

ONE WAY MIRROR

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FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - CONDO - NIGHT

Looking comfy in flannel jammies, PATRICE DEVEREUX, 40, a biracial knockout with the moxie of a Bronx cabbie, spoons a chunky batter into a cooking tin. Phone RINGS. Patrice glimpses the caller I.D. and puts it on SPEAKER.

PATRICE

Janis?

JANIS (V.O.)

Patrice?

PATRICE

What's up?

JANIS (V.O.)

What are you doing home?

PATRICE

I'm sick.

JANIS (V.O.)

Boloney. Barry called. He said you stood him up tonight.

PATRICE

I didn't stand him up.

Patrice licks the brownie mix off her finger.

PATRICE

I changed my mind.

JANIS (V.O.)

That's the second date this week you've blown off. If you stay bunkered in that condo you're going to wind up an old spinster.

Patrice snaps up the cordless. She snarls into it.

PATRICE

Better an old spinster than an inflatable doll.

JANIS (V.O.)

What are you talking about?

Patrice plants her fist on her hip.

PATRICE

I'll tell you what I'm talking about. Erskine Ellerby. The ear, nose and throat doctor you fixed me up with last week.

Patrice paces the kitchen floor.

PATRICE

He tried to give me a tonsillectomy in the Museum of Modern Art.

JANIS (V.O.)

Come on Patrice. You're just being picky.

Patrice shoves the tray of brownies in the oven. Slams the oven door shut.

PATRICE

I am not picky!
(beat)
Just once I'd like to meet a man who gives me goose bumps instead of a hickey.

Patrice slides to the linoleum. There is a longing in her voice.

PATRICE

A man who kisses me as if it were his last breath.

JANIS (V.O.)

Hey, are you okay?

Patrice brushes away a tear.

PATRICE

Yeah I'm okay. I'll see you at work tomorrow.

Patrice lets the phone fall from her hand. She curls up beside the kitchen cabinets.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

The final scene from "AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN" plays on T.V. Misty-eyed Patrice dunks a brownie in a cup of hot tea.

PATRICE

I miss you, Joey.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Looking smart in a pantsuit and designer frames, Patrice walks briskly down a hallway. Banking a corner, Patrice collides with her co-worker JANIS, 45, who's partial to tent dresses to hide her plumpness.

PATRICE

Oh sorry, Janis. Are you all right?

Janis realigns her ample bosom.

JANIS

Fortunately I come with my own air bags.

Janis takes hold of Patrice's hand.

JANIS

You sounded awfully down last night.

PATRICE

I'm just stressed.

JANIS

Well it doesn't help when your best friend keeps setting you up with the dates from hell.

Patrice leans against the wall. She studies her co-worker.

PATRICE

Tell me something, Janis. After seventeen years of marriage, does your husband still treat you special?

JANIS

If you're asking if Irv still
wines and dines me like when we
first dated? Hell no.

A huge grin forms on Janis' face.

JANIS

Does my little love muffin
bring me hot cocoa and rub my
feet when I ask? Absolutely.

Janis sweeps the bangs from Patrice's smoldering grey
eyes.

JANIS

Be patient, sweetie. You'll
find that man who kisses you
as if it were his last breath.

The alarm on Patrice's watch CHIMES.

PATRICE

Damn. I have an eight-thirty
with that pompous ass we call
our boss.

JANIS

You have my condolences.

PATRICE

Later.

Patrice rushes off down the hallway.

OFFICE

Clad in silk warm-ups THE BOSS, 60, sunlamp tan, booming
voice, huffs and puffs on a stairmaster. Patrice hurries
in.

PATRICE

Sorry I'm --

THE BOSS

Sit down, Devereux.

Patrice sinks into a chrome and leather sofa.

THE BOSS

The Executive Director of
Putnam County's Public Housing
Authority called me this a-m.
He torpedoed our contract.

The boss gestures with a thumbs-down.

THE BOSS

That's one million five down
the fucking tubes.

The boss dismounts the stairmaster and towels off.

THE BOSS

You were point man on the
installation. What the hell
happened?

PATRICE

Their system kept crashing.

THE BOSS

Didn't you tweak the software?

PATRICE

Of course, but their server
has been around since Bill
Gates was a sophomore in high
school.

THE BOSS

You should've had them upgrade
their network.

PATRICE

I recommended --

The boss bangs his fist on his high gloss desk.

THE BOSS

You don't recommend, Devereux!
You turn it back to Sales!

PATRICE

Sales oversold the project to
begin with. They knew the
P-H-A's system couldn't handle
our software.

The boss slips into a flashy Rolex.

THE BOSS

Sales did what they were supposed to do. You were the one who dropped the ball. It's because of your --

PATRICE

Wait just a minute.

Patrice springs to her feet.

PATRICE

If anyone's to blame for losing that client it's you.

THE BOSS

Me?

PATRICE

If you weren't so consumed with the bottom line...

Patrice shakes the pricey watch around her boss' wrist.

PATRICE

... and more concerned with customer service, this company wouldn't be losing business.

The boss yanks his hand from Patrice's grasp.

THE BOSS

You've got a fucking nerve talking to me like that.

PATRICE

Oh yeah? Well you want a real shocker?

Patrice rips off her I.D. badge. Flings it at her overbearing boss.

PATRICE

I quit!

Patrice leaves the office in a huff.

CUBICLE

Patrice dumps a tea cup, a plant and some beanie babies into a cardboard box. Walking by, Janis witnesses her friend's strange behavior.

JANIS

Early spring cleaning?

PATRICE

Early retirement. I just quit.

JANIS

You just what?

Janis snags Patrice by the arm. Puts a halt to the frenzied packing.

JANIS

Are you serious?

PATRICE

As the proverbial appendicitis.

JANIS

I think you mean heart attack.

PATRICE

Whatever.

Patrice continues shoving her personal effects into the box.

JANIS

Will you stop for one minute?

Patrice sits on the edge of her desk. She focuses on Janis.

JANIS

Think about what you're doing, Patrice.

PATRICE

I have. In fact I've been thinking about a lot of things lately. Not just this job. About where my life's going in general.

JANIS

Are we back to Erskine Ellerby,
the lecherous E-N-T?

PATRICE

It's Erskine, it's Attila the
Hun over there, it's all of it.

Janis takes hold of Patrice's hand.

JANIS

Look, your day started off on
the wrong foot. Make yourself
a cup of tea. Go for a walk.
Let O'Mara cool down. Then
you can --

PATRICE

What? Beg for my job back?

JANIS

Yes. You're a senior program
designer pulling down decent
bucks and hell of a benefit
package. That's nothing to
sneeze at in this economy.
Why would you walk away from
that?

PATRICE

Because out of a hundred and
forty-eight projects I've
headed up for this company,
one gets the royal flush and
suddenly the world stops
turning.

Patrice jumps to her feet.

PATRICE

I'm telling you Janis I've had
it up to here.

Patrice removes a postcard of Cancun from her bulletin
board. She stares at it with tired eyes.

PATRICE

Do you know I haven't had a
real vacation in over two
years?

Patrice looks back at Janis.

PATRICE

That's what really burns me.
I've worked my butt off for
this company. I've completed
projects from home when I was
flat on my back with the flu.
I can't even tell you how many
weekends I've given up just to
meet a damn deadline.

Patrice removes a certificate hanging on her wall and
reads it.

PATRICE

"Most Valuable Employee."
I guess what they say is true.
You're only as good as your
last assignment.

Patrice drops the framed certificate in the box.

JANIS

Is there anything I can say or
do that will change your mind?

Patrice shakes her head.

JANIS

In that case I know some
people over at Lockheed.
They're always looking for --

PATRICE

Thanks sweetie, but this home
girl is ready for a major
shake-up in her life and her
career.

Patrice looks out her window at downtown Manhattan.

PATRICE

Maybe I can teach computers to
kids in Upper Mongolia. Or
go back to school and get a
nursing degree. All I know is
that I'm done with swimming in
this shark tank.

Patrice looks back at Janis' skeptical face.

PATRICE
Does that make any sense?

JANIS
Except for the part about
going to Upper Mongolia.

Patrice gives Janis a big hug.

PATRICE
I'm going to miss you, girl.

JANIS
This place won't be the same
without you.

Janis looks seriously at Patrice.

JANIS
Wherever you wind up, even if
it is Upper Mongolia, you stay
in touch you hear?

PATRICE
Count on it.

Patrice slips on a wool coat. She grabs her box of belongings and leaves.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Patrice walks out into a blowing snow. A homeless man forages in a trash can.

PATRICE
Hey!

The homeless man turns around and confronts Patrice with a scowl. Patrice shoves her box of belongings at him and fishes out a twenty from her purse. Patrice stuffs the money in the homeless man's tattered coat.

PATRICE
Get yourself a hot meal.

The homeless man responds with a toothless grin. A taxi pulls up.

Patrice pushes a BUSINESSMAN aside and hops in the cab.

BUSINESSMAN

Hey, that's my --

Patrice slams the passenger door shut. The taxi drives off.

INT. J.F.K. AIRPORT - DAY

Patrice marches up to a TICKET AGENT.

PATRICE

I want to buy a ticket.

TICKET AGENT

Destination?

PATRICE

Somewhere it's above freezing.

The ticket agent gives Patrice a curious look. She checks her computer screen.

TICKET AGENT

I have flights to Miami,
Orlando --

PATRICE

Farther south.

TICKET AGENT

Caracas, Buenos Aires --

PATRICE

I don't speak Spanish.

Frustrated the ticket agent shifts her feet.

TICKET AGENT

What about Bermuda?

PATRICE

Now you're talking.

The ticket agent key punches on her computer.

TICKET AGENT

I have a flight departing at
eleven-forty-five.

PATRICE

Sold.

Patrice forks over her credit card.

INT. BERMUDA - HOTEL - DAY

Dragging her wool coat, Patrice trudges through the posh lobby. Nursing a sherry, ROLAND VORSTER, 50, exudes a shady sophistication, glances up from a British tabloid and focuses on Patrice's discrete curves.

FRONT DESK

A stiff and proper HOTEL MANAGER commands the front desk like an aircraft carrier. Patrice slings her heavy coat across the counter.

HOTEL MANAGER

May I help you?

PATRICE

I need a room.

HOTEL MANAGER

Do you have a reservation,
madam?

PATRICE

No, but I have a splitting
headache.

Affronted, the hotel manager sticks his nose in the air.

HOTEL MANAGER

I'll see if we have anything
available.

The hotel manager snaps his fingers. Next to him a clerk rapidly types on her computer. The hotel manager reads over shoulder.

HOTEL MANAGER

How fortunate for madam. I have
one suite remaining.

Patrice slaps her platinum card on the polished counter.

PATRICE

Book it, Dano.

Roland sidles up next to Patrice and addresses the desk
clerk.

ROLAND

Pardon me, may I borrow a
telephone book?

The desk clerk retrieves one off a shelf. Pretending to
search for a phone number, Roland eavesdrops on
Patrice's check-in.

HOTEL MANAGER

You are in suite five-oh-nine,
Ms. Devereux.

The manager hands Patrice an access card.

HOTEL MANAGER

I'll have a bellboy deliver
your luggage.

PATRICE

I don't have any.

HOTEL MANAGER

No luggage? Well then perhaps
madam would enjoy visiting our
boutique on the mezzanine
level.

PATRICE

Right now the only thing madam
wants is an ice cold Doctor
Pepper and a hot bath.

The hotel manager rolls his eyes.

HOTEL MANAGER

Certainly, madam.

EXT. HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Sipping a soda, Patrice chills out in the shadow of a palm tree. A white Pekinese scurries under her table and licks Patrice's ankle.

PATRICE

(to the dog)

Hey, aren't you a little cutie?

Patrice bends down and pets the dog. Looking dashing in a white linen suit, Roland saunters up.

ROLAND

Obviously a leg man.
Personally I'm drawn to a
woman's eyes.

Roland scoops up the frisky dog.

ROLAND

Come Snowball.
(to Patrice)
My apologies.

PATRICE

No harm done.

Roland takes a moment and soaks in Patrice's creole beauty.

ROLAND

You're from New York, aren't
you?

PATRICE

How did you guess?

ROLAND

The Empire State earrings.

PATRICE

You're very observant.

ROLAND

Forgive the disturbance.

Roland turns away, then turns back to Patrice.

ROLAND

You know I visited New York once. Well, actually twice.

Cradling the pooch, Roland settles into a chair opposite Patrice.

ROLAND

I was dispatched with a blank cashier's check by my employer, the Baron de Rothschild. The one who makes the wine, not the one who owns all of those banks.

Roland calms the fidgety dog with a stroke of his manicured fingers.

ROLAND

The baron instructed me to bid on Picasso's Guernica at Christie's on his behalf.

Savoring the story, Roland retrieves a pipe from his breast pocket.

ROLAND

May I?

Patrice nods. Roland lights up the sweet smelling tobacco.

ROLAND

The driver who met me at the airport was an amiable chap from India. Sikh, I believe.

Roland puffs on his pipe.

ROLAND

Anyway, my intrepid friend from the Punjab didn't know the difference between Midtown Manhattan and Marrakesh.

Patrice snickers.

ROLAND

Needless to say I missed the auction. When I returned to Paris, I thought for sure I would be sacked. Instead the good baron gave me a raise.

PATRICE

Why did he do that?

ROLAND

It seems the Picasso was an impeccable forgery. A Japanese tycoon purchased the painting for the astonishing amount of forty-two million dollars.

Proud of his little story, Roland takes another puff. An ELDERLY WOMAN elegantly attired clip-clops to the table in high heels.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(to the dog)

There you are, Priscilla.

Roland surrenders the white Pekinese to the old lady.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(to Roland)

Thank you for finding my little lamb.

Snuggling the pooch, the elderly lady toddles off. Patrice shoots Roland a scathing look.

ROLAND

I never claimed it was my dog. I enlisted the little fur ball because... well... I wanted to meet you.

Roland lowers his head.

ROLAND

Forgive me.

Roland stands and turns to leave.

PATRICE

Wait.

Roland does an about-face.

PATRICE

Since you went to all of that
trouble...

Patrice gestures Roland to return to his seat. He
complies and summons a waiter.

ROLAND

The lady will have another...

PATRICE

Doctor Pepper.

ROLAND

(to Patrice)

Uh, beg your pardon?

PATRICE

Carbonated prune juice.

Roland shivers at the thought of it.

ROLAND

If I may...

(to the waiter)

... champagne cocktail for the
lady and I will have a
cosmopolitan.

The waiter departs.

ROLAND

Roland Vorster.

PATRICE

Patrice Devereux.

The two shake hands.

PATRICE

You said you've been to
New York twice.

ROLAND

It was after September the
eleventh. I visited ground
zero. Paid my respects as it
were.

PATRICE

I lost several friends that
day.

The waiter returns with the libations and leaves.
Roland raises his glass.

ROLAND

To America. Land of the free
and home of the most beautiful
women.

With a skeptical look in her eye, Patrice clinks glasses
with Roland.

HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sipping their umpteenth cocktail, Patrice and Roland
swish their feet in the cool blue water.

PATRICE

Sitting here in the moonlight,
it reminds me of the creek out
behind my granny's.

Patrice looks girlish as she recalls something.

PATRICE

My cousin and I would catch
crawdads at night. The next
day my granny would cook them
up in a pot. Hit them with
lots of seasonings and spices.

Patrice licks her lips.

PATRICE

They tasted so good.

ROLAND

I didn't realize New York City
had creeks.

PATRICE

I grew up in Kenner, Louisiana.
It's not far from New Orleans.

ROLAND

I thought I detected a slight
Cajun flavor to your diction.

PATRICE

Believe it or not, I studied
with a speech coach when I
moved north so people wouldn't
make fun of me.

(reverts back to her native accent)

My teach learned me to talk
mo' better and not sound like
some wood-ass Cajun.

Patrice takes another hit off her drink.

PATRICE

Now I work with people from
Brooklyn and the Bronx and
they just tell me to
fuhgetaboutit.

Roland chuckles.

ROLAND

It appears you are enjoying
your champagne cocktail.

Patrice sucks down the last drop and hiccups.

PATRICE

I could get use to these.

Buzzed, Patrice wipes her mouth with the back of her
hand.

PATRICE

Speaking of accents, where are
you from?

She holds up a wavering finger.

PATRICE

Let me guess. Germany? No,
the Netherlands.

ROLAND

Correct lineage, wrong country.
I was born in South Africa.

Roland relights his pipe.

ROLAND

I left my country to attend
university at Oxford. After
graduation I never went back.

PATRICE

Why not?

ROLAND

I had always been appalled by
my country's apartheid
government. Living on my own,
I decided to set my sail to
the wind and travel the seven
seas.

Roland blows a smoke ring.

ROLAND

Now I consider myself a
citizen of the world.

PATRICE

And what does a citizen of the
world do to afford Versace
suits and alligator shoes?

ROLAND

When my tenure concluded with
the house de Rothschild, I
parlayed a handsome severance
into a high yield portfolio.

Roland swirls the martini in his mouth savoring the
flavor.

ROLAND

To prevent myself from
becoming bored, I buy and sell
oceanfront property.

PATRICE

Uh-oh. I feel a sales pitch
coming on.

ROLAND

I never combine business with pleasure. And how, as you Americans say, do you put bread on the table?

PATRICE

I'm a -- I was a senior program designer with a software company.

ROLAND

What happened?

PATRICE

I had a blowup with my boss and walked out.

Pensively, Roland puffs on his pipe.

ROLAND

And here you are in Bermuda.

PATRICE

It beats pounding the pavement in six inches of snow looking for a new job.

ROLAND

I couldn't agree more.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roland escorts Patrice to her suite.

PATRICE

It wasn't necessary for you to see me to my room.

ROLAND

Blame it on my mother. She taught me two very important things. First, never pick your teeth in the presence of a lady. At least not on your first date.

PATRICE

And the second?

ROLAND
Always see a lady to her door.
Preferably her front door.

Patrice steps back from Roland.

PATRICE
You know I can't invite you in.

ROLAND
I am not that presumptuous.

Roland kisses Patrice's hand. Slyly, he removes a diamond bracelet from her wrist.

ROLAND
Pleasant dreams.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Roland passes a ticket to a valet who dashes off. The muzzle of a Glock 17 presses against Roland's ear.

BORREGO'S ENFORCER (O.S.)
Move and you die.

A black Bentley SCREECHES to a halt.

The muscle-bound enforcer kicks Roland in the ass.

Catapults him into the back seat.

The enforcer hops in. The Bentley PEELS OUT.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

Roland is sandwiched between GENERAL BORREGO, 60, his granite face is scarred from shrapnel, and his enforcer.

GEN. BORREGO
I have tracked your scheming
ass from Medellin to Port of
Spain. Finally I catch up
with you.

ROLAND
Is there a problem, general?

A meaty fist wallops Roland in the mouth and splits his lip.

GEN. BORREGO

I want my money back. All ten million of it.

ROLAND

Unfortunately our transaction did not include --

The enforcer jabs his elbow into Roland's gut. It doubles him over in pain.

GEN. BORREGO

Our deal was for the purchase of premium vacation lots in Florida and the Caribbean. Instead you stuck me with two thousand acres of crocodile infested marshland.

Roland raises up and sucks in precious air.

ROLAND

I think you are seriously undervaluing your investment.

GEN. BORREGO

I met with a developer. I saw the land with my own eyes. There's so much swamp and quicksand you can't even build a shithouse on it.

The general grabs a fistful of Roland's sun-bleached hair.

GEN. BORREGO

If you don't give me back my money, I'm going to cut out your organs with a can opener and feed them to the hammerheads.

ROLAND

(beat)

I need to make a call.

Roland points to the inside of his suit coat.

ROLAND

May I?

Borrego's enforcer whips open Roland's jacket and extracts a cell phone from the inside pocket. Roland takes the phone and hits the speed dial.

ROLAND

(into the phone)

I'm with the general. He wants his money back. Every penny of it.

General Borrego stares at Roland intensely.

ROLAND

(into the phone)

As in this very instant.

Roland extends the cell phone to the general.

ROLAND

My partner wishes to speak with you.

The general reaches for the phone.

Roland jams it in his eye.

The enforcer lunges at Roland and throttles him.

Choking, Roland kicks the driver in the back of the head.

EXT. TWO-LANE BLACKTOP - NIGHT

The Bentley SWERVES wildly and FLIPS end over end.

Roland crawls out of the smoking wreckage.

The passenger door is kicked open. A gunshot GOES OFF.

A bullet clips Roland in the head. He staggers away.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The stuffy hotel manager snaps his fingers at a cleaning lady to pick up the pace. Looking hungover Patrice approaches.

HOTEL MANAGER

Good morning.

PATRICE

Not for everyone. I've lost my bracelet.

HOTEL MANAGER

How unfortunate. And where was madam wearing it last?

PATRICE

Last night by the pool.

HOTEL MANAGER

Was madam swimming?

PATRICE

Only in champagne.

The manager shoots Patrice a disapproving look.

HOTEL MANAGER

I'll have one of the cabana boys drag the pool.

PATRICE

Thank you.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Huddled over the hood of a yellow Ferrari, Roland and DEE DEE, 35, an Aussie with speed freak eyes, poke through a pile of sparkling jewelry.

DEE DEE

I'll give ya twenty-five hundred for the entire lot.

ROLAND

You're insulting me, Dee Dee. The engagement ring alone is two karats.

DEE DEE

In case you haven't heard, mate, the international diamond market is flooded.

Tilting a silver hip flask, Dee Dee washes down a pair of white crosses.

DEE DEE

You wanna make a killing? Get
your French manicured fingers
on some tiger skins.
Preferably Siberian white.

Roland swipes Dee Dee's flask and takes a snort. Roland covers his split lip which is now stinging from the whiskey.

DEE DEE

Exotic furs are all the rage
in Asia.

ROLAND

The last time I checked,
tigers were not indigenous to
Bermuda.

Roland drapes a friendly arm around Dee Dee.

ROLAND

Make me happy, Dee Dee.
Five thousand.

Dee Dee steals back her silver flask.

DEE DEE

Three thousand and not a nickel
more.

Roland feels the bandage on his bruised forehead.

ROLAND

You know you missed your
calling as a loan shark.

DEE DEE

Actually that's my day job.

Dee Dee deals out hundreds on the hood of her Ferrari.
She gathers up the hot jewelry.

ROLAND

Hang on.

Roland fishes out a diamond bracelet from Dee Dee's grasp.

DEE DEE
Sentimental value?

ROLAND
Unfinished business.

Dee Dee recoups a pair of hundreds from Roland.

DEE DEE
Less the bracelet.

Dee Dee jumps in her convertible and REVS the high-performance engine.

DEE DEE
It's been a pleasure, mate.
See you when the next cruise
ship docks.

The Ferrari ZIPS down the cobblestone. Left in the dust, Roland ponders the diamond bracelet glistening in his hand.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A speedboat cuts a wake through the glassy water.
Gripping a tow rope, Patrice parasails high above.
Patrice releases and gently sails to the pink sand below.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A cabana boy unhooks Patrice from her safety harness.

PATRICE
What a rush!

A diamond bracelet sways in front of Patrice's face. Her eyes follow her missing jewelry back to Roland's banged up face.

PATRICE
What happened to you? A
jealous husband?

ROLAND

Would you believe I slipped in
the shower?

PATRICE

No, but that'll do for now.

Roland fastens the bracelet around Patrice's wrist.

PATRICE

Where did you find it?

ROLAND

The hotel pool. I left my
pipe at our table.

Patrice examines the shimmering gemstones in the
sunlight.

PATRICE

Funny, it's never fallen off
before.

ROLAND

Perhaps you should have a
jeweler check the clasp.

Roland eyes Patrice's shapely bod as she dons a lacey
beach wrap.

ROLAND

I was wondering if you were
available for lunch?

Tying the sash, Patrice scrutinizes Roland.

PATRICE

Under one condition.

ROLAND

What would that be?

PATRICE

It's on me. For locating my
bracelet.

ROLAND

Really that's not --

PATRICE

Those are my terms.

Roland motions to a red Triumph Spitfire.

ROLAND

In that case, your chariot
awaits.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

White doves are released from a cage. General Borrego pumps a shotgun and BLASTS the birds out of the sky. A speedboat docks alongside. The general's enforcer helps LEACH, 50, a cheap suit and a cocky smirk, on board.

GEN. BORREGO

What's your name?

LEACH

Leach.

GEN. BORREGO

Guillermo tells me you have
information that will interest
me.

LEACH

Where's the money?

The general levels the .12 gauge at Leach's balls.

GEN. BORREGO

First, you tell me what you
know. Then I'll decide if
it's worth paying for.

LEACH

Roland Vorster is still on the
island.

General Borrego pumps a round into the firing chamber.

GEN. BORREGO

More.

LEACH

Vorster staggered into an E-R at four this morning with a gunshot wound to the head. He disappeared though before police could question him.

A cabin boy appears with a silver salver. General Borrego trades his Mossberg for a rum swizzle.

GEN. BORREGO

Why are you so sure Vorster is still on the island?

LEACH

No one matching his description has boarded a departing flight, commercial or private, in the last twenty-four hours.

GEN. BORREGO

He could've escaped by boat.

LEACH

Not likely. There's a category three off the coast of Cuba. Bermudian authorities have temporarily shut down all of their ports.

The general signals his enforcer. He tosses a bankroll to Leach.

LEACH

One other thing. Vorster rents a cottage at Cambridge Beach. It's on the southern tip of the island.

A sinister grin forms on the general's lips.

EXT. COVE - DAY

Roland cuts the engine to the Triumph. He turns to Patrice sitting in the passenger seat.

ROLAND

This is it.

PATRICE

This is what?

ROLAND

Where we are having lunch.

Patrice scans the deserted road.

PATRICE

Unless there's a hot dog stand
behind those palm trees, I
think you need a new G-P-S.

Patrice follows Roland out of the vintage ragtop.
Roland pops the trunk.

ROLAND

Voila!

Roland flips the lid to a picnic basket.

ROLAND

We have smoked salmon. Cognac
pate'. Assorted tropical
fruits. And the pista de
resistance...

Roland unearths a bottle of French champagne.

ROLAND

... Dom Perignon. What do you
think?

PATRICE

It definitely beats eating a
coney.

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY

Stretched out on a blanket, Patrice and Roland savor the
gourmet treats.

PATRICE

Is this where you take all of
your dates?

Roland just smiles.

PATRICE

The first time I saw you, I pegged you for an island playboy trolling for his next meal ticket.

ROLAND

And now?

PATRICE

The jury is still out.

Roland leans closer to Patrice.

ROLAND

I'm not a monk, Patrice. I enjoy the company of women.

PATRICE

Was there ever someone special?

Roland pulls back. His mood darkens.

ROLAND

Yes there was. Her name was Consuela. We met at an aid station at the foot of the Andes.

Roland empties his crystal flute of champagne.

ROLAND

One day torrential rains blew in. It was the beginning of typhoon season. Consuela volunteered to run a shipment of medical supplies up to a remote Indian village.

Roland looks away.

ROLAND

The medical supplies never made it. I was told Consuela lost control on a mountain road. Three days later a rescue team found pieces of her jeep scattered across the bottom of a canyon.

Patrice takes hold of Roland's trembling hand.

PATRICE

I'm sorry.

Regaining his cool, Roland pours out more champagne.

ROLAND

What about you? Any lost loves you wish to confess to?

PATRICE

Joey Shepard.

Patrice sips her glass of bubbly.

PATRICE

We were college sweethearts. After graduation Joey decided to stay in Baton Rouge and take over his dad's engineering firm.

Patrice fingers her diamond bracelet.

PATRICE

I got an offer with an R and D company in Charlottesville. Every other weekend I flew back to Louisiana to be with Joey.

(beat)

Then I was transferred to New York. Joey never forgave me.

Patrice gets up and watches the incoming tide stretching across the shore. Roland stands next to her.

PATRICE

When I flew back for Easter the next year, Joey had gotten married. His wife Barbara was expecting their first child.

(beat)

I was devastated.

Roland takes Patrice's hand in his.

ROLAND

"He who for love hath
undergone, the worst that can
befall. Is happier a
thousandfold, than one who
never loved at all."

Patrice turns to Roland. She looks deep into his ocean blue eyes.

PATRICE

Part of me is saying give into
the moment. Lose yourself to
the champagne and the crashing
waves.

ROLAND

And the other part?

PATRICE

It's telling me to run as fast
as I can. I don't need
another hurt, Roland.

ROLAND

Neither do I.

Softly Patrice kisses Roland's sore lip. Discarded clothes drop on the wet sand. Patrice and Roland make love on the deserted beach.

INT. TRIUMPH - DAY

Roland and Patrice motor up to the hotel entrance.

ROLAND

I had a wonderful afternoon.

PATRICE

So did I.

ROLAND

There is something I want to
tell you.

(beat)

I'm leaving for Costa Rica
tomorrow.

Patrice smiles and shakes her head.

PATRICE

I fell for it, didn't I? Your spiel. Your shtick. The whole damn come-on.

Patrice slaps Roland's wounded mouth and throws open the car door. Roland latches onto Patrice.

ROLAND

I want you to come with me.

PATRICE

What?

ROLAND

Fly away with me, Patrice.

PATRICE

Is this part of your game? I buy you a plane ticket and you leave me standing on the tarmac. No thanks.

Patrice swings out. Roland yanks her back in the car.

ROLAND

This is no game.

Patrice jerks free.

ROLAND

Please, let me tell you what's in my heart.

Patrice relaxes for a moment.

ROLAND

I know we have only known each other for twenty-four hours, but I have not felt this close to someone in a very long time.

Roland interlocks his fingers with Patrice's.

ROLAND

I want you to be a part of my life, Patrice.

Patrice slips out of Roland's grasp.

PATRICE

You're a player, Roland. A self-admitted ladies' man.

ROLAND

Did you consider for one instant that the reason I play the field is because I've been searching for that one special woman?

Roland caresses Patrice's sunburned cheek.

ROLAND

And now I have found her.

Patrice hunts for the truth in Roland's bedroom eyes.

PATRICE

You're good, but I'm not buying.

Patrice gets out and slams the car door.

ROLAND

Patrice!

Patrice walks directly into the hotel without looking back.

EXT. HOTEL - BALCONY - NIGHT

Lost in thought, Patrice gazes at the moonlit ocean. In the distance she hears a telephone RINGING.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Patrice wanders in and picks up the phone.

PATRICE

Yes?

ROLAND (V.O.)

Something has happened. I have to leave tonight.

PATRICE

Roland?

ROLAND (V.O.)
 I need to know one thing,
 Patrice. Will you come away
 with me?

Patrice cradles her head in her hand.

ROLAND (V.O.)
 Patrice? Are you there?

PATRICE
 Yes.

ROLAND (V.O.)
 I know this is a giant step
 for you. My heart is yours,
 Patrice. You must believe
 that.

Patrice looks up. She stares at a print of Vettriano's
 "THE LAST GREAT ROMANTIC" hanging on the hotel wall.

ROLAND (V.O.)
 I will be at King's Square in
 Saint George in twenty minutes.
 If you are there I will have
 my answer.

The phone line goes DEAD.

EXT. KING'S SQUARE - ST. GEORGE - NIGHT

Patrice paces anxiously in front of the town hall.

A small carry-on is slung over her shoulder.

A red Spitfire ZOOMS UP and SKIDS to a stop.

Roland throws open the passenger door.

ROLAND
 Get in!

Two masked men ROAR UP on a motorcycle.

One of the men ZAPS Roland with a Taser.

His pipe falls from his lips.

PATRICE

Hey, what are you --

One of the kidnappers clocks Patrice.

Knocks her ass over tea kettle.

He then jumps in the Spitfire and SPEEDS OFF with Roland.

The other kidnapper POPS a WHEELIE and follows them.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A young DOCTOR swabs a gash on Patrice's noggin. Leach saunters in. He holds out a badge.

LEACH

(to the doctor)

I need a moment with the patient.

DOCTOR

(to Patrice)

The nurse will bring you something for the pain.

The doctor snaps off his latex gloves and leaves. Leach tucks his badge away.

LEACH

My name is Leach. I'm a detective sergeant with the Bermudian police.

Slowly Leach circles Patrice. His bloodshot eyes fixate on Patrice's bra peeking through her torn blouse.

LEACH

I understand you were involved in an incident earlier this evening.

PATRICE

An incident? A man was kidnapped right in front of me.

LEACH

You reported that the gentleman was a companion of yours.

PATRICE

Yes.

Leach shakes out a cigarette from a fresh pack and slides it between his lips.

PATRICE

I thought it was illegal to smoke in a hospital.

Leach flashes his trademark cocky grin.

LEACH

What was the name of this man who was allegedly kidnapped?

PATRICE

There's nothing alleged about it.

Patrice points to the bandage on her bruised forehead.

PATRICE

How do you think I got this? Dancing in a nightclub?

LEACH

His name, Miss Devereux.

PATRICE

Roland Vorster.

LEACH

How long have you known him?

PATRICE

A couple of days.

Leach flips open a chrome Zippo and fires up his cigarette.

LEACH

What were you and Vorster doing in King's Square at that hour of the night?

PATRICE

We agreed to meet there.
Mister Vorster and I were
headed to the airport.

LEACH

What was your destination?

PATRICE

Costa Rica.

Patrice looks at Leach like something's out of place.

PATRICE

Aren't you supposed to be
taking notes or something?

Leach takes a long draw off his cigarette. Ignores
Patrice's question.

LEACH

Once you arrived in Costa Rica,
what then?

PATRICE

I don't know. We never
discussed that.

LEACH

Really? Are you in the habit
Miss Devereux of flying here
and there with a man that you
just met?

PATRICE

That's none of your business.

Leach takes another hit off his British smoke.
Extinguishes it with a twist of his shoe.

LEACH

Thank you for your time.

Leach turns to head out.

PATRICE

That's it? Don't you want a
description of the kidnapers?
The color of the motorcycle
they were riding?

Leach faces Patrice. Arrogance is stamped on his face.

LEACH

Roland Vorster is very well known in the islands. He's a professional confidence man. A criminal.

Leach rolls one of Patrice's diamond earrings between his chubby fingers.

LEACH

You have some very attractive jewelry, Miss Devereux. Tiffany's or Harry Winston?

Patrice removes Leach's grubby digits from her ear lobes.

PATRICE

What the hell are you implying?

LEACH

I don't know what Vorster told you, but I guarantee it was a lie.

Leach opens his hand. One of Patrice's diamond earrings sparkles in his sweaty palm.

LEACH

You were a mark, Miss Devereux. Vorster was setting you up for a takedown.

Patrice snatches her earring from Leach.

LEACH

Assuming you didn't loan Vorster any money or tie the knot at Saint Michael's church, you should consider yourself extremely fortunate.

Leach heads out. Patrice leaps off the hospital gurney. Snares the detective by his cheap suit.

PATRICE

A man was tasered and
kidnapped and you're treating
it like it's no big deal.
Aren't you going to
investigate it?

Leach stares at Patrice with his attack dog eyes.
Patrice relinquishes her grip.

LEACH

You want to know what happened?
Vorster's past caught up with
him. He played one too many
scams. The only thing left to
do is wait for his body to
wash up.

Leach brushes Patrice aside with his beefy arm and walks
out.

EXT. ST. GEORGE - KING'S SQUARE - DAY

A group of tourists stroll past the skidmarks left
behind by the kidnapers. From the corner of her eye,
Patrice notices a young boy playing with a strange
object. She walks over to him.

PATRICE

(to the boy)

May I see that?

The kid offers up the broken end of a smoking pipe.
Patrice recognizes it as Roland's. The BOY'S MOM rushes
up and grabs her son.

BOY'S MOM

Come on, Alvin, we're going to
miss the bus!

The boy's mother hauls him away.

INT. TOBACCO SHOP - DAY

A DOOR BELL chimes like London's Big Ben. Patrice
walks in. Stacking cans of Prince Albert, a British
TOBACCONIST climbs down from a ladder.

TOBACCONIST

Good afternoon. May I help you?

PATRICE

I'm not sure.

Patrice approaches the sales counter. She lays down the remnants of Roland's pipe.

PATRICE

I'm looking for the man who owns this.

The tobacconist picks up the broken pipe.

TOBACCONIST

I say, what happened here?

PATRICE

It's a long story. The short of it is I owe the guy a new pipe.

TOBACCONIST

Let's see if I have one of the little buggers.

The tobacconist scans his display case.

TOBACCONIST

So I do.

The tobacconist retrieves it from his display case and presents Patrice with a matching pipe.

TOBACCONIST

It's meerschaum. A very rare mineral. Sort of a white clay, if you will.

The tobacconist observes Patrice studying the pipe intently.

TOBACCONIST

Would Miss like to have it gift wrapped?

PATRICE

How much is it?

TOBACCONIST

That particular model is one hundred and ninety-five.

PATRICE

Dollars?

The tobacconist nods.

PATRICE

No wonder I never took up smoking.

Patrice returns the decorative pipe to the tobacconist.

PATRICE

The problem is I don't know the man's name or where he lives.

The tobacconist picks up the broken pipe again. He sniffs the hand carved bowl.

TOBACCONIST

Brindley's Mixture.
Meerschaum pipe.

He thinks for a moment, then snaps his fingers.

TOBACCONIST

Mister Boesten.

PATRICE

Boesten? Are you sure?

TOBACCONIST

Quite sure, Miss. Mister Boesten is one of my regulars.

PATRICE

This Mister Boesten. How would you describe him?

The tobacconist leans against the stack of tins.

TOBACCONIST

Handsome gent. Tall. I'd wager forty-five or fifty. Tools about in a red Spitfire.

PATRICE

You wouldn't have his address
would you?

TOBACCONIST

I really shouldn't.

Patrice takes out her Visa card and waves it in front of
the tobacconist.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

A rock SMASHES through a window. A woman's hand reaches
in and unlocks the back door. Moving cautiously,
Patrice navigates around broken lamps and upended
furniture.

UPSTAIRS DEN

Letters from a rolltop desk are strewn across an
oriental rug. Patrice stoops down and sifts through the
correspondence.

PATRICE

(reads aloud)

Dear Mister Boesten. Thank
you for your substantial
contribution to the American
Red Cross...

Patrice picks up another letter and again reads aloud.

PATRICE

Because of your generosity,
Sister Bartholomew's Orphanage
in Angola has purchased two
hundred and fifty new beds...

Looking stunned Patrice pages through scores of similar
correspondence.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The door UNLOCKS. Exhausted, Patrice shuffles in. The
door SLAMS behind her. Patrice's eyes follow the sound
of ice TINKLING in a glass. Showered in moonlight,
General Borrego relaxes in a chair.

GEN. BORREGO

I hope you don't mind. I
helped myself to the honor bar.

Patrice spins around. The general's enforcer fills up
the doorway.

GEN. BORREGO

Sit down.

Patrice hesitates. The enforcer backhands her. Sends
Patrice reeling onto the bed.

GEN. BORREGO

What were you doing at Roland
Vorster's tonight?

Patrice lunges for the phone. The enforcer corrals
Patrice by her hair and slaps her down.

GEN. BORREGO

Next time he uses a gun.

PATRICE

I went there to take back a
bracelet that bastard stole
from me.

The general eyes the diamond bracelet shimmering on
Patrice's wrist. General Borrego withdraws a packet
from his Armani jacket.

GEN. BORREGO

I found this plane ticket in
your nightstand. I took the
liberty of moving up your
departure date.

The general flings the plane ticket onto Patrice's lap.

GEN. BORREGO

You are scheduled to leave at
twenty-one hundred hours.
That's nine o'clock tonight.

General Borrego stands. He looms over Patrice.

GEN. BORREGO

If you want to see your family
and friends again, you will be
on that flight.

The general heads for the door.

PATRICE

You kidnapped Roland, didn't
you?

Borrego stops, but doesn't turn around.

PATRICE

Why?

The general slowly turns. The shrapnel scars on his
face appear chilling in the moonlight.

GEN. BORREGO

Like you, Vorster stole
something from me. And now,
as you Americans say, it is
time to pay the piper.

The general and his enforcer leave. Patrice races to
the door and locks it. Frantic, Patrice looks around
the suite. She grabs a chair and wedges it underneath
the doorknob.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Patrice settles into her seat. A few rows up, she spots
a man she knows. The man slides his arm around a blonde
sitting next to him. Patrice gets up and approaches the
man and his pretty companion.

PATRICE

Roland?

The man turns around. It's not Roland.

PATRICE

I'm sorry, I thought...

Patrice returns to her seat and buckles up. Gazing out
the window, Roland's quote from the deserted beach
echoes in her mind.

ROLAND (V.O.)

"He who for love hath
undergone, the worst that can
befall. Is happier a
thousandfold, than one who
never loved at all."

Patrice throws off her seatbelt and bull rushes the
closed exit door. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT intercepts her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Ma'am, the seat belt sign has
been --

PATRICE

You don't understand. I have
to get off. Now.

Patrice reaches for the exit door. The flight attendant
cuts her off.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Ma'am, I'm telling you for
your own safety --

Patrice gets in the flight attendant's face.

PATRICE

Now look, bitch. Either you
open up that damn door or I
start kicking out windows.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

A ground crew connects a mobile stairway to a DC-10.
The cabin door swings open. Patrice bolts from the plane.

INT. BREAD AND BREAKFAST - DAY

Patrice slowly descends a hardwood staircase. The
matronly B & B OWNER shines up a hall mirror.

B & B OWNER

Good morning.

PATRICE

You have a lovely house,
Mrs. Sinclair.

B & B OWNER
It belonged to my mother.
When she operated the B and B,
her guests were primarily
British sailors on leave.

The B & B owner pockets her dust rag.

B & B OWNER
Breakfast is in the dining
room. If you'll follow --

PATRICE
Thank you, but I'm not hungry.
I have something of a strange
request.

B & B OWNER
What would that be, my dear?

PATRICE
Are there any roadhouses or
biker bars on the island?

A quizzical look comes over the B & B owner's face.

PATRICE
You know, a place where
hoodlums hang out?

The B & B owner takes a step back.

B & B OWNER
Why on earth would you --

PATRICE
A friend of mine is in trouble.

B & B OWNER
Why don't you contact the
police?

PATRICE
I have. They're about as much
help as that dust rag in your
pocket.

The B & B owner's sunny face turns serious.

B & B OWNER

There's a bar called the
Barracuda Lounge. It's on
Parrot's Bay Road in Hamilton.
If I were you though --

PATRICE

I'll be fine. Thank you.

Patrice slips on her shades and hustles out the front door.

INT. BAR - DAY

REGGAE RAP blares from a battered jukebox. Clutching her purse, Patrice nervously squeezes past drug runners. Liquored up fishermen. A tattooed BARTENDER slithers up.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

PATRICE

I'll have a Doctor Pepper.

Patrice takes note of the bullet holes and Penthouse centerfolds decorating the walls. The bartender slams a glass on the stained bar, startling Patrice. Patrice takes a sip and spews her drink.

PATRICE

What's that?

BARTENDER

Bourbon. Ya want a Mickey
Mouse drink, go to Disneyland.

A table OVERTURNS.

Cards and money scatter across the wood plank floor.

A DRUNKEN SAILOR wildly swings a knife.

DRUNKEN SAILOR

Ya fuckin' cheat!

A greasy fisherman grabs Patrice and uses her as a shield.

PATRICE

Hey! Somebody help!

In the corner, Dee Dee looks up from her sports page.

She witnesses Patrice dodging the sailor's knife.

Dee Dee snaps up her chair.

CRACKS the drunken sailor over the head.

EXT. BAR

The graffiti-covered door BANGS OPEN.

Dee Dee hauls Patrice out.

PATRICE

Let go of me!

Dee Dee shoves Patrice in the dirt.

DEE DEE

You're welcome!

Dee Dee looks Patrice up and down in her breezy boutique outfit.

DEE DEE

What's the matter, gorgeous?
Lose your tour group, did you?

PATRICE

No, but I think I've lost my
mind.

Patrice runs her fingers through her disheveled hair.
Dee Dee recognizes the diamond bracelet gleaming on her
wrist.

DEE DEE

What were you doing in there?

PATRICE

Other than pretending to be a
human dart board?

Patrice climbs to her feet.

PATRICE
I was trying to get
information on someone.

DEE DEE
This someone have a name?

PATRICE
Roland Vorster.

Dee Dee turns ghost white.

Bleeding from the head --

The drunken sailor stumbles out of the bar.

He brandishes a knife.

DRUNKEN SAILOR
(to Dee Dee)
I'm gonna filet yer ass, ya
fuckin' dike!

Patrice is ramrodded into a Ferrari.

Dee Dee jumps behind the wheel.

CRANKS the V-12 and PEELS OUT.

INT. FERRARI - DAY

Dee Dee maneuvers her sports car through a curvy
two-lane. Averting her eyes, Patrice hangs onto a Jesus
strap.

PATRICE
You know Roland, don't you?

DEE DEE
Who?

PATRICE
Roland Vorster. I saw it in
your face.

DEE DEE
What the bloody hell do you
want with him?

PATRICE
I'm trying to save his life.

Dee Dee turns to Patrice. Hits her with a serious look.

DEE DEE
Roland's in deep shit, sister.
The more landscape you put
between him and you --

PATRICE
Do you know where he is?

Dee Dee checks for a tail in her rearview.

PATRICE
Please, I need to know.

DEE DEE
Why? Are you missing
something?

PATRICE
I was with Roland the night he
was kidnapped. We were
on our way to the airport.

Dee Dee whips the Ferrari onto the shoulder. She kills
the supercharged engine.

DEE DEE
Look...

PATRICE
Patrice.

DEE DEE
Roland is --

PATRICE
A player and a con artist.
Tell me something I don't know.

Dee Dee digs out a silver flask from her lame' jacket.

DEE DEE
Did Roland ever mention a
bloke named Borrego?

PATRICE

No. Who is he?

DEE DEE

General Borrego at one time commanded a splinter group of Columbia's right wing A-U-C. They made the rank and file guerilla fighters look like a gay men's choral society.

Dee Dee knocks back a pair of white crosses with a swig of whiskey.

DEE DEE

In the end, Borrego was getting too powerful. His civilian support base stretched from Bogota to Florencia. That's when the Columbian government ran the whole bloody lot out of the country.

PATRICE

This general. Does he have scars on his face?

DEE DEE

Looks like he ate his first born for breakfast. Yeah, that's the dickhead.

Dee Dee reads the uneasiness in Patrice's expression.

DEE DEE

Where did you see him?

PATRICE

Two nights ago. He broke into my hotel room. Borrego said Roland had stolen something from him.

DEE DEE

Try ten million in narco dollars.

PATRICE

You're kidding.

DEE DEE

Borrego used to traffic in
high grade coke and marijuana.
That's how he funded his
little jungle war against
Columbia's leftist rebels.

Feeling twitchy from the speed, Dee Dee swings out and
strolls over to Patrice's side of the convertible.

PATRICE

How did Roland become involved
with the general?

DEE DEE

Borrego was looking for a way
to launder all of that illicit
loot. Roland sold him
hundreds of acres of
waterfront property which was
to be parceled out and
retailed at a profit.

PATRICE

Let me guess. The land was
worthless.

DEE DEE

Not if you're a pelican
looking for protected wetlands.

Dee Dee takes a hit off the flask.

PATRICE

And now the general wants his
money back.

DEE DEE

Too right.

Dee Dee leans against the Ferrari. She glimpses
something in the drifting fog.

DEE DEE

What I can't sort out is if
Roland fleeced Borrego out of
all that money, why was he
still pinching jewelry?

PATRICE

Like mine?

Dee Dee dodges the question with another belt.

PATRICE

What if I told you Roland
donated the ten million to
charity?

Dee Dee sprays her whiskey all over her lame' jacket.

DEE DEE

Oh, now that's rich.

PATRICE

I'm serious.

Patrice climbs out of the Italian street rod and leans
next to Dee Dee.

PATRICE

I uh, I broke into Roland's
cottage the other night. I
found dozens of letters from
UNICEF. Catholic Charities.
The World Health Organization.
All of them praising Roland
for his extreme generosity.

DEE DEE

That flamin' bastard. The
cobber's a regular Robin Hood..

Patrice looks point blank at Dee Dee.

PATRICE

Do you have any idea where
Roland is?

A drifting fog rolls off the Atlantic. Dee Dee spies
the aft section of a yacht.

DEE DEE

There's a pair of binos in the
glove box. Pull them out,
will ya?

Patrice locates the binoculars and passes them to
Dee Dee. She brings the yacht into focus.

DEE DEE
Ask and ye shall find.

Dee Dee hands the binos to Patrice who takes a look.

DEE DEE
That's the Carga Mala. In
English, The Evil Cargo. It
belongs to General Borrego.

Patrice lowers the binoculars. She looks uneasy.

DEE DEE
If Roland is still alive and
kicking, he's on that ship.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - NIGHT

Dee Dee and her ASIAN GIRLFRIEND sip white wine beneath
a starry sky. Patrice walks up to their table.

PATRICE
(to Dee Dee)
Excuse me, but we need to talk.

Dee Dee's girlfriend gives Patrice the once-over.

ASIAN GIRLFRIEND
Who the hell is this?

DEE DEE
Someone who has very bad
timing.

The girlfriend kicks out her chair. Stabs a blood red
fingernail in Dee Dee's face.

ASIAN GIRLFRIEND
I warned you, Dee Dee. If I
caught you again with another
woman, we were through.

The irate girlfriend douses Dee Dee with her chardonnay
and sashays off. The other diners gawk at Dee Dee as
she dries off with a napkin.

DEE DEE
You were saying?

PATRICE

I am so --

DEE DEE

You might as well make it
official and sit down.

Patrice rights the toppled chair and sits down.

PATRICE

I want to make you a
proposition.

DEE DEE

Good thing you didn't say that
earlier.

PATRICE

I need your help to free Roland.

Dee Dee spits more chardonnay on her rhinestone jacket.
She shoots Patrice a scorching look.

DEE DEE

You know I'm going to need a
new wardrobe because of you.

Dee Dee raises the wine glass to her lips. Realizes
it's bone dry.

DEE DEE

There are two problems, luv.
First, you don't even know if
Roland still has a heartbeat.

Dee Dee wipes the additional wine off her jazzy threads.

DEE DEE

Second, I'm not ready for dear
old mum to cash in on my death
benefit.

PATRICE

I'll make it worth your while.

DEE DEE

Like I haven't heard that
before.

Patrice leans across the deuce table. She lowers her
voice.

PATRICE

I'm going to pay the general
ten million dollars in
exchange for Roland.

DEE DEE

Just happen to have ten mill
at your fingertips, do you?

PATRICE

No, but the Royal Bank of
Bermuda does.

Dee Dee grabs Patrice and snatches a bottle of wine from
another table. The two hustle off.

EXT. FERRARI - NIGHT

Dee Dee plants Patrice on the hood of her high-end hot
rod and away from the crowd.

DEE DEE

Now this is getting
interesting.

PATRICE

I'll hack into the bank's data
system and wire ten million
into --

Dee Dee elbows Patrice. A uniformed cop strolls by.
Dee Dee stashes the wine bottle. Innocently smiles as
the officer passes by.

PATRICE

(drops her voice)

I'll wire the ten million into
the general's personal account.
The second Borrego releases
Roland, I'll issue a
chargeback.

DEE DEE

A charge what?

PATRICE

It's a method of recalling a wireable fund transfer and depositing it back into the sending bank.

DEE DEE

Sounds like you know a thing or two about high finance.

PATRICE

I once dated a guy on Wall Street.

Dee Dee tousles her Rod Stewart hairdo as he thinks it over.

DEE DEE

Let's say I buy into your little switcheroo. What's in it for moi?

PATRICE

A thousand dollars.

Dee Dee erupts into laughter.

DEE DEE

Oh you were serious.

Dee Dee leans close to Patrice. Her eyes sparkle with greed.

DEE DEE

If you were to add say a couple of zeroes to that figure we might have a discussion.

PATRICE

(shouts)

A hundred thousand dollars?

Dee Dee rolls her eyes.

DEE DEE

A little louder, sweetheart, I don't think the cop heard you.

Dee Dee takes a swig from the wine bottle.

DEE DEE

C'mon. A woman of your talent and education has to have some liquidity.

PATRICE

Please. Do you have any idea what the cost of living is in New York City?

DEE DEE

Ninety thousand.

PATRICE

Ten thousand.

DEE DEE

Look, Diamond Jim. At this rate we'll be here all night.

PATRICE

All right, twenty-two thousand. That's all the money I have.

With a cunning smile, Dee Dee swirls the wine in the bottle.

DEE DEE

Deal. Twenty-two thousand. Euros.

PATRICE

Euros?

DEE DEE

If you have a problem with the exchange rate...

Dee Dee fondles Patrice's diamond earrings.

... I can help you cash these in.

INT. YACHT - MAIN CABIN - DAY

Reclining on designer furniture, General Borrego watches the movie "NAPOLEON" in surround sound. His enforcer shoves Patrice into the lavish room.

GEN. BORREGO
Those were the days when
battles were fought honorably.

Borrego puffs on a Cuban cigar.

GEN. BORREGO
The insurgent wars we wage
today turn soldiers into
bloodthirsty beasts.

The general kills the movie with the remote. He
confronts Patrice with an angry gaze.

GEN. BORREGO
You were supposed to be in New
York by now.

PATRICE
I missed my flight.

The general squints through the cigar smoke. He
appraises Patrice with distrustful eyes.

GEN. BORREGO
You have thirty seconds to
tell me how you're getting my
money back. If I don't
believe you...

Borrego gestures to his ripped enforcer.

GEN. BORREGO
... Guillermo will make sure
your body is never found.

PATRICE
I'm going to access a live
feed into the mainframe of The
Royal Bank and wire ten
million U-S into an account of
your choosing.

General Borrego lets loose a huge belly laugh.

GEN. BORREGO
That simple, huh?

PATRICE
That simple.

The general rises. He drills Patrice with an unwavering stare.

GEN. BORREGO

How do I know you can do what
you say you can do?

Patrice produces a business card. General Borrego takes and reads it.

PATRICE

As my card states, I'm a
senior program designer.

GEN. BORREGO

So?

PATRICE

I create multi-task programs
with high option capabilities.
I can encode, decode and
troubleshoot anything on a
flat screen.

GEN. BORREGO

Impressive, if it's true.

The general wanders over to a picture window and watches the sun dance across the turquoise water.

GEN. BORREGO

Why are you offering to do
this?

Patrice remains silent.

GEN. BORREGO

Is it for love? Sex? Or are
you setting up Vorster to
exact your own revenge?

PATRICE

Whatever the reason, it's my
own.

The general approaches Patrice.

GEN. BORREGO

Since you will have carte blanche to the bank's assets, I would be a fool not to demand more money.

PATRICE

The deal is for ten million.

General Borrego backhands Patrice. She lets the blood seep from her lip.

GEN. BORREGO

The deal is whatever I say it is. The price for Vorster's freedom is fifty million dollars.

Borrego waits for Patrice to flinch. She doesn't.

PATRICE

Under one condition. I see Vorster with my own eyes.

The general reels off something in Spanish to his enforcer. The two of them have a good chuckle.

GEN. BORREGO

(to Patrice)

For a woman, you have balls of brass.

ENGINE ROOM

Roland swings upside-down from a metal pipe. Sweat pours off his discolored face. A steel door UNLOCKS. Borrego's enforcer appears in the doorway.

ROLAND

No more! I implore you, no more!

The enforcer jerks Patrice inside. She cringes from the intense heat and stench.

PATRICE

My God what have they --

ROLAND

Get out.

(to Borrego's enforcer)

Get her out of here!

Patrice approaches Roland. She gently rubs his stubby hairline.

PATRICE

What happened to your hair?

ROLAND

Vidal Sassoon over there cut it off.

PATRICE

Why?

ROLAND

Hair gets in the way of electricity.

Patrice spots a marine battery and cables next to a wooden chair.

PATRICE

(to Borrego's enforcer)

He needs some water. Please.

Borrego's enforcer scoops up a bucket of water and drenches Roland with it.

Roland coughs violently trying to catch his breath.

Patrice lunges at the enforcer.

He bats her away like an annoying fly.

ROLAND

Hey!

Swinging wildly Roland throws punches at Borrego's enforcer, but misses. Laughing loudly, Borrego's enforcer drags Patrice out of the engine room and LOCKS the metal door behind him.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON - DAY

White-capped waves pound the limestone cliffs. Patrice and Dee Dee huddle together against a gusting wind.

DEE DEE

He wants how much?

PATRICE

Fifty million.

DEE DEE

And I'm laying my arse on the
line for a lousy twenty-two K?

PATRICE

There's a special place in
heaven for you.

DEE DEE

Thanks luv, but I'm not in a
bloody rush to get there.

Shivering, Dee Dee takes a snort from her silver flask.

PATRICE

What did you find out?

DEE DEE

His name is Cyril Gaylord
Hollingsworth the third.
Isn't that very lah-dee-dah?

Dee Dee forks over a surveillance photo to Patrice.

DEE DEE

That's the bludger.
Hollingsworth was promoted
to bank president six weeks
ago.

Dee Dee tilts her flask again.

DEE DEE

C-G as he's known to his golf
chums is married, has three
little snots and frequents a
sports pub called...

Dee Dee fishes out a matchbook.

DEE DEE

... The Jockstrap. No joke.

Dee Dee passes the matchbook to Patrice.

DEE DEE
According to several of the
resident boozers, Mister
Hollingsworth the third
fancies himself as a ladies'
man.

A sly grin forms on Patrice's lips.

PATRICE
Does he now? I just might
have to put his skills to the
test.

INT. PUB - DAY

Patrons cheer a soccer game on a wide screen. Flaunting her curves in a red dress, Patrice sashays in. Perches on a stool next to the BANK PRESIDENT, 50, British boarding school accent with a naughty twinkle in his eye.

PATRICE
(to the bartender)
Champagne cocktail, please.

Patrice sizes up the bank president with a glance. The bartender serves up her request.

PATRICE
Thank you.

Sipping her cocktail, Patrice purposely juts out her elbow. Celebrating the winning goal, the bank president bumps Patrice and spills her drink all over her.

BANK PRESIDENT
I am terribly --

The bank president grabs a fistful of napkins. He starts to wipe down Patrice's skin tight dress, but thinks better of it. Instead he hands the napkins to Patrice.

BANK PRESIDENT
I insist you allow me --

PATRICE
Really, that's not --

BANK PRESIDENT
Bolderdash.
(to the bartender)
Jonathan another...

PATRICE
Champagne cocktail.

BANK PRESIDENT
... and a Black and Tan for
yours truly.

Patrice dabs the napkins between her wet cleavage.
The bank president takes in the view.

PATRICE
I take it your team won.

BANK PRESIDENT
Beg your pardon?

The bank president snaps out of his X-rated daydream.

BANK PRESIDENT
Team? Right, Manchester
United. So they did. Win.

Looking hot and bothered, the bank president loosens his
silk tie.

BANK PRESIDENT
You're American, aren't you?

PATRICE
Guilty as charged.

BANK PRESIDENT
Vacationing?

PATRICE
I'm a flight attendant. I'm
on a twenty-four hour layover.

BANK PRESIDENT
A layover. You don't say?

The bartender returns with fresh drinks.

BANK PRESIDENT
My name is Cyril.

PATRICE
Jasmine.

The two shake hands.

BANK PRESIDENT
Jasmine. What an interesting
name.

PATRICE
My mother was an exotic dancer.
She loved exotic names.

BANK PRESIDENT
I have no doubt.

The bank president tries to cool down with a gulp of his
stout and ale combo.

PATRICE
So what do you do, Cyril?

BANK PRESIDENT
I'm actually a boink president.
(clears his throat)
Sorry. I'm president of a
bank.

Patrice leans in. Her firm breasts inches away from the
bank president's hungry eyes.

PATRICE
A bank president? How
fascinating. You must deal
with millions and millions of
dollars.

BANK PRESIDENT
At the risk of boasting, the
Royal Bank has considerable
assets due to our extensive
offshore portfolio.

Seductively Patrice rubs her shapely leg against the
bank president's trousers.

PATRICE
Well Cyril, you'll just have
to tell me all about it.

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

Patrice and Dee Dee are slung low in the front seat.

PATRICE
I talked with Borrego. I told
him it's a go. He wants the
exchange to take place at...

Patrice digs out a piece of scrap paper.

PATRICE
... Scarab Point.

DEE DEE
Don't like the sound of that.

PATRICE
Why not?

DEE DEE
It's a lonely stretch of
coastal road north of Saint
George.

PATRICE
Forget that.

Patrice crumples the paper and chucks it over her
shoulder.

PATRICE
I'll get that scumbag to pick
a more public place.

DEE DEE
Borrego's an ex-general, luv.
He's used to giving orders, not
taking them. Besides...

She reaches underneath her bucket seat.

DEE DEE
... I won't be flying solo.

Dee Dee retrieves a vintage army revolver.

DEE DEE
Meet Matilda. My granddad
used her in World War Two.
He shot a Jap officer in the
bongos with it.

Dee Dee shines up the barrel with her sleeve.

DEE DEE
Sweet Matilda. She's gotten
me out of many a scrape.

Dee Dee returns the gun to its hiding place.

DEE DEE
So how did your rendezvous go
with the Don Juan of banking?

Patrice just smiles.

DEE DEE
Did you get a leg over?

PATRICE
Excuse me?

DEE DEE
You know. Have a little
push-push?

Dee Dee's sexual innuendos still don't register with
Patrice.

DEE DEE
Ah, for Chrissakes. Did you
go to bed with the bloke?

PATRICE
Oh, I don't think so.

Patrice points proudly to herself.

PATRICE
I've dodged bigger latches
than that pompous jerk.

Patrice chuckles.

PATRICE

I got old C-G so liquored up,
the bartender had to pour him
into a taxi.

Patrice and Dee Dee high-five each other.

DEE DEE

Let me guess. The wanker uses
his wife's maiden name for his
access code.

PATRICE

Actually it's the Seven Dwarfs.

DEE DEE

Come again?

PATRICE

Every day Hollingsworth
rotates his password by
picking the name of a
different dwarf.

DEE DEE

Well I'll be a --

Dee Dee spots something she doesn't like. She grabs
Patrice and smacks her with a long kiss. A police car
sweeps the Ferrari with a spotlight and drives on.
Patrice shoves Dee Dee away, wiping her lips.

PATRICE

Was that really necessary?

DEE DEE

Maybe not for you.

Patrice steps out. Taps on the car window. Dee Dee
powers it down.

PATRICE

One last thing. I need to get
my hands on a laptop.

DEE DEE

There's a tech shop in
Southampton.

PATRICE
The problem is I've almost
maxed out my credit card.

DEE DEE
Ah, the price of love. So
what do you need?

PATRICE
Something with a lot of speed.
The bank transactions are
going to be time sensitive.

Dee Dee scratches her chin pensively.

DEE DEE
So what are we talking? Seven
hundred and fifty gigs, core
I-seven processor, high
resolution flat screen?

Patrice is taken aback by Dee Dee's knowledge of
computers.

PATRICE
Uh yeah, for starters. Oh
and a speaker phone with a
universal adaptor.

DEE DEE
I'll see what I can do.
Cheers!

Dee Dee REVS the V-12 and FLOORS IT down the narrow
alley.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - BEDROOM - DAY

Typing on a laptop, Patrice conducts a three-way call on
a speaker phone.

PATRICE
Let Roland step out of the car.

GEN. BORREGO (V.O.)
Not until the money is wired.

PATRICE
I need proof Roland is alive.

INT. FERRARI - DAY

Looking tough behind her sunglasses, Dee Dee eyeballs a black Jaguar. The passenger door swings open. Filthy and beaten, Roland falls face first in the dirt.

DEE DEE
(into a blue tooth)
I see Roland. Christ, he
looks like shit.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - BEDROOM

Looking frustated, Patrice types on the laptop.

PATRICE
(mumbles)
Sleepy. Grumpy. Bashful...

The laptop BEEPS with every wrong entry.

PATRICE
Damn it!

GEN. BORREGO (V.O.)
What's the problem?

PATRICE
The password to the bank's
portal has been changed.

GEN. BORREGO (V.O.)
Do not play games with me!

Shutting her eyes, Patrice bobs her head trying to recall something.

GEN. BORREGO (V.O.)
You have five seconds!

PATRICE
Dee Dee, give me some names
of British soccer teams.

DEE DEE (V.O.)
Uh, Sheffield, Chelsea --

PATRICE
No, it begins with an M.

DEE DEE (V.O.)
Manchester United?

PATRICE
That's it.

GEN. BORREGO (V.O.)
Time's up!

Frantic, Patrice types as fast as her fingers will move. The Royal Bank of Bermuda's logo appears on her flat screen.

PATRICE
I'm in!

Continuing to key punch, Patrice flips through the bank's electronic records at lightning speed.

PATRICE
All right, the wire transfer
is complete.

EXT. YACHT - FORWARD DECK - DAY

Watching a hurricane sky wipe out the sun, General Borrego speaks into a cordless phone.

GEN. BORREGO
Confirming a wire today for
fifty million U-S.
(grins)
Excellent.

The general switches over to a walkie-talkie.

GEN. BORREGO
Kill them now.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - DAY

Roland stands next to a black Jaguar with Borrego's enforcer and another henchman inside.

A Ninja 750 ZOOMS UP behind the Ferrari across the road.
Gets the drop on Dee Dee inside.

The motorcycle assassin levels an Uzi at the rear window.

ROLAND

Dee Dee, look out!

Dee Dee spots the assassin in her rearview.

She dives for her trusty revolver.

A burst of HOT LEAD shatters the rear window.

Holding the trigger, the assassin RAKES the Ferrari with RAPID FIRE, tattooing Dee Dee to the leather dashboard.

ROLAND

You bastard!

Borrego's enforcer leans out of the Jag gripping a Glock.

BORREGO'S ENFORCER

You're next, vendejo!

Roland kicks the hand of Borrego's enforcer.

Grabs the gun in midair.

Roland BLASTS the enforcer and his henchman till the semi-auto CLICKS empty.

A spray of BULLETS chops the sand around Roland's bare feet.

ROLAND

Bloody Christ!

Roland turns. Sees the motorcycle assassin pounding his jammed submachine gun.

Roland reaches into the Jaguar.

Desperately pats down the dead body of Borrego's enforcer.

Roland leans out of the Jag. Slams a fresh clip in the Glock.

ROLAND

(to the assassin)

Come on, you blaggard!

The assassin SPEEDS toward Roland on the Ninja.
He whips out a backup pistol and FIRES away.

Roland takes careful aim. His tortured body shaking the
.9 millimeter.

One GUNSHOT. The gas tank EXPLODES on the crotch rocket.

The motorcycle CAREENS into the Jaguar. Both erupt into
ROARING FLAMES.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY

Patrice looks horrified at the carnage she's HEARING
over the speaker phone.

PATRICE

Dee Dee? Dee Dee, what's
happening?

Patrice turns up the volume.

PATRICE

Dee Dee, it's Patrice! Please
say something!

Patrice sweeps the laptop off the desk. Sends it
CRASHING onto the hardwood. Looking out her bedroom
window, Patrice observes a plume of thick black smoke
rising in the distance.

PATRICE

God no.

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY

Patrice stares blankly at the thundering waves. A
fluttering newspaper lies on the sand beside her.

INSERT - FRONT PAGE

The headline reads: "4 DEAD IN SHOOT-OUT".

BACK TO SCENE

A scarred hand clamps down on Patrice. She spins around. Patrice is confronted by Roland's bruised and swollen face.

PATRICE

Oh my God --

Patrice backs away from Roland.

PATRICE

The paper said --

ROLAND

The burned bodies were all
Borrego's men.

PATRICE

Did you... did you see Dee Dee?

ROLAND

They shot her in her car.
Dee Dee's dead.

Patrice turns away. Roland latches onto her.

ROLAND

Don't blame yourself, Patrice.
Borrego was the one who set
all of this in motion.

Patrice finally gives into the tears.

ROLAND

How much did you pay Borrego?

PATRICE

What?

ROLAND

Borrego. How much ransom was
he demanding?

Patrice wipes her face.

PATRICE

Fifty million.

ROLAND
Fifty... ? How did you --

PATRICE
He didn't get a dime.

Patrice jerks free from Roland.

PATRICE
I recalled the bank wire.

Roland's face darkens with concern.

ROLAND
Borrego will be looking for
blood. Once the authorities
identify the bodies Borrego
will soon realize I'm still
walking this earth.

Roland brushes a stray tear from Patrice's cheek.

ROLAND
I uh... I have to get you off
the island.

PATRICE
You were going to say
something else.

Roland draws Patrice closer.

ROLAND
I still want you to come away
with me.

PATRICE
No.

ROLAND
What are you going to do,
Patrice? Return to your
overpriced, oversecured
Manhattan condo? Waiting for
another Joey to stroll into
your life?

Patrice starts off. Roland reels her in.

ROLAND

And when that doesn't happen,
do you bury yourself in your
work again? Preferring long
hours at the office rather
than spending another
unfulfilling night at home?

Patrice looks angrily at Roland.

PATRICE

You think you can read me
so damn well, don't you?

ROLAND

Have I been wrong yet?

PATRICE

I can't live your life, Roland.
The scams. The thievery. The
blatant lies.

Roland traces Patrice's sensuous jawline with his
fingers.

ROLAND

I'll walk away, Patrice. From
all of it. To keep you in my
life.

PATRICE

It's not in my heart to
believe you.

Roland's voice turns cold and distant.

ROLAND

Borrego will not rest until he
kills you. At least let me
help you off the island.

Patrice turns away and faces the stormy sea.

INT. FISHING TRAWLER - BRIDGE - DAY

Gnawing a toothpick is CAPPY, 70, has a crazed look in his
eyes from too many years on the high seas. He steers
the old rust bucket through deep swells and lashing rain.
Patrice and Roland hang on for all they're worth.

ROLAND

I've never seen it this rough,
Cappy.

CAPPY

It's the tail end of that
blasted hurricane.

PATRICE

How much further to the
Bahamas?

CAPPY

'Nother eighty miles, give or
take a shipwreck --

A giant wave CRASHES through the bridge's window.

Gushing water knocks Roland on his ass.

Washes him out the door and off the main deck.

PATRICE

Roland!

Cappy whips around.

Spots Roland clinging to the side of the boat by his
wet fingertips.

CAPPY

Give 'im a hand, girl!

Patrice inches her way across the rolling deck.

Another huge wave SLAMS the trawler.

It sweeps Roland into the stormy sea.

PATRICE

He's gone overboard!

CAPPY

Throw 'im a line, damn it!

Patrice searches madly for a life preserver.

She unhooks one from the side of the lurching boat.

Patrice hurls the life line, almost following it in with her own momentum.

Drowning in the relentless waves Roland makes a desperate grab.

CAPPY

Pull 'im in!

The POUNDING waves spray Patrice and blur her vision.

Patrice tugs at the rope with all of her might.

Her hands slip. The rope drops and slides overboard.

PATRICE

Shit!

Patrice dives across the slippery deck. She barely grasps the end of the rope.

CAPPY

Pull 'im in, girl! You can do it!

Patrice braces herself against a metal crab pot.

She heaves the rope with short tugs.

Roland claws at the side of the boat.

Patrice grabs Roland's soaked shirt and drags his exhausted butt aboard.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - LATER

The storm gives way to sunshine and calm seas. Drying out on the bow, Patrice and Roland chuckle at Cappy swigging a fifth of rum on the bridge.

ROLAND

You saved my life.

PATRICE

That makes twice in one week.

The smile on Patrice's face fades away.

PATRICE

Where will you go once we
reach the Bahamas?

Roland looks out over the serene water.

ROLAND

I've been thinking about my
home lately. After all of
these years maybe it's time I
return to South Africa.

Roland turns back to Patrice.

ROLAND

And you will go back to
America.

Roland searches out Patrice's hand and takes hold of it.

ROLAND

I meant what I said at the
beach. I would change my life
for you.

(beat)

I don't want to lose you,
Patrice.

Patrice withdraws her hand from Roland's grasp and looks
away.

ROLAND

You are a smart and beautiful
woman, Patrice. A woman who
is not afraid to take chances
with her career.

Roland stands up.

ROLAND

Perhaps once in your life, you
should take a chance on your
heart.

Roland joins Cappy on the bridge, leaving Patrice with
her own thoughts.

EXT. BAHAMAS - PIER - DAY

Appearing worn-out and ragged, Patrice and Roland step off the trawler. They glance back at Cappy.

ROLAND

Thanks, Cappy!

Snockered, the old sea captain gives them a half-assed salute.

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY

Patrice and Roland stroll past street vendors hawking their wares. Roland stops Patrice. He points down a main street.

ROLAND

The American embassy is about two hundred meters that way.

Roland gazes forlornly at Patrice.

PATRICE

What?

ROLAND

I was just memorizing your face one last time.

Roland kisses Patrice on the cheek and walks off in the opposite direction.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Looking preoccupied, Roland crosses a busy street. A TAXI DRIVER brakes within inches of running him over.

TAXI DRIVER

Hey, mon! You wanna do your sleeping at home?

PATRICE (O.S.)

Roland!

Roland turns around. Patrice runs into the street and hops in Roland's arms. The taxi driver just rolls his eyes. Roland twirls Patrice in the middle of the road as cars and buses HONK their horns impatiently.

EXT. SOUTH AFRICA - RANCH STYLE MANSION - DAY

Roland knocks on a large oak door. Standing next to him, Patrice hears heavy FOOTSTEPS inside. The front door swings open. OTTO BOESTEN, 60, built like Frigidaire and just as frosty, greets Roland with a steely gaze.

OTTO

I figured you would show up.
Like rotting fish washed up on
shore.

ROLAND

Nice to see you too, uncle.

Roland starts inside. Otto blocks him.

OTTO

You have no clue, do you?

ROLAND

About what?

OTTO

Your father is dying.

Again Roland starts inside. Again Otto cuts him off.

OTTO

Just you.

Otto trains his stare on Patrice, but speaks to Roland.

OTTO

The trollop stays outside.

Roland matches Otto's icy glare.

ROLAND

The lady's name is Patrice.

Roland takes Patrice by the hand.

ROLAND

She goes where I go.

Roland leads Patrice past Otto.

INT. RANCH STYLE MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM

Roland and Patrice pass a solemn priest who closes a bible. ROLAND'S MOTHER, 65, exudes a quiet strength, rises from a chair and embraces her son.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Roland. Thank God you're here.

ROLAND

I didn't know.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

I tried reaching you in Saint Lucia, but there was no forwarding address.

Roland's mother notices Patrice for the first time.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Who is this?

ROLAND

Mother, this is Patrice.

PATRICE

Hello.

Roland's mother barely nods. Roland's eyes fall upon his FATHER, 70, a big strapping man who now lies deathly ill.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Go on. Speak to him.

Roland pulls up a chair next to his father's bedside.

ROLAND

Papa. It's Roland.

Slowly his father opens his eyes. He focuses on Roland's forced smile.

ROLAND'S FATHER

(wheezes)

Have you come to watch me die?

ROLAND

I didn't know you were ill.

Roland's father erupts into a coughing fit. Roland retrieves a glass of water from a nightstand and helps his father take a sip.

ROLAND
Isn't there something the
doctors can do?

ROLAND'S FATHER
It's emphysema. They removed
one of my lungs.

Roland takes hold of his father's calloused hand.

ROLAND
I know...
(swallows hard)
... I know I have disappointed
you in so many ways.

Roland runs the palm of his hand over his father's bald pate.

ROLAND
No matter our differences, I
have always loved you.

Welling up with tears, the old man can only nod.
Roland's father closes his eyes and stops breathing.

ROLAND
Papa? Papa?

Roland gently rests his head on his father's still chest.

KITCHEN - LATER

Patrice, Roland, and his mother drink coffee around a long butcher block table.

ROLAND'S MOTHER
Where did you two meet?

ROLAND
Bermuda.

ROLAND'S MOTHER
How romantic.

Patrice and Roland exchange smiles across the table.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Did I say something humorous?

PATRICE

Our time in the islands wasn't
all bonbons and roses.

For the first time, Roland's mother looks Patrice square
in the eye.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

I suppose you intend to marry
my son.

ROLAND

Why do you ask that, mother?

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Because the last time you
returned home with someone,
you were engaged.

Roland diverts his eyes from Patrice's inquiring gaze.

ROLAND

Actually mother, Patrice and I
have only known each other for
a few days.

OTTO (O.S.)

Since when has that stopped
you?

Otto steps into the kitchen. He looks at Roland with
extreme disdain.

OTTO

Ten years ago you returned
for your father's sixtieth
birthday. On your arm was
some mestizo whore you dragged
out of the Andes.

Otto levels his laser-like stare on Patrice.

OTTO

Now on your father's deathbed,
you show up with this caramel
colored half-breed --

Patrice vaults out of her chair.

Slaps Otto hard across the face.

Otto backhands Patrice. Staggers her.

Roland slams his uncle against the wall.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Roland!

Roland cocks his fist back.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Roland, that's enough!

Roland pushes off Otto. He grabs Patrice to head out.

OTTO

Don't even think about moving
that harlot into this house.
I will burn it down first.

Roland stops in his tracks. Seeing the rage in Roland's face, Patrice drags him away.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Ominous storm clouds gather over the funeral service. Roland tosses a white lily onto his father's casket. Moving away, Otto and he trade drop dead stares.

CEMETARY DRIVE

THOMAS, 40, a hard body but a gentle face, breaks off from a crowd of black workers attending the funeral from a distance. Thomas intercepts Patrice and Roland climbing into a jeep.

THOMAS

My condolences, Mister Boesten.

Thomas rejoins his co-workers. Roland opens a folded note slipped into his palm.

INSERT - NOTE

Handwritten message reads: "COME TO THE MILL!"

BACK TO SCENE

Roland scans the crowd for Thomas. He's disappeared.

EXT. STEEL MILL - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Driving a high-lo, Thomas wheels out a stack of i-beams. He spots Roland and Patrice pulling up. Under the watchful eye of a security guard, Thomas discreetly signals them.

INT. STEEL MILL - CELLAR

Thomas pulls open a pair of metal doors. With a blinding sunlight at their backs, Patrice and Roland squint as they follow Thomas down a set of narrow steps.

THOMAS

My name is Thomas. I've worked at the mill since I was fourteen.

ROLAND

Why all of this secrecy?

THOMAS

Because, sir, I could lose my job...

Thomas turns to Roland. The fear is evident in his face.

THOMAS

... or even worse.

MAIN FLOOR

Sparks fly from a huge cauldron of liquid steel. A metal press CLANGS loudly. Sweaty workers toil in hellish conditions. Cringing from the heat and noise, Patrice and Roland trail Thomas off a freight elevator.

THOMAS

(shouts)

The temperature can reach over a hundred and eighty degrees in here.

Thomas ties a sweaty bandana around his head.

THOMAS

Every man and woman works a twelve hour shift. There are no benefits, other than the company will bury you if you die on the job.

PATRICE

If things are so bad, why do these people work here?

THOMAS

Because people need to eat.

Thomas motions a co-worker to approach. The skin on his face and arms bubble with burn scars.

THOMAS

This is Nelson. He was sprayed with molten ore.

(to Roland)

Your father, pardon me for saying, wouldn't allow him to be taken to the hospital.

ROLAND

Why not?

THOMAS

Mister Boesten was afraid the authorities would --

A nightstick WHACKS Thomas over the head.

A fat security guard drags his limp body across the cement floor.

PATRICE

Hey, you can't do that to him!

Patrice runs after him, but bounces off the belly of an even bigger security guard.

The workers watch in silence as Patrice and Roland are marched off the main floor.

UPSTAIRS OFFICE

Cool air blows from a window air conditioner. A security guard herds Patrice and Roland into the cramped office. Still dressed in mourning, Otto talks business over the phone as he spies his two unwelcomed guests.

OTTO

(into the phone)

Get me a price and call me back.

Otto hangs up.

OTTO

(to Roland)

What the hell are you doing here?

ROLAND

I wanted to see my father's legacy.

Roland peers down on the abused workers through a picture window.

ROLAND

It's not something I'm proud of.

Otto spins Roland around. His eyes are aflame with hatred.

OTTO

You have the blasted gall to pass judgement on your father?

Otto sticks his finger within a centimeter of Roland's nose.

OTTO

You? A self-serving casanova.
I tell you if you were my son
I wouldd...

Choking on his anger, Otto walks away. Roland wheels him around.

ROLAND

Finish it.

Otto doesn't bite.

ROLAND

At least I don't make my living off the backs of people who have no alternative, but to work in this godforsaken hellhole.

OTTO

This hellhole is what paid for for your boarding schools, the Italian sports cars and that nine thousand acre ranch you call home.

Otto points to the door.

OTTO

Now take that whore of yours and get the hell out!

Roland and Otto trade deadly looks. Quickly, Patrice pulls Roland out of the office.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Parked outside the front gate, Patrice and Roland sit atop the hood of his jeep.

ROLAND

I have always felt like an outsider. That I was born into the wrong family.

PATRICE

After meeting your uncle, I can see why.

Feeling the heat of the noonday sun, Patrice takes a long sip of bottled water.

ROLAND

Apartheid may be dead and buried, but old prejudices die hard.

Roland pulls out his pipe and a pouch of tobacco. His black arm band catches his eye. Roland chucks the pipe and tobacco over his shoulder.

ROLAND

My defining moment occurred one day after school. I'll never forget it. I was in fifth grade.

PATRICE

What happened?

ROLAND

Four of my classmates were beating a black boy because they caught him drinking from a white water fountain.

Roland relieves Patrice of her bottled water.

ROLAND

I threw down my books and jumped into the middle of it. Between the two of us, the black boy and I chased off those bullies.

Roland finishes off the water in Patrice's bottle.

ROLAND

When my father arrived home from work, my mother told him what had happened.

Roland rubs the fading scar on the back of his hand.

ROLAND

My father dragged me from my room into the stables and cracked me with a whip until I bled.

(beat)

I was only eleven years old.

Patrice slides her arm around Roland's waist.

PATRICE

It all makes sense.

ROLAND

What does?

PATRICE

The reason you stole money to give to charity. It was your way of addressing the injustice in the world.

Roland looks around the sprawling ranch.

ROLAND

It was a mistake coming back.

INT. JEEP

Roland jumps behind the wheel. Patrice climbs in next to him. She stops Roland from cranking the ignition.

PATRICE

You want to make a difference?
Take control of the steel mill.

Roland plasters his hand against Patrice's forehead.

PATRICE

What are you doing?

ROLAND

I think you are suffering from heat stroke.

Patrice slaps Roland's hand away.

PATRICE

I'm serious. Improve the working conditions in the mill and you'll improve the lives of those workers.

ROLAND

You are overlooking one minor point. I know absolutely nothing about administrating a steel company.

PATRICE

Look, if that narcissistic bozo I worked for in New York can run a software business, then you and I can certainly give it a shot.

ROLAND

You and I? Does that mean you intend on sticking around?

PATRICE

Under one condition.

ROLAND

Ah, another one of your famous conditions.

PATRICE

I want us to get married.

Again, Roland feels Patrice's forehead. Again, Patrice slaps his hand away.

PATRICE

Will you stop that?

ROLAND

You want to marry me after having met my family?

PATRICE

My girlfriend Janis once told me that in-laws are like tax audits. You only deal with them when you have to.

ROLAND

They may put that on your tombstone.

Roland takes possession of Patrice's hand. He looks deep into her sparkling eyes.

ROLAND

It would be the highest honor, Ms. Devereux, to accept your hand in marriage.

Patrice and Roland seal the deal with a kiss.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAYS LATER

Dressed in their Sunday best, Patrice and Roland stand before a JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

I now pronounce you, man and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Roland lifts the veil from Patrice's hat and the two kiss.

PATRICE

So am I Mrs. Boesten or Mrs. Vorster now?

ROLAND

You choose. I have birth certificates in both names.

PATRICE

It doesn't matter to me as long as you don't call me the old battle-ax.

Laughing, Patrice and Roland leave the courthouse hand in hand.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Clad in a silk robe, Roland gazes at a streak of moonlight blazed across a lake. Patrice emerges from the bathroom and slips off her peñoir. Roland stops her.

ROLAND

Don't rush the moment.

Roland takes Patrice in his arms.

ROLAND

I have searched the four corners of the earth for you.

PATRICE

And I've kissed a lot of toads before I found you.

ROLAND

I beg your pardon?

PATRICE

Just shut up and kiss me.

Roland lays Patrice out with a slow passionate kiss.

INT. COTTAGE - NEXT MORNING

A lockpick JIMMIES the front door open.

Two intruders tread lightly across the floor.

One of them raises a gun overhead. He strikes Roland in the face opening a wound.

The other intruder grabs a fistful of Patrice's hair and drags her naked from bed.

GEN. BORREGO

(to Roland)

Your friend Cappy filled me in
on your itinerary.

Another pistol-whip bloodies Roland's mouth.

GEN. BORREGO

That is until he bled to death.

Patrice struggles to get free, but Leach holds her back.

ROLAND

You son of a --

General Borrego cocks a nickel-plated .45 in Roland's bruised and bloody face.

GEN. BORREGO

This time I not only want my
money...

Borrego plasters the muzzle between Roland's eyes.

GEN. BORREGO

... I want your soul.

ROLAND

I didn't have the ten million
in Bermuda and I don't have it
now.

GEN. BORREGO

Really, Mister Boesten of
Boesten Steel?

The general glances at Leach who holds a police .38 to Patrice's head.

GEN. BORREGO

How much do you think he's
worth, Leach?

LEACH

I think he's got enough money
to make us both very rich.

General Borrego waves his gun at Roland.

GEN. BORREGO

Put your clothes on. We're
going to pay a visit to your
bank.

Leach rubs his .38 between Patrice's breasts.

LEACH

Don't worry about your bride.
I'll make sure she doesn't get --

Roland kicks the general in the balls and lunges for Leach.

A deafening SHOT rings out in the small cottage.

Roland collapses. Ample blood seeps from his chest.

PATRICE

Roland!

GEN. BORREGO

(to Leach)

You idiot!

Screaming, Patrice lurches backwards.

Sends Leach CRASHING through a window behind them.

Patrice scoops up the .38. Trades a quick VOLLEY with Borrego.

The general staggers. Patrice FIRES again. Borrego drops dead to the floor.

PATRICE

Roland --

Dazed and cut, Leach reaches through the broken window.

He snags Patrice in a deadly chokehold.

Gasping for air, Patrice struggles to raise the .38.

Aiming blindly, Patrice pulls the trigger. Leach is
BLASTED to kingdom come.

INT. HOSPITAL - I.C.U. - NIGHT

Hooked up to monitors and I.V.s, Roland lies unconscious in bed. With a worried look on her face, Patrice strokes her husband's hand. Roland's mother walks in. Stops when she sees her son on life support.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Oh my --

She covers her mouth in shock. Patrice looks Roland's mother in the eye.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

How is my son?

PATRICE

He's in a coma.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Dear God.

Patrice gets up. Allows her mother-in-law to sit down. Roland's mom removes a gold crucifix from her neck and clasps it around her son. Roland's mom then closes her eyes.

ROLAND'S MOTHER

Lord, you have taken my
husband. Please do not take
my son as well.

From behind, Patrice reaches out to Roland's mother, but hesitates. Patrice goes ahead and places a comforting hand on her mother-in-law's shoulder.

PATRICE

Amen.

HOSPITAL - I.C.U. - NEXT DAY

Slouched in a chair, Patrice sleeps gripping her husband's lifeless hand. Roland stirs. Patrice awakens.

PATRICE

Roland?

Roland's eyes flicker. His baby blues focus on his wife's smiling face.

ROLAND

That was one hell of a honeymoon, wasn't it?

Laughing and crying at the same time, Patrice rocks Roland with a big hug.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAYS LATER

Propped up in bed, Roland shares his lunch tray with Patrice.

PATRICE

I spoke to your surgeon. He still doesn't want to operate.

ROLAND

Why the delay?

PATRICE

The bullet is located too close to your heart. If it shifts during the procedure it could kill you.

ROLAND

So could this food.

Roland pushes the hospital grub aside.

ROLAND

There's something I want you to do for me.

PATRICE

As long as it doesn't have to do with a last will and testament.

ROLAND

Funny you should mention that.

Roland winces as he tries to sit up.

ROLAND

The family lawyer paid me a visit yesterday. My father, either out of delirium or sheer spite, willed to me fifty percent of Boesten steel.

PATRICE

I'm not sure I like where this is going.

Roland captures Patrice's hand. He gazes at her intently.

ROLAND

I want you take control of my half of the steel mill.

Patrice snaps up the phone.

ROLAND

What are you doing?

PATRICE

I'm calling your doctor. I think the bullet has up moved up to your brain.

Roland takes the phone and hangs it up.

ROLAND

Every day that my uncle governs that mill, it makes it a thousand times harder to institute a change.

Appearing weak Roland falls back on his pillow.

ROLAND

I know I'm asking a lot of you.

PATRICE
That's putting it mildly.

Roland takes a sip of water.

ROLAND
Please, Patrice. I need you
to do what I can't.

INT. STEEL MILL - OFFICE - DAY

Hovering over his desk, Otto and the mill foreman look
over company spreadsheets.

OTTO
Production is down thirteen
percent this month. I don't
care if you have to work those
people around-the-clock --

PATRICE (O.S.)
That won't be necessary.

Patrice strides in looking like a New York executive.
On her left and right are an INDIAN and an AFRICAN
GENTLEMAN each wearing a three-piece suit.

OTTO
How the hell did you --

PATRICE
Get past security? I fired
them. All of them.

OTTO
You what?

Otto charges Patrice.

PATRICE
Lay one finger on me and I'll --

Otto keeps coming. Patrice shoves the Indian gentleman
in Otto's path.

PATRICE
Meet Mister Arjoonsingh,
attorney-at-law.

Patrice reels in the African gentleman. She bookends him next to the lawyer.

PATRICE

And this is Mister Mumbazeh of the accounting firm Evanston and Kincaid.

OTTO

What the hell do you think you're doing?

PATRICE

I'm leveraging control of fifty percent of this steel mill.

OTTO

Leveraging? By what authority?

Patrice flashes her gold wedding band.

PATRICE

This. Roland and I are now married.

OTTO

You cheap, conniving --

PATRICE

You can save the accolades... uncle-in-law

Patrice snaps open a document in Otto's beet red face.

PATRICE

What's more, Roland has assigned to me power of attorney.

Patrice whips the document back before Otto can grab it.

PATRICE

And I intend on exercising that authority.

OTTO

Listen, girlie --

PATRICE

That's Mrs. Boesten to you.

Otto jabs a huge finger at Patrice.

OTTO

That bastard nephew of mine
has absolutely no legal claim
to this company.

PATRICE

On the contrary. Roland's
father, your brother,
bequeathed to him full
partnership in Boesten Steel.

OTTO

In a pig's eye! My late
brother changed his will.

INDIAN GENTLEMAN

Are you referring to this
codicil?

The lawyer withdraws a document from his briefcase. Otto
snatches it from him.

INDIAN GENTLEMAN

That document you're holding
is dated eleven days prior to
your brother's demise.

OTTO

What of it?

INDIAN GENTLEMAN

At Mrs. Boesten's request, my
firm has retained a
handwriting expert to review
that codicil.

The Indian gentleman relieves Otto of the document.

INDIAN GENTLEMAN

It is his professional opinion
that Mister Willem Boesten's
signature is a forgery.

OTTO

That is preposterous!

INDIAN GENTLEMAN

If you wish to contest the findings, a magistrate will require handwriting samples from all parties with a financial interest in Boesten Steel. Including you, sir.

Patrice flips through a ledger on Otto's desk.

PATRICE

Now that we've established that, Mister Mumbazeh will be auditing all of the company's books effective immediately.

Otto slams the ledger closed, almost trapping Patrice's fingers.

OTTO

The hell you say.

AFRICAN GENTLEMAN

In conducting the audit, I will be paying particular attention to transactions which occurred during your brother's incapacitation.

The accountant takes possession of the ledger.

AFRICAN GENTLEMAN

Checking for any accounting irregularities, as it were.

With an air of confidence, Patrice walks around Otto's desk and plants herself in his leather upholstered chair.

PATRICE

I guess the only thing left to decide is where you'll be sitting?

Otto drills Patrice with a hateful stare.

EXT. STEEL MILL - LOADING DOCK - NEXT DAY

Patrice confers with Thomas over an inventory list. Otto steamrolls up clutching an invoice. He shoves Thomas out of the way.

OTTO

Did you authorize the installation of these vending machines?

PATRICE

And the new employee lockers and the showers.

OTTO

Showers? Do you have any idea what that will cost?

PATRICE

You think that's expensive?

Patrice rests her hand on Otto's shoulder real palsy-walsy.

PATRICE

Wait till you see the price of the air conditioning system I'm having installed.

OTTO

Are you out of your mind?

PATRICE

Statistics have proven a company gets better production from its employees if they're happy with their work environment.

OTTO

Happy? These people are paid to produce steel, not have a good time!

PATRICE

That's another thing that will be changing. Starting today no employee will work more than an eight and a half hour day.

Patrice signs off on Thomas' clipboard.

PATRICE

Furthermore, all workers with a tenure of five years or more will receive a fifteen percent wage increase and full medical coverage.

Otto points his infamous finger in Patrice's face.

OTTO

You are going to bankrupt this company.

Patrice swats Otto's finger away.

PATRICE

And you need to get with the times.

Patrice walks away. Otto snags her by the arm.

OTTO

You will not get away with this. I am going to take you and your freeloading husband to court.

PATRICE

You want a throwdown in court? Bring it, buster.

Patrice twists free from Otto's grasp.

PATRICE

My lawyers will enumerate the substandard working conditions that have existed at this steel mill for the past forty years.

This time, Patrice shoves her finger in Otto's face.

PATRICE

I will also make it public how you and your brother controlled these employees through violence and intimidation.

Patrice flags down Nelson who's driving a forklift.

PATRICE

The fact is, Otto, either you get behind the changes I'm implementing or you can step down as co-chair of Boesten Steel.

Patrice hops on the forklift.

PATRICE

Oh and don't worry. I'm sure Roland will pay you a fair severance.

Smiling triumphantly, Patrice rides off on the forklift with Nelson driving.

EXT. STEEL MILL - MONTHS LATER

Patrice and Roland ramble up in a jeep. The steel workers encircle the vehicle and cheer their heads off. With Patrice's help, Roland stands on the hood and quiets the ecstatic crowd.

ROLAND

I want to thank all of you for your cards and letters while I was coalescing in the hospital. And a special thanks to the perons who sent me that bottle of scotch.

All of the workers erupt into laughter.

ROLAND

Four months ago my father Willem Boesten, co-founder of Boesten Steel, passed away. Since that time many changes have occurred at this mill. Changes, I may add, that were long overdue.

The workers whoop it up.

ROLAND

This renaissance, if you will,
could not have been possible
without the determination and
pure gutsiness of my lovely
and very spirited wife,
Patrice.

WORKERS

Patrice! Patrice! Patrice!

Roland extends his hand to Patrice. She climbs on the
hood of the jeep.

PATRICE

(to the workers)

Thank you all.

The crowd quiets down.

PATRICE

I uh... I don't know what to
say.

Patrice smiles lovingly at her husband.

PATRICE

When I first met Roland, I
could have never imagined the
incredible journey that laid
before us.

Patrice turns back to the workers who hang on her every
word.

PATRICE

The most important part of
which was returning to South
Africa and revitalizing this
steel mill.

Uproarious applause echoes amongst the workers.

PATRICE

And to those who said it
couldn't be done or that it
would drive this company into
the ground, I have only one
thing to say to them.

FADE OUT.

The entire crowd joyously dance in front of the renovated steel mill.

They lift Patrice and Roland on their shoulders.

The workers celebrate with an African freedom song.

Just look at us now, baby!

PATRICE

Patrice sweeps her hand over the workers' beaming faces.