

GAMBLERS

Written by

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INT. THE REX. 1939. DAY.

A swing band plucks along to the whirring of slot machines. Roulette wheels spin. Sleekly dressed women in sequins sell cigarettes to high rollers throwing dice that've been blown on for luck.

JAMES (V.O.)

Not many people heard of The Battle of Santa Monica Bay, but it happened, boy, did it happen. Of all the gambling ships that sparkled at sea back then, none was more widely recognized than Tony Cornero's, The Rex. See Cornero was a big time bootlegger during prohibition. After he got out of the pen, he took the fortune he made runnin' booze to the barren wasteland that was the dry coast of California, and put it all in The Rex. It was different. He was different. He built a boat that wasn't just for the high rollers but for every ma'n pa who crawled down the streets of Hollywood Boulevard looking for a good time. Cost just 25 cents to take the ferry out to his gamblin' ship. And boy it was where dreams were made...

SMASH! A Rum bottle is shattered on deck as a flapper dressed prostitute pulls a drunken player into a state room.

JAMES (V.O.)

And lost...

On the side of the ship, a man in a three piece suit stands over the rail, ready to jump. A crowd claws him back.

JAMES (V.O.)

But none lost as big as Cornero himself. Between the slots, roulette, craps and baccarat tables, Cornero was raking in over 20 grand a day. And that was in 1939. But all that fortune, it couldn't last long. See these floating casinos were built off the idea that there, 3 miles out into the bay, there they were safe. That there, they was out of California jurisdiction.

(MORE)

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That there, they weren't bogged down by the legalities of morality that consumed life on shore. Nah man, there, they were free.

A big band orchestra thumps a long as a woman with a feathered head-dress and elbow length white gloves spins a roulette wheel. Chips fly! Winner, winner, chicken dinner.

JAMES (V.O.)

But you can only rub somethin' in someone's face for so long, before they snap. DA's especially. Him and his pigs took a small fleet of Fish n' Game boats out to the gambling ships. And one by one, they boarded them all.

SPLASH! Slot machines are dumped into the drink, one after the other. They spill out pennies as they slowly sink.

JAMES (V.O.)

But not the Rex. Cornero wouldn't go down so easily. See to him, these men, these "officers of the law" well shit, they were no more than pirates, and he and his crew had every right to defend against pirates.

Fire hoses spray - the pressurized fury's unleashed on the LAPD by a rag tag crew who, on any other coast, could easily be mistaken for Mafiosos.

JAMES (V.O.)

He had his staff start sprayin'. And one by one they soaked the pigs. Hosin' 'em down, keeping them at bay. Till the cops, well they cornered them. They detained the ferry captains and trapped Cornero on his barge, along with the couple hundred other passengers who were out there with him. Three days in to the Battle of the Santa Monica Bay before Cornero even spoke to the pig. Yelled out through a bull horn, only to tell him to piss off.

The once sparkling interior of The Rex begins to lose its shine. The well dressed patrons lean up against walls, others sit on the casino floor. A brawl breaks out between two average schmoes who just can't take it any more.

JAMES (V.O.)

But cocky as Cornero was, DA knew he wouldn't last long. How do you catch a gopher? You block him in, and sweat him out. Six more days. Little less than a week, or a little more depending on your count. That's when Cornero surrendered. Said he was past due for his weekly hair cut. They marched him off the gangway in cuffs. Looked like he just gave himself up to the world. But I knew better...

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER. 1939. TWO NIGHTS BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

Four eight-year-old boys shove each other off a set of sea binoculars. A paper-boy in a newsie cap pushes his way to the lens.

Through the scopes, he sees The Rex.

The boy's eyes glow, this is JAMES, who from this moment on, is destined to dream, big.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT. BACKYARD. 1968. NIGHT.

Inside a badly draped canvas tent, James (now 37) holds a flash light under his chin. He tells his story to his son DANNY (8) and his best friend in the universe TRENT (8), who bites the collar of his Batman PJs as he digest the information. Trent always wants to be the hero, but he's more sidekick material, especially when he's put up against Danny.

JAMES

Now, everyone kept saying Cornero was gonna surrender. He couldn't run, he couldn't hide, he was trapped... they had him. But I knew he wouldn't go down so easily. He must've had millions on board. And no one ready to do anything's willing to part with that kinda money.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER. 1939. TWO NIGHTS BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

Young James pulls back from the binoculars. He rubs his eyes and looks again.

JAMES (V.O.)  
And that's when I saw it.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT. BACKYARD. 1968. NIGHT.

JAMES  
I wasn't much older than you boys are now, but I'd never forget it. The night before Cornero surrendered, I watched his crew drain bottles and bottles of rum. Dump all their liquor overboard. And that's when I knew he was up to something. Why else would a bootlegger run himself dry?

EXT. THE REX. 1939. TWO NIGHTS BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

The crew double fist dumps bottles of booze overboard. The liquid thumping out into the sea.

JAMES (V.O.)  
I kept watching, and watching. I used every penny I had watching through those binoculars.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER. 1939. THE NIGHT BEFORE SURRENDER.

Young James, now alone on the end of the pier, pulls pennies from a ratty sock that's stuffed in his pocket. He sinks them into the podium, one by one.

JAMES (V.O.)  
I couldn't sleep. I couldn't step away. He was up to something, and I had to know what. And then I saw it. The crew shuffling on deck, carrying a big ol' steel box.

The scraggily crew struggles to carry a safe on deck. They tip toe to the back rail as the LAPD snores on their fleet of Fishing and Game boats.

DANNY (V.O.)  
What'd he do with all that money?

The squeak of Danny's voice chops through the 1930s memoir.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Well, that's where it gets interesting. What's the only thing in the world that can make a bootlegger part with his booze? Money. The way I see it... Cornero dumped out the rum for one reason and one reason only. He needed the bottles.

INT. VAULT ROOM, THE REX. 1939. DAY BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

The crew of The Rex sticks their arms out portholes. They empty bottle after bottle of rum. The liquor thunks into the sea. One man takes a swig, only to be met with a swift hand to the back of the head. Empty bottles are pulled back inside through the portholes, like treasure.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Now it's just a theory, but see I think that Cornero, stuffed the bottles with bills. Every dollar he had...

Crumpled currency is shoved down the bottle necks. Sticks prod the notes down deeper and deeper, until it's corked. The bill-stuffed bottles are then placed in the safe. When the final row is stacked, the door is closed, the lock spun.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Then they waited until midnight...

EXT. THE REX. 1939. NIGHT BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

JAMES (V.O.)  
And did the craziest thing you could ever ask any man to do. They dumped it all overboard. Right under the snorin' snouts of the pigs of the Santa Monica Bay.

SPLASH! The safe hits the water, bubbling on it's way down to the abyss.

INT. TENT. BACKYARD. 1968. NIGHT.

The boy's eyelids are pinned open. Jaws practically hitting the tent floor, reacting the way any eight-year-olds would at the thought of treasure.

TRENT

What happened to the treasure Mr. McCoy? Did Correra ever go back for it?

JAMES

Well Trent, that much is just as much a mystery to you as it is to me.

DANNY

But Dad, if you like *had* to guess...

JAMES

If I had to guess...

James looks around real spooky like. The flashlight illuminating the corners of his scruffy face.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'd say that that safe's still down there, just waiting for someone to bring it up.

The boys stare at each other. HOLY SHIT.

DANNY

Why didn't you ever go after it?

JAMES

I'm scared of ghosts. And sharks...

He tickles Danny who screeches slightly. As his dad pulls away, Danny silently makes a pack with himself. He promises that he'll never let fear get in the way of treasure.

TRENT

What happened to Correro, Mr. McCoy?

JAMES

Cornero? He won a few court cases, lost a couple more. Got a new gambling ship, The Lux, but if you ask me it was just a cover.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

A way for Cornero to search for that long lost safe without anyone knowing it was there. But seein' as how Cornero was more a boozeman than a waterman, I don't think he ever drew up the courage to go down after it... His heart was split between building the new and finding the old, and he never could recover.

DANNY

Dad! We gotta go get that safe!  
What are we doing?!

Danny makes a break for the tent door, as James yanks him back by his superhero jammies.

JAMES

Well son, maybe someday you'll be lucky enough to find it. But for now? That's about enough for tonight. Lights out.

They rustle into their sleeping bags. James stands and flicks off a lantern. He walks out of the tent.

EXT. TENT. BACKYARD. 1968. NIGHT. JUST AFTER.

James chuckles his way back through a properly mowed grass lawn, all the way up to the backdoor of his house.

And then, a light flicks on from inside the tent.

INT. TENT. BACKYARD. 1968. NIGHT.

TRENT

Do you think your dad's full of shit?

DANNY

(super, duper serious)  
No Trent. I do not think my dad is full of shit.

EYE ROLL.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And I'm gonna prove it to you. I'm gonna find that safe, and the treasure's gonna be all mine.



TRENT

Ya, ok. We'll see about that.

They rustle into their sleeping bags.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKIFF. 1978. DAY.

Danny (now 18) is on the tiller of a small outboard engine. He hits a joint and coughs, hard, before passing it to a similarly stoned, teenaged Trent. At the bow, an old toilet clanks against the tin hull.

The nose of the boat is painted to look like a dinosaur jaw. "REX HUNTER" is sprayed on the side.

They idle to a stop.

SPLASH, an anchor is tossed overboard. Next, the toilet, it glugs as it sinks down into the abyss.

The two pull up their wetsuits and strap on their tanks.

They sit on the edge of the boat.

TRENT

I'm gonna kick your ass down there.

DANNY

Please. I'm gonna fill my goodie bag so fast yer head's gonna spin.

TRENT

Put your money where your mouth is.

Danny pulls on his mask.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Hey Danny, so you know I don't drink Pabst any more, only Heineken. You better surface with a lot of coin.

DANNY

Ya, I'll buy you Heineken the day you make it up with more than me.

TRENT

Is that a challenge?

DANNY

Hey, Trent, you should seriously talk to someone, about your new habit... Heineken's expensive.

TRENT

I'll remind you of that when you're buying the brick.

They do their secret over, under fist bump to solidify the deal. Then they roll off the side of the boat backwards as they fall into the bay.

EXT. UNDERWATER. JUST AFTER.

They descend into the depths. As the swim down through the endless blue, finally they approach a reef, teeming with life. Only it's no ordinary reef. It's made of toilets and porcelain sinks... and it's covered in lobsters! They've built their own artificial.

They dive around, plucking bugs off the structure, stashing them in their goodie bags.

But as they SCUBA 'round their drop zone, we begin to notice that this wasn't just their doing - suddenly we see slot machines, covered in barnacles...

They found it, the loot of The Rex. HOLY SHIT!

Only they're less interested in the antiques than we are. Far less interested. In fact, they're acting like they've dove here hundreds of times before, because, well, they have. Now, they're only searching for spinies, and that, well that tells us that there really ain't any treasure down here after all.

At least *that* kind of treasure. Because here he comes - lobsterzilla. It is absolutely the biggest bug in the history of lobsters, and it's all Danny's.

Oh, ya, Trent'll for sure be buying the brew.

Only lobsterzilla doesn't surrender so easily. He crawls between two slot machines... shit. He's a goner.

But Danny's no quitter. He gets on the side of the slot and shoves and shoves until it moves.

Ya, you can tell they've done this before. They've shoved this junk every which way, turned over every roulette table... and lobsters are the most valuable thing they've ever uncovered.

But beneath this barnacle crusted 5 cent slot, there's another Lucky 777 machine, and speaking of luck, for lobsterzilla, it's the perfect place to hide. But Danny has no choice, he's gotta get that bug. Afterall, Heineken's expensive.

He sinks into position, and flips the slot revealing a hoard of lobsters that scatter... but it doesn't matter, Danny's sites are set on lobsterzilla.

He lunges toward it, and in the struggle, a bit of sand flaps off the bottom...

Did you see that?

Was that, no -

Danny hesitates - lobsterzilla vanishes into the depths. He doesn't even care that he's let him go, he's distracted... or focused.

He hones in on the glimmer of what he just saw. He starts digging with his hands. He's digging and digging... he pulls off his fin and starts scraping sand away, until he reveals a rusted metal combination lock.

HOLY SHIT.

He fans away the sand to reveal the writing "Smith & Co."

HOLY SHIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!

He screams, but underwater it's all muffled with bubbles. He pulls his fin on and takes his dive knife out from his weight belt. He wraps on his tank, sending a sharp sonic wave through the reef. Trent's head perks up.

Danny waves him over.

Trent swims across the toilet studded sea floor. He signals to Danny, "What's up?".

Danny, digs at the sand again. The dial pokes out.

"HOLY SHIT" bubbles Trent. He starts digging. Danny grabs him and points to his gages. "Out of Air".

He motions him over to the slot machine, they place it on top of the safe, diagonally. / marks the spot, if you will.

Trent throws up a thumbs up, "up". They ascend.

But they stop to hover at 30 feet. It's time to decompress.

As they float across from each other, it's the longest two minutes of their lives. Their eyes wide, their fins tapping...

Finally, they surface...

EXT. SURFACE. JUST AFTER.

Trent spits out his regulator.

TRENT  
HOLY SHIT!!!!!! WE DID IT! WE DID  
IT!

He dunks Danny beneath the surface.

EXT. SKIFF. AFTER.

They peel off their wetsuits, and FREAK OUT.

TRENT  
I can't fucking believe you found  
it. We searched that whole reef! We  
must have dove there 600 times. The  
only interesting thing I ever found  
was a lobster with three antennas.

DANNY  
You found a poker chip.

TRENT  
A worthless piece of plastic.

DANNY  
History.

TRENT  
How did we never - HOW DID YOU EVEN-

DANNY  
Tides, currents, wind, swell...

TRENT  
Fate? I mean, that's the only way  
in the world. I mean, how did you  
- how would we -

DANNY  
How the fuck are we gonna get it  
up? We're gonna need help.

TRENT

No Danny. No. NO. No one can know about this.

DANNY

We have to tell my dad...

TRENT

No. Not until it's ours.

Danny pulls the outboard to a start.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Yo. Promise me. Not until it's ours.

DANNY

It's my dad!

TRENT

And he'll tell you it's not safe to go get it. You know he will. You know he will. Promise me.

Fine. Over, under bump.

EXT. SKIFF. MARINA. LATER - AFTERNOON.

The skiff is tied up to a dock. Trent hands up three lobsters to a man with a sweater tied round his neck and accepts a twenty in return.

Next, their skiff putts up behind a sail boat, only it's more like a sail yacht.

TRENT

Hello! Anyone home?

Out from the cabin, DENISE (18) pops up. She's as perky and preppy as a cheerleader ever could be.

DENISE

Ugh, Trent Williams, what do you want.

Then -

DENISE (CONT'D)

Oh, hi Danny. I, I didn't see you there.

Danny throws up a wave.

TRENT

Ya, listen Denise, is your dad around? We got the lobsters he ordered.

DENISE

No, but Daddy left some cash. Gimme a sec?

She dips away as Danny eyes... the winch?

DANNY

Yo, you think Daddy would mind if we borrowed some gear?

TRENT

No, I think Daddy would very much approve.

Danny hands the lobsters up to Trent. One by one they hit the deck, until Denise pops back out.

With two fingers she hands a couple bills over to Danny. There's also a number... her number.

DENISE

Call me sometime.

POP! She snaps a Bubbalicious bubble between her lips.

DANNY

Definitely...

Denise twirls back inside.

TRENT

How come you always get the girl?

DANNY

Cause you got no game.

TRENT

I'm going to tell her you're going with Christina.

DANNY

Now why would you do that?

TRENT

You can't have the entire cheer team bro. Save one for me.

Danny hands over the number.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
I don't want your pity.

DANNY  
Fine. I'll call her.

Trent shoves him.

EXT. SAILBOAT. DUSK.

As the sun begins to set, the skiff putts back up to the stern of the sailboat. Danny sneaks aboard with a screwdriver. He loosens winches and swoops spools of lines.

TRENT  
(whispering)  
Hurry it up slow ass.

DANNY  
Stop being such a bitch and shine  
the flashlight.

TRENT  
Nah-uh. My ass is staying just  
where it is, beside the throttle.  
If the cops come I'm leaving you.  
Pigs don't need any more reason to  
come after a black man.

SIGH. He's not wrong though....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKIFF. NIGHT.

Danny's at the bow with the "borrowed" supplies. The skiff is well underway.

DANNY  
Trent, your dive suit smells like  
piss.

TRENT  
That's your dive suit.

DANNY  
The hell it is.

TRENT  
Well I should know, I pissed on it.

DANNY

What the hell man?

TRENT

I had to get you back some how. You always get everything you want. First the treasure, then Denise, I've had a crush on her since the third grade man... shit, you could do with a little more piss in your life.

DANNY

You're disgusting.

As the skiff idles up to it's mark, SPLASH! The anchor is tossed overboard. Danny tugs the line twice.

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's set.

The boys pull up their wetsuits - ew - and their tanks. This time, they're each diving with two. They flick on their dive lights and roll over into the water.

They tie ropes round the entirety of the skiff, essentially positioning it as a counterweight against the surface. Next they rig pulleys beneath it. They give it a tug... ya this will work... eh-h-h will it? Only one way to find out.

They grab two shovels off the boat, and begin their descent.

EXT. UNDERWATER. JUST AFTER.

It's a night and day difference from this afternoon, literally. The water's pitched black with only two beams of light illuminating their descent.

Adrenaline masks shivers of fear.

They shove the Lucky 777 slot to the side, grab their shovels, and start digging. Before long, the entire facade of the safe is exposed.

Danny spies the large, silver handle. He thinks that maybe, just maybe, they can pull the safe up into an upright position with it. He motions to Trent.

The two start pulling, and pulling until - the front of the safe completely breaks off. They look at the hinges - Hallelujah for corrosion. That's what forty years underwater does to steel.



Inside the safe is rum bottle after rum bottle stuffed with crumbled cash.

Danny grabs one. They look at each other "up".

They hold at 30 feet to decompress.

I take it back, this is the longest two minutes of their life.

Finally they reach the surface.

They hug and scream!!!

DANNY

AHHHHHH!! Did you see that! Did you see that?

TRENT

Holy shit! WE'RE RICH!!!!

EXT. SKIFF. JUST AFTER.

They climb into the skiff. Still in their packs, they eye the bottle, twirling it, inspecting it, like it's made of rubies.

DANNY

Should we open it?

TRENT

Shit. I'm already half way through my first tank.

DANNY

God you're a heavy breather.

TRENT

Shoveling sand is hard dude. Look, it doesn't make sense for us both to be down there. We'll just burn through all our air. You go down, fill your goodie bag and send it up.

DANNY

I hate diving alone at night.

TRENT

What are you scared? Danny's scared to dive alone at night... aww wittle Wanny....

DANNY

There's sharks and shit out here.

TRENT

Alright, whatever. We'll just fill two goodie bags, decompress unload and do it all again. It doesn't seem efficient but, we wouldn't want wittle Wanny wo be scured....

DANNY

Hand me your bag.

He clips it on and swaps out his tank for Trent's.

TRENT

Hey, one tug when the bags tied up, two when the safe's empty, three for trouble. Ok?

Ok.

EXT. UNDERWATER. JUST AFTER.

As danny dives back down, it seems even creepier. And then, a 6 foot leopard shark cruises right by him. What'd he tell him, sharks and shit. It's not a man eater, but it's enough to make the hairs on your back stand straight up.

He dives down to the safe. He fills the goodie bag with bottles and bottles of cash. He clips the goodie bag to the line, tugs once, and watches as it's hoisted up out of the water.

He fills a second bag. And a third, and a fourth.

And it goes on and on and on.

And then he reaches the bottom shelf - it's stuffed with watches and jewels...

He folds strings of pearls into the mesh bag, drops in a pair of ruby earrings and diamond cufflinks.

Then he pulls out an emerald necklace, even at night, underwater, it shines. He pulls it around his neck, giggles.

Trent's gonna laugh his ass off when he sees Danny come up wearing this...

He swims over to the rope, ties off the bag and tugs twice.

He begins to ascend, in sync with the bag.

Then, he holds at thirty feet as the bag shoots up to the surface. Did you hear that? That rumbling? Nah, probably just his mind, messing with him.

He decompresses. Even with his regulator in his mouth we can see the giant smile creep across his cheeks.

He did it.

EXT. SURFACE.

But when he surfaces, the skiff is nowhere in sight.

DANNY  
TRENT! TRENT! TRENT!

He spins in a circle.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
TRENT! Oh my God.

He puts his head underwater, his light flashing in all directions. He's frantically searching for any remnant of the boat... And then it hits him: Trent didn't sink.

He left his ass.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
FUCK FUCK FUCKKKKKKKKK!

He starts slowly swimming to shore...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SURFACE, SLIGHTLY CLOSER TO SHORE. LATER.

HE. IS. STILL. FUCKING. SWIMMING.

Has he even made any headway? His body's definitely getting heavier now... and he's miles offshore still. He knows what he has to do. A tear streams down his face. He has to lose his tanks.

It's heart breaking as he shimmies out of them. He holds them for another minute in his hand, then he lets them go and watches as they fall.

EXT. SHORE. FIRST LIGHT.

As day breaks across the sky, we follow Danny as he seals onto the shoreline.

He crawls onto the dry beach, kissing the sand. He curls into the fetal position and breathes. No breath has ever felt so good.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. SANTA MONICA. JUST AFTER SUNRISE.

Danny slowly drags up the street. He holds his fins, defeated. His now dry head hangs, emerald necklace still draped around his neck.

He marches up his driveway, into his parents house.

INT. DANNY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM.

Danny plops onto his bed, wetsuit, sandy feet and all. He looks over to his left, and there on his desk is a rum bottle, filled with crumpled cash.

The bastard was here.

Danny walks over to it. He holds it in his hand. All that's left of a childhood dream. His "cut". 1 out of hundreds of bottles.

For a moment he thinks about smashing it, instead, he grabs a Mickey Mouse figurine and throws it decisively into the wall.

JAMES (O.S.)

Danny? What the hell was that?

James, older now, barges into the room.

DANNY

Dad!

Danny grabs his dad and starts sobbing. James sinks, whatever's happened, it's not good. He brushes the back of his son's long, sandy hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANNY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM. 22 YEARS LATER. 4 A.M.

The room's been fully made over, time and time again. But besides the blush accents and fairy lights, it's still essentially the same as it was.

Knock, knock, knock.

B (early 20s), rolls over in her plush pink comforter - it's the only overtly comfortable thing about her life.

Knock, knock. There's plenty of time given before the second knock and the door handle turning, but eventually, James, now in his 80s, walks in.

JAMES

B, sweetie, time to get going.

B looks around, panicked.

JAMES (CONT'D)

There's coffee in a thermos downstairs.

She breathes a sigh of relief.

B

Love you pops.

JAMES

Love you more Sweet B.

He closes the door.

B flicks on her light. She rolls around, looks under the comforter, under the bed.

She looks over at her window, it's wide open. She shakes her head and plops back down into the pink cloud.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now, B.

She pulls the pink blanket over her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE REX HUNTER II. MORNING. 2017 - PRESENT DAY FOR THIS STORY.

Danny, now late 40s, is scarred from the cynicism of what looks like has been a hard life. But here he is, still standing, holding on to a piece of his wonder.

He adjusts a gear and takes a seat, in the captains chair of "THE REX HUNTER II". It's a working boat... that one can hardly believe is still working.

The bow is painted with T-rex jaws, just like the skiff. His piece of history that he can't stand to part with. The deck is littered with repair gear.

He stares down as he fans out a handful of cards - straight, in Spades.

Across from him is his daughter, B, the only real treasure he needs in this life. She'd do anything for her dad, and that's why she's an underwater welder.

She's holding a pair of twos.

B  
I'm all in.

DANNY  
You tryin' to intimidate me B? With wut? Your pocket full of Cheetos and a crumbled up one?

He flicks through their weak ass pot.

B  
Plus two red skittles. Whachya make of that dad?

They may be betting like it's a joke, but the game is serious. Very serious.

DANNY  
Shit.

Danny throws his cards down. Folds. Ahh, that's right, she'd do anything for him, except let him win at cards.

B scoops the winnings towards her. She crunches the loose Cheeto.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
What were you packin'?

B  
Pair of twos.

CHOMP. Victory CHOMP.

DANNY  
Shit. A pair of twos! You get that from your mother. The gift of lying.

NATE (O.S.)  
Oy! Will one of you get off your ass and help here? Am I the only one working?

Ooopsiee....

For the first time, we notice that The Rex Hunter II is anchored beside an oil rig.

B  
Coming Nate!

B helps NATE (late 20s) onboard. He can fix anything, which is good cause he breaks a lotta shit.

She begins hoisting up the cables and chords that are connected to his rig.

She unclips a carabiner that runs across his chest. There's a moment, something's here, between them... or at least it used to be.

B shakes him off. And grabs his pack. Danny pretends he didn't notice... any of it.

Then through the radio -

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Rex Hunter, this is dispatch, come in, over?

DANNY  
(to radio)  
Go ahead dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
We just got word that there's a barge somewhere off the backside of Catalina that needs a weld job. Says a rivets come lose and they're taking in water.

DANNY  
(to radio)  
A rivet on the backside of Catalina? Can't they hold off on repairs till they get in to Port?

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Apparently they're not going to Port. It's a private vessel. Owner offered to triple your rate if you can get it done by sun down.

Danny looks to his crew.

DANNY  
You up for a dive B?

B  
Always.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
What's it gonna be?

DANNY  
(to radio)  
Tell em we're on our way.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Great. They said to hail them on  
channel 38 when you approach.

DANNY  
(to radio)  
Rodger that, 38, and their  
coordinates are?

DISPATCH  
You'll see 'em. They're over 300  
feet long Danny. Round the island  
on the West End. You can't miss em.

He hangs the mouthpiece and fiddles with the GPS. B takes  
over twisting the nobs.

B  
Triple my rate huh?

Danny shakes his head.

DANNY  
*Our.* Go set up. You're not diving  
at night.

B squeezes her dad's shoulder. She's heard this story before.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Oh and B, work *this* out...

B  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

Sure...

We'll just all pretend that this isn't happening.

Danny takes the helm, as B and Nate rig her gear. Once the  
engines are fired up, it's like the two are alone on the back  
deck.

NATE  
B. B! We gotta talk.



B  
About what?

NATE  
Us.

B  
There is no "us". Obviously. I thought we agreed on that, this morning, oh wait, you weren't here this morning.

NATE  
God, why do you always have to do this.

B  
Do what?

NATE  
Blow it up.

B  
Oh, I blew this up? Me? Not you who snuck out of my window at, when was it? 1am, 2? 2:15?

NATE  
You don't need to be so hostile.

B  
I tend to be a bit "hostile" towards men that sneak out my window.

NATE  
Men? How many guys are you inviting to stay over?

EYE ROLL.

B  
I told you pops was home!

NATE  
You told me "pops" was home. Not... Danny...

B  
Oh, so you'd stay the night if it was just pops home with us, but with my dad there... what four's a party?

NATE

He's my boss B. I didn't want to risk him finding out about us... Not like that...

B

There's nothing to find out about.

NATE

There could be.

B

Ya. Maybe I'll climb out of your window next time.

NATE

I'm sorry. I heard his car come home and I panicked.

But B's not taking it.

NATE (CONT'D)

B, I'm sorry.

She walks away, back towards the helm.

EXT. THE REX HUNTER. MIDDAY.

Radar continues to ping nothing on the horizon, diddly squat. But as they round the island, a shiver noticeably passes over Danny. Dispatch was right. You can't miss Vessel Lux.

Danny taps his touch-less screen.

DANNY

Huh. Their AIS is off.

NATE

I ain't ever heard of a ship that size being off the grid.

DANNY

What the fuck are they up to? And why don't they want to be found?

Danny tunes the radio to Channel 38.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(into radio)

This is The Rex Hunter hailing Vessel Lux.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
This is Vessel Lux, go ahead.

DANNY  
(to radio)  
We're here to weld down some  
rivets... you want us on the port  
or starboard side?

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Standby.

This is weird...

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Starboard side, approach from the  
stern.

DANNY  
Copy that.

As the boat pulls around we hear the radio voice explain the  
procedure.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
It's a pinhole leak on our aft. Our  
onboard diver marked the area in  
orange.

Danny looks over to B -

DANNY  
Onboard diver? Piece of cake then.

B pulls on her dive suit as The Rex Hunter drops anchor. Nate  
helps her load up her gear. He clips the carabiner.

NATE  
All set.

She pulls on a full face dive mask.

DANNY  
Be safe kiddo.

She nods, and SPLASH!

EXT. UNDERWATER, DIVING ON VESSEL LUX.

Thanks to modern tech, she's able to communicate with the  
surface through a radio in her full face mask.

B  
I'm approaching the hull.

EXT. THE REX HUNTER. CONTINUOUS.

On the surface, Danny bites his nails. Sure, she's a professional, but that's still his baby girl.

B (V.O.)  
Wow. They weren't kidding when they said pinhole. There's more paint on my fingers after I give myself a fucking manicure, than there is marking this leak.

DANNY  
(into the mouthpiece)  
Shut up and concentrate.

He thinks.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
(into the mouthpiece)  
And watch your mouth.

B (V.O.)  
I'm serious, remind me to call their diver next time I want to paint my toes. The precision on this...

DANNY  
(into the mouthpiece)  
Stop yapping and get 'er done.

EXT. UNDERWATER, DIVING ON VESSEL LUX.

There's the creepy glow of fire underwater, it's the only light that doesn't come from above. B welds the ship with ease. It ain't her first rodeo.

B  
Patched.

DANNY (V.O.)  
Great. Begin your ascent. Decomp time is two minutes thirty.

B  
I know how to read my gages dad.

B begins kicking her way to the surface.

DANNY (V.O.)  
Just get up here safely.

EXT. THE REX HUNTER.

Danny switches mouthpieces, he radios back over to Vessel Lux.

DANNY  
(into the radio)  
Vessel Lux, this is The Rex Hunter,  
over.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
This is Vessel Lux, go ahead.

DANNY  
Your pinhole is patched, my diver's  
on her way back up.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Standby.

We're standing...

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Sir are you the captain on board?

DANNY  
(into the mic)  
Yes sir.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Would you please identify yourself?

Danny eyes Nate.

DANNY  
(into the mic)  
My name is Natán Silva. Friends  
call me Nate.

Nate throws his arms up. What the fuck?

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Instincts.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Our owner would like to invite your  
entire crew onboard to thank you,  
personally.

Danny slides down beneath the helm. Now he's definitely out of their line of sight. His back's against the steering column. This way he only has to watch his front.

DANNY  
 (into the radio)  
 Well, that is incredibly unorthodox. We have other engagements -

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
 He insists. He'd like to offer you a tip for an expedited service.

PWOSH, B's come up.

DANNY  
 (into the radio)  
 Our diver's just surfaced. As soon as she's changed...

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
 Standing by.

Nate helps pull her on board as she begins stripping off her gear.

NATE  
 Your pop's lost it.

B  
 Again?

DANNY  
 (in a yell whisper)  
 B. B!

B  
 (in a yell whisper)  
 What?!

DANNY  
 I'm dead.

B eyes him up and down.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 I'm dead.

Is anyone getting this? Doesn't matter. She is...

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 (into the radio)  
 We're ready to come aboard. Total  
 number of crew, two.

EXT. DECK OF VESSEL LUX. JUST AFTER.

As B and Nate climb aboard they're welcomed by ALEXI (50s), a Russian in dress whites who could not be more unwelcoming if he tried.

ALEXI  
 You are the crew? The only crew?

B  
 We're a small operation.

ALEXI  
 And what are you? The wife?

B  
 The diver. B. This is Nate.

ALEXI  
 Follow me.

Alexi begins leading them across the deck. As they move, workers bustle in every direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE REX HUNTER. CONTINUOUS.

Danny is still on his knees. His binoculars barely poking up through the Isinglass. He's lurking.

DANNY  
 (to himself, or perhaps  
 the seagull on his bow)  
 What the hell is he up to?

Who?

CUT TO:

INT. VESSEL LUX.

Once they step inside the ship, it's clear that this is no ordinary tanker - there's reclaimed wood floors that get cooler the more fucked up they are. Arched, art-deco windows flood the inside with light and ocean views.

Vintage Neon signs hang like chandeliers, and incandescent lightbulbs stud the hallway like something out of old-school Vegas.

B  
What kind of tanker are you?

ALEXI  
Not one.

They approach an elevator. Alexi presses the call button.

INT. ELEVATOR. JUST AFTER.

The back wall of the elevator is a giant mirror. Written in a red-lipstick style font is the phrase "I Want to Fuck You".

B  
Why exactly does the owner want to meet us?

ALEXI  
Do you always ask so many questions?

B  
Do you always give such short answers?

ALEXI  
Yes.

EXT. OWNER'S FLOOR. JUST AFTER.

As the elevator doors part, two locked carts are standing by.

ALEXI  
What the fuck are you doing?

CART PUSHER  
Bringing back the -

The elevator door begins to close, Alexi slams his arm into it.

ALEXI  
Who authorized the transport? Who, AUTHORIZED, the transport?

CART PUSHER  
Engineering just cleared the leak-



The door tries to close again, but Alexi holds it back.

ALEXI

Did I miss something? Did you, Miss  
Cart Pusher fire all the security  
guards and give engineering their  
job?

CART PUSHER

No sir.

ALEXI

Then why the fuck are you  
transporting any contents of the  
vault without an armed guard?

CART PUSHER

I-I...

ALEXI

Bring it back.

CART PUSHER

But sir, the safe's been -

ALEXI

BRING IT BACK until armed security  
can escort you back to the vault.

He steps out of the elevator.

B

Should we...

ALEXI

Follow me. Now.

Alexi marches them down the hall, Nate and B eye each other.

They reach a large wooden door at the end of the hall. Alexi  
knocks, then enters.

INT. OWNER'S SUITE. JUST AFTER.

The two carts are quickly pushed inside.

CART PUSHER

'xcuse us sir...

B and Nate walk in behind Alexi. Where ROMAN (mid 20s) is  
sitting on a tufted sofa, waiting for them. He's got  
everything, expect patience.

So the fact that he's here, waiting, means that this is something... big. Behind him, a pelican dives into the water.

ROMAN

That's alright ladies, I'm guessing my resident hard ass has something to do with sending you back. Leave us for now, will you?

They nod and scurry out.

Roman approaches a bar stuffed with glass decanters. Above it a giant marquee sign reads: DRUGS.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Now, divers, please tell me you drink.

B

Absolutely.

NATE

Not on the clock.

B

I'm not on the clock.

Roman pours, then, hands it over to her.

ROMAN

So tell me, how does a pretty little thing like you wind up fixing big, broken things like this? And underwater no less.

B's more interested in making Nate squirm than sealing this deal, but she's not opposed to being hit on by this Billionaire, yes with a capital B. Like her ;).

NATE

How about you tell us why a ship this size called a welder for a rush job on a pinhole when they're only 30 miles from the Port of Los Angeles?

ROMAN

I don't like water coming into my boat.

B

So it is *your* boat.

ROMAN  
And my father's.

B  
It's quite -

ROMAN  
Big?

How, he's really harping on that. You think he's compensating?

B  
Different.

ROMAN  
That's the idea. Tell me, how she look down there? The ship.

B  
I think you should probably have a look for yourself. You ever dive before?

ROMAN  
Only into the deep end.

Nate can't stand another second of this, and B knows. Her mission's accomplished, but she's not done... yet.

NATE  
We have a long way to go tonight, can I ask why the hell you dragged us up here? I know it had to be for more of a reason than to hit on B.

ROMAN  
B? She has a name.

B  
Aubree.

ROMAN  
Roman, charmed.

NATE  
Alright, we're done.

ROMAN  
Your boyfriend is awfully possessive.

B  
He's not, my boyfriend.

ROMAN

His loss.

Nate can't help but agree.

Whoosh! The wooden door swings open. We recognize this hoodie-wearing-son-of-a-bitch. It's Trent (now 40s). The snake who slithered away, reincarnate. He bounces with each stride into the room.

TRENT

Who is this delightful creature?

ROMAN

This is B, she's the diver who's kept our boat afloat.

NATE

It was a pinhole.

B

It was no problem.

TRENT

Tell me "B", how did a girl like you wind up in an industry like this?

B

I like fixing things.

TRENT

And that boat, The Rex Hunter II... interesting name... how'd you come across it?

B

Guess my dad had a boat with the same name when he was a kid. It stuck.

TRENT

Your dad? Are you... close?

B

He's dead.

Say what?

B (CONT'D)

He knocked my mom up in high school, and then he went and drowned on some night dive before she could ever tell him.

B brushes her hair off her face. She's suddenly insecure. She definitely looks younger than she's saying.

B (CONT'D)

I have a great moisturizer.

What a cover.

TRENT

(choking)

He drowned?

B looks him dead in the eye, never blinking, never wavering.

B

Ya. His boat made it back, but he never did. Cops said it was a diving accident, and his friend was too chicken shit to bring the body back. All I had from him was a name, so I took it.

TRENT

I- ehmm. I'm - my condolences.

Beat. He can barely look at her, what a juxtaposition.

TRENT (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry for killing your mood. But, umm, uhh, this odd, but, umm, you're mother wouldn't happen to be, Denise Parker, would she be?

B

Ya.

TRENT

God, you look just like her.

B

You know her?

TRENT

Long time ago.

B

Small world.

TRENT

How is she, these days?

B

I wouldn't know. She ran off with a guy half her age a few years back.

There's the first honest thing she's told him.

TRENT

Sorry to hear that. Um, she was, always, um, special. If you do talk to her, tell her Trent Williams says hi.

B

I will. Hey, uhh, you didn't know my dad? Did ya?

TRENT

Um, listen, um...

For a man this powerful, we'd expect him to compose himself better. This must really be eating at him, which is kinda surprising since we're sure Danny's not the last guy he's fucked over.

TRENT (CONT'D)

The real reason that we asked you on board is, well as I'm sure you may have realized...

B

Your AIS is off?

TRENT

Ya. We'll be out here for the next three days, before we head down to Panama and we'd prefer if our location stay, off the record. Roman?

Roman walks over to the desk, he realigns a Rubix cube. Then, it slides open, and he takes out a small silver key.

TRENT (CONT'D)

My son, the puzzle master.

ROMAN

What's the point of having everything if you can't have fun with the little things?

He opens the money cart. Inside he takes out two bricks of cash. He walks them over to his father.

TRENT

In addition to your rate. I hope that you understand that your discretion -

NATE

We've welded drug runners before.  
Pongas that pop a leak, our silence  
is part of our package.

TRENT

But see, that there, that's exactly  
the kind of "slip up" we're trying  
to avoid. Roman?

He hands them two more stacks.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Do we understand each other?

B

Yes sir.

TRENT

Sir? I like you. Perhaps you'd be  
interested in accompanying Roman  
here to our opening gala? He could  
afford to date someone with a real  
job, for once.

ROMAN

Dad do you know how uncool you make  
me sound when you make the first  
move for me? I had every intention  
of asking Miss Aubree as my date  
for the gala.

TRENT

Forgive me.

B

A gala?

NATE

B!

B

Sorry, I don't have anything I  
could possibly wear to a gala. I  
mean my nicest dress is a romper.

ROMAN

There's a boutique on board,  
perhaps I can help you pick  
something out.

B

There's a boutique on board? What  
are you? Are cruise ship?

ROMAN  
Something like that -

NATE  
B we really should be -

B  
I'd love to go to the boutique.  
Nate you can wait for me back on  
the boat.

B drops the stacks of cash in his arms.

NATE  
B, you're not serious...

B  
I'll see you back on board.

ROMAN  
Come with me.

INT. VESSEL LUX, MAIN DECK. JUST AFTER.

As Roman leads B through the ship everything sparkles and she's counting down the seconds until her carriage turns back into a pumpkin.

Chandeliers drip in Swarovski crystals. Pop art of shiny lips hang sequentially on the walls. Real cherry trees blossom in the center of ship and they're lined with twinkling fairy lights. In one word, it's: INSANE.

EXT. THE REX HUNTER II. CONTINUOUS.

As Nate steps back on board, Danny's eyes widen. He's still cowering in the corner, and he's pissed.

DANNY  
(in a whisper yell)  
Where the hell is B, Nate?

NATE  
She's picking out a dress.

DANNY  
She's what?

NATE  
Mind telling me what the fuck is  
going on here Danny?



DANNY

I got a bad feeling about this.

NATE

Why are you sitting on the floor?

DANNY

Did they ask about me?

NATE

They asked about her dad.

DANNY

And? And what did he say when she told them I drowned?

NATE

"My condolences."

DANNY

Fucking prick.

NATE

What the fuck is going on here  
Danny?

DANNY

It's The Lux - Cornero's second  
ship. I knew that prick would pop  
back into my life at some point.

INT. VESSEL LUX, THE BOUTIQUE. CONTINUOUS.

A woman dressed in a funky Dolce blazer approaches them.

ROMAN

Babe, may I present, your first  
California customer.

BOUTIQUE BABE

Oh you're lovely. Tell me goddess,  
what is it that you desire?

B can't help but LOL. But, Roman will take it from here.  
She's in his world, where being treated like a God is part of  
the package.

ROMAN

She needs to look fabulous for our  
gala, I want her to turn every head  
on board.

BOUTIQUE BABE  
I can make that happen. But you  
Roman need to leave.

ROMAN  
That's not fair, is it?

BOUTIQUE BABE  
She's got to surprise you.

B  
I've got enough surprises, my dress  
doesn't need to be one of them.

Roman reacts - he's just been hit with Cupid's arrow.

BOUTIQUE BABE  
You can't buy that kind of  
confidence. But you sure as hell  
dress it up. Let me pull some  
options for you.

B browses through racks of skimpily hung silk dresses...

B  
So what do you do on this ship  
anyway?

ROMAN  
We travel the world...

B  
Where is it that you go?

ROMAN  
Anywhere with a coast. Macao,  
Dubai, Nice, Rio... they're just a  
few favorites.

B  
Oh, so, you get around.

ROMAN  
Not as much as it would seem.

B  
But, you throw parties all around  
the world? You must have a lot of  
friends to be able to fill this  
boat in all those cities...

She holds up a dress, he shrugs it off.

ROMAN

Let's just say my friends are the kinds with their own planes.

She holds up another, the nod of approval.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You have to have that. It would look stunning on you.

B

This one? What I'm supposed to putt out here on my rust bucket in that?

Roman looks at her.

ROMAN

You thought you'd be driving yourself out here?

B

How else does one get to the backside of Catalina?

ROMAN

By helicopter.

B

By HELICOPTER? You in the business of turning pumpkins in to carriages too?

We were thinking it, but she said it.

ROMAN

Something like that.

B

I can't take your helicopter here... how will I get home?

ROMAN

Look I'm only going to be here for three days, and I'd like to see you as much as you'd possibly allow me to. So, just consider the chopper like your private Uber. You can come and go as many times as you please. Though I hope you do more coming...

She's so shocked she blows right passed that creepy ass line.

B  
You can't be serious.

ROMAN  
Why not?

B  
It's gotta be like, I don't know...  
I don't even want to guess how much  
that costs. Each way.

ROMAN  
You undervalue yourself.

B  
Eh, it's probably because the guy I  
spent the last three years chasing  
ran out my bedroom window three  
seconds after he got what he  
wanted.

ROMAN  
He sounds like a coward.

There's a beat, a bat of the eyelash... B's not sure she can  
defend him, or that she wants to.

B  
Tell me this: did you do bad things  
to get all this money?

He shakes his head.

ROMAN  
I only learnt to play the game, and  
make my own rules.

B  
I better tell Nate to get going  
then, it seems like I have much  
more shopping to do.

ROMAN  
That's the vibe.

Then -

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
Hey Babe, radio up to Will at the  
helm will you? Tell them that Miss  
B has arranged alternative  
transportation.

BOUTIQUE BABE  
Absolutely.

EXT. THE REX HUNTER. CONTINUOUS.

DANNY  
He asked about it right? The name?  
The Rex Hunter? That's why they  
invited you on board...

NATE  
Seemed to me they invited us  
onboard because his son has the  
hots for B.

DANNY  
God you're such a chicken shit. If  
you want her, get her. Otherwise  
let her go on with someone else.  
This limbo you two are in, it ain't  
doing anyone any favors...

NATE  
How -

DANNY  
I got eyes don't I?

NATE  
It's not like that.

DANNY  
Ya it is. No one makes googly eyes  
for three years for something  
that's not "like that".

NATE  
I swear it's -

DANNY  
Say whatever the hell let's you  
sleep at night. But if you're not  
going to get her, don't bitch when  
someone else does.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Rex Hunter this is Vessel Lux,  
over.

Nate and Danny share a look... Nate approaches the radio.

NATE  
 (into the radio)  
 Go ahead.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
 Feel free to cast off. Miss B has  
 arranged alternate transportation.

NATE  
 (into mic)  
 And might I ask what alternate  
 transportation "Miss B" was able to  
 arrange out in the middle of the  
 goddam ocean?

DANNY  
 What'd I just get through telling  
 you?

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
 Mr. Williams has arranged for Miss  
 B to take the chopper back.

DANNY  
 0-1, Chicken shit lagging behind  
 the spawn of my greatest enemy. Now  
 cast us off so I can stand up  
 already, I gotta piss like a race  
 horse.

Nate takes the helm. He raises anchor and leaves her.

INT. VESSEL LUX. EVENING.

B and Roman cruise through the deck of the ship. Roman  
 carries two garment bags that are draped over his shoulder.  
 B's got three bags of heels, and another little blue one  
 filled with jewelry...

B  
 So what is that we'll be doing  
 tomorrow night?

ROMAN  
 Drinking, dancing... romancing.

She stops walking and leans in closer to him...

B  
 I don't want this to go to your  
 head, and this may be too soon to  
 say, but I gotta very good feeling  
 about these three days.

(MORE)

B (CONT'D)

They may just be the best three  
days of my life.

ROMAN

For a woman like you, an underwater  
welding, bad ass... I some how  
seriously doubt that.

Their lips dance just across from each other...

B

I guess we'll see tomorrow.

B pulls away.

ROMAN

To all the possibilities that  
tomorrow brings.

B walks up into the helicopter, Roman shuts the door,  
causally, like he just called her a Lyft.

INT. HELICOPTER. NIGHT.

As they take off she stares out the window. As soon as they  
soar up above the island, we can see just how close to LA  
they really are.

Her eyes never waver, never leave the water. Before long,  
she's descending, coming down...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. NIGHT.

B walks up her suburban street, her garment bag draped over  
her shoulder, the others resting in the bend of her arm. This  
walk seems familiar to us, it's just like the walk her dad  
did, with his fins all those years back. Except now, all the  
houses have been remodeled, well, all except for hers. Hers  
is still the same beach bungalow it once was. She cracks the  
door, slips inside.

INT. HOUSE.

There's not a single light on, but B moves through the house  
easily, like the blueprint was etched into her mind years ago  
when she was a teenager sneaking cigarettes on the front  
step.

She drops the bags by the door carelessly and walks into the  
kitchen, she opens a mint green fridge. There's a pan of  
lasagna waiting for her. On it there's a note:

"Left side no olives."

She sets the dish straight on the counter and removes the tin foil wrapping. She grabs a fork out daintily, as if she were playing "Operation". She holds the casserole in the kink of her arm and eats straight out of the Pyrex as she walks through the dark, dingy house.

She's clearly done this routine before, but this time, something's changed. Something old becomes new as her eyes move above the fireplace. She takes a fork full of lasagna. And stares at the mantle. There's the rum bottle still stuffed with bills, collecting dust.

She approaches it, and once her back is turned -

DANNY

You have fun tonight kiddo?

B nearly jumps out of her skin.

B

Jesus! Dad! You scared the shit out of me.

DANNY

Pay back.

She scoots beside him on the couch. Offers over the fork. He bites into the left of lasagna.

B

Hey! That's my side!

DANNY

Now we're even.

She steals the fork back.

B

Not yet we're not.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. B'S BEDROOM. THE NEXT AFTERNOON.

B stands in front of her mirror in a pink bunny robe. Her hair's freshly curled. She sprays hairspray once more, like she's trying to kill a mosquito. It's clear she doesn't do this often.

In her make up drawer she's got five tubes of foundation covered lipstick. She grabs one and opens it to the end nub.



Not this one. She opens another, there's even less left. She paints it on her lips.

A mechanics coverall is draped over a standing, oval mirror. Her couture gown hangs off a wood slit in her folding closet door. The dress dangles there, shimmering. It's easily 10 times nicer than anything in her house. In fact it may be nicer than the entire house.

She takes a deep breath.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

B walks down the stairs fully dressed, looking like she just stepped off a runway.

Danny snaps a photo through the shattered glass of his Droid. James stands beside them.

B

DAD!

DANNY

What? You never went to prom, remember?

B

You threatened my date with a shotgun, remember?

DANNY

You two stole my thirty pack and drank yourselves stupid in the back of my pick up, remember? You always like to forget that detail.

B

How do I look pops?

B spins. She is dressed to kill.

DANNY

Like trouble.

JAMES

Beautiful.

B

Don't wait up.

DANNY

Won't be able to sleep.

She kisses them both on the cheeks and struts out the door.

JAMES  
Whisky?

DANNY  
Whisky.

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR. CONTINUOUS.

Nate pulls the door open into a pub. He's rocking a flannel and a trucker cap.

He pulls out a stool. It's going to be a long night. He won't be able to stop thinking about her. He needs a drink. And a distraction. Desperately.

CUT TO:

EXT. VESSEL LUX. SUN DOWN.

As B steps off the chopper onto the deck of Vessel Lux, she's in a whole new world. The storage containers that appeared to be for shipping yesterday, are now half opened cabanas filled with velvet couches and winged arm chairs. Synchronized swimmers splash in the teal waters of an infinity pool that pours into the ocean. Chandeliers and swings seem to hang from the sky. If Ibiza and Tulum ran away to Phuket, this is the party they'd throw.

Women dressed as bunnies pass out cigarette boxes full of joints while shirtless men in bowties and cuffs carry coolers of canned Heineken. B walks through the deck in absolute awe.

SERVER  
Piña?

B  
Sorry, what?

SERVER  
Piña?

The server holds up a tray of pineapples, complete with pink paper straws and micro umbrellas.

B  
Thank you.

B struggles to sip the straw. She walks inside, with her pineapple.

INT. VESSEL LUX.

There are two female go-go dancers in gold bikinis splashing in a giant champagne coup. A male dancer in booty shorts fires off confetti cannons. There's vintage slot machines with cogs that actually turn, roulette wheels, and craps rolling in all directions.

Neon signs reclaimed from old Vegas hang hiply throughout the Casino floor.

This is a full blown gambling ship, in all it's 21st Century glory.

B fumbles with the pineapple. She looks around for an end table or something to set it on... finally she gives up, bends down and drops it on the floor.

But she's caught by CARSON (40s), he's hard to read.

CARSON

I saw that.

B

I'd imagine you did. I put a pineapple on the floor of a casino.

B walks quickly through the slots. Carson is hot on her tail.

CARSON

Well, then the least you can do is let me get you another - drink not pineapple.

He's too old for her.

B

I was already getting one.

CARSON

Perfect, I'll join you. You were talking about the drink, right?

They approach the bar. She turns around and faces him.

B

I don't drink with strangers.

CARSON

Let's get to know each other then.

B  
 Alright. Tell me, what do you do?  
 What do you have to do to get  
 invited on a boat like this? And  
 before you answer, you should know,  
 I don't drink with liars either.

CARSON  
 Are you asking what I do, for work?

B nods.

CARSON (CONT'D)  
 I work for the government and I'm  
 not allowed to talk about my job.

B  
 Bullshit.

No bullshit.

B (CONT'D)  
 Are you a spy or something?

CARSON  
 I work for the government and I'm  
 not allowed to talk about my job.

B  
 That's exactly what a spy would  
 say. You are a spy, aren't you?

CARSON  
 M'am I work for the government and  
 I'm not allowed to talk about my  
 job.

B  
 Well then, are there any people  
 here that I should watch out for?

CARSON  
 Loads.

B  
 To start?

CARSON  
 Him.

Roman walks up to the group.

ROMAN

B! You look stunning, couture suits you, almost as well as salt water. Ahh, and I see you've already met our resident spook, Carson.

B

I thought the only requisite of being a spy was that no one knows your true identity.

CARSON

James Bond doesn't introduce himself as Spy, Incognito Spy, does he?

B

So what, are you like trying to arrest Roman for operating a casino out here?

Carson looks at Roman, that was very direct. Oddly direct.

ROMAN

You tell her, I'd hate to rain on the very small parade you get...

CARSON

Vessel Lux is out of government jurisdiction.

B

You're 30 miles offshore here?

ROMAN

Catalina doesn't count.

CARSON

You familiar with maritime law?

B

I'm an underwater welder.

CARSON

Now I call bullshit.

Carson looks to Roman. True story.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Two very different people walk into a bar... my question is who's buying the drinks?

ROMAN

The man throwing the party. All the drinks are free. If you'll excuse us... but, do get me if you decide to sit at a Hold Em table. I'd love to cash in on your poker face.

Roman and B, step away from the bar.

B

So he throws parties for spies huh?

ROMAN

Please, he's not a spy. He's the IRS agent who was assigned to audit my father.

B

And you brought him here? To see all this?

ROMAN

You mean to spend a few days living a life he never dreamed possible? People who have don't want to take things. It's the have-nots you have to worry about.

B

Like me.

ROMAN

No you have everything.

B

Oh, that's right. I seem to have just forgotten where I anchored my 300 foot floating casino. You flatter me, and my imagination.

ROMAN

Care for the tour?

B

Don't you have more important people to interact with?

ROMAN

You mean actors and influencers and IRS agents? I decide who's important to me. The tour?

B  
The tour.

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR. CONTINUOUS.

Nate sips through the neck of a Coors Banquet. He stares at a TV that's playing some sports game. Not that he cares or could even tell you which one it is. He just needs something to stare at.

A BLONDE drinking a martini walks up to him. She seems quite out of place, but she's only here to get revenge on her ex.

BLONDE  
Hi.

NATE  
Hi.

She bites the olive off her toothpick. Smiles. Ahh, she'll do.

CUT TO:

INT. VESSEL LUX.

They walk back through the casino floor.

ROMAN  
Here we have slots, roulette, craps, poker, black jack... shit we even have Mario Kart.

B  
People bet on Mario Kart?

ROMAN  
See we're not Vegas, we're not Monte Carlo. We're Vessel Lux. People bet on anything they like. We had an artist lose 50 grand on a bet that he could swim three consecutive laps under water.

B  
How many he do?

ROMAN  
Not even one. Odd bets are popular among our clientele.  
(MORE)

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Our top non-trationals are chess,  
Mechanical Bull riding and spicy  
food challenges. We have four  
crates of ghost chiles on board at  
all times, just in case.

B

So you just let people bet on  
anything?

ROMAN

No. It has to take place onboard,  
so no sports - we found too many  
people were bribing athletes to  
throw the Super Bowl, and The World  
Cup. Which, of course wasn't a  
problem, until the games just  
became so uninteresting. Then some  
motorbike rider went to throw his  
run at the X Games and nearly died  
when he pulled out of a triple  
backflip so all of it had to be put  
to a stop...

B

So you've got some ethics...

ROMAN

Some.

B

And your dad?

ROMAN

Less...

Beat.

B

Well... umm.

ROMAN

You don't need to be afraid.

B

I'm not. I'm impressed.

Finally, she really is. He told the truth.

ROMAN

Took you long enough.



B  
So your casino's really different?  
From everything else, on land?

ROMAN  
You could say that. But you haven't  
even learned what the best part is.

He leans in and whispers to her -

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
We play for treasure.

B  
What?

ROMAN  
My clientele is, well, let's just  
say a lot of them have issues with  
the banking system. They have cash  
to burn. So of course, we're cash  
only. What you bring in is all you  
have to play with. No ATMs, no  
lines of credit. Just cash. Cold  
and hard.

B's eyes widen.

B  
And here I was thinking cash was  
dead.

ROMAN  
Only in certain circles. See in  
ours, it's almost worthless. Bets  
became outrageous, certain classes  
of people, to them, unloading a few  
hundred thousand in an evening felt  
like a relief, not a burden.

B  
It's so annoying that laundromats  
only deal in quarters.

Exactly.

ROMAN  
So I had a thought. What's the best  
part of any poker game? When the  
stakes get so high the guy rips his  
watch off his own wrist, the one he  
inherited from dear old dad, and he  
throws it down on the table.

(MORE)

ROMAN (CONT'D)

His opponent then sucks the wedding ring off his wife's finger as she's kicking and screaming. But he's gotta see his cards. Everyone's on the edge of their seat. That's when the game matters. So what is it that makes that so much more exciting? The value is in the object. It's not just an ordinary watch, it's treasure. And besides, what's a ship without treasure?

B

How does that even work? How does anyone even know that their wedding ring is worth as much as his watch?

ROMAN

The players decide. Before each game, all the players get to see what the other's got. If you say your original Dalí is worth as much as the pink elephant mascot head that Yanni puked in, in the seventh grade, so be it. They're of equal value.

B

But they're not.

ROMAN

But they are.

B

But they're not.

ROMAN

You know the only time you can ever truly tell how much something means to someone? When it's ripped away from them.

B

You sound like you're speaking from experience.

ROMAN

Don't act like you didn't notice your coworker's reaction when I offered to take you dress shopping. I knew right then how much you were worth.

B  
And? Am I expensive?

ROMAN  
Priceless.

Good save.

B  
So, can I see the treasure?

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR. CONTINUOUS.

Nate clears a pool table. His Blonde hangs off her cue.

BLONDE  
You're good at this.

NATE  
Not really.

BLONDE  
You're better than me.

NATE  
Ya but to be really good, you're supposed to never let people see how good you really are, you gotta keep your cards hidden. And if you can't do that, then you gotta go all in and shoot like hell. I can't ever seem to do either.

BLONDE  
There are cards in pool?

He sinks the eight ball.

BLONDE (CONT'D)  
Woohoo! So let me get this straight, you like to play games, don't you?

NATE  
Nah. I hate it.

BLONDE  
You're a bad liar, you know that?

NATE  
At least I try.

CUT TO:

INT. OWNER'S SUITE. LATER.

Roman walks B into his bedroom, he's been waiting to get her down here.

ROMAN  
Shut the door, would ya?

She hesitates.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
For security.

Oh no, don't do it, everything in her is telling her not to, but she does it anyway. Then, she walks over to the vault. He begins spinning the combination.

B  
It's vintage?

ROMAN  
Just the facade.

The combo pops down and there's a fingerprint scanner.

B  
It's steel?

He looks at her, surprised.

B (CONT'D)  
I'm a welder remember.

ROMAN  
I almost forgot, you look so good  
in that dress.

The vault opens.

B knocks on the outside of the vault door, like she's checking for studs.

It makes a slightly different sound as it gets closer to the hinges.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
What?

B  
It's quality.

ROMAN  
Walk in.

She does.

INT. VAULT.

The shelves of the vault are stacked with odd items - a framed work of art, an antique vase, a broken sea shell, a lamp... and there in the back is a rum bottle. THE BOTTLE.

B walks straight towards it.

B  
What's this?

ROMAN  
This is what my dad owes everything  
to. A fairytale.

B  
There's gotta be a story here.

ROMAN  
He found that, diving on a  
wreckage, and someone tried to  
steal it from him, nearly left him  
for dead.

Roman guides her away from it, back towards the end of the vault.

B  
Wow. No way... how'd he... get it  
back?

Saying that, hurt.

ROMAN  
He took it.

Roman leans in, about to kiss her, it is soooo not the moment. B squirms and then, Alexi interrupts.

ALEXI  
Sir!

ROMAN  
Alexi, perfect timing, as always.

ALEXI

Sir I must strongly advise against bringing unauthorized guests into the vault.

ROMAN

Chill Alexi. All the cash is back in the proper vault room. Thanks to her...

ALEXI

But unless she is depositing her treasure, I really must insist...

He motions for them to get out. They do. B exhales.

CUT TO:

INT. OWNER'S SUITE. JUST AFTER.

Alexi watches as Roman spins the lock shut.

ROMAN

You going to stay to watch us fuck to?

B is taken aback by that... and so is Alexi. He leaves, embarrassed.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

Which part, exactly?

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Alexi's just on edge because we've just come in from a round of ports in the Middle East, we're as loaded as we like to be before we hit Panama.

B

What's in Panama?

ROMAN

El Banco Royal. And they have a very big, space in their heart for the Williams family.

B

El Banco Royal, huh... so, you're saying that there's loads of money on board...

ROMAN

I'm not one to fear a little water,  
usually.

B

How much?

ROMAN

I can't say.

B

Well two carts full, at least.

ROMAN

At least.

B twirls around him.

B

I better go see if I can win some  
of it.

ROMAN

You like to Gamble?

B

Always.

B begins to walk out. Roman grabs her hand and holds her  
back.

She smiles, and it's all the invitation he needs. He pins her  
against the mirror. Hard. The glass shatters.

He means it to be sexy, but, it's scary.

A maid walks in. He eases his grip. B backs away from the  
mirror. Shaken.

MAID

Oh, beg your pardon sir.

... And walks out.

ROMAN

I really better learn to lock that  
door.

Roman can see that B is not into it.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, about that. I just  
didn't know my own strength, I  
wasn't going to -

B  
No, I know I um...

B forces a laugh still moving farther away from him.

B (CONT'D)  
It's seven years bad luck to break  
a mirror, you know that? So, may as  
well take advantage of your newly  
acquired shit luck... poker?

She walks out... more like runs.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR.

Door close. Door close.... B can't press the button fast  
enough. But Roman walks in, just "in time".

Written above them on the mirror is the red lipstick "I Want  
to Fuck You". They reflect beneath the message.

ROMAN  
I hope I didn't... scare you off.

B  
No, I just um, what's the point of  
having three nights if you, blow it  
all on the first.

The doors open, she walks out. Exhales. He still follows.

INT. CASINO FLOOR.

ROMAN  
Well, I -

B  
I'll play you.

She walks up to a table. She sits down. Roman sits across  
from her.

Roman drops 10gs in hundreds on the table.

ROMAN  
Five for me, five for her.

Cards are dealt.

And dealt, and dealt...



Before we know it, Roman's lost all his money.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
You're better at this than I  
thought.

B  
And you think so highly of me.

Roman takes off his jacket. He throws it on the table.

ROMAN  
You scared?

B shoves all her chips in.

B  
No. You're worse than I thought.

Roman takes off his cuff links.

B takes off an earring.

Roman takes off his shirt.

B takes off the other earring.

Roman takes off his belt.

B takes off her necklace.

Roman takes off his pants, he's now sitting there in his  
briefs and his socks in the middle of his casino.

Trent walks by behind them. He stops to watch. What the hell  
is his son doing? They only play games they can win.

B exhales, then confidently, stands as she slips off the  
sequins dress.

She's in her lingerie and heels. She definitely doesn't look  
like a welder. She's got cheerleader genes for sure.

B (CONT'D)  
All in.

She drops the dress on the table.

Heads turn and a crowd forms. But to them, they're the only  
two here.

DEALER  
Show em.

They both flip their cards.

Roman has a pair of Jacks.

B has a 2 and a 5, both in hearts. A keen eye would see that she only needs a 3 to have a straight flush.

ROMAN  
You little liar.

B  
Bluffer.

A fair distinction.

The dealer drops the last card in the river.

It's a three... of hearts.

ROMAN  
Fucking hell.

Roman throws his cocktail down on the table, glass shatters everywhere.

B picks up his jacket with her pointer and thumb. She shakes it off. Puts it on, drapes her dress over her shoulder, and walks out in her lingerie and heels.

Roman's still trying to figure out what the hell just happened.

Trent shakes his head, disgusted.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD. JUST AFTER.

She steps into the helicopter. It takes off and flies her home.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT. A HELICOPTER RIDE LATER.

B's back in her sequins dress. She steps up and knocks on the door.

B  
Nate! Nate!

She tries the handle, walks in.

INT. NATES'S APARTMENT.

She hangs the blazer on a hook to the left of the door, beside his slickers.

She kicks off her strappy heels.

She tiptoes past a bathroom. The light's on. The Blonde is fixing her hair in the mirror.

She tiptoes into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. NATE'S ROOM.

She walks in, hops in the bed, hikes up her evening gown, and straddles Nate in a way that feels very playful, like two kids trying not to wake up the parents.

She covers his mouth with both hands.

B  
Don't scream.

His eyes pin.

B (CONT'D)  
I need you to get rid of your date.  
No, not for that. No, I don't care.  
Ok, I do, but I don't have a right  
to and I know that. Dad and pops  
are parking the car. She's gotta  
go.

He shoves her hands off him.

NATE  
Why are you here?

B  
I need you to get rid of your date.

The Blonde walks in, in her white cotton underwear, she's whistling.

B (CONT'D)  
Who are you? What are you doing  
here?

B rolls off him. Crosses her arms, like she's interrogating her. Then she switches her sites to Nate.

B (CONT'D)  
Nate! Care to explain?

BLONDE  
Oh my god.

The Blonde grabs her clothes off the ground and barges out, SOBBING.

NATE  
Really? I would've called her again.

B  
No you wouldn't have. You don't call.

NATE  
I might've. I liked her.

B  
Don't lie to me Nate. You're a terrible liar.

NATE  
So I'm told.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT.

The Blonde barges through the door just as James and Danny are about to walk in.

JAMES  
I'd hate to see the other guy.

DANNY  
Think we should wait a minute?  
Let's give them a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM. 20 SECONDS LATER.

Nate pulls on his clothes.

NATE  
Why is your whole family barging in here at... what time is it?

B  
Three AM.

NATE  
Three AM?

B  
You were awake anyway.

NATE  
No I wasn't.

B  
Well, you had company.

He pulls on his shirt.

B (CONT'D)  
You're not going to say anything  
about the dress?

NATE  
The dress looks great.

B  
Thank you.

She spins as she walks into kitchen area.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT.

B opens the front door. James and Danny walk in.

JAMES  
Long night Sweet B?

B pulls out a chair at Nate's round table.

B  
Actually, I -

DANNY  
Tell me what the fuck's going on B.  
My patience is particularly thin in  
the middle of the night.

B  
It's practically morning for us.

DANNY  
Why are we here B?

She motions for them to take a seat. They do.

B

Cause Nate wasn't answering his  
phone. And this can't wait until  
morning. NATE!

Nate walks out and takes the last seat at the table.

B takes a long, deep breath.

B (CONT'D)

The Luxe is a gambling ship, and  
we're going to rob it.