

UNDER OLYMPUS

Pilot Script

For

A Limited Series

By

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UNDER OLYMPUS

FADE IN:

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

The Yucatan Peninsula, off the coastline of Mexico. A clear azure sky. Calm emerald waters.

A solitary 30-foot motorboat idles on the sea. On her bow, the freshly painted name of "LADY FUJIMO".

BOGIE (40's), ruggedly handsome, fishes from the stern. He gazes across the horizon, just him and the ocean.

His serene, sunburnt face suggests a seafarer at peace.

BOGIE (V.O.)

I don't recall how I got to this point...too drunk to remember.

A yacht floats into view. A MEXICAN YACHTSMAN works a fishing line at the stern rail. He's alone, a man of means by his attire. No other boats in sight.

The yacht drifts past Bogie's stern. The two mariners trade glances and nods...

MEXICAN YACHTSMAN

Buenas tardes, senior.

BOGIE

Hola.

They resume fishing. The Mexican leans over the side to attach bait to his hook.

Bogie vaguely observes him. A quiet, tranquil beat...

A DISTANT BUZZ. A *Corsa* speedboat approaches at top knots and races past the yacht. Braced over the bow, a SNIPER aims a high-powered rifle through a telescopic site --

ONE SHOT to the Mexican's head! The man flies backward and collapses dead on the deck.

Bogie keeps fishing. A look of world-weary resignation.

His line tugs and bends his fishing pole, snagging a catch. Exasperated, Bogie cuts the line free with a knife.

He dons a pair of rubber gloves, FIRES UP the engine, mans the wheel and motors toward the yacht.

He boards the stern with a mop, cleaning kit and a weighted plastic tarp in tow. Quickly wraps the dead man in the tarp and seals it with duct tape. Heaves the body overboard.

Then expertly wipes the stern clean of any evidence. Swabs the blood off the deck with the mop. Tosses the mop and the kit back into his stern. Then reboards his boat.

He steers away from the yacht and chugs out to sea. His eyes fixed ahead, his expression no longer at peace...

BOGIE (V.O.)

"Bogie the Body Snatcher" they called me, though Bogie wasn't my real name. Before that, I was "Bogie the Fixer"...

The scene ZIP-PANS TO --

EXT. MEXICO CITY BANK (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Bogie, across the street from a city bank, huddles with TWO MEXICAN CROOKS over a bank-floor plan on a car hood. He runs a finger across the schematic to locate the vault, his hand trembling. Takes a swig from a pint to steady his nerves.

BOGIE (V.O.)

I wasn't as good as I used to be.  
Got demoted to dirtier jobs...

EXT. NASSAU DOCK, THE BAHAMAS (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

ZIP-PAN TO a COLOMBIAN MOBSTER debarking his yacht. He hastens along a deserted dock -- dropped by a SNIPER BULLET to the back of his skull!

Bogie approaches from his docked boat, a body bag in hand.

BOGIE (V.O.)

It went against my moral grain, but  
I needed the cash to survive.

Kneeling over the Colombian, he pries a knife into the wound to dig out a bullet -- blood squirts in his face. He winces. Slugs down a shot from a liquor flask. ZIP-PAN BACK TO --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA (PRESENT) - EVENING

*Lady Fujimo* forges between low-lying cays, a speck on the vast sea. Toward...

Belize, on the mountainous coastline of Central America. The motorboat slows into its busy, congested port.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
 My boat was my only consolation.  
 Lady Fujimo...means "Fuck You,  
 Jack, I'm Moving Out."

EXT. BELIZE CITY - NIGHT

A picturesque Colonial urban sprawl, crowded with night life.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Packed with tourists and locals, hot young women at the bar.

Bogie sits alone in a circle of lounge chairs, surrounded by couples. Inebriated, nursing a drink in brooding silence.

A gaggle of cute FEMALE AMERICAN TOURISTS eye him from the bar, drawn to his good looks, talking amongst themselves.

One of them musters her courage and saunters over. She sits by Bogie, eying him flirtatiously. He barely notices her.

WOMAN TOURIST  
 Hey there. Wanna buy me a drink?

BOGIE  
 Not really.

WOMAN TOURIST  
 O-kay. Can I buy you a drink?

BOGIE  
 I'm just minding my own business.

WOMAN TOURIST  
 What're you, gay?

BOGIE  
 No, just picky. Don't be offended.

WOMAN TOURIST  
 I should be. Nobody ever kicked me  
 outta bed. I've got a fiance back  
 home that I left behind. Thought  
 I'd get a taste of the Caribbean,  
 maybe a fun hookup or two...

Bogie glances at her girlfriends watching them from the bar.

The Tourist chatters on, her VOICE FADING OFF...

BOGIE (V.O.)

I think all women before menopause  
should be filed into labor camps...  
baby makers to the left, sex  
objects to the right. Predators  
and cougars would be out. Hookups  
should be forced labor...so we  
don't have to talk to them. Fuck  
feminism. Misogyny rocks.

The Woman Tourist's VOICE FADES BACK IN...

WOMAN TOURIST

So uh, what if I invited you to my  
hotel room?

Bogie stares through her. She leans close in a vampy pose...

WOMAN TOURIST (CONT'D)

Would you say no?

BOGIE

Maybe not. If you'd ever shut up.

She reacts, a bit insulted. But Bogie isn't looking at her  
anymore. He stares toward the bar entrance in shock...

NATALYA (30's), a glam-attired Russian goddess, saunters in.  
Beautiful and ruthless. She spots Bogie and slinks over.

Bogie stares at her like he's seen a ghost...

BOGIE (V.O.)

I forgot to include man eaters on  
my "out" list. The black widows  
who prey on their mates...

The scene ZIP-PANS TO --

INT. KINGSTON, JAMAICA NIGHTCLUB (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Strobe lights over a dance floor of gyrating bodies. Bogie,  
dancing with a girl, stops to a vision at the entrance...

Natalya, decked out in glitter, framed against the flashing  
stobes, flanked by TWO MAN SLAVES on dog leashes.

BOGIE (V.O.)

The Cruella DeVilles, except that  
men are their Dalmation puppies...

ZIP-PAN TO Natalya and Bogie dancing together, floor fucking each other, their eyes locked in lust.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
The kind who get off on total control...

INT. JAMAICAN VILLA (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

ZIP-PAN TO an S&M bedchamber. Bogie, chained to a bedpost in a studded collar, crawls on all fours. In leather and spiked heels, Natalya rides him, spanking him with a riding crop.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
Manipulating you to their will,  
torturing you when you disobeyed...

EXT. KINGSTON STREET (FLASHBACK) - DAY

ZIP-PAN TO a stretch limo pulling out into the street. An angry Bogie chases after it on foot.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
Dumping you like yesterday's trash.

Natalya pops up from the open limo roof in a mink fur and taunts him, brandishing her naked body underneath. A BLACK STUD rises beside her. She openly tongue-kisses him.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
The kind you never wanna see again.

INT. DIVE BAR, BELIZE (PRESENT) - NIGHT

ZIP-PAN BACK TO Bogie's stare. Natalya steps over and gives the Woman Tourist an icy look. The girl retreats to the bar. Natalya sits across from Bogie. Long looks between them...

NATALYA  
*Privyet.* You look like shit.

BOGIE  
How the hell did you find me?

NATALYA  
Easy. I just GPS'ed "pussy magnet" and there you were. How are you?

BOGIE  
I'm not too sure right now. You kill anyone lately, Natalya?

NATALYA

I don't get that personal anymore.

BOGIE

What d'you want?

NATALYA

I've got a sweet deal for you.

BOGIE

You gotta be kidding me.

NATALYA

I don't kid. Are you here alone?

BOGIE

I've sworn off the female species,  
your kind especially. If only you  
didn't look so much like my wife...

NATALYA

This isn't personal, Yianni, it's  
strictly business.

BOGIE

"Bogie." Nobody calls me Yianni.

NATALYA

It's a job. Head of security.

BOGIE

I don't do that anymore.

NATALYA

No, you're Bogie the "Fixer" now.

BOGIE

Why would I wanna work for a  
twisted, hard-ass bitch like you?

NATALYA

Ten grand a week, plus benefits.

Bogie frowns at that, a sobering beat. Natalya rises and  
slides next to him. She leans in close...

NATALYA (CONT'D)

It's perfectly legit. You'll be in  
charge. You call your own shots.

Bogie shifts from her closeness, wary of her...

BOGIE

Since when have you gone legit?

NATALYA

Since I went corporate. It pays better. Everything's above board, as legal as the Golden Rule.

BOGIE

Yeah, I know your Golden Rule...do onto others, but do it first.

Natalya sighs, waiting for an answer. Bogie downs his drink.

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Where exactly *is* this gig?

NATALYA

Olympus Island. A luxury resort for the uber-rich. Hidden away, very exclusive. I own it actually.

BOGIE

Uh-huh. That's not my scene...

NATALYA

Yianni. You used to be the top expert in security. Do you really wanna be a janitor for criminals?

BOGIE

Criminals? You're one of them.

NATALYA

Not anymore, I swear. *Pashulsta...* I need your special talents.

BOGIE

I dunno. I'll think about it.

He rises and walks away.

Natalya watches him, her glacial eyes fixed on his back.

MEN'S RESTROOM

Alone at the sink, Bogie drenches his face in cold water. He stares up into the mirror at his reflection, struggling to make a tough decision. Lost in reverie...

BOGIE (V.O.)

My real name was Yianni Christos. A Greek-American institutionalized orphan with no family, no hope, no future. So I made my own future...

His reflection ZIP-PANS TO --



EXT. MIAMI OFFICE COMPLEX (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A glistening glass skyscraper towers over a Miami cityscape, reflecting the sun.

INT. OFFICE ATRIUM (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A circular court, office floors spiraling around.

On the ground floor, a Tesla-styled automobile sits on display with a banner, "SOLAR X -- THE CAR OF THE FUTURE."  
ZIP-PAN TO --

A younger Yianni, aka Bogie, walks around the circle of floors in a tailored uniform, flanked by SECURITY OFFICERS. Clean-shaven, confidence in his every stride.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
I made a bundle by turning office  
complexes into airtight boxes,  
impenetrable from intruders...

ZIP-PAN TO Yianni unlocking and inspecting a control box wired to spy cameras all around the building.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
That was my personal guarantee.

ZIP-PAN TO a security station. Yianni watches a bank of monitors, alert to every screen. ZIP-PAN BACK TO --

INT. DIVE BAR, BELIZE - RESTROOM (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Bogie's mirrored gaze is broken by a bar patron approaching another sink. He glimpses aside at...

INSPECTOR BOND (45), a black, stern-eyed British Bahaman policeman in white shirt and shorts, washing his hands.

Bogie stiffens, recognizing his face. He turns away calmly and casually -- then hastens out the door.

BAR HALLWAY

Bogie bolts to a rear exit door and plows outside. Inspector Bond rushes out of the restroom in pursuit.

EXT. BAR WALKWAY - NIGHT

A beachside promenade. Bogie darts into an empty cabana. He hides in darkness, listening to FAST FOOTSTEPS passing by.

The Inspector runs past and disappears around a corner.

Bogie waits it out in the cabana, catching his breath.

BOGIE (V.O.)

The recent past seemed to always catch up with me. Some homicide investigator from Nassau wanted to nail me for a cold-case cop killing that I had nothing to do with.

EXT. NASSAU DOCKYARD (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

ZIP-PAN TO a lone BAHAMAN POLICEMAN on foot patrol, crossing a street intersection. He notices an unlocked open gate to a private dockyard and steps over to check it out.

BOGIE (V.O.)

I mean, I was there...but I didn't kill the guy.

A SNIPER BULLET BLOWS OFF the top of the policeman's head! He falls in a bloody heap.

Bogie emerges from the shadows beyond the gate, his boat docked in b.g. Equipped with a mop, cleaning kit and a tarp, he approaches the gateway...

A DISTANT FLASH distracts him. He retreats back into the shadows and peers out toward...

A security camera atop an intersection traffic light, taking automatic photos every thirty seconds.

Bogie pulls a ski mask over his head and bolts out the gate toward the dead policeman. He throws the tarp over the corpse and drags it fast through the gate, leaving a telltale trail of blood. Another CAMERA FLASH behind him.

BOGIE (V.O.)

Ever since then, this Nassau cop had been stalking me. I needed to go someplace and lie low...where nobody could find me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLYMPUS ISLAND - DAY

A small, remote Caribbean island bordered by tall cliffs, its harbor choked with billionaires' yachts. An ultra-modern resort hotel dominates from a high promontory.

*Lady Fujimo* wends through boat traffic to an empty dock slip.

EXT. OLYMPUS DOCK - DAY

Bogie deboards his boat with an Army duffel bag, noticing a man waiting for him at the dock's end. He approaches...

SPIRO (40's), a hardcore Special Forces type with a bald pate and Marine Corps tats. Efficient and formal in a security uniform, he doesn't seem too happy to see Bogie.

SPIRO  
Mr. Christos?

BOGIE  
Just Bogie. Where's Natalya?

SPIRO  
I'm Spiro, I work directly for her.  
I'll be showing you around.  
(eying duffel bag)  
Are you a veteran?

BOGIE  
Army Corps of Engineers.

SPIRO  
No combat experience?

BOGIE  
Only with MP's during R and R.

SPIRO  
I see. Welcome to the Olympus  
Resort and Health Spa.

Bogie extends a hand to him. Spiro ignores it and moves on.

EXT. OLYMPUS RESORT GROUNDS - DAY

The ultimate in Caribbean-styled luxury. Spiro leads Bogie around a lavish pool area filled with SUNBATHING GUESTS. He points out security cameras high on walls...

Red laser-lit lens pan the grounds like one-eyed Terminators.

SPIRO  
Our cameras cover every square inch  
and blind spot on the premises.

They reach the end, the hotel perimeter fenced off. Beyond the fence, SECURITY MEN patrol the area in roving ATV's.

Bogie peers out, noticing their sidearms and stashed rifles.

BOGIE  
Why all the hardware?

SPIRO  
For the guests' protection. No one  
is allowed outside the resort.

BOGIE  
It looks pretty risky out there.  
No guard rails along the cliffside.

SPIRO  
That helps discourage outside  
intruders. The Olympus Corporation  
owns the island, so no towns here.  
No locals snooping around. We're  
as tight as a fortress.

BOGIE  
Uh-huh. So why the heavy guard?

SPIRO  
I told you, for protection.

BOGIE  
What's your job duty here, Spiro?

SPIRO  
I was the security chief. Your job  
now, it seems. I've been promoted  
to a management position.

BOGIE  
I see.

He gazes out at security patrols on foot. All armed, too.

SPIRO  
I personally trained every man on  
this team. They all answer to me.

BOGIE  
Well, I guess they're gonna answer  
to me now.

They exchange tight smiles. Instant dislike between them.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Bogie dumps his duffel bag on a king bed. He checks every  
room, scouring walls and fixtures...

In the bathroom he finds a *hidden camera* above a mirror and rips it out. Then a *wireless bug* taped behind a flat-screen TV. He dismantles it. Steps out onto a spacious terrace.

A third-floor view of the pool area. He sits at a patio table and juggles the two spy toys in his hands. Then gazes reflectively at the miniature camera. ZIP-PAN TO:

EXT. MIAMI HOUSE (FLASHBACK) - BACK YARD - DAY

An upscale home. Yianni, the younger Bogie, checks a miniature home-security camera on the wall of a rear porch, adjusting the lens. He glances toward the back lawn...

His toddlers ALEX and KATYA chase a mastiff around the yard.

His wife VANESSA (30's) mixes a salad bowl at a porch table. A Russian beauty whose features are similar to Natalya's.

She creeps over and encircles her arms around him, surprising him. The two embrace in a passionate kiss. She breaks it...

VANESSA

*Moya lyubov.* Maybe you and I can get some alone time tonight.

YIANNI

I wish. Don't count on it.

VANESSA

Have I told you lately how much I adore you, Bogie?

YIANNI

Not often enough. I prefer Yianni, though...I don't like "Bogie".

VANESSA

But you look so much like him... that rugged tough-guy look. It's the perfect name for you.

Smiles between them, another long kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLYMPUS RESORT - DINING ROOM (PRESENT) - EVENING

An opulent dining area, crowded to capacity with DINNER GUESTS. Bogie locates the bar and bellies up to it, signaling a BARTENDER...

BOGIE

Double bourbon, straight up.

He scans around the bar: mostly COUPLES, a few LONE FEMALES. Something peculiar draws his attention...

One woman with a husband, clearly pregnant. A single mother with an *abdominal lump*. Another with a *bloated belly*, almost full term. And many others in some stage of pregnancy.

The bartender brings his bourbon. Bogie takes a long sip, his eyes wandering down the bar. They stop on a loner...

GLORIA (late 30's), gorgeous in a slinky miniskirt clinging to her drop-dead body. Her tummy visibly flat.

Their eyes connect. Gloria gives him an inviting bar-hooker smile. Bogie ignores her, nursing his drink. A beat...

Gloria suddenly appears beside him, with that trampy smile.

GLORIA

You alone, slick?

BOGIE

(guardedly)

That depends.

Gloria slithers onto an empty bar stool next to him. She crosses her legs, her miniskirt scooting up her bare thighs. Bogie tries not to look, but it's not easy.

GLORIA

Gonna play Mister Hard To Get, huh?  
I'm good at that game.

She assesses Bogie from head to crotch...

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Nice bulge. Nine inches or just  
real thick?

Bogie frowns back with amazement. She shrugs cavalierly...

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Don't mind me. I'm on my fifth  
husband...five tiny dicks in a row.  
Herbert is too busy investing in  
real estate to pay any attention to  
my personal needs. I haven't had  
an orgasm in six months.

Bogie smiles at that. Gloria uncrosses her legs, restlessly opening and closing her thighs like sex bellows.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

BOGIE  
Bogie.

GLORIA  
I'm Gloria, as in glorious.  
(leans into him)  
So, Bogie...why don't you invite me  
to your hotel room?

BOGIE  
Why do chicks keep asking me that?

GLORIA  
Look in the mirror, sport. How do  
you like it, front or back door?

BOGIE  
I normally don't like talkers. But  
you put the class back into crude.

GLORIA  
Then we're getting somewhere.

Bogie turns flirtatious, flashing a killer smile...

BOGIE  
I prefer old-fashioned missionary.

GLORIA  
Perfect. What's your room number?

*Spiro* materializes from behind, interrupting them...

SPIRO  
Excuse me. The boss wants you to  
join her for dinner.

BOGIE  
I'm busy.

SPIRO  
It's not a suggestion, Army boy,  
it's an order. Right now.

Bogie sighs and gives Gloria an apologetic look. She shrugs,  
disappointed.

RESERVED DINING BOOTH

Natalya sits dressed to kill, slurping down oysters on the  
half shell. Bogie plunks into a seat across from her.

Spiro lingers nearby. Bogie eyes him like an annoying tick.

BOGIE

Your guard dog needs to loosen up his sphincter muscle.

NATALYA

He's my personal enforcer now. You don't want to get on his bad side.

BOGIE

Let me make something real clear. I like my privacy. I don't like bugs or spy cameras in my room.

NATALYA

Whatever you say. But stay away from the female guests. They're off limits. You're here to do a job, not score pussy.

BOGIE

What exactly *is* my job? G.I. Joe there seems to have more control over resort security than I do.

NATALYA

Come sit closer. Have an oyster.

Her tongue savors an oyster, her seductive eyes on him...

NATALYA (CONT'D)

They're good for horizontal sports.

BOGIE

Oh, so guests are off limits but you're not? I'm not your boy toy.

NATALYA

But you do it so well.

BOGIE

Rule Number One in my book: never sleep with the boss.

Miffed by that, Natalya's bedroom eyes turn to arctic chill.

NATALYA

These are my rules. Your job is twenty-four seven, no furloughs off the island. No screwing the guests and no screwing the staff either. You do that, I'll fire the little cunt and have her blacklisted.



BOGIE

I told you, I'm not interested in women. Either you explain to me what my role is here, or I'll hop on my boat right now.

NATALYA

You can't. It's under guard.

Reacting to that, Bogie jumps up and turns to leave. Spiro blocks his way, hard-eying him. Bogie stares him down...

BOGIE

What? You wanna dance, jarhead?

NATALYA

At ease, Spiro.

Spiro edges back. Natalya rises and draws close to Bogie, pacifying him with a gentle caress...

NATALYA (CONT'D)

*Moy dorogoy*, come sit with me...

BOGIE

No. And *he's* not gonna make me.

NATALYA

You don't have to prove your manhood for my sake, Bogie. You're a lover, not a fighter.

BOGIE

I want full disclosure, or I quit. What am I *doing* here?

NATALYA

I'm going to bed. We'll talk about it in my suite...

BOGIE

That's not an option for me.

Natalya tenses to that. Seductive again, with an edge...

NATALYA

That's up to you, dear. But one night you're going to join me, not because it's the smart thing to do, but because you want to. It'll be like old times, only even better. You sleep on that.

She slinks sexily away. Spiro follows, glaring back at him.

INT. BOGIE'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Bogie stews and paces on the terrace. He peer three stories below, searching the harbor dock...

In the distance, his anchored motorboat. TWO SECURITY GUARDS play video games on his aft deck, both of them armed.

Bogie scowls down at them and steps inside. He picks up a hotel phone and punches room service. A beat...

BOGIE  
(into phone)  
Yeah, I'd like a bottle of Jim Beam  
sent to my room. Thank you.

He hangs up and peels off his shirt. Heads into the bathroom and turns on the shower.

SAME SCENE - LATER

A KNOCK on the door. No answer. The door creeps open.

BIJOU (20), a pretty, ebony-skinned Haitian maid, peeks in and calls out...

BIJOU  
Room service?

The SOUND of a running shower. She enters cautiously with a serving tray of bourbon and two glasses. Lays it on the bed.

Bogie walks in -- stark naked and wet, a towel by his side. Bijou GASPS and shields her eyes.

BOGIE  
Oh hey, I thought I heard someone.

Bijou turns her back to him, embarrassed.

BOGIE (CONT'D)  
What, you never seen a naked guy  
before? Hold on...

He wraps the towel around his waist and ties it in place.

BOGIE (CONT'D)  
How's that?

BIJOU  
I will go now. Good day, sir.

She curtsies and beelines for the door. Bogie blocks her...

BOGIE

No, don't go. Stick around. Uh...  
I don't want that tray on the bed.  
Would you bring it out to the  
terrace, please?

Bijou picks up the tray and carries it out onto the terrace.  
Bogie follows. She sets the tray on the patio table.

BIJOU

May I go now?

BOGIE

Can you pour me a drink, please?

Bijou opens the bottle and pours a shot into one of the  
glasses. Bogie sits immodestly in his waist towel.

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Thanks. Now pour one for yourself.

BIJOU

No, no, sir, I can't...

BOGIE

I insist. You don't wanna offend  
a guest, do you?

She sighs and pours an equal measure into the second glass.

BOGIE (CONT'D)

You should be a bartender. Now,  
sit and have a drink with me.

Bijou sits reluctantly. Bogie toasts her and downs his shot,  
waiting for her to do the same.

She takes a reserved sip from her glass -- coughs harshly  
from the bourbon. Bogie smiles.

BOGIE (CONT'D)

So where are you from...what's your  
name?

BIJOU

Bijou. I'm from Port-au-France.

BOGIE

Call me Bogie. Are you married?

BIJOU

No, sir. I'm working my way  
through online English to get an  
interpreter license.

BOGIE  
Got a boyfriend?

BIJOU  
No, sir. And no...I have not seen  
a "naked guy" before.

Bogie assesses her, intrigued by her.

BOGIE  
You're very pretty. That's not a  
come-on, I'm just saying you should  
have young guys all over you.

Bijou squirms under his stare, nervous and self-conscious.

BOGIE (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm not a guest. I work  
here. Head of security...I think.  
I'd like to get the staff's point  
of view of things around here.

He rises and pours himself another shot, then nods down over  
the railing toward female bathers around the pool...

BOGIE (CONT'D)  
Like the women guests, for example.  
Nearly all of them are pregnant.

BIJOU  
Yes, I know. I see that often.

BOGIE  
Why would so many knocked-up ladies  
hang out in a vacation resort?

BIJOU  
Being pregnant is something to  
celebrate.

BOGIE  
Yeah, but why here?

BIJOU  
I don't know. All of them stay  
here for the full term.

BOGIE  
For the whole *nine months*?

Bijou nods. Bogie stares down at them with a baffled frown.

BIJOU  
I wish I could be pregnant. But...

BOGIE

But what? You can't?

BIJOU

I'm...how do they say in English...  
infertile. Barren.

Bogie sits and gazes curiously at her...

BOGIE

So you can never have a family?

Her face saddened, Bijou takes another sip of bourbon,  
inuring herself to the alcohol's burn.

BIJOU

No. No children.

BOGIE

I had a family once...a wife and  
two kids. There's an old saying:  
"Hope for the best but expect the  
worst. Then take whatever comes."  
Feeling sorry for yourself never  
pays off.

Long looks between them...a brief moment of connection.

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Bijou. I need you to do a favor  
for me. It's important.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATER

Bijou leads Bogie to another guest's door down the hall.

BIJOU

I don't know if this is allowed.

BOGIE

I'm head of security, so it's on my  
authority. Is anyone in there?

BIJOU

This couple has been gone for days.

She opens the door with her maid's pass key.

INT. GUEST'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Empty of occupants, looking lived in. Bogie explores around,  
searching for clues.

BIJOU  
What are you looking for?

BOGIE  
I'm not really sure.

He checks the bathroom, noticing something unusual...

A small *metal door* over the toilet like a medical depository.  
Urine specimen cups and plastic hospital bags nearby.

BOGIE (CONT'D)  
What's that for? Drug tests for  
the guests?

Bijou shrugs. Bogie peers into the bedroom and scans around,  
finding nothing of interest.

BOGIE (CONT'D)  
So you clean these rooms every day?

BIJOU  
All rooms on this floor. Sometimes  
I find things I don't understand.

BOGIE  
Like what?

Bijou looks around, then leans over a waste basket. She  
gropes through the trash, mostly balled-up Kleenexs...digs  
out an *empty syringe*. She hands it to Bogie.

BIJOU  
This. I find them in many rooms.

BOGIE  
A hypodermic? To inject medicine?

BIJOU  
No, no...to extract fluids. My  
doctor uses them.

BOGIE  
In what way?

BIJOU  
It's meant to take samples out of a  
woman's body...from her vagina.

Bogie puzzles over it. He turns to her...

BOGIE  
How did you know this couple has  
been gone for days?

BIJOU

It happens often. Guests just disappear, gone for a long time.

BOGIE

Gone from the island?

BIJOU

No sir, in the hotel. They use an elevator in the back of the lobby. None of us staff have access to it.

BOGIE

You seem to know a lot for a maid.

BIJOU

I watch things going on. I like to play detective sometimes.

BOGIE

Can you show me this elevator?

BIJOU

I have to get back to work.

BOGIE

I'll vouch for you.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY REAR - LATER

Far from the main lobby. A sign warns "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY". Bogie and Bijou stand before a down-only elevator with one downward arrow and a security keyhole.

BOGIE

It only goes down. Do guests come here alone or are they escorted?

BIJOU

With one or two guards. They seem happy. They're always smiling.

BOGIE

That's pretty damn strange. I wonder what's down there...

BIJOU

Don't you know? You're the head of security.

BOGIE

Don't remind me. I'm gonna have to look into this.

BIJOU

I could help you...you know, like they do on "CSI"?

BOGIE

I'll think about that. You should go back to work. Thank you, Bijou.

Bijou nods and leaves. Bogie stares at the security-access keyhole. His cell BEEPS. He switches it on and listens...

SPIRO'S PHONE VOICE

Where are you, Army boy?

BOGIE

In my hotel room, jerking off.

SPIRO'S PHONE VOICE

Orders from the boss. Go to your boat at midnight. Wait there.

It CLICKS OFF. Bogie shakes his head in aggravation.

EXT. RESORT DOCK - NIGHT

*Lady Fujimo* rests in her dock slip, the boat guards gone. Bogie approaches his boat on the walkway. An overhead light POPS OUT, jolting him. Semi-darkness around him.

Spiro and the two guards appear, dragging a white DOCTOR in a lab coat -- the man *gagged and bound*. He looks more angry than scared. Bogie frowns at him, as they haul him aboard.

BOGIE

What the hell's going on?

SPIRO

Take us out to sea.

EXT. MOTOR BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bogie steers out of the harbor into the moonlit Caribbean. He glances behind him...

In the stern, Spiro and the two guards struggle with the bound Doctor. He resists them with a crazed look, his gag loosening. He spits it out and yells toward Bogie --

DOCTOR

Don't you know what they're doing here?! They're fucking with Nature! Going against God!



Spiro KNOCKS him out with the butt of a Luger. To Bogie...

SPIRO  
Cut the engine. Stop here.

Bogie shuts off the ignition. He stares at the Doctor, sprawled unconscious. Spiro extends the pistol to him...

SPIRO (CONT'D)  
Finish him.

BOGIE  
That's not on my resume. I only take orders from Natalya.

SPIRO  
Just do it!

BOGIE  
Go fuck yourself.

SPIRO  
Right. When the going gets tough, you're totally worthless...

He turns and FIRES A BULLET INTO the Doctor's head! The body jerks, then lies still.

SPIRO (CONT'D)  
Clean up this mess and dump him.

BOGIE  
I'm nobody's fixer.

Exasperated by him, Spiro turns to his men...

SPIRO  
Throw the body overboard!

The two guards drag the corpse toward the side. Bogie blocks them. Spiro points the Luger at him. Bogie glares back...

BOGIE  
Is that your idea of cleaning up?!  
We'll all end up in jail--

SPIRO  
Or you could end up in the sea!

Shaking his head disgustedly, Bogie turns and restarts the engine. Spiro aims his gun at the back of his head...

SPIRO (CONT'D)  
Do the job, or you're shark bait.

BOGIE  
I'll do it *my way*.

He steers back toward the harbor. Spiro cocks his weapon.

BOGIE (CONT'D)  
Gonna shoot a veteran in the back?

Spiro uncocks and lowers the Luger, waiting to see.

EXT. HARBOR DOCK - NIGHT

*Lady Fujimo* bumps against the dock's end, her motor running. Spiro and his two guards climb off the boat.

Bogie steers her out and heads back to sea. Alone with the dead Doctor.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Bogie POUNDS a fist on a penthouse door with controlled fury.

Natalya opens it in sweaty exercise tights, a coiled jump rope in her hand.

BOGIE  
You lied to me! I'm not gonna be your fixer, Natalya -- or an accessory to murder.

NATALYA  
I don't know what you mean.

BOGIE  
Yeah you do.

NATALYA  
Honestly, Bogie, I don't.

BOGIE  
You gave a kill order to Spiro, thinking I'd go along with it. But I won't. I'll fucking quit first.

NATALYA  
I gave no such order. Whatever Spiro is doing, he's obviously out of control. He always was a loose cannon. I'll fire him immediately.

BOGIE  
You never stop lying, do you?

NATALYA

Why don't you come inside?

BOGIE

No more games. I got a job to do.

NATALYA

You're right, I made a big mistake hiring Spiro. I made a mistake dumping you, too. I should be punished for it...

She uncoils and offers him the rope, playing submissive...

NATALYA (CONT'D)

Why don't you tie me up and beat me? C'mon, Bogie. Come inside.

Bogie glances over her, fighting down the impulse. He turns and storms away. Natalya watches him coolly.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

The bar is closed, dark and deserted. Bogie slumps drunkenly over the bartop, guzzling from a house Jim Beam bottle.

Bijou approaches from the shadows in her maid's uniform.

Bogie acknowledges her with bleary eyes...

BOGIE

Hey...room service. Whaddya doin' here so late?

BIJOU

I have to stay in the hotel every night. It's part of my job.

BOGIE

That sucks. We're both trapped.

BIJOU

You drink too much.

BOGIE

No shit.

Bijou sits next to him, watching him with concern.

BIJOU

Why do you do that?

Bogie nurses on the bottle, deeply distracted...

BOGIE

I've done some bad things in my time...but I never hurt anyone. Used to be a law-abidin' citizen, y'know? Until I lost everything...

BIJOU

What? Your family?

BOGIE

Why d'you say that?

BIJOU

You said you had a wife and two children.

Bogie stares hard back at her. Then he gazes painfully inward, his eyes growing moist...

BOGIE

Yeah. *Everything.*

FAST-CUT TO:

EXT. FLORIDA OVERSEAS HIGHWAY (FLASHBACK) - DAY

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS. A two-lane bridge over the Florida Keys -- a family SUV speeds south, towing a sailboat.

VIEWED THROUGH the windshield: Vanessa drives, Yianni/Bogie beside her. Alex, Katya and the mastiff in the rear.

The SUV hits a bump -- a faulty trailer hookup *disengages* the boat -- it strays off into the opposite lane.

A Mack truck careens out of its way -- straight at the SUV!

INT. SUV (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Vanessa veers right to avoid the truck -- a SLOW-MO CRASH into the left side, shattered window glass flying! An airbag INFLATES against Yianni, crushing his face -- BLACKOUT.

INT. HOSPITAL (MOS) - DAY

Yianni awakens in a hospital bed with a wired broken jaw. A NURSE brings in the *mastiff* who's limping and all bandaged.

Seeing the family dog, Yianni screams in despair. He freaks out violently -- toppling his IV stand -- smashing a patient monitor -- breaking everything within reach.

INT. OLYMPUS HOTEL BAR (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Bogie's eyes glisten in the dark. Bijou listens riveted, feeling every ounce of his pain.

BOGIE

It was the worst fucking day of my life. I had to give Zorba away...

BIJOU

Zorba?

BOGIE

Our dog...the only other survivor.

His voice quavers from some deep artesian sinkhole of agony, remorse, anguish, self-loathing...

BOGIE (CONT'D)

I had to forget.

INT. THERAPY HALL (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A grief support group. MEMBERS sit before a lectern and listen to a MAN's sob story. Yianni sits in the back row. Haggard, unbathed, unshaved with a hard, bitter face.

BOGIE (V.O.)

But I couldn't. I'd been orphaned twice in one lifetime...I just couldn't handle it...

Unable to listen anymore, Yianni jumps up and storms out.

BOGIE (V.O.)

I had to find relief elsewhere.

INT. MIAMI HOUSE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Yianni staggers across the living room on an alcoholic binge, clutching a nearly empty liquor bottle. He blacks out and collapses to the carpet.

BOGIE (V.O.)

That really fucked things up.

INT. MIAMI OFFICE COMPLEX (FLASHBACK) - DAY

FAST CUTS. The atrium control box is wide open, its wires disconnected -- spy cameras dead -- the security monitors useless, TV snow on their screens. ZIP-PAN TO --

Masked KIDNAPPERS raid an office, guns drawn -- a SENIOR EXECUTIVE raises his hands in terror. ZIP-PAN TO --

ATRIUM GROUND FLOOR (MOS) - LATER

POLICE swarm around Solar X's car of the future, searching the building -- EMPLOYEES huddle in scared groups -- VP'S argue furiously -- Yianni's security officers, baffled and confused, look about for their missing boss.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
I fucked up. *Big time.*

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A rental car brakes hard, half on the sidewalk -- Yianni bolts out in his pajamas, hair-tousled and hung over. He races toward the office complex in a panic.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
Don't know why it happened, but it happened on my watch...it was my *personal guarantee.*

INT. MIAMI HOUSE (FLASHBACK) - EVENING

On a living-room flat screen, a Miami TV news broadcast...

TV ANCHORMAN  
The abducted senior executive was returned safely after the Solar X Corporation met the kidnappers' ransom demand -- the top-secret blueprints of the Solar X car's sun-powered PV cells.

Yianni sprawls on his sofa in the same pajamas, nursing a new bottle, watching the newscast. Drunk and dispirited.

BOGIE (V.O.)  
I was blackballed out of the security business...I couldn't get hired as a fuckin' night watchman.

INT. HOTEL BAR (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Bogie keeps talking, Bijou listening with heartfelt sorrow.

BOGIE  
I just dropped out...disappeared... a man with no name.

He looks up at Bijou through swollen, tear-stained eyes...

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Why do I drink? Why not. I get to feel numb, feel nothing. But it's not workin' anymore...I feel too much now. I feel *dirty and foul* -- no fuckin' good to anyone!

Bijou regards him with compassion. She lays a hand on his arm. Bogie flinches from her, pushing her away...

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Don't touch me...don't even get close to me. I don't want you to. I just wanna find a safe port.

BIJOU

A safe port?

BOGIE

Yeah, but nothin's safe anywhere.

BIJOU

Bogie, do you believe in miracles? Like an immaculate conception?

BOGIE

What're you, one of those Catholic voodoo freaks? No, Bijou. I don't believe in miracles.

BIJOU

I know of a safe port. An island south of here.

BOGIE

I'm just usin' that as a metaphor.

BIJOU

But it's *real*. You could get away from here and go there.

BOGIE

I don't wanna go anywhere...I just wanna do somethin' right...

He weaves, too drunk to keep his head up...

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Somethin' *good* for a change...

He passes out and slides off the bartop -- Bijou catches him in mid-fall.

BIJOU  
Bogie! Wake up...

She struggles to keep him on his feet, but he's dead weight. Stronger than she looks, she half-carries him out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA (DREAM) - NIGHT

Splash! A tarp-wrapped corpse hits the water and sinks deep under. The DOCTOR'S ROTTING FACE suddenly resurfaces and SCREAMS UP at us in a ghoulish DEATH RASP...

DOCTOR  
*They're fucking with Nature! Going  
against GOD!*

INT. BOGIE'S HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Bogie jerks awake, alone in his bed. He sits up, hung over. Sees the room-service bottle on a bedstand, a third full.

BATHROOM

He empties the bourbon into the toilet.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY REAR - DAY

A GUEST COUPLE heads toward the down-only elevator, flanked by Spiro and a GUARD. Spiro unlocks the security keyhole. The elevator door opens. They all step inside.

Bogie observes them from a hidden recess.

EXT. HARBOR DOCK - NIGHT

Aboard *Lady Fujimo*, the two guards watch porn on their cells.

All the dock lights go out -- moonlit darkness. The two jump up, draw their sidearms and grope blindly across the stern. They peer out over the gunwale toward...

A power-grid box on a dockway pole, jimmied open.

An unseen figure rushes up behind them -- a blackjack WHACKS their skulls, TWO TANDEM BLOWS! They topple over, out cold.

Bogie hastens to a storage bin by the galley and yanks out a *security tool box*.



He jumps down to the dockway with it. Then freezes to...

An approaching HOTEL GUARD, carrying something. Bogie sets down the box and grips his blackjack, ready for trouble.

HOTEL GUARD  
Hey. Are you Bogie?

BOGIE  
Who wants to know?

HOTEL GUARD  
I got a package for you. Couldn't find you in the hotel.

He hands over a zipper-sealed tote bag.

BOGIE  
What am I supposed to do with it?

HOTEL GUARD  
Bury it at sea, make it disappear. Orders from the top.

BOGIE  
From who exactly?

HOTEL GUARD  
I dunno, I'm just the delivery boy.

He walks away and exits the dock.

Bogie carries the tote bag aboard, checking on the downed guards. They're still unconscious. He sets the bag on the moonlit coach roof and opens it...

A *football-sized package* inside, wrapped in heavy plastic. Bogie peels away the top layer, the insides all bloodied. He unwraps the inner layer to reveal...

A *STILLBORN HUMAN FETUS*, covered in placenta blood. Bogie stares at it in shock. In the moonlight, it seems misshapen, limbs missing, its bulbous head like some freak of nature.

Bogie quickly rewraps it and zips the tote bag closed. He takes it below deck and stashes it in an ice cooler.

INT. HOTEL - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

In a secluded area, Bijou flirts with a young, off-duty GUARD. She spots a stain on his shirt and makes him take it off. He removes his uniform jacket and drops it to the floor, all his focus on her as he unbuttons his shirt.

CLOSE ON the guard's jacket on the floor...a hand plucks out a *key ring* and an *access card* from its pocket.

#### LOBBY REAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bogie carries his tool box to the down-only elevator. He picks out one of the guard's keys and inserts it into the security keyhole. The elevator opens.

#### ELEVATOR

The door closes him inside. One floor button on the wall. Bogie waves the access card over a sensor to activate it.

An LED screen lights up on a wall key pad: "ENTER PASSWORD".

Bogie opens his tool box and pulls out a decoder. He places it flat against the wall pad and switches it on. The decoder flashes numbers, unscrambling a four-digit password.

He enters the password on the key pad and pushes the floor button. The elevator descends.

#### BASEMENT LEVEL

An empty corridor. Bogie steps out and hides his tool box. He creeps down the hallway, turning a corner into a...

#### MEDICAL CLINIC

A *subterranean hospital* -- bustling with activity. DOCTORS, NURSES, LAB TECHS and SECURITY GUARDS move busily about.

Bogie ducks behind a laundry cart. He pulls out a used doctor's smock from its bin and throws it on.

Then blends in with the traffic and walks calmly through the clinic. He passes open doorways into...

Examination rooms with ultrasound monitors. PREGNANT WOMEN from the resort lie on beds in hospital gowns, their SPOUSES with some of them. PHYSICIANS consult with them.

Bogie moves on, eying security cameras in high corners. He glances into a lab room and slips inside.

#### LAB ROOM

Sophisticated medical apparatus, walls and furnishings in sterile white. A model lab of the future.

DR. GREGORY MUMM (60's), the head physician, orientates a group of new INTERNS. A British-accented geneticist, speaking with self-confident zeal...

DR. MUMM

The creation of *designer babies* has been banned worldwide for misguided moral reasons. But in here they're a reality -- thanks to my genetic engineering of DNA-altered eggs to produce the perfect embryo.

Bogie hangs behind the interns, pretending to be one of them. Dr. Mumm directs them to wall photos of mature fetuses...

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)

The Mumm Procedure goes beyond the boundaries of CRISPR-Cas9 genetics, using computerized DNA technology. Now parents can *choose* the genome codes of their future baby...

He points out a DNA checklist under each photo...

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)

Intelligence genes, athletic genes, hair and eye color, even gender -- all disease free, of course. The enhanced egg is implanted in vitro and taken to full term, while the mothers enjoy their nine-month stay in our resort. It's expensive and currently illegal, but it works.

He turns to an ultra-tech camera catheter on a lab table...

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)

A high-powered fiberoptic camera scans the uterus from the tip of this catheter. It can detect egg cells only days after conception.

He faces the interns with dramatic flourish...

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)

It's a brave new world of three-parent babies, gentlemen -- and we are the third parent. We're the *engineers of future society*. One day it will all be legalized and become tomorrow's genetics...

(smiles)

But why wait until then?

The interns laugh, all looking very enthusiastic.

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)

Any questions?

## INTERN 1

Dr. Mumm, what's the success rate of your fertility procedure?

## DR. MUMM

One out of three, but only at the implant stage. After that, it's a hundred percent foolproof.

## INTERN 2

Could there be any undetected DNA mutations during pregnancy?

## DR. MUMM

None whatsoever. We've had over sixty perfect deliveries so far -- and many very pleased parents.

Bogie eases away and slips back out into the clinic hall.

## BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Bogie hastens toward the elevator, tossing off the smock.

## BOGIE (V.O.)

So that was Natalya's deal. She was turning the banned science of test-tube babies into an illegal but profitable racket.

He stops behind the corner and peers ahead...

The elevator exit is now crowded with outgoing personnel and guests, among them a happy couple with a newborn infant. Security guards check badges and body-scan everyone.

Bogie looks around and spots a service-stair door. He skulks toward it, snatching up his tool box on the way.

## STAIRWELL

An upward flight of stairs -- gated and locked. Under the stairwell, a maintenance door. Bogie heads toward it.

## ELEVATOR SHAFT

One story high, a service ladder on the elevator wall. Bogie gauges the distance, a piece of cake. Then he looks down at the heavy tool box in his hand.

Bogie climbs up the ladder with one hand, the tool box cradled in his other arm. Rung by rung...an exhausting ordeal. Sweat runs down his face and stings his eyes. He blinks it away. Then finally reaches the top floor.

Unnoticed, a *laser-lit ceiling camera* focuses down on him.

HOTEL LOBBY REAR

Bogie exits a service door and scopes out the lobby. No one in sight. He hurries to a row of decor trees against a wall. Then kneels and slides the tool box behind a planter base...

NATALYA (O.S.)

Don't waste your time, Bogie.

He jolts up -- Natalya stands there, livid. Spiro behind her, a hand gripping his Luger in a shoulder holster.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

You forget our eyes are everywhere.  
What were you doing down there --  
spying on my clinic?

Bogie looks poker-faced between her and Spiro.

SPIRO

I'd like to know how he got past my  
boat guards...

NATALYA

Never mind that. Talk, Bogie, what  
are you up to?

BOGIE

I wanted to know the setup around  
here. It's my *job*, remember? You  
forced me to find out for myself.

NATALYA

I don't believe you.

BOGIE

Then terminate my employment!

NATALYA

I don't terminate. That's *his* job.

She nods at Spiro, who grins churlishly at Bogie.

BOGIE

Natalya, can we talk in private?

Natalya folds her arms with a suspicious glare.

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Not afraid to be alone with me, are  
you? A killer like you?

Natalya smiles at that. She turns aside to Spiro...

NATALYA

Leave us.

SPIRO

That's not a good idea--

NATALYA

Do what I say.

Spiro shrugs and saunters away, shooting a gun finger at Bogie. The two are alone.

BOGIE

Look, I don't give a shit what's going on down there. But let's talk *security*. Spy cameras and armed guards aren't enough. If I can infiltrate your clinic, *anyone* can. But I'll make it airtight. That's what I do.

NATALYA

Like you *didn't* do at Solar X?

BOGIE

I was grieving. It's different now. Let me fix your system the way I know best. I'll do a better job than that goon of yours.

NATALYA

Will you? I wonder. Our security *does* needs fixing. But would you do it *now*, knowing the truth?

BOGIE

You've got my personal guarantee. All you have to do is trust me.

NATALYA

I don't trust anyone.

Bogie leans closer, his hand caressing her inner arm...

BOGIE

Let's discuss it in your penthouse.

NATALYA

(laughs)

What audacity -- especially after you've been caught red-handed. You weren't so interested before.

BOGIE  
I changed my mind.

NATALYA  
Oh, and I'm the one who's a liar?

Bogie gives her his best killer smile. She can't resist him.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Bogie lies sprawled and naked, pinned to an L-shaped sofa. Natalya grinds him on top in tight leather, pounding him hard like a man. She climaxes even harder, SWEARING IN RUSSIAN...

Then rolls off him. A sweaty, breathless beat...

BOGIE  
You trust me now?

NATALYA  
Nyet. You can fuck me, but don't ever fuck with me.

BOGIE  
I wasn't planning to.

NATALYA  
Go ahead then, "Fixer". But don't meddle in my business...or you'll leave this island in a body bag.

She remounts him and starts grinding into him again. Bogie resigns himself to it.

INT. HOTEL POOL AREA - DAY

Bogie soaks wearily in a hot tub, aching and dissatisfied. He glances over at a woman lying on a poolside lounge chair in a G-string bikini, her ass side up...

Gloria, the horny guest he met in the bar. She catches Bogie staring at her and smiles.

Her paunchy husband HERBERT (50's) chatters on his Iphone in the shade. He switches it off and rises...

HERBERT  
I'm going back to the hotel room, gotta use my laptop.

He exits the poolside, leaving Gloria alone. She beckons Bogie over with a come-hither look.

Bogie hesitates, then climbs out of the hot tub and ambles over. Gloria smiles luridly at his muscular body.

GLORIA

I need some sun screen on my back.

She hands him a lotion bottle. Bogie sits and applies it to her back, lathering her bare bottom.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Mmmm, nice. Wanna go for a drink?

BOGIE

What about your hubby?

GLORIA

He'll be online for hours.

BOGIE

I've only got beer in my room. I'm on the wagon right now.

GLORIA

What else have you got?

BOGIE

Everything you need.

GLORIA

Yeah, I noticed. Let's go.

They both rise. Gloria collects her stuff and beelines into the hotel. Bogie follows close behind her.

Framed in a second-story window above, a face watches them from a hotel room...Herbert, the suspicious husband.

INT. BOGIE'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The two fall into bed, wasting no time. Kissing, caressing, Bogie working her like a pro, Gloria working him back...

GLORIA

I'm gonna make you feel like a million bucks...

BOGIE

Just don't get on top...

He peels off her bikini, fondling her. In a casual tone...

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Are you by any chance pregnant?



GLORIA

Hah! What a question...

BOGIE

I work here, Gloria. I know about the Mumm Procedure.

GLORIA

Mum's the word. I signed an NDA.

Bogie stops his caresses, searching her eyes...

BOGIE

So you are a client then. Have you been implanted yet?

Gloria gives up with a beleaguered sigh...

GLORIA

Fuck...you really know how to kill the mood, don't you?

BOGIE

Sorry. I just wanted to know. I mean, you are staying at the resort to make a baby, right?

Gloria looks away, her mood darkening...

GLORIA

I have to. My biological clock's running out. But I hate Herbert. I don't want his genes. Now he's making all the decisions over the DNA selection -- so our baby will be more like *him*.

Her sex drive is gone, her eyes a mix of misery and anger.

BOGIE

Look, I don't mean to pry. I'm just curious if you're pregnant. Did you start the procedure or not?

GLORIA

(offhandedly)  
Of course I did.

BOGIE

Then it's too late anyway.

Absorbing that, Gloria stares at him -- then she suddenly kisses him deeply in a desperate fever. Passions heat up between them...

GLORIA

Do it missionary, Bogie...I need a man inside me...a real man...

Bogie quickly strips off his bathing suit. He spreads her thighs wide and mounts her, penetrating her...

Gloria GASPS. She takes him in deep like a bitch in heat. The two make love like there's no tomorrow.

SAME SCENE - HOURS LATER

Sprawled in a spent sleep, Bogie wakes up...alone in his hotel bed. Gloria is gone.

INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATING ROOM - DAY

A fertility O.R. Under the glare of a surgical lamp, Gloria lies on a table, her feet raised in stirrups.

Dr. Mumm opens her cervix with a speculum, aided by an OB/GYN and an EMBRYOLOGIST, his top medical staff.

DR. MUMM

Gloria, did you shower earlier?

GLORIA

Why, I'm not clean enough?

DR. MUMM

Your vulva seems a bit inflamed.

GLORIA

Can we get this over with?

DR. MUMM

Very well then. Let's begin the procedure.

The OB/GYN turns on an ultrasound monitor, the Embryologist waiting with a specimen syringe.

Dr. Mumm guides a camera catheter into Gloria's cervix, watching her enlarged uterus on the monitor. He takes the syringe and injects the specimen fluid. A long beat...

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)

Done. Egg implanted. A few days, Gloria, we'll know if it survived and you're in fact pregnant. So let's hope for the best.

Gloria says nothing. She looks nervous and edgy.

INT. NASSAU POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

A busy police station, black Bahaman OFFICERS bustling about.

At his desk, Homicide Inspector Bond examines a surveillance photo with a magnifying glass. An old crime scene...

The Nassau dockyard photographed from the traffic-light camera: a BLURRY VIEW of the dead Bahaman policeman, sprawled before the gateway.

In b.g., a figure *behind* the gateway, holding a mop, cleaning kit and plastic tarp.

Bond peers through the glass: a PIXILATED FACE, vaguely resembling *Bogie*.

He hits a button on an intercom. Into the speaker...

INSPECTOR BOND  
Get me the district judge.

INT. OLYMPUS RESORT - BOGIE'S SUITE - DAY

A housekeeping cart by the open doorway. Bijou spreads out a map of the Caribbean islands on the bed. Bogie watches her with a world-weary look. She points out a tiny islet...

BIJOU  
*Anafi Island*. I have friends there  
with a guest house. A safe house.

BOGIE  
I don't get your drift.

BIJOU  
A safe port. We talked about it.

BOGIE  
I was too drunk to remember.

BIJOU  
What did you find out about that  
elevator? What's down there?

BOGIE  
Bijou, you don't wanna know.

BIJOU  
I have a bad feeling about this  
place, Bogie. Bad people here -- I  
just know it in my bones.

BOGIE

I won't argue with that. But we can't change the way things are. That's just hard reality.

BIJOU

You're too cynical. But I still have hope.

BOGIE

Well, that's where you and I are worlds apart.

He glances again at the map: Anafi, a small dot south of the Windward Islands.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLINIC ROOM - DAY

Gloria lies flat on a examining table in a hospital gown and cap, the camera catheter inserted inside her.

Dr. Mumm maneuvers it and watches the ultrasound monitor.

DR. MUMM

Where is your husband today?

GLORIA

Too busy on the phone.

Nervous and edgy again. Dr. Mumm pinpoints what he's looking for on the monitor screen...

DR. MUMM

Ah, there's the implanted egg...  
alive and well. So far, so good.

He moves the catheter a micrometer at a time, checking the rest of her womb.

ON MONITOR SCREEN

A highly magnified image of her uterus, scanning around like a rover roaming over a moonscape. It stops on...

A *healthy embryo* on the other side of the uterus.

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)

What the devil...that shouldn't be there.

He studies the fertilized egg, disturbed by it, then pulls out the catheter.

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)  
 Did you and Herbert have sexual  
 intercourse before the procedure?  
 You know that's not allowed.

Gloria shakes her head, tight-lipped.

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)  
 Gloria, there's another embryo in  
 your uterus. It can't be one of  
 ours...it doesn't belong there.  
 I'll have to do a biopsy--

GLORIA  
 No!

She jumps off the table. Pulls off her gown and cap and  
 dresses quickly in an agitated state. Dr. Mumm frowns  
 perplexedly at her...

DR. MUMM  
 But it's not the *designed implant*.

GLORIA  
 I don't care! I'm leaving...

DR. MUMM  
 But I'm not finished here--

GLORIA  
 Well, I *am*! I'm the paying client  
 here, I can do whatever I please...

She heads for the door. The Nurse blocks her, not sure what  
 to do. Gloria glares between them, nearly hysterical...

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
 You can't keep me here by force!

Ill equipped to deal with this, Dr. Mumm nods to the Nurse...

DR. MUMM  
 Escort her to the elevator.

The Nurse ushers Gloria out.

The doctor picks up a phone and dials a number. Listening to  
 a FILTERED VOICEMAIL, he waits for it to end. Then speaks  
 urgently...

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)  
 Herbert, it's Dr. Mumm. Please get  
 back to me. It's about your wife.

EXT. COAST GUARD CRUISER (MOVING) - DAY

The cruiser speeds across the Caribbean Sea toward Olympus Island. A lone passenger gazes out from the bow...

Inspector Bond, a stony, determined look on his face like some Bahaman version of Inspector Javert.

INT. OLYMPUS RESORT - HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

A frantic Gloria half-runs down the third floor, scanning door numbers. She finds the right one. A housekeeping cart outside, the door ajar. She hurries into...

INT. BOGIE'S HOTEL SUITE - SAME TIME

Unoccupied, a pair of women's shoes on the floor. Growing suspicious, she charges into the bedroom. It's empty.

On the terrace, Bogie sits with Bijou at the patio table and rubs her sore feet, the two deep in conversation...

BIJOU

I know we have no future together.  
But we can still help each other--

Gloria plows outside, startling them...

GLORIA

Bogie!

The two jump up. Gloria tries to speak, too out of breath.

BOGIE

Gloria, what is it? Sit down, hon,  
catch your breath.

Gloria collapses into a chair. Bogie and Bijou sit across from her, staring quizzically. Gloria blurts it out...

GLORIA

I got pregnant! Dr. Mumm wants to  
kill my baby...with some "biopsy"!

BOGIE

But you were already pregnant.

GLORIA

Well, no...actually I wasn't.

BOGIE

Excuse me?

GLORIA

I'm gonna file for divorce. I want this baby, a natural baby -- not some designer clone of my shitty husband. We've gotta get off this island before he finds out, I don't know what he's capable of...

BOGIE

What d'you mean, we've gotta get off the island?

GLORIA

Well...you're the father.

Bogie gapes at her. Astonished.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

It's your baby. I didn't screw anyone else, certainly not Herbert.

Bogie just stares, dumbstruck. Bijou regards him amazedly...

BIJOU

You got a *hotel* guest pregnant?

Gloria glares over at her with disdain...

GLORIA

Who *is* this girl? Are you screwing the maids now?

BOGIE

No, she's just a friend. I don't believe this -- you lied to me.

GLORIA

I didn't exactly plan it. I mean, I don't know...

BOGIE

*Jesus!* If the resort boss finds out, I'm gonna be in deep shit.

GLORIA

It could be worse than that.

BOGIE

Whaddya mean?

Gloria starts to speak, giving Bijou a suspicious glance...

GLORIA

Can she be trusted?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SAME TIME

Inspector Bond waits at the main desk. Natalya walks over with a cool, composed smile.

NATALYA  
May I help you?

INSPECTOR BOND  
Inspector Bond from Nassau City  
Police. You don't remember me?

NATALYA  
I'm afraid not.

INSPECTOR BOND  
I have a warrant for the arrest of  
Yianni "Bogie" Christos.

He pulls out an arrest warrant and shows it to her. Natalya looks blankly at it...

NATALYA  
I vaguely remember the name Bogie  
from somewhere, but I'm not sure...

INSPECTOR BOND  
That's curious, since you were the  
one who tipped me off to his  
whereabouts in Belize.

NATALYA  
I don't recall that at all. Anyway  
he's not staying at this resort.

INSPECTOR BOND  
He works here, according to your  
corporate payroll.

NATALYA  
Really? I wasn't aware of that.  
Let me check with Human Resources.  
Wait here, I'll be right back.

INT. HOTEL TERRACE - SAME TIME

Bogie and Bijou listen to Gloria...

GLORIA  
I saw something days ago, y'know,  
down below. Something I think I  
shouldn't have...



INT. UNDERGROUND CLINIC (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Gloria wanders down an isolated hallway, looking around.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
I was at an appointment, trying to  
find a restroom. I got lost...

She passes a delivery O.R. and stops, peering inside...

A rushed emergency cesarian under a surgical lamp's glare...

The OB/GYN pries a premature stillborn out of a MOTHER's  
opened belly -- the SAME DISFIGURED FETUS delivered to Bogie.  
The Embryologist takes it and tosses it onto a delivery pan.

GLORIA (V.O.)  
The head doctor wasn't there. I  
heard them say something strange...

As the OB/GYN sutures up the C-section, the Embryologist  
leans into him in an urgent tone...

EMBRYOLOGIST  
Dr. Mumm must never know about  
this.

Gloria hurries away in alarm. High above her, a red-eyed  
security camera focuses on her retreat.

INT. HOTEL TERRACE (PRESENT) - DAY

GLORIA  
What does it mean? Why did they  
say that about Dr. Mumm?

Bogie frowns to himself, trying to deduce the truth...

BOGIE  
I think he's being blindsided. He  
doesn't even know what's going in  
his own clinic. Natalya hires and  
controls the medical staff.

BIJOU  
Who's Natalya?

BOGIE  
The bitch who runs things, a real  
holy terror. Gloria, if she finds  
out about you, she won't let a  
witness jeopardize her operation.  
Murder is an easy option here.

GLORIA

My gawd! Then I do have to get off this island.

BOGIE

We all do. Bijou and me, we're now material witnesses to your story.

BIJOU

Anafi Island, Bogie. We must go there -- then she can have her baby in peace.

BOGIE

I really don't want you getting too involved in this...

BIJOU

I already *am* involved. An unborn child means hope to me.

Bogie's cell VIBRATES a text. He checks its screen...

*"Some cop is here to arrest you! Get out of the hotel!"*

BOGIE

Aw shit...

(thinking fast)

I gotta find Dr. Mumm. Bijou, have you seen him here....an old doctor, heavy set with a British accent?

BIJOU

British? Yes, I know who he is.

BOGIE

Do you know where he stays here?

BIJOU

Mount Olympus. They're private bungalows for the VIP staff...

(points out)

On that cliff over the harbor.

BOGIE

You happen to know *which* bungalow?

BIJOU

Number 12. I clean it every day.

Bogie rises quickly. The two women jump up, Gloria scared...

GLORIA

Bogie, what are we gonna do?

BOGIE

I want you two to go to the dock  
and stay there out of sight, close  
to my boat. Dock number two-ten.  
Just wait for me there.

BIJOU

Should we go now?

BOGIE

Right now.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gloria and Bijou hurry out the suite door. Bogie digs into his duffel bag...extracts a .38 revolver. He checks its bullet chamber. Fully loaded.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Bogie races down the hall and bolts down a flight of stairs.

An elevator opens onto the third floor. Inspector Bond steps out, accompanied by a concerned Natalya. They walk straight to Bogie's door.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Crowded with incoming and outgoing guests and staff.

Bogie hastens through the crowd, close to the congestion, seeking safety in numbers. He halts a distance before the main entrance, noticing...

*Spiro*, talking to a SECURITY GUARD.

Bogie U-turns and heads for the door to the pool area...

He passes *Herbert* -- Gloria's husband, in an angry state. Herbert recognizes Bogie. He points at him and shouts --

HERBERT

Security! Stop that man -- he  
banged my wife!

Bogie bolts into a run, plowing out the pool door.

Alerted, *Spiro* spots him. His security man turns to him...

SECURITY GUARD

Banged his wife?? Would that be a  
security issue?

SPIRO  
Never mind that -- c'mon!

They rush in Bogie's direction, impeded by the lobby traffic.

EXT. POOL AREA - SAME TIME

Bogie races around the pool toward the rear fence. Noticing a recreation hut close to the fence, he dashes over and disappears inside.

Spiro and his security guard search the pool area.

INT. RECREATION HUT - SAME TIME

Bogie interrupts a card game of CARIB MALE EMPLOYEES. They stare up at him. He begs them IN CARIB PIDGIN...

BOGIE  
Help me! My wife is after me!

The Caribs understand, CHORUSING IN UNISON, "Ahhhh!" They all jump up and rush to his aid, CHATTERING, hiding him under a pile of inner tubes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLYMPUS HARBOR - EVENING

A sinking sunset dims the island harbor into dusk.

EXT. POOL AREA - EVENING

The pool area is nearly deserted, no security men in sight, hotel guests leaving inside for dinner.

Bogie sneaks out of the recreation hut. He eyes a wall camera sweeping the rear side, waiting for it to pan away from the fence. Then he scales the fence and climbs over.

EXT. ISLAND GROUNDS - NIGHT

Under cover of darkness, Bogie creeps across the grounds toward the Mount Olympus bungalows high on a cliffside.

He ascends a coastal path that snakes steeply uphill along the cliff. Turns to check out the inland side of Mount Olympus...

A shuttle driveway climbs up to the main entrance of the bungalows. Too visible and public, roving guards and jogging guests along the roadside.

Bogie looks back up the steep dirt path, the only other way up there. He peers down toward the hotel...

HIS POV - POOL AREA

A clear view of the brightly lit pool grounds. A group of recognizable figures by the hotel entrance...

Herbert, Gloria's incensed husband, complaining to Natalya. She ignores him, glued to her cell phone...

An impatient Inspector Bond waits around in frustration. Giving up, he departs the scene into the hotel.

Spiro gives orders to his security team -- a *full batallion*.

EXT. POOL AREA - LATER

A TECHNICIAN shows his Iphone screen to Natalya and Spiro, a surveillance recording of the clinic hallway...

*Gloria*, witnessing the C-section in the delivery room.

Natalya stares aghast at the date-logged screen...

NATALYA

This happened days ago! Why didn't you catch it earlier?

TECHNICIAN

Too many security cameras. We can't track all these surveillance videos every single day.

Natalya fumes, furious. She turns to Spiro...

NATALYA

This is why I needed Bogie. If we don't find that bitch right now, heads are going to roll -- starting with yours.

SPIRO

Don't worry, I'm on it.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE PATH - NIGHT

Bogie treks up the dirt coastal path. A long ways up.

The path levels out close to the sea cliff, crashing surf far below. Bogie stops to catch his breath. He glances downhill...

Below the path, ATV headlights spread out in a mass search. One pair of lights turns his way -- approaching fast.

Bogie ducks out of sight behind wooded thickets.

A two-seated ATV brakes by the cliff. TWO SECURITY MEN step out and scan the area with flashlights. They turn to take a piss over the cliffside, ten feet away from their ATV...

Bogie dashes to the ATV, its engine running. He jumps in, shifts gears and speeds off.

The two men scramble after it, FIRING their sidearms.

Bogie drives out of range, skidding and careening up the steep path -- he nearly crashes off the cliff's edge! Steers onward, straight up to the top of Mount Olympus.

INT. MOUNT OLYMPUS BUNGALOW 12 - NIGHT

Dr. Mumm sits in a study alcove, taking medical notes and listening to a tranquil BACH ARIOSO on a stereo.

The door flies open -- Bogie barges in. The doctor jumps to his feet...

DR. MUMM

What the bloody hell--

Bogie aims his .38 at his head. Dr. Mumm backs off in fear.

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)

Who are you?! Are you a Catholic?  
A religious terrorist?

BOGIE

No Doc, I just need a hostage.

DR. MUMM

I don't understand...

BOGIE

No time for a debate...

He grabs him and hustles him fast out the doorway.

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Move it!

EXT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

Bogie shoves the doctor into the ATV's passenger side. He climbs behind the wheel and drives off in a hellfire fury -- back down the steep, precarious path.

Downhill, a dozen ATVs converge uphill on them, headlights blazing. RIFLES BLAST at Bogie's ATV --

BULLETS PING OFF the fender -- SHOOT OUT both headlights.

DR. MUMM

*Oh dear God!*

Bogie steers sharply to evade the BARRAGE. He drives off the path toward the harbor below. The ATV bounces over rough terrain, the doctor clinging on for life.

Without headlights, the ATV is a shadow. The guardsmen miss it in the darkness -- Bogie speeds right past them.

Almost to the harbor dock, twenty yards to go...

Dead ahead, a barrier of headlights FLASH ON -- a FULL-SIZED SECURITY FORCE, weapons aimed.

Behind the line, Natalya and Spiro jump out of an ATV.

Bogie brakes hard, skidding on the turf. He presses his gun muzzle against Dr. Mumm's head, shouting out...

BOGIE

If I go down, he goes down with me!

Spiro raises his Luger and draws a bead. Natalya stops him.

NATALYA

Don't be an idiot.

SPIRO

We don't need Dr. Mumm anymore -- we've got a dozen specialists who know his procedure.

NATALYA

We need Bogie alive to find Gloria. I think he knows where she is. That's precisely why I hired him, Spiro -- he's *smarter* than you.

Spiro glowers back. Natalya waves down the security line...

NATALYA (CONT'D)

Stand down! Let them through!

ATVs and gunmen move aside, leaving an open gap.

Bogie drives cautiously through the gap, slowing close past Natalya and Spiro. Bogie glares at Natalya...

BOGIE

I'm tendering my resignation.

NATALYA

You won't get far. Where's Gloria?

BOGIE

I wouldn't know.

An anxious Dr. Mumm shouts from the passenger side...

DR. MUMM

Natalya! Tell him to let me go!

NATALYA

Sorry, Doctor, you're expendable.

(to Bogie)

What exactly is your game plan?

BOGIE

Don't have one. See you in hell.

He drives on through the gap. Natalya calls out after him...

NATALYA

You've got nowhere to hide, Bogie!

I'll always find you!

EXT. HARBOR DOCK - NIGHT

Bogie hastens down the dock toward his motor boat, dragging Dr. Mumm along with him. Gloria and Bijou jump off a nearby yacht and run over to him.

BOGIE

Get on board! Quickly!

They all climb into the boat.

DOCK'S END

Security gunmen wait for orders, toting automatic rifles. Herbert, the jilted husband, hastens onto the scene. Natalya and Spiro reach the front line, their eyes on Bogie's boat...

SPIRO

What are we waiting for -- let's  
blow them all to hell!



NATALYA

And draw the attention of a hotel  
full of guests? I don't think so.  
(to security men)  
Get the cruiser boats ready!

Men dash away to a pier lined with docked resort cruisers.

Herbert suddenly pushes through the security line in a fit of  
jealous rage...

HERBERT

That *motherfucking cunt!*...

He snatches away a gunmen's rifle, aims it at Gloria on the  
boat -- SHOTS WILD, missing the boat altogether.

Spiro turns and FIRES his Luger point blank at Herbert --  
dead between the eyes! Herbert collapses to the ground.

SPIRO

We just lost a guest. His wife's  
gotta go, too.

NATALYA

They aren't going anywhere. We'll  
bury them at sea.

EXT. MOTOR BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bogie FIRES UP the engine and steers out. Bijou tosses off  
the mooring lines. Gloria and a chagrined Dr. Mumm cling to  
the stern, watching the activity on the beach.

BOGIE

Bijou, go below. There's a bottle  
of bourbon by the galley sink.

BIJOU

Is this a good time for that?

BOGIE

Please.

Bijou sighs and goes below to the galley. Bogie shifts to  
FULL THROTTLE, the boat chugging through the harbor.

Bijou returns with the bottle. Bogie opens and chugalugs it,  
gasping in relief to the bourbon's burn...

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck sobriety.

EXT. OLYMPUS ISLAND HARBOR - NIGHT

*Lady Fujimo forges at full knots into the Caribbean Sea.*

EXT. MOTOR BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bogie locks the wheel on automatic and turns to the stern, gazing out toward the Olympus Island shore...

In the distance, resort cruisers steer out from the pier, their decks mobbed with Spiro's security army.

Bogie drinks from his bottle, enervated by this whole ordeal.

The passengers watch him. Bijou comes to his side.

BIJOU

You feeling better now?

BOGIE

I'll never feel better.

Gloria joins them, eying the bourbon bottle. Bogie hands it over. She takes a long pull on it. Bogie hard-eyes her...

BOGIE (CONT'D)

You feeling any better, Gloria?

GLORIA

I've been meaning to thank you.

BOGIE

What for? You got me into this mess in the first place.

GLORIA

Give me some slack, Bogie. Okay, I admit it...I used you as a sperm donor. I should've never married that asshole.

BOGIE

Your husband is *dead*. Don't you even feel bad about that?

GLORIA

I just want this baby, and I needed the genes of a better man.

BOGIE

You don't know shit about my genes! Did I take a blood test? How would you know if I'm the right guy?

GLORIA

I sensed it in you, that's all...  
the perfect stranger.  
(smiles at him)  
Who knows? Maybe I'll get lucky  
with husband number six.

BOGIE

That'll be a cold day in hell.

Disgusted, he turns away to the helm.

BOGIE (CONT'D)

Bijou, where's that map?

Bijou brings him the map of the Caribbean. Bogie unfolds it  
across the coach roof and locates their destination.

BOGIE (CONT'D)

It's a long ways to Anafi Island.

BIJOU

We'll make it, I have faith in you.

BOGIE

Don't be too sure about that.

Dr. Mumm turns vexedly and staggers toward Bogie...

DR. MUMM

I demand to be released! Please  
take me back -- I've got patients  
to tend to. I'm an important man.

Bogie ignores him, studying the map.

DR. MUMM (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am? I'm a  
geneticist who'll change the world,  
the engineer of future society!

Fed up with him, Bogie turns to confront him...

BOGIE

Those crooks you work for don't  
give a shit about future society --  
only their rich clientele. Your  
Mumm Procedure doesn't always work.

DR. MUMM

How dare you say such a thing! My  
procedure is perfect -- I create  
perfect babies!

BOGIE

Oh yeah?!

He grabs him and hauls him to the galley entryway. Goes below and drags out the ice cooler. He opens it and unwraps the grotesque fetus packed in ice. Points down at it --

BOGIE (CONT'D)

*There's your perfect baby!*

Dr. Mumm stares aghast -- at the *frozen, deformed stillborn.*

DR. MUMM

*What? That...that can't be true!  
I monitor every fetus!*

BOGIE

*Apparently not -- not when things go horribly wrong. They keep a lot of secrets there.*

DR. MUMM

*But it's not possible!*

BOGIE

*You really don't know, do you?*

He slams the cooler lid shut. In a sudden fury...

BOGIE (CONT'D)

*They killed one of your doctors!  
Some poor fool who protested too much -- they blew his brains out!  
Same thing they did to Gloria's husband! A paying client! Doc, they're gonna kill us all.*

Gloria and Bijou look grimly on. Dr. Mumm drops to his knees in sobbing tears. Devastated, a ruined man.

Bogie turns to the stern rail and peers landward...

HIS POV - OLYMPUS ISLAND

Far in the distance, high-powered cruisers speed seaward in their direction. Searchlights scan the dark waters.

Bogie shakes his head ruefully...

BOGIE (V.O.)

*Everyone wanted a piece of me. All I wanted was to be left alone. My wanderlust days were over. I was now on a mission to hell.*

He turns middeck and douses the boat's lights, plunging them in darkness. Gazes back at his passengers in the stern...

A weeping Dr. Mumm on his knees. A scared Gloria and Bijou.

BOGIE (V.O.)

Now I had to protect two women with  
my life. One carrying my child...  
the other the dream of a child.

He climbs to the bow, balancing himself over choppy deep waters. Alone to himself...

BOGIE (V.O.)

But reality is a harsh mistress.  
It was unlikely that any of us  
would survive the night.

He gazes out to sea. Into the dark unknown.

BLACKOUT.

END OF PILOT.