

PIRATessa

Written by

H. Schussman
H.Schussman@yahoo.com
916-591-5712

FADE IN:

INT. MASTER SUITE OF YACHT - NIGHT

DON CUMMINGS is standing with his back to us. He's wearing loose black shorts around his middle-aged love handles. Don is mixing a couple of cocktails at the wet bar in the master suite of a medium sized yacht.

He looks in the beveled mirror above the sink. In his mid- to late fifties, he's gray at the temples and has a short-trimmed gray goatee. His expression is serious and slightly dangerous.

Behind him, we can see a gorgeous woman lying in a provocative position on the bed under a thin silk sheet. Her hair swirls around her in a cloud of chocolate brown waves. Her sultry greedy eyes are fixed on his back.

Don turns with the drinks and a disarming smile. As he approaches the bed, she rises and the sheet slides off revealing a slender body clad in a negligée.

Patting the edge of the bed SERAFINA scoots forward. Don sits next to her and hands the crystal glass to her.

DON
Hey beautiful.

Serafina curls her body against his, laying her head against his shoulder.

EXT. DECK OF YACHT- NIGHT

On the shimmery surface of the black sea the outline of a large motor boat can be seen. It's quietly approaching the yacht.

INT. MASTER SUITE OF YACHT - NIGHT

They both take a sip of their cocktails.

A thump is barely heard on the yacht. Other than Don's eyes darting in the direction of the sound, he doesn't seem to hear it.

Serafina gently takes his glass and sets it on the end-table along with hers. Getting on her knees she comes up behind him and says with a delicate French accent;

SERAFINA

You are tense mon chéri.
(begins kneading his
shoulders)
Relax.

Don grunts as he rolls his shoulders under her expert fingers.

EXT. DECK OF YACHT -NIGHT

A shadow of a man steps silently onto the yacht's deck. Another man remains on the motor boat at the wheel. The guy on the deck slowly creeps across the deck toward the cabin door.

INT. MASTER SUITE OF YACHT - NIGHT

A slight creaking is heard, but again Don doesn't appear to notice.

She drapes her arms around his upper torso, pressing her body against his back. Don's eyes are open and watchful, though he remains relaxed.

Suddenly the bedroom door is flung open and Serafina's arms turn into deadly neck lock. Before she can get her legs around his waist, Don reaches up with both hands and grabs two hands full of hair. He yanks her forward over his head, brutally flinging her across the small room.

She rolls and leaps to her feet with enraged eyes.

The large, muscular man who'd burst into the room circles Don in the opposite direction of Serafina.

Don dives to the floor and retrieves a gun from under the bed. Rolling, he levels the muzzle at Serafina's head.

Serafina and the goon freeze. The man moves his hand as a distraction. Don swings the gun toward him.

Serafina takes advantage of Don's diverted attention and delivers a kick to the head.

The room fades to dark as Don loses consciousness.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFÉ - DAY

SUBTITLE - THREE MONTHS EARLIER

The Costa Rican ocean shimmers around the Papagayo bar packed with yacht owners and marina groupies hoping for a free cruise.

JIM BLAIR, a retired middle-aged attorney, is seated at a cafe table. He is watching Serafina's face, who is sitting next to him.

She orders a glass of white wine from the bartender. Around thirty, she is slim and muscular... gorgeous. Her lips curve up at the corners. She turns to him.

His look is lustful. He puts a hand on her bare knee.

SERAFINA

(shy)

What?

JIM

Nothing, I just think you're gorgeous.

She glances down, shaking her head. Her silky brown hair slides forward, blocking her face from his view.

JIM (CONT'D)

So, I'm thinking of taking Desire south. Could you get time off work to go with me?

SERAFINA

(looking up)

I would love to go. The gallery is closing for the week, so I'm off.

JIM

Starting when?

SERAFINA

I'm not sure. I'll text my boss and ask.

Serafina rapidly types into her smart phone and slips it in her pocket.

SERAFINA (CONT'D)

So where're we going?

JIM

Well, with only a week off we can't go far. Let's just cruise down to Montezuma.

Jim laughs when she claps her hands excitedly.

She's the center of masculine attention, but she doesn't appear to notice. She stands and points to the bathroom.

SERAFINA

Excuse me.

As she walks away, Jim pulls out his cell and texts.

TEXT SHOWN AS SUBTITLES

Jim smiles as he reads the reply from his friend Steve: "Send photos!"

His thumbs fly as he types: "Lesley's camera-shy. Here's one I managed to get. It's not a great shot, but you'll get the idea."

Jim attaches a PHOTO of Serafina wearing khaki shorts and a bikini top. She's wiping down a sailboat with a towel. The name, DESIRE, is visible on the hull.

The reply pops up, "Be careful. They had a couple go missing down there." Jim grunts and rolls his eyes.

When Serafina cuts back through the bar, she keeps her sexy eyes on him.

SERAFINA (CONT'D)

(as she sits)

The shop will close on Monday for a week. Is that too soon?

JIM

That'll work.

Her expression suddenly becomes serious. She slides her hand up his thigh.

SERAFINA

I don't want anyone to know I'm going with you, okay?

JIM

(raising a brow)

I guess so. Why?

SERAFINA

I don't want people talking about me -- Being called a gold digger.

Jim nods with one brow raised, but his expression is mildly cynical.

EXT. CRAIG'S YARD - DAY

SUBSCRIPT - THREE WEEKS LATER

A driveway cuts through the jungle, ending in front of bungalow style house in Montezuma. Monkeys and birds chatter loudly.

CRAIG LUNDVALL watches from a mango tree as a car pulls into his gravel driveway. He's squatting on a branch like some sort of primitive man with his blonde dread-locks hanging down his darkly tanned back.

EDGAR and PAULO get out, looking around nervously.

Craig doesn't move from his perch. The jungle is quiet at this intrusion.

They go to the front door and knock.

Craig looks a little crazy. He BLINKS hard a couple of times. SHAKES his head abruptly.

CRAIG
(whispers)
-- Shut up!

When no one answers the front door, the men circle around the yard. They are walking cautiously, looking around the perimeter.

EDGAR
(calls out)
Craig?

Edgar jumps in surprise when Craig swings down from the tree, landing on the soft grass directly in front of him... without a sound.

Craig holds out his hand politely, as though he's just stepped into a business office.

Edgar recovers and shakes Craig's hand.

(NOTE: The dialogue in this scene is spoken in Spanish and is subtitled in English)

CRAIG
(to Edgar)
What can I do for you?

EDGAR
We haven't formally met. I'm Edgar,
this is Paulo.

CRAIG
Mucho gusto.

Craig waves a hand towards the patio furniture.

They all walk to the patio and sit in the chairs Craig indicates.

Craig waits, leaning back in his chair. His bare torso glistens with sweat from the humidity.

EDGAR
(to Craig)
Did you hear about the missing couple out of Papagayo -- three weeks ago?

Craig shakes his head.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
The man's American friend hired a detective to find him.

Craig doesn't respond. He looks from one man to the other. Edgar keeps his eyes on Craig.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
Tell him Paulo.

PAULO
Well, there's a boat hanging around Cabo Blanco. There's a couple of guys usually on top deck. They go north and come back every few days....

Paulo trails off at Craig's stare.

CRAIG
(lifts both palms up)
I don't understand why you're here. What does this have to do with me?

EDGAR
We could use some advice.

CRAIG
(incredulously)
Advice?... From me?

Both men look at each other, hoping the other will speak first. Edgar clears his throat, nervous under Craig's piercing blue eyes.

EDGAR

Well, you're a bodyguard, and uh, you're more experienced with military and police work -- Montezuma isn't exactly a hot-bed of criminal activity.

PAULO

We don't have people disappearing in fancy sail boats --

EDGAR

-- You have friends who are in the CIA, so you could ask them what to do.

CRAIG

Tell the Fuerza Policia, or the D.I.S.

Monkeys begin chattering overhead. Clouds are pressing down.

EDGAR

We have. We just want a different viewpoint. A different angle -- What do you think is going on?

CRAIG

(shrugs)

Maybe they're still sailing -- having a wonderful, romantic time.

Edgar looks frustrated at Craig's lack of cooperation.

EDGAR

Okay. What else?

CRAIG

(no emotion)

Kidnapped, murdered... or robbed and beaten to a pulp... Could've drowned, been pulled out in the rip-tide.

PAULO

What do you think about the boat I've seen?

CRAIG

Drug runners, or maybe pirates. Check and see if any boats are missing that fit the description.

EDGAR
Pirates, like the ones off of
Somalia?

Edgar looks skeptical. Paulo fidgets. Craig says nothing.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
(turning on Paulo)
Seriously Paulo, you think that's
possible?

Edgar leans back in his chair, clearly discounting the theory.

Paulo squirms under Edgar's attention, but he perseveres.

PAULO
They look suspicious to me. Drug
runners don't hang around off the
coast for weeks. They move on to
make their drop.

Edgar's cell phone rings. He pulls it out, looking at the screen before he answers it.

EDGAR
(eyebrows climb slowly)
Bueno?... Okay.
(Edgar hangs up)
Well, that American detective is
sitting in my office. So, thanks
for your time.

Edgar stands, shaking Craig's hand.

PAULO
If you can think of anything that
explains the boat, let me know.

CRAIG
(shaking Paulo's hand)
Yeah, sure.

END OF SUBTITLES

Craig watches them walk away with narrowed eyes.

EXT. DECK OF SMALL YACHT - DAY

ANDREW, a sleazy good-looking type, is sitting on the deck of his yacht in Puntarenas. He's watching with interest as SERAFINA walks down the dock toward him.

Serafina waves cheerfully when she spots him. (Same woman, she's changed her looks) She's wearing skin tight bright pink shorts and a little white halter-top. Her ponytail swings back and forth as she walks. No shyness now.

Andrew is a player... he's obviously hot for this little minx. She's athletic and vivacious. Looks and moves like a stripper.

She hops onto the boat and sets a six-pack of beer on the table.

SERAFINA
(plopping into his lap)
Hi there.

ANDREW
(caressing her bare
stomach)
Are you ready?

Serafina points to the beach bag she'd tossed onto the seat.

SERAFINA
Toothbrush, bikini, towel... I'm
ready!

EXT. JON'S BAR - DAY

Craig parks the quad-runner in front of the open-air beach bar and puts his helmet on the seat. He leaves the bandana tied around his forehead.

The bartender (JON), a young compact Nicaraguan, pours a shot of whiskey. Setting it on the counter he greets Craig.

JON
Pura vida.

(Costa Rican greeting = The Pure Life)

CRAIG
Pura vida. Thanks Jon.

Craig sits at the bar and tosses back the whiskey, setting the shot-glass back down with a thump.

Jon nods as he sets a cold beer in front of Craig. A puddle of condensation immediately pools around the mug.

An ocean breeze is funneling the sounds of crashing waves through the bar.

A huge Jamaican man, JOSEPH, steps off the sidewalk into the bar. He takes the bar stool next to Craig.

Jon pulls another beer. He fills a shot-glass with fresh-squeezed lime and pours it into the beer.

JOSEPH
(taps knuckles w/Jon)
Gracias Jon.

JON
De nada.

Jon smiles in his serious way. He wipes the puddles forming, and moves to the other side of the bar to attend an ancient man sipping a cocktail.

Craig raises his glass and taps Joseph's glass.

JOSEPH AND CRAIG
(simultaneously)
Pura vida.

They both take a drink.

JOSEPH
(in sing-song Jamaican
English)
What up?

CRAIG
Pirates.

JOSEPH
What?
(with a laugh)
You smokin' dope brother?

CRAIG
There's a boat hanging around off
Cabo Blanco. You heard about it?

Joseph shakes his head no.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
It's hiding around the corner. Been
there awhile.

JOSEPH
Huh, that strange.

A group of women tourists come in. They're sunburn and have wet bikini marks on their shorts.

Jon serves them and returns to wipe the counter down again.

The women try not to be obvious, as they eye the two good-looking men.

Jon smiles slightly.

The two men couldn't look more different. Joseph with his line-backer shoulders. Craig with his lean frame and no shirt.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

You hear about the missing couple from Papagayo?

CRAIG

Yeah.

(takes a sip of beer)

Edgar and Paulo came up to my place this morning and told me.

JOSEPH

Why they tell you?

CRAIG

Thought I could give them advice.

Craig absently swirls his glass in its puddle.

JOSEPH

You think pirates got them?

Joseph teases, treading where few dare. Craig grunts a laugh.

CRAIG

Others are missing lately... where'd they go?

JOSEPH

You're paranoid... but it has possibilities.

Craig nods solemnly and takes another drink of his beer.

CRAIG

Yeah, maybe it's aliens invading.

Joseph chuckles a deep rumble from his stomach in response.

JOSEPH

Oh man, you make me laugh!

Jon stands in front of them washing glasses.

JON

A detective come here last night.
He ask if I'd seen a missing man --
Jim Blair. Showed me a picture, but
I hadn't seen that guy around here
for a long time.

JOSEPH

How long ago he leave Papagayo?

JON

Three weeks ago. Last seen leaving
in his sailboat with a woman. Now
they're both gone... so is the
boat.

The woman nearest Craig lets out a squeal and jumps back from
the bar. The other ladies scatter as a bright red crab runs
sideways out from under the bar stools.

The three men watch in amusement as the giggling ladies
nervously regroup on their bar stools.

CRAIG

Who's the man asking the questions?
Jim Blair's friend?

JON

He's a private detective named Don -
- Hired by Blair's best friend.

Jon leans a hip against the low refrigerator. He watches
Craig curiously.

JOSEPH

Where's the missing guy from?

JON

Originally from Carmel, California.
(to Craig)
Do you know Carmel?

CRAIG

Carmel-by-the-Sea... it's a small
coastal town, south of San
Francisco. Very wealthy. Old money.

Both men look blankly at him.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

It's where Clint Eastwood lives.

Jon and Joseph nod and smile.

JOSEPH

Everyone wearing ponchos and guns.
The West --

JON

-- Cowboys.

CRAIG

(laughs out loud)
No, no, no, golfers, artists,
writers, boat owners. Cowboys can't
afford to live there. It's serious
money... They have art galleries
with Rembrandt and Picasso.

They look curious so he continues.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I was there one time when they had
a dog parade. The streets were full
of people walking their dogs all
dressed up in costumes.

JOSEPH

The people wore costumes?

CRAIG

The dogs and their owners had
matching costumes.

Two mangy dogs choose this moment to walk stiff-legged
through the bar to the beach. All three men watch silently as
though picturing the mutts in costumes.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The next morning Craig is standing in line at the crowded
grocery store, watching people. Always watching, always
listening. It's an unrealistically loud CACOPHONY of dialogue
to Craig.

His expression suddenly hardens. Craig spins the sunglass
rack slightly. He can see the reflection of a man watching
him, directly behind him.

DON CUMMINGS nods at him, smiles slightly.

Craig looks paranoid... not insane, but close. He jumps when
the checker greets him.

CHECKER

Hiya Craig. How's the garden coming
along?

CRAIG

It's okay, the rain beat it up the other day.

CHECKER

I know right? It killed my new flowers.

Craig relaxes slightly. He pays his bill and shoulders the giant water bottle.

EXT. STREET - DAY

He heads down the sloping street, past a couple of dread-locked guys in surfer shorts smoking a doobie, down to Jon's bar where he'd left his quad-runner.

It's sprinkling as usual. Facing the storefront he ties the jug down and packs his groceries into the crate strapped to the back.

Don comes out of the store, looks toward him, and walks his direction. Craig maintains a disinterested attitude.

DON

(five feet away)
Craig Lundvall?

Craig nods coolly while inspecting this newcomer: Mid to late fifties, graying at the temples, thick gray mustache, crinkle lines from squinting. Favors his left leg.

DON (CONT'D)

I'm Don Cummings. Sean McGee suggested I look you up while in town.

Don wisely stays back out of reach as he speaks.

Joseph steps out onto the sidewalk behind Craig with his shoulders squared.

Don smiles disarmingly.

Craig doesn't relax. He stands with feet apart, knees slightly bent. A martial arts readiness stance.

CRAIG

How do you know Sean?

DON

Used to work with him on the Sac
PD, before he got all fancy and
went to work for the CIA.

Don steps up onto the sidewalk, out of the rain, under the
overhanging roof. He pulls out an old-fashioned handkerchief
and mops his face.

DON (CONT'D)

I retired ten years ago, and now I
do PI stuff.

Craig and Joseph just stand there, watching him warily.

Don falls silent.

CRAIG

(pointing at his
groceries)

I need to get this home, but I'll
be back down here around three
o'clock for a beer. If you're still
around I'll see you then.

Craig pulls his helmet on and nods to Joseph.

Don walks away under Joseph's menacing stare.

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - DAY

Craig is standing in his kitchen putting groceries away. His
cellular is sitting on the counter. It's on speaker-mode with
SEAN MCGEE.

SEAN (V.O.)

He's an excellent tracker. Don't
let looks deceive you. Cummings
always finds who he's looking
for... Always.

Craig looks at his phone as he comments,

CRAIG

He looks crazy. I don't trust him.

SEAN (V.O.)

Hah! Hilarious coming from you... I
trust him.

EXT. JON'S BAR - DAY

Craig enters the bar from the BEACH.

Don's sitting in a corner at the bar where he can see everyone coming and going from both directions... Eagle-eyed like a cop. He spots Craig immediately.

Craig sits next to him.

Jon slides a shot glass across the counter followed by a beer. Craig downs the whiskey and thumps the shot glass on the counter.

CRAIG
 (lifts beer mug)
 Gracias Jon, pura vida
 (to Don)
 Let's go down by the beach.

Don stands and follows. Craig chooses two low chairs near the rocky shore.

Waves swirl up and slide away. Birds hop eagerly from boulder to boulder. A white mutt with a big black spot on his back sits on the sand looking out to sea.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 What're you drinking?

DON
 Coke.

Don sticks his left leg out in front of him and cautiously lowers himself into the rickety chair.

CRAIG
 Sean says hi.

DON
 That's nice.

CRAIG
 So what do you want with me?

DON
 Just insight. As I'm sure you know...
 (holds up cell phone)
 I'm looking for this man, Jim Blair.

Craig reaches for the cell.

Don reaches over and swipes the screen to the photo of Serafina that Jim had sent to Steve.

Craig whistles softly. He zooms the camera to a close-up of the side of Serafina's face.

CRAIG

Hmm, do you have any other better shots of her?

DON

Nope. Jim sent this to my client.

CRAIG

They're both missing?

DON

They left early in the morning, twenty-one days ago. Destination -- Montezuma.

CRAIG

The seas can get pretty rough on the west side of the Nicoya.

DON

He's an experienced sailor.

Don swipes another photo for Craig. This one is of a sleek yacht.

DON (CONT'D)

He's also an excellent swimmer. Competed in the Hawaiian Ironman.

CRAIG

(hands phone back)
What does he do for a living?

DON

He was an attorney. Retired.

Suddenly Craig is a blur of motion as he leaps out of his chair and dashes away. Don stares after him with a stunned look on his face, as the chair Craig had been sitting in topples backwards. He watches Craig race across the sand and grab hold of a backpack on the back of a young man.

Craig yanks the kid off his feet and walks away with the backpack leaving the kid sitting on the sand looking surprised.

Nonchalantly, Craig deposits the backpack on the beach towel of a dozing female. He continues back to the bar, rights his chair and sits down.

CRAIG

So you think there's foul play?
What did the Guarda Costas say?

Don glances curiously at the still sleeping tourist and the sulking youth.

DON

A search was done, nothing was
found.

CRAIG

Nothing?

DON

Nothing.

CRAIG

What about this boat?

Craig points at Don's cell for emphasis. He's beginning to look interested as he leans forward.

DON

Not a scrap of fiberglass.

CRAIG

No Guarda Costa came into our
marina asking about this boat.

He catches Don's dubious glance at the tiny Montezuma Bay.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Okay, so it's not a *marina*. The
point being, I don't recall a big
search here.

DON

They did. May Twentieth.

Craig is looking at Don's cell phone screen.

CRAIG

So they were taken -- Man, that's a
really nice sailboat.

DON

What do you mean... *taken*?

Don watches Craig's face curiously.

Craig senses his scrutiny. A smile tugs at his mouth. Pretending to be serious he suggests,

CRAIG
UFOs... They were abducted by
aliens.

He is rewarded with a flinch from Don, followed by a chuckle.

DON
Martians?

CRAIG
No... Martians're green. They
would've stood out like a sore
thumb.

DON
A green thumb?

CRAIG
(laughs)
No, but my other idea may seem as
crazy.

At Don's patient look, he continues.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Pirates.

DON
Really? But pirates usually don't
steal the boat, they rob it. Jim
and Lesley are simply gone.

CRAIG
Maybe Jim abducted Lesley.

DON
Is he going to just roam the high
seas forever? He's had absolutely
no criminal behavior in the past.
He wasn't lacking in female
company, and he doesn't need the
money.

CRAIG
Okay, maybe Lesley abducted Jim.
(raises beer in mock
toast)
By-the-way, there's a boat
lingering off the coast near the
Cabo Blanco. Maybe it's your boat.

INT. HALLWAY AND A ROOM ON CONTAINER SHIP - DAY

The halls are dark and rusted steel. A light glimmers weakly from a doorway ahead. The shadows dance on the opposite wall.

Andrew is being led toward that room by a big Mediterranean-looking guy. Andrew stumbles and is jerked upright.

He's thrust into the room violently and falls on the floor.

As the captor snaps a chain to his handcuffs, Andrew looks at his fellow prisoners. They have varying degrees of bruising and caked blood on their faces.

Jim Blair stares back at him through one eye... the other is swollen shut.

EXT. CABO BLANCO PARKING LOT - DAY

Don parks the rented truck in one of the poorly defined parking spaces at Cabo Blanco Park.

Getting out, he stands listening to the sounds of the jungle. Sweat trickles down his face and neck.

A howler monkey screams in the distance. It sounds like a Tyrannosaurus Rex from Jurassic Park.

Paulo approaches him from one of the forest trails.

DON

Paulo?

PAULO

Yes sir, what can I do for you?

DON

Craig says you've seen a boat off-shore.

At Paulo's nod Don holds up the photo.

DON (CONT'D)

Is this the boat?

PAULO

No, it's not a sailboat, it's a big motorboat.

(waving an arm toward the park)

Do you want to see it for yourself?

DON
How far is it?

PAULO
It's on the other side, about two
and a half hour hike.

DON
I appreciate it, but I can't manage
that distance.

PAULO
Wait a sec.

Paulo walks over to the entrance booth. He comes back holding
a digital camera out to Don.

Don slides his fingers across the screen to zoom in on the
boat. It's a good-looking, sturdy boat. Two indistinguishable
men are on the deck.

DON
You're right.
(he hands the camera back)
It's not the same boat.

PAULO
Are you a policeman?

Paulo asks as his glance sweeps up, then down.

Don doesn't look like a cop. He looks more like a retired
professor.

DON
I was once upon a time... Now I'm
just a private detective.

Don smiles as he takes off his sunglasses and cleans them on
his shirt. He masterfully puts Paulo at ease.

PAULO
If I can get a clearer shot, you
want me to tell you?

DON
Sure.
(mops his brow and the
back of his neck)
I'm staying at a crummy little
hotel in town with crabs crawling
up out of the shower. I don't know
where I'll be tonight, but it won't
be there.

Don hands Paulo his card.

PAULO

I'll find you. There're a couple of nice little places on the right, before you get into town.

Paulo looks at Don's red face with concern.

PAULO (CONT'D)

Get a place with an air conditioner. It's worth the extra money until you adapt.

Don nods as he gets back in the truck and turns it on. He sits there for a few minutes with the door open, air conditioner on high. Paulo stands waiting.

DON

Did you hear about the sailboat disappearing with the couple on it?
(continues at Paulo's nod)
What do you think happened to it?
What's the gossip?

PAULO

Not much talk about it here. I first heard about it from a friend at Papagayo Park.

Don waits. He can tell Paulo wants to talk. It's starting to rain again. Paulo isn't concerned. He stands in the rain.

PAULO (CONT'D)

It's bizarre that the whole boat is gone. It's happened off the coast of Nicaragua a couple of times too. People here are sure it's aliens.
(grimaces)
Why would the aliens want a boat?

DON

Do whole boats disappear, or just the people?

PAULO

The whole boat.

EXT. B&B PARKING LOT TO PATIO - DAY

Don is standing at the side of his truck gathering stuff from the front seat.

CRAIG (O.S.)
So what's wrong with your leg?

Don steps sideways in alarm, grabbing the door handle to steady himself.

Craig leans against the truck bed casually.

DON
My leg?

CRAIG
Yeah, you favor your left leg.

DON
Old injury.
(says curtly)
Now I have arthritis and my knee gets stiff.

Don looks hot and tired. He glances jealously at Craig's youth and obvious good health, as he rotates to pop his aching back.

CRAIG
Did you hurt it on the job?

Craig pushes away from the truck and follows Don through the shaded courtyard of the B&B. Don picks a table facing the ocean.

Sitting down, Don waves to the chair next to him. A waitress comes over to the table and sets two glasses of ice water in front of them.

WAITRESS
Hi Craig.

She smiles at him politely.

CRAIG
Hi. Have you met Don yet?

WAITRESS
No, mucho gusto. My name is Barbara. Can I bring you anything?

DON
Give us a few minutes.

Don stretches his leg out as he watches her walk off.

DON (CONT'D)
I hurt it wrestling a wired out
meth-head to the ground. That's
when I decided to go into detective
work.

Don points to the puckered scar on Craig's shoulder.

DON (CONT'D)
So, who shot you?

CRAIG
Hunting injury.

DON
Who were you hunting?

CRAIG
(grins mischievously)
I wasn't the hunter.

DON
So, you were the hunted?

Don looks at the menu with a furrowed brow.

CRAIG
Nope.

DON
Okay, so this is twenty questions.
I have seventeen more to go before
you tell me?
(signals waitress)
You accidentally shot *yourself* in the
shoulder while hunting?

Craig laughs.

CRAIG
I got shot while protecting
someone. I'm a bodyguard.

DON
A bodyguard for who?

CRAIG
For the rich and famous, and the
paranoid. Sometimes I'm hired to
tag along with a tour group. Other
times I'm the guide. I've been all
over Costa Rica.

The waitress approaches.

DON
(to waitress)
Do you have any meat dishes?... Or
soda?

She shakes her head apologetically. Don sighs.

DON (CONT'D)
I'll have the peanut butter and
banana sandwich, and water.
(to Craig)
I'm buying... what'da want?

CRAIG
The nut taco.

She nods and walks away.

DON
Sounds like interesting work.

CRAIG
It can be.

DON
So what's the deal with aliens
around here?

CRAIG
Back in the fifties or sixties
someone spotted UFO activity here
in Montezuma. The hippies came here
in droves. Before that it was a
sleepy little eco-village.

DON
Do you believe in UFOs?

CRAIG
Not usually... What did Paulo have
to say about the boat?

DON
It's not the same. It would
surprise me if it was even related.
I can't imagine why they would
stick around.

CRAIG
But maybe they saw something. They
could give you a lead.

DON
Maybe we should pay 'em a visit.

EXT. JOSEPH'S SCUBA BOAT - DAY

Joseph stands feet spread, knees slightly bent, absorbing the waves, as he steers his scuba boat around the choppy point of Cabo Blanco.

Both Craig and Don stand beside him, leaning forward. Don has high-powered binoculars on the horizon. When the large motorboat comes into view Don quickly adjusts the settings.

DON

Shit! They've spotted us... They're bugging out.

CRAIG

Where're they going? They're heading straight out.

No one answers as they watch the gap grow. The faster boat disappears into the horizon. Joseph slows down to an idle.

EXT. CAFÉ AT DON'S B&B PARKING LOT - DAY

They are seated again in the B&B courtyard. Craig watches suspiciously when Don pulls out his smart phone.

Don's eyebrows pull together as he reads the screen.

DON

(stands abruptly)

I need to go to Papagayo. Where can I rent a helicopter?

CRAIG

I can get one.

Craig follows Don out of the open-air restaurant.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

What's up?

DON

(to Craig while looking around)

Where's the chopper?

Craig thumbs the direction of the park. Joseph walks up from the shore where he'd secured his boat.

JOSEPH

Where'ya going? I thought we gonna eat?

Joseph falls into line behind Craig, who follows Don.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(to Craig)

I didn't know he could move that fast.

CRAIG

He needs to get to Papagayo immediately, so I'm going to see if Nick'll let us rent his helicopter.

(calls out to Don)

Wait up Columbo, I'll go with you. You'll never find it on your own.

Don stops, looking at Craig expectantly.

JOSEPH

(looks dejected as he stands there)

I guess I'll see ya later.

DON

(to Joseph)

Do you have a vehicle that'll hold all three of us?

INT. SUV - DAY

They all climb into Joseph's SUV. Don pulls out his phone and types a command. A moment later he smiles and nods to himself.

It's a steep climb up a paved road. Joseph pulls into a driveway ending at a gate.

A CAMERA swings down on a robotic arm and looks into the SUV. It looks at Joseph, swivels to Craig. It seems alive.

It slides sideways looking in the back at Don. Coming closer on extendable arm, it angles up then down. Coming back to the front seat, it speaks in a metallic voice.

VOICE ON CAMERA

Hola Craig...

The gate slides silently to the side, revealing a bridge over a steep ravine.

Joseph drives over it and parks in the shade, near a massive wall with a large simple wood door.

EXT. NICK'S YARD - DAY

As they approach the giant door, it swings open and a burly Tico steps to the side to let them enter.

GUARD AND CRAIG
(simultaneously)
Pura vida.

He nods to Craig with respect. They pass into a lavishly kept garden with a fountain in the center.

The house is a sprawling mansion with subtle variations of woodwork and ironwork. The roof hangs far over the garden.

NICK, a tall slender Caucasian steps out of the shade to greet them.

NICK
(Texan drawl)
Craig, what brings ya'll to my
humble abode?

CRAIG
(shaking Nick's hand)
Business, my friend. Don here is a
private detective. He's down here
on a case. He needs to rent a
helicopter to get over to Papagayo
fast.

Nick looks Don over, top to bottom. Don says nothing. Nick looks back to Craig.

NICK
You going with him?

Craig suddenly looks conflicted. He stares at silent Don.

CRAIG
Yeah... I'll be with him.

NICK
(to Craig)
You flying, or do you need a pilot?

CRAIG
Whatever you're most comfortable
with. He'll pay for it.

NICK
I'll send my pilot with you. That
way he can guard it while ya'll
are... uh... working.

DON

Thank you.

Don shakes Nick's hand, and looks expectantly around for the helicopter.

CRAIG

(to Nick)

He needs it now.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Craig, Don, and Joseph are strapped in and waiting for the pilot.

CRAIG

(to Don)

What's happening in Papagayo?

DON

Blair's credit card has just been used to buy diesel fuel at the marina.

(looking at smartphone)

I've already hacked into the surveillance cameras at the marina, and pulled up the live feed.

(points to screen)

Looks like the one we saw out at Cabo Blanco. If we can get to Papagayo in time to follow them out to sea -- That'd be good.

The PILOT boards and moments later they lift off the pad and head north over Nicoya Peninsula. Don spends the flight time messing with his phone.

Craig watches with interest.

Don periodically hands the phone to Craig. At one point he leans over and shows him a new map. This one has an indicator poised over the boat.

DON (CONT'D)

(yelling over chopper noise)

I turned Blair's phone on. Its GPS indicates it's on board the boat. These are definitely our suspects. They're heading out again.

CRAIG

What do you want to do?

DON

Go west, out over the ocean to get
an idea of where this boat's going.

Don leans forward into the pilot's line-of-sight.

DON (CONT'D)

(to the pilot)

But don't get too close. That'll
make them change their route.

The pilot swings the helicopter out to sea.

DON (CONT'D)

(pointing)

There it is.

The pilot keeps on the horizon as they follow the boat. A massive CARGO ship becomes visible. The boat is heading directly to it.

DON (CONT'D)

Fall back!

The pilot veers away in the opposite direct of the boat's trajectory and circles back to Papagayo marina.

EXT. GOLFITO MARINA - DAY

Golfito Marina is nestled amongst the jungle foliage.

It's early morning at dawn. We can see FRANK from twenty-thirty feet away. He's an average looking man in his seventies sitting on the back of his yacht waiting for the sun to rise.

A gorgeous woman, Serafina. (the same woman, but again looking completely different), is walking down the dock in a soft long yellow dress fluttering in the breeze.

FRANK

(barely audible)

Good morning.

She stops and quietly chats with him until the sun peeks over the horizon.

They are both silent as they watch. Serafina looking toward the sun, long hair flowing down her back, and him looking at her face glowing in the dawn rays.

EXT. FRANKS YACHT - DAY

The chop gets worse as Frank leaves the relative protection of the gulf of Nicoya in his sleek little yacht. The Golfito Marina fades in the distance.

Serafina looks up from her novel. She seems to be worried about him.

He smiles at her look of concern.

Getting up, she makes her way to him. Standing behind Frank she rests her chin on his shoulder.

Frank smiles in satisfaction.

EXT./INT. SIDEWALK MOVING INTO A BAR-PAPAGAYO - DAY

Don indicates a restaurant on the street, facing the marina. Joseph and Craig follow him into the open air dining area with a bar.

JOSEPH

(loud)

Man, I'm hungry like a tiger!

(to bartender)

We eat at bar, yeah?

The American FEMALE BARTENDER nods and tosses coasters in front of them. A moment later she comes back with three menus. Her expressive face betrays her curiosity at the odd trio.

FEMALE BARTENDER

What're you thirsty for?

CRAIG

Coke and two beers.

FEMALE BARTENDER

(to Craig)

You don't want a shot of Jack?

She smiles slowly at Craig.

CRAIG

I better not... maybe later?

He answers with a sexy smile. He turns to Don after she leaves, shrugging his shoulders at Don's questioning look.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(to Don)
She remembers me, so what?

JOSEPH

(to Don)
Oh yeah, get used to it man.
(leans around Craig)
Everywhere we go some girl's
a'smilin at him.

CRAIG

It's my dread-locks... they like
'em. So you think this is organized
crime?

DON

I'm positive.

Don pulls out yet another phone. He texts someone and sets it down between them.

Before the screen fades Craig reads the message; "Need back-up. This is big."

Craig's face tightens. He looks paranoid again. Craig is clearly hearing something above his head and shakes his head no as he glances up.

JOSEPH

(to Craig)
Come back!

Joseph punches Craig in the arm, not gently.

CRAIG

Ouch! Why do you do that?

JOSEPH

Because you go away.

Don watches with interest.

CRAIG

(to Don)
What makes you sure it's organized?

DON

Because of the size of that cargo
ship they were heading out to. It's
huge.

CRAIG

That's true. But why would they need such a big ship?

DON

It may be liquid piracy.

JOSEPH

Huh? What's liquid piracy?

CRAIG

It's when they pull alongside a tanker carrying petro, or some sort of liquid chemical, and basically siphon off the load.

(sips beer)

But what do missing yachts and people have to do with a cargo ship?

Don's phone lights up. Looking at it, he smiles.

DON

They're sending McGee down.

CRAIG

Oh, that's excellent.

(to Joseph)

You'll like Sean. He's CIA and a Marine.

JOSEPH

And you think I'll like that huh?

EXT. TARMAC OF AIRPORT - DAY

Nick's helicopter lands at the Daniel Obuder Quiros Airport.

Joseph and Craig duck low, as they trot to the door designated for small craft. By the time they get to it, Sean is coming out the door. GARY SKAGG is right behind him.

Sean introduces his partner, Gary to the men.

Craig stares intensely at Gary, noting his lean build and chiseled features.

SEAN

My wife sent you a package.

Sean hands Craig a bulky bag. Craig smiles his pleasure.

CRAIG
 (looking inside)
 What is it?

SEAN
 I don't know. Maybe it's a pair of
 those pajamas with feet?

CRAIG
 (ignoring Sean)
 It's plastic containers with herbs
 and stuff in 'em.

Craig lifts up a container for a better look. He drops it
 back into the bag.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 I'll look at it later.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Once back on the helicopter, Craig can't resist the package.
 He pulls out a plastic container and opens it. Inside are
 cooking spices all neatly lined up in little jars. He thumbs
 through them with interest.

He pulls out a card, tipping it away from prying eyes. Joseph
 laughs into the headset.

JOSEPH
 Looks like dinner's at Craig's.

Craig doesn't bother to answer the masculine banter.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Papagayo Marina shimmers with lights from the shore.

As the busboy clears their dinner plates, Don indicates the
 meandering crowd on the sidewalk.

DON
 We need to relax into the town's
 vibe. I think it'll be a few days
 before anything happens again... I
 want to be part of the background.

Gary, Craig and Don settle into an intellectual discussion at
 the busy restaurant. Their conversation is muffled by the
 noise.

SEAN

(he and Joseph stand)
You guys are too serious for us.
We're going to find a pub.

Sean and Joseph leave as a woman walks in.

Don notices the good looking brunette choosing a seat in the shadows of the café.

Serafina again looking different. She's lean, tan, and wearing a short black skirt with a fitted white tank-top. She's alone.

DON

Craig, does that woman behind you
look familiar? Your five o'clock.

Craig stands and walks out onto the sidewalk. After pretending to look around, he comes back in giving him a clear view of the woman in question.

She doesn't notice him. She's watching a man sitting alone with his laptop open.

CRAIG

Looks like the girl from the Jim
Blair case... What's she doing
here, and where's Jim?

Don doesn't answer but continues watching the woman.

Seeming to make a decision, he nods slightly to his partners and pushes a wad of cash toward Gary.

DON

Pay this slowly and meet us down on
the dock by the store. Try to make
eye contact with that lady. Look
available and rich.

She watches Craig and Don stand. They appear to be thanking Gary for paying the tab. Gary demurs politely as he shakes their hands.

DON (CONT'D)

(loudly, after stepping
away a few feet)
Hey, maybe we'll see you down at
the marina.

Gary glances at the lady in question and notes she is watching him. He smiles a slow SEXY SMILE, nodding slightly.

Serafina smiles back at him, as she runs a hand through her thick wavy hair. Speaking quietly to the waiter, he tips his head toward Serafina, pays her bill and leaves.

EXT. MARINA DOCK - NIGHT

While Gary is still in the café, the others reunite on the dock in front of the marina store.

Don goes into the marina office as Gary joins them.

Within five minutes the woman walks by. She stops.

SERAFINA

(to Gary)

Thanks for paying my bill.

GARY

My pleasure.

He lifts one corner of his mouth in another sexy smile, and makes a point of watching her walk away.

SEAN

(claps Gary on the back)

I didn't know you had it in you,
old man! You've been watching James
Bond movies.

GARY

Yeah, Karen likes that smile. She
says it makes her heart melt.

Gary answers modestly, making the men laugh.

When Don returns he slips a paper and keys into Gary's hand. Turning, Don begins walking. He's carrying a bag full of beverages.

DON

(to Gary)

I rented a yacht for you.

He stops in front of a beautiful small yacht and steps aside, letting Gary lead them aboard. Gary gives them a tour of the boat, but is actually checking it out for the first time.

SEAN

(to Gary)

Do you know how to operate one of
these things?

GARY

Yeah, but I don't know this boat,
and I've never been on one so nice.

They all return to the deck and grab beers out of Don's bag.
Don has his usual... a bottle of soda.

DON

Gary, you'll sleep here tonight.
Sean you stay here with him. I
would prefer to have Craig here,
but you two came in together.

CRAIG

I don't think anyone should be with
him. It was a guy by himself and
possibly this girl. If she's
hunting, she'll be turned off by a
crowd of guys hanging around. I'd
be suspicious if I were her.

SEAN

She went in the store. How about I
stow away downstairs, and you all
leave now?

All eyes turn to Don, who is looking intently at the store.

DON

Okay, go.

Sean immediately goes below. Half an hour later they leave
Gary sitting in the captain's chair in the dark.

EXT. MOTEL BALCONY - DAY

The sun slants sideways across the marina. Gulls circle the
fishing boats, metal gently clanks against metal.

From the little balcony of their cheap hotel, Don and Craig
have a bird's eye view of the dawn activity. Don FOCUSES his
binoculars on the rented yacht and laughs.

He hands them to Craig, who smiles when he sees Gary on the
yacht working out in the early dawn light.

He's wearing designer swim trunks, no shirt and has a towel
draped around his neck. At the moment he is doing push-ups.

On cue, Serafina saunters past him in gym shorts and a skimpy
tank top.

Gary glances up, PAUSING MIDWAY through a push-up and watches her walk by -- then he goes back to his work-out.

DON
 (to Craig)
 Hey, we've got another missing couple.

CRAIG
 Really? Where from?

DON
 Out of Puntarenas Marina.

Don signals he will be on the phone. While dialing, he pulls his other phone out and sets it on the table, followed by a small note pad, lastly a pen.

Craig goes back to spying on Gary. Sean is approaching the boat from the far end of the dock. He stops at Gary's yacht to shake his hand. They talk for a moment, and Sean moves on.

CRAIG
 Sean's walking down the dock. He must've snuck out under cover of darkness.

Craig watches as Sean flags Joseph from the marina coffee shop.

Don is busily taking notes and talking on the phone.

He waves Craig over and taps on his NOTEPAD. "3 days ago Andrew Collins. Female Cindy. Marina/Puntarenas, yacht gone. Wife had a phone conf sched for divorce."

Don makes a circle in the air signaling it's time to leave.

Craig goes into the bathroom to douse his face with water and scrub his teeth with the hand towel. Pointing in the direction of the coffee shop, Craig walks out the door.

EXT. MARINA COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sean and Joseph are already eating when Craig arrives. Craig goes straight to the counter and orders.

Craig joins Sean and Joseph as he waits.

CRAIG
 (to Joseph)
 Hey we're outta here. Got a lead.
 (MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

You okay with staying here and helping Sean out, or do you wanna come along?

JOSEPH

I'll stay, but don't forget to come back for me. I've got a dive group on Sunday.

CRAIG

Okay, I'll make sure you get back.

SEAN

(to Joseph)
If he can't, I will.

EXT. DOCK AND GARY'S YACHT - DAY

Serafina approaches Gary's yacht again.

SERAFINA

(as she stops)
Hello again.

GARY

Hi.

Gary closes the hatch and nimbly jumps off the boat. He politely shakes her hand.

SERAFINA

I'm Sabrina, and you?

She falls into step alongside Gary.

GARY

Gary. You from around here?

He walks slowly, admiring her profile.

SERAFINA

No, I'm a transient. Is that a new boat?

GARY

It isn't new, just new to me. Do you have a yacht here?

SERAFINA

No, I'm a massage therapist.
(pats a small bag slung
over her shoulder)
(MORE)

SERAFINA (CONT'D)

I make house calls, or in this case
boat calls.

Gary says nothing. When they reach the end of the dock he
shakes her hand again, lingering for just a moment.

GARY

Mucho gusto.

-- and turns away. In the reflection of a boat window he can
see her standing where he'd left her, WATCHING HIM.

Sean stands and reaches across the planters surrounding the
café's patio. Gary stops to shake his hand. They stand
chatting for a few minutes, until Sean waves him into the
restaurant.

Gary looks undecided for a moment. He shakes his head no and
continues down the sidewalk. He gives the appearance of being
a loner.

INT/EXT, HELICOPTER-TAXI - DAY

The pilot sets Don and Craig down near a massive beach resort
next to a marina jutting out from the north shore of
Puntarenas.

They stay with the chopper while the pilot goes in to get
food and register with the resort.

When he comes back, the two men get a taxi to the marina. The
driver drops them off near the oceanfront shops.

EXT/INT SIDEWALK-STORE - DAY

MONTAGE CHECKING OUT PUNTARENAS

-- Craig and Don walk through the beach town of Puntarenas.

-- They stop at the first store they came to and buy bottled
water. Sipping the water, they stand looking out the window.

-- They enter a variety of high-end art galleries, bars
intermixed with restaurants, and souvenir shops lining the
oceanfront street.

-- A Harley Davidson store catches Don's interest. He signals
Craig to follow him.

END MONTAGE

INT. HARLEY DAVIDSON GIFT SHOP - DAY

The doorbell chimes as they enter the cool interior.

Once inside, Craig goes straight to the bandanas, showing a genuine interest.

Don wanders around until a scantily-clad salesgirl in her twenties approaches him.

SALESGIRL
Do you need help?

DON
Yeah... Can you recommend someplace to stay -- We weren't expecting to stay in a hotel.

SALESGIRL
Where were you planning to stay?

DON
On a yacht with a friend.

SALESGIRL
Oh... What happened?

DON
I don't know. His yacht isn't here, and no one's seen him for a couple of days.

SALESGIRL
Is his name Andy?

She asks, flipping her long hair over her shoulder.

DON
(looking surprised)
Yeah, it's Andy Collins. How'd you know?

She leans in like she has some juicy gossip.

SALESGIRL
The Policia came in here this morning asking if we'd seen him. Andy comes in here all the time, but I haven't seen him since last weekend.

DON
Hey Craig!
(waves Craig over)
(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)

She knows Andy -- says he's missing.

CRAIG

(to salesgirl)

How do you know he's missing? Maybe he went somewhere for a couple of days?

The salesgirl seems to lose her train of thought at the sight of his sky-blue eyes. She's incapable of speech. Don rolls his eyes and answers for her.

DON

She said the police came in here this morning asking about him.

CRAIG

He's probably just out on his yacht. You know how Andy is. He's got some lady out there enjoying one of those hidden coves.

DON

Yeah, but they'd be back by now. It's been five days.

SALESGIRL

(to Don)

He was supposed to be back on Wednesday. The Policia said he had an appointment he missed Wednesday night.

DON

(in a conspiratorial tone)

What do you think happened?

SALESGIRL

(shrugs)

Maybe they ran out of fuel, or they're shipwrecked.

CRAIG

That makes sense.

She blushes at his attentive stare and abruptly excuses herself.

DON

If you're gonna scare off our leads, I'll leave you outside!

CRAIG
 Hey, it's not my fault. All I said
 was it makes sense. What's wrong
 with that?

Craig asks innocently, though the one-sided grin gives him
 away.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 (following Don out the
 door)
 I wasn't flirting.

Don ignores him.

INT. BAR - DAY

Don leads the way to a bar near the Puntarenas grocery store.

Before they go in he gives Craig a warning look to behave.

Fortunately the bartender, LUIS is a male. (Good looking,
 Central American surfer type)

DON
 (to bartender)
 Can I have a coke?

CRAIG
 I'll have a beer.

DON
 It's a little early for a beer
 don't you think?

CRAIG
 Mind your own business.
 (points to soda)
 That stuff isn't good for you. It's
 full of chemicals and drugs.

DON
 Drugs?

Craig ignores him.

Luis watches with interest. They make an odd pair.

LUIS
 What brings you to town?

DON

We came to meet a friend, Andy Collins -- to go out on his yacht for a couple of days.

LUIS

That'll be fun. He's a great guy. Better stock up on booze.

DON

Well, we haven't been able to find him yet.

LUIS

Yeah, there was a cop in here earlier asking if I'd seen him.

DON

And?

LUIS

Nope, haven't seen him since Saturday night. He said he was going out to sea for a couple of days with a lady-friend.

DON

Cindy?

LUIS

Yep, her name's Cindy. That girl's a wild one.

He wipes the counter as he chats.

DON

That's what Andy said. You know him... he likes the crazy ones.

LUIS

I don't know much about her. She's new in town. I hope they're okay.

The bartender wanders off to tend other clients. A local, PEDRO leans toward them from a couple of stools away.

PEDRO

(in broken English)

He gone, she gone, and the boat gone. Something strange going on around here.

Craig leans around Don and asks in Spanish.

(NOTE: The dialogue in this scene is spoken in Spanish and is subtitled in English)

CRAIG
 (fluent Spanish)
 What do you think is going on?

Don lets Craig take over the questioning and listens.

PEDRO
 People are disappearing with their yachts. Up and down the coast, from Nicaragua to Panama.

CRAIG
 What do you mean, disappearing?
 (Craig spreads his fingers like a magician)
 Like poof! They're gone?

PEDRO
 Yes. The whole boat gone. No wreckage, no ransom note. They just disappear!
 (turns to Luis)
 Luis, you remember that couple, just a month ago out of Papagayo? Never seen again!

LUIS
 True, a boat went missing up by the border too. Always seems to be a couple.

CRAIG
 That's crazy man! You'd think the families would go nuts.

PEDRO
 The guys always seem to be loners. I don't know about the ladies. Not sure why the family doesn't come down here hunting for them.

DON
 (in English)
 Down here? Down here from where?

PEDRO
 (in English)
 They're American women.

LUIS

(back to Spanish)

Oh come on Pedro, how do you know that?

PEDRO

I met Cindy -- she's definitely white. My brother works at the Papagayo Marina.

(to Craig)

He said she was an American too. Just like the lady up at Cruz. She was white, maybe European or something, but she wasn't a Latina.

CRAIG

You met Cindy? What's she like?

PEDRO

Gorgeous, but she seemed wicked to me. Something in her eyes. She came on to Andy strong.

(to Luis)

You remember that night?

LUIS

I'd seen her in here a couple of times, but she was quiet until that one night when she came up to the bar and sat next to him.

END SUBTITLES

DON

Is this their first boat trip?

LUIS

No, they've gone out on day-trips a couple of times. I think this is their first overnighter.

(wiping the bar)

Andy said they were going nearby to hang out and swim at a little bay he likes.

CRAIG

Did you tell the police that? Did they check that bay?

LUIS

I told them, but they'd already checked it yesterday afternoon. The harbormaster told them where Andy'd planned to go.

DON
(holding out his cell
phone)
Is this Cindy?

They crowd around the photo.

Luis nods, Pedro shrugs.

DON (CONT'D)
Did you know the missing couple
from Papagayo?

LUIS
No, but his name was Jim or John...
The girl worked at an art gallery I
think. They had a sailboat.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

It's midday and already warm. Sean and Gary are sitting at a bistro table at a sidewalk café in Papagayo.

Sean slips a black object under a napkin and slides it across to Gary.

SEAN
Plant this somewhere on the boat.
Hide your second phone somewhere on
the boat too. If you get taken and
they find this tracker, we'll turn
your phone on and use the GPS.

Gary nods but doesn't touch the napkin. Joseph plops into the chair next to Sean and stretches out his long legs.

JOSEPH
I need to work out.

SEAN
Do you run?

Joseph nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Got running shoes with you?

JOSEPH
Don't need special shoes for beach.

GARY

Let's do it. I need to burn up some energy, and it would fit my character.

Gary slips the tracking device into his hand and stands.

SEAN

See ya in ten on the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

MONTAGE OF RUNNING AND BEACH

-- They are running the long stretch of silky sand.

-- Their powerful athletic BODIES draw attention as they jog past clusters of women sprawled out on beach towels.

-- Sean and Joseph with their heavily muscular shoulders and large thighs look like two NFL quarterbacks. Gary looking lean and panther-like.

-- Thirty minutes later they sprint the last fifty yards.

-- and jump in the crashing waves to cool off.

-- Sean high-steps out of the grasping surf.

-- and flops on his back on the sand. Gary and Joseph join him.

-- A female tourist snaps a photo of the three men lined up on the sand with their arms flung wide.

END MONTAGE

SEAN

I needed that. Thanks Joseph.

GARY

Yeah, that felt good.

JOSEPH

(grunts in agreement)
Being a spy is boring.

SEAN

Ninety-eight percent boredom, two percent sheer terror.

JOSEPH

Really?

Joseph rolls his head sideways to look at Sean curiously.

SEAN

Usually.

Joseph sits up resting his elbows on his knees, looking out to sea.

JOSEPH

What the container ship have to do with anything? Why Don so serious about it?

SEAN

Don is serious about everything. He's one of the best detectives of our time. He will find a trail no matter how cold it is and hunt down a human like a starving wolf --

(to Gary)

Look who's sniffing around your boat.

GARY

(with his eyes closed)
Sabrina?

JOSEPH

Ya mon, she's hot.

SEAN

She's scary.
(nudges Gary)
Go to work.

GARY

(sits up with a sigh)
Okay, here I go.

SEAN

Be careful.

GARY

I'm not a rookie.

SEAN

Neither is she.

Gary saunters down the beach toward the marina.

Sabrina leans against his yacht and waits for him. She has her little bag slung over one shoulder.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

DON
(motions Craig over)
Check this out.

Don is sitting at the table in their motel room looking at police activity streaming on his phone.

DON (CONT'D)
Another missing boat down south,
out of Golfito.

CRAIG
Is it a couple?

DON
Yep... Can you find out if we can
use the chopper to take us there?

Don scribbles notes on his tiny notebook.

CRAIG
Sure, I'll ask, but we have to take
Joseph back. He has to work.

DON
Where's Golfito?

CRAIG
(while dialing on cell)
Southeast of Montezumaa.

Craig holds up a finger and walks away as he talks to Nick. He gives Don a thumbs-up sign.

DON
I'll let Sean know.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Half an hour later they are in the helicopter lifting off in the direction of Montezuma. Sean and Gary stay in Papagayo.

Craig looks surprised to see Nick waiting for them on his helipad with a small duffle-bag in hand.

Nick takes Joseph's seat, as Joseph trots away hunched over.

Don looks annoyed at Nick's presence.

Nick pulls out a paperback and starts reading.

EXT/INT. HELIPAD-LIMOUSINE - DAY

Once on the ground in Golfito, Nick leads the way to a small sleek limousine.

The driver takes them to the marina set on the edge of the heavy jungle.

The bay is entirely surrounded by fingers of land, making it look like a lake.

NICK

(to Don)

We'll stay on my boat. I figured I'd take advantage of Craig being here with you. Otherwise, I'd wait until ya'll finish your investigation.

DON

That's excellent. Thank you. But why would you have to wait?

NICK

Craig's my bodyguard... I don't go anywhere without him.

DON

Oh, okay...

Craig turns his head from looking out the window to look at Don. Deadpan stare. Craig looks lethal sitting next to the billionaire.

DON (CONT'D)

(to Nick)

Do you know Frank and Susan Smith?

NICK

I know Frank, but I don't know who Susan is. Frank is a great guy... he's a widower. Why?

CRAIG

He's missing along with Susan.

EXT. BOARDING DAWN TREADER - DAY

When Don gets out of the Limo at the marina, he lets out a soft whistle.

Here is opulent wealth. The yachts they'd been around pale in comparison to these.

A nearby section of the marina is devoted to smaller yachts similar to the ones recently missing.

Nick leads them to the larger yacht section. Here are yachts as big as small cruise ships.

Armies of workers swarm over their respective yachts.

A middle aged Tico steps to the gangplank of a white and silver mega yacht to greet them. Nick shakes his hand and claps him on the shoulder as they board.

NICK
(turning to Don)
Welcome to the Dawn Treader.

INT. DON'S ROOM ON DAWN TREADER - DAY

Don is shown his room by an employee, which is the size of a small house. A Jacuzzi in one corner bubbles invitingly.

Don tosses his little bag on the bed and pulls out his phone to see what the latest report is.

He goes to the round window and surveys the bustle of this floating town.

A bizarre looking mega yacht is in the process of pulling out of dock. It looks like a submarine. Instead of an up-tipped bow, it has a bow that sweeps down into the water.

Craig raps on the doorframe as he enters. Coming alongside Don, he looks out the window at the mega yacht.

CRAIG
Amazing, huh? She's owned by a Russian billionaire. It's bullet-proof and almost impossible to climb onto... pirate-proof.

DON
It's huge!

CRAIG
Three-hundred ninety-four feet of floating money.

Craig walks over to the bookcase and picks up a pair of binoculars.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Nick plans on staying here most of the time. He's safe here.
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

If he wants to go anywhere, he'll
let me know.

DON

Keep your priorities straight. You
work for Nick. I'm used to working
solo anyway.

CRAIG

Yeah, I know.

Craig peers out the window at the marina. He scans the yachts
slowly.

DON

(as he walks to the door)
Well, I'm heading out.

Craig follows.

EXT. BOW OF GARY'S RENTED YACHT - DAY

Sean is lounging on the wrap-around seat in the stern of the
rented yacht with his feet up and an iced tea at his side.

SEAN

Oh man, tell me that isn't the
cutest baby in the world?

Sean angles his laptop so Gary can see. Gary looks over the
top of his book at the ultra-sound of a baby.

GARY

Your wife sends you photos?

SEAN

No, don't be stupid. This is her
Facebook.

Standing up Sean stretches and picks up his tea.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna wander around.

As Sean hops down on the dock, he spots Serafina walking
toward the yacht.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Incoming.

Sean smiles admiringly as he stands waiting for Serafina to
either stop or pass. She smiles back at him and stops.

SERAFINA
(looking at Gary)
Hello Gary.

Gary sits on the edge of the boat, legs dangling over the side.

GARY
Well, hello Sabrina. This is Sean.
You stopping by for a glass of
wine?

SEAN
You didn't offer me a glass of
wine?

GARY
(to Sean with a chiseled
brow raised)
Weren't you leaving?

SERAFINA
(laughs at them)
Where are your other friends?

GARY
Gone back home I guess. I'd just
met them here. Nice guys.

SEAN
I'm heading to the market... for my
trip tomorrow. Do you need
anything?

Sean asks Gary impromptu. He watches in fascination as Gary turns into a sexual machine.

GARY
(eyes on Sabrina)
Nah, I've got a bottle of Malbec
from Argentina.

Serafina stands in a relaxed pose, one hip forward. She looks in control.

GARY (CONT'D)
Can I talk you into staying? I can
barbecue a couple of filets and
some veggies.

He places his palms on the boat next to him and straightens his elbows. His triceps FLEX to their best advantage.

She smiles slowly and holds a hand up to him.

SERAFINA

Sure, I love a good Malbec.

GARY

(to Sean as he pulls her
up onto the boat)

I'll see you tomorrow.

As Sean walks away he chuckles to himself. When he gets to the store he texts Don to update him: "Guess who's sitting on the yacht with Gary?"

INT. DAWN TREADER - COMMON AREA - DAY

A shiny table stretches across the lounge of the Dawn Treader. Various stacks of papers are scattered on it. Don is seated in front of a laptop.

Craig is pacing restlessly.

DON

Once again we encounter the same scenario... the male yacht owner, the new and unknown female companion, the private romantic voyage, couple never seen again.

Don is surveying the ocean using satellite imagery.

Several SHIPS look to be the size of the one they'd seen, but it's impossible to tell from straight above which one it is. Two of the ships are container ships.

DON (CONT'D)

I wish I could rewind this footage. It'd be interesting to see if that small yacht went out to them.

CRAIG

You still think they're connected?

DON

They certainly aren't innocent -- they had the credit card from Blair. But I can't see why they'd need such an enormous ship.

INT. GARY'S RENTED YACHT KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Sean is in the tiny kitchen of the yacht. He calls Don.

SEAN

Hey Don, this is Sean. We got nothing here. She either thinks Gary is too risky, or she doesn't like the boat enough. Whatever it is, he's not getting anywhere with her.

DON (V.O.)

Okay... why don't you two head back to Sacramento. Do some research for me.

SEAN

Okay. We'll make sure we leave the yacht spotless. Good luck with the hunt.

INT. DAWN TREADER BAR-GOLFITO - DAY

Nick hands Craig a glass of red wine.

NICK

Don, would you like a glass of wine?

DON

No thanks, I don't drink.

NICK

Why?

Nick asks as he opens the refrigerator and rummages for an alternative.

DON

I'm working.

Nick seems to accept that as a good reason. He hands Don a can of soda pop.

NICK

So how's your work coming along?

DON

Not good. Up until yesterday I felt I had several possible leads. Now I've got nothing.

NICK

Can you tell me what you're working on?

Don takes a drink from his soda, as he considers this question. Looking thoughtfully at Nick, he finally shakes his head no.

DON

Not yet. You already know I'm looking for a missing man. We'll leave it at that.

NICK

Okay... I'd like to go out to dinner tonight. The three of us, plus a friend.

DON

Great.

Craig looks seriously at them.

CRAIG

Why?

NICK

(with a laugh)

Because I want to go out to dinner.

CRAIG

Where?

NICK

El Asador -- heard it was good.

Craig goes to the laptop sitting on the desk and looks it up.

CRAIG

(to Don)

We head out in twenty. I want to check this place out.

(to Nick)

Stay here... and don't let anyone onboard. Don't talk to anyone, especially good looking women!

Nick laughs and salutes Craig.

EXT. DOCKS AND STREET - DAY

Don is tagging along behind Craig as they walk down the pier.

People look at Craig, but Don attracts no attention. It's like he's wearing an invisibility cloak.

They turn down a hard dirt side-street. The restaurant is several dirt streets back from the marina. A wall of greenery blocks it from view.

EXT./INT. INTERIOR AND COURTYARD OF RESTAURANT - DAY

Craig passes through the leafy-green entrance ahead of Don. Inside is an oasis of plants, waterfalls, and birds. A stunningly beautiful black woman, JAHZARA (Jahz- pronounced Jazz), welcomes them.

Don watches in fascination as she and Craig assess each other. The chemistry is tangible.

JAHZ
(to Craig)
Can I help you?

She asks in English with an upper-class Caribbean accent. Unlike the young lady at the Harley Davidson shop, this woman looks confidently into Craig's eyes.

CRAIG
I hope so. Do you have any other
tables, something more private, or
is this it?

Craig surveys the outdoor dining area.

JAHZ
We have two different private
spaces. One indoors, one outdoors.

She beckons them to follow her indoors to an air-conditioned room.

JAHZ (CONT'D)
This room is great for small or
large gatherings.

She points to the fold-away wall.

CRAIG
What's behind that wall?

JAHZ
Three more tables.

She leads the way out the back door to a secluded courtyard with a wall of trickling water. After giving them a few moments to admire the area, she politely adds.

JAHZ (CONT'D)

We'll have live music in the front area. You can hear it from here.

CRAIG

What kind of music?

JAHZ

Tonight it's soft jazz. Tomorrow night will be reggae.

She leads the way back to the front. Craig walks around the courtyard, inspecting the perimeter. The woman doesn't act as though this is odd behavior. Don stands near the courtyard entrance, unnoticed.

CRAIG

My boss likes music. Can we reserve this table for four at eight o'clock?

JAHZ

(going back to her podium)
Certainly -- your name?

CRAIG

Craig, what's yours?

Jahz writes in the book and looks up at him.

JAHZ

Jahzara.

As they turn to leave, Craig stops and turns back to Jahz who is watching him.

CRAIG

Will you be here tonight?

She nods with a slight smile.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Good.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Greenery hangs over the road like a tunnel. People walk slowly along in flip-flops.

DON

(sarcastically as they
exit)

This ought to be interesting.

CRAIG

Very. She is possibly the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

DON

(shakes head, chuckling)
You're something else man.

As they walk back toward the marina, Craig is deep in thought, silent.

Don glances sideways as he notices Craig suddenly shake his head slightly and whisper under his breath.

Don lags behind as he pulls out his cell and types.

A Mediterranean looking man in his late twenties passes Craig and slows down. Craig is on high alert as he spins around to see the stranger step in front of Don. (It's one of the guys from Serafina's escape-boat)

The thug pops open a switchblade and grabs Don. He brings back his elbow, preparing to deliver a fatal upward thrust with the blade --

-- Craig grabs him by the collar of his shirt and whips him around.

The guy attempts to keep his balance as he is suddenly spinning away from Don. He partially falls and regains his feet. The knife bounces out of reach. Turning on Craig he bunches his fists and prepares to strike. Big mistake.

Craig drops to the ground like a break dancer and kicks up into the guy's chest. The thug's body folds in around the thrust kick and he flies backwards.

Craig leaps to his feet in one graceful move.

Don walks over and takes a photo of the thug's face. After picking up the knife, Craig and Don walk away without a word spoken.

INT. CORRIDOR, DAWN TREADER - DAY

Don is following Craig down the shiny-white corridor on the Dawn Treader.

DON

I'm going to take a shower.
(half joking, half serious)
Do I have to dress up?

CRAIG

Wear whatever you want. You're having dinner with one of the richest men in America. He'll be dressed casual.

Craig laughs at Don's pained look.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'll loan you a shirt.

INT. DAWN TREADER, DON'S ROOM - DAY

When Don comes out of the bathroom a plain grey button-up shirt is on the bed. He fingers the expensive material.

INT. DAWN TREADER SALON - NIGHT

Don enters the salon. Nick and Craig are already there.

Craig is wearing a bright blue shirt un-tucked with black shorts. The colors make his eyes look unnaturally blue and his tan looks even darker.

Don sighs and wilts slightly.

Nick is at his usual spot behind the bar. Fortunately he is dressed in shorts and a simple white button-up.

EXT. COURTYARD OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

At the restaurant, Jahz has changed to a tight black dress and has her hair pulled up on top of her head in a pile of curls.

Craig is momentarily stunned, causing Nick to look at him curiously.

JAHZ

(gestures to the table)
Right this way, gentlemen.

MONTAGE OF AN ENJOYABLE EVENING

-- A server stands to one side waiting for them. Ice-cold water is immediately placed on the table.

-- A few minutes later an older, heavy-set man comes in and waves to Nick.

-- Jahz watches as he crosses to their table. They all stand to be introduced, shaking hands before sitting again.

-- The band begins playing, the first course is brought out, and the evening passes without incident.

-- Craig is clearly on guard... looking around cautiously.

-- A swarthy man comes in and sits by himself near Jahz, facing Craig's group.

-- When they leave, Craig lingers with Jahz for a moment, talking quietly.

-- Before parting he lifts her hand to his lips for a light kiss, as he looks into her eyes.

-- As they enter the limo, the swarthy guy comes out and watches from the shadows.

END MONTAGE

EXT. WALKING ALONG THE DOCK - DAY

MONTAGE OF DON QUESTIONING VARIOUS YACHT OWNERS

-- It's mid-morning and already swelteringly hot. Don is standing in a small shadow made by a pillar.

-- He's speaking with a couple on an older yacht. They're standing on their deck, shading their eyes.

WIFE

It was so nice to see Frank happy again.

HUSBAND

Yeah, Frank was pretty broken up about losing his wife. It was good to see him happy. I think the girl's name was Susan.

WIFE

She was real nice.

DON

Thank you for helping me.

-- Don continues to wander down the dock.

-- A man washing his boat drops the sponge in a bucket of soapy water as he answers,

MAN WITH BUCKET

Frank is a great guy. I don't know about the brunette. She just showed up one day. Next thing I knew they were an item.

DON

How long've they been seeing each other?

MAN WITH BUCKET

Maybe a week... two tops. I don't know, she just seemed strange to me.

-- further along the dock.

FISHERMAN

(answers gruffly)

Don't know him.

He drapes a large fish over a cleaning hook on the dock.

FISHERMAN (CONT'D)

But, that lady came by my boat a couple of times, trying to strike up a conversation. I sent her packing. Don't need no woman screwing up my life.

DON

Really? She came on to you?

FISHERMAN

Ain't that what I just said? I'm a loner.

END MONTAGE

INT. MOTEL RECEPTION-COURTYARD - DAY

Don is in a small hotel reception area. A young lady with multiple piercings is at the counter watching TV. It's a tiny cramped space with a fan pointed directly on her.

RECEPTIONIST

She stayed here for a week. Paid daily with cash. She rarely spoke to me, or anyone else.

DON

Did she tell you she was leaving Golfito?

RECEPTIONIST

No, said she'd be sleeping
elsewhere, and she closed her bill.

DON

Closed her bill? I thought you said
she paid with cash?

RECEPTIONIST

She did, but we still need a credit
card in case people run up the
bill. I remember she didn't want to
give it to me.

DON

Can I see the name on the card?

RECEPTIONIST

(smiling)
Nope, not without a search warrant.

DON

(puts money on counter)
Would fifty bucks convince you to
let me just see it.

She hesitates before reaching under the counter and pulling
out the old-fashioned slip. Setting it on the counter, she
slides it forward but keeps her fingers on it.

Don takes a photo. He slides another wad of bills toward her
and points to the keys.

Shrugging, she drops the keys in his hand and scoops the
cash.

Don enters an overgrown courtyard and finds the room off to
the left.

Even though her room had been cleaned he sniffs the air for
her scent. He wanders around the room with a small flashlight
and bags a long brown hair.

He dusts the safe's buttons for fingerprints, but it's clean.

EXT. BACK ON THE DOCK - DAY

Craig joins Don on the long dock. They walk along together,
an unlikely friendship having developed between them.

DON

(teasingly)
So, did you see her?

CRAIG
(smiling)
Yeah, for coffee. Jahzara is an amazing creature. Her personality is even better than her looks.

They walk in silence for a couple of minutes, both constantly in tune to their surroundings.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
It was like she could see into my soul.

DON
(grunts)
God forbid anyone would want to look into your soul.

CRAIG
What's that supposed to mean?

DON
It's just kinda crowded in there. I'd be scared.

Craig is silent for a moment.

CRAIG
Well she... she liked it.

DON
Oh she did huh?

Don stops, looking up at an enormous yacht.

CRAIG
This was different. I can't explain it.

DON
Okay.
(nods at mega yacht)
Isn't it amazing how huge these things are? They must cost a fortune to maintain. Is that a super yacht or a mega yacht?

CRAIG
That's a mega. Now they've got giga-yachts over six-hundred feet long. They're an amazing waste of money. I wouldn't want the headache.

DON

It's interesting -- none of the yachts stolen are big like this. They're all about the same size.

Don turns to look toward the far docks where the smaller craft are.

CRAIG

Yeah, you could fit four of those in this one.

Don doesn't answer, he just stares off in the direction of the weekender yachts in deep thought. His expression shows he's had a epiphany.

EXT. UPPER DECK OF DAWN TREADER - NIGHT

Nick and Don are sitting on the upper deck of the Dawn Treader.

The sky is crystal clear. The meandering Golfito bay makes for calm water. The jungle is a black mass surrounding them on all sides giving the impression of being a lagoon.

A howler monkey shatters the quiet night with a scream.

DON

Do they ever come on board the boats?

NICK

Not the howlers. The little white-faced monkeys do, but not on the big boats. The sides are too slick, and we're too far from the buildings so they can't jump.

(hooks a thumb toward the small yachts)

The smaller yachts occasionally get ransacked by the little devils. They're as bad as the raccoons back in Texas.

Don grunts, shaking his head.

DON

I'm thinking I'll stick around another day sniffing for clues, and then I'll head back to Montezuma.

NICK

So tonight and tomorrow night?

They are watching the DISTANT SHORE nightlife.

DON

Yeah. Craig's meeting Jahz for dinner tonight. I guess she has the night off.

NICK

He asked if I was going to leave the yacht tonight. I kinda guessed he was planning something with her, so I told him I'd stay here.

(lifts his glass in a salute towards shore)

He has never gone out on a date before while he's working with me.

DON

Shit... I shouldn't have said anything.

NICK

(laughing)

If I'd said I wanted to go out he would have stuck to me like glue. I would love to see him happy... He's like a son to me.

DON

I'd like to see him happy too.

NICK

It'll take a strong woman.

INT. A CAFÉ-GOLFITO - NIGHT

Craig is sitting across from Jahzara at a little café. He can't take his eyes off her. Her COFFEE COLORED SKIN seems to have a depth to it. A candle flickers between them.

Craig flinches slightly and glances up.

Jahzara watches him.

Craig looks like he's listening to someone as he gives a slight shake to his head.

JAHZ

Why do you listen to them?

A wave of shock and fear run through his body making him suddenly tense.

Her EYES never waver as she stares intently at him.

CRAIG
Listen to who?

JAHZ
Them, the voices?

He looks conflicted as he looks away from her eyes. Neither speaks for a long time. She waits.

CRAIG
(voice low)
I have Schizophrenia with auditory hallucinations... I hear voices.

JAHZ
They aren't demons?

Craig laughs at this straight forward question.

CRAIG
No, not demons. They aren't actually real. Though when I'm off-guard, I believe them.

He signals the server for more wine by pointing at their empty glasses.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
When I was young, nineteen, my father told me I was demon possessed. He made me go to our church and talk to the pastor. Pastor Alan was cool, but he didn't know what to say.
(silent while wine is poured)
He hooked me up with a psychiatrist. It was years later before I accepted his diagnosis...
(sips wine)
I enlisted in the Marines at twenty and put my craziness to good use.

JAHZ
Do you take medicine?

CRAIG
Hmm... Another hard question. Yes. I started taking meds about fifteen years ago.

Dialogue fades out as the conversation wanders to other topics. You can see Craig feels temporarily at peace.

In a shadowed corner sits a woman, Serafina. She is leaning back with her long legs crossed. She's watching Craig with a slight smile.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Jahzara is a beautiful name. What does it mean?

JAHZ

Princess.

CRAIG

(with a slow smile)

Are you a princess?

JAHZ

Yes, but now I am far from home. My family is ancient. We are royalty, and my great-great-grandfather was king of our village. We were taken from our homes by our own countrymen and sent to America.

Jahz slowly swirls the wine in her glass. Raising her eyes to his she continues.

JAHZ (CONT'D)

The ship was stopped and we were set free on a little island. Now the Bahamas is our home. We are what you call mystics. My mother believes I've inherited the gift.

CRAIG

Where's your family from originally.

JAHZ

Côte d'Ivoire, the Ivory Coast.

Jahzara looks intently at Craig for a moment.

JAHZ (CONT'D)

My family has special gifts from God. We can read a person's heart. I believe you are a good person, that you do not have demons.

CRAIG

Hmm, it's true about the demons, but I'm not good.

INT. SACRAMENTO COFFEE SHOP - DAY

SUBTITLE- TWO WEEKS LATER

It's a couple of weeks later and Sean is sitting in one of those trendy little cafés scattered around the urban interior of Sacramento. His cell rings, but instead of picking the one on the table up, he pulls a different one from his pocket.

SEAN

Don! What's the latest.

DON

Hey Sean!

INTERCUT- Don is sitting on a rock next to Montezuma's little bay.

SEAN

Welcome back... anything new?

DON

This line secure?

SEAN

Yep.

DON

I'm not back, still here in Montefuma.

(smiles at his joke)

Just more of the same. Interesting interviews all pointing to the same type of crime, but no motive.

Sean sets his mocha on the table and stirs the whip cream in.

SEAN

What do you mean; *no motive*?

DON

There's a motive, I just don't know what it is. Clearly people and expensive boats are missing, but why?

SEAN

So it's a crime of passion or greed.

DON

True... But that's always true.

Don leans forward with elbows on knees and lets Sean talk.
Don is good at that.

SEAN

Gary and I've been given the green light. Non-priority. We've uncovered some similarities in other yachting communities. Last year it happened in the Philippians and Tahiti. The year before was Indonesia. Every time a different marina was hit once.

DON

So it's organized crime, as I suspected.

Don is watching the fishermen poised on the rocks fishing.

SEAN

I think so. I can't figure out where the boats end up. And what happens to the couples?

DON

Always couples?

SEAN

Yep.

DON

It'd be interesting to find out how long the couples had been together. I'm betting the woman is this Lesley-Sabrina-Susan woman.
(long pause)
Okay, so we have a pattern. They're moving south.

SEAN

Yachting communities, tropical, no large yachts so far, always a new couple, unknown woman, single male yacht owners --

DON

-- Always stop as soon as the Feds get involved.

Sean sips his mocha, staring off into the corner.

SEAN

Right... so we're back to motive.
If it's a kidnapping gig then
where's the ransom demand? And the
kidnapped couples? At least some of
the couples would be returned if
they paid up.

Don takes his glasses off and mops his forehead with his hankie.

DON

Maybe. Sabrina. She's part of the trap. Bait maybe. And what about the boats? Why isn't there an abandoned or wrecked boat? Not one.

SEAN

(leans chair back on two legs)
-- and the credit card slip the Golfito woman used was bogus...

DON

-- and the hair strand I collected isn't female. So if it's not ransom then it's theft. There's too many people involved for it to be a serial killer.

The dog with a spot sits next to Don. He looks up at Don and then out to sea.

SEAN

But who would they sell the boats to? Seriously, yachting is a small community.

(rakes his fingers over his short hair)

My guess is they'll move to Argentina. Gary and I'll be watching Panama, but I think we spooked 'em.

Don stands and walks along the sand with Spot at his side.

DON

Do you think they could get those yachts onto a tanker?

SEAN

A container ship? I don't know. You still think that ship has something to do with it?

DON

Yeah, I do.

SEAN

Do you have any idea how many container ships are offshore at any given time? And how would they get the yachts onto the containers?

DON

I don't know. Couldn't they just lift them with some sort of claw?

Sean shakes his head in disbelief and chuckles.

SEAN

A claw?

Don stops on the beach.

DON

Well, I don't hear you coming up with any ideas! They use claws at shipping yards.

SEAN

Okay, okay, so let's say they can lift the boats onto the tanker, then what?

(lifts a palm up)

Where'd the people go? What are they going to do with a ship load of yachts?

DON

Sell 'em.

Don leans down and pets Spot's head. Spot leans into his leg.

SEAN

Sell them? To who? They are imbedded with tracking devices. As soon as someone fires up the GPS they'll be tracked.

DON

There're ways around that.

Sean laughs slightly. He comes forward onto the four legs with a snap.

SEAN

Okay, time to research container ships and claws.

INT. PLUSH OFFICE - DAY

Serafina steps off the elevator on the eighteenth floor and strides down the short hallway to the receptionist's desk.

She glances out the window at ancient Milan spread out beyond the towering new high-rise.

A delicate, intelligent looking man, the RECEPTIONIST, greets her and lifts the phone.

(NOTE: The dialogue in this scene is spoken in Italian and is subtitled in English)

RECEPTIONIST 2

Pardon my interruption sir,
Serafina is here.

(a pause as he listens)

Yes sir.

Hanging up the phone, he smiles and waves her to the double mahogany doors.

A guard swings the door open from the interior. Stepping out, he lets Serafina pass. The guard shuts the door, staying outside.

She walks with confidence to the desk of her boss, ALDO LOMBARDI. He comes around the desk, taking both her hands. A kiss on both cheeks, and she takes a seat near the massive wood desk.

SERAFINA

How is your family?

ALDO

They're wonderful. The
grandchildren are growing so fast.
Thanks for asking. So why are you
back here?

SERAFINA

Americans... One of the captains
apparently had a friend who hired a
private detective.

ALDO

That's happened before.

SERAFINA

True, but this time the detective
called for back-up.

ALDO

Back-up?

Serafina crosses her long slender legs and taps her fingertips on the armrest.

SERAFINA

CIA... This just speeds things up a bit. I'll take a few in Panama if it feels right. I may just swing it around to the East Coast instead of staying there.

ALDO

I'm not bringing the ship around the Horn. Too expensive of a risk.

SERAFINA

(she nods patiently)

I don't have a good feeling about these CIA agents. I'd like to let the trail go cold. They will move on eventually. We'll go through Panama and get a few more en route.

Aldo sits looking out his wall of windows. He swings his chair around to face Serafina.

ALDO

Go back and tie up any loose ends. See if you can get rid of these ghosts.

SERAFINA

I'm working on it. My biggest concern is a local guy who is helping them.

Aldo nods slowly.

ALDO

He should be easy to eliminate. I'll notify the canal officials that you're coming through.

END OF SUBTITLES

Serafina nods and leaves the office.

INT. CRAIG'S KITCHEN - DAY

Craig is scrubbing his kitchen counters with vigor.

CRAIG
(shouting)
Shut up!

Craig throws the rag in the sink. Looking up at the vent he argues,

CRAIG (CONT'D)
You don't know what you're talking
about -- you're not even real, so
shut up!

Craig stomps over to the stereo and turns the volume up and throws himself on the couch. Craig stares at the ceiling in despair. Rolling his head sideways he reaches a hand out and slides the end-table drawer open.

A lethal looking Glock G29 is laying there. He picks it up and waves it around randomly. He aims it at his forehead and then replaces it in the drawer.

He's manic. Going back to the kitchen, he sprays the counters again and SCRUBS more.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
(whispering to self)
Okay, okay, just break the cycle
dude... you can do this. She's just
a girl. Don't get all OCD about
it!

Craig stiffly walks to the sink and drops the rag in.

MONTAGE OF CRAIG'S WORK-OUT ROUTINE

-- He goes out into the brilliant sunlight and breathes a sigh of relief.

-- Tearing his shirt off, he begins his work-out routine:

-- Push-ups on the GRASS, then pull-ups from a low TREE BRANCH.

-- A monkey in the mango tree watches curiously. Craig smiles up at it as he passes by to the deck and picks up the JUMP-ROPE.

-- Then he does round-house kicks over the DECK CHAIR and returns to do push-ups.

-- An hour later he pops open a beer and takes a deep drink.

-- Then he's back to action... he pulls a small sling shot out of his back pocket and takes aim at a flower thirty feet away.

-- It DISAPPEARS as the pebble rips it free of its stem.

-- He throws himself to the ground, rolls and aims at another innocent flower.

-- His combat-style practice lasts another half an hour.

-- Finally exhausted, he climbs onto the quad-runner. Revving the engine, he drives through the tunnel of trees surrounding his driveway.

END MONTAGE

A small pick-up truck is pulling into the driveway. For a moment the two vehicles face each other. The truck's windows are dirty. A swarthy man can barely be seen. The same guy from Jahz's restaurant.

Craig reaches for his Glock in the center compartment.

The man shifts into reverse. Pulling out a gun he starts firing from his rolled down window.

Craig ducks on his quad-runner and closes the distance. Bullets are flying at him, but he stays unnaturally calm. Raising his gun he aims and fires. The truck swerves and rams into a tree.

Craig is instantly at the disabled truck with his gun barrel pressed hard into the driver's temple. Blood trickles from the broken skin where the metal is piercing the skin.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Silence. The man stares defiantly at Craig as his life drains out the bullet hole in his throat.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Who sent you?

The man's eyes go blank as he dies.

Craig pushes the man over to the middle of the bench seat and jumps in. Turning in the seat, Craig digs out the spent casing from the seat. He stuffs it into his pocket.

He backs the truck up out of his driveway. Pulling off to the side of the road he drives the truck further into the jungle.

He wipes off the steering wheel, door handle, and shifter. Climbing out, he walks back to his quad-runner.

A mile down the road Craig tosses the spent round into the jungle.

INT. JON'S OPEN AIR BAR - DAY

Craig pulls up in front of Jon's bar. He takes his helmet off and crosses the sidewalk to where Jahz is seated next to Joseph at Jon's bar.

Pointing to the bathroom he passes them. A couple of minutes later he returns and tosses a damp paper towel in the trash.

Jon clears away their empty mugs and sets fresh beers in front of the two men.

JON
(to Jahz)
You want another beer?

Craig's cell rings, he turns away to hear -- Jahz shakes her head no to Jon.

JAHZ
Can I have a water and lime?

INTERCUT JON'S BAR/NICK'S VERANDA

NICK V.O.
Hey Craig, it's Nick.

CRAIG
Hey pura vida, what's up?

NICK V.O.
Are you free for an extended trip?
I want to go through the Panama
Canal and up to the Carib for some
diving.

CRAIG
Yeah, I'm available. When do you
want to leave? How long will we be
gone?

Craig sounds a little hesitant, as he watches Jahzara talk to Joseph.

NICK V.O.
I'm guessing about a month, maybe
two.

(MORE)

NICK V.O. (CONT'D)

I want to visit friends in the Bahamas. I'd like to leave next week. Isn't Jahz Bahamian?

CRAIG

Yes, she is.

Craig tries to keep any semblance of hope out of his voice as he watches Jahzara's expressive face.

NICK V.O.

Maybe she could tag along. Why don't you see if she can come. If she's interested in working, I could use a secretary for the trip.

CRAIG

I'll get back with you, but it sounds good.

Craig slid the phone back into his pocket. He looks stressed again... Flinches and slightly shakes his head as he walks back to Jahz's side.

JAHZ

What?

(turning as though someone had spoken out loud)

Who called?

CRAIG

Nick... I have to go away for a month or two.

Her face shows her emotions. Surprise, then disappointment.

JAHZ

(whispers, eyes sad)

No...

Doubt creeps close and touches him, you can see it in his eyes. Craig visibly shakes it off. They stare at each other.

Joseph rolls his eyes. He holds his beer up in a mock salute to Jon, the bartender, who laughs at Joseph's expression.

CRAIG

Could you come?

She stares intently without answering.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Nick invited you. He needs a secretary for the trip.

Still no answer. Her eyes ask the question.

In a huff Craig throws up his hands.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Why won't you answer the question?

JAHZ
Because you haven't asked the right question.

Craig walks away in frustration.

Jahz watches from her barstool, as he stalks out to the edge of the sand.

He stands there for several minutes staring out to sea with his hands on his hips.

Joseph and Jon are watching the drama.

Craig's shoulder's relax and he turns back to the inner bar. He walks directly up to Jahz.

CRAIG
I want you to come.

A crinkle forms slowly at the corners of her eyes, a smile lifting her pomegranate cheeks.

JAHZ
Yes, I will come.

CRAIG
Guess where we're going?

She shrugs and waits expectantly.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
The Caribbean!

She lets out a little squeal and claps her hands.

JOSEPH
(teasingly)
Can I come too?

CRAIG
(without looking at Joseph)
No!

JOSEPH
You sure? I think Jahz needs a
chaperone, yeah?

JAHZ
I can take care of Craig. And he
will protect me from anyone else.

Craig's chest swells with pride.

CRAIG
(to Joseph)
See? She trusts me.
(to Jahz)
We leave in a week.

Joseph nudges Craig and nods toward the street. Two policemen
are walking toward them.

Craig remains calm.

POLICEMAN 1
Hey Craig.

Craig stands up and shakes his hand.

CRAIG
What's up Tomas?

The second cop tips his head away from the bar. Craig follows
them further into the bar toward the ocean.

POLICEMAN 1
We've had a murder up at your
place.

CRAIG
On my property?

POLICEMAN 2
No, right in front on the road. It
got called in as a car accident,
but we think it may have been
murder.

Craig waits, saying nothing.

POLICEMAN 1
So, you don't know anything about
it?

CRAIG
(shrugs)
I've been here. Who was it?

POLICEMAN 2

I've never seen him around here.
The truck is stolen from Viki's
place. He didn't have any ID.

CRAIG

Do you need my help?

POLICEMAN 1

No, we got it.

CRAIG

Well, if I hear anything I'll let
you know.

He stands with arms crossed and watches them go.

INT. DAWN TREADER, JAHZ'S ROOM - DAY

SUBTITLE- A WEEK LATER

A week later Jahzara is unpacking her suitcase in her room
aboard the Dawn Treader.

Craig raps lightly on the doorframe and waits in the doorway.

JAHZ

(crossing the small room)
Yes?

CRAIG

I want to introduce you to the
other staff you'll be working with.

JAHZ

(nervously)
Yes -- okay, I'm ready.

INT. DAWN TREADER CORRIDOR, OFFICES - DAY

Craig is introducing her to the ship steward when Nick comes
in.

NICK

(putting an arm around
Jahz)

Please treat Jahz with the same
respect you'd show one of my
guests. She'd like to work, so make
sure she has plenty to do.

Jahzara's face glows red with Nick's words.

Craig smiles with pride.

The steward nods respectfully and shows Jahzara her new office next to his.

An enormous map covers one wall. A wrap-around desk takes up most of the floor space.

She goes around to the chair he indicates and sits down.

Pulling the desk calendar closer, she begins studying the schedule. Craig leaves her to her new job.

EXT. TOP DECK OF DAWN TREADER - DAY

On the top deck, Craig is scanning the perimeter as the Dawn Treader leaves Golfito.

As they pass the shoreline there's the usual looks of awe from people on the beaches.

Nick joins him wearing a low hat and sunglasses.

NICK

My favorite part. Cruising along
the shore.

CRAIG

Not my favorite part... You're like
a sitting duck.

Once they turn out to sea, Craig relaxes.

Nick points to the horizon.

A cargo ship floats on the edge of Earth's curvature. As they watch, it begins to slip over the southern horizon and disappears.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

What do you think of Don's case.
You know, the missing boats?

NICK

Honestly, I don't know.
(turning towards Craig)
It seems to me a small time
operation. Boat theft isn't new.

Craig says nothing, brows furrowed in thought.

NICK (CONT'D)
 (waving a hand at the
 desolate shore)
 They could've taken those couples
 anywhere... What do you think?

CRAIG
 I think a lot of crazy things, but
 I do think they're connected... and
 I think that woman is the link.

Craig turns his attention back to the water. Finally pushes
 away from the rail.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 I want to search Dawn Treader and
 meet any new employees.

Nick watches him walk away.

INT. SHORT SHOTS OF VARIOUS ROOMS ABOARD DAWN TREADER - DAY
 MONTAGE INSPECTING DAWN TREADER

-- Craig spends the rest of the day wandering from room to
 room.

-- He greets old employees with respect.

-- and narrows his eyes at the new ones.

-- By the time they reach the mouth of the Panama Canal he
 knows each employee by name and...

END MONTAGE

EXT. TOP-DECK DAWN TREADER - DAY

Jahzara is hanging over the rail watching the bustle of
 docking activity in Balboa as they dock. She sees Craig come
 out on the gang-plank.

Craig escorts a man off the boat when they dock at Balboa
 Marina, Panama.

The MAN angrily shrugs Craig's HAND OFF his elbow when he
 reaches the dock. Craig hands him a severance check and turns
 on his heel and disappears back into the Dawn Treader.

Jahz goes back to people watching.

Craig comes up behind her, admiring the graceful CURVE OF HER NECK.

Sensing his presence, Jahz turns and meets his gaze steadily.

Craig caresses her silky cheek. She leans into his hand as her arms encircle his narrow waist. Turning, she kisses his palm.

JAHZ

You're calm today.

CRAIG

Yeah... It's a good day. Just me and my thoughts about you.

JAHZ

That is a good day.

His phone plays the ringtone from The Twilight Zone. It's Joseph.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION, DAWN TREADER DECK AND MARINA PEZ VELA DOCK, QUEPOS

JOSEPH

Hey man, you got a minute?

CRAIG

Sure. What's up?

Craig walks to the bow, signaling Jahzara to go get ready.

JOSEPH

(in low conspiratorial tones)

That crazy woman is here in Quepos.

CRAIG

(smiling)

Which crazy woman are you talking about? There's lots of 'em.

JOSEPH

The one from Papagayo... Sabrina.

Craig stops walking -- suddenly serious.

CRAIG

Sabrina's in Quepos?

JOSEPH

(while watching Serafina)

Ya man, she's here. I just come into Pez Vela to pick up a dive group, and -- she's walking toward me right now.

She's added some red color to her hair, and is wearing a loose dress.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Anyway, I just thought you might want to tell Don.

CRAIG

Good idea... I'll give him your number. Try to get a photo.

EXT. MARINA PEZ VELA, QUEPOS - DAY

Don is disguised. Wearing a baseball cap and no mustache is bad enough, but the tank-top makes him look like an idiot. It accentuates his lack of physique.

He saunters past the same boat they'd seen at Cabo Blanco. With a barely discernible flick of his wrist, he tosses an object onto the boat as he passes it.

He takes a seat on a bench with a view of the foot traffic on and off the docks in Pez Vela for the medium sized yachts.

There is no doubt he doesn't resemble the Don of a couple of weeks ago. It's ten in the morning, and he looks exhausted.

He pulls a can of soda out of his day-pack and pops it open.

Suddenly he recognizes a FAMILIAR FIGURE -- SERAFINA at the far end of the dock.

He slowly stands and begins walking in her general direction. As Don passes her he inhales deeply through his nose trying to capture every essence of her scent.

Turning, Don holds his phone up as though to capture the best view of the dock.

Serafina glances back at him through the camera lens. He snaps the photo and moves it slightly to the side away from her to take another, then he turns the camera for a wider shot of the bay.

She seems convinced he's just taking scenic photos and continues down the dock.

Stopping at the small older yacht, she climbs aboard. The boat captain immediately releases the ties and starts to move.

He keeps snapping photos while the boat pulls out of its slip.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, QUEPOS - DAY

Don hurries back to his room to download the photos to his laptop.

He sends the close-up shots of the boat name and number to Sean. Don busily types and uses multiple devices.

Then he brings up the GPS tracking device imbedded in a phone he'd tossed into the boat earlier.

Don enables the audio to speaker mode to make sure it works. The ENGINE NOISE is drowning out any conversation at the moment. He turns it down.

On the laptop he sets the GPS for continual recording. Leaving the system running, Don leaves his room. He walks the two blocks to Joseph's scuba boat in the marina.

DON
Hey Joseph!

Joseph raises his head from the tank he's filling with air. Seeing Don he steps to the side of his boat.

JOSEPH
What up?

DON
Nothing, but I'm hungry.

JOSEPH
Me too! I go with you, yeh.

Don laughs as the big Jamaican pats his belly.

Joseph disconnects the hose and jumps across the gap to the dock. As they are walking to the small cafe at the marina office complex Joseph glances down at Don at his side.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
You come to my shack to work, yeh.
It's better and the WiFi is very strong.

Don glances up at Joseph, and nods.

DON

Okay.

EXT. SEAN'S BACKYARD, SACRAMENTO - DAY

Sean and Gary are sitting in Sean's yard on lawn chairs, they are working. It's a garden-type yard with a deck winding around a giant tree.

SEAN

Hmm, Don's boat is owned by a local Costa Rican.

GARY

Huh?

Gary looks up from the laptop propped up on his lap.

SEAN

I'm just surprised the boat is locally owned. The other yachts are owned by expats.

GARY

Check to see if it's been reported stolen.

SEAN

I am.

(pause)

This'll take a minute. You want another coffee?

Gary holds up his empty cup as an answer.

Gary holds out his hand when Sean returns to receive his cup.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You're deep into something.

GARY

I'm looking at yacht resale markets. You know... where do yachts have their biggest market?

SEAN

And?

GARY

The Mediterranean is a huge market, especially Southern Italy.

(lets out a low whistle)

Check this out.

Sean leans over to see Gary's screen. It shows a zoom-in of a marina filled to capacity with yachts.

SEAN

Whoa, look at all those yachts!
There's thousands of them.
(scrolls the screen with
his finger)
This goes on forever. Where is
this?

Gary zooms out and leans back in his seat with a satisfied smile.

GARY

The coast of Italy near Sicily.

SEAN

Yacht resale market. I'll text Don.

GARY

I'll tell Bane we're going
sunbathing on the southern coast of
Italy.

INT. JOSEPH'S HOUSE-MONTEZUMA - DAY

Don sets up a temporary office in Joseph's house, which is surprisingly cozy and well decorated with rich primary colors.

An enormous fan spins vigorously overhead, as Don switches back and forth amongst his various electronic devices spread out over a table... a techno ninja.

Turning on the cell audio again, Don can finally hear something other than thunderous engine noise. He quickly puts in the ear-buds.

A female voice in the background and a male voice closer.

Don strains to understand their Spanish. Closing his eyes, he focuses on the sporadic dialogue, hoping to grasp a few words.

Suddenly he crosses out the word "Spanish" on his NOTEPAD and writes "Italian!" The sound is TOO MUFFLED to understand completely.

Don heaves a sigh of frustration as he stares at the laptop.

He runs a finger across the map, along the western seaboard of Central America. The pirates seem to be moving south.

Don jots notes as he strains to understand. He leans toward the laptop as though that will help; "Antilles? Caribe?"

He opens a small laptop used specifically for mapping. The tiny laptop is powerfully fast. Don immediately has a GLOBAL MAP up on the screen.

Placing Costa Rica squarely in the middle of the screen, he attaches a marker to the southern tip of the Italian boot.

Another marker on Quepos.

An orange connecting line appears through the Panama Canal.

Don zooms in on the Colon to Italy line. The orange line shoots through the French West Indies. Right between Guadeloupe and Montserrat.

Next to Antilles he writes; "French West Indies."

-- The headset has GONE QUIET, except soft water lapping against a hull. The sound is NOT RHYTHMIC. It sounds like the boat is tied off. Someone is faintly talking in the distance.

A motor starts up again, but it sounds different... bigger. A clanging of metal, then the engine noise gets dimmer and dimmer, until the only sound is soft RHYTHMIC slapping of water against the hull.

He stares at the little blinking dot representing the tracker he'd planted. It's miles straight out from Nicaragua, and it's not moving.

An alert on the corner of the screen gets his attention. He reads the screen and then texts Sean. "Facial recognition of our woman just came back; Serafina Fabrizio. She's Italian. Suspected ties with mob, Aldo Lombardi."

Moments later his phone beeps, Sean's response appears; "We're heading out to Italy to check out the yacht resale market. We'll look into it."

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY

That afternoon Gary and Sean enter WALT BANE'S simple tidy office. Several framed photos of his family adorn the walls. A mini-fridge is humming in the corner with a coffee maker on top.

They sit in the chairs opposite the large black desk with a brass name plate; "Walt Bane, Chief of Sacramento Station, CIA."

Bane comes in after them, shutting the door. He's a tall man with a paunchy gut... typical desk jockey in his sixties. Gray hair, worn face.

BANE

So tell me what you got?

Bane circles the desk and sits in his office chair. He opens one of the three laptops on the desk. He types rapidly, as he listens.

SEAN

You auth'd us to go down to Costa Rica to check out an American kidnapping. We've filed report already, but here's the rundown;
(pulling out a folder)
Don Cummings -- a PI -- is investigating a missing person report. Jim Blair, his girlfriend, and his yacht are gone. Turns out this is a trend.

BANE

You've still got nothing?
(looks up from laptop)
No boat, no dead people?

Sean shakes his head, and continues as he slides a photograph across the desk.

SEAN

A speed boat with the vic's credit card went out to a container ship. We have a pattern of this woman, so when we found her in Puntarenas --
(thumbing to Gary)
Gary posed as bait and enticed the female aboard a yacht, but she bugged out. Now Don has a positive facial ID on her... Serafina Fabrizio... an Italian.

GARY

Don thinks they are going to cut through the Panama Canal and up through the French West Indies -- That's where Don's heading -- to transport the stolen yachts to the Mediterranean for resale.

Bane looks up at them with a dubious expression.

BANE

How in the hell would they get
yachts into a container, much less
a container ship?

GARY

Containers can be custom designed.
Also, some container ships have
their own crane.

(taps the photo of
Serafina)

Fabrizio has ties with Aldo
Lombardi... they can afford it.

When they finish their pitch, Bane leans back and puts his
feet up on the corner of his desk.

BANE

Intriguing, but not a national
security issue.

Sean and Gary don't respond.

BANE (CONT'D)

Unfortunately for them they chose
Americans, and it crosses multiple
borders.

He takes a sip of cold coffee from a CIA emblazoned mug.

BANE (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm going to authorize this.
Skag, you go to Italy. McGee, you
go help Cummings in the French West
Indies.

Bane snaps the laptop shut.

EXT. SUNBATHING DECK OF A YACHT-NORTH COAST WEST PANAMA - DAY

CARL stretches out in the sun next to the SILKY-MUSCULAR BODY
of Serafina (looking different yet again with her reddish
highlights).

She sighs with contentment. Carl turns his head sideways to
look at her with masculine pride.

Water laps quietly against his yacht. Carl has found the
perfect cove to set anchor.

Palm trees hang over the boat, creating dappled shade.
Monkeys chatter in the jungle of Panama. The tiny bay wraps
itself around them. An oasis.

CARL

Sophia?

He touches the thick chestnut waves of hair swirling around her beach towel.

Sophia opens her eyes to look invitingly at him.

CARL (CONT'D)

You're amazingly beautiful... did you know that?

Carl's body begins to respond to her sexy smile. He turns to kiss her.

She slides her hand down his chest. He doesn't hear the LOW WHINE of the approaching boat.

He sits up when the yacht is impacted by the other boat.

Coming to her knees behind Carl, Serafina wraps an arm around his throat and whips her legs around his torso.

Peering into the serious end of a GUN, Carl stops struggling.

EXT. DECK OF CONTAINERSHIP - DAY

Carl's yacht is being slowly swung over the edge of the top deck of a giant containership. It's still dripping ocean water as the crane hovers it over an over-sized container.

Serafina stands behind the glass window of the captain's bridge. She watches the operation with the creased brow of someone with a vested interest.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A week later...

Don is jolted awake up when the wheels touch down at Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe. He sits blinking dry eyes, as the other passengers begin getting their bags from the overhead bins.

He looks completely different, he's grown a short beard and is wearing a biker doo-rag on his head.

Grabbing his computer bag from under the seat and a small carry-on, he limps off the plane.

EXT. MARINA DE POINTE-A-PITRE, GUADELOUPE - DAY

Sitting on a bench facing the Marina de Pointe-a-Pitre with a pastry and coffee next to him, Don surveys the yachts.

A parade of wealthy yachting people wander past him.

EXT. TOP-SIDE DAWN TREADER - NIGHT

Craig rests his chin on Jahzara's shoulder, as they stand on the bow watching the shimmering reflection of the moon.

In the distance the faint lights of an island off the coast of Venezuela flicker.

Jahzara tips her head to look up at the stars, exposing her long slender throat.

JAHZ

I want to introduce you to my
parents.

Craig says nothing for a moment.

CRAIG

Okay.

Craig looks up at the stars.

JAHZ

In my culture, this is important.
Do you understand?

Jahzara turns in his arms to face him.

CRAIG

Honestly, no.

JAHZ

If I introduce you to my parents it
means I want to spend the rest of
my life with you... get married.

She looks up at his stunned face.

JAHZ (CONT'D)

If they don't approve of you, then
it's over.

CRAIG

Are you serious? Why would you want
to spend the rest of your life with
me? I'm crazy!

Craig holds her away to better see her eyes.

JAHZ

Yes, this is true, but God has
chosen you for me.

CRAIG

But Jahz, do you choose me?

JAHZ

Yes, of course.
(tender smile)
I am in love with you.

He can't speak for several moments. He works hard to swallow.

CRAIG

(slightly shaking his head
in wonder)

Wow... I can't believe you love me.
I've loved you from the first night
I met you.

They hold each other close for a moment and then Craig suddenly pulls away to look at her again.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

No way will your parents approve of
me, especially if you tell them I'm
schizophrenic. I hear voices Jahz --
people in my head.

JAHZ

That's their decision, Craig, not
yours. Besides, we all hear voices
in our heads... you just listen to
yours more.

After a few minutes, he teasingly whispers in her ear,

CRAIG

Does that mean if we get married
I'll be a prince?

She chuckles as she nods.

EXT. BEACH-SIDE BAR, GUADELOUPE - DAY

The gorgeous brunette Don is watching swings her long legs to the side of the beach recliner and slowly puts her bikini-top on. She has her back to him.

Don is transformed, not recognizable. He's wearing a Tommy Bahama shirt and expensive shorts, his hair is slicked back, and he's sporting a short goatee. He looks rich.

She, Serafina, wraps a sarong around her swinging hips as she walks between the palm trees. Stepping up to the bar, she leans against the counter next to Don.

SERAFINA
 (to bartender with a
 delicate French accent)
 A mojito please.

As the bartender crushes the mint she turns, smiling at Don. She is standing so close her elbow touches his arm.

DON
 (with a lazy smile)
 Mojito huh?

She nods, maintaining eye contact.

SERAFINA
 What are you drinking?

DON
 (with a theatrical pirate
 accent and a sly grin)
 Rum...

SERAFINA
 Are you a pirate?

DON
 No, are you?

SERAFINA
 (smiling and shaking her
 head)
 No.

DON
 Name's Brian. What's your name?

He spins his barstool around to face her. He has a leg on each side of her now, but she stays where she is. Not intimidated at all.

SERAFINA
 Cecile.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT, GUADELOUPE - NIGHT

Don's waiting in front of a small upscale restaurant when Serafina arrives in a taxi. He holds the taxi door for her and pays the cabbie.

She's wearing a sleek royal-blue dress with her hair piled on top of her head.

As Don guides her to their table, he slides his hand up and down her bare back.

EXT. MARINA DE POINTE-A-PITRE, GUADELOUPE - DAY

Don watches Serafina walk along the shore toward the docks. She moves like his target, yet she looks like the sleek French woman of yesterday.

Seen from behind as she walks toward Don, Serafina's HIPS SWAY beneath her fluorescent pink sarong, her sandals dangle from one hand. Her thick hair hangs down her back in waves.

TEXTING SHOWN AS SUBTITLE

Don grabs his phone and texts Sean. "I'm here on Guadeloupe. Serafina is here. I've made contact."

He stands up, as he sends a different text to Craig. "raBBit4me!"

EXT. DAWN TREADER DECK - DAY

Jahzara is standing in her usual spot leaning against the bow with her face to the wind.

Craig pauses in his approach to admire her profile.

She turns toward him as she senses his presence.

Craig walks into her open arms. They stand rocking back-and-forth.

CRAIG

I'd like to meet your parents.

JAHZ

Are you sure?

CRAIG

I am... but tomorrow when we get to Guadeloupe I'll be working.

(leaning back)

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'll need you to stay on the boat.
Is that okay? I don't want to worry
about you while I'm trying to stay
focused on Nick.

JAHZ

I don't understand why Nick insists
on being here?

CRAIG

I think it's a combination of
wanting me to be able to help Don
and morbid curiosity.

EXT. CONTAINER CITY, ITALY - DAY

Gary is standing next to an Italian police officer on the
sidewalk. They are both facing the sunrise and a container
shipyard.

OFFICER

-- Organized crime is common here.
It's a mob town.

GARY

Who do you work for?

OFFICER

Technically, the municipality.

GARY

You ever see stolen yachts coming
through here?

OFFICER

I'm not looking. But if you're in
the market to buy one, you need to
go to the marinas. They don't sell
anything here.

GARY

(shaking his hand)
It was nice talking to you.

Gary walks to a park bench and pulls out his cell phone.

TEXTING SHOWN AS SUBTITLES

INTERCUT - GARY ON PARK BENCH/ SEAN ON DAWN TREADER

Gary sits down and texts Sean: "Stopped in Container City.
Got nothing here. Going to go south."

Sean responds, "It's crazy here. I'm with Craig. Can't find Don. I saw him yesterday, but today he's nowhere. I'm gonna tap his GPS."

Gary grimaces as he texts, "I wish I was there. Boring here."

Sean grins as he rapidly types, "Not boring here!"

Gary sits watching the community pass. A couple of Africans walk by, and go into a store. Three Middle Eastern guys come out.

The officer keeps an eye on them.

Gary approaches him again.

GARY (CONT'D)

I didn't realize there were so many foreigners in this part of Italy?

OFFICER

They're everywhere... refugees.

GARY

Where do they live and work?

OFFICER

Wherever they're told. I need to move on.

He turns and walks away from Gary abruptly.

Gary watches him leave, then he goes back to watching the refugees.

He follows a couple of them until they go into a dumpy little house on the outskirts of town.

INT. DAWN TREADER - DAY

Nick, Craig, Jahz and Sean are sitting at a plush poker table in Dawn Treader's lounge.

Sean's phone rings with Gary's ringtone—the Star Trek theme song. Sean stands up and walks out of the room heading down the hall to an inside office. More secure.

INTERCUT - SEAN IN OFFICE/GARY IN ITALIAN TOWN

GARY

I've got an idea.

SEAN

Shoot.

GARY

Maybe this isn't yacht theft. Maybe the yachts are being used to smuggle drugs into Europe?

Sean sits down on a chair. He cradles his forehead in his free hand, thinking.

SEAN

Why didn't we think of that sooner? I'll run it by Craig. I still haven't located Don. His GPS shows him here, but I can't see him anywhere. I need a more sensitive device.

(fiddles with stuff on desk)

What got you on the idea of drug-running?

GARY

Well I was up in Container City, it's actually a little town. Mostly shipyard workers. I noticed the crowd is mostly foreigners.

Craig enters the room. Sean puts the phone on speaker phone after Craig closes the door.

SEAN

-- Craig's here, you're on speaker phone.

GARY

Hi Craig. Anyway, most of them look Middle Eastern and African. I guess it got me thinking about the drug-running business out of those regions. I've been asking around and made a few phone calls to our local station here and stolen boats are the preferred method of drug running.

CRAIG

Well, that finally explains the motive.

SEAN

Figure out where the drug off-loading is and get back with me.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

See if you can't get closer. I'll see about getting over there with you, but it doesn't do us much good if Serafina's here with the yachts.

GARY

Flush her out! Maybe she'll bail and head home. Hopefully before she takes someone else!

SEAN

Haven't seen her yet... Maybe she's already gone.

Sean hangs up. He and Craig sit silently for a moment.

CRAIG

I've got a real bad feeling about Don... what if she's got him?

SEAN

If she's got him, it's because he chose to be taken.

EXT. DAWN TREADER - DAY

Sean approaches the Dawn Treader from the hotel area. He's carrying a laptop. He sees Craig watching him and waves.

Craig waves back and speaks into a tiny radio clipped to his collar.

The gangway attendant allows Sean to pass.

INT. DAWN TREADER SALON - DAY

Craig is seated on a bar stool in the lounge.

SEAN

(as he enters the salon)
We've got a problem. My Sac Station tech guy was able to isolate Don's GPS to a motel. It's this laptop. Otherwise the room's empty.

CRAIG

(lurching to his feet)
What?

SEAN

This is all we've got, and it's locked.

Sean sets the computer on the table in front of Craig.

Craig sits back down and pulls the laptop toward himself.
It's password protected.

Looking up at Sean and Nick, he pulls out his cell phone and looks at it. He looks back down and types. Spinning it around he shows Sean.

It's Don's hypersensitive tracking program.

SEAN (CONT'D)

How'd you do that?

CRAIG

The last text he sent me was one word... *raBBit4me!*. It didn't make sense at the time. He didn't return any texts after that.

SEAN

He calls his chase a rabbit.

A light blinks on the map. It's in the shipping channel to their northeast.

INT. SEAN'S ROOM DAWN TREADER - DAY

Craig raps on Sean's open door. Sean looks up from his desk. He's got Don's computer running.

SEAN

Hey.

(he goes back to the
laptop)

The ship's on the move. It's heading across the Atlantic as we speak. Looks like it's going to go through the Med.

CRAIG

Where's the indicator light?

He asks as he looks at the screen.

SEAN

Gone -- they must've found his phone. I'm booking a flight to Rome.

CRAIG

Can't we get to that ship?

SEAN

By the time I get a helicopter
they'll be halfway to the
Mediterranean.

CRAIG

Book a seat for me too. I'll pack.

Sean looks at the empty doorway for a moment, shrugs and goes
back to what he was doing.

INT. JAHZ'S OFFICE DAWN TREADER - DAY

Sean enters Jahz's office.

SEAN

Hi Jahz. Can you do me a favor?

JAHZ

(as she stands)
Of course. What do you need?

SEAN

Can you tell Nick that Craig and I
are taking off. Could you call a
taxi to the airport for us?

Jahz looks momentarily stunned.

JAHZ

Yes, I can do that.
(she speaks into the
radio)
We need a taxi, can you take care
of that for me?

RADIOMAN V.O.

Yes, of course.

JAHZ

Excellent, thank you.

She replaces the radio to its station as Craig enters.

JAHZ (CONT'D)

(to Sean)
Where are you going?

SEAN

Rome.

Sean leaves the office. Craig and Jahz stand apart staring at
each other.

Craig's shoulders bunch up in self defense as he seems to hear dialogue. His voice is angry as he looks up and raises his voice,

CRAIG
NO! Shut up, shut up!

JAHZ
(taking a step toward him)
What're they saying Craig? Tell me!

CRAIG
(long pause)
You hate me, and you don't want me
and... and I should leave.

Jahz stands there looking at him. Her face is serious.

JAHZ
(almost a whisper)
Do you believe them?

CRAIG
(stepping closer)
No, I believe your eyes.

Pulling her into an embrace he kisses her face, then her lips.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I believe your kiss. I choose you.

EXT. MARINA DI MARZAMEMI, SICILIA - NIGHT

Gary, Sean, Craig, and a team of U.S. Marines are hiding in the deep shadows of the yachts peacefully bobbing in the Marina di Marzamemi, Sicilia. The marina police are with them.

They can see the faint lights of several craft coming closer from the open sea.

The Marina police signal that they are ready to move on their command.

Sean has already let several yachts come in without action.

A group of people come straggling up the dock from one of the yachts. In the dark it's hard to tell if they are carrying anything.

CRAIG
There's Blair's boat.

Craig points to the sailboat coasting quietly into the marina.

The marina officer signals to move forward. The team silently rushes the docks.

A figure aboard the sailboat slips a knot to the dock and snugs it. In the dim light, the captain is barely visible in the light of the control panel. He is Caucasian.

Within seconds the boat is boarded by the Marines and our three guys.

A bright flashlight flicks onto the FACE of Jim Blair. He's emaciated and bruised, but recognizable from the photos.

SEAN
(whispers)
Jim Blair?

Startled eyes lock onto Sean's.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Shhh, quiet.

The other boats are now being boarded by the Marina Police.

JIM
(pointing to the hatch)
They're down there.

SEAN
They?

The hatch is lifted to reveal a mosaic of terrified faces. The stench immediately follows. A child lets out a muffled cry from somewhere amongst the people stuffed below deck.

GARY
Holy crap! It's packed with people.
Refugees...

SEAN
Smuggling refugees in *yachts* costs
a fortune... These guys must be
Syrian.

(NOTE: The dialogue in this scene is spoken in Arabic and is subtitled in English)

GARY
(in Arabic)
Where are you from... Syria?

END OF SUBTITLES

When no one responds, Blair volunteers,

JIM
Yeah, they're Syrian... forty-two
of 'em.

A grimy hand reaches up and hands Gary a bag of heroin.

CRAIG
Where's Don Cummings?

Jim Blair gives him a blank look.

JIM
Who's Don Cummings?

MONTAGE OF CRAIG SEARCHING FOR DON

-- Craig leaps onto the dock and jogs towards the other boats sliding into the marina.

-- He holds a small pen light to the face of the man piloting the next boat. Not Don...

-- He runs to the next one. Still no Don. Then he hears a masculine shout.

-- Craig peers out into the inky sea. The grey shape of a yacht fifty yards out is motionless. Suddenly it turns away.

EXT. A LARGE SPEED BOAT, MARINA DI MARZAMEMI - NIGHT

-- A speed boat is at Craig's side. He jumps in and lifts the cushions, looks in the glove box, and finally he digs into the side pocket next to the captain's seat. He finds the boat keys.

-- He turns the ignition and the loud engine roars to life.

-- Sean runs up to him and releases the speed boat. He jumps in as Craig is pulling away.

-- The yacht is receding quickly into the night. With no lights on, it is disappearing fast.

MONTAGE OF CHASE

-- Craig guns the motor and heads in the general direction of the shadowy yacht.

SEAN

(shouting over engine)

There!

(he points to the right)

I saw a reflection of something!

-- They approach the boat, but it's coming towards them. Another yacht full of refugees.

-- Craig whips back to the left.

-- A flash of light ahead of them is followed by the muffled sound of a gunshot.

-- They're gaining on the yacht now. Craig waves Sean to take the wheel.

-- They trade places as they glide over the calm night sea.

-- Another flash and the window shatters in Sean's face.

-- He dives down and fumbles for the running lights and turns them off. Rising slightly he resumes his pursuit.

-- Suddenly another black yacht looms out of the darkness in his path. Sean swerves, narrowly missing it. He catches a glimpse of a frightened face.

-- Another shot rings out ahead.

-- Now they can see the yacht directly in front of them. Sean pulls alongside and

-- Craig leaps through the air, landing on the pilot.

-- The yacht swerves violently into the speed boat. It takes every bit of Sean's skills to prevent it from flipping.

-- He brings it around and returns to the floundering yacht.

-- Coming alongside it Sean jumps on board... abandoning any chance of retreat. Sean stumbles into an inert body on the floor.

-- Dropping to his knees he rolls it over and sees that it's Don. His face is battered.

-- His eyes are open, but he looks like he's fading fast.

-- Furiously Sean turns towards the grappling figures. A smaller black clad figure is wrapped around Craig's back and has one arm around his throat.

-- Sean pulls his gun out of his waistband and raising his hand high, brings it down in a crushing blow on the base of the assailants skull.

-- The body slumps to the side, releasing Craig who staggers to his feet and looks wildly about him.

END MONTAGE

SEAN (CONT'D)
(pointing to Don)
Over there!

Sean sweeps the hair back from Serafina's beautiful face. She opens her eyes and looks at him. And then her eyes go flat as she dies.

Craig drops to Don's side. Craig's expression is frantic.

CRAIG
(shouting too loud)
Don! Are you okay?

DON
Do I look okay?

He smiles weakly at his friend. Craig shakes his head no.

DON (CONT'D)
Get me off this friggen boat.

INT. CIA STATION - ROME - DAY

The weak fluorescent lights illuminate the break room. Don, Sean, and Gary are busily writing reports. The table is littered with food wrappers from the nearby vending machine.

DON
(to Sean and Gary)
--I got to thinking about how they would get the drugs to Europe on the yachts. I mean how many people know how to operate a yacht? Especially Jim Blair's sailboat. It would resell for top dollar, but who's going to man it?

Don reaches for a bag of candy. He dumps it on a communal napkin. They all reach for a handful.

GARY

It was dumb luck when I heard about the operation out of Mersin, Turkey. They said it's the worst.

SEAN

Good thing you figured out they were bringing the drugs here to Sicily.

(to Don)

How's Blair doing?

Sean stands up and goes to the vending machine for more junk.

DON

He's fine, just a little beat up. Your CIA doc kept him overnight to hydrate him. Other than broken ribs, he's mostly just bruised... They needed to keep him functional. Not all of the pilots were so lucky. Three died.

More candy gets dumped... Peanut M&Ms. Sean tosses some in his mouth and comments as he chews.

SEAN

(to Don)

I thought you were a gonner.

DON

(slight laugh, not looking up)

It was just a flesh wound. If I hadn't been so weak from hunger and being pounded on, I'd have killed her myself.

GARY

How did she make you do it?

Gary fastidiously picks the blue ones out and puts them on a separate napkin.

DON

She held a gun to my head -- others were told their yacht with all those refugees would be blown up if they tried to make a run for it. I'm positive we were all slated to die once we got here.

SEAN

(tips chair back on two
legs)

The whole operation was genius...
from a criminal's point of view.
Minimal hired hands -- three guys
plus Serafina -- twenty-three boats
full of refugees at top dollar and
heroin. All manned by the
captives... Genius.

GARY

And we can't pin it on Lombardi
because the three goons didn't know
anyone above Serafina.

EXT. DAWN TREADER, AT SEA - NIGHT

Subtitle: Two weeks later

Craig and Jahz are standing at the bow of the Dawn Treader.
He is embracing her from behind. Their heads are side-by-side
looking forward at the setting sun.

We see them from a distance from behind, and gradually closer
and then from the side. They look supremely content.

CRAIG

Your dad was terrifying.

JAHZ

But he likes you.

CRAIG

Will you marry me?

Jahz turns in his embrace and gives him her I'm-looking-into-
your-soul look.

JAHZ

Of course... my prince.

FADE OUT