathaway nods in mock agreement.

20 INT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - AFTERNOON

20

Hub, Stu, Joey and Rod are standing around on the Queen Wilhelmina looking uncomfortable. Hub flips open the COOLER, showing a bunch of soda CANS in WATER. It was ice, hours ago. The VHF RADIO WARBLER in the background.

Rod pulls out a Coke.

Joey roots among the cans for a long time.

JOEY

No beer?

Rod and Stu are enjoying a small, cruel pleasure at knowing much more than Joey. Hub is troubled with the depths of Joey's ignorance.

HUB

(Trying not to sound  
patronizing)

Sorry, no beer on dive boats. It increases risk of getting the bends.

Joey's pissed. Stu's having a good smirk.

ROD

And I dislike risk intensely.

Joey can see his point.

Hannah's TRUCK rips down along the pier and skids to a stop right by the boat, air tanks CLANG and ROLL in the back.

She hops out and gives a big wave and her ULULATION. She's a knock-out in a T-shirt and shorts. This is not lost on Stu or Joey. They are agog. They poke each other and leer.

Hub signs, "Good, let's get going."

Hannah grabs tanks by the pair from her truck and hands them up to Hub. Hub pulls them onto the boat. She has to move five pairs of tanks, plus her own dive gear bag. She keeps all three men busy.

Hub starts the engines. Hannah casts off the MOORING LINES and jumps onto the boat as it pulls away.

21 INT. DIVE BOAT - AFTERNOON

21

The QUEEN WILHELMINA speeds across the shallow Atlantic among the Florida Keys. The ROAR of the engines and wind drowns all sound except shouting.

Hub comes down from the tuna tower and Hannah goes up. This is her favorite part of the job.

HUB

So, where you guys wanna go?  
Lobsters? Fish? Wrecks?

ROD  
 (watching Hub,  
 calculating)  
 My friend recommended a spot.

HUB  
 (oblivious)  
 Dry Rocks? South Shoal? Wreck of  
 the Duane? Christ of the Deep?

ROD  
 He didn't give me the name. He  
 gave me these coordinates.

HUB  
 Okay, you got GPS coordinates? We  
 can do that.

ROD  
 He wrote 'em down. I need that  
 back, by the way.

Rod hand Hub a wrinkled BUSINESS CARD. It is a card for a charter pilot service named "Bob's Aerial". On the back are coordinates. Hub blanches when he sees these coordinates. Rod catches the look but doesn't know Hub well enough to read it.

HUB  
 (Suddenly cautious)  
 What is it you guys are looking  
 for?

ROD  
 Looking for?

HUB  
 Sure (pause) why this spot?

ROD  
 No reason. They had a good dive  
 there. I'm certain that I'd have a  
 good dive there, too.

Hub stands up and turns slowly. He goes to the control area. He reaches down into his DIVE BAG and brings up his SLATE. The coordinates on the card almost match the slate. The slate, of course, matches the GPS. Rod takes the scene in.

Hub examines the coordinates, calculating the difference in distances. He strains and scratches, looking around for an idea. He changes from seriously concerned that his plans were sunk to relieved that they won't be able to find their butts with both hands.

Hub locks the business card coordinates in the GPS. They're at least two hundred yards off.

Hub drops the slate back into his bag while Rod watches, getting more and more pissed-off.

He skips back to Rod and returns the card to a slowly fuming Rod. Hub doesn't know him well enough to interpret the look.

HUB

I think that might be a few hundred yards off of Creole Rock. Nice spot.

ROD

Nice spot.

22

INT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - AFTERNOON

22

The QUEEN WILHELMINA is plowing across the shallow waters between the keys and the reef. Hannah is driving from the tuna tower. Hub is looking uncomfortable with Rod, Stu and Joey, below. Rod is silent, Joey is miserable.

Stu tries to light a cigarette. The wind makes this impossible.

Stu gets up and goes to the control area to get out of the breeze. Hub watches him, not sure what to do.

HUB

Umm... I wish you wouldn't smoke on my boat.

STU

What?

HUB

You know, I'd rather you didn't smoke on my boat.

STU

(To Rod)

Is this for real?

Rod waves to Stu with his hand open for the cigarettes. Stu frowns. Rod gives a more insistent wave. Stu rolls eyes and hands the cigarettes over to Rod. Rod crumples up the pack and tosses it overboard. Joey thinks this is a riot.

HUB

(Angry)

Hey! Whadda you doing?

ROD  
No smoking on the boat.

HUB  
You can't just litter the reef like that!

Rod gives him a blank "yes I can and I just did" smirk. Hub tries a helpless "you can't just do that" set of shrugs and waves as he turns away. Hub is not the confronting type and these guys are in his face at every step.

23 INT. DIVE BOAT - AFTERNOON

23

The QUEEN WILHELMINA bobs at anchor in the blue Atlantic. Hub gets out the big metal-bound CLIPBOARD for his pre-dive briefing. He's geared up also. He addresses Stu, Joey, Rod and Hannah from a position braced in the boat's control area.

HUB  
Okay. Listen-up, now. You guys ready to have some fun?

Stu and Rod are ready to dive; fun's not the point here. Joey's green and reluctant.

HUB (CONT'D)  
Okay. Whadda you guys got for weight?

STU  
Twelve.

JOEY  
Twelve pounds, right?

ROD  
Right, we all got twelve pounds.

Hub signs "you all set?" to Hannah. She gives him an "Okay".

HUB  
Air?

STU  
(Indignant)  
Yeah.

ROD  
Twenty five hundred.

JOEY  
Twenty five hundred?



Rod reaches over Joey and shows him his gauges. Joey looks at them for a moment, but this makes him queasy.

Hub signs to Hannah, she responds with "2500".

HUB

Okay, be back on the boat with 500.  
Max time is one hour. Max depth is  
25 feet. At this spot you can't go  
deeper without a shovel.

Stu snickers, it is a little funny, catches himself and turns it into a sneer; Stu doesn't like to be caught off-guard like that. Joey doesn't get it and looks around, clueless. Rod rolls his eyes.

Hub turns and signs to Hannah to show an Okay after she hits the water, please. Hub does his world war two submarine klaxon-horn impersonation -- this includes shouting into the clipboard to simulate the submarine intercom.

HUB (CONT'D)

Okay, guys, let's do it. (AHOOGA)  
Dive! Dive! Dive!

Hannah does a roll-backward from where she is sitting. Hub looks over the side, she pops up and gives a quick Okay.

Stu shuffles to the back of the boat. He sort of flops off the boat into the water. He comes up sputtering and struggling, trying to tread water with all that dead weight on his back and his MASK knocked half off.

Hub and Rod lean over and shout instructions to Stu. It is shouted jumble of clear your mask, inflate your BC, inflate your stab jacket, adjust your mask, calm down, breath normally, push the frickin' button you dummy, quit splashing, etc.

Rod punches his INFLATOR, holds his MASK and GAUGES and does an elegant giant stride in after Stu. Hub tries to grab for Stu, and continues to shout over the splashing. Rod grabs Stu, inflates Stu's BC for him, and helps him clear his mask. Stu's rattled, but game for anything.

Joey's about had it. He back up; he doesn't even want to watch.

Hub leads Joey to the rear, talking quietly to him. Hub checks that his AIR is on. Hub grabs his INFLATOR and inflates his BC for him. Hub shows him how to hold MASK and REGULATOR with his right hand and GAUGES with his left.

Joey's taking lots of deep breaths, working himself up to it. Hub takes Joey by the elbow and gets him right to the end of the boat.

HUB (CONT'D)

Now, just take a big step out over the ocean.

Joey looks down at the gentle surge. A wave laps over the step and wets the back of the boat.

HUB (CONT'D)

Don't look down. Look out at the horizon. Just take a big step and let yourself go.

Joey flops into the ocean. He comes up, hyperventilating. Hub waves an okay at him three or four times until Joey responds. Stu is bobbing, back under control. Rod takes Joey by the elbow and turns him around so he can face them. Hannah paddles up.

Hannah signs that she'll take Joey as a buddy pair. She says that Rod will take Stu. She is quite wordy, and the basic "buddy pair" sign is lost among the verbiage. Rod and Stu look up to Hub.

HUB (CONT'D)

(signing as he translates)

She says she'll take Joey as her buddy. Rod, you take Stu as a buddy pair.

Hannah peels Joey off from Rod. She looks him full in the face to see if he's okay. He's not. She signs for him to breath slowly. She takes exaggerated slow breaths.

Rod and Stu hold up their inflators and vanish under the waves.

Hannah and Joey get oriented. Hannah makes him hold up his inflator. She sinks, but he doesn't. Hannah reappears after a moment. She takes his inflator and pushes it herself.

Hannah signs to Joey to turn head down and swim under. She splashes forward and her FLIPPERS vanish. Joey tries it -- his FLIPPER kick helplessly and he bobs up again.

Hannah reappears. Joey tries it again, this time a little smoother. Joey's flipper's disappear. Hannah's flippers flash by and she chases him.

Hub starts fooling with the lines on his mast arrangement.

FADE TO:

24 EXT. HANNAH'S TRAILER - MORNING 24

Hannah's TRAILER is pretty nice. She has some GARDEN, a new TRUCK, a GAZEBO. It's secluded away from the ordinary trailer-park neighborhood. Hannah has a big CAR-PORT to protect her TRUCK.

Hub's rusty old TRUCK pulls up on the grass, next to Hannah's drive-way.

Hub hops out and BANGS on Hannah's door really hard. He pushes the DOOR-BELL and a LIGHT inside blinks. He BANGS on the door again really hard.

25 INT. HANNAH'S TRAILER - MORNING 25

Hannah, wearing only a long T-shirt, opens the DOOR for Hub. Her hair is a mess and she has a big MUG of coffee.

She's irritated and slams herself down at the TABLE. She asks Hub "what's the fucking deal? It's early."

HUB  
(signing as he talks)  
Sorry, I got some errands to run up  
in Miami.

Hannah, one-handed, over the mug, "and?"

HUB (CONT'D)  
Well... okay... so I was wondering  
if I could borrow your truck?

Hannah asks "what for?"

HUB (CONT'D)  
Actually, I don't think mine will  
make it.

Hannah thinks this is very funny. She calls it a "rust bucket."

HUB (CONT'D)  
Too many winters in New England.  
You know how they salt the roads up  
there.

Hannah shrugs. She's never been there..

Hannah thinks for a moment and sets down her mug so she can talk with both hands. She signs "what about the blue barrel?"

HUB (CONT'D)  
(Defensive)  
The blue barrel? What about it?

Hannah, "so what's your big plan?"

HUB (CONT'D)  
(a clumsy lie)  
What plan? I don't have a plan.

Hannah thinks this is funny. "That's not what you said when we found it."

HUB (CONT'D)  
Okay... so... Okay. I think I can  
sell it to someone I know.

Hannah doesn't like the sound of this. "Sell it? Are you nuts?"

HUB (CONT'D)  
No, I'm not crazy. Listen, people  
don't throw shit in the ocean  
unless they want to... to... h-i-d-  
e it.

Hannah mistakes his finger spelling. He's not talking with children around; he doesn't need to spell. "What are you talking about?"

HUB (CONT'D)  
Money. If I can salvage this, I  
can get caught up. You know how  
Wim is about money.

Hannah nods and pats his hand.

HUB (CONT'D)  
She's been real tense; I'm afraid  
she doesn't like me anymore. You  
know, like a friend; laughing at my  
jokes, going out for a beer. Can I  
have the truck?

Hannah reaches back onto the counter, takes the KEYS off the hook, and gives the TRUCK KEY to Hub.

Hub sticks out a hand to shake. He's thrilled. This is how he shows it.

He wouldn't get closer to Hannah -- like a hug -- if he could. He does a little victory dance sashay out of her house. She laughs her odd ululation at his antics.

26 EXT. HANNAH'S TRAILER - DAY

26

Hub's TRUCK sits in front of Hannah's trailer. Wim and Ace are driving in a rusty, tiny COMPACT car packed with BOXES OF CRAFTS.

Wim passes Hannah's place and hits the brakes. She stares, wide-eyed in disbelief at her husband's truck in Hannah's driveway. Her mood goes from "what the?" to "that scumbag" as she rolls past the driveway.

She holds the brakes too long in too high a gear. The engine LUGS and then STALLS. The car bucks and bumps.

She's upset now. She doesn't like driving in the first place. Cars are always doing this kind of thing to her. Either their batteries are dead or their oil is low, or they stall out.

WIM  
(Weak and bitter)  
Oh, dear.

Wim's hands flail around looking for something to bang.

Ace is very concerned and starts to SNIFFLE. She reigns in her anger and starts the car. She catches her breath and drives away.

27 INT. HANNAH'S TRUCK - DAY

27

Hub is driving north through the Keys in Hannah's TRUCK. He has the window down, the wind in his hair. He's practicing his lines.

HUB  
So, Tony, how's it been going? No.  
Hey, Tony, can we talk business?  
Hmm. Tony! It is you. It was  
just a hunch and I...

Hub's sure that none of these will work. He passes under an EXIT SIGN. He signals and heads down the ramp into Miami.

At the light, he rolls up both WINDOWS. He locks the DOORS with a secure KA-THUNK.

He signals and turns down a grungy Liberty City street.

28 EXT. PIER - DAY

28

The QUEEN WILHELMINA sits at the pier. A conservative late-model CAR with two men is parked nearby.

Wim's rusty, tiny CAR eases down the pier. She's driving very slowly because she's afraid of the water. She stays as far from the edge of the pier as possible.

Of course, the boat is here. Proof that Hub is at Hannah's.

Wim's car passes right by the discrete car. After she is gone, Agent Martin pulls out his SPIRAL NOTEBOOK and writes down the license and description.

Wim's car turns right and leaves the pier. The conservative car pulls out and follows her.

29 EXT. CITY - DAY

29

Hub is driving Hannah's new TRUCK in a ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD. He's going slow, looking over the buildings.

CARS HONK and pass, some drivers angry, some complacent.

Hub is craning and leaning over to see both sides of the street.

Hub spots some underemployed young MEN hanging out by a PAY PHONE in front of a PAWN SHOP. One man is hanging in the WINDOW of a CAR stopped there. The man stands up and the car rockets off.

Hub pulls up to the same spot. A GUY dripping with GOLD earrings and necklaces TAPS on the WINDOW with a monster pinkie RING. Hub rolls the window down.

GOLDILOCKS

Yo.

HUB

Okay... Hi... I'm looking for Tony.

GOLDILOCKS

Tony?

HUB

Tony. I think they call him El Gordo.

GOLDILOCKS

You'll see him in hell, first.

Hub eases the truck into GEAR just as Goldilocks backs out of the window. Goldilocks signals to one of his boys. Homey, shifting from foot to foot in a paroxysm of anxiety, pulls out a PHONE and autodials a number. He follows Hub's truck out into the street gesticulating wildly.

30

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

30

Hub stands on the sidewalk between Hannah's TRUCK and a falling-down dump of a CRACK HOUSE. He looks at the abandoned structure. A GORILLA in front of the house stares at Hub.

Hub screws up his courage. He takes a breath, looks up at the horizon and takes the first giant stride. Once he's moving, he makes the difficult walk across the sidewalk to the house.

The gorilla gives him the evil eye every step of the way, defying Hub to continue walking.

HUB  
Hey, howya doin'.

GORILLA  
(Thick Cuban accent)  
Can I help you?

HUB  
Yeah, I'm looking for Tony. Tony  
El Gordo.

GORILLA  
Get lost. Get lost fast.

HUB  
Look, I've been cruising all over  
and I've heard that--

GORILLA  
You got about thirty seconds to be  
so far away I forget your face.

Behind Hub a big LIMO pulls up to the curb.

HUB  
Well, can you tell me where I might  
find Tony? El Gordo?

The gorilla looks over Hub's shoulder to the Limo. A gorgeous black WOMAN slides out of the limo.

She is overdressed for daylight in clothing that is way too small and leaves her spilling out all over. She wriggles across the sidewalk. The gorilla gapes.

She gets to Hub, and eyes him disdainfully.

The gorilla steps aside with a deferential nod, almost bowing, and lets her pass.

Hub can't get his eyes off her fanny. The gorilla is instantly back into his face.

GORILLA

Turn around. Now!

Hub's scared. Very scared. He starts shaking. He looks around, not really noticing anything.

HUB

Okay.

He turns. The gorilla shoves Hub down toward his truck. Hub stumbles forward a few steps. He's humiliated, but doesn't have any alternatives. He straightens up, and thinks about standing his ground. The gorilla looms over him.

Hub starts to turn, as he does so, the gorilla shoves him again, sending him sprawling across the hood of the limo.

The gorilla snatches Hub up like a kitten.

GORILLA

Keep your hands off El Gordo's car!

The gorilla slugs Hub in the gut. Hub doubles over. The gorilla pulls out his GUN. He grabs Hub's hair and straightens him up. He smacks Hub across the face with the gun. Hub collapses in the street.

The smoked WINDOW in the rear glides down. A fat as fat can be, middle-aged TONY's three chins lean out the window.

TONY

Hey! What the fuck're you doing waving a gun around? Are you nuts? Com'ere! Now!

The gorilla leaves Hub trying to get up.

TONY (CONT'D)

You're Eduardo, right? Twenty-one's cousin or something?

The gorilla nods.



TONY (CONT'D)

You listen and you listen good.  
 You and Twenty-one and your whole  
 family can go back on welfare for  
 all I care. I need people who  
 follow rules. People I can trust.  
 I catch you waving that thing  
 around again, you're gone. Hear?  
 And where'd you get those shoes?  
 Do I say nothing fancy? Do I say  
 low profile?

The gorilla nods and nods and nods.

HUB

(From the ground)

Tony?

Tony thinks he's talking to some crack-head customer who  
 can't pay his bills. He speaks with imperial disdain.

TONY

Yeah that's me. Make it snappy,  
 okay fella?

HUB

Tony it's me.

TONY

(Still in his imperial  
 tone)

Do I know you?

HUB

Tony, it's me, Hub Hayes.

Tony can't place the name. Then he starts to place the name.  
 Then he can't believe he's hearing the name. Then he can't  
 believe his hired thug beat up his old college roommate.

TONY

(Awestruck)

Hub?

Hub flops over to a sitting position, looking up at Tony in  
 the car.

HUB

Hub. Hub Hayes. Howya doin'?

TONY

Well I'm no expert, but I think I'm  
 doin' a lot better'n you.

Tony struggles his bulk out of the car. His driver, another sweating 300-pounder, scrambles out, too.

The gorilla, finally taking all of this in, goes slack.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 (To the gorilla)  
 You are worthless. You are truly  
 worth nothing. Nothing at all.  
 Zero. Zip. Nada.

Tony slaps the gorilla, who barely flinches.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 I wouldn't even wipe my ass with  
 you. Gimme that.

Tony reaches for the gun. The gorilla hands it over, starting to shake.

Tony hands the gun to his driver.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 Turn around.

The gorilla, trying to control his shaking, turns to face the building.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 Make him a liability on his family  
 for a long time to come.

Hub realizes what is going on and starts to move. The driver casually shoots the gorilla in the back of the knee before Hub can do anything. Hub's hands come to rest on the driver's forearm.

HUB  
 Oh.

The gorilla collapses with a single bellow of pain. Hub is shocked and sickened. He has blood running down his face, and now the gorilla is bleeding onto the sidewalk.

Tony and the driver help Hub into the car. The driver gets in and Tony oozes in, sweating and wheezing, after Hub.

31 INT. LIMO - DAY

31

Tony and Hub are sitting uncomfortably in Tony's LIMO.

Tony fumbles around in a compartment and finds a LINEN NAPKIN for Hub.

Seconds later KARISSA comes wriggling out of the crack house. She dresses like a hooker, but talks like a Harvard B-school graduate. She's originally from Boston, and has a thick New England accent.

She glances at the gorilla, bleeding on the sidewalk. She piles into the Limo next to Tony. She closes the smoked window so they don't have to look at the gorilla, trying to crawl into the building.

Tony wads some ICE from the ICE BUCKET into the napkin and passes it to Hub.

Karissa fumbles around and puts on some garishly decorated coke-bottle GLASSES.

Hub's face is bloody. He has an impromptu ICEBAG of Tony's expensive linen NAPKINS to stop the bleeding. Hub slumps, trying to make himself small and not a bloody mess. He is feeling sick, both from his beating and the shooting.

Karissa glowers at Tony and Hub, she is not happy with the turn of events. Tony is all aglow at seeing Hub for the first time in years.

Karissa fumes and sputters for a moment, trying to think of something suitably cutting.

TONY

So, Hub, this is Karissa, my partner and financial advisor. Hub's an old college roommate of mine.

Hub leans over to shake Karissa's hand.

HUB

(flummoxed)  
Delighted.

KARISSA

(Icy, trying to control her temper)  
A pleash-ah.

TONY

Well, Hub, I don't mean to say I'm not pleased to see you after all these years, but this is one of the goofier things you've done.

Karissa wants to jump in with something harsh.

HUB  
I tried the phone book, but...

TONY  
Yeah, it's unlisted anyway. So what have you been doing?

HUB  
(Shyly)  
I've got a little dive operation down in the keys.

TONY  
(Shuddering but still impressed)  
Diving? Scuba diving? Like with sharks and jellyfish and what-all-else-god-alone-only-knows? Hub, that's not the engineering grind I went to college with. Scuba diving! That's some macho stuff.

Karissa doesn't agree and makes a sneering "what?" face.

HUB  
No, no, no. Scuba's... well... some people get all excited and make it like work. The secret is to be completely relaxed.

TONY  
Relax with jellyfish? And sharks and barracudas? I don't even go to the beach. And there's the whale thing...

KARISSA  
I don't believe I'm hearin dhis. Have we just driven into the Twilight Zone? What's next? Youse guys going to start exchanging macaroni and cheese recipes?

TONY  
What? Who pulled your chain? What is wrong with you?

KARISSA  
You! You switch from mister macho big-dick drug lord to old college chums like nothin stupid is goin ahn.

TONY

What? What is your problem? Don't you get all goofy on me, now.

KARISSA

Fawck, no. Would you stop tawkin and listen for one second?

Tony rolls his eyes and does his best Stan Laurel contrite face. Hub rearranges his ice bag.

KARISSA (CONT'D)

You post rules for your boys. No gun play. No ostentatious clothin. No drug use. No gun play. Get it? One of your boys waves around a gun, and your punishment is to wave around a gun and shoot him! Do you get it? What kind of message so you think this sends?

TONY

Come on. These guys are a rough bunch. You motivate your financial people with profit and loss. I have to motivate these guys with a two-by.

Karissa doesn't agree. She shows it but doesn't say anything more. The car pulls over to the curb and stops.

TONY (CONT'D)

(to Hub)

Women!

KARISSA

Pig!

This is a set piece, they do it all the time to each other to defuse arguments.

TONY

Black women.

KARISSA

Wop Pig!

TONY

Black women with attitudes.

KARISSA

Wop Pigs with guns!

TONY

Isn't this your stop? Don't you  
have work to do?

Karissa takes off her classes and folds them neatly before  
she opens the door and steps out onto the sun-drenched curb.

She tugs down her too-short dress and starts her modeling run-  
way strut across the sidewalk.

TONY (CONT'D)

Is that the nicest ass in all of  
South Florida?

Hub leans over to admire her ass.

HUB

So is she really your business  
manager? And you treat her like  
that?

TONY

Hub! What do you think? She's  
just some exotic dancer I'm  
banging?

HUB

(Considering)

Well, yeah, I guess you could  
kinda...

TONY

She's a fantasy. Looks, business  
school graduate, fun on a date.  
What more could you dream of?  
Everyone has a fantasy. She's mine  
and she plays into everyone else's  
fantasy role perfectly.

You know what my biggest headache  
is?

HUB

Cops?

TONY

Okay, my second biggest headache.  
Embezzlement! So here's this babe.  
Are you gonna have the presence of  
mind to skim off the top while  
you're looking down the front of  
her dress at those boobs?

Tony makes an insane google-eyed face. Hub laughs.

TONY (CONT'D)

No. She gives you the sweetie-pie routine and you fall for it. Pure fantasy. You think you've got an angle, that you could offer her something that Tony El Gordo can't. She don't say no, she'll just audit your books while you're left alone hoping for more.

HUB

I'm afraid she doesn't like me.

TONY

Her? No, she likes you fine. I mean, she's not gonna sleep with you or anything. Don't worry about her, she's a professional hard-ass.

Tony thinks this is a riot and jiggles with mirth.

Karissa slides in with a shopping bag full of money. She pats around for her glasses and puts them back on.

KARISSA

Excuse me, could you put this on the floor over theya?

HUB

(Trying to avoid goggling)  
Yeah, okay.

TONY

So, Hub, what goofy invention are you working on now?

HUB

Okay. This is no fantasy. This is something really sorta big that I need some help with. Okay, so a couple of days back we're diving near Creole Rock and someone drops a big blue barrel on us.

TONY

Rude boaters. They say the Keys are full of 'em.

HUB

Not a boat. It dropped out of an aircraft -- plane or chopper or something.

TONY

So? Someone dropped something into the ocean. Must happen all the time.

HUB

Tony.

TONY

What?

HUB

Not by accident. You don't go out that far and have something that big just slip outta your plane.

(in a different voice)

Hey, Frank, did that big blue barrel fall out or was that the engine backfiring?

(second voice)

Now where'd that dang thing go? It was here just a second ago.

(his own voice)

I don't think so. So then three guys who don't know a regulator from a weight belt show up with brand new gear and the GPS coordinates scrawled on a business card.

TONY

What?

HUB

Diving's a gadget sport. Someone drops two grand they let everyone know what great gear you got. These guys didn't know jack. They didn't wanna dive. You know? You dive 'cause you wanna dive. You don't wanna dive you go to a bar, right? People who don't wanna dive are a hazard.

KARISSA

What's wrong with a business cahd?

HUB

Who brings business cards on a boat? If you have GPS coordinates for a dive site, you have 'em in your log book, or on a brochure from the dive shop, or a dive slate, or a hand-held GPS.

(MORE)



HUB (CONT'D)  
 Not on a charter pilot business  
 card. "Bob's Aerial".

32 INT. SHOP - DAY

32

The DOOR swings open, CLANGING a WIND-CHIME. WIM is lugging in a BOX of country crafts. She hip-checks the door so ACE can run in, but he doesn't. He dawdles outside. LAURA is lounging behind the counter. LAURA is a short, very pretty dyke, but smokes constantly.

The shop is a strange mixture of new-age books, junk and hand-made crafts. Everything is dusty looking because of all the flea-market trash.

LAURA  
 Wim, howya doin', hon?

WIM  
 Good, I guess. Ace, come on in  
 honey, its hot out there.

LAURA  
 Hey Ace, how's my favorite man-  
 child?

Ace comes in and wanders around. He's been here before, its boring.

WIM  
 How are things going?

LAURA  
 Not so bad for hurricane season. I  
 sold about a dozen last month.

WIM  
 (Disappointed)  
 A dozen!

LAURA  
 Easy, sister, easy. Its usually  
 slow this time of year.

WIM  
 I'm sorry, I'm just -- I -- you  
 know. I'm a little on edge, that's  
 all. A dozen's really great.

LAURA  
 Well not really great. You know,  
 the country living thing is  
 starting to slack off.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

I think faux-depression is the coming thing. Look at the clothes ads -- people look like their posing for WPA posters, and swing music.

Wim's faded house-dress shouts depression-era.

WIM

I don't get it. Depression?

Ace starts playing with something.

LAURA

You know: soup kitchens, Hoovervilles. Baggy pants with wide suspenders. Short ties, felt fedoras, argyle socks. Hey, honey - what's the matter? You look whipped.

WIM

It's nothing. Ace, don't do that.

LAURA

Right.

Ace has started clanging the parts of a complex kitchen gadget.

WIM

Ace! You know, just the usual husband problems.

Ace continues to play, but stops suddenly while Laura is talking.

LAURA

Actually, I wouldn't know. I can guess that it's money or... infidelity.

In the sudden silence, infidelity seems to echo around the stop. Too close to home. Wim clams up. Ace finds something else to do.

WIM

I gotta go do some shopping. I'll stop by later and we can talk about depression.

Laura rolls her eyes at the irony of this.

LAURA  
 What is it, hon? Arguing about  
 money, again?

WIM  
 No, not this time. Not money. I  
 only wish...

LAURA  
 Not money?

The other big one is infidelity. Wim bites her lip. Should  
 she share this with someone?

WIM  
 Ace, honey, lets go.

LAURA  
 Wim, is this serious? You're sure  
 looking mighty serious.

WIM  
 (Close to tears)  
 I gotta go. We'll talk later,  
 okay?

LAURA  
 Wim, do you still like him? Is he  
 fun to be with?

Wim collects Ace and herds him out the door. Laura is  
 concerned, and follows her to the door. Laura props the door  
 open, reaching around Wim, almost, but not quite giving her a  
 hug.

33 INT. LIMO - DAY

33

Hub, and Karissa are jammed in around Tony.

TONY  
 So, Hub, fifteen years after  
 graduation, and you risk a  
 concussion to bring me this? This  
 is goofy! Wicked goofy. Way  
 wicked goofy. Minnie-Mickey-and-  
 Dumbo Goofy.

HUB  
 No, I gotta proposition for you.

The car stops.

TONY

Me? You gotta proposition for me?

KARISSA

Save it. I gotta make a pick-up.  
Don't tawk money with him while I'm  
gawn.

Hub leans back, planning to relax while Karissa's gone. She folds her glasses, slides out of the car and shimmies up the side-walk.

TONY

Proposition? You have your own  
business. You can't get a loan?  
You're running a vacation business  
in the heart of America's tropical  
vacation land? Right? Right?

Tony looks closely at Hub, checking.

TONY (CONT'D)

Failing. You're saddled with debt.  
You got a boat, right? Storefront?  
What else you have? Equipment for  
rent? You're in way over you head.  
You were an engineer; what do you  
know from business? Okay, Hub,  
what do you want from me?

HUB

I need contacts. I need to find a  
paying customer so I can salvage  
this.

The lights come on fully for Tony.

TONY

(With a 40's radio nagging  
wife voice: it goes up  
almost an octave on the  
second syllable)

Hu-Bert! Hubert Hayes! What are  
you doing?

Hub knows this routine, they used to do it years ago. He has a low "aw-shucks" drawl to go opposite the nagging wife shriek.

HUB

It's... it's... it's... well maw  
it's just a little calculus.

TONY

Hubert! You don't need no calculus to slop the hogs. Drop that book and get out here right now.

HUB

(back to his normal voice)  
But maw... who carries big cargo over the Keys and drops it off for later pickup?

TONY

(back to his normal voice)  
Hubert! You're jumping to conclusions.

HUB

Customs stopped by, too.

TONY

Customs? Like border patrol customs?

HUB

Customs, with ID cards and everything.

TONY

Uh-oh. Customs is not good. DEA is worse.

HUB

So, whaddo I do?

TONY

First, we get something to eat.  
(to the driver)  
Hey, let's get some fried chicken!  
(to Hub)  
You want my advice? See if there's a reward. Turn it in.

HUB

Okay. You mean, like, negotiate with Customs for reward money? Dicker with Uncle Sam. No, I want ten grand five and not a penny less. That seems kinda cruddy.

TONY

And you come to me to dicker for money. Where does that put me?

HUB  
 (considering)  
 Oh, yeah...

TONY  
 You can't get a loan from the wife  
 or family?

Hub leans back with his ice-bag. The limo pulls into an EL GORDO'S MONDO CHICKEN joint.

34 EXT. HUB'S HOUSE - DAY

34

Wim's rusty CAR CRUNCHES into the patch of gravel in front of the carport. The car DOOR flies open and Wim leaps out, verging on tears. She's really upset with Hub and doesn't have any way to vent her anger. ACE hops out the other side and goes to the front DOOR. He RATTLES the knob, but can't get in.

Wim storms over to the door. The CUSTOMS SEDAN stops across the street. Agent Martin watches Wim and Ace.

Wim drops the KEYS and stamps in frustration as she fumbles her way in. When she gets the front door open, Ace charges in. She storms after him.

Agent Martin slides out and walks across the road. He peeks in Wim's car: the driver's door is still open. He opens the rear passenger door and pulls out a bag of GROCERIES. He holds it up so Agent Hathaway can see it.

Agent Martin tucks his NOTEBOOK under his arm carries the groceries in the house.

35 INT. HUB'S KITCHEN - DAY

35

WIM is leaning on the SINK, catching her breath and trying to figure things out. AGENT MARTIN comes in holding a bag of GROCERIES with a NOTEBOOK under his arm. A TV MURMURS in the background.

He watches her from the doorway for a long time.

Agent Martin makes no sound or motion, he simply watches Wim catch her breath, leaning on the sink. He relishes the power of the situation.

Wim notices him and is startled. She shrieks and clutches at her chest briefly. This is a sign of weakness and she tries to control it.

AGENT MARTIN  
Need help with the groceries?

WIM  
No, I was just... catching my  
breath. Who are you and what are  
you doing here?

AGENT MARTIN  
I'm Lawrence Martin from the  
Customs Service, and I have a few  
questions about your husband,  
Hubert Hayes.

He makes a big production of setting down the groceries and  
opening his NOTEBOOK.

WIM  
Hub.

AGENT MARTIN  
Excuse me?

WIM  
Hub. Everyone calls him Hub.

AGENT MARTIN  
And you are?

WIM  
Wilhelmina Hayes.

He writes this down.

AGENT MARTIN  
Can you tell me where we can find  
your husband?

WIM  
(straining)  
No, I can't.

AGENT MARTIN  
Did your husband have some charter  
customers day before yesterday?

WIM  
Day before yesterday?

AGENT MARTIN  
Saturday.

WIM

I don't know. I think it was Dave and Steve. Trangucci. He worked with Dave back in New England. I don't know the customers, but I can check the ledger.

(gathering strength)

What's this about? Why are you here?

AGENT MARTIN

I'm just trying to get some information, that's all.

WIM

Well ask away, but I don't know much. I've got a million things to do.

AGENT MARTIN

Did he bring anything back from his dive on Saturday?

Wim reacts. Yes he did bring something back. He brought a complete disruption to her dinner plans. He brought his usual casual attitude and upsetting behavior. She snorts derisively.

Agent Martin picks up on the reaction. He supposes that they are hiding something and she is the weak member of this conspiracy. His first instinct was half right, and thinks he has them right where he wants them. He writes furiously.

WIM

(Indignant)

He brought home lobsters.

AGENT MARTIN

(Still writing)

Anything else? Was he unusually late?

This is getting to Wim. It is too close to home for her. Agent Martin misreads her reluctance to answer.

AGENT MARTIN (CONT'D)

Were you with him?

WIM

Me dive? Heavens no, I can't dive. I'm... I don't... I can't even go near the water. Would you excuse me, I've got a million things to do.

(MORE)



WIM (CONT'D)

(to Ace, in her final nag  
voice)

Ace, would you please turn that TV  
down? How many times do I have to  
ask you?

AGENT MARTIN

Can you answer just one more  
question, ma'am? When do you  
expect your husband back?

WIM

I'm sorry, I don't know. They  
usually... He usually goes to the  
boat about nine AM. Would you  
please excuse me?

AGENT MARTIN

Yes, ma'am and thanks for your  
help.

Agent Martin closes his book and slips out of the kitchen.  
Wim heaves a sigh that is almost a sob and turns back to the  
sink.

36

INT. TONY'S CAR - DAY

36

TONY and KARISSA are making the rounds in their LIMO, picking  
up BAGS of money. HUB's face is purple with a small CUT on  
his cheek. He is twisting a wet, blood-stained NAPKIN.  
TONY's gut is covered with FRIED CHICKEN CRUMBS and NAPKINS.  
He is wiping his hands on a LINEN NAPKIN.

TONY

(Starting to talk with his  
mouth full)

So say you sell this--

Karissa shushes him. Tony bob's his head in apology and  
swallows.

TONY (CONT'D)

Okay, so if you sell this, what  
would you do with the money?

HUB

I just need to get by the next few  
months... till I can get a spread  
in one of the dive magazines. If I  
can just get a little advertising,  
I can salvage my business. (pause)  
And get my wife off my back.

TONY

You need to save your business to salvage your marriage? Now that's a dream I can deal with. That's realistic.

Hub gets ready to answer.

KARISSA

I don't want to rain on your fishin trip, but what are yah salvagin?

HUB

It's a big, blue barrel.

KARISSA

You said dhat. A barrel won't pay gas money for yah boat. What's in it?

Hub tries to answer, but gets cut off.

TONY

(dismissing her question)  
That's obvious, isn't it?

Hub tries to answer again, but gets cut off.

KARISSA

(to Tony)  
Obvious? He said it sank!

HUB

Sure, fast.

KARISSA

Reason wit' me on this. You listening? We ship coke dry -- it'd float. A fifty-five gallon barrel dat sinks has to weigh over fo' hundred and fifty pounds.

TONY

Well, yeah, but what else could it be?

HUB

CFC's?

KARISSA

Seawater. Seawater's denser so --  
(knowing)  
CFC's?

TONY

What?

KARISSA

CFC. Freon. Ayah conditioners,  
refrigeratahs.

HUB

Commercial fire extinguishers.

The car stops again.

TONY

Hub, I don't know what to tell you.  
I don't know if this Freon is  
something we can turn into a mutual  
profit.

KARISSA

Lissen. Theya's no down-side risk.  
We have information on something  
not manufactured in the US, and  
available only through us. Someone  
wants information. We sell what  
they want.

HUB

Someone dropped it. They're hiding  
it and they want it back. It's in  
about sixty feet of water -- a few  
miles further east and it would  
have been in a thousand feet of  
water. Three guys with money -- at  
least six grand -- plus US Customs  
want it. It's gotta be worth  
something.

(laying it all out)

Find me a way to salvage this so I  
can make some money.

Hub and Karissa are excited, Tony looks to puke his chicken.

HUB (CONT'D)

And it's easy to get. I just float  
it some night, put a strobe on it  
and give someone coordinates. The  
buyer just spins by in a boat and  
fishes it out of the water.

TONY

It's easy and clean -- odorless,  
colorless and completely grease-  
free -- leaves no dangerous after-  
taste.

Hub laughs. Tony's all smiles. Karissa has a grudging respect for Hub.

FADE TO:

37 INT. HUB'S LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT 37

HUB comes in. The TV is off. WIM is laying on the COUCH with an ICE-BAG on her head.

When Hub BANGS the DOOR, Wim GROANS.

Hub tip-toes over to Wim. Even his tip-toeing elicits groans.

Hub gives Wim a quick peck on the forehead.

HUB  
Rough day?

WIM  
Don't...

Hub tiptoes away.

38 INT. ACE'S ROOM - NIGHT 38

ACE is playing with ACTION FIGURES on the floor. He has Jurassic Park DINOSAURS on one side, and ALIENS on the other. He has Alan and Ripley threading their way between them. HUB slips in the door. The room is tiny and bare.

ACE  
(Alan voice)  
Ripley, come on!  
(Ripley voice)  
Alan! There's one right behind you.  
(Shooting noise)  
pkeeyew, pkeeyew, pkeeyew!  
(Ripley voice)  
Alan we'll never make it.  
(Alan voice)  
We will, we have to. We have to save the kids.

HUB  
Hey, Ace, howsit going?

ACE  
Alan and Ripley are trapped between the raptors and the aliens.

(MORE)

ACE (CONT'D)

The aliens are holding the kids  
hostage.

HUB

Cool. What's with mom?

ACE

She wouldn't let me watch  
Simpson's.

HUB

How come?

ACE

How'd you get cut?

Hub's hand leaps up. He doesn't have a ready answer. He's a  
bad liar: he has to think up an answer.

HUB

Oh you know. I... uh... slipped  
with an air tank. Clang! Right on  
the cheek. So, what's with mom?

ACE

Some guy in a suit came by and  
brought in a grocery bag. She's  
had a headache ever since.

HUB

A guy in a suit?

ACE

Yeah, he asked mom a million  
questions.

(Ripley voice)

Alan, the raptor!

HUB

Tall, thin guy in a suit?  
(uncomfortable) Darker than, say,  
me?

ACE

Real tall... Black as the ace of  
spades.

HUB

(tries to suppress a  
laugh)

The ace of spades?

ACE  
 It's Florida, dad, who isn't?  
 (gun noises)  
 Pkeeyew!  
 (Ripley)  
 It's got me, Alan! I can't make  
 it!

HUB  
 You know why he was here?

ACE  
 Nope.

Hub picks up a action figure with a big wad of tape on his leg.

HUB  
 What happened to this guy?  
 Raptor's get him?

ACE  
 No, he's the one you stepped on the  
 other day. I saved him by taping  
 his leg on like mom said.  
 (Alan voice)  
 Ripley, we're surrounded!  
 (Ripley voice)  
 Alan! Over here!

Hub musses Ace's hair then leans back to watch him play.

39

INT. HUB'S KITCHEN - DAY

39

WIM is rattling around the kitchen in her BATHROBE. She's making her morning cup of TEA. She's hunched over and intent on this, it gives her focus and a reason to get out of bed and face her world.

HUB comes in skipping and humming, happy as a lark. He has a yellow waterproof hard-shell BOX under his arm. He sets this on a corner of the TABLE near the WALL PHONE.

Out of the box he pulls a CELLULAR phone and sets this aside. It is connected by a tangle of WIRES to a TDD SET. He disconnects the TDD set from the cellular phone and connects the TDD to the wall phone. He punches seven numbers in a blink of an eye.

Wim unplugs the COFFEE-MAKER and plugs in the TOASTER. This involves some BANGING.

After a pause, Hub hits a key a bunch of times. He types a little and watches a little.

He checks his watch. He types some more.

Wim BANGS the cupboards and drawers looking for BREAD, BUTTER and a KNIFE. The more she bangs, the less energetically he types. Each of Wim's BANGS takes his typing down a notch.

Her BANGS reach a crescendo just as his fade away at the end of the call to Hannah.

WIM  
(Not looking at him)  
What's your plan for today?

HUB  
Diving.

WIM  
With whom?

HUB  
Some guys from Miami, Stu and Joey  
and Rod. I'm not sure they like  
me, but I'm trying.

WIM  
What about her?

HUB  
(clueless)  
Hannah?

WIM  
Is she going?

HUB  
(John Wayne)  
Well, yeah, pilgrim, I guess she is  
a drain on the cash-flow, but she's  
a big help, and these guys need a  
whole heap of help. They're as  
dumb as a bag of stones.

The joke falls flat. Wim doesn't care. She can't address it with him. She goes over to the sink. She never looked at him.

Hub realizes he's dismissed. He won't get breakfast this morning. He shuts off the TDD. He gives her a quick peck on the cheek as he passes by her to the COFFEE POT. Hub watches her as he pours his coffee.

HUB (CONT'D)  
 Okay, well, gotta run.

Hub shuffles out of the kitchen with his coffee MUG.

40 INT. HUB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 40

HUB comes in with his MUG to see ACE parked in front of the TV with a bowl of CEREAL. Mindless TV NOISE barks in the background.

HUB  
 (quietly)  
 Watch out, mom's pretty upset today. Something's really bugging her but she doesn't want to talk.

ACE  
 Oh, she'll talk.

HUB  
 She will?

ACE  
 Sure, after she's done leaning on the sink she talks. You're just never here when she does.

This is news to Hub. He looks back at the kitchen. Outside he hears a truck SQUEAL to a stop and a horn TOOT.

Hub looks at his watch with a curse.

He bends and gives Ace a peck on the forehead.

HUB  
 Gotta go, hon. See you later.

The horn TOOTS again.

Hub races out the living-room door with his mug. Ace munches cereal in front of the TV.

41 EXT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY 41

Hannah's nice new TRUCK screams up the water front and lurches to a stop in front of the QUEEN WILHELMINA. AIR TANKS CLANG in the back of her truck.

STU is pacing, JOEY is leaning on the car. ROD is sitting in the driver's seat with a NAUTICAL CHART.



Hub slides out of the truck. He tries to saunter over but Stu is in his face.

STU

Hey, Hub, how you doin'?

HUB

Okay! Didn't expect you fellas to get here so early in the AM. Boat doesn't usually leave till about ten-ish.

STU

So, Hub, where were you yesterday? We came by here three times and you weren't here.

HUB

Oh, shit! Sorry guys, I forgot completely. Let me get you a business card so you can call me.

Hub fishes his big waterproof CASE out of Hannah's truck. Hannah, after watching this exchange, has started grabbing TANKS and stuffing them on the boat.

Stu interrupts Hub before he can get the case open. He grabs Hub by the arm and wrenches him around. Hub can't comprehend the affront; he doesn't know what to make of this.

STU

(Angry)

No, listen to me. Where were you? Didn't we tell you we'd be back?

HUB

Okay, so yeah, you said you'd be back. But Monday's my day off.

STU

(Almost shouting)

We said we were going to dive. We're the customer here, and from what we can see, we're your only customer. We wanted to dive and you stood us up.

HUB

(Hurt, not scared)

Well look, I'm really sorry--

STU

Hey! You got the boat, the air.  
We gotta dive. Now come on. We're  
making this a business deal!

HUB

What other kind of deal is there?

Stu is menacing, Hub retreats and Stu advances.

STU

(Without a break)

All we want is a little  
cooperation. You got any problems  
cooperating? Anything we should  
know about?

Rod strolls over.

ROD

Stu. Stu! Cut the crap. We want  
to dive and have some fun. Get  
heeled.

This was rehearsed. Stu leaves Hub and goes back to the car.  
Rod puts his hand on Hub's shoulder. It's a cold, empty  
gesture.

ROD (CONT'D)

(Confidentially, to Hub)

Type A.

Hub can only nod. Stu seemed out of control, and Hub doesn't  
know what to do. He has never had or even heard of  
belligerent divers. Hub watches while his boat is loaded  
without him.

JOEY

(Examining Hub's eye)

So who started the fight?

HUB

Fight?

JOEY

Your old lady catch you banging the  
crew? Let you have it?

HUB

Hannah?

JOEY

She wouldn't be talking behind your  
back!

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)

Or did she hit you for coming on to her? She looks like she could fight back pretty hard.

STU

Yeah, but what if she wanted it? How do you pick her up? Hey, bitch, I wanna get wet with you, tonight. See, she didn't hear my best line.

Joey thinks this is a riot. Rod disapproves, but doesn't say or do a thing. Hub is trying to find some way to take charge of the situation, but he's never met people like this. He scratches and strains and looks around, lost.

JOEY

What does she say in the sack? I'm sure she's not gonna whisper in your ear.

STU

What a deal! You don't have to talk with her when you're done with it. Hey babe, how about some muff diving? I'll bring my pink snorkel, you bring the muff.

This slays Joey.

Hannah comes and takes Hub's big waterproof case away from him to put it on the boat.

A big, conservative CAR crunches along the road next to the pier. The car stops right behind Rod's flashy car. Stu recognizes the car. He's scared and ducks out of sight in the forward area of the Queen Wilhelmina. Joey squints at Stu "what's up?" Stu jerks his head toward the car, "watch out." Joey takes a slow, casual look over his shoulder. He looks back at Stu "So?" Stu is exasperated and ducks below.

Rod is standing on deck watching as Agent Martin pops out of the car. Agent Hathaway climbs out, also.

AGENT MARTIN

Morning gentlemen. I never suspected you'd be the R and R types. I thought you were all hustle and muscle.

Hub is dismayed. Things have been going badly, now they couldn't get much worse. He gives a big "Oh shit" roll of the eyes and head. Agent Martin walks over to Hub.

ROD  
 What brings you down into the Keys?  
 Off duty? Suspended?

AGENT MARTIN  
 (To Rod)  
 Rod, how are you? How's parole  
 going?

ROD  
 (some enthusiasm)  
 A real pleasure.

AGENT MARTIN  
 Not consorting with known felons, I  
 hope?

ROD  
 I always hate to ask. That way, if  
 I don't ask, I won't know they're  
 felons.

AGENT MARTIN  
 (Rolls his eyes at Rod's  
 joke; To Hub)  
 Mr. Hayes, can I ask you a couple  
 of questions?

HUB  
 I don't know, I've got some  
 customers who want to go diving.  
 This is a pretty bad time, you  
 know.

AGENT MARTIN  
 It'll only take a few minutes, Mr.  
 Hayes.

Queen Wilhelmina's ENGINES RUMBLE to life. Hub looks around,  
 unsure what to do next.

AGENT MARTIN (CONT'D)  
 (Raising his voice over  
 the engines)  
 Mr. Hayes, can I ask you where you  
 went yesterday?

HUB  
 (Cupping his ear)  
 Where I went?

Hannah climbs along the boat to the bow. She jumps down and  
 casts off the front mooring LINE.

She gives the boat a kick to nose it away from the dock. She dances along to the aft of the boat.

AGENT MARTIN

You weren't down here in the Keys for most of yesterday.

HUB

Listen, I'd love to stay and chat about my business, but I gotta run the business first.

Hannah throws off the aft mooring LINE and jumps onto the boat. She climbs between everyone to the control area to drive the boat. Hub turns and runs to the boat. Hannah throws the wheel and guns the engines to kick the aft out. Hub is just able to leap on as it drifts away from the pier. Hannah hits the gas as Hub tries to shout to Agent Martin. His shout is lost in the engine ROAR.

AGENT MARTIN

See, I told you what he was doing yesterday. He's going out to get it right now! He just blew me off like I was selling life insurance. What the hell are you going to do?

AGENT HATHAWAY

Correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't those are all suppositions? If they know where it was, they'd have picked it up yesterday, or at night. They don't have anything and neither do we.

AGENT MARTIN

We can get the Coast Guard to stop Rod and company when they pick it up.

AGENT HATHAWAY

Would you stop for a minute? Maybe you've got something you're not sharing, but we've got nothing on them, they've got nothing. Supposition. We don't have squat except your hunch and we haven't checked every boat in the Keys, yet. Do you think it's a little premature to focus in on this Hayes guy right now?

Agent Martin is fed up with this methodical, systematic police crap; he has an instinct and we wants to follow it. He slams his notebook shut and throws it into the car.

42

EXT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY

42

The QUEEN WILHELMINA bounces at ANCHOR in the ocean. A WIND is starting to kick up. The VHF RADIO BURBLES quietly with normal Coast Guard chatter.

ROD

Listen you guys, we can't spend a lotta time out here screwing around. Customs is in our face, and that's gonna lead to uncertainty and risk.

JOEY

And you don't wanna go back to jail.

ROD

(Red in the face, keeping control)

I don't want to discuss that. If you think that's humorous, you are mistaken.

JOEY

Hey, that was your bad and you paid for it. If this goes sour, it'll be your final trip. I'll see to it.

ROD

(Pissed)

You are uninformed or misinformed. Don't you--

Stu shoves his way between them, ready to face down Joey to protect Rod.

HUB

Hey, hey, hey. We're here to dive and have some fun. Let's just catch our breath, leave work behind us, and relax a bit. Okay, whadda you all have for weight?

This is a very ugly moment. Joey's willing to fight if necessary, but he's really only here to observe. Rod would like to shoot Joey, but he thinks better of it.

ROD  
 (Still steaming)  
 Twelve freakin' pounds!

HUB  
 Okay, so Joey, since you had some trouble last time, why don't I give you a couple extra pounds. You need to watch your buoyancy control, avoid rapid ascents and descents. You know?

JOEY  
 Whatever. I heard all about the bends. I got it under control.

Hub turns a signs to Hannah to get 2 pounds. Hannah scoffs. She signs that he had no buoyancy control at all.

HUB  
 (While signing)  
 Would you please just get a couple of pounds.

Hannah complies. When she hands the weight to Joey, he looks at it and turns completely green.

HUB (CONT'D)  
 Whoa, take it easy, fella. Look out at the horizon. Relax, take a deep breath and--

JOEY  
 (Holding it in)  
 Would you cut it out! Man, I'm gonna puke all over you if you don't shut up.

HUB  
 Okay, look I'm sorry; I'm just trying to help.  
 (to Rod and Stu)  
 So you guys ready to go down and start looking? Or are you gonna wait?

ROD  
 (This is what he suspected)  
 Start looking?

HUB  
 (A bad liar)  
 Okay... Start looking around.  
 (MORE)

HUB (CONT'D)  
 You know, diving. That's what  
 we're here for.

Rod stares at Hub, fully of cold, looming malice. Hub tries not to flinch. Rod stares him down. Hub flinches away and looks for something to do. Sheepishly, he starts threading weights on Joey's belt.

ROD  
 When Joey's ready, send him down  
 with the babe.

HUB  
 Hannah.

Stu, forgetting to cover his mask, flops off the boat into the water. He comes up spitting and coughing, mask askew. Rod curses a blue streak and strides in to help him.

Rod fixes Stu's mask, helps him clear and get organized.

ROD  
 We're covering the North-East this  
 time, got it?

STU  
 Don't mess with me. I gotta  
 compass, you made me buy one.

They sink out of sight. Joey goes to the rail to puke. He heaves but doesn't actually puke.

Hannah and Hub go up to the tuna tower.

HUB  
 (Signing and talking)  
 What a screw-up. This is a mess.  
 What am I doing?

Hannah says, "They're knuckleheads."

HUB (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, I know they're knuckleheads.  
 They want it and I've got it.

Hannah says, "It might be dangerous with this group."

HUB (CONT'D)  
 Dangerous, maybe. But what really  
 scares me is if they don't like me.  
 If they like me, personally, I can  
 string them along. But when people  
 don't like me...  
 (MORE)



HUB (CONT'D)

Anyway, there's this good friend of mine up in Miami. He has contacts, he can help me salvage this thing and sell it.

Hannah says, "You're dreaming."

HUB (CONT'D)

No, I'm not dreaming. Even if he comes through with a for-shit offer, it's money in the bank. We come out some evening, put a lift bag and a strobe on the thing and leave it for Tony's guy to pick it up. We're clear and we get paid.

Hannah connects Hub's injury with Miami and his trip. She asks, "Your contact hit you?"

HUB (CONT'D)

Yeah, I got hit by some guy in Miami -- but it's like that. No really... They're -- I mean he's --

Joey shouts from below.

HUB (CONT'D)

You wanna take him, or should I?  
(pause) Okay.  
(To Joey)  
You know, you can just wait here for them, maybe catch the next dive.

JOEY

No, I can't catch them later. I'm here to just -- I'm here to dive.

Hannah hops down to the deck and gears up quickly. Joey is feeling bad, but swills down a big mouthful of BOTTLED WATER and spits it over the side. Hub doesn't see why Joey has to force himself.

Joey takes a few deep breaths to steady himself. Hannah finishes gearing up while he shuffles to the end of the boat.

Hannah taps him on the shoulder and shows him his FLIPPERS. Joey has to sit down and put them on, sweating and straining against the gear. Hannah gives him a hand up, checks his AIR and GAUGES before letting him near the water. She puts his right hand on his MASK and REGULATOR, and hands him his dangling gauges before pointing the way into the water.

Joey doesn't do too badly. Hannah is in the water in an instant. In a few seconds, they sink out of sight. Hub is depressed and running out of hope.

Behind Hub, a huge luxury yacht pulls slowly into view. Faintly at first, Hub hears a grinding DANCE BEAT drifting over the water.

Hub looks up to see the floating party drift by, music thumping.

Hub points up to the DIVER DOWN FLAG and shouts in helpless fury.

HUB  
Hey! I got divers in the water  
here!

FADE TO:

43

EXT. BOATYARD - DAY

43

Hannah's TRUCK, air tanks rolling and CLANGING in the back, lurches up to a SHED at the boatyard.

Hub and Hannah mope out of the truck.

They go around to the back and grab two TANKS each and drag them out of the truck. They struggle to a rickety ROOF which hangs over an air refill STATION. They line up their tanks.

Hub touches Hannah on the shoulder. He signs as he talks.

HUB  
Pretty shitty today, huh?

Hannah looks quizzically and grabs more tanks. Hub shrugs and grabs some more, also.

They each make a couple of trips, leaving TEN TANKS lined up at the filling station. There is a big steel WASH-TUB full of water. Hannah drops the first tank in the water and clamps a hose on the tank. She starts opening valves to start filling the tank.

Hub leans against the hood of the truck, and watches her as she works. Short shorts, tight shirt, hair burned blonde by the sun, cheerful, energetic; she's the ultimate babe.

Hub reaches out toward her. The first tank is done, she sets it aside. She moves the second into the tub and starts to fill it.

Hub reaches out again and lays his hand on the small of her back. She turns, eager, smiling and slips into his arms. Hub looks down at her and thinks; straining and looking around.

He releases her.

HUB (CONT'D)  
They were pissed about something.

Hannah nods and makes a question-mark sign.

HUB (CONT'D)  
I dunno. Maybe I'm getting  
paranoid, but I think they know  
that we know.

Hannah snorts. "You're dreaming again, wake up."

HUB (CONT'D)  
Dreaming? Me? Always. I don't  
want to wake up. Think of paying  
off the boat! We wouldn't be  
scrambling for every penny. If I  
can dodge these guys for a while  
longer, we might do really well.

Hannah agrees.

HUB (CONT'D)  
And I'd get Wim off my back about  
the money.

Hannah is sympathetic. She signs to be careful.

HUB (CONT'D)  
I'm trying to be careful, but this  
is a big deal.

"No," Hannah signs, "your face. Don't get hit again."

HUB (CONT'D)  
Oh, that. They're a pretty rough  
bunch up there.

Hannah wonders which is worse.

HUB (CONT'D)  
Which is worse? Which is worse? I  
don't know. I made the bed, I  
gotta lie in it.

The tank is done, Hannah takes off the yoke and lifts it out of the wash-tub.

44

EXT. BOATYARD - DAY

44

TANKS are lined up in a small garage. Hub pulls down the metal overhead DOOR with a CLANG. He fiddles with a large PADLOCK and locks the door.

He turns and does a double take. Tony's limo has pulled up into the parking lot. Tony's driver struggles out and walks around to the passenger door. He opens the door.

Tony struggles out of the limo. Karissa wriggles out after him. Glistening with sweat Tony shuffles over to Hub.

TONY

Nice facility.

HUB

Rent's low.

TONY

Very. So, who are your friends?

HUB

Friends?

TONY

(Suddenly intense)

Don't play me, white-bread. Don't give me the old college chum crap while you start some auction deal with anyone who has money.

HUB

(Had it)

What is it? This is your deal now?

TONY

I thought we had a plan. I'll get a buyer and you'll turn it over. This involves some risk; I'm exposed here.

HUB

You're exposed! You're exposed! I don't believe you! I've got three creeps threatening me if I don't help them find it. You're exposed?

Tony backs down a step. Hub's really distressed, he's not playing some game.

HUB (CONT'D)

Thanks a whole steaming heap for your help so far, but I've got problems to solve here, and you're in my way.

Hub storms around Tony, heading for his truck. Karissa gets in his way.

KARISSA

Feelin a little stressed?

HUB

Yes, I goddamn am. One word from me, and you're both toast, you know.

KARISSA

Keep a lid on it, wouldja? Your stress isn't gonna help ya.

HUB

Okay, fine. I'm really tired of being pushed around. Just stick with me for a moment.

KARISSA

There's something else we need. From you.

HUB

Jesus H. Christ! What is it now?

KARISSA

Stress.

HUB

Stress.

KARISSA

We need to know precisely whatcha found, or we won't be able to locate a buyer.

HUB

Fine. Fine. I'll see if I can look it over tomorrow.

KARISSA

You're a sweetheart.  
(Kojak voice)  
Who loves you, babe?

45

INT. HUB'S HOUSE - DAY

45

WIM is working at the COMPUTER. She's got a pile of STUBS and RECEIPTS. She's morose as she types.

She's entering receipts into some piece of software. She uses the numeric KEYPAD, fast as lightning. She's obviously a professional bookkeeper or accountant.

HUB comes in with his waterproof CASE. He's depressed. He slides it under the computer table. Wim watches this carefully.

WIM  
(low key)  
No receipts?

HUB  
Oh, sorry.

Hub pulls out another HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL. Wim is ambivalent: pleased with the revenue, not pleased because this makes what she's going to say more difficult. She stalls, pulling out an ENVELOPE and folding the money in carefully. She enters this into her ledger.

WIM  
(cold)  
Well, Hub Hayes, congratulations.  
If this keeps up, you'll have a  
black-ink month. And what happened  
to your face?

Hub brightens.

HUB  
Cool. We're making a profit!

WIM  
What did you do?

HUB  
(Rehearsing his lie)  
Oh, I slipped lifting a tank and  
wham, right in the cheek.

Wim's not sure what to make of this story. She recovers her mental balance with the bookkeeping.

WIM  
Well, so anyway, including boat  
payments, rental on the compressor,  
advertising and Hannah, you might  
actually get paid this month.

HUB

Cool, we could, you know, go out for dinner or something.

This hurts. Wim's trying to lead up to dropping the big-D bomb-shell on him, but he's hard to get away from.

WIM

Hub. If I had money, I'd fix these window screens to keep the stupid bugs out. Or maybe get an air conditioner that does more than just rattle all night long. I'd plant some grass for Ace to play in.

(A big sigh)

I'd love to take some time away from all the worry about money; payments on the house and the boat and advertising and trade shows. And all your crazy deals and bargains. You owe everyone in the Keys something, and they all owe you. But you never seem to collect.

Hub Hayes, you're a dreamer, but I don't know if you're a doer. I followed your silly dream down here, and I tried to live it with you.

(Starting to break down)

Hub, I think I still love you. But, I don't know. I never liked the Keys. Maybe... maybe... well, if we had some time apart, we could sort this out.

HUB

We?

WIM

(What do you mean?)

We.

HUB

There's nothing for me to sort out. You're my wife. You belong with me. We came down here to escape the grind of working for someone else. I mean, okay, so everyone else works all year to spend a week down here. We work here, for ourselves.

And we're doing it. You just said, we'd finish in the black this month. We'd be able to pay on the boat. What else do we need? We haven't got the finances licked, but we're making progress.

WIM

You're so eager and... but it's not just the money, it's everything. I don't like the Keys. I don't like the stupid bugs -- I don't -- I'm sorry. I tried. I really did try, for two whole years.

HUB

Well, okay, so what do we do?

WIM

Do?

HUB

What do we do to fix this? I mean, what's... what's the matter? Something has to--

WIM

Hub, are you listening?

HUB

What?

WIM

I need some time!

HUB

Time for what? What are you going to do?

WIM

Everything's not doing! I'm not an engineering problem that you have to solve.

HUB

But if it's me, where's the gain in being apart? I mean, if we're not talking, how can I -- or anything -- improve?

A knock at the door.

AGENT MARTIN (OS)

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes.



HUB  
 (to himself)  
 Oh shit. Not now.

WIM  
 What the hell do they want?

AGENT MARTIN (OS)  
 Hello! Mr. or Mrs. Hayes?

Hub looks back and forth, trying to choose.

HUB  
 I think this is Custom's week to  
 hassle boat owners. I'll see what  
 he wants.

Hub leaves the kitchen. Wim is resigned to this. She gets up, also, but goes out the other way.

46 EXT. HUB'S HOUSE - DAY 46

AGENT MARTIN is standing on Hub's FRONT STOOP with his NOTEBOOK. Hub flings open the front door to confront him.

The big, flashy CAR with Rod, Joey and Stu eases down the street and crawls to a stop. Rod, Joey and Stu all watch Hub and Agent Martin.

Hub looks over Agent Martin's shoulder at the car and his face falls. What are they doing here?

47 INT. CAR - DAY 47

AGENT HATHAWAY is sitting in the driver's seat of his CAR in front of Hub's house. He glances in the MIRROR and sees a big CAR crawl to a stop a hundred yards back down the ROAD.

He looks again. He swivels around and takes a good look at the car. He reaches into the BACK SEAT and takes out a small pair of bird-watching BINOCULARS.

He recognizes the crew from the morning dive. He's at a loss as to what to do. He turns to watch Hub and Agent Martin. He glances at his WATCH.

He taps the HORN.

Agent Martin looks around to see what the noise is. Agent Hathaway crooks a "come here" finger at Agent Martin. Agent Martin makes a "what's up?" face to Agent Hathaway.

Agent Hathaway jerks his head toward the other car. Agent Martin makes the same "oh shit" face that Hub just made to Wim.

Agent Martin excuses himself and comes over to the car.

AGENT MARTIN

(Angry)

What's up?

Agent Hathaway nods back behind them.

AGENT HATHAWAY

Some unindicted coconspirators.

AGENT MARTIN

What did I tell you?

AGENT HATHAWAY

A million things, most of them wrong. Get in.

AGENT MARTIN

What for?

AGENT HATHAWAY

If you stay, they'll back off our your lead--Mr. Hayes. If you leave, he might still be clean enough for them to use. I say we back off and give them room to move.

Agent Martin goes around the car and gets in.

AGENT MARTIN

I'm not through with my questions, you know.

AGENT HATHAWAY

Later. Right now we're going to toss a firecracker in the hen-house and see which way they run.

Agent Hathaway turns the car around. He drives slowly down the road to pass Rod, Stu and Joey. Both cars take good long looks at each other.

FADE TO:

48 INT. HUB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

48

Wim and Hub meet in their LIVING ROOM. Wim drops a SUITCASE and a kid's BACKPACK by the door. Hub looks at it blankly. He knows what this means but is still in denial.

WIM

(trying not to nag)  
Ace, honey, remember we're going to get to bed early. Our flight leaves early and we need time to have a good breakfast and still drive up to Miami.

ACE

(whining)  
Mom. It's not my bedtime, yet.

Hub can't face Wim.

HUB

So, where are you going?

WIM

Mom's.

Hub's devastated, but doesn't really know what he's feeling or how to express it. He always accommodates her moods -- never taking time to understand their cause -- maybe this is just the final accommodation.

He slumps down on the couch and puts his arm around Ace. They're watching some classic shoot-em-up gangster movie. The TV's flickering LIGHTS give them both a pathetic pallor.

Hub reaches over and closes Ace's slack jaw.

HUB

Careful, you don't want to let any stupid bugs in.

They watch the flickering TV lights. The sound is some SHOOTING, followed by cars RACING and horns TOOTING in some chase scene.

FADE TO:

49 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

49

Dark. A light picks out a CORAL HEAD. The light moves to a SPONGE.

An EEL glides into the light and looks up.

A CORAL HEAD. Fish dart out of the light.

A SNOOK looms out of the darkness, swimming into the light, filling the whole space and then swims away. The light picks out CORAL again.

The light picks out a hint of blue down in the coral. It's the BLUE BARREL, nestled in its cavern, surrounded by coral and a SLEEPING GROUPER.

The light picks out a GOAT FISH, swimming along the sandy bottom.

A SNOOK noses along behind the goat fish. The goat fish picks up speed, trying to get away from the snook. The snook gets closer and closer and then WHAM! the goat fish is gone.

The light moves off of the snook and finds a CORAL.

FADE TO:

50

INT. HUB'S HOUSE - MORNING

50

The TOOT of a horn wakes HUB. He's laying under a BLANKET on the sagging COUCH in his living room. He's in his CLOTHES from the day before.

He curses, sits up, runs his hands over his hair. This isn't right. It isn't happening now. Just when things are going well they're going terribly wrong.

The horn TOOTS again. Hub rolls off the couch. He fumbles around, looking for his SHOES. They're lying in plain sight, but he looks everywhere else, first. In rummaging around, he steps on them. He kicks his feet into them and looks around.

Wim's SUITCASE and Ace's BACKPACK are stacked neatly by the DOOR.

Someone BANGS on the door.

Hub unlocks and opens the door. He signs "1 minute" and shuts it.

Hub runs over to the TABLE/desk/computer area. He grabs a piece of PAPER out of the PRINTER. He scrawls "Wim, I'll always love you, Hub" on the paper and folds it twice. He opens the suitcase and stuffs it in an inner pocket. After closing the suitcase, he slips out the door.

51 EXT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY

51

Hub and Hannah are sitting on the foredeck of the QUEEN WILHELMINA. Hub has tools in a tool-belt. He's working on removing his ALUMINUM MAST. He has to stop work each time he talks to Hannah.

HUB  
(Signing)  
I can't think out what I should do.  
I mean, if I help these guys now,  
they'll know I've been holding out.

Hub unpins some fittings.

HUB (CONT'D)  
But I can't keep stringing 'em  
along. Rod knows what he's doing,  
eventually, he'll find it. I need  
to stall them until my guy in Miami  
can come through.

Hub hangs his head and starts working again. Hannah pokes him with the pliers. She tells him to just call Customs and tell them we found something funny.

HUB (CONT'D)  
(Mocking as he signs)  
Tell Customs we found something  
funny? That's a great story. We  
found it when? Today? Everyone  
has aerial photos and GPS  
coordinates that lock us in on the  
site on Saturday.

Hub works for a second.

HUB (CONT'D)  
I don't think they'd let us change  
our story.

Hub goes back to work. Hannah pokes him and signs, "phone in an anonymous tip."

HUB (CONT'D)  
Oh, an anonymous tip's a great  
idea, too. We'd turn ourselves in  
anonymously. What, give Customs  
the correct GPS coordinates? Who  
else could know them but me?

Hannah chuckles: do they have TDD?

HUB (CONT'D)

Do they have TDD? I don't know....  
Where are they? Yesterday they  
were all over our case, today  
they're nowhere.

Hub goes back to work, removing the mast.

52

INT. CAR - DAY

52

Rod, Stu and Joey are sitting in a CONVENIENCE STORE LOT in  
their flashy CAR, watching TRAFFIC on US 1.

STU

He knows!

JOEY

Don't make trouble. He's just some  
Keys jerk who's trying to get some  
cash from renting his boat. We  
have some pretty specific  
objectives.

ROD

He knows. I know that. And you,  
Joey, I don't know if I like having  
you around.

STU

See? What'd I say? You're right,  
Rod, he knows.

JOEY

Stuff it. Why are you so childish?  
Why can't we just move on? Rent  
from someone else.

ROD

Would you listen! He knows exactly  
what we're looking for. He knows  
and he's stringing us along. If we  
rent from someone else, it's gone.  
Do you want that?

Joey can only shake his head "no".

STU

It's time to apply some pressure.

ROD

Remember the first day? He  
recognized those coordinates on the  
business card and he played stupid.

JOEY

You mean all those goddam dives  
were his idea of a joke? Stringing  
us along?

ROD

And Customs sniffing around. He's  
probably talked his big find all  
around the Keys. He talked,  
they've found him, and they'll find  
us.

STU

We need to control this.

JOEY

We'll have to be careful, this  
isn't our turf. We don't want any  
trouble.

ROD

He has introduced an element of  
risk in our plans by contacting  
Customs. We've got to reduce our  
risk.

(To Joey)

Okay, Mr. Last Minute Addition,  
what are you prepared to do?

Rod and Stu both face Joey. Joey pivots around inside the  
car as they back him into a corner.

JOEY

Listen, I'm just here to protect an  
investment. I'm here to make sure  
you guys deliver. Your methods are  
your own. I don't want any  
trouble, but I can't -- like -- you  
do what you gotta do.

ROD

Listen to me. I'm just in this for  
the money. Your boss or whatever  
wants this. What is he willing to  
do? How far are you willing to go?

JOEY

Me? How far am I willing to go?  
I'm not doing nothing.

ROD

Then we're not doing nothing! Your  
boss wants it. You call the shots.  
I'm listening.

STU

His woman!

JOEY

What, buy her a bouquet of roses  
and a box of chocolates?

STU

Don't be an asshole. You got only  
one choice, pressure him.

JOEY

Me? Pressure him? It's your job,  
I'm just an observer!

ROD

It's your job! You want it. You  
gotta get it.

STU

What else can you do? You show him  
the downside of his failure to  
cooperate.

ROD

Joey, you got no choice. You can  
go explain things to the missus.  
Be firm with her. We'll call from  
the boat, you'll join us there  
later, after we've come to some  
kind of agreement.

JOEY

You can't just drop me off. I'm  
supposed to make sure everything  
works out.

ROD

It won't work out unless you get  
out there and do it!

Joey takes this in, ready to take action. He's not  
completely sure it will work out, but he can rough her up  
enough that her husband will be scared helpless.

53

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE LOT - DAY

53

Joey slides out of the door of their flashy CAR. He ambles  
over to an ELDERLY COUPLE in an OLD BUICK just pulled up to  
the GAS PUMPS. He leans in the car window to chat with them  
a moment, all SMILES.



He pumps some GAS into their car. He takes the CREDIT CARD. Joey walks around to the passenger side and gets in the back seat.

After a moment the car lurches forward a bit and stops. It lurches again. Finally it moves over to US 1. When traffic clears, it pulls out onto the highway.

Rod's flashy car goes the other way.

54 EXT. US 1 - DAY

54

An OLD BUICK pulls over to the side of the road. The shoulder is narrow. A mangrove SWAMP is just feet off the pavement. Joey hops out. He circles around to the front and opens the door. An OLD GEEZER squeezes out. His WIFE clambers out the passenger side.

The CAR spits GRAVEL, knocking the wife down; she rolls into the mangrove swamp. The geezer totters over to her.

55 EXT. HUB'S HOUSE - DAY

55

An OLD BUICK pulls up in Hub's driveway. Wim and Ace come out of the house with their LUGGAGE. They pile their luggage into Wim's tattered old CAR.

Wim shoots a withering stare at Joey. Joey gives a little salute, but doesn't get out of the Buick.

Wim comes over to Joey's car.

WIM

What do you want now? I answered all your questions yesterday.

Joey doesn't take this in at first. He stares blankly.

WIM (CONT'D)

Listen, if you want Hub, go down and stake out the pier or something. He left about ten minutes ago with Hannah.

JOEY

Oh. We need to ask you a few questions. Get in the car.

WIM

What? I've got a plane to catch. I can't answer any more questions.

JOEY

Plane?

WIM

In Miami. This afternoon. I don't have any time for you FBI guys.

JOEY

You're leaving?

WIM

On the plane!

Joey pulls out his GUN. Wim SHRIEKS.

JOEY

Don't do anything stupid. Get into the car. You can't be leaving.

WIM

What? Leave my eight-year-old alone? You can't--

Joey gives her a hard look. Wim gets faint. Joey reaches back and opens the rear door for Wim. She teeters over to it. Joey's eyes are glued to her, his right hand on the gun.

JOEY

(To Ace)

Hey kid! Your mom's gotta answer a few questions. You watch a movie or something, okay? It'll only be a few minutes.

Ace drags himself into the house. Wim's eyes fill with tears watching him go.

56

EXT. PIER - DAY

56

Hub and Hannah are hanging out at the QUEEN WILHELMINA. Hub is coiling up the lines and cables from his mast. The mast itself lies on the pier next to the boat. Hannah is lying on the clean, empty bow, napping.

Rod's car CRUNCHES to a halt by the boat.

HUB

(To Hannah)

See, I told you they'd show up.

Hub bangs on the CONSOLE a few times. Hannah snaps up and looks around, still groggy from napping. He points at the car.

Stu boils out and switches gears to saunter over to Hub. Rod eases out and looks the pier over carefully; he's starting to seethe.

HUB (CONT'D)

Hey guys, how we doing today?

STU

Listen, Hub. I'm tired of your Mr. Sunshine routine. You're jerking us around, and we're tired of this crap. We want some cooperation.

Hub's hurt at this line of attack. These guys just won't let up on the cooperation issue. Hub's doing the best he can.

ROD

I, personally, have had it! You've been doing everything you can to fuck us over, and it stops today. You think you can play the Customs flunky and turn us over? Wrong! Very stupid and wrong. We've got you by the balls and you give us what we're here for today.

HUB

What?

ROD

Stick it up your ass. Wanna know where Joey is?

HUB

Sick?

STU

Fuck you, Mr. Sunshine!

ROD

Yes, Mr. Sunshine. Call home.

In an instant, Hub gets it. He gets dizzy and weak. He grasps the enormity of their evil in an instant.

HUB

You -- oh no. Wait. Call Joey, right now! Right now! I want him on the phone right now!

ROD

Good idea. We'll go straight there and bring things straight back?

HUB  
 (Panicked, waving his  
 hands, voice cracking)  
 Get Joey on the phone!

Stu gets out the phone and slowly flips it open. Stu pulls out Hub's card and dials at a very leisurely pace.

The OLD BUICK SCREECHES to a halt, bumper just touching Rod's car. Rod whirls, obviously pissed as hell at Joey showing up here. Stu almost drops the phone. Hannah gapes, mouth open. She hasn't followed the whole conversation, but seeing Joey and Wim is obviously very wrong.

Joey eases out of the car. Rod is red and straining. Stu starts waving the phone. Hub and Hannah are agape.

STU  
 What the hell are you doing here?

ROD  
 What the fuck have you done?

JOEY  
 Don't you fucking yell at me!

ROD  
 Why the fuck not? You fucking moron! What do you think you're doing?

STU  
 Oh my god.

JOEY  
 She was leaving. Bags packed, plane tickets in hand. I hadda do something.

ROD  
 This was not it. Not it at all. This is stupid. Stupid and risky. You've done something very, very...

JOEY  
 Listen, asshole, I don't like you or this crappy job. I'm here because I was told to. I got you your goddamn cooperation. You do something with, and quit shouting.

STU  
 We gotta get going!

ROD

This is bad. Very bad. Our only hope now is speed. We'll leave from here, return to Biscayne.

STU

I'll call and have them meet us up in Biscayne.

ROD

On the boat. Now! Get her up here, too. We'll settle this up in Biscayne.

Slowly, Wim struggles onto the boat. She's never been on a boat before, and doesn't know what to do. Hannah helps pull her up.

Joey jumps on. He shows the GUN stuffed in his pants. Hub lurches to the cockpit, crushed. He starts up the Queen -- it coughs a few times and nearly stalls.

Hannah casts off the fore LINE. She sprints and casts off the rear LINE. She leaps onto the rear deck. Hub gives her a little gas and eases the boat away from the pier. He checks carefully, not like Hannah's reckless operation.

Slowly, the boat slides into the channel. Gingerly, Hub turns her out toward the ocean.

The six of them stand. Stu is unconcerned. Rod alternates between berating Joey and watching Wim and Hub. Hub and Hannah look away, each hoping this will end soon, unable to look at each other and reveal the depths of their fears. Wim looks from face to face among the thugs and finds nothing. She can't catch Hub's or Hannah's eyes: they're too scared to look at her. Joey hangs his head in shame.

57 INT. FLOATING PARTY - DAY

57

Tony sits in a vast saloon wearing a ROBE and holding a cell phone. MUSIC THUMPS in the background.

TONY

Freon. Yes. Which compound?  
Good, that's the kind of question a serious buyer --

His driver pats him on the shoulder.

TONY (CONT'D)

Just a moment, please. We've got a little problem here.

Tony peers at the phone for a while, mashes a key and squints at it again.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Mute. Good. What?

The driver points out the saloon window at the marina just as Hub passes by right outside the window.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Close the blinds you idiot! You want him to see us? Tell the captain to get moving as soon as he can.

Tony looks at the phone for a moment then turns it off.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Oh. We must have gotten cut off.

This is very funny and Tony jiggles all over.

58

INT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY

58

Rod unzips's Hub's DIVE BAG. He pulls out Hub's BC with the DIVE SLATE. Rod drags the BC by the slate, and shows the thing to Hub.

ROD  
We wanna go there.

Hub can say nothing. He makes a minor adjustment to the GPS to locate the new coordinates. Hannah rolls her eyes.

ROD (CONT'D)  
You know, I tried to be nice to you. You're a mushroom, living on a pile of shit and springing up in the way of things. We picked the smallest, dumbest and most loser operation in the keys. We woulda paid you to keep your face shut. But you had to try and jerk us around like we're a bunch of pimply-faced clerks selling frozen burritos on the all-night shift at a gas-station. Wake up, Hub, welcome to the world.

STU  
So how long you been friends with Agent Martin?

Hub is frozen in a "what did I do?" expression.

ROD  
(To Stu)  
Would you shut up?

Hub tries to collect himself. The boat starts to slow. Hannah bangs on the rail of the bridge. Hub looks up at her, dismayed and confused.

Hannah signs that he changed the location. Hub signs that he did. Hannah nods. She hammers the wheel and slams the engines back on full power. The boat lurches and everyone stumbles. Wim falls over a bunch of dive gear and lands in Rod's lap. Rod gives her a cruel smile. Wim crawls away from him, shocked and scared.

HUB  
(To Wim)  
I'm really sorry about all this--

Wim just starts crying. She starts to flop toward Hub, who moves to comfort her. This is no good, so she squirms away from him. She's the focus of a circle of hostile men. She sits and sobs.

The engine shuts down. Everyone turns to watch Hannah scamper down off the fly bridge.

Hannah grabs the anchor, eyes the water carefully and drops it into the sand.

She scampers back up to the tower and reverses the engines. She backs down against the anchor line, then kills the engine completely.

The quiet is immediate and complete. An eerie, menacing calm, broken by gentle lapping of ocean on the transom.

ROD  
What've you got for lift bags?

HUB  
Okay... Look. Lifting is hazardous, okay. Rod, you, Hannah and I should do the lifting.

ROD  
Wrong. I'm staying here. You and Joey, Stu and the Babe will lift. I don't want any shit, just pull up the container. Then we're going up to Biscayne.

Hub shrinks down and waves his hands like he's blocking something. He goes forward. As he passes the VHF, he catches Wim's eye, and makes a big show of turning it off.

Hub pulls a big nylon DUFFEL out of a LOCKER. He pulls out a coil of ROPE. He hands this to Hannah. He signs that she and Stu will bring the lift bags.

Hub gets out a webbing HARNESS for a tank and a simple REGULATOR. He grabs a BELT with some extra WEIGHTS.

HUB

(To Joey)

Here's a couple of extra pounds to help hold you down.

Joey hefts his BC.

JOEY

I got so frickin' much weight now,  
I feel like some scrap metal  
dealer. I must have 20 pounds.  
This diving shit is shit.

ROD

Listen. All you gotta do is watch  
and make sure that everything is  
done right. If there's problems or  
screw-ups, you're gonna tell me,  
and I'm gonna keep score.

Stu assembles his gear quickly -- regulator BC and tanks. He pulls on mask and fins. Hannah is ready in a flash. Stu shuffles down to the stern, followed by Hannah.

She checks Stu's air, puts his hand on his MASK and REGULATOR and pushes him toward the water. He flops in credibly, this time he held his mask in place. He bobs up, reasonably under control. Once he's in, she lowers the lift bags to him. He starts foundering while she gestures to inflate. He doesn't get it and starts trying to tread water with the heavy bag.

Hannah lifts the bags back out. Stu spits out his regulator.

STU

Hey!

Hannah lays down on her stomach and reaches down for Stu. She grabs his BC, pulls him close, finds his controls and inflates his BC for him. Once he's bobbing like a cork, she lowers the duffel to him. He starts drifting away. She does a quick roll forward and joins him.

Wim is rocking and weeping.



Hub is geared up and ready. He helps Joey on with a flipper and checks his air. Hub helps Joey stand up. Together, they shuffle down to the end of the boat. Hub inflates Joey's BC as big as it will go, puts Joey's hand on his MASK and helps him into the water. Hub lowers the spare cylinder to Joey. He waits a moment to see if everything is okay. He looks back at Wim.

HUB

Wim, honey. I love you.

Wim glances up and then looks back down into the boat.

ROD

I'm sure you do, Mr. Sunshine. Get to work.

Hub flops in the water.

Wim hyperventilates as she watches this process. Each breath is a sob. She's completely out of control. This is her worst nightmare -- in the water, at the mercy of strangers, her child unprotected.

59 EXT. UNDER WATER - DAY

59

Hub is wearing the spare CYLINDER on his front, Joey is tagging along. Hannah is dragging the LIFT BAGS, struggling to maintain buoyancy -- she's constantly fiddling with her INFLATOR. Stu follows.

They come to a sandy patch. Hub signs to Hannah to search around that way. He gives her a big "far away" sign. Hannah asks, unsure. Hub signs for very, very far away. Hannah gets it. She hands the lift bags to Joey.

Hub writes "Help Hannah Around Here Somewhere" on his SLATE.

Hub shows it to Stu. Hub gestures to look around. Stu flips Hub the bird.

Stu and Hannah swim off into the blue. Hub and Joey swim the other way. Hub leads Joey down into the CAVERN. It gets DARK and confined. It gets very claustrophobic.

60 EXT. UNDER WATER CAVERN - DAY

60

Hub and Joey descend through the CORAL-encrusted cavern. After a turn and a twist, they see the blue BARREL lying in the sand at the bottom.

Hub motions for Joey to come closer. Hub grabs the lift bag and Joey's BC. Joey looks at Hub and Hub's hand on his BC for a moment.

Hub gestures at Joey's inflator: let some air out. Joey lets some air out and starts to sink as he lets Hub have the lift bags.

When Joey releases the bags he starts to float up. Hub crashes into the bottom with the extra weight. Joey fiddles with the inflator and starts to drift back down to Hub.

61

EXT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY

61

Rod is pacing the deck of the QUEEN WILHELMINA like a caged animal. He's wrestling with his own crisis -- this isn't going as planned. There is risk and uncertainty, which he dislikes. He's waving a PHONE, but isn't talking -- he's only planning the conversation.

Wim rocks, hugging herself and whimpering.

ROD

Lady, would you please stop blubbering, its starting to piss me off.

WIM

(Instantly)

You! Piss you off! Your armed thug drags me out here, leaving my baby all alone. God knows--

ROD

He's not mine. It was an unfortunate mistake. I'm trying to fix things right now.

WIM

A mistake!

ROD

Is there an echo?

Wim finishes the switch from flight to fight. She grimaces, showing her teeth; her hands clench and she jumps up, venomous, hostile. She's ready to rip Rod's head off. He takes a swing and whacks her with the pistol, sprawling her on the deck, blood flowing freely.

62 INT. DIVE BOAT - DAY

62

Some buff, tanned, 50-ish guy with long graying hair and bald on top wearing a shorty WET SUIT is looking through BINOCULARS with a portable VHF in his hand.

BUFF DUDE

Negative. It's not Hub on the Queen Wilhelmina. It's someone else, and he's waving around a gun. Over.

63 EXT. UNDER WATER - DAY

63

HANNAH and STU are swimming along. Hannah is steering Stu. She's pointing and waving a "?" in the air. Stu is shaking "No." She steers him to look under a coral OVERHANG. They scare out a big GROUPEL. Stu startles back, hands and feet waving chaotically, kicking up SILT. Hannah grabs him and holds him back.

They swim along a little and Hannah points out a big brain CORAL. She and Stu circle around to look at a CAVERN behind the coral head. A big MORAY darts out. Stu backs up, waving wildly. Hannah steers him on.

The two swim erratically out of sight into the blue.

64 EXT. UNDER WATER - DAY

64

HUB and JOEY are looking over the BARREL. The LIFT bag is layed out with webbing near the barrel. The SPARE CYLINDER is in the sand, nearby. Hub smooths out the lift bag. He motions to Joey that they will roll the barrel onto the webbing near the bag.

Hub shows how to kneel in the sand and lift the barrel.

Joey hovers above his end of the barrel. He grabs it with one hand and grips the POWER INFLATOR with the other. Hub starts to wave him off. Joey misinterprets. He punches the INFLATOR. With a HISS, his BC swells and he starts to rise with the barrel. He's doing okay for just an instant. Then his feet start to rise and he inverts.

Joey's eyes get big and he starts scrambling around, trying to keep a grip on something. Hub shoots over to grab a hold of Joey. He fumbles around, fingers sliding uselessly off Joey as Joey starts to rise.

Hub catches Joey by the dangling end of his WEIGHT BELT.

Hub starts to pull while Joey fools with his power inflator. Joey thrashes around a little and suddenly his weight belt CLIP pops open.

Slowly the belt unwinds from around Joey.

Free from the weight and Hub's grip, Joey rockets out of sight, feet first, hands and feet flailing out of control. Hub watches him go. Joey bangs into the overhanging corals that rim the caverns. He goes limp and continues his uncontrolled ascent.

Hub still has the free end of the weight belt. The weights have kicked up a cloud of silt around Hub. Hub looks down at the tangle of nylon webbing and lead littering the cavern floor.

In addition to the weights, there is a cylinder and a lift bag.

And a huge, blue barrel.

A goat fish swims by.

65

INT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY

65

ROD'S standing in the QUEEN WILHELMINA'S tuna tower, looking around with the BINOCULARS. JOEY comes bobbing out of the water, RED FOAM spitting out of his mouth and nose. Rod doesn't see Joey at first.

Water laps gently over Joey's face. He flops around in the water, rolls himself over to face down. Another wave laps over his face and flops him back onto his back.

WIM stares, not comprehending what she sees; then she shrieks. Joey's aimless puppet-like thrashing is gross, horrifying. ROD looks down at Wim, and follows her gaze.

Rod curses. He makes a big motion, throwing the binoculars down onto the lower deck, smashing them. The binoculars narrowly miss Wim, who can only retreat to another bench and glower up at Rod.

Rod hits a SWITCH. The engines COUGH and start. The RUMBLE is more ominous than the quiet.

Rod curses as he swivels around watching Joey bobbing in the ocean, a tiny speck. Rod lays on the gas. The boat stands up. Rod cuts the wheel, perhaps intending to drive over the anchor and drag it. Instead he slams into a CORAL HEAD with a resounding THUMP.

The boat lurches to a halt. Wim is thrown onto the deck.

Rod is pitched over the cockpit rail. He drops the gun onto the foredeck. With a BANG, the gun goes off, blowing a star in the windshield. The gun spins a few lazy circles and comes to rest right on the starboard edge.

With a GROAN of fiberglass and a CRUNCH of coral head, the boat settles slightly as it takes on water, tips to starboard and the gun quietly PLOPS into the ocean.

66 EXT. UNDER WATER - DAY

66

HUB looks around in the CAVERN. He rolls the BARREL into the LIFT BAG. He pulls the bag together.

He grabs the REGULATOR from the SPARE CYLINDER and inflates the bag until it starts to rise.

Holding the lift bag with one hand, he struggles the straps for the spare up to his chest. After he gets one arm under the strap he flounders around for a moment, switching his grip on the lift bag. After a tense juggle, he gets his other arm into the strap on the spare cylinder.

Hub heaves a huge sigh and looks around one more time. He checks the mess he's wearing and the lift bag.

Behind him, a GUN, trailing BUBBLES settles quietly to the bottom.

He drags the barrel closer to the cavern entrance. He takes a spare regulator and puts a few puffs of air into the lift bag, getting it started on its trip up.

He wrestles the barrel out of the cavern. Once the barrel is free, he lets it go and it spins slow circles as it rises. The expanding air leaks out, and BUBBLES accompany the bag to the surface.

67 EXT. SURFACE - DAY

67

Hub surfaces near the LIFT BAG. Hub turns around until he sees the QUEEN WILHELMINA. The boat is down at the stern and listing to starboard. Rod is climbing down from the tuna tower as the boat settles a little more. A GROAN of tearing fiberglass can be heard over water LAPPING on the lift bag.

Hub shrugs out of the spare cylinder, letting it drop. He ducks into the water and flips the whole SCUBA rig over his head, leaving it to bob in the water near the lift bag.

He bites down on his SNORKEL and swims for the boat as fast as he can. His flippers churn up a trail of FOAM as he goes.

68 INT. DIVE BOAT - DAY

68

The Buff Dude peers through BINOCULARS at the QUEEN WILHELMINA.

BUFF DUDE

There is a boat in distress.  
Mayday, mayday, mayday. I cannot assist, I have divers in the water. I say again, mayday, mayday, mayday. The Queen Wilhelmina is in imminent danger of sinking. Over.

CG RADIO (OS)

Repeat, is this a distress situation? Over.

BUFF DUDE

The Queen Wilhelmina is down at the stern, listing to starboard and settling in the water. The crew is panicked and not wearing PFD's. If this ain't a mayday, nothing is! Send the goddamn helicopter! Over!

69 EXT. QUEEN WILHELMINA - DAY

69

HUB comes up to the LADDER at the stern of the QUEEN WILHELMINA. ROD is yelling and kicking WIM. Hub rips off his FLIPPERS and MASK, dropping them in the water. He reaches down and slips out his DIVE KNIFE. He vaults up the ladder, still wearing his WEIGHTS, and tries to pounce on ROD.

Rod turns in mid kick to face Hub. As Hub crashes into him, Rod parries the knife aside, grabbing Hub's wrist with obvious expertise. Rod's submission technique forces Hub face down on the deck. Rod eases down on one knee, getting his face close to Hub's.

ROD

You're hopeless. Totally out of control. You should learn a lesson from this.

Rod wrenches the dive knife out of Hub's helpless wrist.

ROD (CONT'D)

You know, I never liked you, but I never had an excuse. Now I've got all the excuse I need. This wasn't going well, but I was about to salvage this operation. We'd have let you go up in Biscayne. But you had to go and screw it all up. Look at you! You're just some dreamer with a boat. You're a nothing and you've managed to really stick it to me. Well, prince, I'm about to stick it to you for--

Wim, lurching as the boat settles some more, kicks Rod as hard as she can in the kidneys. BLOOD is streaming down her face as she tries to kick him the way he kicked her.

Rod curses and loses his grip on Hub. Hub wriggles away, thrashing about on the deck, trying to get up as the slippery fiberglass lists. Rod blocks Wim's next kick, toppling her back into the cockpit. Blood splashes as she hits something sharp with the back of her head.

Rod turns back to Hub. Hub's weights are pinched between two benches on the port side. Hub looks up as Rod, waving the knife, closes in him. Hub reaches for his buckle to release his weights.

Once released, the weights drop down between the benches with a solid HUMP.

Hub swings the belt around and across Rod's knees. This sweeps Rod down to the deck with a nauseating CRUNCH of bone.

ROD (CONT'D)

Oh my fucking knee. What the hell have you done to me?

HUB

One more word and I feed you to the fishes, asshole.

Hub clambers over Rod and lifts up Wim. She's cut in the face and the back of the head, but otherwise alive.

Hub reaches up and rips down a first aid kit Velcro'd to the wall. He rips it open and tears into the GAUZE, wrapping up Wim as quickly as possible. He does a clumsy but adequate job. He tears up some TAPE and slaps this on to hold the gauze.

He gives Wim a gentle kiss and lays her on the deck. He grabs the EPIRB and throws it in the ocean.

ROD  
What the hell are you doing?

Rod tries to use a bench to stand up.

ROD (CONT'D)  
You stupid son of bitch, you can't activate the rescue radio! I'll fucking kill you!

Rod looks around for the knife. He starts to lower himself down to get the knife.

Hub climbs up and yanks the LIFE RAFT loose under the tuna tower. He grabs the PAINTER from the raft and loops it over a CLEAT. He pulls the raft the rest of the way out and manages to drop it over the side.

Winching in pain, Rod crawls aft and retrieves the knife.

Hub goes forward and pulls out a handful of PFD's. He throws two on Rod. Rod heaves himself on, using the bench.

ROD (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you just screwed everything!

Hub pulls the bathos down from the tuna tower. He grimaces coldly and jabs Rod in the solar plexus with all his strength. Rod collapses with a GASP. Hub tosses the bathos into the water collecting in the stern.

Hub sits and lifts up Wimp's head, gently.

HUB  
Honey? Honey? Wim, honey. Come on, honey, don't be dead. Not now, not yet. It's just a cut, you're just bleeding a little. Wim, honey. Come on, we're going home.

Wim blinks. Then she winces. She grabs at Hub and holds him close, sobbing openly.

Hub helps her to her feet. Hub picks her up, cradling her. He steps around the GROANING Rod.

He sets Wim on the bench, right at the stern. He picks up the bathos and reaches out, pulling the life raft over to the boat.



He takes Wim under the arm and helps her out of the boat and into the raft. She teeters a bit, but climbs into the raft, pulling her skirts in after her. She sits perched right on the very edge of the raft, eyes big, glued on Hub.

Hub gives it a kick to get it away from the boat.

Wim sees what he's doing when they start to drift apart.

WIM

Hub?

HUB

It's okay, honey, the Coast Guard's on their way.

WIM

Hub?

HUB

I'm going to see if I can close the breach and start--

WIM

Hub, it's gone. Don't leave me.

HUB

(Pleading)

It's my boat!

She doesn't need to say "but I'm your wife". Hub recognizes that he has a chance to make the right decision here.

He pulls the raft back over and climbs in next to Wim.

HUB (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry. Really, really sorry. I found it, and I thought I could maybe -- you know -- salvage it and sell it. I wanted to get some cash and get ahead on the boat payments. Buy you something nice. New screens, an air conditioner. Maybe a yard.

Wim is confused and dazed and bleeding. Hub rises to his knees and looks around. He spots another DIVE BOAT, toward which they are drifting. He also sees a CG CHOPPER away toward land. He slumps back down to try and comfort Wim.

WIM

I'm sorry...

HUB  
No honey, don't... you didn't...  
I... it's my fault

WIM  
No, Hub, I love you, but... I've  
got to get Ace.

HUB  
I know honey, the Islamorada  
Diver's right over there, and he'll  
get us back.

WIM  
I've got to get Ace. I'm sorry,  
Hub, but the whole time...  
(she starts to cry)  
The whole time he was kicking me, I  
knew I had to stay alive to get  
Ace. I'm sorry...

HUB  
Sorry? You did everything you  
could.

WIM  
But I put Ace before you. I feel  
so... guilty...

HUB  
Why not? He needs you as much as I  
do, but he's only a kid. Honey,  
you did everything you could.

Wim sobs in his arms as the little raft bounces on its  
tether. There is another GROAN from the Queen Wilhelmina.

Hub fumbles around in the raft and finds a rusty folding  
knife. He cuts the tether and the raft starts to drift away.

70

EXT. FLOATING PARTY - DAY

70

Tony, draped in a massive robe looks through BINOCULARS at  
the QUEEN WILHEMINA. MUSIC throbs from somewhere on the  
massive yacht. A LIFE RAFT with two small people drifts away  
from the stern of the Queen Wilhelmina.

The Floating Party lurches slightly as it slows down. Tony  
stumbles and flops part way over the rail, almost dropping  
the binoculars.

TONY  
What the hell was that?

A shrill WHISTLE can be heard faintly over the thumping music.

The boat stops completely with another lurch.

Tony rips open the door to the bridge.

TONY (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?

The captain points. Tony looks where the captain is pointing. A slim red SAFETY TUBE, maybe 6 feet tall, sticks out of the water. Hannah's little blonde head bobs next to it.

She puts a WHISTLE in her mouth and blows; the sound carries faintly over the music.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Don't just stand around. Go pick her up!

The captain nods. The ROAR of an outboard motor grabs Tony's attention. He looks back toward Hannah and sees an inflatable bounding over the waves to her.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Well, carry on then.

71 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

71

Rod is strapped to a STRETCHER, wearing an inflatable BRACE on his leg. He's lying next to Wim, who has a professional BANDAGE around her head. They're RATTLING along in a HELICOPTER. Hub is crouched between pilot and copilot, shouting into a HEADSET.

HUB  
Yeah, it's me honey. We're getting a ride in a chopper. A real helicopter. One of the big ones. We'll be home in...

PILOT  
Four minutes.

HUB  
Four minutes. Okay? Mom doesn't feel real good, so I want you to be real brave, okay? Do you hear me, honey? I want to pretend like nothing much happened, just be real cool about it, okay?

(MORE)

HUB (CONT'D)

You have to be brave and help mom.

(Listens)

No, she got cut real bad. You know how she doesn't like blood and gets all hysterical and shouts when you get hurt. You have to help her out a lot cause she's the one who's hurt this time.

(Listens)

Okay, officer, thanks a lot. We'll see you at the clinic, then, right? Okay, thanks a lot.

Hub hands the headset back to the Coast Guard officer sitting next to the pilot.

FADE TO:

72

EXT. HUB'S HOUSE - DAY

72

The QUEEN WILHELMINA is propped up on BLOCKS in Hub's front yard. There are TOOLS and FIBERGLASS, RESINS, SOLVENTS and GEL COAT everywhere. Hub has a paper MASK and is using a big power SANDER on the patch on the Queen's Hull. He's covered with a fine white fiberglass POWDER.

A conservative, late-model CAR crunches up the drive. Hub stops the sander, flips off the mask and looks at the unwelcome visitor. He takes a few steps away from the boat so he can get a better look at both the car and the FRONT DOOR. He's very wary.

Agent HATHAWAY slides out of the car. Some fierce looking middle-aged woman climbs out of the passenger door.

HUB

(Loud and glancing at the house)

Agent Hathaway, nice to see you!

AGENT HATHAWAY

Mr. Hayes, this is Ms. Merrill from the DA's office. She'll be prosecuting this case.

HUB

(Doesn't know what to make of this)

Great.

MS. MERRILL

Mr. Hayes, I want to review some of the statements you gave to the FBI, is this a good time?

HUB

No, I gotta get down to the boat yard in about fifteen minutes. I'll be back around seven tonight, if that's okay.

AGENT HATHAWAY

Boatyard?

HUB

Yeah, I got a day job. It's just until the Queen's back underway again.

AGENT HATHAWAY

The Queen.

Hub turns toward the house and takes a good look.

HUB

(To the house)

It's Agent Hathaway and a Ms. Merrill from the DA's office. Why don't you come on out and meet them.

Wim's got a smaller bandage and is wearing huge, industrial wrap-around SUNGLASSES.

AGENT HATHAWAY

Mrs. Hayes, this is Ms. Merrill from the DA's office.

Wim looks at them, suspicious. She overcomes her natural anxiety and sticks out a tentative hand for a handshake.

MS. MERRILL

Mrs. Hayes, I'm honored to meet you. You and your husband survived a very unpleasant ordeal. I hope you're feeling better.

Wim shrugs. She doesn't know quite what to make of this yet. It doesn't fit neatly into her self-image.

MS. MERRILL (CONT'D)

I'd like to get a statement from you, if you've got some time.

WIM

My husband's going to work, now,  
and... I'd rather not be... I'd  
rather wait until he comes back.

MS. MERRILL

We don't want a statement from him.  
We want a statement from you.

WIM

(Starting to find her  
place)

Why? What do you want from me that  
he can't give you?

MS. MERRILL

I'm sorry, perhaps I didn't make  
this clear. We need evidence  
beyond a reasonable doubt. We need  
statements from everyone and what  
everyone agrees to will convict  
those creeps. If you just defer to  
your husband, their lawyers will  
make it look like your husband made  
the whole thing up.

Wim just wants to forget the whole thing. She shrugs and  
starts to shrink down inside herself.

MS. MERRILL (CONT'D)

Mrs. Hayes, you're critical to  
punishing those men. If you don't  
stand up now, they'll be back on  
the streets, terrorizing people --  
women and children -- again. You  
know what happened; you need to  
convince a jury. I'll help you do  
that.

AGENT HATHAWAY

If you don't testify, they could  
prosecute your husband and his  
accomplice for assault.

WIM

Assault!

AGENT HATHAWAY

He nearly killed two guys out  
there. Hannah stranded a third a  
mile from the nearest boat with no  
air in his tank.

WIM

He did not! They had a gun! They were going to use Hub's knife. He was just trying to protect... She only did what she could... I just wanted to get to Ace.

HUB

Honey.

MS. MERRILL

Thank you, Mrs. Hayes. That's just what we're looking for -- what did they do, what did you do. A simple statement.

Wim nods, weakly.

HUB

That's really great. You did good. Just tell them everything.

WIM

I just wish -- I just wish it had never happened.

HUB

I guess the time for wishing is long past.

MS. MERRILL

I'm sorry it had to happen. But you can relax once it's over with. But it's not over until we prosecute them. Can I bring in a stenographer and get all the details?

WIM

Now?

MS. MERRILL

If that's okay?

Wim nods.

Ace comes barreling out of the house.

ACE

Mom! Mom! Mom!

HUB

We're out here, honey! Out in front!

Ace tackles Wim. Wim squats to give him a big midlevel hug.

WIM

I'm right here. With the FBI guys.  
It's okay, honey. I'm right here.  
I told you I was going out front.

AGENT HATHAWAY

Hey squirt. You were a pretty  
tough kid to hang in there while  
your mom and dad took care of the  
bad guys.

Ace squints up at him for a moment.

ACE

I was scared.

Hub scoops up Ace. Agent Hathaway hands Ace a business card.

AGENT HATHAWAY

Listen, kid, if you're scared, you  
can call me. That's the number  
there. Remember to dial a 1, pal,  
'cause I'm up in Miami.

Ace looks blankly at the card.

ACE

Ace, everyone calls me Ace.  
Anyway, 911's easier. And the  
sheriff is down in Marathon.

Agent Hathaway is stopped short. Ace kicks to get down. Hub drops him. He runs to Wim. HANNAH's truck pulls up. Hannah hops out, questions flying. She storms up to Hub with a "what the hell is this?"

HUB

(signing as he talks)  
Customs and someone from the DA's  
office.

Hannah goes over to Wim and signs very slowly and clearly "are you ok?"

Wim signs slowly and clumsily, "yes I'm" and fumbles around for best or good or something. Hannah encourages her by repeating the signs.

WIM

(to Hub)  
Oh, what's thanks?



Hub shows her "thanks". Wim says it all again: "I'm better, thanks."

Hannah gives her a supporting hug, keeping herself interposed between Wim and Agent Hathaway. Wim leans on Hannah gratefully.

Away in the silent distance a THUNDERHEAD is passing by. Underneath it is a sheet of rain, and lightning flickers around it. The wind starts to kick up. It may get nasty soon.