

The Dish

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EXT. MARINA - DUSK

A cool, crisp evening. Magic hour tequila sunset smears orange on blue water. Wind *whips* through a line of luxury sailboats gently bobbing. A GULL flies by. CAW-CAW-CAWS.

CAMERA finds a HOUSEBOAT. Ghostly. Shades drawn. Old and peeling. Dark wood. Brass fixtures. We see the vessel's name on the stern in cracked, gold cursive. SAFE HAVEN, indeed.

A WOMAN (25) appears on the deck. We GASP, as she is heartbreakingly beautiful. The kind that makes you ache with longing. A curvy cocktail with mile-high legs.

Meet HAVEN CRAYCE. Blonde, blue-eyed. The stuff of pinup dreams. Right now she's in a killer black cocktail dress and five-inch heels. Pulls a JACK RUSSELL TERRIER on a leash.

HAVEN
(puts on shades)
Come on, Buster.

And the dog TAKES OFF like a rocket. YANKS the leash, as Haven CAREENS down the gangplank, heels CLACK-CLACK-CLACKING.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Buster, GODAMMIT.

EXT. MARINA CHANNEL - PARK - AT THAT MOMENT

Another WOMAN (28) walks a small, black DOG. Tall and lanky, like a jock. Pretty in that clear-eyed Midwestern way. Chestnut mane in a boyish bob. Sweats, denim and leather.

Meet JETT TARGO. Recent transplant from Kansas. Buff, in shape, but there's a vague hint of wild Saturday nights. Secret debaucheries. She gives TINA a doggie treat.

JETT
Good girl.

They start ambling down the sidewalk. Watching the boats in the channel. It's bucolic. Then why does Jett look pensive?

HAVEN comes into view, pulled by Buster. She stops. Sees Jett. Lowers her sunglasses. Gets a better look.

Jett sees Haven. Jerks to a stop. If we could see up close, we'd notice the hairs standing up on the back of her neck.

HAVEN
Cute dog. What is she?

JETT
She's, uh -- a Cocker Spaniel-King Charles mix. My neighbor's dog. I walk her sometimes as a favor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN
 Buster's a Jack Russell.
 (rubs the dog's head)
 Aren't you, Mister Man?
 (offers her hand)
 I'm Haven. Haven Crayce.

JETT
 (takes it, shakes)
 Jett Targo. This is Tina.
 (beat)
 Haven Crayce. Sounds exotic.

HAVEN
 Jett Targo. Sounds athletic. Which way
 are you walking?

JETT
 (points)
 That way. We were -- going to go look at
 the boats.

HAVEN
 Great. Me, too.

JETT
 You like boats?

HAVEN
 Not really.
 (beat)
 I live on one.

EXT. MARINA - DOCK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Haven and Jett stand on the dock. Looking at the SAFE HAVEN.

JETT
 You live on it? Year round?

HAVEN
 Unfortunately.

JETT
 I'd love to live on a boat like this.

HAVEN
 Would you like a tour?

PUSH IN ON Jett. Nervous. Approaching excited.

JETT
 Sure.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Haven leads Jett into a living room area with a galley.
 Buster goes to the water bowl. Tina sniffs around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN
This is where we do most of our
entertaining.

JETT
We?

HAVEN
My husband and I.

JETT
Oh.

HAVEN
Don't look so disappointed. I married the
old fuck for his money, and for my
career.

Haven walks over to Jett. Gets close. Jett stares.
The chemistry is palpable. Electric.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
(softly)
You know Dart Crayce, the director?

JETT
Sure. He directed all those classic film
noirs -- *That Killing Feeling, The Dead*
Don't Cry, Blood Gets In Your Eyes --

Haven takes Jett's hands in hers. A clock TICK-TICK-TICKS.

HAVEN
That's him.
(beat)
And now he's very old -- and very sick.

Haven closes her eyes. Leans in for a kiss.

JETT
I don't think -- this is a good --

But Haven's warm, soft mouth is too fast. She kisses Jett.
It's delicious. The world stops for a moment. We sigh.

A bell RING-RING-RINGS. Haven JUMPS.

HAVEN
Shit.

JETT
What was that?

HAVEN
(angry, eyes flashing)
That's him.
(beat)
The old bastard's bed-ridden.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAVEN (CONT'D)

It's a fucking nightmare. He's a diabetic fuck, and I'm a prisoner on the good ship insulin.

(come hither)

Stay here. Be right back.

And she dashes off.

PUSH IN ON Jett. Inflamed. Confused.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A large room which takes up the entire third floor. Hospital bed faces a giant movie screen. Shades drawn. Dimly lit by a single bedside lamp. We see movie memorabilia in the shadows.

In bed lies DART CRAYCE (88). Skeletal. White-haired, gimlet-eyed. Sunken, ruined skin. Right now he's hooked up to a dialysis machine, hoses like tentacles. The machine HUMS.

DART

What took you so long?

HAVEN

What are you talking about? I came right away.

DART

I heard voices. Who's down there?

HAVEN

Someone I met walking Buster. She wanted to see the boat.

DART

A woman --

HAVEN

Of course, silly. You're the only man for me.

DART

Bring me a diet Vernor's. And it's time to set up the picture for tonight.

HAVEN

Right away. I'll be back in two shakes of a -- of a --

DART

LAMB'S TAIL. And tell your guest to leave. You need to set up the projector.

HAVEN

Sure thing.

She turns, leaves.

ON THE STAIRS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Nasty old fuck.

IN THE GALLEY

Jett is looking at a framed picture of Dart with Humphrey Bogart and Barbara Stanwyck. Smiles all around.

HAVEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 That was taken on the set of *Blood Gets In Your Eyes*.

JETT
 I know. It's one of my favorite films.
 Barbara Stanwyck's first time with Bogie.

HAVEN
 You're a personal trainer, right?

JETT
 Yeah. How did you know?

HAVEN
 I've seen you training people on the beach.
 (beat)
 I'm all seeing and all knowing.

Pause.

JETT
 Do you want me to -- train you?

HAVEN
 I need -- training.
 (beat)
 Shall we make it tomorrow morning, say around ten?

JETT
 I think I can squeeze you in.

HAVEN
 It's a date.
 (kisses Jett on the cheek)
 Thanks for coming by. I've gotta go take care of hubby now. Sponge bath and a movie.

PUSH IN ON Jett. About to explode.

JETT
 Sounds like -- fun.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

An old apartment building between two three-million dollar homes. On the cheap side of the Grand Canal's Silver Strand.

Jett stands on the front stoop. Fishes out her keys. Unlocks the door. Starts to push it open, when --

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Where have you been? I've been waiting
for over an hour.

Jett WHIPS AROUND to see --

RUSH MADDER (25). Blonde. Ghostly. Jittery. Bloodshot eyes. Pierced eyebrows. Skinny black jeans. The all-American tweaker. With that never-scrubbed 'up for three days' look.

JETT
Rush. What are you doing here?

RUSH
(wipes his nose)
I thought we could hang out.

JETT
It's over, Rush. I told you. I don't want
to see you anymore.
(starts to push the door
closed)
I'm sorry, goodbye.

Rush GRABS the door. Eyes flashing. Menacing sneer.

RUSH
Don't close the fucking door on me! I
drove all the way from Long Beach to see
you, and this is the thanks I get?
(beat)
I brought you a gift. Check it out.

He pulls out a glass vial. Holds it up. Sickly smile.
Jett SLAMS the door on Rush's foot. He SCREAMS in pain.

RUSH (CONT'D)
OW, Fuck! That HURT --

Jett KICKS Rush's foot out. BANGS the door closed. LOCKS it.

JETT
(through the glass window)
I asked you to stay AWAY from me, and I
tried to be NICE about it, but OBVIOUSLY
that doesn't WORK with you. I don't want
to SEE YOU anymore. STAY AWAY from me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSH
What did I do? I never did anything to
hurt you. C'mon, Jett -- please.

JETT
GO AWAY!

She turns on her heel and races up the stairs, two at a time.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - AT THAT MOMENT

Dart is propped up in bed. Natty in a smoking jacket and ascot. Haven sits in a chair by the bed, resplendent in a fancy gown. But no red carpet. Just thick, brown shag.

DART
I can't believe you've never seen it.

HAVEN
So I'm seeing it now.

DART
Shhh.

ON THE SCREEN

we see titles: DOUBLE INDEMNITY.

DART (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Listen to that score. They don't compose
'em like that any more --

EXT. VOYAGE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

An ancient, ruined VW bug. Engine idling. Facing the beach.

INSIDE THE CAR

we see Rush. SNARFING up a big, fat line off the dashboard. He SHAKES his head. Takes a drag of his smoke. Shudders.

INT. JETT'S APARTMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

Jett lies in bed in a white tank top. Opens a drawer on the bedside table. Takes out a vibrator. Leans back. Flicks it on. It disappears under the sheets. She closes her eyes.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

A SHERIFF'S PATROL BOAT skims across the water soundlessly.

At the wheel is deputy TRIMMER WALTZ (28). Fit. Clean-cut. Impossibly good-looking. With a bright gleam in his eye. Either brilliant or demented. Maybe a combination of the two.

The skiff glides by the houseboat. Trimmer hears the film.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRIMMER
 Every night with the old movies.
 (toasts with a flask)
 Someday, Haven -- I'm going to rescue you
 from that watery prison.

And he takes a drink to that.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - DART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dart is fast asleep. Mouth open, like a child. Haven watches the end credits go by. Thunderstruck.

HAVEN
 (quoting dialog)
 Straight down the line.

PUSH IN ON Haven's face. Thinking.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Ankle bracelet.

EXT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - ROOF DECK - MOMENTS LATER

A roof deck outside the bedroom doors. With an old, oak hot tub. Steam rises from the bubbling black water. Haven steps in. Her perfect, naked body glistening in the moonlight.

HAVEN
 (lowers herself in)
 Ahhh --

She angles her waist at one of the jets of water. Lowers a bit. Finds the right spot. Arches her back, a cat in heat. Closes her eyes. Bites her lip. Shudders.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Sweet mother of Jesus --

IN JETT'S BEDROOM

She climaxes quietly. Earth-shattering spasms of pleasure.

IN THE HOT TUB

Haven reaches a shuddering crescendo.

EXT. NEARBY HOUSEBOAT - ROOF DECK

In the moonlight we can see a female LITTLE PERSON looking at the Crayce boat through binoculars. Sipping a can of beer.

Meet NOLA BLISS (30), four-foot-tall elfin star of stage and screen. A blue-eyed redhead. And a nosy, foul-mouthed party girl. She lowers the binoculars. Lights a smoke.

NOLA
 What a fucking waste.

EXT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - REAR DECK - DAY

A brilliant, blindingly gorgeous morning on the marina.

A workout machine has been set up. The kind that can be adjusted so someone can pull weights from different angles.

Right now Haven is sitting on the seat, pulling the handles out, away from her chest. The weights CLANK-CLANK.

HAVEN

This feels SO GOOD -- I LOVE IT.

The handles go back in. Haven PULLS OUT on them again.

JETT

(touches Haven's shoulder)
That's because we're opening up your chest muscles. After years of being clenched tight, bent over -- that's why it feels so good.

(showing off a bit)

We're doing low weight, lots of reps. We don't want any bulk, just a nice definition.

Haven stops. Looks at Jett's hand. Then down at her chest.

HAVEN

Do you think I have a -- nice definition?

JETT

(pulls hand away)
Uh, yeah.
(looks at watch)
Let's stretch you out.

HAVEN

I like the sound of *that*.

Jett lays down a towel. Haven gets off the machine. Lies down on her back. Looks up at Jett.

HAVEN (CONT'D)

Promise you'll be gentle?

JETT

(trying to contain herself)
Of course.

Jett kneels. Takes Haven's foot, places it on her shoulder. A gold anklet glistens in the sunlight. Jett stares it.

HAVEN

Like my anklet?

JETT

It's -- nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN
Ever see *Double Indemnity*?

JETT
Sure.
(tries to compose herself)
Okay, just relax. I'll go slowly --

Jett carefully raises Haven's glorious, gleaming leg, until she hears her give out a little moan.

JETT (CONT'D)
That's good, that's good. Just breath
into it --

A horn HONKS. Haven looks, sees --

TRIMMER WALTZ

in his Sheriff's boat. Right nearby. He waves.

HAVEN
Deputy Waltz.

TRIMMER
(big smile)
Please, I told you -- call me Trimmer,
all my friends do. Who's your chum?

HAVEN
This is Jett. She's my personal trainer.

JETT
Hello, officer.

TRIMMER
Hey, there. Not TOO personal, I hope. Ha-
ha-ha-ha.

Haven stares. Eyes burning with barely disguised contempt.

TRIMMER (CONT'D)
How's your husband doing these days? He
feeling okay?

HAVEN
Just peachy. Eight hours of dialysis, and
he's fit as a fiddle.

TRIMMER
He's awfully lucky to have a gal like you
look after him.

The radio SQUAWKS. Trimmer gets it. Listens.

TRIMMER (CONT'D)
Copy that, I'm on my way -- Roger and
out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRIMMER (CONT'D)
 (shakes his head)
 Got trouble on one of the luxury yachts.
 Yuppie bastard set the galley on fire.
 See you later, Haven.

And he cruises away with a ROAR of his engine.

HAVEN
 Goodbye, asshole.

JETT
 He likes you.

HAVEN
 Well, I don't like him.
 (a whisper)
 I like -- you.

Jett blushes. Haven gets closer. Their bodies touch.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Do you -- like me?

JETT
 Like you -- how?

HAVEN
 Like this --

Haven softly kisses her. Pulls back. Surveys the damage.

JETT
 (hoarse whisper)
 Like that --

Jett kisses back. They melt into each other. Jett's hands stroke Haven's curves, slowly, carefully. Like a virgin.

HAVEN
 (quiet)
 You make me -- shiver.

And their passion *takes off* like a blowtorch to dry kindling. Hands, arms, lips everywhere in a tornado of sin.

Haven STOPS. Looks around. Grabs Jett's hand --

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Not out here. Come with me.

And pulls her inside the boat.

ON THE BOAT NEXT DOOR

Nola watches with binoculars through her main window. She lowers them. Shakes her head. Wow.

NOLA
 The little minx.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

IN DART'S BEDROOM

He lies in bed. Breakfast tray on his lap. Watching TV.

ON THE SCREEN

we see a biography of Humphrey Bogart.

ROBERT OSBOURNE (O.C.)

Bogart got his big break on *High Sierra*, co-starring Ida Lupino. It was in this picture that Bogart, playing an escaped convict, was able to show his soft side, when he takes a shine to a crippled girl, and pays for an operation that will --

IN THE MAIN CABIN

Jett and Haven lie on the couch. In each other's arms.

HAVEN

I'm sorry that was so fast. I haven't --
(beat)
Made love in a while.

JETT

How -- long?

Haven BURSTS into tears. Hangs onto Jett for dear life.

JETT (CONT'D)

(puts arms around her)
Hey, now -- it's okay. I'm sorry I asked.
It's none of my business.

Haven JERKS away. Eyes full of fury.

HAVEN

We haven't had sex in FOUR YEARS, since his diabetes got worse and we moved onto this fucking BOAT. I was his nurse, see -- and then he married me. I thought it would help my acting career -- but then he got sick, and, and -- it got all FUCKED UP.

JETT

I know all about that. Sometimes you have to do whatever it takes to get what you want. But sometimes it just -- doesn't work out.

(beat)

And then you're fucked.

Haven stares at her. Blinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HAVEN
 EXACTLY. And now he treats me like shit,
 orders me around, won't let me have any
 friends, won't let me LEAVE. Everything
 is delivered. I can only go out to walk
 the dog. I'm a fucking PRISONER. I'm
 SUFFOCATING, and I can't TAKE IT anymore.
 (low, urgent)
 I wish he would DIE.

JETT
 Shhh. You shouldn't talk like that.

The bell RING-RING-RINGS.

HAVEN
 (looks at her watch)
 Shit, it's time.

JETT
 Go see what he wants. I'll wait here.

HAVEN
 (slowly gets up, stands)
 I know what he wants.
 (beat)
 It's time for his -- hand job.

JETT
 His *what*?

HAVEN
 Right before we start the dialysis
 machine, I have to jerk him off, so he'll
 fall asleep. He says it *relaxes* him.
 (beat)
 Fucking Viagra.

JETT
 Every day? How old IS he?

Haven goes to the door.

HAVEN
 Too old to live.
 (beat)
 Don't go?
 (off Jett's nod)
 Think about what I said --
 (scowling)
 And think about what I have to go do
 right now.

And she's gone.

PUSH IN ON Jett's face. Scared to death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JETT
What have I -- ?

Jett goes to the bar. Looks at the framed pictures of Dart with various Hollywood stars of old.

DART AND CARY GRANT

playing golf. Cary and GRACE KELLY watch him put.

WITH JANE GREER

directing her and Robert Mitchum. She's behind the wheel of a big Cadillac. He's got a gun. They're all laughing.

DART AND FRANK SINATRA

at a swanky nightclub in Vegas with Dean, Sammy, Joey and Peter. Watching him blow out birthday candles on a big cake.

IN DART'S BEDROOM

he lies in bed, eyes closed. Haven's arm is under the covers, slowly going up and down. Her face a dark storm cloud.

IN THE MAIN CABIN

Jett goes to a cabinet. Opens a door, revealing --
An OSCAR. *Best Director*. Coated with a thin layer of dust.

She gingerly picks it up. Blows on it. Raises it up. Does an arm curl. Stops. Looks at her reflection in the glass.

JETT (CONT'D)
(softly)
I'd like to thank the Academy --

HAVEN (O.C.)
Thank god you're still here.

Jett quickly puts the Oscar back, embarrassed.

JETT
Sorry, I --

HAVEN
You know how many times I've wanted to smash him over the head with that goddamn Oscar?

JETT
(scared)
You shouldn't -- say things like that.

HAVEN
You shouldn't do a lot of things, Jett. But it's all I can think about. I have to get out of here. I'm going insane.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 (goes to Jett, grabs her)
 He's rich, Jett. Filthy, stinking rich.
 Think about what you and I could do with
 all that money. Go away somewhere. Start
 a new life. Be together. Be happy.
 (tears in her eyes)
 I haven't been happy in a long time,
 Jett. And then I met you. And then
 everything started to fall into place. I
 could see daylight after so much
 darkness.
 (a sob)
 So much darkness --

Haven buries her face in Jett's chest. Softly sobs. Jett
 comforts her. Looks around the room. Clearly confused.

JETT
 So -- how much is he worth?

HAVEN
 (pulls away, excited)
 Then you'll do it?

JETT
 How much?

HAVEN
 A few million. He's got about -- eight
 hundred thousand in the bank.

JETT
 Eight *hundred thousand*?

HAVEN
 So you'll do it?

JETT
 I need to -- think about it.

But Haven won't take no for an answer. She slides off her
 top. Presses her chest against Jett's. Sucks on her ear.

HAVEN
 Please, Jett. I need you. Don't you want
 to be with me?

JETT
 (swimming)
 Y-yes -- I do --

HAVEN
 (kisses her neck)
 Aren't you tired of training fat, rich,
 yuppie assholes?

JETT
 God, yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Haven's hand slides down to Jett's zipper. Slowly rubs it.

HAVEN
And do you want me to keep JERKING OFF
the sonofabitch? EVERY DAY?

JETT
(delirious)
Of course not!

HAVEN
Then will you do it? For me?
(beat)
For us?

JETT
(closes her eyes)
I'll do it.
(beat)
I'll do it.

Haven SQUEEZES Jett, embraces her.

HAVEN
Ohmigod, YES. Thank you, baby. Thank you.

JETT
But it has to be perfect. We have to plan
this carefully. Everything is at stake.
One little mistake --

HAVEN
We'll be careful.

JETT
(realizes, looks at watch)
Oh, shit -- I've got another client. I'm
going to be LATE.

HAVEN
(kisses Jett)
Then go, baby. I'll see you -- tomorrow?

JETT
(smiles)
Tomorrow.
(goes to the door)
We're -- really doing this.

HAVEN
(eyes flashing)
Together.

Jett smiles. Turns.

JETT
Together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

And she's gone.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - MASTER BATHROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Dart Crayce is in the bathtub. Bony ass toward us. He pulls himself up, hanging onto a chrome handle bolted into the tiles -- which COMES LOOSE with a CRUNCH --

DART
What the -- ?

And he SLIPS! BANG, he goes down. CRACKS his head. BANGS his ass on the cold, hard porcelain.

HAVEN (O.C.)
Dart, honey? You okay in there? We don't want you to --

She walks in.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Shrivel into a prune --

Sees him. SCREAMS.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Dart!

Races over. Puts her arms around him.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Honey, are you okay? Dart? Can you hear me? Honey?

EXT. MARINA PENINSULA - OCEAN BOARDWALK - DAY

Jett trains a FAT, SWEATING VENTURE CAPITALIST (30's), a pair of ten-pound free-weights in his hands. He raises the right, then the left. Rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic.

FAT, SWEATING VENTURE CAPITALIST
-- and I closed at five-point-four million. He didn't know what the fuck hit him. Got the cocksucker right where it hurts. Bang, zoom -- right to the moon, Alice.

JETT
Okay. Let's do some squats.

Haven appears, with Buster. Amazing in a bikini top. Denim Mini. Six-inch wedgies. Freaked behind heart-shaped shades.

HAVEN
Jett, I need to talk to you.

JETT
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fat's cell phone RINGS.

FAT, SWEATING VENTURE CAPITALIST
(to Jett)
Hold on a sec, I gotta take this --
(into the phone)
It went down HOW MUCH?

He waddles away, out of ear shot. Waving his arms madly.

HAVEN
Dart fell in the bathtub. Banged his
head.

JETT
Why didn't you call me?

HAVEN
I don't have your number.

JETT
Did you call 911?

HAVEN
He wouldn't let me. He doesn't like
doctors.

JETT
But -- is he okay?

HAVEN
Oh, sure. Three Advils, couple a hits off
one of his *Bobby Mitchum* joints, and he's
sleeping like a baby.

JETT
But he might have a concussion. Maybe we
should call his doctor.

HAVEN
Are you kidding? He might have to go to
the hospital, and then we're FUCKED. He
might not ever come back!

JETT
But if he has a concussion, and he's
sleeping --

HAVEN
Oh, *shit*.

JETT
Oh, shit is right. C'mon, let's go --

They start walking away. Fat ambles over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAT, SWEATING VENTURE CAPITALIST
Hey, where are you going? What about the rest of my workout?

JETT
Sorry, uh -- family emergency. We gotta end early today. Go home and do thirty minutes on the Stairmaster. I'll see you on Wednesday.

FAT, SWEATING VENTURE CAPITALIST
Okay, sure.
(looks at Haven)
Hey. Haven't I seen you somewhere before? Are you an actress?

HAVEN
Why, yes I am. What did you see me in? *Wishcraft IV? Spring Break Babylon?*

FAT, SWEATING VENTURE CAPITALIST
No --
(SNAPS his fingers)
That's it. *Bound for Pleasure*. Bondage flick.

HAVEN
As if. Pervert.
(to Jett)
Come on, honey. Let's go back to my place -- and do naughty things.

JETT
(whispers)
Haven.

FAT, SWEATING VENTURE CAPITALIST
You two are -- ?

HAVEN
(laughs, evil)
That's right. And no, you can't watch. So why don't you go home, jerk off and think about what I'm going to do to your TRAINER.

PUSH IN ON Fat, Sweating. Beady eyes flickering.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - GALLEY ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Jett follows Haven onto the boat.

JETT
You can't tell anyone else about us. If we're going to -- do this, nobody can know we're --
(a whisper)
In a relationship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN
 You're right. I'm sorry, I wasn't --
 (realizes)
 Did you say we're -- in a *relationship*?

Jett takes Haven's hand. Holds it to her heart.

JETT
 You make me feel something I've never
 felt before, Haven. For the first time in
 my life, I feel ALIVE. Like I can do
 anything. Be anyone. Go anywhere.

HAVEN
 I'm with you, baby.
 (beat)
 Straight down the line.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - DART'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jett and Haven kneel at the side of the bed. Watch Dart.
 Sleeping peacefully.

JETT
 We should wake him.

HAVEN
 What should I tell him about you?

JETT
 That I'm your personal trainer, and I
 know alot about --

Dart's eyes OPEN. Groggy.

DART
 (to Jett)
 Who the fuck are you?

HAVEN
 This is my trainer, Dart. She heard what
 happened, and wanted to take a look at
 you, see if you're okay --

JETT
 Hello, Mr. Crayce. I'm a big fan.

DART
 Trainer? You hired a trainer? I'm not
 going to pay for --

JETT
 I'm not charging her, Mr. Crayce. We met
 walking our dogs. Haven told me about
 having chronic back pain, and I offered
 to show her an exercise routine that
 would help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DART
Out of the goodness of your heart.

JETT
Well, sir -- it's what I do. I was raised
in a good, Christian family, and I was
taught to do unto others --

DART
You said you're a fan of mine?

JETT
Oh, yeah -- I'm a big movie buff.

DART
What's your favorite film of mine?

JETT
Blood Gets In Your Eyes. Bogart and
Stanwyck, together for the first time.
Perfect film.

(beat)
Is it true that the original leads were
Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyatt?

DART
Why, yes -- but, how did you -- ?

JETT
Robert Osbourne. Turner Movie Classics.
Never miss it.

DART
That Bobby Osbourne. What a little
rascal. I owe him a lunch.

HAVEN
How are you feeling? How's your head?

DART
My head is fine. It's my ass that's
killing me.

JETT
No blurry vision? Heart palpitations?

DART
I'm just fine, young lady. Now, if you'll
excuse us, it's almost time for my
dialysis, and my --

Dart looks at Haven. A lewd grin.

HAVEN
Physical therapy.

PUSH IN ON Jett. Horrified.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - THE NEXT MORNING

A gorgeous, perfect, sunshiny morning. Jett trains Haven outside on the deck.

HAVEN
 What was I supposed to say? You can't come and examine him because he might have to go to the hospital and then we can't KILL him?

JETT
 What time is he supposed to be here?

HAVEN
 Any minute now.

JETT
 Shit.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
 Mornin', ladies.

Jett and Haven look, see --

TRIMMER WALTZ

on his Sheriff's boat. Big ol' grin on his face.

JETT
 (nods)
 Deputy.

HAVEN
 Trimmer.

TRIMMER
 Sure is a gorgeous day.

JETT
 Yes, sir.

TRIMMER
 (to Haven)
 How is your husband doing? Has he recovered from that nasty fall?

HAVEN
 (surprised)
 Uh -- he's fine.

TRIMMER
 Lucky for him you were around. Hate to see anything happen to him.

The radio SQUAWKS. Trimmer picks up the receiver. Listens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRIMMER (CONT'D)
 Holy COW. I'll be right there, chief.
 (clicks it off, looks at them)
 Pregnant lady fell in the drink at the
 Fisherman's Wharf. Baptism by water. Heh-
 heh-heh.
 (salutes)
 See ya later.

And he ZOOMS away.

HAVEN
 What the fuck?

JETT
 How did he find out? You think he's --

HAVEN
 Watching us?

JETT
 I dunno, I --

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
 Ahoy, mateys!

HAVEN
 (turns, looks)
 Nola.

JETT
 Who is THAT?

HAVEN
 Neighbor from hell.

NOLA BLISS

stands on the dock in a tiny running suit. Bottle of imported
 beer in one hand, the rest of the six pack in the other. She
 pads up the gangplank on little feet. Big smile and a wave.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Nola. This is a nice surprise. What's
 going on?

NOLA
 I'm celebrating. Just got a role in the
 new Jason Statham flick, *The Inter-*
rogator. Joe Carnahan HAD to have me.

HAVEN
 That's great. So you're, what -- the love
 interest?

NOLA
 I wish. I'm an assassin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They look at each other. Fake smiles.

NOLA (CONT'D)
Beer?

HAVEN
Sorry, I'm -- working out.

NOLA
You certainly are.

JETT
(offers her hand)
Hi, I'm Jett. Her trainer.

NOLA
Nice to meet you.
(gives her the once-over)
Do you have any openings? I might have to
get in shape for this role.

JETT
My schedule's pretty full. But let me
check, and I'll get back to you.

NOLA
Super.
(to Haven)
So how is your husband? Is he okay? That
was a pretty nasty fall.

HAVEN
He's -- fine, thanks.

NOLA
That's good. Whew.
(brightly)
Well, I gotta toodle-oo. Gotta wardrobe
fitting. Ciao, darlings.

She smiles, turns, and skittles down the gangplank.

JETT
What's going on here?

HAVEN
Fucking nosy midget. Spying on me.
(thinks)
We're going to have to do it soon. Have
you thought of anything yet?

JETT
Yeah. His insulin pump?

HAVEN
What about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JETT

I've been researching what happens if it fails --

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Top o' the mornin,' Mrs. Crayce!

Haven turns, sees --

'BING' BIRMINGHAM, MD (70'S). Tall, hulking with a big gut, shock of white hair. Gap-toothed smile in a soft, doughy face. Waddling up the gangplank with his doctor's bag.

HAVEN

Dr. Birmingham. Nice to see you.

BING

Gorgeous day for a workout. I see you've hired a trainer.

(offers his hand to Jett)

Bing Birmingham, MD. But you can call me Dr. Bing. Everyone does.

JETT

(takes hand, shakes)

Dr. -- Bing. Jett Targo, hi.

PUSH IN ON Bing. Suddenly serious.

BING

Let's go see the patient.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dart lies in bed, scowling. Dr. Bing holds a stethoscope on Dart's chest. Haven and Jett stand nearby, watching.

BING

Heart rate is a bit high --

(to Dart)

I'd like you to come to St. Luke's for a couple of days so I can run some tests.

DART

No hospitals. I hate hospitals.

HAVEN

Can't you run tests -- here?

BING

I'm sorry, but I want to run a cat scan, do an MRI, some blood work --

DART

No hospitals, goddammit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN
That sounds like a line from a movie.

JETT
That Killing Feeling.

HAVEN
The one where two guys rob a bank --

JETT
Farley Granger and Sal Mineo. With a homoerotic subtext that gives a new meaning to the phrase *riding off into the sunset.*

Haven puts her hand on Jett's thigh.

HAVEN
Speaking of illicit desire --

Jett leans over. Kisses Haven softly. Touches her face.

JETT
You are -- so beautiful.

Haven smiles. Thinking. A storm cloud passes. Bites her lip.

JETT (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

HAVEN
We have to come up with our plan. Right away. We don't have much time.
(beat)
We're being watched.

JETT
You're right.
(grabs her glass, takes a sip)
I've been thinking. I think I have an idea.
(beat)
What if the battery died in his insulin pump?

HAVEN
But I change the battery once a week.

JETT
But what if you put in a *defective* battery? By mistake. *On purpose.* There would be no suspicion. If you *didn't* change the batteries, *then* it would be suspicious. But if you put in a *defective* battery, by *mistake* --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAVEN
That's fucking brilliant.
(beat)
But where do we get a defective battery?

JETT
We drain a new one. Put one in a
flashlight or something. Leave it on
until it's almost dead.
(beat)
So how long -- would it take?

HAVEN
How long would what take?

JETT
For him to -- you know.

HAVEN
I dunno. A couple hours? Maybe a little
longer. He'll go into insulin shock,
which at his age would be fatal.
(beat)
But what am I supposed to do while he's --

JETT
You screen a movie every night, right?

HAVEN
YES. But, wait -- most of those movies
are short. A little over an hour.

JETT
So you pick a long one. I just saw *A
Place In The Sun*, and it's over two
hours.

HAVEN
Perfect. I've never seen it, and he'll be
impressed I want to.
(thinks)
And if we have little wine, he'll fall
asleep --

JETT
Then it's a plan.

They raise their glasses. Toast.

JETT (CONT'D)
To -- doing this.

HAVEN
To -- gether.
(beat)
Straight down the line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They drink. Drain their glasses. Jett takes the bottle. Slowly pours champagne on Haven's thigh.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Hey! What are you doing? That's COLD.

Jett smiles, leans down. Starts licking it off. Haven writhes in ecstasy. Little kitty moans. Jett GRABS the comforter --

And PULLS IT over them.

JETT (O.C.)
Heh-heh-heh --

HAVEN (O.C.)
Wait, that's --
(beat)
Yeah, RIGHT THERE.
(beat)
Oh MY GOD.

EXT. THE SAFE HAVEN - REAR DECK - MORNING

Overcast and foggy. A bit of a chill. Wind FLAPS the sails. Jett trains Haven on the deck. They both look sad.

HAVEN
Funny. No Trimmer. No Nola.

JETT
No stalking on Sunday.
(beat)
What time is he supposed to get here?

HAVEN
Any minute now.

JETT
These last three days have been -- nice. Really nice. It went by so fast.

HAVEN
Imagine what it's going to be like after he's --

JETT
I know. It's all I can think about.

HAVEN
So when are we going to --

JETT
I don't know. Maybe we should wait a little while.

HAVEN
I can't wait. I can't stand it anymore, Jett.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN (CONT'D)

I don't wanna have to -- service him anymore. I want this to be over with, so we can be together.

(stops lifting)

We have to do it tonight.

JETT

Tonight?

HAVEN

Yeah. We've only known each other a few days, so no one will suspect there's anything going on.

JETT

That's true.

HAVEN

(evil smile)

And besides, I'm doing all the heavy lifting.

(sees something)

There's the hospital van. You better get going.

JETT

Okay. Good luck. I'll see you tomorrow morning.

HAVEN

I don't think the grieving widow should be weight training. I'll come see you.

JETT

You're right.

(turns, eyes well up)

Okay, bye --

Jett hustles off down the gangplank in the other direction.

PUSH IN ON Haven. Looking to her right. Concerned smile.

HAVEN

Dart, honey! It's so good to SEE you.

EXT. JETT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jett pulls out her keys. Opens her mailbox. Sifts through the envelopes. Unlocks, opens the front door.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Jett --

She WHIRLS around, sees --

RUSH MADDER

in the shadows of the front porch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JETT

WHAT?

(beat)

Jesus fucking Christ, you scared the shit out of me.

RUSH

Jett, please -- I need your help.

JETT

I asked you to stay away from me. I'll call the fucking cops if you don't leave, now.

RUSH

I've been -- up for eight days. I need, need to -- need to crash.

JETT

EIGHT days?

RUSH

Please, Jett. I just need to -- to crash for awhile. Then I promise I'll go. I promise.

(beat)

I need your help. Please.

JETT

Can't you sleep in your car?

RUSH

In this neighborhood? In MY car?

(off her stare)

I'll be good. I promise. I just -- need to sleep.

Pause.

JETT

Goddammit.

(beat)

Give me your car keys.

RUSH

My -- keys?

JETT

Yeah. So you can't rip me off and split in the middle of the night.

RUSH

(weak smile, tosses his keys)

How big is your couch?

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - MASTER BEDROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Haven threads a film into the projector. Dart watches from his bed. He bites into a small cookie, chews.

DART
A Place in the Sun. Haven't seen that picture in years.
 (weird smile)
 That Liz Taylor -- she was a pip. A real pip.

HAVEN
Liz Taylor? Isn't she a little -- big?

DART
 My god, are you dense. When Liz Taylor was young, in her prime, she was the most beautiful woman in Hollywood.

He reaches over to the bedside table. Grabs another cookie.

HAVEN
 (sees this)
 That's your last cookie, Dart. We don't want your sugar spiking.

She finishes with the projector. Pulls a packet of batteries out of her pocket. We see the package has been taped closed.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Okay. Time to change the battery on your pump.

DART
 Again? So soon?

HAVEN
 Silly boy. You know we change the battery every Sunday. And with all the excitement about your coming home, I forgot this morning.

Haven goes to Dart, pulls up his night shirt. An INSULIN PUMP hangs on the waistband of his pajama bottoms. As Haven changes the battery, Dart grabs another cookie. Hides it.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 (CLICKS it in place)
 Okay, that -- does it.
 (arranges his shirt)
 And now it's *show time*.

DART
 (wistfully)
A Place in the Sun --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Haven shuts off the lights. Starts the projector.
Gets her cocktail from the bedside table. Sits.

ON THE SCREEN

we see the film start. In glorious black and white.

EXT. JETT'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Lit by a gas lamp. Jett sits at a small cafe table with a laptop. A half-dozen empty beer bottles litter the surface.

She lights a smoke. Looks intently at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN

we see a scene from THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE. LANA TURNER, resplendent in a white one-piece bathing suit, sashays down the stairs. Stops. James Garfield leers.

JAMES GARFIELD (V.O.)
With my brains and your looks, we could
really go places --

JETT

looks at her wistfully. Takes a pull from her longneck.

JETT
I'll have to get Haven one of those.

Her cell phone BRING-RINGS. She picks it up.

JETT (CONT'D)
This is Jett.

HAVEN (V.O.)
It's me.

JETT
Hello, you. What's up?

HAVEN (V.O.)
I need to see you.

JETT
But I thought --

HAVEN (V.O.)
It's an emergency. Dart, he --
(beat)
I'm right outside. Can I come up?

Jett looks, sees --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN

standing in the driveway down below. With Buster on a leash. Small and scared-looking. She waves, a hopeful half-smile.

JETT

My place is a mess. I'll be right down.

EXT. JETT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jett dashes over to Haven. Worried. Pulls her down the driveway to where it ends at the canal.

JETT

What's up? Did something go wrong?

HAVEN

He went into shock. He's having -- an attack.

JETT

That's good, right?

HAVEN

Yeah, but he's so -- loud. I'm scared. I'm afraid he's gonna wake up the neighborhood, especially fucking Nola. Can you come back to the boat with me?

JETT

Isn't that kinda dangerous? What about --

HAVEN

It's one in the morning. Everyone's lights are out.

(beat)

And I want to keep it that way.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Buster comes BOUNDING in. Followed by Haven. Then Jett.

HAVEN

That's what I'm telling you. Listen --

We hear low, ANGUISHED MOANING from upstairs.

JETT

What's happening to him?

HAVEN

His body is screaming out for insulin, but he's not getting any, so his blood sugar is plummeting. He's having seizures. Bad ones.

JETT

How long -- will it take for him to --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN

A couple hours. Maybe more. I dunno.

(beat)

They didn't teach us about *this* at the nursing academy.

JETT

What if you gave him a shot of insulin?
Make it look like you tried to save him?
What would happen?

HAVEN

If it's in time, it would save his life.

(beat)

So how do I explain not helping him?

JETT

You went to sleep in the guest bedroom.
You weren't feeling well --

HAVEN

But I can fucking HEAR him.

JETT

Not if you sleep with earplugs. I do.

Another MOAN. This time, LOUDER.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Hello, is anybody home?

In walks NOLA. More than a few sheets to the wind.

HAVEN

Nola, what are you doing here?

Another MOAN.

NOLA

What the fuck am I DOING HERE? Your
husband sounds like he's DYING up there.

HAVEN

He's fine, it's a new medication --

JETT

We've got it handled.

Nola stares. Quivering with anger.

NOLA

I know what's going on between you too.
I've seen you fucking and sucking like
monkeys in the zoo.

HAVEN

You fucking BITCH --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JETT

Haven --

NOLA

And now you're trying to KILL him, for what? The INSURANCE MONEY? Well, I've SEEN THAT MOVIE, and you're NOT getting AWAY with it.

She pulls out her cell phone. Jett races over, GRABS it. Nola starts POUNDING on her chest with tiny fists.

NOLA (CONT'D)

No, STOP! Give that BACK! Give that BACK!

JETT

Quiet, please! Let me explain!

NOLA

No! I'm gonna call the COPS!

JETT

(sees something)

Haven, NO!

HAVEN

stands behind Nola. Bends down, and SHOVES a BUTCHER KNIFE in Nola's back. The little demon SCREAMS in pain.

NOLA

You STABBED ME! Fucking BITCH!

HAVEN

FUCK YOU! Fucking MIDGET!

Incensed, in shock, Nola turns and ATTACKS Haven like a wild animal, BITING, KICKING, SCRATCHING. Haven tries to fight back, but she's no match against the tiny terror.

NOLA

I'm gonna fucking KILL YOU!

HAVEN

No, STOP!

JETT

Leave HER ALONE!

Jett GRABS Nola. THROWS her across the room. She HITS the wall with a sickening THWUMP. BANGS onto the floor. Lights out. A pool of BLOOD starts spreading.

HAVEN

Fucking nosy MIDGET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JETT
 (reels back, in shock)
 What have I done?

Another, louder MOAN from upstairs.

HAVEN
 NOW what are we gonna do?

JETT
 You go upstairs and shut him the fuck up,
 and I'll care of -- the body.

HAVEN
 But what am I supposed to --

JETT
 I don't know. But we got to buy us some
 time, so I can --
 (gestures at Nola)
 Get rid of -- that.

Pause.

HAVEN
 Wait a minute. Listen. Do you hear that?

JETT
 Hear what? I don't hear anything.

HAVEN
 Exactly. He stopped --

They RACE up the stairs into --

DART'S BEDROOM

which is empty.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 What the fuck? Where did he --

JETT
 (sees, points)
 There he is. Out on the deck.

EXT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - ROOF DECK - CONTINUOUS

Dart stands at the railing. Bent over.

DART
 Somebody -- HELP --

HAVEN
 Dart, honey. What are you doing out here?
 You'll catch your death of cold.

She starts to walk toward him, but he freaks out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DART

No -- you -- stay away -- away --

And, as he tries to move away from her, he lurches backward, loses his footing, slips, and FALLS OVER --

And HITS the inky black water with a SPLASH.

HAVEN

SHIT.

JETT

We've just been FUCKED.

HAVEN

What do we do NOW?

JETT

We gotta take care of -- the body.

They RACE downstairs. Jett looks around. Sees her gym bag. Empties it out. Goes over to Nola's dead body. Stuffs her in the bag. Uses the gym clothes to sop up the blood.

JETT (CONT'D)

You COULD help me out here --

HAVEN

Blood makes me -- freak out.

(looks around)

Wait a minute. Where's Buster?

JETT

He must have run away. We'll look for him later.

HAVEN

Don't bother. He was Dart's dog. Drove me fucking crazy.

Jett stuffs the bloody clothes in the bag. Goes to the sink. Washes her hands. Looks back at Haven.

JETT

As soon as I'm out the door, call 911. Tell them as much of the truth as you can. He had an attack. You didn't hear it because you were sleeping.

HAVEN

I've got it. I was listening to my *Ipod*.

JETT

Even better. Then, you went to check on him, and he was out on the deck.

HAVEN

And he -- and he --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JETT
Got startled when you called out to him.

HAVEN
That'll work.

JETT
It'll have to work.

Jett dries off her hands. Goes to Haven. Kisses her.

JETT (CONT'D)
I love you more than --

HAVEN
Enough to kill?

PUSH IN ON Jett. Hugging Haven for dear life.

JETT
Straight down the line, baby.
(beat)
Straight down the line.

EXT. VIA MARINA DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

It's late. Only the occasional car. An empty bus WHOOSHES by. We see Jett on the sidewalk, carrying the gym bag.

CLOSE ON THE BAG --

as it leaks a red spot of BLOOD on the concrete.

EXT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - ROOF DECK - AT THAT MOMENT

Haven talks on her cell phone. Paces frantically.

HAVEN
It's my husband, he fell off our boat
into the water, he was in insulin shock,
and he --
(listens)
Tahiti Way. Slip 52, it's a big, old
houseboat. Two and a half stories, brown.
(listens)
YES, he's still in the water!
(listens)
But -- I can't swim --
(listens)
Haven Crayce. My -- husband's name is
Dart, Dart Crayce!
(listens)
I was meditating, listening to music, and
-- I heard a noise, and --
(listens)
Okay. Okay. Please hurry!
(listens)
Thanks, BYE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Haven dials another number. Listens. Voice mail. Shit.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Dr. Bing! It's Haven! You have to come,
 quick, Dart fell off the boat, and I
 don't know what to do! I called 911, but
 they're not here yet, and I don't know
 how to swim --

BEEP.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Okay --

She goes to the railing. Looks down. Evil smile.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Goodbye, sucker. I hope they have hand
 jobs in hell.

EXT. JETT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT ENTRANCE

Jett stands on the stoop, fishes out her keys. Sees Rush's.
 A lightbulb pops. She smiles grimly, turns around.

DOWN THE STREET

Rush's beat-up Volkswagon bug is parked at the end.

JETT

opens the trunk. Puts the bag in. SLAMS it shut.

JETT
 Sorry, Rush. Just for a little while.
 Until I can figure out what to do with
 it --

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - DECK - NIGHT

Haven stands with Dr. Bing as EMS TECHNICIANS carry Dart's
 body in a bag on a gurney off the boat. They watch, as Haven
 dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.

A YOUNG, LATINA COP takes Haven's statement.

YOUNG, LATINA COP
 Do you know why your husband fell in the
 water?

HAVEN
 I don't know. I was meditating, listening
 to my Ipod -- and I heard a noise, and
 came up on deck. He was standing there,
 at the railing --

YOUNG, LATINA COP
 What was he doing out there so late?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN
He was having -- an attack. Insulin shock.

YOUNG, LATINA COP
What from? Too much insulin?

HAVEN
No. Not enough --

YOUNG, LATINA COP
How did you know that?

HAVEN
I'm a -- I was a -- nurse. His insulin pump -- wasn't on.

YOUNG, LATINA COP
How could you tell?

HAVEN
It has this, blinking light, and it, it --
(a sob)
Wasn't blinking.

She breaks down, crying. Dr. Bing puts his arm around her. Consoles her. Looks at the cop.

DR. BING
Will that be all, officer? This woman is distraught over the loss of her husband. I'd like her to get some rest.

The cop looks at Haven. Narrows her eyes.

YOUNG, LATINA COP
That'll be all for now.
(hands Dr. Bing her card)
Call me if she remembers anything else.

The cop tips her cap. Walks away.

DR. BING
(leads her to the couch)
Come, my dear. Lie down. I'll give you something to help you get some sleep.

She gets on the couch. Curls up in the fetal position.

HAVEN
I'm afraid to fall asleep -- every time I close my eyes, I see -- him, in the water.

Dr. Bing pulls a large syringe from his bag. SQUIRTS it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. BING

Not to worry. I'm going to give you something that'll make you sleep like the dead.

(gives injection)

I want you to count backwards from one-hundred.

HAVEN

One-hundred, ninety-nine --

(drowsy)

Ninety -- eight --

And she's out. Dr. Bing watches her. Fishes out the cops' card. His cell phone. Dials a number. Listens.

DR. BING

(reads off the card)

Hello, Officer -- Vargas? It's Dr. Bing Birmingham, we just spoke with you --

(listens)

Yes, I do. I'd like to have that insulin pump checked out. See if it was defective.

(listens)

It's already going to the lab? Excellent.

(listens)

You, too -- thanks.

He hangs up. Looks at Haven. Sleeping peacefully.

DR. BING (CONT'D)

I can't put my finger on it, but I think there's something's rotten in the state of Denmark.

INT. JETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jett quietly closes the door. Tip-toes into her apartment. The TV is on. Loud. Machine guns. EXPLOSIONS.

JETT

Rush.

Rush sits on the couch. Turns, looks.

RUSH

Hey, what's up.

Jett goes to the table. Grabs the remote. PUNCHES mute.

JETT

I thought you'd sleep -- longer.

RUSH

I can't crash more than a couple hours.

He leans over, HONKS up a big, fat line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSH (CONT'D)
 (offers straw, evil grin)
 Wanna bump?

JETT
 No, I told you I --

RUSH
 That's an awesome houseboat. It's so
 fucking BIG.

JETT
Houseboat?

RUSH
 Yeah, the one your -- friend lives in.
 (beat)
 Or should I say *girlfriend*?

JETT
 How did you, what did you --

RUSH
 I saw her address on the fridge. Got
 curious when I saw it was a boat. Walked
 over.
 (another line)
 Man, that was some fight, huh? Who knew a
 fucking MIDGET could be so strong?

JETT
 Rush --

RUSH
 Now THAT'S what I call *dwarf tossing*.

He grabs his beer off the table. Takes a slug. Big grin.

JETT
 Now wait a minute --

RUSH
 No, YOU wait a minute.
 (enjoying his power)
 What did you do with the body?

Pause.

JETT
 What do you want? You wanna -- stay here
 awhile?

RUSH
 Hell, no. I figure with my cut I can get
 my own pad.

JETT
 Your CUT?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSH
You killed her husband for the insurance money, right? Old fuck's gotta be loaded. I saw on the news he was some famous old-time director or some shit.

JETT
And if I give you a -- cut, you'll go away, leave me alone.

RUSH
Yeah.
(stands)
Can I have my keys?

JETT
Where are you going?

RUSH
I gotta go home, sort out some business, get some *supplies*, some clothes. Don't worry, I'll be back right away. Wanna be here for the big payoff.

Jett TOSSES Rush's keys. He CATCHES them.

JETT
How much -- do you want?

RUSH
I'm thinking -- half.

JETT
HALF?

RUSH
You really scared me. I haven't see you go off like that since the thing in Kansas.
(beat)
This time you can bury it yourself.

Rush starts for the door.

JETT
The body's in the trunk of your car. So I suggest you drive carefully.

RUSH
(stops, spins around)
What the fuck?

JETT
Hey -- if you're in this, you gotta earn your share.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EXT. MARINA SLIP - THE SAFE HAVEN - MORNING

Haven sits at the workout machine, working her arms.

A FIGURE IN BLACK appears. Meet CAL SEELY (50's), short, squat homicide detective. Face like an old potato. Chewing on an unlit cigar. Rumpled, in a shitty suit and a fedora.

SEELY
Excuse me. Are you Mrs. Crayce?

HAVEN
(turns, looks)
Uh-huh. Who are you?

He walks over, hands her a business card.

SEELY
Detective Cal Seely. Homicide.
(squinting in the sun)
Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?

HAVEN
(reading the card, heart
pounding)
Of course not. Come inside, it's cooler
in there --

INT. SAFE HAVEN - GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Haven sits on the couch with a glass of ice tea. Seely takes a sip of his, slowly walks around the room.

HAVEN
Please, sit. Make yourself at home.

SEELY
I'm comfortable standing, thank you.
(squints)
That a real Oscar?

HAVEN
Uh-huh.

SEELY
Smaller than I thought it'd be --
(turns, looks at her)
Thanks for seeing me like this, during
your -- time of grief.

HAVEN
Sure.

SEELY
Damn good ice tea.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEELY (CONT'D)

Now you said your husband's insulin pump wasn't on. How could that be? Didn't he need that -- to live?

HAVEN

Yes, he did.

(beat)

The battery must have been -- defective. I changed the battery once a week, on Sunday --

SEELY

Yesterday was Sunday.

HAVEN

Exactly. I normally change it in the morning, when he got up, but with all the excitement -- he got home from the hospital yesterday --

SEELY

Why was he in the hospital?

HAVEN

He was -- having some tests. He had a -- bad fall last week, and his doctor wanted to make sure everything was -- you know, okay.

SEELY

And was everything okay?

Haven looks at him. Eyes cloud up with tears.

HAVEN

Yes. Everything was -- okay.

SEELY

So then when did you change the battery?

HAVEN

Right before the movie. We watched a movie every night.

(inhales)

We had some wine, he fell asleep. After it was over, I went down to the guest room to meditate -- I listen to music while I'm meditating on my Ipod.

SEELY

I see.

(beat)

But if you were listening to music on headphones, how did you -- hear him?

PUSH IN ON Haven. Eyes liquid-bright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAVEN

It was a -- quiet song.

(beat)

You know -- meditation music.

EXT. BEACH CONDO - OUTDOOR PATIO - AT THAT MOMENT

Jett is training the Fat, Sweating Venture Capitalist we met earlier on the beach. Fat lies on a bench under a barbell ringed with weights clamped in a cradle above him.

FAT, SWEATING VENTURE CAPITALIST

That looks like -- too much weight.

JETT

It's only an extra ten pounds, Tyledge.

You told me you want to be ripped.

TYLEDGE

Yeah, I do.

JETT

Well, then -- let 'er rip.

(beat)

Relax. I'm spotting you. Just go nice and slow.

Fat looks up. Nods. GRABS the barbell, slowly lifts it up off the rack. Straining and wheezing. Jett's cell phone VIBRATES in her pocket. She fishes it out. It's a text message.

TYLEDGE

(pushing, straining)

I, uh -- I can't -- it's, it's slipping --

But Jett is reading the message. It's from Rush. On his way.

JETT

(under her breath)

Shit.

TYLEDGE

HELP, it's gonna --

The weight is too much for Tyledge, his grip slips, and the barbell SLAMS DOWN on his neck.

TYLEDGE (CONT'D)

GAAAAAAA!

Jett WHIPS her head around.

JETT

FUCK!

She GRABS the barbell, TOSSES it aside. It CRASHES into a glass table, SHATTERING it into a million pieces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tyledge GRABS his throat, SCREAMS in pain.

TYLEDGE
Fucking bitch! You trying to KILL me?

JETT
I'm sorry, I was -- on the phone --

TYLEDGE
Get the FUCK OUT OF HERE. You're FIRED,
you HEAR ME?
(beat)
Fucking DYKE.

JETT
WHAT did you call me?

TYLEDGE
You heard me.
(ominous)
You're gonna hear from my lawyer. I'm
gonna take you for every cent you have.
(beat)
So, tell me. Do you have to strap one on
to satisfy that little whore?

Jett rears back and SUCKER-PUNCHES him under the chin, sends
him FLYING. He SLAMS down, CRACKING his head on the pavement.

JETT
Shit.

She feels his neck for a pulse. Nothing. He's DEAD.

JETT (CONT'D)
NO.

Jett looks around. Nobody. Everyone is at work.
She grabs Tyledge by the ankles, drags him into the house.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Jett pulls the large body through the lux living room.

IN THE BASEMENT

She drags him down the stairs, his body going THUNK, THUNK,
THUNK on each step. Talk about 'dead weight.'

They get to the bottom. Jett looks around, sees --

A LARGE FREEZER

One of those industrial-sized ones that lies horizontally.

JETT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

drags Tyledge to the freezer. Opens it. Sees a mountain of steaks, chops and meat. She starts pulling them out.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jett TOSSES meat packages into the freezer, covering the body. All we can see is his head. She FLIPS one last steak in, which covers his face. SLAMS the lid closed.

JETT (CONT'D)

That'll teach you to call me a fucking DYKE.

INT. CRAYCE HOUSEBOAT - GALLEY - MORNING

Haven's at the bar. Mixing champagne and OJ in a pitcher.

HAVEN

Silly. It's never too early for a MIMOSA.
(turns, to someone off-camera)
We have to celebrate.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

The king is dead. Long live the queen.

Haven picks up the drinks, walks over to --

TRIMMER WALTZ

seated on the couch. Splayed out like he owns the joint.

TRIMMER

(takes a drink, smiles)
Thank you, my love.
(pats the couch)
Come sit next to me, my little firecracker.

Haven sits next to him. Sips her drink.

HAVEN

Who you calling a firecracker?

TRIMMER

I can't believe it. We're almost done.
(beat)
When's the reading of the will?

HAVEN

Tomorrow.

TRIMMER

Eight-hundred thousand smackeroos.
(toasts)
Here's to that cabin up in Big Bear.

They CLINK. Sip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN
I know we talked about Big Bear, but I
was thinking --

TRIMMER
Whoah. That could be dangerous.

HAVEN
Shut up. Listen to me.
(sips)
I think it might be better if we went to
Mexico. You know, one of those little
fishing towns on the coast, like in *That
Killing Feeling*.

TRIMMER
But I don't speak Spanish --

OUTSIDE ON THE DECK

Jett stands near the open window, shade down, listening.

IN THE GALLEY

Haven gets up. Goes to the bar, fixes another drink.

HAVEN
I just think it would be -- safer. The
cops couldn't touch us.

TRIMMER
That's true.
(finishes his drink)
Tell you what. We'll think about it.
(beat)
And what about Ms. Targo?
(nasty laugh)
Or should I say MR. Targo --

HAVEN
Nola's body. I find out where she's
stashed it -- and then you tip off
Detective Seely.

TRIMMER
You're an evil genius, baby.
(beat)
But you know that.

HAVEN
(evil grin)
Takes one to know one.

TRIMMER
I gotta ask you something.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRIMMER (CONT'D)

Didn't you like it -- at least a little bit -- when that buff, young specimen went down on you?

HAVEN

What the fuck?

TRIMMER

Well, they say only a woman knows what another woman wants --

OUTSIDE ON THE DECK

Jett blinks back tears. Turns. Quietly walks away. Head down.

IN THE GALLEY

Haven DOWNS her cocktail. Starts fixing another.

HAVEN

Don't be ridiculous.

TRIMMER

It's okay, baby. I find it -- kind of a turn-on.

(eyes narrow)

If things were different, I might just wanna -- join in.

HAVEN

(snorts)

As if.

TRIMMER

Excuse me?

She takes a sip. Lights a smoke. Crosses over to him.

HAVEN

You think she was my first?

(laughs)

That's what all you guys want. To *join in*.

(beat)

Fucking creepy.

Trimmer stares. Be careful here.

TRIMMER

Hey, now -- I was just kidding, baby doll. Just tryin' to get a rise out of you. Let's not fight.

HAVEN

You started it.

He gets up. Puts his arms around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRIMMER

I'm sorry.
 (touches her chin)
 You forgive me, baby?

PUSH IN ON Haven. Faint smile. Eyes off somewhere else.

HAVEN

Forgive and forget is for suckers.

INT. JETT'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Jett STORMS into the room. SLAMS the door. Rush lolls on the couch watching TV drinking a beer.

She walks over. Sees the mirror with the lines of speed he's been chopping up on the coffee table.

JETT

Okay, here's the deal. If you want your cut, you're gonna have to work for it.
 (beat)
 I need your help.

RUSH

Sure, sure. What can I do?

Jett sits down next to him. Looks at the drugs.

JETT

You know my -- friend?

RUSH

Haven?

JETT

Yeah. She's --
 (shudders)
 She's fucking the Sheriff's deputy. And they're setting me up.

RUSH

Holy SHIT.

JETT

Mind if do one of those?

RUSH

Fuck, no. Now we're talking.
 (hands her a straw)
 Madam, your carriage awaits.

JETT

(takes it)
 Giddyap.

She leans down. SNORTS a line in her left nostril. Then another in her right. She shakes her head. WHOOSH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSH
You're gonna be fucking flying, after
being clean so long.

JETT
(SNORTS another)
Goddamn right.

RUSH
So what's the plan? What can I help with?

JETT
I need you to help me -- get a gun.

Jett reaches over. Wets a finger in Rush's water glass.
Touches it to her nose. SNORTS it.

RUSH
A gun? What for?

JETT
I'm gonna kill the motherfucker.

RUSH
But he's a cop.

PUSH IN ON Jett. Eyes blazing with chemical fire.

JETT
Kinda like old times, huh?

EXT. MARINA - SHERIFF'S SUBSTATION - AT THAT MOMENT

An old, wooden shack at the edge of the pier. The Sheriff's
skiff floats and bobs in the water nearby.

INT. SHERIFF'S SUBSTATION - DAY

Trimmer sits at his desk. Filling out a report.
Shitty 70's 'soft rock' plays softly on a cheap boombox.
Afternoon Delight, indeed.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Anybody home?

TRIMMER
Entree, si vous plait.

Cal Seely ambles in. Perspiring in his overcoat.

CAL
Deputy Waltz?

TRIMMER
You're lookin' at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAL
(flashes badge)
Detective Sergeant Cal Seely, Homicide.

TRIMMER
Please to meet you. Pull up a log.

CAL
(pulls out a cigar)
I like to stand. Mind if I smoke?

TRIMMER
I'm allergic. Sorry.
(looks)
That's quite a stogie. Freud would have a
field day with THAT.

CAL
(not amused)
I'm investigating the death of Dart
Crayce.

TRIMMER
The film director, on the houseboat. Yes.
Tragic.
(shakes his head)
His poor wife.

CAL
Yes. His poor, *young* wife --

TRIMMER
Oh. Now listen, I've met her, she's a
nice lady. No way she could have --

CAL
It's a good motive. What was he -- 80
years old?

TRIMMER
85, I think.

CAL
And I'm sure he was worth a lot of money.
All those classic, old movies --

They look at each other. Thinking.

TRIMMER
If you ask me, I think you should check
out her personal trainer. I've seen them
working out -- and I sensed there was
more going on than just -- weight
lifting, if you know what I mean.

CAL
(pulls out notebook)
The trainer. What's his name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRIMMER
 HER name. Jett something. Jett -- Targo,
 that's it. She's a, you know --
 (mimes flexing arm muscle)
 Real strong.

CAL
 Lesbo? They having an affair?

TRIMMER
 God, no. It's just that -- I'm out on my
 boat every morning, and I'd see them.
 And, I dunno -- it's a gut feeling. You
 know --
 (beat)
 The way she'd look at Mrs. Crayce. All
 hungry-like.

CAL
 (narrows his eyes)
 A gut feeling.
 (off his nod)
 Hungry-like.

PUSH IN ON Trimmer. A rude leer.

TRIMMER
 Yeah, you know -- like an animal. Hungry.

EXT. LINCOLN BOULEVARD - LUNA'S PAWN SHOP - AT THAT MOMENT

A shitty cinder block bunker with bars on the windows on the
 wrong end of Lincoln Boulevard. Se Hablo Espanole.

Jett and Rush stand at the door. Press the intercom button.
 BUZZZZZZZZZZ. They go in.

INT. PAWN SHOP - AT THAT MOMENT

Jett and Rush squint in the darkness. A HEAVYSET LATIN GUY
 sits behind the counter. He puts a wad of cash in a strong
 box. CLICKS it shut.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

we see he's holding a 9MM automatic.

HEAVYSET LATIN GUY
 Hola, amigo. What can I do for you today?

RUSH
 You Luna?

LUNA
 I'm Luna.

RUSH
 You sell -- guns?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUNA
(smiles)
Who told you that?

RUSH
Uh, guy named Ramirez, down in Long
Beach. Big guy, like you, rides with the
Los Muertos cycle club. Customer of mine.

LUNA
What do you sell?

RUSH
(pulls out a vial)
Show me yours, and I'll show you mine.

Luna smiles broadly, displaying rows of gold teeth.

LUNA
Ramirez, that fat fuck. Why didn't you
say so?

INT. JETT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jett holds a 38 special down low below the dashboard.
Stares at it, wide-eyed.

JETT
I like -- how it feels.

Rush points his SERVICE REVOLVER out the window. Takes aim.

RUSH
Just like back home shooting pigeons in
the barn.

He squeezes the trigger. CLICK.

EXT. THE SAFE HAVEN - FORWARD DECK

Haven paces back and forth. Talks on her cell phone.

HAVEN
Jett? Where are you? Pick up.
(listens)
Jett, pick up. C'mon --
(listens)
I need to see you. We need to talk.
(beat)
I need -- your help.
(beat)
Tomorrow morning at 9, at the Food Town.
I'll be in the produce aisle. Waiting for
you.
(beat)
We need to talk. Okay?

BEEP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She clicks the phone shut. Lost in thought.

INT. FOOD TOWN - DAY

Rows of fresh fruit. The joint's all but deserted.

A SHOPPING CART appears. It's being pushed by Haven, wearing huge sunglasses. Another CART pulls up next to it, pushed by Jett, also in shades, and a baseball cap pulled down low.

HAVEN
Thanks for coming.

They start rolling the carts down the aisle.

JETT
You wanted to talk. So talk.

HAVEN
I've missed you, Jett. I've missed you so much.

JETT
You sure have a funny way of showing it.

HAVEN
What that's supposed to mean?

Jett stops her cart.

JETT
(hisses)
Trimmer Waltz. I saw you with him. I know what's going on. What do you think I am, a fucking patsy?
(to herself)
I don't even know why I'm here.

HAVEN
Trimmer and I, we --
(beat)
It started off as innocent fun, but it didn't mean anything -- and then I lost interest, and tried to call it off.

JETT
Yeah, right.

HAVEN
It's true, listen to me. He said if I stopped seeing him, he was going to tell Dart about us.
(beat)
And then he came up with his -- plan. And then I saw you on the beach training people. I was drawn to you.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN (CONT'D)

But what I didn't expect -- was to --
fall for you. And by then, it was -- too
late.

(beat)

I fucked it all up, Jett. I'm sorry.

(beat)

So sorry.

Pause.

JETT

You expect me to believe that bullshit?

HAVEN

It's the truth, Jett. I --

Haven lowers her shades. Eyes full of tears.

HAVEN (CONT'D)

I need you, Jett. I gotta hole in my
heart where you used to be. If I can't be
with you, I'd rather die.

JETT

But Trimmer, I saw you --

HAVEN

I told you, it's OVER. Trimmer's an
ASSHOLE. He's a PIG, he's so full of
himself --

JETT

And you just figured that out?

HAVEN

I've been dying without you, Jett. I want
things to be the way they were -- you and
me against the world. Forever and ever.
Willing to do whatever it takes.

Jett's nose starts running. She wipes it on the back of her
sleeve. Stares at Haven.

JETT

I don't know, I --

Haven looks around anxiously. She takes Jett's hand. Slowly
guide it up her skirt. Shivers.

HAVEN

(whispers)

See how wet you make me?

JETT

I, I --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAVEN
 (pulls her close)
 Remember those three days we had all to
 ourselves? It was so good. The happiest
 I've ever been. Can't you see I'm in love
 with you?
 (beat)
 Don't you -- want me anymore?

JETT
 (a whisper)
 I, I do.
 (embraces her)
 Of course I do.

They hug for a long moment. A FEMALE SHOPPER (50's) wheels
 her cart past them. Stares disapprovingly.

Haven pulls away.

HAVEN
 So you know what we have to do.

JETT
 What?

HAVEN
 We have to make him -- go away.

A strange smile flickers on Jett's face. She looks around.
 Reaches in her jacket pocket. Pulls out the REVOLVER.

JETT
 You must be a mind-reader.

HAVEN
 (sharp whisper)
Holy shit, put that away.

JETT
 (pockets it)
 So what's the plan?

HAVEN
 We need to act fast. I'm going to the
 reading of Dart's will tomorrow, and then
 I'm gonna take all the money out of the
 bank. So we gotta do it tonight.

JETT
 Tonight?

HAVEN
 Yeah. I'm meeting him on the boat later
 for dinner. You know, consoling the
 grieving widow. I'll call you after he
 gets there, and then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JETT
 (points finger like a gun)
 Hasta la vista, Deputy Waltz.

HAVEN
 Yeah. And then we can be together. We can
 go anywhere, do anything -- together.

JETT
 Do whatever it takes.

PUSH IN ON Haven. Lowering her shades. Eyes full of fire.

HAVEN
 Straight down the line.

INT. VENICE BOARDWALK - SMALL WORLD BOOKS - DAY

A bookworm's delight. A cozy, cluttered joint filled to the
 rafters. Young, HIPSTER LOCALS wander the aisles.

And Cal Seely's there, too. He looks up at a section placard.

CRIME FICTION

he squints. Nods. Starts going down the aisle. Runs his
 fingers across the spines, reading the authors. He stops on
 one. Pulls it out. Examines the back cover.

His cell phone RINGS. Cal fishes it out. Flips it open.

CAL
 Seely here.
 (listens)
 Chief. What's up?
 (listens)
 With all due respect sir, I think he's
 full of shit.
 (listens)
 Of course I think he's involved. I think
 they both are. Classic love triangle. You
 ever see that movie --
 (listens)
 Yeah. That's where I'm going next.
 Fishing for DNA.
 (beat)
 Then I'm gonna check out the personal
 trainer. Something smells fishy.
 (listens)
 You're a goddamn laugh-riot.
 (listens)
 Much.

He CLICKS the phone shut. Looks at the book, turns it around,
 revealing the title --

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE.

INT. THE SAFE HAVEN - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

We hear a shower running in the next room. Haven sits on the bed, casual in Juicy Couture. Sipping a cocktail. She grabs her cell phone. PUNCHES a number. Listens.

HAVEN
 (a whisper)
 It's me.
 (listens)
 It's time.
 (listens)
 Okay.

A toilet FLUSHES.

TRIMMER

walks in the room. Buckling his belt. Scowling. She CLICKS the phone shut. Smiles.

TRIMMER
 Who was that?

HAVEN
 My mother.

TRIMMER
 I thought you didn't get along with your mother.

HAVEN
 I don't. She hit me up for money.

TRIMMER
 Then why are you smiling?

HAVEN
 Cause I said NO.

EXT. MARINA DOCK - NIGHT

Jett and Rush appear, both rakish in black. They approach the Safe Haven. Look at Trimmer's Sheriff's patrol boat anchored next to it. Jett is amped. Eyes flashing.

JETT
 That's his boat.
 (beat)
 You go stay in the car, keep a lookout.

RUSH
 What do I do if someone comes?

JETT
 Call me. And stop them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSH
Cool.
(pulls out a vial)
Wanna bump?

She nods. Takes it. Unscrews the cap. Under it, a tiny spoon. She shovels out a hit, SNORTS it. Then, another.

PUSH IN ON Jett. Ready to go.

JETT
Places, please.

INT. THE SAFE HAVEN - MASTER BEDROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Our star-crossed lovers are in bed. Trimmer lies next to Haven. Stroking her hair. Haven pulls away. Pouts.

HAVEN
I'm not in the mood.

TRIMMER
Not in the MOOD?

HAVEN
I -- have a headache.

TRIMMER
Bullshit.

HAVEN
From all the stress. The cops, the insurance people, my lawyer --

Like a cat, Trimmer moves on top of her.

TRIMMER
But its a great stress-reliever --

HAVEN
Trimmer, no -- I don't want to --

TRIMMER
(pins her wrists down)
Who the fuck asked YOU?

HAVEN
Trimmer, don't! Stop it! You're hurting me!

JETT (O.C.)
Get the fuck off of her, asshole -- and put your dick back in your pants.

JETT

walks into the room. Pointing her REVOLVER at Trimmer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JETT (CONT'D)
 (wild-eyed)
 DO IT. NOW.

TRIMMER
 (whirls around, sees her)
 YOU?

JETT
 Deputy. Funny seeing you here. Come here
 often?

Trimmer jumps out of bed. Stands. Puffs out his chest.

TRIMMER
 You can't shoot me. I'm a cop.

JETT
 You're confusing me with someone who
 gives a shit.

TRIMMER
 (walks toward Jett)
 Give me the gun.

Jett fires. BANG. BANG. BANG. A trio of rose petals bloom on
 Trimmer's wife beater. He looks down, in shock.

TRIMMER (CONT'D)
 You fucking SHOT me.

He staggers. GRABS onto the side table.

JETT
 Well, whaddaya know.

Haven LEAPS out of bed. Goes to Jett. Gets behind her.

HAVEN
 DIE, you fucking creep! DIE.

Trimmer slumps to the floor. Pulls out his cell phone.

TRIMMER
 Gotta -- call -- this in --

Jett FIRES again. BANG. BANG. BANG. Trimmer's head hits the
 wall with a THUD. Lights out. Blood pools in the carpet.

JETT
 You've been suspended from duty, officer.

She looks at Haven. Bursts into WILD LAUGHTER.

HAVEN
 You did it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JETT
And it felt so GOOD.

Rush comes in. Out of breath.

RUSH
(to Jett)
I heard the shots. Is he -- you know.

HAVEN
Who are the fuck are YOU?
(to Jett)
Do you know this guy?

JETT
(to Rush)
I told you to stay in the car.
(to Haven)
It's okay, he's cool. An old friend of mine from back home.

RUSH
Hey.
(holds his crotch)
Can I use the head? I gotta take a wicked piss.

HAVEN
Down the hall, second door on your left.

Rush ambles away.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Jett?

JETT
It's a long story. Rush and I go way back. He came to visit, and I can't get rid of him. He followed me the night we -- you know, so now he wants in. Wants a cut for keeping quiet. I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to --

HAVEN
You offered him a CUT OF THE FUCKING MONEY?

JETT
No, of course not. I just need his help with --
(points at Trimmer's body)
This thing, and --
(whispers)
Then I'll -- take care of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HAVEN
 Goddammit, Jett.
 (beat)
 What can I do?

JETT
 (looks at Trimmer)
 Give me his uniform.

HAVEN
 His uniform? Why do you want to --

PUSH IN ON Jett. Unbuckling her belt.

JETT
 Burial at sea.

EXT. OCEAN - SHERIFF'S BOAT - NIGHT

Jett wears Trimmer's uniform. Pilots the boat through the choppy water. Rush looks out into the horizon. The boat ZIPS across the waves, THUMPING on each crest.

She pulls the boat to a stop. Looks back the coastline.

JETT
 This is far enough, c'mon.

She goes to the back of the boat. Rush follows. We see Trimmer's body, rolled up in a tarp. Tied to the anchor. Jett grabs one end of the body. Rush, the other.

JETT (CONT'D)
 On the count of three --

They slowly swing it back and forth --

JETT (CONT'D)
 One -- two --
 (beat)
 THREE.

And THROW it over the side. SPLASH.

JETT (CONT'D)
 Goodbye, asshole.

Rush pulls out a small glassine bag filled with white powder. He scoops out a hit with a long fingernail. INHALES it. Sniffs. Looks out into the horizon. Pensive.

RUSH
 Sometimes I wish things could go back to
 the way they were.
 (looks at Jett)
 Ever feel that way?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JETT

Are you kidding? Trapped in that fucked-up small town? Dealing drugs. Always looking over our shoulder. Getting the fuck out of Kansas was the best thing we ever did.

(weird laugh)

Just look at us now.

RUSH

We were good together for awhile -- you know? We had a lot of fun.

JETT

Oh, yeah. Three-day binges. Knocking off convenience stores. Eating out of dumpsters. Misty water-colored memories.

(beat)

I know what I want now, Rush. You should figure that out, too.

RUSH

I told you, I'm bi.

JETT

So that's why you sexually assaulted a customer.

RUSH

Shut up. I told you, he came on to ME. And he was more than a customer, we were friends.

JETT

Then why did he try to KILL you?

RUSH

So I got carried away. I was high. How was I supposed to know he had a gun?

(beat)

If you weren't there to --

JETT

That was a long time ago. I don't wanna talk about it anymore.

(beat)

Can I get a hit of that?

RUSH

(hands her the bag)

Sure.

JETT

Can I borrow your keys?

Rush hands her his keys. Jett dips one in the bag, HONKS up a big, fat hit. SKRRRRONK. Rubs her nose. Puts the bag in her pocket. Pulls out her GUN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSH
What are you doing?

JETT
I'm sorry, Rush. But it's gotta be this way.
(laughs)
Did you really think I was gonna share our fucking MONEY with you? You didn't do anything to HELP. NOTHING. You're a fucking LEECH, a LOSER --

RUSH
Don't SAY THAT.

JETT
A STALKER, and a fucking DRUG ADDICT.

RUSH
NO!

Rush LEAPS at her. Jett WHACKS him on the head with her gun. CRACK. Rush FLIES back against the railing.

JETT
It's the end of the line, sucker. Time to sleep with the fishes.

Rush GRABS Jett. Tries to get her gun. They STRUGGLE. He CHOKES her in a bear hug. Jett DROPS it. Rush KICKS it away.

RUSH
Fucking DYKE!

Jett LOSES IT. With insane, animal, meth-fueled strength, she FLINGS his arms away. SPINS him around. GRABS him, FLIPS him up, and TWIRLS him over her head like a toy.

JETT
HA-HA-HA-HA! How do you like THIS?

RUSH
NOOOOOO --

And THROWS him over the side. SPLASH.

Jett shakes her head. Rushing on the drugs. Eyes darting madly. She walks over. Picks up the gun. Goes to the wheel.

JETT
Sorry, officer. Didn't know my own strength.
(laughs)
All ashore who's going ashore.

EXT. MARINA SLIP - THE SAFE HAVEN - NIGHT

All lights out on the Safe Haven. The boat looks ominous. Spooky. Slowly bobbing in the water.

Cal Seely and Dr. Bing stand on the dock. Looking at it.

CAL
Thanks for coming on such short notice.

DR. BING
Sure, sure -- but she's not home.

Cal squints at the boat. Chews on his unlit cigar.

CAL
She could be asleep.

DR. BING
Then why bother her now?

CAL
Element of surprise.

DR. BING
So -- you suspect her?

CAL
Insulin pump didn't malfunction.
(puffs)
Battery was dead.

DR. BING
But she said she changed --

CAL
Exactly.

INT. THE SAFE HAVEN - MASTER BEDROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Haven kneels in front of the window. Slowly pulls back the curtain a tiny bit. Peers out.

HAVEN
(sees them outside)
Shit. Fuck. Goddammit.

She goes to the mini bar. Pours a stiff one. Grabs a prescription bottle. Shakes out a couple pills. Gulps them down. Chases it with a slug of her drink.

She pulls out her cell phone. PUNCHES a number. Listens.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Hey, it's me.
(listens)
It's done?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The doorbell RINGS.

HAVEN (CONT'D)

Shit --
 (listens)
 It's fucking Dr. Bing and that fat
 fucking cop --
 (listens)
 All the lights are off --
 (listens)
 No, it's too dangerous. Who knows how
 long they'll be out there. Just sit
 tight. I'll call you tomorrow after I go
 to the bank.

The doorbell RINGS again.

HAVEN (CONT'D)

I'll gonna have a bubble bath, listen to
 my Ipod. If they come in, I'll say I
 couldn't hear the doorbell with the music
 on.
 (listens)
 Yeah. We're almost there.
 (listens)
 Me too, baby. Straight down the line.

PUSH IN on Haven. Eyes burning with fire.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT DRIVE - MORNING

A POLICE IMPOUND VEHICLE is parked behind Rush's VW bug,
 clamped to its towing winch. The DRIVER starts the truck, and
 slowly pulls away, to reveal --

On the windshield, a mass of PARKING TICKETS.

INT. LAW FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Haven sits alone at the end of a long, long conference table.
 At the other end are a trio of STONE-FACED ATTORNEYS.

Also at the table are Dart's FIRST WIFE (80's), a haggard-
 looking vulture of a woman. Beady eyes flickering.

Needless to say, the air is thick with anticipation.
 Haven picks up a cut-glass goblet of water. Takes a tiny sip.

HAWK-NOSED ATTORNEY

(reading from the will)
 -- and I bequeath my entire estate to my
 second wife, Haven.

Haven blinks rapidly. The slightest trace of a smile cracks.
 Nasty First Wife BANGS the table with her fist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NASTY FIRST WIFE
That's NOT FAIR. I was with him for FIFTY YEARS. I was there when he was STARVING.

HAWK-NOSED ATTORNEY
Quiet, please.

NASTY FIRST WIFE
(stands, SLAPS the table)
NO! I will NOT be QUIET! There must be some MISTAKE!
(points)
There's no way in HELL he left all his money to that WHORE!

Haven stares at her. Blank-faced.

OILY ATTORNEY
Please, Ma'am. I don't want have to call security.

Nasty PULLS OUT her chair. RACES over to Haven. Oily picks up the phone. Speaks softly into it. Nods. Hangs up.

NASTY FIRST WIFE
(gets in Haven's face)
HARLOT. SLUT. You just married him for his MONEY.

HAVEN
Get the fuck out of my face, you old bag.

NASTY FIRST WIFE
(spits on Haven's face)
Fucking CUNT.

Haven JUMPS UP. SMACKS Nasty on the face, HARD.
A pair of BEEFY SECURITY GUARDS race in. GRAB her.

NASTY FIRST WIFE (CONT'D)
Let GO OF ME. You CAN'T DO THIS.

HUGE SECURITY GUARD
I'm afraid you're going to have to come with us.

The guards drag her out, KICKING and SCREAMING.
Haven takes out a handkerchief. Wipes her face.

HAVEN
I'm sorry for that -- outburst a moment ago. I, I -- lost my temper.

HAWK-NOSED ATTORNEY
I think you showed remarkable restraint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OILY ATTORNEY

Indeed. I thought you were going to deck the bitch.

PUSH IN ON Haven. The barest hint of a smile.

HAVEN

I can't imagine what he ever saw in her.

INT. JETT'S APARTMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

Cal Seely stands in the doorway. Jett holds open the door.

CAL

Jett Targo?

JETT

Uh-huh.

CAL

Cal Seely, Sheriff's office, homicide. I'd like to come in and ask you a few questions.

(beat)

If you don't mind.

JETT

No, no -- not at all. Come in.

He lumbers into the large studio apartment.

CAL

Thanks.

(looks around)

Nice and airy. Must cost a fortune, being right on the canal.

JETT

(bad fake laugh)

You're not kidding.

(beat)

Can I get you anything -- some water?

CAL

No, thanks. I'm fine.

Jett sits on the couch. Smiles hopefully.

JETT

Have a seat.

CAL

No can do. Back is in spasm. If I sit, I might not be able to get up again.

(strange laugh)

And I'm sure you don't want a dick stuck in your house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JETT
Uh, no --

CAL
Did you know a woman by the name of --
Nola Bliss?

JETT
She's, uh -- the neighbor of one of my
clients, Haven Crayce.

CAL
Was the neighbor.

JETT
Was? You mean something -- happened to
her?

CAL
Nothing *happened* to her. She was
murdered. We found her body in the trunk
of a car that was towed --
(pulls out a notebook)
Belonging to a man by the name of Rush
Madder, from Long Beach.
(beat)
You know him?

JETT
No, sorry. Never heard of him.

CAL
Funny. The car was parked right down the
street from here.

JETT
Huh.
(beat)
Small world.

CAL
Where were you on the night of the 25th?

JETT
Uh -- that was Tuesday, right?
(off his nod)
I was home, watching a movie.

CAL
What movie?

JETT
A Dish Best Killed.

CAL
How ironic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JETT
Ironic?

Pause.

CAL
Thanks for your time.
(gives her his card)
Here's my number. Give me a call if you
remember anything.
(beat)
And please don't leave town. I might have
some more -- questions for you.

PUSH IN ON Jett. Nodding. Faking nonchalance. Badly.

INT./EXT. VINTAGE CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE - MOMENTS LATER

A '68 model in candy apple red with a black leather interior.
The kind I'll be able to afford when I sell this screenplay.

Haven drives up Via Marina with the top down in shades and a
big scarf, the wind WHIPPING her hair. She talks on her cell.

HAVEN
Calm down, calm down. They don't have
anything.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. JETT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOF DECK - CONTINUOUS

Jett paces, sips from a bottle of beer. Talks on her cell.

JETT
But they towed his CAR. They found --
her.

HAVEN
But he's -- *gone.*

JETT
I know, I know, it's just -- he knows
something. I can feel it.
(beat)
We gotta get the fuck out of Dodge. What
happened at the reading of the will?

HAVEN
It's all mine, baby. Lock, stock and two
smokin' million.

JETT
And the cash?

HAVEN
I just left the bank.
(smiles)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN (CONT'D)

Got eight-hundred thousand under the hood. That's what I call horsepower.

JETT

You took out ALL of it? Didn't we agree it would be a good idea to leave --

HAVEN

Change of plan, baby. I closed the account. Told them I was leaving the country. Needed to start over, a new life.

JETT

Leaving the country?

HAVEN

We're going to Mexico. Find a place on the beach where it's warm all the time and it's running hot and cold Margaritas.

JETT

(looks)

I see your car. I'll be right down.

She pulls out a snifter. HONKS up a bump. Grimaces.

JETT (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Guess it's time for a hit and run holiday.

EXT. THE SAFE HAVEN - REAR DECK - AT THAT MOMENT

Cal stands at the rear door. KNOCK-KNOCKS loudly.

CAL

Mrs. Crayce. It's Detective Seely.

(KNOCKS again)

Haven Crayce, Detective Seely. I have a search warrant.

He peers in the window. Sighs. Pulls a pick out of his pockets. Works it. The knob CLICKS.

INT. THE SAVE HAVEN - CONTINUOUS

Cal walks around, looking. Touching surfaces. Inspecting.

CAL

(to himself)

Nola Bliss could have walked in on them, surprised them.

Cal walks over to the bar. Picks up a glass. Squints at it.

CAL (CONT'D)

Real crystal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks over to the case with the Oscar in it.
Sees a cracked glass panel.

CAL (CONT'D)
She walked in on them --
(leans down)
While they were --
(sees something)
BLOOD.

Cal straightens up. Massages the small of his back.

CAL (CONT'D)
It's right out of one of his movies. They
were in the process of killing Dart
Crayce -- and they had to shut her up.
(beat)
So who the fuck is Rush Madder?

His cell phone RINGS. He fishes it out. Listens.

CAL (CONT'D)
Seely.
(listens)
One of Targo's clients?
(listens)
In the meat freezer?
(listens)
Yeah, someone would have to be pretty
fucking strong to do THAT.

EXT. JETT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Some sleazy 60's go-go classic on the car stereo.

Haven sits behind the wheel. Jett tosses a suitcase in the
back seat. JUMPS IN. Haven beams. Excited.

HAVEN
Hey, baby.

JETT
Hey, yourself.

HAVEN
Let's blow this popsicle stick.

JETT
(laughs)
Popsicle *stand*. You are too cute.

Haven pulls out of the driveway. GUNS the engine.

HAVEN
I'm a hell of a lot more than CUTE, doll.
And don't you forget it.
(cocks an eyebrow)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 You ready to go all the way? Do whatever
 it takes?

JETT
 It's just you and me baby, together
 forever, right down the line.
 (beat)
 Whatever it takes.

Haven puts her hand on Jett's.

HAVEN
 I've been going nuts without you.

Slides it up toward the hem of her miniskirt. Caressing her
 milky white thigh. Trembling with tactile pleasure.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 I can't stop thinking about what it's
 gonna be like when we're finally alone
 together.

Jett reaches up, up, up --

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 I've missed your touch --

Jett finds the prize. Magic fingers do their work.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 OMIGOD --

And she SCREAMS with pleasure. JERKS the steering wheel.
 The car FISHTAILS on the pavement. Jett GRABS the wheel.
 Keeps working her special gift.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna --
 (beat)
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

And, as she reaches an earth-shattering crescendo,
 CAMERA pulls back, swings out the rear window, where we see --

A CAR

following them. A beat-up, old Dodge Dart Swinger.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

is RUSH. Grim. Determined.

RUSH
 Think you can kill me that easily, BITCH?

INT. HAVEN'S CADILLAC - MOVING - DUSK

Coltrane's I'M OLD FASHIONED bops on the car stereo.
 Haven drives. Jett looks out the window, lost in thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JETT
 (reading a sign)
 We'll be in Long Beach soon.

The song ends.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 That was John Coltrane, and *I'm Old Fashioned*. Guess I'm kinda old fashioned, too --

(beat)

I was just handed a special bulletin from our news department. Police have issued arrest warrants for Haven Crayce and Jett Targo in connection with three murders in Marina Del Rey. Both women are in their mid-twenties, and were last seen in a red 1968 Cadillac convertible. If you see these women, please contact your local police precinct immediately.

Ohmigod.

HAVEN

Holy shit.

JETT

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 Well, now, if I was a fugitive from the law, I can't think of a better ride than a classic Caddy. This next one's dedicated to you. A little Miles. *SO WHAT.*

Miles Davis' trumpet mourns softly.

JETT
 Pull off the road at the next exit.

HAVEN
 Why?

JETT
 Because we gotta get a NEW CAR.

HAVEN
 We're gonna buy a new car?

JETT
 Hell, no -- we're gonna STEAL ONE.

A SIGN READS

Seal Beach. 15 miles.

JETT (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Turn here. This is perfect.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SUNSET

They drive toward the beach, a gorgeous sunset ahead of them in the sky above the ocean.

JETT
I haven't been here in years.

HAVEN
You've been here before?

JETT
Yeah, a lifetime ago.
(beat)
Turn right here. I got an idea.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The sun has almost set. The car pulls into a trailer park. An old, wooden sign reads SEAL BEACH ESTATES.

INT. HAVEN'S CADILLAC - MOVING

The car inches by a row of mobile homes.

JETT
Pull up to the end and park.

Haven does. Stops the car.

HAVEN
So what now?

JETT
Well, I'm thinking that someone who lives here, no matter what they drive, they're not gonna mind trading it for a vintage Caddy, keys in the ignition, all wrapped up in a nice, big bow.

HAVEN
Ooh. You are GOOD.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Jett sits behind the wheel of an old Ford pickup truck, playing with the wires under the steering wheel column. They SPARK. The engine ROARS to life.

JETT
Like riding a bicycle.

The barrel of a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN is placed against Jett's temple. A GIANT REDNECK leans into the window. Sneers.

GIANT REDNECK
What the fuck do you think YOU'RE DOING?
Get the fuck outta MY TRUCK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JETT

Easy now.

Jett opens the door. Slides out. Starts to raise her hands --

GIANT REDNECK

What I don't get is why you'd wanna steal this piece-a crap.

And WHIPS OUT her REVOLVER. JAMS it in his crotch.

JETT

We're swapping rides, big fella. Gotta problem with that?

(CLICK)

See that Cadillac over there?

The redneck looks at the Caddy.

GIANT REDNECK

You wanna trade my truck for the CADDY? Are you fuckin' CRAZY?

JETT

Something like that.

(nods)

Go ahead, check 'er out. Keys are in the ignition.

Redneck breaks into a big 'ol rotten-toothed grin.

GIANT REDNECK

Take your piece outta my pants, and you got yourself a deal.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The truck ROARS down the gravel road.

HAVEN

You see the look on his face? He just died and went to trailer trash heaven. He's probably jerking off in it right now.

JETT

I think we should hole up somewhere for the night. I'd rather cross the border in the morning, when there's more traffic.

HAVEN

Ooh. I love the sound of *holing up*.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The pickup FLIES down the road. Behind them, a DODGE DART SWINGER pulls out of the bushes, and ROARS after them.

INT. SHERIFF'S MUSTER ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Your typical shitty institutional municipal squad room. Cal Seely stands at a lectern in front of a dozen UNIFORMED OFFICERS and a handful of PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES.

CAL
We've put out an APB. All regional airports, bus stations and trains are being watched. The highway patrol is on it. And we've alerted the media, who is calling them *Bonnie and Bride*.

A smattering of chuckling.

CAL (CONT'D)
This isn't a fucking JOKE. We need to FIND them, and find them NOW. This is front page news, people. I want you to fucking take apart that whore's boat, and that fucking dyke's apartment -- and find out where the fuck they've gone.
(beat)
Do I make myself clear?

EXT. MOTOR COURT - NIGHT

A foghorn BLEATS somewhere off the coast.

A dense FOG has rolled in from the ocean. Lights look blurry, fuzzy. There's a sharp, damp, pungent chill in the air over --

THE BUCCANEER. A small motor court motel across the street from the beach. A deserted area far away from the touristy crap. A small semi-circle of shitty bungalows face the water.

The middle one has a sign that reads OFFICE. VACANCY. Jett's pickup pulls up behind it and stops.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Jett shuts off the ignition. Slips on a cowboy hat. Shades.

HAVEN
I like the hat. Makes you look -- rugged.

JETT
Let me check in by myself. You're too -- memorable.

HAVEN
That sounds like a line from something.

JETT
From our life, baby face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVEN
Hurry up, I'm cold.

INT. MOTOR COURT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A plump BUCK-TOOTHED WOMAN sits at the desk reading a true crime magazine. Riveted. Slowly eating potato chips.

Jett comes in quietly. Closes the door behind her.

JETT
Evenin'. Mighty cold out there.

BUCK-TOOTH
It's the fog. Cold and wet it is.

She smiles strangely. This bulb is definitely low-wattage.

JETT
Can I get a cabin for the night?

BUCK-TOOTH
Sure thing. Got one left. But the heater's broke. Got a fireplace, though.

JETT
How much?

BUCK-TOOTH
(hands her a key)
Fifty bucks. Check out is at eleven.

JETT
(takes it)
Mighty obliged.

BUCK-TOOTH
How can you see in those shades? It's night-time, mister.

PUSH IN ON Jett. Delighted.

INT. SHITTY BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Quaint and cute. Forty years ago. Now, musty and well-worn. Wooden furniture. Ancient TV. An overstuffed couch facing a stone fireplace. Typical shitty paintings of ships at sea.

Haven walks in, hefting a large briefcase, followed by Jett, carrying their luggage.

HAVEN
Who knew eight-hundred grand was so HEAVY.

Jett drops the luggage with a BANG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JETT

I thought I told you to pack light.

She goes to the fireplace. Gets a fire going.

HAVEN

Hey, a girl's gotta have a change of outfits. Don't you want me to look sexy for you?

Jett walks over to her. Kisses her.

JETT

You'd look good in a burlap bag.

HAVEN

You know what I wanna do?

JETT

What.

HAVEN

Roll around in it.

JETT

Roll around in what?

Haven goes to the briefcase. Opens it.

HAVEN

The money. I wanna feel it on my skin.

She takes out a bundle. RIPS off the tape. THROWS it in air. It flutters down like confetti. Haven SQUEALS with joy.

JETT

You think you should do that? What if somebody comes by?

HAVEN

No one's coming. We're all alone, and it's late. C'mon, it's FUN.

Haven takes out two more. RIPS them open. TOSSES them.

HAVEN (CONT'D)

Wheeeeeee!

She twirls in the fluttering bills like a dancer.

Jett stares. Takes some money. RIPS it open. THROWS it. They both start LAUGHING MADLY. A storm of cash RAINS down on them. Haven stops. SHRIEKS --

And strips off her dress. Glorious in lingerie and heels. The vixen gets down on the carpet and ROLLS AROUND in it.

Jett showers her with more cash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Fuck me, BEN FRANKLIN.

Jett takes off her boots. Her jeans. Then joins Haven on the money-covered rug in front of the roaring fire.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
We made it, baby. There's nobody else in the world.

JETT
And you're mine. All mine.
(beat)
There's nobody else.

And they start making love, like animals.
Jett BITES Haven's throat. She CRIES OUT.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - AT THAT MOMENT

A ramshackle joint a stone's throw from the motor court.
The COUNTY SHERIFF'S POLICE CRUISER is parked outside.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

A STRANGE-LOOKING DEPUTY hands a wanted poster to the CLERK, a mildly retarded local kid (18). The clerk looks at it.

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK
I saw them -- on the news.

STRANGE-LOOKING DEPUTY
Yep. *Bonnie and Bride*. Shore would like get in the middle of THAT sandwich.

Retarded stares at the poster. Strange-looking goes to the frozen food section. Rummages around. Finds something. Returns to the register.

STRANGE-LOOKING DEPUTY (CONT'D)
How much for the Hot Pockets?

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK
On the house, chief.

STRANGE-LOOKING DEPUTY
(goes to the door)
Mighty obliged, son. You take care now.

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK
(watching him go)
I love *Hot Pockets*.

Retarded puts the wanted poster on the counter. Takes out a black marker. Starts drawing on it.

INT. SHITTY BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

A ROARING FIRE in the fireplace. The wood CRACKS in the red and orange flames flickering over the money.

Haven and Jett lie in each other's arms, basking in the heat.

HAVEN
I wanna stay here forever and ever.

JETT
Yeah.

HAVEN
Mmmm.
(beat)
I'm hungry.

JETT
So am I.

HAVEN
Would you go get us some provisions?
Pretty please?

JETT
Of course.

Jett gets up, puts on her cowboy hat.

HAVEN
I think you should go just like that.

Shrugs into her jeans.

JETT
Silly girl, it's fuckin' freezing out there.

Puts on her shirt. SNAPS it.

HAVEN
Hurry back, honey pie. I'm so hungry, I could eat a horse.

JETT
When I come back, we'll do some ropin' and ridin.'
(goes to the door)
Keep the home fires burning.

HAVEN
(smiles, dreamy)
Yeah --
(beat)
Hey, you know what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JETT

What.

HAVEN

You know when they say money can't buy happiness?

(beat)

They're full of shit.

And she THROWS a fistful of money in the air.

PUSH IN ON Haven's eyes. Dancing with delight.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The Wanted poster is up. But now Haven has a mustache and a missing front tooth. And Jett is in shades and a cowboy hat.

Like she is right now. Walking in the door. The bell RINGS.

JETT

(tips her hat)

Evenin.'

She grabs a basket. Starts going through the food aisles.

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK

(wide-eyed)

Evenin.'

Jett goes to the beverage cooler. Takes out a six-pack. Brings her items to the counter.

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK (CONT'D)

Looks like you're fixing to have yourself a late-night snack.

JETT

Yeah.

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK

You must be stayin' at the Buccaneer down the way.

Jet nods. Retarded rings up the items. Open-mouthed. Concentrating. Placing each in a paper bag.

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK (CONT'D)

That'll be -- thirty-four dollars and seventy-three cents, please.

Jett hands him some cash.

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK (CONT'D)

Out of forty --

(hands her bills and coins)

Five dollars and twenty-seven cents is your change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jett tosses the coins in a big plastic cup marked TIPS.

JETT
 (picks up the bag)
 Thanks. Have a good night.

She heads toward the door.

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK
 You, too.
 (after she's out the door)
 Give my best to your *friend*.

Retarded goes to the phone. Dials. Listens.

MILDLY RETARDED CLERK (CONT'D)
 I'd like to speak with the Sheriff,
 please. This is Lonnie down at the Stop
 and Gulp?
 (listens)
 I wanna report that Bonnie and Bride are
 holed up at the Buccaneer Motor Court
 over here in Seal Beach.
 (listens)
 So when do I get that reward money?

PUSH IN ON Retarded. Doing his duty. Excited.

INT. MOTOR COURT - BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Haven sits on the floor in front of the fireplace in bra and
 panties. Laughing. Crying. Makeup smeared. Hair a mess.

She's THROWING fistfuls of money into the flames.
 Jett walks in. Puts down the bag. Sees Haven.

JETT
 What are you DOING?

Haven ignores her. Tosses in another handful of bills.

JETT (CONT'D)
 (races over)
 WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Jett tries to grab money out of the flames, GETS BURNED.

JETT (CONT'D)
 OW, FUCK!

HAVEN
 Careful, it's hot.

Jett SLAPS Haven. She looks at Jett, wild-eyed. Grimacing.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Your BOYFRIEND came to visit while you
 were gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JETT

My boyfriend? What boyfriend? I don't
have a fucking BOYFRIEND.

(small voice)

I've got -- you.

HAVEN

Rush? Rush Madder? The one you said you
took care of?

JETT

I did! I knocked him out and threw him in
the ocean!

HAVEN

Well, he must have swum to shore, because
he was just here.

(nasty)

And I gave him his cut.

JETT

HIS CUT?

HAVEN

He said a lot of interesting stuff. Told
me a lot of stories about the two of you.
How you were dating back home in Kansas,
dealing drugs. How he tried to rape a
customer while tweaked out on meth, a
COP, and how you killed the guy. And then
the pair of you split for sunny
California.

JETT

That was over a LONG time ago.

HAVEN

That's not what RUSH said.

JETT

WHAT?

HAVEN

He said the two of you were gonna bump me
off and split with the money.

JETT

HE'S LYING. Haven, don't you see -- he
was making that up. I love YOU.

HAVEN

Then he saw the money, got greedy and
took half of it and split.

(slow, dreamy)

So I said *fuck it*. There's nothing left
to live for. So I started burning the
rest of the money, and now we BOTH have
nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She starts LAUGHING MANIACALLY.

JETT
Haven, he was LYING. He was --

Haven pulls out Jett's REVOLVER. Aims it at her.

HAVEN
Look what I found.

JETT
Haven. Put the gun down. Give it to me.

HAVEN
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

And she SHOOTS, wildly. A bullet HITS Jett in the stomach.

JETT
HAVEN. You --

Jett looks down. A small red stain appears on her white shirt. Starts slowly growing.

JETT (CONT'D)
SHOT me.

HAVEN
I thought we could be like Romeo and Juliet. A tragic love story.

She pulls out Jett's coke snifter. Does a bump.

HAVEN (CONT'D)
Man, that's good shit. My mind has been RACING thinking about what we could do. Thought maybe we could set fire to the cabin and go out in flames. That would be dramatic, huh? Right out of a movie.

Jett sits down next to Haven on the floor. But she's off somewhere, looking into the fire.

JETT
I love you, Haven. Listen to me. He was LYING, you gotta BELIEVE ME.

But Haven is in her own little world. Jett reaches over and tries to GRAB the gun out of her hand. She SCREAMS.

HAVEN
NO!

They wrestle for control, Jett now weaker, Haven on fire, almost an equal match.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The gun GOES OFF, BANG. A window SHATTERS.
Another BLAST. The TV set EXPLODES.
A third, BANG.

HAVEN (CONT'D)

Ow.

Haven SLUMPS over. Shot in the heart.

JETT

HAVEN! NO!

Jett freaks. GRABS Haven in her arms. Holds on for dear life.

JETT (CONT'D)

Baby, it's gonna be okay, it's gonna be
okay.

HAVEN

(a whisper)

You -- shot me.

JETT

I didn't mean to. I was -- just --

A siren WHOOP-WHOOPS outside.
Haven looks. She's starting to slip away. Eyelids heavy.

HAVEN

Looks like we have -- company.

Her flame flickers out. Gone.

JETT

Haven, NO -- *baby* -- NO, NO, NO, NO!

An ANGRY MALE VOICE comes over a bullhorn.

ANGRY MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Haven Crayce and Jett Targo, this is the
POLICE! We have you SURROUNDED! Come out
RIGHT NOW with your HANDS IN THE AIR!

Jett starts crying. Puts the gun in her mouth.
Closes her eyes.

But she can't do it.

ANGRY MALE VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

This is your LAST CHANCE! We have you
SURROUNDED! If you don't come out right
NOW, we're coming in AFTER you!

Jett goes to the window. Sees --

EXT. MOTOR COURT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A dozen SQUAD CARS. Lights blaring. Dozens of COPS, SWAT, with hand guns, assault rifles, automatic weapons. Half a dozen media trucks. REPORTERS. CREW. ONLOOKERS.

JETT

pulls away from the window. Holds her wound. Looks around the room. Sees a GAS CAN. Raises THE gun. Takes aim --

JETT

I'm so sorry, baby. It was gonna be so good. We had it all.

And SHOOTs it. It EXPLODES in a massive fireball. Burning money FLIES around in the air.

ANGRY MALE VOICE (O.C.)

COMMENCE FIRING!

The windows EXPLODE with bullets. Shots BANG-BANG-BANG, blasting HOLES in the walls.

Jett gets SHOT. She hits the floor, dying. Looks at Haven. Flames licking at her body. The peaceful look on her face.

JETT

But sometimes -- it just doesn't work out.

EXT. MOTOR COURT BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Everyone watches the house EXPLODE in a BALL OF FLAMES.

CAL SEELY stands next to his car. Shakes his head slowly. DR. BING appears beside him. They nod at each other. Look back at the fire.

DR. BING

I never did trust that dame.