

OFFSHORE

Written by
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Writer's Draft
June 1, 2013

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NEW YEAR'S EVE 2003

An ARTIFICIAL TREE decorated in lights and tinsel towers over a pile of half-opened PRESENTS. Among the heap is a third generation iPod, the novel Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix, and a HUNTING RIFLE with a bow, reading: "For Travis, Love Mom & Dad." Nearby, a nativity scene is displayed, the BABY JESUS swathed in an AMERICAN FLAG.

ON TV

DICK CLARK reports live from Times Square.

DICK CLARK ON TV (V.O.)
In just a few short minutes, we'll
be ringing in 2004 with a bang.
But up first, one "Last Dance" with
legendary disco diva Donna
Summer...

In a barcalounger, JENNIFER, an innocent eleven year-old, is snuggled up in a blanket and enjoying the show --

NANCY (O.S.)
How could you be so stupid?

Jennifer raises the volume on the remote, drowning out her parents, who are arguing in the --

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

NANCY SNYDER, mid-40's, completely manic, aggressively scrubs an already clean dish at the sink while berating her husband, GEORGE SNYDER, mid-40's, a former Navy Admiral and now broken man, who's still trying to process the letter that he's holding from STEVENS CAPITAL GROUP.

NANCY
Our entire life savings, George.
The kids' college funds. Gone!

GEORGE
We'll figure it out. Jenny's
barely in middle school. And
Travis's tuition is covered, so
long as he goes into the service
after he graduates.

Nancy removes her dish gloves, slapping them on the counter.

NANCY

Don't remind me. It's bad enough that he couldn't come home for Christmas this year! I hope you're happy with yourself. We can't even afford the damn credit card minimums on those presents under the tree!

GEORGE

Then return them! Or, better yet, why don't you pray about it? That's always worked so well for us in the past!

NANCY

How dare you mock our Lord and Savior!

GEORGE

Let's think this through, okay? What about asking your sister to help us out?

NANCY

Again?! Carol is a flight attendant, not an ATM. She can barely pay her own bills.

GEORGE

What would you like me to say? I'm sorry I ever listened to that investment broker, and that I didn't pull our money out after we saw a profit in the first six months.

Nancy opens the liquor cabinet, pouring herself a gin.

NANCY

I told you! I said it sounded too good to be true. Now we have nothing. Nothing.

GEORGE

Nancy, calm down. Did you take your medications? You know the doctor said you can't drink while you're on them.

NANCY

Well, thankfully, I stopped taking those pills weeks ago... so, we're all good.

Nancy fidgets with a CRUCIFIX hanging around her neck.

GEORGE
That's great. No wonder you're
acting so irrational. I can't talk
to you when you're like this.

George exits the room, setting Nancy's blood to boil.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Jennifer, struggling to keep her eyes open, is lifted out of the barcalounge by George.

JENNIFER
(groggy)
Is it 2004 yet?

GEORGE
It will be when you wake up
tomorrow, baby.

George kisses Jennifer's forehead.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK CUTS: Nancy sits at the table, alone. She reads the letter, over and over. She bites her thumbnail anxiously. Then, gulping another gin, she lights a cigarette and glances at the clock: 12:01am.

NANCY
Happy New Year.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy stumbles into the living room, following the sound of the television, still on. Auld Lang Syne plays over live coverage of New Year's Eve. She flips it off.

On hands and knees, Nancy feels for the plug under the tree.

NANCY
(re: presents)
Return them?!... Idiot.

Yanking the cord, the lights go out. Nancy stands, downing the last of her drink. Her gaze falls on Travis's rifle.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Praying in front of a homemade shrine, Nancy clutches ROSARY BEADS in her worshiping hands.

NANCY

*"God our Father, Your power brings
us to birth. Your providence
guides our lives and by Your
command we return to dust."*

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy makes her way into the darkened bedroom. Looking for George, she notices light peering through the base of the bathroom door. Stifled sobs coming from inside. She moves closer, Travis's rifle clenched in her hand.

NANCY (V.O.)

*"Lord, those who die still live
Your presence. Their lives change,
but do not end."*

Nancy opens the door, finding --

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - INTERCUT

-- a tearful George, startled and embarrassed. He wipes his eyes, before immediately noticing the gun.

GEORGE

What are you doing? Nancy, no!

Nancy raises the shotgun and takes aim --

BANG.

George's body is thrown back into the tub.

BACK TO NANCY PRAYING:

NANCY

*"I pray in hope for my family,
relatives and friends."*

BACK TO PRESENT:

Nancy looks down at her husband, cold-hearted.

NANCY (V.O.)
*"And for all the dead known to You
 alone."*

After doing the Sign-of-the-Cross, she continues on.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy opens the door to find Jenny sitting up in bed, frightened, awakened by the gunshot.

NANCY (V.O.)
*"In company with Christ, Who died
 and now lives, may they rejoice in
 Your kingdom, where all our tears
 are wiped away."*

NANCY (CONT'D)
 It's gonna be okay. Mommy's here
 to make everything better.

Jennifer sees the gun. She cowers, covering her face --

BANG.

BACK TO NANCY PRAYING:

NANCY
*"Unite us together again in one
 family, to sing Your praise
 forever. And ever."*

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy closes Jennifer's bedroom door, calmly. Falling to her knees, she places the rifle under her chin.

PAN OVER to the wall on a PORTRAIT of George, in his Naval uniform, Nancy, Jennifer and their son, TRAVIS, taken ten years earlier. A happy family.

NANCY (V.O.)
"Amen."

BANG.

Blood splatters across the picture, as Nancy's body tumbles to the ground.

BLACK OUT.

TITLES OVER DARK WATER. A WOMAN'S BARE ARMS pierce through the water with fervor.

REVEAL DR. REBECCA GRAHAM, late 30's, a nurturing and willful psychology professor, freestyling her way through the length of an OLYMPIC SIZED --

POOL

wearing a bathing suit and swimmer's cap. Determination breathes from every inch of her youthful face until she's hit with a massive pain, snapping her out of the workout.

REBECCA

Cramp... ooh, crap. Motherfu --

Rebecca removes her goggles, realizing she's not alone.

REVEAL several ELEMENTARY-AGED CHILDREN descending the steps to their swim lessons, giggling at Rebecca's outburst.

Rebecca looks up at the fit, female, 60 year-old swim instructor, who also happens to be her mother, ETHEL.

ETHEL

I knew sailors with a cleaner vocabulary. But, they weren't half as graceful in the water.

Climbing out of the pool, Rebecca grabs a towel and dries off.

REBECCA

Well, I learned from the best, Mom.
And now your grandson is also.

MASON, 8, a spry, sensitive deaf boy, approaches.

**NOTE: THROUGHOUT THE SCREENPLAY, ALL OF MASON'S DIALOGUE WILL BE "SPOKEN" IN AMERICAN SIGN LANGUAGE (ASL). CHARACTERS INTERACTING WITH MASON, WILL SIGN WHEN APPROPRIATE, IN ADDITION TO SPEAKING THEIR LINES ALOUD.*

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Did I tell you Mason's been practicing every night in the bath holding his breath?

ETHEL

Wow! At this rate, we'll be ready for the summer Olympics in no time.

Ethel ruffles Mason's hair, affectionately.

REBECCA

Let's keep his goals a bit more
realistic than that.

Mason takes off his HEARING AID, handing it to Rebecca,
before jumping into the water with the other kids.

ETHEL

Here we go again. You've always
been... pragmatic, but you gotta
give the kid hope for something
better than the hand he was dealt.
That's how I raised you.

REBECCA

Yet somehow, I turned out just
fine.

ETHEL

You can't always live life by the
book, kiddo. Your grandma used to
say that any woman can be a mother,
but it takes an extraordinary one
to be a mom.

(then)

Speaking of, how are you holding up?

REBECCA

What do you mean?

ETHEL

The only other time I ever saw you
with cramps that bad was when you
were pregnant with Mason.

(off Rebecca's look)

I remember how trying the last time
around was for you. I'm here if
you need me. All I ask is that if
it's a girl, you name her after me.
"Ethel" could use a resurgence.

Off Rebecca, amused at the thought.

EXT. TULANE UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - LATER THAT MORNING

Sunlight penetrates the canopy of Live Oak trees throughout
St. Charles' bustling campus.

EMILY WILLIAMS, early 20's, a cheerful and plain looking
nanny, waits patiently in the driver's seat of her Prius,
sipping a Starbucks coffee.

As Rebecca exits the building with Mason, she holds the door open for a MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR, while Mason darts off towards Emily's car.

EMILY
Hey, Speed Racer. How was swim practice?

Mason hops in the backseat and buckles up.

MASON
I rocked it.

Emily and Mason high-five, before he picks up his NINTENDO 3DS game system off the neighboring seat and starts to play.

Rebecca approaches the open driver's side window.

REBECCA
Thanks for driving Mason to school.
I promise that after the semester ends, Paul and I won't need you to shuttle this little guy around quite so much for us.

EMILY
Unless you're busy on a book tour...

Emily hands over a MANUSCRIPT, entitled: "When the Bough Breaks: Surviving Postpartum" by Rebecca Graham, Psy.D.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You left it on my passenger seat yesterday.

REBECCA
Sorry about that. I could have sworn it was in my bag --

EMILY
-- No worries. It gave me something to skim through at the car wash. I had no idea motherhood was so hard on you, Rebecca.

REBECCA
Oh, well... For some people, it can be. I just thought, if telling my story helps at least one woman in her own battle, it'll be worth it.

EMILY
Wow, you always seem like HBIC to me.

REBECCA
Like a what?!

EMILY
Head Bitch In Charge.

REBECCA
Ha, thanks. I try to focus on my
virtues, not my vices.

EMILY
Oh, that reminds me --

Emily hands over a second Starbucks cup to Rebecca.

REBECCA
Decaf chai? You're a life saver.

EMILY
I aim to please.

Rebecca takes a sip, eying the clock on Emily's dash.

REBECCA
That's not the time, is it?

Glancing at her own WRISTWATCH, Rebecca's fear is confirmed.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Yup! I am so late.
(signing, to Mason)
Love you. Have a good day at
school. Learn something. And be
nice to your teachers.

MASON
Love you, too. Be nice to your
students.

EMILY
We'll see you back at the house.

Emily pulls away from the curb, while Rebecca hurries down
the sidewalk, Starbucks and manuscript in hand.

REBECCA (V.O.)
Since the Human Genome Project
mapped the entire sequence of human
DNA in 1990...

INT. LECTURE HALL - PSYCH 101 - MOMENTS LATER

A cavernous lecture hall is filled with *Southern Ivy League* STUDENTS. At the front of the class, Rebecca is mid-lecture.

REBECCA

...mental health professionals have become increasingly aware of the complexities with regard to genetic factors and mental disorders. While most of these disorders do manifest later in life, many have a hereditary component to them. Can anyone give examples from last week's reading? Shout them out.

STUDENT #1

Alcohol abuse. Schizophrenia.

STUDENT #2

Manic-depression.

REBECCA

Yes, bipolar disorder. Very common. What else?

STUDENT #3

Autism. Dyslexia.

STUDENT #4

Postpartum.

Rebecca takes a sip of her Starbucks, nodding.

STUDENT #5

That disease that makes you forget things.

REBECCA

Alzheimer's. Correct, but only early-onset. And I would definitely check your family's history for that one, if I were you.

The students laugh.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Let me break it down in the most basic of terms: Mental illness is more common in people whose biological relatives also have a mental illness. So what does that mean?

STUDENT #6
That we're all screwed!

Suddenly Rebecca feels a sharp pain in her stomach. She tries to smile through it...

REBECCA
Not necessarily. To be fair, just because a person's heredity makes them at risk for a given disorder, doesn't mean that they will suffer from that disorder. It's a combination of their social and environmental influences that really triggers genetically vulnerable individuals --

Rebecca clutches her abdomen. Something is not right. An intense pain hits Rebecca and she goes pale. A light stream of blood drips down her leg below the hem of her skirt.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(remaining calm)
Okay, so that's all for today.
Let's end it there. If you'll...
excuse me...

Rebecca gathers her things, but before she has a chance to leave becomes light-headed and faints, falling to the ground.
Blood seeps through her skirt, as students look on in horror.

STUDENT (O.S.)
Somebody, call 911!

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - STEVENS CAPITAL GROUP - SAME

PAUL GRAHAM, a handsome, successful investment broker in his early 40's, is typing an e-mail at his desk. A photograph of his wife, Rebecca, and their son, Mason, is prominently displayed nearby.

Paul's CELL buzzes with an incoming call. Just as Paul is about to answer, his boss, TODD STEVENS, a well-groomed man in his 60's, knocks at the open door --

TODD
Hey, Paul. You have a minute?

Paul hits ignore on his cell, sending it to voice mail.

PAUL
Sure. What's going on?

TODD

Well, I was hoping you could submit your quarterlies a little earlier than usual. We got a letter last week from the SEC's Enforcement Division about an exam.

PAUL

You're kidding?

TODD

To tell you the truth, I'm looking to stack the deck with as much paperwork for these SOB's in hopes they overlook some of the semi-questionable accounting over the years... if you know what I mean?

PAUL

Thankfully, I don't have any idea what you mean. But I'm working on my reports now. I should be able to get you copies by the end of the day.

TODD

Terrific. Ever since Congress passed that damn Dodd-Frank Reform Act, it's like, who needs an annual colonoscopy with Uncle Sam so far up our asses, right?!

Paul's INTERCOM buzzes.

SECRETARY ON INTERCOM (V.O.)

Sir, your wife's OB/GYN is on the phone. It sounds urgent.

PAUL

(to Todd)

I should take this --

TODD

-- Of course. But, just between us... we're good?

PAUL

I'm good. I don't know about you. But that's between you, God and the SEC.

Todd smiles, exiting the office. Paul picks up the line.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hi, Dr. Goldman. It's Paul.

Paul's heart drops to the floor.

INT. DR. GOLDMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca, devastated, lays back on a medical exam table, as DR. GOLDMAN finishes her ultra-sound. Paul arrives, comforting his wife.

DR. GOLDMAN
On the bright side, there doesn't
appear to be any damage to your
uterus. Sometimes these things
just happen. But I can tell you
that you're still physically
capable of having children, if
you'd like to try again.
(to Paul)
I'm sorry for your loss.

Rebecca, stoic, doesn't reply.

PAUL
Thank you, Doctor.

DR. GOLDMAN
I'll give you two a moment alone.

Paul is now at Rebecca's side, his hand on hers. Equally devastated.

EXT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Paul's RANGE ROVER is parked in the driveway, rain pours down.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

The tastefully decorated home is accented with several family photos of Paul, Rebecca and Mason.

The rain continues as Rebecca stands at the kitchen sink, staring out of the large window into the backyard.

Paul enters, late for work. He pours coffee in his mug.

PAUL
Pour you a cup?

Rebecca doesn't respond.

PAUL (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

REBECCA
Rollo May once said, no human can
stand the numbing experience of
their own powerlessness...

PAUL
It might be too soon to say this,
but we have to learn to find the
good in the bad here. Everything
happens for a reason. Maybe having
another child isn't in the cards
for us right now. And that's okay.
I mean, it's not like we were even
trying for another baby, right?
(off her silence)
Rebecca?

The sound of the front door opening can be heard (O.S.)

REBECCA
(snapping out of it)
Emily and Mason are back.

PAUL
You sure you're gonna be alright?
I can call in sick. I have plenty
of vacation time.

REBECCA
You have those reports to turn in.
And I have a book that isn't gonna
write itself. It's best if I stay
productive and work through this.

PAUL
Okay. You know best.

Mason leads Emily, who has a canvas shopping bag on her
shoulder, into the kitchen by the hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(to Mason)
Hey, sport!

Mason smiles. Paul pats him on the back, before heading out
into the garage. Rebecca notices the groceries.

REBECCA
(to Emily)
What's all this?

MASON
We're making you dinner!

EMILY
Shhh. That was a surprise!

Mason makes a face, realizing he ruined the secret.

EMILY (CONT'D)
The good news is that we got some
great deals at the Farmer's Market.
The bad news is that neither of us
know how to cook, so keep your
expectations low.

Emily begins to unpack everything onto the counter. Pasta
noodles, herbs, an onion, celery, a block of cheese...

REBECCA
You really didn't have to go out of
your way like this.

EMILY
It's nothing. And who knows if
there's even a whole meal in here.
Mason kinda just grabbed anything
that caught his eye.

Mason looks over the spread, putting his hands up in
bewilderment.

REBECCA
That's what she said.

Rebecca and Emily share a smile.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Paul sits at his desk, his printer churns out pages. He
takes off his glasses, rubbing his strained eyes.

INT. TODD STEVENS'S OFFICE WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

With his quarterly report in hand, Paul makes his way to his
boss's office, when he's greeted by KEVIN, Todd's assistant.

PAUL
Is he in, Kevin?

KEVIN

He's in the conference room with
the Securities and Exchange
Commission.

PAUL

Whoa, that was fast. They already
started the audit?

TODD (O.S.)

This morning.

Paul turns around to find a stressed-out Todd heading in --

INT. TODD STEVENS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Following Todd inside, Paul shuts the door behind them.

PAUL

If it helps, I finished my
quarterlies.

TODD

I appreciate that, but it turns out
I'm in an even deeper depth of hell
than I anticipated. Regardless, I
meant to call you earlier, but the
SEC surprised me by showing up here
unannounced. I obviously heard
what happened. I'm so sorry for
your loss.

PAUL

Thank you.

TODD

Well, if there's anything I can do,
just say the word. If you need
time off, or -- I know! Why don't
you take the company yacht out for
the weekend?

PAUL

That's very nice of you, but we
couldn't.

TODD

Why not? I planned a romantic
weekend trip with my wife, who's
finally coming around after finding
out about my little indiscretion
with Gina, the new receptionist.
Long story!

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

Anyway, I made special arrangements with the boat's skipper and everything. But with this whole shit show underway, it's just not in the cards.

PAUL

If you don't mind me asking, what's with the SEC's sudden urgency? I thought it was just a routine exam?

TODD

Yeah, you and me both. Come to find out, the audit was prompted by a TCR. Tip, complaint or referral. Who knows from whom, probably some disgruntled employee or investor. Or maybe even Gina, that bitter slut. Gotta love her. All they'd tell me is that they're going back the full six years that legally they can, and working forward.

PAUL

That's extensive.

TODD

Tell me about it. See why I can't leave town? At least you and Rebecca can enjoy the yacht's final voyage before the company is forced to sell it off to pay the damn SEC fines and penalties. Just kidding... Hopefully. Either way, don't mention it to any of these other schmucks. The last thing I need is everyone and their mother asking to take the boat out.

Paul chuckles, Todd's secret safe with him.

PAUL (V.O.)

Let's get away for a few days...

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul is now on his cell, packing his briefcase.

PAUL

(into cell)

Just you and me. We can take a long weekend on the ocean. Clear our minds.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Rebecca, at home on the land-line, sits at the kitchen island going over her manuscript. Emily and Mason tend to the pasta sauce that's simmering on the stove.

REBECCA
(into phone)
This weekend? Paul, it's Mother's
Day on Sunday.

Paul opens his file cabinet, removing several folders.

PAUL
I know it is. What better reason
for you to have some time for
yourself? You work too much. Live
a little. It's not everyday the
company yacht is available for the
taking.
(covering cell, into speakerphone)
Susan, can you shred the stack of
papers on my desk, please?

SECRETARY ON INTERCOM (V.O.)
Sure thing.

REBECCA
The company yacht? That sounds
extravagant.

PAUL
It's the perfect getaway. C'mon.
You deserve this.

REBECCA
Well, what about Mason?

SUSAN, 40's, Paul's secretary, enters briefly to pick up
stacks of paperwork, before exiting once again.

PAUL
(to Susan)
Thanks!
(back into cell)
Don't worry. He'll be in good
hands. I've already cleared it
with Emily.

REBECCA
(to Emily)
You two conspired on this?

EMILY

It was all Paul's idea. I just offered my services. I swear.

PAUL

So what do you say? You, me and the open sea.

REBECCA

I'd say, you're putting me on the spot.

PAUL

So that's a "no," then?

REBECCA

It's a... we'll talk about it when you get home.

Rebecca hangs up the phone, straight back into her work, thinking about the offer.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - MASON'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mason, wearing a bathing suit and goggles, holds his nose underwater, while Rebecca sits on the edge of the tub counting the seconds on her watch.

REBECCA

Thirty-nine. Forty. Forty-one --
Ooh, someone's setting their
personal best...

Gasping for air, Mason breaks through the surface of the water. He looks at his mom, awaiting the news.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You did it. Forty five seconds.

Mason beams, holding up his lucky BUOY KEYCHAIN.

MASON

All thanks to my lucky buoy. Let's go again!

REBECCA

Not tonight, sweetie. We need to get you out and dried off. It's way past your bedtime.

Rebecca hands Mason a robe as he reluctantly climbs out of the tub.

MASON

But, it just takes a minute.

A BEEPING noise can be heard coming from Mason's hearing aid on the vanity counter.

REBECCA

So does changing your replacement battery.

(off Mason's look)

That's right. You know what that beeping sound tells me? Someone's not turning their hearing aid off before they fall asleep.

MASON

Sorry.

Rebecca escorts Mason into the hallway.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

SWIMMING TROPHIES and RIBBONS adorn the shelves, a SHIP-IN-A-BOTTLE rests on a dresser, and a POSTER of Olympian MICHAEL PHELPS is prominently displayed over Mason's bed.

Fishing through the bedside table, Rebecca retrieves a replacement battery. Mason pulls his pajama top on.

REBECCA

You have to start being more responsible. I won't always be around to take care of you. That's part of life.

MASON

Are you... dying, too?

REBECCA

What?

MASON

Like the baby.

REBECCA

(back-peddling)

No, honey. I didn't mean it like that. I'm sorry.

(then)

I'm sad about what happened, but I'm gonna be just fine. I don't want you worrying. I'm not going anywhere. At least not until I'm as old as Grandma. Older even.

MASON
That's really old!

Relieved, Mason climbs into bed.

REBECCA
Yeah, you'll be married with kids
of your own by then...
(re: Michael Phelps poser)
And maybe have one of those Olympic
Medals, like Coach Ethel said.

Mason smiles, comforted by his mom. Rebecca taps her cheek,
prompting him to give her a quick peck.

MASON
Maybe you and daddy can get another
baby? Then you won't be so sad.

REBECCA
I don't think another baby is the
solution. It's okay to be sad
sometimes.

Rebecca looks up, realizing that Paul has been watching them
from the doorway. They hold eye contact for a moment.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - NEXT MORNING

Rebecca steers her luggage with one hand, while holding onto
Mason's hand with her other. Paul, carrying his own
overnight bag and a computer case, trails closely behind,
walking alongside Emily.

PAUL
Hey, it's this one over here.

Rebecca is wowed by the yacht's size. Mason's jaw drops.

EXT. AZIMUT 100 LEONARDO YACHT - STERN - INTERCUT

Paul helps Emily onto the boat, as she reads the name written
on the back stern:

EMILY
"The Great Escape."

PAUL
That's what we're counting on.

Paul takes Rebecca's roller bag and helps her on board.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Glad you finally came around.

Rebecca smiles warmly. Mason jumps onboard.

REBECCA
Does it come with it's own zip code?

PAUL
Impressive, huh?

Paul boards the yacht with all the luggage. Mason notices the stern's back liftgate.

MASON
What's in there?

Rebecca reads a sticker affixed to the liftgate: *"In the event of an emergency, this boat is equipped with an inflatable dinghy and first aid kit."*

REBECCA
That's where the emergency life boat is stored.

Rebecca ushers Mason up the steps, leading to --

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca and Mason lead the way, followed by Emily and Paul. Rebecca is blown away by the main floor's accommodations.

PAUL
Wait until you see the view from the flybridge.

REBECCA
I'm still taking in the view from whatever part this is.

MASON
Can I explore?

REBECCA
Sure, but don't go too far.

PAUL
We're casting off soon. We can't have any stowaways.

Mason takes off for the lower deck STAIRS.

INT. LOWER DECK - SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mason arrives at the bottom of the stairs, taking in the surroundings. He makes his way through the formal sitting room into the --

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Mason discovers the master suite. He breezes through. Suddenly a CAT jumps out of nowhere, startling him before darting out of the open bedroom door.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - LOUNGE AREA - SAME

Paul leads Rebecca and Emily up the spiral staircase to the top deck, where they find a HOT TUB. A dramatic tinted GLASS CANOPY hovers overhead.

REBECCA

I can't believe it's just the two of us on this huge boat alone this weekend.

PAUL

Well, you, me, and the skipper. Unless you think you can steer this thing on your own?

JACK, late 20's, a rough-around-the-edges, scruffy boat-hand emerges from the control room.

JACK

You must be the millionaire and his wife?

(off their looks)

It's a joke! Pleased to meet you folks. Name's Jack.

REBECCA

Rebecca. This is Paul. And our nanny, Emily. Though she won't be joining us for the trip.

JACK

That's a shame. Plenty of room in my cabin, hun.

EMILY

I bet there is...

(privately, to Rebecca)

You sure you don't want my mace?!

Rebecca nudges Emily, playfully.

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - SAME

The yacht's luxurious kitchen is filled with top-of-the-line appliances and detailed finishes.

The cat jumps up, perching itself on the ledge of an open DUMBWAITER. It pauses for a moment, licking its paw and wiping behind its ear. Mason's eyes go wide with curiosity, as he looks up the dumbwaiter shaft.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SAME

Emily makes her way down the spiral staircase leading from the flybridge, followed by Rebecca, Paul, and Jack.

REBECCA

Oh, and if there's an emergency, my mom's phone number is on the fridge. What else are we forgetting?

PAUL

Just our good-byes. Where's Mason?

EMILY

I think he went down to the lower deck. I'll go grab him.

Suddenly the dumbwaiter door bursts open and out leaps the cat, who lands right at Rebecca's feet, nearly scaring her, Paul, and Emily half-to-death --

EMILY (CONT'D)

-- What the?!

As the three react to the cat, Jack eyes Mason, who's giggling to himself. Jack grabs him by the back of the neck and drags him from the dumbwaiter. In the process, Jack's DOG TAGS falls out of his t-shirt.

JACK

Hey! That's not a toy!

The cat HISSES at Jack.

PAUL

Whoa, whoa, whoa -- get your hands off my son! He's just a kid.

Jack backs off. Mason scurries behind Rebecca and Paul.

JACK
Yeah, well, he's old enough to know
where he doesn't belong.

REBECCA
It was my fault. I told him he
could go explore.

Jack stares Rebecca down. Paul intervenes.

PAUL
I think somehow we've gotten off on
the wrong foot here.

JACK
No, it's fine. He's fine.
(to Mason)
But, you hear me? Next time you go
and do something stupid like that,
you could get killed. What do you
have to say for yourself?

Mason cowers.

MASON
Sorry.

JACK
(re: sign language)
What is he deaf?

REBECCA
Yes. He is. And if you'd let him,
he was trying to apologize.

Rebecca scoots Mason out from behind her legs.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Show the man what you were signing.

MASON
I'm sorry.

Mason bends down to pet the cat, who appears to have taken a
liking to him.

MASON (CONT'D)
Can I keep him?

REBECCA
No, sweetie. He doesn't belong to
us.

Jack gestures to the luggage.

JACK

These your bags? I'll go ahead and put them in your suite.

PAUL

That won't be necessary. We can handle it.

JACK

I insist. I shouldn't have lost my temper like that. It was uncalled for...

(copying Mason's ASL)

I'm sorry.

Rebecca eyes the exposed dog tags, hanging beside a small gold CRUCIFIX around Jack's neck. Jack tucks them back in his shirt, before taking their luggage down to the lower deck. Rebecca shoots Paul a look.

PAUL

Don't start. At least he apologized.

REBECCA

Are you kidding me?! What was that?

PAUL

Honey, relax. I bet we'll hardly even see him this entire trip.

Rebecca is doubtful.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

The engines ignite and water bubbles around the base of the yacht. Mason and Emily stand off to the side.

EXT. MAIN DECK - STERN - INTERCUT

Paul and Rebecca wave good-bye.

REBECCA

You take good care of him.

Emily puts her hands across Mason's chest.

EMILY

I'll guard him with my life.

Mason reaches into his pocket finding his lucky buoy. He thinks for a second, then pulls away from Emily, jumping back on board the boat and rushing over to his parents.

REBECCA
What are you doing?

Mason hands his mom the lucky buoy keychain. He turns his face and taps his finger on his cheek. Rebecca bends down and gives him a big kiss, accidentally dropping the buoy. Paul reaches down, retrieving it.

PAUL
I'll hold onto it for safe keeping,
buddy. I'll see you real soon.

Mason nods, hugging Paul's leg as he clips the buoy to his key ring.

REBECCA
I love you. Okay, go!

Mason quickly rushes down the stairs and jumps back onto the dock as the yacht slowly pulls away from port.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Jack steers the wheel, lining the yacht up on a clear course for the open sea ahead.

EXT. OPEN WATER - AERIAL SHOT - SECONDS LATER

The calm waters are parted by the yacht's hull, its bow adorned with a DECORATIVE BRONZE ANCHOR.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - LOUNGE AREA - AN HOUR LATER

Rebecca takes in the fresh ocean air on a deck lounge chair, looking up from her manuscript. Paul is busy on his laptop, working away at the bar.

REBECCA
Weren't we supposed to be taking
the weekend off from work?

PAUL
(coy)
Who said mine was work related?

REBECCA
Can you rub some lotion on my back?

PAUL

In a minute. I'm just checking on
a few investments.

Jack comes up from the main deck with a tray of chocolate
covered strawberries and a bottle of champagne.

JACK

Well, if it's just a pair of hands
you need, I'm happy to oblige.

Setting down his tray, Jack reaches for the sunscreen.

REBECCA

That's alright. Thank you. I can
wait.

JACK

I don't mind. It'd be my pleasure.

Rebecca relents, uncomfortable. She sets her manuscript down
on a side table before handing Jack the lotion.

REBECCA

Just the upper back. Where I can't
reach.

JACK

Chocolate covered strawberry?

Rebecca politely declines. She looks at Paul, who's still
focused on his work.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry if I came off like an ass
earlier. I'm not great with first
impressions.

REBECCA

You don't say?

Massaging the lotion in, Jack notices Rebecca's impressive
DIAMOND RING on her wedding finger.

JACK

Nice rock. Must of set your
husband back a pretty penny.

REBECCA

(self-conscious)

It belonged to my grandma. She
gave it to Paul when he asked my
parents for permission to marry me.

JACK

And they say chivalry is dead.
(then, re: Rebecca's manuscript)
You write?

REBECCA

Boring stuff, mostly. Dealing with
clinical psychosis. Nothing, I'm
sure, you'd be interested in.

JACK

You'd be surprised what I'm in to.

Jack's hands move lower down Rebecca's back. Too low. She
pulls away.

REBECCA

I think that's enough. Thanks.

Jack stands up, relieved of his duties.

JACK

Of course. I'll just leave the
strawberries, then.

Paul looks up from his computer.

PAUL

Don't bother. She's too nice to
say it, but Rebecca's highly
allergic. And I've never been one
for chocolate --

The website Paul is on goes out. He tries to refresh, but to
no avail.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Is something wrong with the
internet?

JACK

No. We're in the middle of the
ocean. Signal cuts out around
these parts. Doesn't come back
until we get closer to shore.
Satellite TV still works if you
need a distraction.

Jack retreats to the lower quarters. Paul closes his laptop.

PAUL

Guess if we wanted wi-fi, we
should've booked Club Med.

Rebecca, concerned, checks her cell. No signal.

REBECCA

Paul, no bars. Really?! What if there's an emergency back home, and Mason needs to reach us?

PAUL

I'm sure there's a world phone somewhere onboard. It's a luxury yacht. You worry too much. Everything's gonna be fine.

INT. STEVENS CAPITAL GROUP - LOBBY - SAME

The ELEVATOR DOORS open on a team of SEC INVESTIGATORS and FBI AGENTS, wearing NYLON VESTS and BADGES around their necks. All carry CARDBOARD BOXES and wear white GLOVES.

A very confused GINA, the receptionist, greets them...

GINA

Welcome to Stevens Capital...?

LEAD FBI AGENT

We have a search warrant --
(to fellow agents)
-- Take over the phones.

Two agents roll Gina and her chair away from the desk, before yanking the ringing telephone cords out of the wall.

QUICK CUTS:

INT. STEVENS CAPITAL GROUP - OFFICE - SAME

Agents CROWBAR their way into locked file cabinets, pulling folders and stacking documents into their boxes.

INT. STEVENS CAPITAL GROUP - MAIL ROOM - SAME

More agents pull clear TRASH BAGS full of shredded documents out of RECYCLING RECEPTACLES.

A FEMALE FBI AGENT uses TWEEZERS to remove bits of paper, stuck in the teeth of a paper shredder.

INT. STEVENS CAPITAL GROUP - CUBICLES - SAME

Other agents forcefully unhook employees' COMPUTERS.

INT. TODD STEVENS'S OFFICE WAITING AREA - SECONDS LATER

The Lead FBI Agent and two of his men approach Todd's assistant, Kevin, at his desk --

LEAD FBI AGENT
Mr. Stevens in his office?

KEVIN
(standing up)
Is there a problem?

The Lead FBI Agent pushes past Kevin, and opens Todd's office door, finding --

INT. TODD STEVENS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A deserted workstation. File cabinets empty. Computer monitor smashed in and a hard drive busted on the desk.

FBI AGENT #1
Someone knew we were coming.

Kevin looks at the office, horrified by the mess.

KEVIN
Whoa... it wasn't like this last night?!

The Lead Agent turns to FBI Agent #2, who is trying Todd on his cell from Kevin's land-line...

AT&T OPERATOR (V.O.)
The number you are dialing is no longer in service.

FBI AGENT #2
(hanging up)
Disconnected.

FBI AGENT #1
(into cuff piece)
We have a runner. Todd Stevens, wanted for multiple counts of tax fraud. Possible flight risk. Over.

LEAD FBI AGENT
(to Kevin)
When's the last time you spoke to your boss?

KEVIN

Um, yesterday. He had me clear his schedule for time off with his wife. On the company yacht.

FBI Agent #3 approaches, with Susan, Paul's secretary.

FBI AGENT #3

We've rounded up all employees in the conference room. Everyone's accounted for except Paul Graham, an investment broker at the firm. We tried calling him, but his phone is going straight to voice mail.

SUSAN

Mr. Graham took an early weekend to deal with a personal matter.

(off their looks)

He and his wife suffered a miscarriage the other day.

LEAD FBI AGENT

Well, stay on him. Wherever he is, we'll need to speak with him, too. Regardless of his personal issues --

FEMALE FBI AGENT

-- Sir, you might wanna see this.

FBI Agent #2 escorts Susan away, as the Female FBI Agent hands over a Ziplock evidence bag with reassembled paper shreds. The Lead FBI Agent holds it up, examining it. Together, the pieces spell out: SNYDER, GEORGE.

FEMALE FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

I found this stuck in the paper shredder. Hot off the presses.

LEAD FBI AGENT

Who's George Snyder?

FEMALE FBI AGENT

You mean who was. Past tense. Ten years ago his wife, Nancy, snapped and shot up her family. Blamed her husband, George, for losing all their money to bad investments.

LEAD FBI AGENT

Why would the company be shredding ten year old files of some dead guy in the middle of an audit that only goes back six years?

FBI AGENT #2
Maybe Todd Stevens is covering
something up, even bigger than tax
fraud?

LEAD FBI AGENT
I want him brought in, like
yesterday. Find that yacht before
it crosses international waters.

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Paul searches through the master suite TV cabinet.

PAUL
Hey hun, did you see a remote?

REBECCA (O.C.)
You check the night stand?

Paul then moves on to the bedside table, finding --

A drawer full of adult novelty toys, including a VIBRATOR, a
BOTTLE OF LUBRICANT and a pair of FURRY LEOPARD HANDCUFFS.

PAUL
Screw the TV, I found the real in-
suite entertainment.

Paul holds up the handcuffs, as Rebecca exits the bathroom.

REBECCA
Please tell me that those do not
belong to you?!

PAUL
(tossing them back)
Worse. I think they're my boss's.

Rebecca stops, glancing at the door, which is ajar.

REBECCA
Why is the door unlocked?

PAUL
The latch is broken.

REBECCA
Great. So the psycho can kill us
in our sleep.

Rebecca climbs into bed. Off Paul's look...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What? It doesn't take a PhD to identify the signs of a mentally unstable person, Paul. Did you catch the dog tags? Let's just hope he isn't suffering from P.T.S.D.

PAUL

Give the guy the benefit of the doubt. I'm sure he's harmless. You of all people should appreciate that everyone's got baggage.

REBECCA

You know what? You're right. I'm totally projecting. When did I become this rigid?

(to herself)

What a type-A bitch.

PAUL

Okay. What have you done with my wife?!

Rebecca flirtatiously slips off the strap of her nightgown.

REBECCA

(gasp)

You're married?

PAUL

What my wife doesn't know won't hurt her...

Rebecca kisses Paul passionately. As he caresses the nape of her neck, she closes her eyes giving in to the moment.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I can't remember the last time you were so sexy. I missed this.

Things start to escalate. Paul becomes more aggressive, grabbing Rebecca by the waist and rolling over on top of her. Rebecca opens her eyes for a second, startled by --

Jack, standing in the doorway, peering in.

Rebecca bolts up, pushing Paul away and covering herself.

REBECCA

Holy shit!

PAUL
What's wrong?!

REBECCA
He's there!

Paul turns around, but there's no sign of anyone.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Jack. He was watching us from the
door.

Paul, suspect, goes to look out into the sitting room.

PAUL
There's no one there.

REBECCA
No, I saw him.

PAUL
I don't know what to tell you.
He's not there now.

Rebecca is shaken up. After a beat...

REBECCA
Something doesn't feel right.

PAUL
Rebecca, stop. We were just
finally reconnecting.

REBECCA
I mean it. Can you block the door?

Paul pulls Rebecca's suitcase over, using it as a door
stopper.

PAUL
Better?

Paul climbs back into bed, ready for more.

REBECCA
Why would he be watching us?

PAUL
Exactly.

REBECCA
You don't believe me?

PAUL
It's not that I don't believe you,
but what do you want me to do?

REBECCA
I want you to go talk to him.
That's unacceptable behavior. For
anyone.

Rebecca climbs out of bed, offended.

PAUL
Where are you going?

REBECCA
To get a glass of water. I'm
sorry. I just... need time.

Rebecca exits into the --

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER BATHROOM - INTERCUT

-- straight for her BOTTLE of SONATA SLEEP AID. She fills a
glass and has a swig of water, swallowing a CAPSULE.

PAUL
I'll have a talk with him in the
morning, alright?

REBECCA
Thank you.

Rebecca gets back under the covers and curls up beside Paul.
He leans over and kisses her on the head, before turning off
the bedside light, sending the room to BLACK.

EXT. SUNRISE OVER THE OCEAN - NEXT MORNING

The yacht presses on through the crystal clear sea.

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - SAME

Rebecca sleeps soundly. On the deck above, Paul and Jack can
be heard, mid-argument --

PAUL (O.S.)
I want you to cool it. You're
upsetting my wife.

JACK (O.S.)

Oh, she's upset, is she? And why's that? It's not like someone called her a mentally unstable psycho, suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

Rebecca turns over, her hand reaches across the bed for Paul, but comes up empty. She opens her eyes, concerned.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BOW - SAME

Paul tries to reason with Jack, whose temper is building as he guts a white trout with his BOWIE KNIFE. Two other fish are on a HOOK nearby, awaiting their fate.

PAUL

You should turn the boat around. I've had a change of heart. This isn't what I signed up for.

JACK

No can do, Paul. We're not on dry land anymore. You're out of your jurisdiction, and I have a tight schedule to keep.

PAUL

You're a hired hand. It wasn't a question.

JACK

I don't work for anyone, but myself. And I certainly don't take orders from some lowlife, who spends his time screwing over hard working families with shady investment deals.

PAUL

Look, I don't know who you think I am, but it's safe to say that you have me confused with someone else, okay?

JACK

I don't think so. Honestly, I'm just surprised it's taken this long for somebody to drag you out into the middle of nowhere and give you yours.

Jack smirks, meeting eyes with Paul, who grows more and more uncomfortable.

JACK (CONT'D)
Then again... who knew you'd be
such a willing participant.

PAUL
Are you threatening me?

JACK
Depends. Do you find me
threatening?

Paul and Jack have a stare down, neither one giving an inch.
Then --

PAUL
Fuck this, I'll turn the boat
around myself.

Paul turns to walk away down the port side gangway. Jack flicks his bowie knife on the ground, its blade piercing into the deck flooring. Reaching into the back of his shorts, Jack pulls out a 9MM HANDGUN.

JACK
Wrong answer.

INT. MAIN DECK - LIVING ROOM AREA - SAME

Rebecca ascends the stairs, tying her robe, when she hears --
BANG.

EXT. MAIN DECK - PORT SIDE GANGWAY - SAME

Paul stops in his tracks, looking down at his shirt which is now stained in red blood around his heart. He looks up at --

Rebecca further down the gangway. She covers her mouth in shock, frozen.

PAUL
I'm sorry.

REBECCA
Paul?!

Paul drops to the floor, dead.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BOW - INTERCUT

Jack, still pointing his gun, now finds Rebecca in his crosshairs.

JACK
Morning. Hope we didn't wake you.

Rebecca screams, in total panic --

REBECCA
Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

With her legs wobbling in fear, Rebecca moves backwards toward the --

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Turning the corner, Rebecca springs into action, darting through the --

INT. MAIN DECK - LIVING ROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS

-- before making her way down the stairs at full speed.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BOW - SAME

Jack bends down, checking Paul's neck for a pulse. He kisses his crucifix, before tucking it back in his t-shirt.

INT. LOWER DECK - SITTING ROOM -- SAME

Rebecca sprints toward the bedroom.

INT. MAIN DECK - LIVING ROOM AREA - SAME

Jack races down the stairs.

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca tries to secure the lock, but remembers it's broken.

REBECCA
Shit!

Instead, Rebecca enters --

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Locking herself inside, Rebecca scans her surroundings for something to defend herself with.

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - INTERCUT

Jack pushes his way into the bedroom.

Inside, Rebecca finds a FIRE EXTINGUISHER under the sink.

JACK
I can explain if you'll just open
the door. Let's talk about this.
Everything's fine.

Jack tries the handle. No luck. He pounds on the door, startling Rebecca.

JACK (CONT'D)
Open the door, Rebecca. Don't make
me break it down.

After a moment, Jack can hear the door unlocking from within.

JACK (CONT'D)
Thatta girl --

Rebecca opens the door, spraying the fire extinguisher in Jack's face. He stumbles to the ground. She moves past him, but he grabs her by the ankle, tripping her. She manages to get back on her feet, entering the --

INT. LOWER DECK - SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- where she slams the bedroom door closed. Grabbing a nearby sitting chair, Rebecca secures the backrest under the door knob, trapping Jack.

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - SAME

Jack tries the door, but it won't budge.

INT. LOWER DECK - SITTING ROOM - SAME

Rebecca frantically climbs the stairs.

REBECCA
Paul... Paul, I'm coming!

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - SAME

Jack rams his shoulder into the door with force, although not enough to break through.

JACK

I don't know why you're running.
He's not going anywhere.

Smacking into the door even harder this time, Jack sends the chair toppling to the ground.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BOW - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca comes upon Paul's body. She falls to her knees.

REBECCA

Oh my God... Oh my God... Oh my
God...

Jack appears behind Rebecca, who quickly yanks the bowie knife out of the wooden deck and stands up, facing him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Stay away from me.

Taking a step forward, Jack prompts Rebecca to step backward.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I mean it. Don't come any closer.

JACK

I'm sure this is overwhelming, but
your husband wasn't the man you
thought he was. In fact, up until
a few years ago, he'd been stealing
from his clients, wiring their
money into an offshore account...
in your name.

REBECCA

You're lying. Paul would never be
able to keep something like that
from me.

JACK

We all have secrets, Rebecca.
Being a writer, that's something
you should know.

(then)

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

As of now, this yacht is headed to the Cayman Islands, where I'm gonna collect every last cent I'm owed. And then some.

REBECCA

You have the wrong people. My husband wasn't a criminal. You killed an innocent man!

JACK

Rebecca, Rebecca... You need to pull it together, or you're gonna make things very difficult. Not just for yourself, but also for Mason.

(off Rebecca's look)

Your son is being watched as we speak. Don't worry. He's fine. He doesn't even know. I had my business partners trail them back to your house from the docks. But tomorrow afternoon, if I don't check in with my guys, they won't waste time tying up all loose ends. Ya got me?

Jack takes the knife from Rebecca's hand, placing it back in its sleeve, he tucks it back in his pocket.

REBECCA

I'll give you anything. You want money? Here, take my ring! I can get you more when I'm back home. Just don't hurt them. Please don't hurt my son.

JACK

Thanks for the shitty offer. Keep it. What I want is your cooperation. Your husband took something of grave importance to me, and all the money in the world isn't going to bring it back. But it's a start. So, once you and I reach land, I'm gonna need a cashier's check for the full amount in your account. All \$20 million.

REBECCA

\$20 million dollars? That's insane. There is no account.

Behind her back, Rebecca is reaching for the fish hook.

JACK
But there is, and you're gonna get
me that money. Or else. We clear?
(beat)
I asked you a question.

REBECCA
(looking down)
Go to hell.

JACK
You're mumbling, sweetheart. I
can't hear the answer.

REBECCA
I said... Go to hell!

Swinging the hook, Rebecca knocks Jack down. She makes a run
for the --

EXT. MAIN DECK - PORT SIDE GANGWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca frantically turns the corner of the --

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ascending the spiral staircase, Rebecca charges toward the --

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca pushes the door open, flipping and pressing every
button she can find --

REBECCA
(into CB radio)
Mayday! Mayday! There's a
murderer on board my yacht! Is
anyone out there? Please, help me!
He killed my husband. I'm in
serious danger. Over.

Rebecca lets go of the CB button, but all she hears is radio
static. She starts to change frequency when she notices --

INT. FLYBRIDGE - LOUNGE AREA - SAME

Jack is making his way up the stairs.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Thinking fast, Rebecca grabs the wheel and spins it hard.

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

The yacht lunges into a turn, causing --

INT. FLYBRIDGE - LOUNGE AREA - SAME

-- Jack to lose his balance on the stairs and fall down --

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

-- before hitting the floor on the deck below.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Rebecca starts in on the other frequencies --

REBECCA
(into CB radio)
Somebody help! Can anyone hear me?
I have a psychotic killer holding
me hostage.

Releasing the button, Rebecca waits for a reply...

VOICE ON CB (V.O.)
Ma'am, I'm here. What's your
location? Over.

REBECCA
(into CB radio)
I don't know. Somewhere in the
middle of the Gulf of Mexico!
Where are you?!

JACK (O.S.)
Right behind you!

Jack, now standing right behind Rebecca, pistol-whips her,
sending her to the ground.

EXT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - SAME

An AT&T UTILITY VAN is parked across the street.

INT. AT&T UTILITY VAN - SAME

VINNIE, late 30's, a rough-and-tough, working-class guy, is in the middle of eating a breakfast burrito as he watches Emily and Mason exit the house.

VINNIE's POV:

EMILY
(unlocking her Prius)
You wanna go to the mall after school?

MASON
Yeah, I thought of something I want to get mom for Mother's Day!

Vinnie nods to BRUCE, early 40's, another seedy type, working on the utility box stationed outside the van --

EXT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - SAME

-- when the phone rings from inside Paul and Rebecca's house.

EMILY
Speaking of, that's the phone now.
Could be her.

Emily rushes inside the house, Mason trailing behind.

INT. AT&T UTILITY VAN - SAME

Bruce slides the van door open, climbing into the passenger seat. Vinnie smiles, takes another bite of his burrito...

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)
Breaking news to report this evening out of New Orleans.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - LOUNGE AREA - SUNSET

CLOSE UP on a flatscreen TV, playing CNN. ANDERSON COOPER continues with today's top stories.

ANDERSON COOPER
 President and CEO of Stevens
 Capital Group, Todd Stevens, along
 with his wife and two children,
 were detained at Louis Armstrong
 International Airport, attempting
 to board a commercial flight to
 Switzerland with fake passports.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE - SUN DECK AREA - SAME

Rebecca slowly comes to, a gag on her mouth, her wrists and
 ankles restrained by rope tied to a deck chair.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)
 Early yesterday, a warrant was
 issued for Mr. Stevens in
 connection with an ongoing criminal
 tax investigation.

Rebecca looks up at the TV, displaying a split screen of
 Anderson Cooper and a looped video of Todd Stevens with his
 WIFE and CHILDREN, their heads blurred, being lead out of the
 airport by the FBI.

ANDERSON COOPER (CONT'D)
 Multiple sources have reported that
 Stevens was originally thought to
 be fleeing the country aboard his
 company yacht, which is still
 missing. His arrest provides
 authorities with a much-needed
 break in a case, that some top
 unnamed officials are drawing
 parallels to the Bernie Madoff
 scandal years ago...

No sign of Jack, Rebecca scans the area. Her eyes land on --

EXT. OPEN WATER - INTERCUT

-- a CRUISE SHIP entering the horizon at a distance.

Rebecca attempts to free herself from the restraints. No
 luck. Instead, she moves her gaze to the stern of the main
 deck below her. Not a far drop.

Wiggling her chair inch-by-inch, Rebecca slowly creeps toward
 the flybridge's open back ledge. Closer and closer she goes
 until the lounge chair legs are teetering on the edge.

One more thrust and Rebecca launches herself downward, where she hits the main deck --

EXT. MAIN DECK - BACK SEATING AREA - CONTINUOUS

-- splintering the lounge chair.

INT. LOWER DECK - CREW QUARTERS - SAME

Hearing the commotion, Jack looks up from reading Rebecca's manuscript in his bed...

EXT. MAIN DECK - BACK SEATING AREA - SAME

A pained Rebecca shakes off the debris and leg restraints, quickly making her escape down the stairs to the stern --

EXT. MAIN DECK - STERN - CONTINUOUS

Moving fast, Rebecca pulls open the back hatch, revealing the inflatable dinghy. With her hands still tied together, she manages to drag it out, yank on the pull switch, and deploy it. She unties her gag.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DINNING AREA - SAME

Jack rushes up from his cabin, still holding the manuscript. He spots Rebecca on the stern setting off on the dinghy --

JACK

Damnit!

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

Rebecca struggles with the motor's engine.

REBECCA

C'mon, c'mon!

One more hard tug and the engine finally kicks in.

EXT. MAIN DECK - STERN - SAME

Jack draws his gun, making his way down the stairs, when he notices the cruise ship, now even closer by. Rather than shoot, he puts the gun in his waistband and rushes to the --

INT. FLYBRIDGE - LOUNGE AREA - SECONDS LATER

Jack drops the manuscript on a side table.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Unlocking the door, Jack enters. He kills the yacht's engine, before grabbing a HARPOON in a locked cabinet.

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

Rebecca searches the dingy's First Aid kit, discovering a FLARE GUN.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE - SUN DECK AREA - INTERCUT

Jack sidles up port side, harpoon in hand. He takes aim and fires at Rebecca, piercing the dinghy, which rapidly deflates. He watches as she begins to sink.

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

Rebecca wades in the water, using only her legs, while Jack descends the stairs from the flybridge.

REBECCA

Please... Jack, please. We weren't even supposed to be on this yacht this weekend. Todd Stevens is the real criminal. Not my husband. It was just on the news.

EXT. MAIN DECK - PORT SIDE GANGWAY - INTERCUT

Jack ignores Rebecca, disappearing towards the bow.

REBECCA

Jack... Please! Where are you going?

Jack re-emerges, dragging Paul's body behind.

JACK

You just keep making things harder for yourself, Rebecca.

Jack rolls Paul's body overboard. The corpse smacks into the side of the yacht, before it hits the ocean's surface with a splash. Once the body resurfaces, Rebecca swims toward it. Her only lifeline.

JACK (CONT'D)
Guess now is as good a time as any
to get rid of the evidence.

Trembling, Rebecca clings to her husband's lifeless body, using it for floatation. Agonized.

REBECCA
(to Paul)
I'm so sorry...

Rebecca's tears are lapped by the ocean waves.

JACK
You know, that might not be your
best move. Those are shark-
infested waters you're in.

Blood pools out around Paul's body, surrounding Rebecca, turning the clear water a murky crimson.

Jack waits. Her move.

Rebecca wastes no time weighing her options. She opts to make her way back to the stern, using Paul's body to help.

Halfway back, Mason's buoy keychain drifts out of Paul's pocket. Rebecca reaches out, clinging to it.

EXT. MAIN DECK - STERN - SAME

Jack slides down the stairs, meeting Rebecca at the back ledge. He lets her struggle briefly, then offers his hand.

JACK
Take it.

Rebecca lets go of Paul's body, accepting Jack's help. He lifts her out of the water, then backhands her across the face. Hard.

Reaching into his pocket, Jack pulls out his bowie knife.

JACK (CONT'D)
Now, we should get you out of those
wet clothes. It's almost dinner
time.

Jack slices through Rebecca's restraints, before heading back up the stairs. Rebecca turns, looking out at her husband's body trailing off into the sunset, the cruise ship already gone from sight. She's numb.

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

After turning on the water in the shower, Rebecca pulls out the flare gun from her waistband. Wiping away tears, she searches for a place to stash the gun, finally settling on the inside of the toilet tank.

Rebecca empties the contents of her cosmetics bag, including an EPIPEN, then zips the flare gun safely inside and submerges the plastic pouch under the water before replacing the toilet tank lid.

Before she gets into the shower, Rebecca catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She looks like hell. She opens the medicine cabinet and her eyes instantly fall on her bottle of Sonata. An idea brews.

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - LATER THAT NIGHT

CLOSE UP on the head of the white trout as a butcher knife slams down, chopping it off. The cat saunters across the counter.

JACK

Get outta here, or you're next.

Jack swats the cat off the counter.

Rebecca is seated at the island, watching Jack as he opens the refrigerator, grabbing himself a BEER --

REBECCA

How about one for me?

Jack, amused, finds another beer for Rebecca and opens them both. He hands her one. She takes a sip.

JACK

Didn't take you for a beer girl.

REBECCA

(quoting Jack)

You'd be surprised what I'm in to.

Jack smiles, returning to his food prep, his back to Rebecca.

Seizing the moment, Rebecca quickly opens a Sonata capsule, one of three that she has concealed in her mouth, and pours the contents into her bottle. She follows it up with the second and the third just as --

Jack sets their dinner in the oven and turns back around.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
So, when were you in the army?

JACK
Who said I was in the army?

REBECCA
You're dog tags...

Jack turns his back again, grabbing dishes. Rebecca switches the beers out, then swallows the empty capsules.

JACK
Navy. And it's none of your damn business.

REBECCA
I was just making conversation.

Taking a long swing out of his sleep aid-laced beer, something doesn't taste quite right to Jack...

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(covering)
How long have these been sitting in your fridge for?

JACK
What are you, the beer police?

Jack takes another sip, Rebecca smiling to herself.

INT. MALL NOVELTY SHOP - SAME

Emily and Mason stand in front of a MIDDLE AGED SALES CLERK, who is ringing up a WORLD'S BEST MOM TROPHY at her register. Mason sifts through his knapsack, looking for his wallet.

EMILY
Is it in there?

Mason nods, pulling out his Nintendo 3DS and placing it on the counter, still searching. His face lights up as he discovers his wallet, buried at the bottom of his bag.

EMILY (CONT'D)
And you're sure this is the one you
want?

Mason shakes his head, handing over all his cash to the
Middle Aged Sales Clerk.

MIDDLE AGED SALES CLERK
He made the right choice. She's
gonna love it. I wish my kids
remembered Mother's Day. I can't
even get them to remember to put
the seat down! Animals.

EMILY
(in ASL only)
She's crazy.

Smiling, Mason stuffs the trophy in his knapsack, forgetting
all about his Nintendo 3DS on the counter.

INT. MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Emily and Mason walk out of the store.

EMILY
So, what do you wanna do now?
Should we go to the arcade?

MASON
Oh, no! I forgot my 3DS!

Mason turns to head back into the store, when he runs into --

VINNIE
Don't wanna leave this behind.

Vinnie hands Mason his Nintendo 3DS, with a smile. Mason
shies away from him, while tucking it in his knapsack.

EMILY
Sorry about that. Thank you.

VINNIE
No sweat.

Emily and Mason walk away.

STAY ON Vinnie, watching them, as Bruce approaches.

BRUCE
We good?

VINNIE
Consider him Lo-Jacked.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Jack meticulously places his napkin across his lap. Rebecca surveys his beer bottle, which is still half-full.

JACK
(praying, to himself)
*"Bless us, oh Lord, and these thy
gifts, which we are about to
receive from thy bounty, through
Christ, Our Lord. Amen."*

Looking up, Jack does the Sign-of-the-Cross, and sees that Rebecca is already biting into a dinner roll. She smirks.

JACK (CONT'D)
What?

REBECCA
Nothing. You just don't seem like
the God-fearing type is all.

JACK
Prayer isn't about fear. It's
about inner strength, Doctor
Graham. Something you wouldn't be
familiar with.
(off Rebecca's look)
Yeah. I read some of your book.
I'd say all doctors have a God
complex. Holier-than-thou,
enabling the weak, handing out
pills for everything. But, you,
you're different...

Jack takes another gulp of beer, sneering.

REBECCA
Really, how's that?

JACK
You're a dealer and a user.

Rebecca picks at her salad. Jack finishes his beer.

JACK (CONT'D)
Weak minded people like you come up
with fancy names for problems
created in a laboratory.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

The miracle of life is a blessing,
not cause for some bored, self-
indulgent, rich bitch to throw
herself a pity party. Mother's are
supposed to take care of their
babies.

REBECCA

And who takes care of the mothers?

Silence. Until, Rebecca feels a swelling in her throat --

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(feeling her glans)

Jack, what was in this salad?

Jack stares blankly, the sleep aid clearly taking effect.

JACK

You want the recipe?

REBECCA

You put strawberries in my food.

Rebecca is now gasping for air, her throat swelling fast.
Bolting up from the table, Jack watches as she stumbles her
way downstairs to the --

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca, unable to breath and panic-stricken, searches for
her EpiPen. It's not where she left the rest of her
cosmetics. She tries the medicine cabinet. She scans the
floor. She goes through the trash, finding the empty
prescription bottle.

JACK (O.S.)

Lose something?

Concealing the bottle behind her back, Rebecca eyes Jack,
spaced out leaning in the doorway, holding her EpiPen. He
moves toward her with force, pinning her against the wall.

Rebecca winces in pain, still unable to breathe, as she
clutches onto the prescription bottle.

JACK (CONT'D)

How does it feel knowing that your
life is in my hands?

REBECCA

(barely able to get it out)

Who has the God complex now?

After a beat, Jack pulls the cap off with his teeth, before jamming the shot into Rebecca's thigh. The adrenaline kicks in, and she's able to breathe once again.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
If I die, Jack... you won't get anything.

JACK
And if I die... you lose everything. Let's face it, we need each other, don't we?

Jack's hands begin to wander down Rebecca's trembling body. She tries to deflect his advances, but in spite of his groggy state, he's not having it.

As Jack starts to undo his belt buckle, he spots the prescription bottle in Rebecca's hand. He yanks it from her grasp, reading the label...

REBECCA
Sweet dreams.

JACK
You drugged me? And here I thought we were starting to get along.

REBECCA
Think again.

Jack grabs Rebecca by her throat and tosses her onto the ground of the --

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

-- like a rag doll. Jack staggers towards Rebecca, his equilibrium off, and eyes barely able to stay open.

JACK
You're... gonna... regret this.

Jack takes another step, before losing consciousness and falling to the floor at Rebecca's feet, his crucifix and dog tags exposed. "SNYDER, GEORGE" clearly visible.

Trembling with fear, Rebecca notices that the second dog tag is blank and twice the thickness, with a small black switch on its side. She reaches for it, carefully sliding the lever down, discovering a hidden FLASH DRIVE.

REBECCA
And what's your secret, Jack?

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SECONDS LATER

With Jack's dog tags and crucifix, and Paul's laptop in hand, Rebecca unlocks the door. She quickly finds that the CB radio has had its wires cut. She starts up the computer, before turning her attention to the world phone lying on the counter. She attempts to use it, but the battery is dead --

REBECCA
Sonovabitch!

After putting the phone back on its cradle to charge, Rebecca inserts the flash drive in the laptop's USB port.

CLOSE UP on a FLASH DRIVE ICON appearing on the computer screen. Rebecca moves the mouse over it and double clicks, prompting a string of PDFs and JPEGs to pop up.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES appear, sensationally titled, *"Murderous Mom Shoots Family,"* and *"Murder Suicide Shocks Town,"* among countless others, all of which lay out the harrowing events that took place in the Snyder home more than ten years ago.

Scanning through for information, Rebecca discovers --

"Admiral George Snyder, killed at point blank range with a family rifle, died instantly..."

INT. SNYDER HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

BANG --

George's body is thrown back into the tub.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Rebecca clicks a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of George, body covered in a white sheet, in the tub. Blood all over the wall. She closes the window, bringing to the foreground a new article --

"Eleven year old, Jennifer, suffered a single gunshot wound to the head..."

INT. SNYDER HOME - JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Jennifer cowers, covering her face --

BANG.

BACK TO PRESENT:

A CRIME SCENE PHOTO of Jennifer, laying in bed, sheets covered in blood, and PARAMEDICS on site.

Rebecca closes the window, pulls up yet another article --

"Nancy died from a self-inflicted gunshot wound..."

INT. SNYDER HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

Falling to her knees, Nancy places the rifle under her chin.

BANG --

BACK TO PRESENT:

A CRIME SCENE PHOTO of Nancy, also covered by a sheet, in the upstairs hallway. Jack's crucifix is gripped in her hand.

Rebecca, making the connection, glances down at the crucifix, now in her own hand. She shudders, but continues on...

Next, Rebecca lands on GEORGE'S OBITUARY. She scrolls down --

"Survived by his only son Travis, student of the United States Naval Academy..."

INT. SNYDER HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON the blood-stained FAMILY PORTRAIT of George, in his Naval uniform, Nancy, Jennifer and Travis, smiling wide.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Rebecca moves onto the next PDF, a copy of the Stevens Capital Group letter addressed to Nancy and George.

REBECCA

(reading)

"Dear Investors, I regret to inform you that over the course of your investment portfolio, the Fund's Net Value had declined approximately 104%, year-to-date. Unfortunately, as you were made aware prior to your \$88,000.00 investment on February 19, the stock market can be a risky, yet often times, highly rewarding experience."

Rebecca clicks on the last PDF, bringing up a bank deposit slip for \$88,000.00 from the GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK dated February 20, 2003. She moves back to the letter...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(reading)

*"Although we failed you this time,
Stevens Capital Group is determined
to earn back your trust, and hope
that you will consider working with
us again in the future.
Sincerely..."*

CLOSE UP on the name PAUL GRAHAM on screen. Rebecca slams the laptop closed, putting her hands over her mouth, teary eyed and shell-shocked.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Oh, no. No, no, no. Paul... how
could you do this?

Out of the corner of her eye, Rebecca spots a BLIP flashing on the sonar screen. She turns, eyes zeroing in on a blinking RED LIGHT. Help is within reach.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

The flare gun!

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - SAME

A thin layer of SMOKE has engulfed the kitchen galley, with dinner burning inside the oven.

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca enters with caution, finding Jack passed out, still face down on the floor, his wrist adorned with the furry leopard handcuffs locked to the bed frame.

Creeping over him, Rebecca makes her way toward the bathroom.

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - SAME

The smoke is now even thicker, crawling up to the SMOKE DETECTOR.

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Removing the back of the toilet tank, Rebecca retrieves the submerged flare gun pouch when --

A FIRE ALARM rings out throughout the entire yacht.

REBECCA

Seriously?!

Rebecca turns to Jack, who appears unfazed. Flare gun now in hand, she crosses back through the --

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - SAME

As Rebecca steps over his sprawled out body, Jack's hand springs to life and grabs hold of her calf, tripping her. Rebecca smacks her head on the bed frame, momentarily stunned.

REVEAL Rebecca's EpiPen, plunged into Jack's leg, having just injected himself with the remaining adrenaline.

JACK

That's enough foreplay.

Jack, yanks his arm hard from the bed frame, snapping the novelty handcuffs at its chain link. He reaches over and retrieves the loose flare gun, tucking it in his back pocket, before gripping a fist full of Rebecca's hair and dragging her out --

REBECCA

Owww... owww... oww.

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - SECONDS LATER

Air dense with smoke, Jack manhandles Rebecca, with a zombie-like burst of energy. He pushes her up against the island, then snatches the butcher knife off the counter.

JACK

Don't move. I'm not in the mood.

Jack opens the oven door. More smoke billows out. He jabs the butcher knife into the novelty handcuff, breaking it off.

JACK (CONT'D)

So much for having a nice dinner.

(fanning the air)

Tell me... what were you up to, Rebecca?

Rebecca reveals Jack's dog tags and crucifix around her neck.

REBECCA

Would you believe me if I told you
I'd found God, Travis...

Jack, who will now be referred to as "Travis," is fuming.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
*"...Snyder. The surviving son of
Admiral George and Nancy Snyder.
Beloved brother of Jennifer --"*

JACK / TRAVIS
-- Take my mother's crucifix off,
right now.

Rebecca removes the chain, handing it over.

REBECCA
Torturing my family will not bring
yours back.

Travis secures the dog tags and crucifix around his neck.

JACK
This isn't just about revenge. The
money in that account belongs to
me. Plain and simple.

As Travis takes the baking pan from the oven, Rebecca spots
the flare gun in his back pocket.

REBECCA
My husband was involved in some
shameful business practices, and
I'm sorry for the chain of events
that occurred as a result of that.
No child should have to grow up
without parents.

TRAVIS
Yeah. Well, luckily my aunt
stepped up and took me in.

Travis uses the butcher knife to scrape the burnt trout into
the sink. Rebecca circles the island, inching closer to him.

REBECCA
I'm glad to hear that, but even you
have to understand that I had
nothing to do with this. It wasn't
my fault your mother pulled that
trigger.

TRAVIS

No, it was your husband's. The guy who promised my parents a large return on their \$88,000.00 investment. But, socked it away in the Cayman Islands instead.

Travis flips on the disposal, loudly grinding the burnt food. Rebecca tenses up, still moving toward him...

REBECCA

Denial protects the psyche from things that it can't cope with. Your mother wasn't right in the head, and it drove her to do a horrible thing.

TRAVIS

Stop talking.

Travis turns on the faucet, rinsing the pan. Rebecca can almost reach out and touch the flare gun...

REBECCA

She resented your father for making bad decisions with their savings, but you and your sister weren't to blame. You should know that --

Travis, growing more agitated, stabs the butcher knife down into the cutting board.

TRAVIS

I said, stop talking.

REBECCA

The guilt that she must have felt... being a mother, who could no longer provide for her children. It led her to do the only thing that made sense to her. An act that would insure her and everyone else she loved would be together forever.

Travis spins around, face-to-face with Rebecca.

TRAVIS

Shut the fuck up!

With Travis staring her down, Rebecca attempts to reach around his waist...

REBECCA

Listen to me, Travis. Guilt is the same thing driving you now. You blame yourself for not being there to stop her, and to save your family. Don't let these feelings lead you down a path of no return --

Before Rebecca has a chance to snatch the flare gun, Travis beats her to the draw, jamming the barrel into her gut.

TRAVIS

Do you think I'm stupid?

Rebecca remains quiet.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You know, you said it. You really are a type-A bitch. Too bad for you, I can see right through your shrink routine. You're so stuck in your own head, you couldn't begin to get into mine. Nice try.

REBECCA

There's a boat in our immediate area. If you're gonna go through it... better make sure you finish the job.

TRAVIS

There are worse things I could do to you than kill you. It's just a matter of time. You're gonna get what's coming to you.

REBECCA

You first!

Grabbing a dirty pan from the sink, Rebecca strikes Travis in the side of the head. He sways from the blow, sending the flare gun across the kitchen, toward the maintenance room.

Rebecca tries to run after it, but Travis grabs her by the hair and swings her into the kitchen cabinets.

Rebecca strikes Travis again with the pan, this time in his throat. He loosens his grip on her hair, choking. She drops the pan and makes a go for the flare gun.

Travis, still stunned, grabs DISHES, hurling them one-by-one.

SMASH... SMASH...

Rebecca is forced to retreat into the --

INT. LOWER DECK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now trapped, Rebecca searches the area for a weapon. ROPE, LIFE VESTS, SCUBA GEAR, GASOLINE CONTAINERS. Further in, she comes upon the cat, who licks what appears to be blood off of its paw. On closer examination, Rebecca spots --

THE REAL SKIPPER'S DEAD BODY shoved into a corner. He's pale and lifeless, throat slashed. Still in uniform, covered in blood. Rebecca stifles a scream.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
I see you've found the skipper.
And his feral cat.

Travis now stands in the doorway. He launches one last dish, at the cat, who dodges it safely --

SMASH.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Fun and games are officially
through.

REBECCA
Exactly how many people have you
killed, Travis?

Travis moves toward Rebecca, circling the two large motors.

TRAVIS
The skipper had to go. How else
was I gonna take you fine people
out for a weekend pleasure cruise?

Flinging an empty gasoline can, Travis creates a diversion that causes Rebecca to run right into him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Having a nice trip so far?

Travis grabs Rebecca by the neck and pushes her towards one of the hot engine blocks. She does her best to resist, but he's pushing her closer and closer...

Rebecca squirms, desperate for something to hold onto for support. Her fingertips just barely touch the lever of a nearby steam valve.

Not a moment too soon, the cat launches out from above the engine block, ferociously scratching Travis's face --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Goddamnit!

Capitalizing on the distraction, Rebecca manages to reach out far enough to pull down on the lever.

Steam bursts out in Travis's eyes --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Ducking past Travis, Rebecca escapes and beelines to the --

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca flings the freezer door open, hitting Travis in the head as he stumbles through behind her.

TRAVIS
Keep it up, cunt! I'm gonna enjoy
this.

Rebecca charges on, with the flare gun, into the --

INT. LOWER DECK - SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- where she heads straight for the staircase, until a beer bottle flies into her path and explodes.

SMASH.

Another one follows, hitting Rebecca in the back. Changing course, she escapes into --

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

With Travis speedily approaching, Rebecca thinks fast, sliding open the picture window and climbing up toward the --

EXT. MAIN DECK - BOW - INTERCUT

Grabbing a hold of the steel railing, Rebecca shimmies out the window, with the flare gun clenched in her teeth.

Travis finally reaches the window and pulls Rebecca hard by the foot, dragging her back inside. She dangles off the side of the speeding yacht, steadfast in her grip.

Lights from a SMALL COAST GUARD BOAT glow in the distance.

TRAVIS

Guess you weren't lying about the boat.

Rebecca kicks Travis away long enough to brace herself with one hand on the steel railing. Gripping the flare gun, she takes aim to the sky -- just as Travis forcefully grabs her foot again, causing her to lose balance and fire the only flare into the open bedroom window...

Travis retreats, ducking for cover in the sitting room, as the flare races through the bedroom like a firecracker.

Rebecca pulls herself up over the railing and onto the bow, where she heads down the port side gangway.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SECONDS LATER

Travis moves up from the lower deck stairs, as Rebecca turns the corner and attempts to make it up to the flybridge.

Reaching out, Travis snatches Rebecca by the shirt, propelling her backwards, atop the glass dining table. The table shatters on impact.

Rebecca slides across the deck, in broken debris. Travis approaches.

TRAVIS

Say good-bye to your rescue.

Rebecca sweeps Travis's leg and he falls to the floor.

REBECCA

Not this time!

Bouncing back, Rebecca picks up a nearby dining chair. She jams it down on Travis with all her might, into his gut and upper thigh, before making her way up to the --

INT. FLYBRIDGE - LOUNGE AREA - SAME

Rebecca races into the now open --

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

-- and slams the door shut, locking herself inside. Rebecca watches for any sign of Travis. Picking up the world phone, that's now charged, she dials her home line.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - SAME

ON TV, NICOLE KIDMAN is chased by BILLY ZANE onboard a yacht in a scene from the film Dead Calm. Subtitles for Mason.

Emily and Mason both watch, glued to the screen, eating pizza. The phone rings.

EMILY

If that's your mom on the phone, do
not tell her I'm letting you watch
this.

Mason shakes his head, in agreement.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

The phone continues to ring. Searching every unlocked cabinet, Rebecca discovers a COOLER with spare flares inside. She reloads the gun, keeping an eye on the perimeter.

REBECCA

Pick up. C'mon, pick up.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Emily finally answers --

EMILY

(into phone)
Hello?

REBECCA

(into phone)
Emily, it's me.

Emily lifts Mason's open knapsack on the counter.

EMILY

(re: the trophy)
Oh, hey, Rebecca! You won't
believe what Mason bought you for
Mother's Day with his allowance.
Too cute.

INT. AT&T UTILITY VAN - SAME

Bruce and Vinnie are listening in on the call.

EMILY (V.O.)

How's everything going?

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

REBECCA

I don't have time to explain. You
and Mason aren't safe. There are
people outside watching the house.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

EMILY

What are you talking about?

INT. AT&T UTILITY VAN - SAME

Bruce and Vinnie share a look.

BRUCE

They're on to us.

Vinnie loads his gun. Bruce goes for the van's door.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

REBECCA

Just listen. I want you to --

Without warning, the bow's decorative bronze anchor comes
crashing through the front windshield.

Rebecca covers her eyes from the barrage of glass, dropping
the world phone to the ground. Travis swings in, feet first,
knocking her back through the control room door and they
tumble out into the --

INT. FLYBRIDGE - LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Both Rebecca and Travis are momentarily stunned and hurting.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

EMILY

Rebecca, are you okay?... What's
going on?

Mason touches Emily's arm, scaring her.

MASON

Is that mom? Can I get on TTY with
her?

INT. FLYBRIDGE - LOUNGE AREA - SAME

REBECCA
(shouting towards the phone)
Emily, if you can hear me, take
Mason and get the hell out of
there! Run!

Travis tries to cover Rebecca's mouth with his hand, shouting
over her muffled cries --

TRAVIS
They're fucking dead!

Rebecca knees Travis in the groin, hurrying back into the --

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

After grabbing the flare gun and world phone, Rebecca kills
the engine.

REBECCA
(into phone)
Emily?!

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

EMILY
Rebecca, what the hell is going
on?!

EXT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - SAME

Bruce is at the power box, severing an electrical cord --

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

The power goes dead in the house, including the land-line.

EMILY
(panicked)
Hello? Hello?!

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Rebecca hoists herself through the windshield, onto the --

EXT. GLASS TOP CANOPY OF FLYBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

-- when she hears a DIAL TONE.

REBECCA

Shit!

Rebecca looks down at Travis, who's back on his feet. They make eye contact, as she hits redial.

AT&T OPERATOR (V.O.)

The number you are calling is out of service. Please try your call again later.

Rebecca fumbles with the safety lock of the flare gun.

EXT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - SAME

Vinnie and Bruce split paths around the house.

VINNIE

You get the kid. I'll take the nanny.

EXT. GLASS TOP CANOPY OF FLYBRIDGE - SAME

Before Rebecca can fire the flare, she's blind-sided by Travis, who clotheslines her, flat onto her back. The world phone soars to the far side of the roof. Rebecca hits the glass hard and it begins to splinter.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Emily locates a flashlight in a drawer, turns it on.

MASON

(scared)

What's happening?!

EMILY

We need to get outta here.

A pane of glass is broken in at the back door to the kitchen --

SMASH.

Emily and Mason watch as Bruce's arm reaches in from outside, searching for the door's deadbolt.

Grabbing her CELL PHONE and PURSE off the counter, Emily turns to exit through the garage with Mason, who pulls away and runs back to retrieve his knapsack --

EMILY (CONT'D)
Mason! Let's go!

Emily ushers Mason into --

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Slamming the door in Bruce's face just in time, Emily vigorously holds it closed...

EXT. GLASS TOP CANOPY OF FLYBRIDGE - SAME

A power struggle ensues between Travis and Rebecca for possession of the flare gun.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Emily strains to hold the door closed. Mason anchors himself around her waist, lending his weight to keep Bruce at bay on the other side of the door.

BRUCE (O.S.)
There's nowhere to run. We've got
you surrounded.

Emily spots a SCREWDRIVER on a nearby tool shelf.

EMILY
Mason, read my lips, okay? Get in
the car, and put on your seat belt.

Mason nods, letting go of Emily, which causes a balance shift between her and Bruce.

Holding on long enough for Mason to safely enter the car, Emily then releases the door handle, throwing Bruce backward by the force of his own weight.

Emily pulls out a can of mace from her purse and sprays Bruce right in the eyes. He recoils in pain, as Emily swings the door shut and slips the screwdriver into the padlock latch.

EXT. GLASS TOP CANOPY OF FLYBRIDGE - SAME

Travis and Rebecca continue their battle. Rebecca's finger is on the trigger of the flare gun, its barrel dangerously close to Travis's head, in spite of his best efforts.

Rebecca fires.

Travis dodges the flare, though it still grazes his cheek, before sailing across the night sky.

TRAVIS
(stunned)
You almost shot me?!
(then, furious)
You almost fucking shot me!

Travis throws a punch at Rebecca's face, but she evades it by rolling to her side. Missing, his hand makes contact with the already weakened glass canopy, weakening it even more.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Mason is buckled up in the Prius while Emily manually raises the garage door. Bruce has nearly busted the latch open.

EXT. GLASS TOP CANOPY OF FLYBRIDGE - SAME

Travis is livid, bones in his hand broken. Rebecca turns her attention onto the world phone at the far end of the canopy.

TRAVIS
That kid's as good as dead. You're
not making any more calls.

REBECCA
Neither are you!

Rebecca and Travis both scramble for the world phone. He gets there first, but she dives onto his back from behind, sending them both to the ground.

Atop the cracking glass, Travis rolls over on Rebecca, as they continuing to wrestle.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Emily jumps into the Prius, and throws it into reverse.

EXT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - SAME

Vinnie, waiting at the front of the house, notices the Prius exiting and sets off in its direction.

EXT. GLASS TOP CANOPY OF FLYBRIDGE - SAME

Rebecca fights Travis with every bit of her remaining strength. Her nails are dug into his arm, vying for the world phone, still in his hand.

INT. EMILY'S PRIUS - MOVING - SAME

Emily continues to reverse down the driveway, clipping Vinnie on the way out. He tumbles to the side of the car.

EXT. GLASS TOP CANOPY OF FLYBRIDGE - SAME

In a last-ditch effort, Rebecca kicks her foot up at the phone, making hard contact. It flies out of Travis's hand, and over the edge of the canopy... but not far enough.

INSERT the world phone, hitting the flybridge railing, and ricocheting back onto its deck.

Rebecca and Travis, both exasperated, share a look. Then... the glass gives way. They free fall down into the --

INT./EXT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - CONTINUOUS

-- where they both crash, underwater.

Rebecca comes up gasping for air, only to have Travis push her head back down, drowning her.

INT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Bruce finally breaks the latch off the door frame.

INT. EMILY'S PRIUS - MOVING - SAME

Emily shifts into drive, peeling down the block. A safe escape.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - SUN DECK AREA - SAME

Travis climbs out of the hot tub and slides the cover on, trapping Rebecca inside.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - INTERCUT

Rebecca pounds her fist on the inside cover, only a small pocket of air to breathe from.

EXT. PAUL AND REBECCA'S HOUSE - SAME

Bruce helps Vinnie to his feet.

VINNIE
That didn't go quite as planned.

BRUCE
Don't be so sure about that...

Showing Vinnie the TRACKING APP on his cell, Bruce smiles.

INT. EMILY'S PRIUS - MOVING - SAME

CLOSE UP on the Nintendo 3DS in Mason's open knapsack.

MASON
Why were those men in our house?!

EMILY
I have no idea.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE - SUN DECK AREA - SECONDS LATER

In the debris, the world phone rings. Travis, lying across the hot tub cover totally spent, perks up.

TRAVIS
(to Rebecca)
Don't worry. I'll get it.

Travis kicks away broken glass, before answering.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey... Yeah, change in plans. How fast can you get to Grand Cayman?

COAST GUARD (O.S.)
(into a bullhorn)
Permission to come aboard?

Travis turns, eyeing the SMALL COAST GUARD RESCUE BOAT, manned by three GUARDSMEN on the starboard side. A FLOOD LIGHT shines in Travis's face.

TRAVIS
(then, into phone)
I'm gonna have to call ya back.
We've got company.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - SAME

Rebecca bangs on the cover.

REBECCA
(shouting)
Is someone out there?! Can anybody
hear me?!

Suddenly the jets kick on, muting Rebecca's cries.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE - SUN DECK AREA - SAME

Travis turns up the dial on the hot tub's control panel.

EXT. MAIN DECK - STERN - SECONDS LATER

Coming down the spiral staircase, Travis meets two of the three COAST GUARDSMEN, who are already boarding the yacht.

TRAVIS
Help you with something, officers?

COAST GUARD #3 aims the rescue boat's MACHINE GUN RIFLE in Travis's direction, making him tense.

LEAD COAST GUARD
You tell us. We saw a flare.
(looking around)
And you're not answering any
frequencies.

TRAVIS
Oh. Flare went off accidentally,
and the CB's busted. We're fine.

COAST GUARD
(observing debris)
We?

TRAVIS
Me... and my cat. How do you think
I got all these scratches?

Travis shows the mark where the flare grazed his cheek.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - SAME

Rebecca strains to keep her mouth and nose above water.

REBECCA
Help! Can anybody hear me?!
Hello?

Under the water, Mason's buoy with Paul's keys drifts out of Rebecca's pocket. She ducks below to retrieve it.

EXT. MAIN DECK - STERN - SAME

COAST GUARD #2
You don't mind if we have a look
around, do you?

TRAVIS
(hesitant)
No. Not at all. Help yourself.
Is there a problem?

LEAD COAST GUARD
You're aware this yacht was
reported missing off the coast of
New Orleans, yesterday?

Travis stiffens more. Coast Guard #2 turns his M-16 RIFLE around, displaying it across his chest.

COAST GUARD #2
We're gonna need to see your
passport, as well as the boat
license and registration.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - SAME

Using the keys, Rebecca manages to slice through the vinyl cover. She reaches her fingers inside and starts tearing away at the FOAM INSULATION.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DINNING AREA - SAME

Travis checks his back pockets.

TRAVIS

You know what, guys? The thing is,
my passport is down in the lower
cabin, along with the dead skipper.
And the registration is up in the
flybridge with a hysterical woman
trapped in the hot tub, so, yeah...

Coast Guard #1 and Coast Guard #2 share a look of confusion --

EXT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - SAME

CLOSE UP on the Rebecca's bleeding fingers breaking through a
small area of the vinyl cover, steam pouring out --

REBECCA

Somebody save me!!!

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINNING AREA - SAME

Everyone looks up, alarmed by Rebecca's screams.

TRAVIS

Told ya --

Travis yanks the M-16 strap around Coast Guard #2's neck,
choking him.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - SAME

Rebecca begins to lose consciousness from the intense heat,
until finally she blacks out...

Slipping under the water, Rebecca begins to drown.

INT. SMALL COAST GUARD RESCUE BOAT - INTERCUT

With no time to react, Coast Guard #3 fires his rifle, only
to kill Coast Guard #2, who Travis has taken cover behind.

Using Coast Guard #2's M-16, Travis fires back, killing Coast
Guard #3, who sets off a spray of rogue machine gun rounds
that tear into the yacht, including the --

INT./EXT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - SAME

Ripping through the water, stray bullets come mere inches from hitting Rebecca, who's lifeless body is at the bottom of the tub. Water spills out of the holes, draining the jacuzzi and sending a wave over the edge, cascading down onto --

EXT. MAIN DECK - DINNING AREA - SAME

The Lead Coast Guard lunges through the water at Travis, sending them both down to the slick floor in a brutal fist fight. Travis is on the losing side of the exchange. Reaching for the M-16 close by, Travis jabs the butt of the rifle into the Lead Coast Guard's head, knocking him down.

Travis straddles the Lead Coast Guard and bashes in his face with the rifle, to death.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca lies in a shallow pool of water. The jets suddenly cut out.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE - HOT TUB - SAME

Travis removes the cover and reaches down for Rebecca, lifting her out onto the deck. She isn't breathing.

Plugging Rebecca's nose and breathing into her mouth, Travis presses his fists on her chest. Nothing is happening.

TRAVIS

No! Don't you die now. C'mon.

Travis tries again, but this time when he pulls back from Rebecca's mouth --

TRAVIS'S POV:

REVEAL Nancy, with a bullet hole in her jaw and her face covered in blood, lying in front of him.

Tears of rage build in Travis's eyes.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I need you, you fuckin' bitch!

Travis emphatically presses Nancy's chest when suddenly --

BACK TO PRESENT:

Rebecca spits up water from her lungs, gasping for air.

With a sigh of relief, Travis collapses against the hot tub. An eerie sense of calm sets in over the moonlit yacht.

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Rebecca wakes, sunlight peering in from the window. She reaches her hand across the bed, for Paul.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
We're ten miles out from shore.

Rebecca turns to find Travis in the doorway.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Get dressed.

Travis walks away, Rebecca's reality sinking in.

REBECCA
Travis?

Reappearing in the doorway, Travis looks at Rebecca.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
For what it's worth, I'm sorry
about your family.
(then)
I'm done fighting. Whatever you
want me to do, I'll do it. I just
wanna see my son alive again.

TRAVIS
This will all be over soon.

Travis leaves Rebecca alone to her thoughts.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN ISLANDS - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The sun shines over the majestic island landscape.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN BOAT DOCK - AN HOURS LATER

Travis and Rebecca are both worse for wear, sunglasses covering black eyes, cuts and bruises. They make their way down the yacht's stern and onto the boat dock.

INT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

As Rebecca and Travis sign in, they're approached by a BANK GREETER.

BANK GREETER

Welcome to --

TRAVIS

-- We have an appointment.

BANK GREETER

Alright. If you'll just have a seat, one of our associates will be with you. In the meantime, can I offer you some coffee, or --

REBECCA

-- Do you have a lady's room?

BANK GREETER

Straight back, to the left.

Rebecca begins to walk off, but Travis grips her arm and leads her instead to the --

LOUNGE AREA

TRAVIS

Nice try. But I'm not buying your woe is me act.

Rebecca looks genuinely confused.

REBECCA

It's not an act. And I really do have to go.

TRAVIS

Sit your ass down.
(waiving his iPhone)
We're back in service. All I have to do is say the word...

Before Rebecca can even take a seat, MRS. DUNCAN, an elderly bank employee, approaches.

MRS. DUNCAN

You must be Mrs. Rebecca Graham and her husband, Paul. We've been expecting you.

Travis stands, offering out his hand.

TRAVIS
Actually, I'm Mrs. Graham's
business associate. Travis Snyder.
Paul couldn't make it.

MRS. DUNCAN
Oh, I hope everything's okay?

Rebecca looks at Travis, then to Mrs. Duncan.

REBECCA
It will be once I close this
account and have a check issued.

MRS. DUNCAN
Of course. I'm sorry we'll be
losing your business. I'll just
need to verify your identification
and have you sign off on a few
forms. If you'll both follow me.

Mrs. Duncan leads Rebecca and Travis back towards her office.
Travis searches his pockets for their passports, while Rebecca
can't help but acknowledge...

REBECCA
(privately to Travis)
Is that Paul's suit?

TRAVIS
You say it like I stole it off a
dead guy.

Rebecca gives Travis a look of disgust, as they arrive at --

MRS. DUNCAN'S DESK.

Rebecca and Travis each take a seat opposite Mrs. Duncan.
Travis empties his pockets, placing his iPhone down on Mrs.
Duncan's desk, next to her name placard.

MRS. DUNCAN
(to Rebecca)
If you'd prefer, I'm happy to issue
the cashier's check and maintain
the account in its active status?
As I'm sure you know, there are
many benefits to having an offshore
bank --

Travis holds up the passports.

TRAVIS

-- Here ya go.

(then)

We've got a lot of business to attend to, Mrs. Duncan. Spare us the sales pitch. What we need is for you to close the account and cut us the check. Now.

Mrs. Duncan accepts the passports from Travis. Rebecca, eyeing Travis's iPhone still on the desk, reacts to Mrs. Duncan's FAMILY PORTRAIT. Lots of KIDS and GRANDCHILDREN.

REBECCA

You're a mom? Me, too. My son's back home in the states and I'm eager to wrap things up here so that I can reunite with him tomorrow.

MRS. DUNCAN

I understand.

REBECCA

It'll be an extra special Mother's Day for me. Isn't that right, Travis?

Rebecca looks at Travis for confirmation, which she doesn't get... Instead, Travis is fixated on Mrs. Duncan, who continues reviewing the passports --

TRAVIS

You can just make that cashier's check payable in my name.

Over Mrs. Duncan's shoulder, Rebecca catches sight of a LARGE POSTER displayed on the wall advertising "*Easy Online Account Management*."

MRS. DUNCAN (O.S.)

And you're okay with that, Mrs. Graham?

The wheels in Rebecca's head are spinning.

MRS. DUNCAN (CONT'D)

...Mrs. Graham?

Rebecca snaps out of it, holding up her finger to Mrs. Duncan as she leans into Travis for a private moment.

REBECCA

Even if I give you this money,
you're gonna kill me, aren't you?

TRAVIS

Now is not really the time for
this, Rebecca. Answer the nice
lady before she gets suspicious.

Travis gives Rebecca a look to kill, then...

REBECCA

(reluctantly, to Mrs. Duncan)
Yes. In Travis's name is fine.

MRS. DUNCAN

(checking her computer screen)
Oh, and I see here you also have a
safety deposit box with us. I take
it you'll be closing that out,
along with the savings account?

TRAVIS

We didn't bring the key --

REBECCA

(seizing an opportunity)
-- Could it be any of these?

Travis turns to Rebecca, who is holding up Mason's buoy
keychain, with Paul's foreign keys attached. Mrs. Duncan
smiles, pointing to one of the keys in particular.

MRS. DUNCAN

This one right here. I can take
you down to our vault while they
work on that check.

(to Travis)

Sorry, but it's bank policy to only
allow account holders access to our
safety deposit box area.

Travis is irate, though he maintains his cool.

TRAVIS

(through gritted teeth)
Sure.

As Rebecca turns to go, Travis pulls her close, whispering
into her ear.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Don't try anything stupid.

REBECCA
Not my style.

Rebecca pulls away, covertly slipping Travis's iPhone into her pocket.

INT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - ELEVATOR - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca and Mrs. Duncan wait for the elevators.

MRS. DUNCAN
I have to apologize. They're not usually this slow.

Glancing over at the account paperwork in Mrs. Duncan's hand, Rebecca slyly snaps a photo using Travis's iPhone.

REBECCA
You know what? Would you mind if I use the rest room, real quick?

MRS. DUNCAN
No problem. Down that hall, on the left. Second door.

Rebecca sets off.

INT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - MRS. DUNCAN'S DESK - SAME

Travis waits at Mrs. Duncan's desk. His head bobs, dead tired. No sign of Rebecca or Mrs. Duncan yet. His eyes land on a COFFEE STATION nearby.

INT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca emerges from the bathroom, walking briskly toward Mrs. Duncan, still waiting at the elevator.

REBECCA
Much better, thanks.

An elevator arrives.

MRS. DUNCAN
Perfect timing.

INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - SECONDS LATER

Mrs. Duncan pulls out the drawer. Rebecca focuses her attention on the contents of the safety deposit box: a large manila envelope.

MRS. DUNCAN
Here you are. Whenever you're ready, I'll be upstairs.

Mrs. Duncan exits, leaving Rebecca alone.

Rebecca wastes no time, tearing into the envelope. Inside, she finds a SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL and THREE PASSPORTS.

Opening the first passport, Rebecca discovers a photo of Mason with an alias of "Jason McNamara."

Then, a photo of Paul with the alias "William McNamara."

And the third...

A photo of Emily with the alias "Charlotte McNamara."

Rebecca's face goes pale. She falls to the ground.

REBECCA
I don't believe it...

Suddenly Travis's cell buzzes with a new message from "LITTLE SIS," alongside a thumbnail photo of EMILY: *"Plan worked -- we caught the first flight out! Just pulled up to the bank."*

A shell-shocked Rebecca scrolls through the long history of Jennifer and Travis's text messages...

FLASHBACK TO A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

INT. SNYDER HOME - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

POLICEMEN and PARAMEDICS rush into the house.

INT. SNYDER HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS take photos of George's body.

INT. SNYDER HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

An OFFICER covers Nancy's body with a sheet.

INT. SNYDER HOME - JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seven year old Jennifer is being lifted onto a gurney.

PARAMEDIC
We have a heartbeat!

EXT. SNYDER HOME - STREET - NIGHT

Jennifer, unconscious, is being loaded into an ambulance.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

In a coma, with her head wrapped in bandages, Jennifer lays in a hospital bed. She is hooked up to a respirator and various devices. The heart monitor BEEPS. *Beep, beep...*

CLOSE UP on Jennifer's eyes springing to life, pupils dilating, and taking us --

BACK TO PRESENT:

REBECCA
She never died.

INT. JENNIFER'S RENTED MERCEDES - SAME

Emily, who will now be referred to as "Jennifer," waits anxiously in the parking lot. Mason is in the back seat, busy with his Nintendo 3DS. She checks her cell for a reply.

EMILY / JENNIFER
Travis... what the hell is taking
so long?

Mason taps Jennifer on the shoulder, pausing his game.

MASON
Where's my mom and dad? You
promised my family would be here.

JENNIFER
I know. I did tell you that, huh?
For what it's worth, I feel really
bad about lying. Especially
since... your dad is dead. And I'm
gonna kill your mother.
(then, consoling)
Us kids need to stick together.

Off Mason, devastated...

INT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - COFFEE STATION - SAME

Travis pours himself a large coffee, as Mrs. Duncan approaches with the check in an envelope.

MRS. DUNCAN
You are all set, sir.
(then)
Oops, forgot to get the manager's
signature. Just another moment.

Travis grimaces as he stirs his coffee, and Mrs. Duncan heads back behind the glass teller wall.

TRAVIS
(to himself, just like his mother)
...Idiot.

INT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - VAULT ENTRANCE - SAME

Returning from the vault, Rebecca spots Mrs. Duncan behind the teller wall with the BANK MANAGER. She eyes a hallway leading to an EMERGENCY EXIT.

REBECCA
Officially done playing it by the
book...

Rebecca pulls down on the fire alarm --

INT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - MRS. DUNCAN'S DESK - INTERCUT

As Travis sits back down, SIRENS ring out throughout the entire bank and he spills coffee all over his pants --

TRAVIS
Sonova...

Looking up, Travis spots Rebecca across the way standing beside the alarm.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
...bitch.

Rebecca gives Travis the middle finger, before slipping out of sight down the back hallway.

CUSTOMERS are exiting the bank's main entrance in a hurry, just as Mrs. Duncan returns to her desk --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Where's my check?

MRS. DUNCAN
Sir, everyone needs to exit the
building now --

Travis snatches the envelope out of Mrs. Duncan's hand.

MRS. DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Mr. Snyder, I need you to exit
along with everyone else.

Travis rips into the envelope, revealing a check made out in
the amount of \$88,000.00.

TRAVIS
Where the hell is the rest of the
money?

MRS. DUNCAN
Mr. Snyder, we can go over all of
Mrs. Graham's funds after it's
deemed safe to return to the bank.

Travis pulls out his gun, discreetly aiming it at Mrs. Duncan.

TRAVIS
I'd rather go over them now.

Travis pushes Mrs. Duncan down into her seat. Nervously, she
checks the history of the account on her computer.

MRS. DUNCAN
Umm... It appears that there was a
very large transfer done online,
well, eight minutes ago. Wait,
that can't be right?

Travis reaches for his iPhone. Gone. His eyes narrow.

INT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - BACK HALLWAY EXIT - SAME

Rebecca heads toward the rear exit. On Travis's iPhone the
screen reads: Wire transfer complete. It shows a current
balance of \$20,431,642.92 in Rebecca's personal Bank of
America account.

Rebecca exhales, victoriously, exiting to --

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - REAR PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca cranes her head out from the door, spotting Jennifer
in a Mercedes across the way.

At the same time, a BLUE SEDAN enters the parking lot.

INT. JENNIFER'S RENTED MERCEDES - SAME

Jennifer watches the blue sedan pull into a space, immediately recognizing Vinnie and Bruce inside.

JENNIFER

Shit! How did they follow us here?

Jennifer ducks in her seat, as her cell rings.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(into cell)

Did we get the money, big bro?

Jennifer peers up to find Rebecca pointing a gun at her, standing at her open window, on Travis's iPhone.

REBECCA

(into cell)

Don't *bro* me, bitch. Get out of the fucking car!

Rebecca's attention shifts to Mason in the back seat, who doesn't understand what's going on.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It's okay. Mommy's here to make everything better, sweetie.

JENNIFER

I've heard that one before.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - REAR PARKING LOT - SAME

Bruce and Vinnie exit their sedan, badges out, and guns drawn on Rebecca.

BRUCE

Freeze, FBI! Drop your weapon!

JENNIFER

(thinking fast)

Thank God you're here. She's crazy. Her and her husband embezzled millions and they threatened to have me killed if I didn't bring them their son.

REBECCA

She's lying.

VINNIE

Is she?! We've been all over the Stevens Capital case since the SEC pulled us in.

BRUCE

Where's your husband, Mrs. Graham?

REBECCA

Dead. Her and her psychotic brother planned all of this. He murdered Paul. Then he terrorized me for twenty-four hours on a yacht, and threatened my son's life if I didn't pay them off.

VINNIE

Mrs. Graham, drop the weapon. We're taking both of you into federal custody.

REBECCA

Not until you get my son safely out of that car.

Bruce and Vinnie share a look. Bruce complies, ushering a still very confused and devastated Mason out of Jennifer's car, who's fighting them as he tries to bring his knapsack with him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Honey, it's alright. They're here to help.

As Bruce pulls Mason out, the Mother's Day trophy falls from the open knapsack, onto the ground at Rebecca's feet.

BRUCE

We're good now. Your son is safe. You can put down your weapon.

Rebecca bends down, placing her gun on the ground. At the same time, she reaches for Mason's trophy, turning it over to reveal the plaque: World's Best Mom. She looks up at Mason across the way, who smiles warmly at her, just as --

SHOTS ARE FIRED.

Vinnie is fatally wounded and Bruce is hit.

Travis shows up in a flash, grabbing Mason and holding a gun to his head.

TRAVIS
Stay back, or I shoot.

Travis and Mason, in panic mode, walk back to the blue sedan.

REBECCA
Noooooooooooo!

TRAVIS
Jenny, let's move!

Jennifer hops out of her Mercedes and bends down to retrieve the loose gun off the ground. Eyeing the trophy in Rebecca's hand, she whispers --

JENNIFER
World's Best Mom, my ass.

Jennifer rises to stand up, when all of a sudden --

Rebecca springs to action, fiercely whacking Jennifer across the face with the trophy. She goes down, as both the gun and trophy tumble to the ground.

REBECCA
I'm working on it.

A ROYAL CAYMAN ISLAND FIRE ENGINE and AMBULANCE zoom into the parking lot. Lights flashing.

Before Travis has time to react, Bruce rolls over and fires in his direction. After pushing Mason into the sedan, Travis climbs in for cover.

In the commotion, Jennifer once again reaches for the gun on the ground, but Rebecca steps on her hand, picking it up herself instead.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - MOVING - SAME

Travis peels out of the parking lot, with Mason nervously riding shotgun. He rolls down the window, shouting to Rebecca --

TRAVIS
Stay close, if you know what's good for you!

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - REAR PARKING LOT - SAME

Rebecca pulls Jennifer up off the ground.

REBECCA
Get back in the car.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - REAR PARKING LOT - SAME
Bruce narrowly avoids being run over by the fleeing sedan.

INT. JENNIFER'S RENTED MERCEDES - SAME
Rebecca pushes Jennifer into the driver's seat, at gun point.

REBECCA
Drive.

Starting the engine, Jennifer pulls out after Travis. In the car's rear backup camera, Jennifer purposefully runs over Rebecca's trophy --

CRUNCH!

Jennifer smirks at Rebecca.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN CITIZEN BANK - REAR PARKING LOT - SAME
As the Mercedes and the sedan set off, Bruce gets upright. He calls out to the PARAMEDICS nearby, flashing his badge --

BRUCE
Agent down!

Bruce stumbles into the street, commandeering a CIVILIAN VEHICLE, just as FOUR ROYAL CAYMAN ISLAND POLICE CARS pull up to the scene.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SAME

The sedan leads the way, dodging CARS and PEDESTRIANS. The Mercedes follows closely, weaving through traffic, speeding through a residential area.

INT. JENNIFER'S RENTED MERCEDES - MOVING - SAME

With her gun aimed at Jennifer, Rebecca's attention is locked on the sedan ahead of them with Travis and Mason.

REBECCA
You lived in our home. You took
care of our son.
(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I thought of you as family. And this is how you repay me?

JENNIFER

The way I see it, I'm the one who's owed a debt. Truth is, if I hadn't stumbled onto your husband's secret ledger and realized that my parent's money was still within reach, you'd be long dead by now. And Paul would be serving a life sentences, framed for your murder.

REBECCA

I can't believe I ever trusted you. You've just been plotting your revenge all this time.

JENNIFER

Yup. Pretty much ever since the day I woke up from my coma. Ya know, the doctors thought I'd be a vegetable the rest of my life. Proved them wrong, huh? Although, it's funny, when I first came out of it, I wasn't able to speak, so the rehab facility had to start me on sign language. Boy, did that come in handy during my nanny interview!

EXT. CLIFF SIDE ROAD - SAME

Travis steers the sedan for a cliff-side road, toward the boat docks, with Jennifer's Mercedes still trailing behind.

Further back, the commandeered vehicle driven by Bruce and the four police cars are fast approaching.

INT. JENNIFER'S RENTED MERCEDES - MOVING - SAME

REBECCA

If all you wanted was money, no one had to die for it. You have done nothing but inflict pain and suffering onto more innocent people.

JENNIFER

Paul was never innocent. He planned all of this. He hit on me.
(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Said how he fantasized about us taking Mason and running away together. While you were busy playing doctor, I was playing into his every desire. I was so convincing that I even got him to hire my "good friend Jack" to take you out after the bank deal. Or, at least, that's what he thought the plan was... But then came your unexpected pregnancy. And Paul's cold feet. Thank God, I was able to put out both of those fires.

REBECCA

You didn't...

Tears build in Rebecca's eyes.

JENNIFER

I did you a favor. Turns out, forcing a miscarriage isn't all that difficult. A little Plan B in your Starbucks each morning... and the rest is between you and your OB/GYN.

REBECCA

You're a sociopath.

JENNIFER

Thanks. It runs in the family.

(then)

From there, it was just a matter of calling in an SEC tip to really get Paul's head on straight.

Rebecca wipes away her tears, growing more angry.

REBECCA

So that's how we all wound up on the yacht, is it?

JENNIFER

One way or another, you were gonna wind up on this island. Paul had no other choice. He needed to cash out. When his boss offered up the company yacht last minute, Paul figured it would leave less of a paper trail than buying airline tickets would, and Travis was all for getting his sea legs back.

REBECCA

Hate to break it to you, but all your scheming was in vain. Travis was already paid back your parent's \$88,000.00 and the rest of the money is being turned over to authorities. Once I get my son back, it's over.

JENNIFER

Wake up. We have police and FBI agents chasing us. However this ends, I'm gonna bet things don't look too good for you. Your husband's gone missing, your name is tied to \$20 million in stolen funds, and you're hiding out in the Cayman Islands. Besides, I'd be more concerned with Travis if I were you. If you don't give us what we want, he'll kill Mason. My family doesn't mess around. I have the scars to prove it.

Jennifer flips her hair to the side, revealing a large, nasty scar from where doctors extracted the bullet.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Ever had a bullet lodged in your skull before? It hurts like a motherfucker.

In the passenger side mirror, Jennifer eyes Bruce in an approaching vehicle.

REBECCA

Yeah, well, it's too bad your mother wasn't a better shot.

Jennifer jerks the wheel, causing Rebecca to smack her head into the passenger window, while at the same time --

EXT. CLIFF SIDE ROAD - SAME

-- ramming into Bruce's vehicle, keeping him at bay.

Meanwhile, Travis's sedan crosses the double line into oncoming traffic to pass a DAIRY TRUCK, then quickly exits on a dirt road towards the docks.

INT. JENNIFER'S RENTED MERCEDES - MOVING - SAME

There's not enough time for Jennifer's car to get all the way in front of the truck and still make the off-ramp...

REBECCA

What are you doing? He said, stay close.

JENNIFER

It's too risky. I need to keep the heat off Travis.

Rebecca's grip tightens on the gun.

REBECCA

Get in front of the truck, and follow him. It wasn't a question.

Jennifer accelerates, speeding in front of the diary truck, but staying the course.

JENNIFER

Oh, please. The heroine role so doesn't suit you, Rebecca. Unlike my bitch mom, we both know you don't have it in you to pull that trigger.

REBECCA

I was recently given sage advice... Any woman can be a mother, but it takes an extraordinary one to be a mom.

JENNIFER

I think I read that on a fortune cookie once.

REBECCA

I... am an extraordinary woman.
(then)
You're just batshit crazy!

Rebecca notices that Jennifer isn't wearing her seat belt.

JENNIFER

Sounds like self-help mantra straight out of your worthless book. Go peddle your psychoanalysis somewhere else.

Rebecca digs the barrel of the gun into Jennifer's upper right thigh --

REBECCA
PSYCHO, ANALYZE THIS!

Pulling the trigger, Rebecca sends a bullet piercing through Jennifer's leg --

JENNIFER
WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!!!
I'M DRIVING!

REBECCA
And I'm the one calling the shots.
Pull over!

JENNIFER
You're out of your mind if you
think I'm taking orders from you.
I'd sooner kill us both.

REBECCA
Not on my watch!

Rebecca yanks up on the emergency break lever. As she tries to take control of the wheel, Rebecca is met with resistance from Jennifer, pulling hard in the opposite direction --

EXT. CLIFF SIDE ROAD - SAME

The Mercedes slides to a screeching halt, perpendicular to the road, with Jennifer now facing the oncoming dairy truck -- barreling towards them.

HOOOOOOONK!

INT. JENNIFER'S RENTED MERCEDES - INTERCUT

Jennifer's eyes go wide, as Rebecca tightens her shoulder strap, bracing for the --

BAM.

-- the dairy truck T-bones the Mercedes, smashing Jennifer's head through the driver's side window, her body then thrown into the windshield as the car goes airborne, propelled off the cliff, before tumbling down the --

EXT. CLIFF SIDE EMBANKMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- where it eventually lands upside down, on the beach across the way from the boat docks.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE ROAD - SAME

Bruce's commandeered vehicle and the four Royal Cayman Island Police cars slam on their breaks trying to avoid the dairy truck's swinging TOW-LOAD, causing a multi-car pile up.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN BOAT DOCK - SAME

Travis's sedan comes to an abrupt stop. He jumps out, circling around and yanking Mason out of the car.

INT. JENNIFER'S RENTED MERCEDES - SAME

Rebecca is still strapped in, with the air bags deployed. She unbuckles herself, with a few new cuts and bruises.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE EMBANKMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca crawls out of the Mercedes, her eyes falling on Jennifer's mangled body, which has been thrown several feet from the crash...

REBECCA
How's that for *Head Bitch In Charge*?!
Charge?!

Further away, Rebecca catches sight of --

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN BOAT DOCK - SAME

Travis drags Mason on board the yacht, oblivious to --

EXT. CLIFF SIDE EMBANKMENT - SAME

Rebecca, brushing herself off and heading in their direction.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE - SUN DECK AREA - SECONDS LATER

Travis binds Mason's hands together with rope, before locating the world phone. He snatches it, while pushing Mason towards the control room --

TRAVIS
Keep moving.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN BOAT DOCK - SAME

Rebecca limps past the sedan. Peering inside the open backseat window, she spots an FBI labeled KEVLAR BALLISTIC VEST and Mason's knapsack.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Travis starts the engines. Mason looks on, terrified.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN BOAT DOCK - SAME

Rebecca painfully sprints along the dock, catching sight of the yacht with its engines revved...

Directly ahead of her, Rebecca spots a crowd of TOURISTS disembarking from a day-cruise, each one being stopped by local Coast Guards, who are holding WANTED PHOTOS of PAUL and REBECCA.

REBECCA

Shit.

Lowering her head, Rebecca picks up the pace. Before anyone has a chance to spot her, she leaps onto the --

DAY CRUISE BOAT

Rebecca hits the deck running, dodging tourists before she quickly crosses and leaps onto a neighboring --

SAIL BOAT.

Hitting her stride, determined to catch the yacht before it leaves the dock, Rebecca does another running leap... and another... and then another. Until finally she takes one giant leap towards the --

YACHT'S STERN,

which is now several feet from the end of the dock.

Arms outreached, Rebecca lands in the water with a huge splash, but not before managing to grab a hold of the rear ladder, prying herself up.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM

Travis, unaware of Rebecca's efforts, stares ahead to the open sea. Mason by his side, crying.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN BOAT DOCK - SAME

Having cleared the surrounding boats and dock speed restrictions, the yacht pushes on at full steam.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Travis uses the world phone to call his iPhone. It rings. Rebecca picks up on the other line.

TRAVIS
(into phone)
I want my money, Rebecca.

REBECCA (V.O.)
You've already been handed your share, Travis. There are other families out there who are just as deserving of their returns. Let's not forget, greed is what got us into this mess in the first place.

TRAVIS
That's not how this works. You're in no position to negotiate terms. Put my sister on the phone, before I put a bullet into the back of your son's head.

REBECCA (V.O.)
I would, but we had a bit of an accident on the car ride from the bank. Don't worry. I'm sure she's being reunited with your mother as we speak.

Vengeance burns on Travis's face.

TRAVIS
Is that right? Well, I'm sure Mason is looking forward to being reunited with his father... We'll talk again after all of the money is in my account. Until then, this ship has sailed.

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - SAME

Standing outside the maintenance room, Rebecca flips all the circuit breakers off, cutting power to the entire yacht --

REBECCA
(into cell)
This ship isn't going anywhere,
asshole.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

The yacht lunges to a halt. On the control panel, a light flashes reporting a problem in the lower cabin's fuse box.

INT. LOWER DECK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - SAME

Rebecca enters, looking for a place to hide. She spots the gasoline canister and scuba gear from earlier.

REBECCA
Have I gotten into your head yet,
Travis?!

Rebecca ends the call.

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Travis smiles, sadistically.

TRAVIS
Looks like we have a stowaway on
board.

INT. LOWER DECK - SITTING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Travis cautiously comes down the stairs, gun drawn and holding the world phone. He enters the --

INT. LOWER DECK - MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Travis does a sweep under the bed and in the bathroom, no sign of Rebecca anywhere. He continues back through the --

INT. LOWER DECK - SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And straight on to the --

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Travis hits redial on the world phone. He hears it ringing in the maintenance room.

TRAVIS

Gotcha.

Travis makes his way inside the darkened --

INT. LOWER DECK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - SAME

The iPhone screen lights up in the breast pocket of the dead Skipper's bloody uniform.

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - SAME

The dumbwaiter door opens, revealing Rebecca squeezed inside with the now-empty gasoline container, along with the cat.

Tossing the container to the floor, Rebecca draws her gun and takes aim at the gasoline trail.

REBECCA

Say hello to your mother for me!

Rebecca shoots. The trail ignites, as a blaze of FIRE heads straight for the --

INT. LOWER DECK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - SAME

TRAVIS

Oh, fuck --

Travis dives out of frame, just as --

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - SAME

BOOM.

The maintenance room door flies back in the blast. A hole is torn in the yacht's side.

Rebecca, braced for the explosion inside the dumbwaiter with the cat, watches the door whiz by her.

As the ocean water rushes in like a title wave putting out the flames, Rebecca slams the dumbwaiter door closed --

INT. DUMBWAITER - SAME

Rebecca hauls herself up, using the pulley rope.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca opens the hatch, crawling out from the dumbwaiter, with the cat. She books it up the stairs to the --

INT. FLYBRIDGE - CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Mason is overjoyed to see Rebecca.

MASON

Mom!

Rebecca rushes to Mason, having a tearful reunion.

REBECCA

I'm here. I'll never leave you
again. I'm so sorry.

Rebecca sets the cat down, then quickly unties Mason.

MASON

(crying)

Is it true Dad's dead?

Rebecca nods, hugging Mason tight and wiping away his tears.

REBECCA

It's gonna be okay. I promise.

Then, taking Mason's hand in hers, Rebecca places the lucky buoy in his palm, closing his fist tightly around it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

We're gonna have to swim.

Grabbing two life vests out of the cabinet, she secures one on Mason and then one for herself.

MASON

(re: cat)

What about her?

The cat stares up at Rebecca, defenseless.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca and Mason make their way to the stern of the sinking boat, when --

INT. MAIN DECK - LIVING ROOM AREA - INTERCUT

Travis appears at the lower deck stairs, soaking wet, gun in hand.

TRAVIS
Not. Cool.

Rebecca spins around, positioning herself in front of Mason.

REBECCA
Travis, you don't have to be like
your mother. You can get help.

TRAVIS
See, that's the problem with you
doctors. My mother didn't need
help. And neither do I.
(raises his gun, then)
You should've said your prayers
when you had the chance.

BANG.

Travis fires a single shot at Rebecca, hitting her in the chest and hurling her back into the flooding water at the boat's stern.

Mason quivers, absolutely beside himself. Smiling diabolically, Travis turns the gun toward him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I hope you've accepted Jesus Christ
as your personal Savior.

CLICK.

No bullets. Anguished, Mason runs away, down the --

EXT. MAIN DECK - PORT SIDE GANGWAY - CONTINUOUS

Travis tosses the gun before charging after Mason, quickly overtaking him.

TRAVIS
I'd tell you what I'm about to do
to you, but what's the point?!

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

Rebecca bobs in the ocean, still alive. She removes her life vest, revealing the FBI Kevlar ballistic vest on underneath, bullet still lodged inside.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BOW - SAME

Travis manhandles Mason, who reaches into his sweatshirt pocket and pulls out his Nintendo 3DS. He pries the STYLUS PEN out of its slot, getting a tight grip on it.

As Travis bends down for his bowie knife on the ground, Mason draws his hand to the side before forcefully stabbing the stylus pen into Travis's ear --

TRAVIS
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Dropping to his knees, Travis writhes in agony. Mason flees down the starboard side gangway.

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

From the ocean, Rebecca can see Travis down on the ground and Mason now wading waist-deep through the dining area of the flooded main deck. Waving her hands, she tries to get Mason's attention by reflecting sunlight from her wristwatch.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SAME

After a moment, Mason turns and discovers Rebecca in the water. He does a double take, in disbelief.

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

Rebecca places her index finger to her lips, "*Shhh...*" As Travis stumbles down the port side gangway, she signs to Mason --

REBECCA
Take dumbwaiter to lower deck.
Wait for me inside.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SAME

Mason nods to Rebecca, climbs inside the dumbwaiter...

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

Rebecca dives underwater, swimming towards the boat.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SAME

Travis, wielding his bowie knife and wading through water that's now up to his knees, turns the corner on the port side gangway, hunting for Mason. Nowhere to be seen.

TRAVIS
Where are you, ya lil' shit?

Ascending the staircase, Travis continues to the flybridge.

EXT. OPEN WATER - BLOWN OUT RIGHT SIDE OF YACHT - SAME

Rebecca surfaces on the other side of the boat, catching her breath.

INT. DUMBWAITER - SAME

Mason slowly lowers the dumbwaiter using the pulley rope, trying to avoid making any noise.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE - SUN DECK AREA - SAME

Travis peers off the side, searching for Mason in the water. Instead, he spots Rebecca's abandoned life vest.

TRAVIS
Ya gotta be kidding me.

Wasting no time, Travis rushes over to the other side of the yacht, discovering --

EXT. OPEN WATER - BLOWN OUT RIGHT SIDE OF YACHT - INTERCUT

-- Rebecca, still catching her breath.

Travis looks over, spotting her manuscript on the side table. He launches the pages in the air --

TRAVIS
Paging Doctor Graham!

Rebecca's manuscript rains down on her like confetti. She looks up at Travis, made. She takes in a big gulp of air, before going back under.

Travis watches through the water as Rebecca disappears into the lower deck, his grip tightening on the bowie knife.

INT. LOWER DECK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca swims through, frantically trying to find the scuba tank amidst the floating rubble and charred body of the Skipper. Moving some loose engine parts, she discovers the tank and stops for a moment to fill her lungs with air.

Rebecca then turns around to bring the tank to Mason, when she's startled by the sight of a six-foot long BABY TIGER SHARK, chomping down on the Skipper's floating body and entering --

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Swimming past the dumbwaiter, the shark's tail smacks into its metal door --

INT. DUMBWAITER - SAME

DINK.

The dumbwaiter door dents slightly from the sheer force of the shark's tail, just as Mason reaches the lower cabin.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SAME

Travis comes off the flybridge stairs and wades through the water, now up to his waist, as he moves through the --

INT. MAIN DECK - LIVING ROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS

Approaching the lower cabin stairwell, Travis sees a darkened figure below (the shark) swim by.

TRAVIS
Hello, Rebecca.

Just as Travis is about to take the plunge, he hears a faint BEEPING NOISE. He turns, eyeing the dumbwaiter door.

INT. DUMBWAITER - SAME

Mason waits patiently for Rebecca to arrive, oblivious to the low-battery warning from his hearing aid that's echoing in the dumbwaiter shaft. Light floods in from above...

INT. DUMBWAITER SHAFT - SAME

Travis peers down, spotting Mason through the metal grate, as water begins pouring down the sides of the dumbwaiter shaft from the flooded main deck.

Grabbing hold of the pulley, Travis starts raising the dumbwaiter up towards him.

INT. DUMBWAITER - SAME

Mason desperately tries to open the rolling liftgate to escape on the lower deck, but it's jammed because of the dent in the roll door. He's a sitting duck for Travis.

INT. LOWER DECK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - UNDERWATER - SAME

Rebecca peers through a scuba mask, holding still until the shark swims beyond the sitting room and she can make a move.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SAME

The rope slips through Travis's hands --

INT. DUMBWAITER - SAME

Mason and the dumbwaiter drop back down to the lower deck, once again. Mason uses all of his might to open the door.

An intense rush of water fills the dumbwaiter cabin, pinning Mason against the back grate.

INT. LOWER DECK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - UNDERWATER - SAME

Rebecca sees the dumbwaiter open but hesitates, knowing it'd be a risk to them both with the shark still too close by.

INT./EXT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - SAME

Travis attempts to pull the dumbwaiter up a second time, but can't. The weight of the water is now too heavy.

INT. DUMBWAITER - UNDERWATER - SAME

Mason struggles under the water, too frightened to even open his eyes. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his buoy keychain, gripping it for luck.

INT. LOWER DECK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - UNDERWATER - SAME

Rebecca counts the seconds on her wristwatch...

CLOSE UP on the second hand approaching the thirty-five mark.

With time literally running out, she looks up, spotting --

INT. LOWER DECK - SITTING ROOM - UNDERWATER - SAME

-- the shark unable to turn itself around in the confined space.

INT. LOWER DECK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - UNDERWATER - SAME

It's now or never. Rebecca wims towards Mason with the oxygen tank.

INT. DUMBWAITER - UNDERWATER - SAME

Mason continues holding his nose, eyes closed. Rebecca's hand reaches out for his shoulder, he flinches then opens his eyes, relieved at the sight of Rebecca --

REBECCA
(in ASL)
Breathe in.

Mason does, filling his lungs with much-needed air.

INT. DUMBWAITER SHAFT - SAME

Through the murky water, Travis can make out Mason being tended to by Rebecca.

TRAVIS
Enjoy the Kodak moment while it
lasts!

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - UNDERWATER - SAME

After taking another inhale from the scuba tank, Rebecca helps Mason out of the dumbwaiter.

Leading him by the hand, Rebecca attempts to swim across the kitchen with Mason, when Travis appears at the bottom of the stairs, with his bowie knife. He strikes.

Rebecca raises the scuba tank, deflecting Travis's blade inches from her chest.

Slowly paddling backwards with the scuba tank, Rebecca and Mason try to get away from Travis, whose punctured eardrum is creating blood trails in the water. The three circle around the kitchen island.

With Travis's air running out, he fakes left, then goes right, capturing Rebecca in a choke-hold and pushing Mason back with the weight of the scuba tank. He raises his bowie knife to stab Rebecca in the chest, when --

The tiger shark attacks, chomping into Travis's torso and dragging him backwards inside the sitting room.

Rebecca and Mason watch on as --

INT. LOWER DECK - SITTING ROOM - UNDERWATER - SAME

Travis wrestles with the tiger shark. He stabs it repeatedly with his bowie knife as he gets flailed about, in what looks like a losing battle.

INT. LOWER DECK - KITCHEN AREA - UNDERWATER - SAME

Rebecca gives Mason another burst of oxygen from the scuba tank, and one for herself, before the two swim up through the circular stairwell to --

INT. MAIN DECK - DINING AREA - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca and Mason exit the spiral staircase, continuing to swim through the yacht's wreckage.

Using her left hand to swim, Rebecca notices that her wedding ring has gone missing in the action. She stops for a moment, considers going back below for it, when suddenly --

Travis's hand reaches out and grabs Rebecca by the ankle.

Rebecca struggles to free herself, but Travis won't let go. He pulls her down, as they both run out of air.

Aiming the scuba tank in Travis's direction, Rebecca rapidly loosens the cap.

Like a rocket, the tank blasts off and hits Travis right in the face, snapping his neck back, before continuing on and trailing off into the ocean.

Rebecca and Mason press on, swimming out through the open stern as Travis's mutilated body floats to the top of the main deck's roof, while the yacht sinks further and further.

Off Travis/Nancy's crucifix drifting away, underwater...

EXT. OPEN WATER - SECONDS LATER

CLOSE UP on Rebecca's title page, her manuscript lays atop the water, like scattered leaves in a yard. The words "When the Bough Breaks: Surviving Postpartum" bleed from the page.

In the distance, Rebecca and Mason break through to the surface, fighting for air.

After a moment, the control room cooler drifts by. The cat pokes its head out of the top, meowing. Mason beams.

Rebecca and Mason embrace, comforted in the other's presence.

MASON

What should we call her?

REBECCA

How do you like the name Ethel?

Mason nods in agreement.

INT. AMERICAN AIRLINES JET - FIRST CLASS CABIN - NEXT DAY

Rebecca, in HANDCUFFS, and Mason, resting calmly, are seated across the aisle from Bruce, whose arm is in a sling, as he strains to turn the pages on his newspaper. Ethel, the cat, sits in a PET CARRIER beside Mason.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Beverage?

REBECCA

(half asleep)

Coffee, please.

Rebecca opens her eyes, finding --

JENNIFER, dressed as a flight attendant with glass shards coming out of her mangled face, courtesy of yesterday's car wreck, standing behind the BAR CART.

JENNIFER

What, no decaf chai?!

Rebecca looks at Bruce for help, as she struggles with her seat belt. Bruce reaches for his gun, when Jennifer dumps the hot coffee onto his lap, scalding him --

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Whoops.

Still fumbling with her seat belt, Rebecca freaks out.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Happy Mother's Day!

Jennifer slams the metal pot into Rebecca's face --

BACK TO PRESENT:

Rebecca, still in handcuffs, jerks awake, startled by her nightmare. She turns to Mason, sleeping soundly in the seat next to her. Relief washes over her. Until, she hears --

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Beverage?

Rebecca turns finding the real FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT, mid 40's, smiling warmly from behind her bar cart.

REBECCA

Uh, yes. Coffee. Thank you. And an apple juice for my son, when he wakes up.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Certainly.

(checking her cart)

Oh, looks like this pot is empty. I'll just grab a fresh one from the back.

The Flight Attendant hands Rebecca an apple juice for Mason, then heads off to the galley. Bruce leans across the aisle.

BRUCE

Sorry about the cuffs. Formality.

REBECCA

Until you can confirm my story, I'm still a suspect. I understand.

Bruce unlocks Rebecca's handcuffs using his key.

BRUCE

Guilty people don't have the same fire in their eyes that you had back there.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Because of your bravery, this
little guy still has his mom.
Never forget that.

REBECCA
I'm just happy that it's all over.
Mason and I can start fresh.

Rebecca, rubbing her freed wrists, looks down lovingly at
Mason, who's sound asleep.

INT. FIRST CLASS GALLEY - SAME

CLOSE UP on the Flight Attendant's name tag: CAROL. While
brewing a fresh pot of coffee, her cell CHIRPS with a new
text message: *"She on the flight?"*

INT. CAYMAN ISLANDS HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - INTERCUT

TIGHT ON a cell as a new text message arrives. A hand
reaches for the phone, a hospital bracelet on its wrist
reading: JANE DOE.

REVEAL Jennifer, laying in a hospital bed, still alive, yet
much worse for the wear. She looks down at her cell: *"I'll
take care of it. Rest up. You'll need your strength.
Auntie's got this. Xo"*

Stirring Rebecca's coffee devilishly, Carol slips her cell
back into her pocket.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca stares out the window at the waters below. A sense
of calm. Suddenly a small pocket of turbulence rattles the
plane. Mason wakes, startled.

DING.

Overhead, the FASTEN SEAT BELT SIGN illuminates.

Carol's friendly hand reaches out touching Rebecca on the
shoulder, offering her coffee, with a smile --

CAROL
Fasten your seat belts. It's gonna
be a bumpy flight.

SMASH TO CREDITS.

THE END