

EYES OF FURY

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FADE IN:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - NIGHT

Moonlit forest canopy. A parrot calls and flaps away. A huge mahogany tree. Dense shrubbery.

SUPER: "Perak State, Malaysia"

A shape prowls -- a TIGER. It leaps onto a fallen tree.

GREEN EYES blink. It drops silently to the ground.

MALAYSIAN WOODCUTTERS huddle by a fire. Near them, a bamboo cage. A FEMALE TIGER. TWO CUBS. An empty cage. She sniffs and mews plaintively.

They douse the fire. Hands try a net in the leaves.

The deep AAOOM of the male tiger answers.

Hands grip machetes, spears, a beat-up carbine.

The tiger is a running BLUR. A man shrieks. An arm flayed to the bone. A spear flips harmlessly away. A man rolls away, his shirt bloodied. A FLASHLIGHT comes on.

The tiger is on the cage. Chews at it.

Men yell, throw sticks, SHOOT the carbine.

The tiger jumps. A machete cuts a rope. The net springs.

The tiger claws the net. Yells in Malay. Feet kick fire to life. Bloody hands shove the empty cage up. Prod the tiger in. SLAM the door shut.

INT. CHINESE GROCERY STORE - DAY

DOOR BELL TINKLES. A Manhattan store with jammed shelves. ERIC "RICK" STEWART (30), ruggedly good looking and confident, steps to the counter.

RICK

*Ni hao.*

GROCER LI (50), a thin, worried man, closes the meat case. He eyes his visitor's expensive slacks and shirt.

GROCER LI

May I help you?

In the back room, MRS. LI (45), stout and aproned, cuts up chicken with a cleaver. She watches.

RICK

I hope so. Do you have this?

Hands him a PAPER with Chinese writing.

GROCER LI  
No. We do not have that.

Rick lays a hundred dollar bill on the counter.

RICK  
Are you sure? It's for my anemia. My  
doctor says I need it.

Cleaver in hand, Mrs. Li confers briefly in Cantonese with  
her husband as she comes from the back room.

MRS. LI  
We no have this.

She slides the bill to Rick with the corner of the cleaver.

MRS. LI (CONT'D)  
You go now. Take money.

An ASIAN CUSTOMER peeks around curiously from an aisle.

RICK  
Well, do you know who might have it?  
Mister Xiang told me --

Mrs. Li heads around the counter. Rick backs up. She holds  
the blade of the cleaver close under his nose.

MRS. LI  
No "Mister Xiang!" Go now!

Trading the hundred for a ten dollar bill, he backs off.

RICK  
Okay. Okay. That's for your trouble.  
I already shaved this morning, thanks.

MRS. LI  
You not funny.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Rick snaps a picture of the storefront with his phone. Mrs.  
Li throws his ten dollars on the ground. He strolls off.

EXT. ANOTHER GROCERY STOREFRONT - DAY

Rick peers in the window. A SHADOW appears behind him.

GEORGIE  
Looking for tiger bones?

He spins around, then laughs. It is GEORGIE (45), a slightly  
chunky Chinese man.

RICK  
Georgie!

They embrace, laughing.

GEORGIE  
He doesn't know anything.  
(nods up the street)  
Did you try Mrs. Li yet?

Rick realizes he saw him come out. They laugh louder.

RICK  
She tried to shave me! But I was  
coming to see you. How are you? How's  
gold doing?

GEORGIE  
Oh, no margin. But platinum! You  
know where I can get platinum?

INT. GEORGIE'S PAWNSHOP - DAY

Rick fingers Chinese beads among shelves of junk. Georgie  
brings a pot of tea from the back room.

GEORGIE  
You're always in a hurry, Ricky. You  
should take more time. Just be.

He pours tea in cups on a brass platter. Rick prowls casually.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)  
There are other things than tigers.  
Maybe more important. I worry about  
you, Ricky.

RICK  
Don't worry about me.  
(checks phone)  
I'm supposed to have lunch with a  
young lady - a researcher I've never  
met. Her boss invited me!

GEORGIE  
Ah, ha! I hope she's beautiful!

RICK  
Me too. So, do you have anything?

GEORGIE  
I told you. I haven't heard anything  
about tigers. No. Mrs. Li liked your  
prescription? Let me see it.

RICK  
(embarrassed)  
She kept it.

GEORGIE

(laughs)

You want me to write you a new one?  
Your calligraphy is not so good, you  
know. Let me get some paper. Powdered  
tiger bones? For anemia?

Georgie goes into the back room chuckling.

RICK

Yes, that's right. Thanks, Georgie.

Rick picks up a *Kuan Yin* statuette and sets it on the desk.

GEORGIE (O.S.)

I can get you a good coach for your  
calligraphy. In San Francisco, too.

Rick sees a note with Chinese characters on the desk.

RICK

Thanks, but no... You branching out  
into the escort business, Georgie?

Georgie returns, no longer so cheerful.

RICK (CONT'D)

You doing some business in Washington?

Georgie looks at Rick with reproach. He takes the note from  
him with deliberate calm and puts it in his pocket.

GEORGIE

You need lessons - in keeping out of  
people's business. You're a good  
guy, Ricky, but you get too snoopy --

RICK

Haven't had a problem I can't handle  
so far. Anything in Georgetown that  
might be a lead? Or Asia? Here?

GEORGIE

Forget about Georgetown -- Oh. I  
almost forget. When you say "here" I  
remember. I heard somebody was hiring  
boys - you know, Asian gang guys -  
Chinese, Vietnamese, whoever - to  
work down South with lions.

RICK

Lions? Not interested. But why?

Georgie shrugs and pours himself more tea.

GEORGIE

I know it's not what you are looking  
for. But it's what I heard. Maybe a  
new theme park?

RICK  
Oh. In Florida?

GEORGIE  
No. Louisiana, I think. Or Alabama.  
Strange isn't it? Anyway -- lions,  
tigers -- it's all the same to me. I  
don't like cats.

RICK  
Not even with peppers and onions?

GEORGIE  
Pshewww! Stop back later.

RICK  
(turns statue over)  
How much for the *Kuan Yin*?

GEORGIE  
No, don't look! How about sixty?

RICK  
Seems steep to me. Let's say forty.

GEORGIE  
Fifty. And, Ricky, remember. She  
loves tigers, too.

INT. MODERN OFFICE SUITE - DAY

The UNITED NATIONS building is visible through the window next to a calligraphic tiger print. Rick holds open a door with the name "WILDLIFE RESEARCH ASSOCIATES".

RICK  
Hello?

In a corner STAN (21), gawky, packs papers in boxes. He looks up as FRANK MCGRATH (45), well dressed, genial, and a bit effete, walks in from an inner office holding out his hand.

MCGRATH  
Mister Eric Stewart. In the flesh!

RICK  
Yes. It's good to meet you, sir.

MCGRATH  
I know Alice. We shared an office in  
San Francisco back, before...  
(a knowing glance)  
Saw her at the Montevideo conference.

RICK  
Oh, yes. I was there. You were on  
the Public Education panel.

MCGRATH  
That's right. Finding any rustlers?

RICK  
A few now and then, Mister McGrath.

MCGRATH  
What do you have there?

RICK  
Oh, just a *Kuan Yin*. I thought it might look good here.

MCGRATH  
It might, if we weren't wrapping up this operation right now. Well, you're here to see the young lady.

Leads Rick into adjoining room. Rick sets the *Kuan Yin* down.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

ENID TROIANO (25), dark-haired and in a stylish suit, is bent over a desk sorting reports.

MCGRATH  
Here you are, Enid! I found him loitering.

Rick brushes the comment off. She looks up, drawing a blank.

ENID  
Excuse me?

Stunned by Rick's good looks she takes a breath and makes a slight gesture as if fanning herself, but pretends it's the work she's doing.

ENID (CONT'D)  
You're who, now? Sorry?

RICK  
I'm not.

Enid thinks about the compliment. McGrath laughs.

MCGRATH  
Well, he tells me he has an appointment with you. If he doesn't I'll send him packing.

ENID  
Oh. Oh! Oh my god! I'm sorry.

MCGRATH  
I thought you might be able to share a little of what you found. Eric Stewart, this is Enid Troiano.

RICK  
(takes her hand)  
I'm very happy to meet you, Enid.

ENID

Yes, me too. I have some of your work here, Mister Stewart. Great reporting. The black and white shots are excellent, too.

RICK

At Ranthambhore they do fine work. The pics are my partner's. Clyde.

Enid checks if he's joking. Rick nods - it's really his name.

MCGRATH

Well, I'll let you two alone.

RICK

Nice to have met you, Frank.

McGrath goes out.

ENID

You're looking for my help. That right, Mister Stewart?

RICK

"Eric." Come on. Or "Rick." So, I leave for the Philippines in a week--

Stan looms in her doorway.

STAN

Excuse me, Miss Troiano. Are we keeping all the reports or just the ones on CITES treaty enforcement?

ENID

In separate boxes. Can you? Thanks --

Stan nods and clumps away.

ENID (CONT'D)

...Stan. I'll sort -- Sorry.

RICK

Look. Can we go out and get something? It might be easier. There's a good Thai place on Second. You like Thai, I hope? They also do Malaysian if you're truly adventurous.

ENID

Oh, yeah. Perfect.

INT. MODERN OFFICE SUITE - DAY

Stan watches them go. He thrusts the *Kuan Yin* into a box.



EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - DAY

Rick drops their Thai takeout lunch wrappers in a trashcan.

ENID

... Mandarin. Cantonese only passably.  
They didn't offer Cantonese at school,  
but it's really more useful for you -  
for us, too.

They walk by a snow leopard sign. She swings her handbag.

RICK

And your degree, they said, is in  
wildlife management? And you're coming  
to San Francisco?

ENID

My law school is there. I have to  
confirm with them is all.

They arrive at the SNOW LEOPARD EXHIBIT.

ENID (CONT'D)

Oh! Well, here are the beauties.

RICK

Gorgeous! A shame to keep them in a  
small enclosure. Do you agree?

ENID

Hmm? Yeah. Sure. That's right.

RICK

What's up? You okay?

ENID

Eric, I need to settle something  
soon. Actually, pretty much now.

RICK

Sorry? Law school, you said --

ENID

Right. But I need a job, too.

RICK

I'm pretty sure we could work out  
something at Predator Preservation.  
Part time. Alice needs --?

ENID

No, no, no, no. Listen. Frank's  
shutting down his operation because  
his contract with the U.N. ended.

RICK

Oh. I didn't know --

ENID

Yeah. But he's looking out for me.  
He knows we have some good intel on  
the tiger smuggling. I think he wants  
me to use it to negotiate.

RICK

Why so hush-hush? Why doesn't he  
just talk to my people?

ENID

I want -- I need to do field work.  
Frank can't negotiate that for me. I  
have to do it.

RICK

If your information is good enough --

ENID

It is.

Rick turns on his phone to make notes. Enid shakes her head.

ENID (CONT'D)

Uh, no. But I'll give you this much.  
We know the name of a triad trying  
to box the tiger parts trade.

RICK

That's not too surprising.

ENID

And that there's this guy named Chuong  
who is key man. And one more thing --

RICK

(notes the name)  
What's the name of the triad?

ENID

Unh uh. Not so fast. There's the  
quid to go with the quo, Eric. Always.  
You talk to your director. To Alice.  
See if she'll hire me as an  
investigator. Say for two weeks.

RICK

I can let you know tonight.

He puts phone away. They walk.

ENID

If my info doesn't pay off, we'll  
end it. No blame, no shame.

RICK

All right. Deal.

ENID

Oh. And I go in the field. Abroad.

Rick stops in his tracks. She walks on, now relaxed.

ENID (CONT'D)

That's my deal.

A snow leopard CRIES. An unhappy sound.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

A clearing in the forest. A MALAYSIAN DRIVER (40), steps down from a flatbed and peers into the woods. He strips off a lab jacket and listens. A monkey SCREAMS.

A MALAYSIAN BOY hops off the back. The driver grabs an automatic pistol and gestures. The boy trots into the woods with a machete.

The driver tests the chains securing a shipping container. It has an improvised air vent.

The boy runs back with TWO WOODCUTTERS in tee shirts and long skirts and head cloths of *ikat* cloth. One has a kris knife and a carbine. They each carry a sack.

The driver barks at the boy, who springs onto the flatbed and opens the container.

Inside are bales of cloth. He flops some out. A bamboo framework and two coffin-like metal boxes and a metal case.

They squat. One plays with a dead baby tiger like a puppet. An ENGINE SOUND. The woodcutters flee with the other bag.

The boy hides behind the wheels. The driver throws himself on top the container just as a JEEP skids into the clearing.

Two barely adult RANGERS leap out with rifles. They fire into the woods then check the cub.

A ranger approaches the boy who threatens with his machete. The ranger shoots. The arm with the machete jerks.

He inspects the container.

The other ranger pokes about in the brush.

The driver shoots the first ranger then fires at Ranger #2 to pin him down.

Ranger #2 shoots. A ricochet, bright dent on container edge.

The driver finishes Ranger #1. Fires wildly at Ranger #2.

Ranger #2 hits the driver's arm just as the driver's shot catches the ranger in the chest.

Driver stumbles off the flatbed. He runs at the wounded ranger, shooting in a rage. Every shot a miss...

...Until the last. It drops the ranger. The pistol clicks.

He grabs the machete. Goes back and kills the wounded ranger.

He weaves back to the truck. Strips his shirt to bind his arm. Blinding pain. He lights a cigaret and leans on the horn until its air runs out.

At the back he kicks the dead boy's leg away from his wheel. The fearful woodcutters return and squat.

Two more YOUNG BOYS join them. The driver reaches for a sack but his hand is stopped. The woodcutter holds up four fingers.

WOODCUTTER #1  
(in Malay)  
Forty ringgit.

The driver shakes his head. Pulls out a wad of currency. Strips off a twenty ringgit note. The woodcutter nods. Another for the second cub.

DRIVER  
(in Malay, subtitled)  
Where are the father and mother?

WOODCUTTER #1  
(in Malay, subtitled)  
Wait.

He and the youths go into the forest. The driver tosses the sacks into the container. He opens the aluminum case revealing an array of IV bottles, syringes, and other medical equipment.

The woodcutters drag in a cage with the hissing male tiger. They leave it. The driver fumbles a dart into the gun. Shoots the tiger. It leaps. Chews at the dart, then collapses.

The driver drags the containers out onto the ground with one arm as the woodcutters return with the female tiger.

The driver loads another dart. He slams the first case open and gestures the men to load the first tiger in it.

EXT. NEW YORK HILTON TAXI BAY - DAY

Rick opens a taxi door. The cabby loads bags at the trunk with CLYDE (65), lanky and craggy in jeans and baseball cap.

He grabs his precious Leica M3. The cabby slams the trunk.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Clyde slides in beside Rick. Screws a lens on the Leica. His tendon-ribbed arms and gaunt face suggest a former difficult life. His speech retains a touch of Deep South.

RICK  
 (to cabby)  
 JFK. Terminal Eight.

The cabby notes the destination and the taxi pulls out.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Hmm. So she's coming to San Francisco.  
 Alice okayed it.

CLYDE  
 She has good intel?

RICK  
 Oh, man! Does she! And she can change  
 jobs right away.

CLYDE  
 But what info?

RICK  
 And she speaks Chinese-- what? Oh.  
 (lowers voice)  
 Okay. She has a lead on people trying  
 to corner the parts market.

CLYDE  
 Not too surprising, right?

RICK  
 Yeah. But she has names.

CLYDE  
 Any way to test it?

RICK  
 We'll see.

CLYDE  
 So you kind of like her, Rick?

RICK  
 Yeah. What are you asking me?

CLYDE  
 Trying to see if we're staying real.

Rick grimaces and looks out the window, mildly peeved.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 (sings softly)  
 When you're a stranger...

INT. ENID'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - DAY

Enid's face in the mirror moves sideways and is replaced by  
 that of CHARLIE (30). The mirror bangs as it slams closed.

CHARLIE  
 Oh, Christ! Sorry.

Charlie is out of sorts and lounges against the bathroom doorjamb in his underwear - unshaven, unkempt, piss-eyed.

ENID

I don't need this, Charlie!

She turns to leave the bathroom but Charlie blocks her.

CHARLIE

You don't need it! What about me?  
You're just going to fly off to San  
Francisco to help some stupid tigers.

ENID

That's right. Get out the way, please.  
That's right.

He moves aside and she walks into their tiny bedroom.

ENID (CONT'D)

And why shouldn't I?

Enid tosses a bottle of foundation into a suitcase on the bed as she walks by. She's in fashion jeans, boots and a bra.

Charlie sits on the bed to negotiate while she bustles.

CHARLIE

So you want me to finish painting?

ENID

(seems not to hear)  
I finally have an on-site, I think.  
Maybe it'll be a job or just school.  
I don't know but I have to try this.

She waits a moment for his response then pulls on a tee shirt.

ENID (CONT'D)

I don't care what you do, Charlie.  
Shirley will pack my stuff up.

CHARLIE

Just like that? What has this all  
been about?

ENID

It's been about you. You. Everything  
you, Charlie. I couldn't do NYU --

CHARLIE

Oh, here we go with that again.

She looks at him. They both back off a moment.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is a rough time for me, Enid.  
The play is ready to go.

ENID  
It's always going to be a rough time,  
Charlie. You're a dreamer.

She turns to him, more gentle now. Touches his face.

ENID (CONT'D)  
A beautiful dreamer, but --

CHARLIE  
Just promise you'll be back.

ENID  
And what? You'll let me go?

Enid shrugs into a slim leather jacket. Charlie is hopeful.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Forget it.

CHARLIE  
Think about what you're doing.

ENID  
I am. See you.

Now South Philly-chic she grabs her bag and goes. The door closes. A shoe bounces off it.

EXT. MALAYSIAN HIGHWAY - DUSK

Dense mahogany forest. The flatbed rig approaches at speed.

Through a clearcut. Lauan logs lying about.

A loader with work lights fills stake-bed rigs in f.g.

EXT. MALAYSIAN FISHING VILLAGE - NIGHT

Open sea in b.g. The flatbed roars through. Chickens scatter.

EXT. STREET - DAY

In San Francisco's Chinatown a taxi door opens as it stops. Enid slides out with her suitcase.

CABBY  
Lady, please!

ENID  
Sorry. Meeting someone. In  
Philadelphia it's not so big a deal.

CABBY  
Sounds like Philly.

The taxi pulls out and a MINIVAN stops in front of her, flashers on. Rick opens his window.

RICK  
Perfect timing. Come on! Clyde's  
tailing a guy. You okay?

ENID  
The jet lag will set in later.

INT. RICK'S MINIVAN - DAY

Rick speeds through city streets. The Golden Gate Bridge is visible in the distant b.g.

RICK  
There's this third officer I know.  
When he gets in he gives us leads.  
Today it sounded real good. Clyde's  
tailing a guy with a duffle bag...  
And we don't need probable cause,  
Miss Lawyer-To-Be.

ENID  
Sure don't, Mister Vigilante. So  
what happens next?

RICK  
We document it. Whup! There he is.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A downtown street. Stores. Asian and other pedestrians. Clyde lounges by an oriental market window. Rick slips an old parking ticket under the wiper. Clyde opens his palm to show his Minox-B miniature camera.

CLYDE  
Got a couple of shots. Check out the  
guy's jacket.

RICK  
Cool. Enid, this is Clyde. Clyde,  
Enid.

CLYDE  
Great to meet you, Edie.

RICK  
What's he got? Can you tell?

CLYDE  
Look at the jacket, the lining.

Rick looks in the window.

RICK  
Damn! Is it a tiger pelt? Inside  
out? We got to go in.  
(to Enid)  
Wait here, okay?



ENID

Not hardly.

INT. ORIENTAL MARKET - DAY

An upscale shop with baskets in neat cubbies. The SHOPKEEPER, an Asian woman (45), pushes a jacket back to a short Asian SAILOR (25). A duffle bag sits at his feet.

Rick strides in, followed by Clyde and Enid. Rick holds out his business I.D. in its leather case.

RICK

Hold it right there!

SHOPKEEPER

Who are you? I did not do anything.

The SAILOR drags the jacket off the counter.

RICK

Not yet, maybe. I'm from Predator Preservation Trust. Working with Customs.

He grabs at the jacket. Clyde snaps pictures madly.

RICK (CONT'D)

This is contraband. It's illegal.

SHOPKEEPER

That's what I was telling him. You must go. You are not police.

RICK

Where did you get this?

SHOPKEEPER

He does not speak English.

ENID

(Cantonese, subtitled)

Where did this tiger come from?

The shopkeeper is surprised. The sailor looks at the door.

RICK

Call the police, Clyde.

(to Enid)

Ask him about Mister Chuong.

The sailor blanches.

CLYDE

He understood that, didn't he?

SAILOR

(in crude Cantonese,  
subtitled)

At George Town. Some man sell me.

RICK  
Did he say "George Town"?

The sailor nods. He is scared. Clyde makes a phone call.

SHOPKEEPER  
You must all go now, please.

ENID  
Does that mean something? George--?

The sailor grabs Enid and presses a knife to her throat.

SAILOR  
No call police!

Clyde pockets his phone and eases back against the door frame.

RICK  
Okay. Okay. Let her go and we'll  
forget the whole thing.

SAILOR  
No. You go. I let her go.

SHOPKEEPER  
Troublemakers! I will call police!

Enid elbows the sailor. Twists his wrist. Throws him down.

Rick kicks the knife to Clyde who scoops it onto the counter.

The sailor connects a punch to Rick's cheek.

Enid cocks her arm to jab his throat. Clyde speaks softly.

CLYDE  
All right. Easy. Deep breath, Edie.

He grabs the sailor. Enid shrugs off Rick's arm.

RICK  
Damn. He really caught me.

Enid touches a bruise on his cheek. Sympathetically,

ENID  
Ouch!

The sailor leaps up and bolts with his gear.

CLYDE  
Whoa!

Clyde grabs at the duffle. After a quick tug of war the sailor lets it go. He runs out the door as Rick and Enid recover.

SHOPKEEPER  
You get out. Now!

Rick opens the bag. He pulls out a string of tiger claws.

RICK  
See! This is what I'm talking about.

SHOPKEEPER  
Take it. We don't have such things.

She tsk-tsks in disgust as Rick and Enid leave with the bag.

RICK  
Don't think I saw that on your résumé.

Enid smirks.

INTERCUTTING

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAY / INT. GEORGIE'S PAWNSHOP - NIGHT

Rick wanders, searching. Looks between restaurant signs and his phone. His bruise is very apparent. He makes a call.

RICK (into phone)  
Hey, pal. You think you're slick?

Georgie is closing up but answers his cell phone.

GEORGIE (into phone)  
Oh, Ricky. Well, you know. I tried to warn you.

RICK (into phone)  
So that note was about George Town in Malaysia, wasn't it? Not D.C.

GEORGIE (into phone)  
Ricky, really! It's for your own good. These guys don't play around. Take it to the police.

RICK (into phone)  
I did. I contacted Interpol. They're going to help us.

GEORGIE (into phone)  
I mean give it to the police, Ricky.

Georgie looks up to see TWO YOUNG ASIAN MEN peering in his door. He waves them off.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)  
I'm closed.

RICK (into phone)  
What?

The men nod and move on.

GEORGIE (into phone)  
Nothing. A couple of guys here.

Rick sees the front of BIMBO'S restaurant he's looking for.

RICK (into phone)  
I'll catch you up when we get back.  
Bye, pal.

END INTERCUTTING

GEORGIE (into phone)  
Don't. Ricky. Leave it alone.

Georgie shoves the phone away, muttering almost inaudibly.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)  
*Ai! Gaisi!*

The two men reappear pointing to an open guide book.

Sighing, Georgie opens the door a crack and gestures.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)  
Closed. Come back tomorrow.

ASIAN MAN  
*Mue os?*

GEORGIE  
I don't speak Korean. Tomorrow.

ASIAN MAN  
Oh-kay!

The bigger man shoves Georgie back against his desk. The other tosses the guide book and blocks the door.

INT. BIMBO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Upbeat atmosphere. Patrons eating, drinking and dancing.

Rick, Enid and Clyde are seated at a table after dinner. Rick sips Pinot Noir. Enid and Clyde have coffees.

RICK  
(loud)  
I think I'll just leave it. Thanks.

Rick hands back Enid's offer of makeup for his bruise.

ENID  
(nearly a yell)  
Did I pass that aptitude test today?

Rick finally hears her and laughs.

RICK  
Well, you won't be doing that.

ENID  
Oh? So you take care of telling people about triads?

RICK  
You worry too much. We're on the  
side of the angels.

Clyde leans back. Enid shakes her head in exaggerated dismay.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Come on!

He gets up and extends his hand to her.

ENID  
Oh, I don't think so.

She takes his hand. He leads her to the dance floor.

RICK  
Come on. It's the safest thing we'll  
ever do. Trust me.

They start onto the floor. Enid looks over Rick's shoulder.  
Clyde raises his coffee cup to her in a silent salute.

EXT. THE EMBARCADERO - NIGHT

Tourists. The trio walks, enjoying the night. Clyde waves.

ENID  
See you tomorrow?

CLYDE  
Oh, yeah. Front and center early.

He ambles off, singing softly to himself.

RICK  
So, now. What were you trying to  
tell me? Something's dangerous?

ENID  
I told you not to be so careless.

Rick makes to protest.

ENID (CONT'D)  
But here you go. Blabbing away.

RICK  
Okay. Right. But you got to be bold!  
Take people by surprise. That's when  
you catch them --

ENID  
It puts other people in harm's way.  
And catching people? That's what's  
most important, Eric?

RICK  
I said you're right.

ENID

Yes. You did.

RICK

But see, this is what I do. If we don't probe - there's no story.

ENID

I don't know if I like all that rough stuff, either. Why can't you wait for the police?

RICK

We do, mostly. And we did today, right?

ENID

Afterwards.

RICK

So? You're going to be a lawyer -- it's called exigent circumstances.

ENID

If you're a cop, it is.

RICK

You handled it real good, I have to say. But you won't do that stuff.

ENID

Oh, no? That's a relief.

RICK

Yeah. You're not scared, right?

ENID

Let's just say I'm doing a job interview. I was taught to take control. Interview the employer.

RICK

(laughs)

Alice runs things, not me, but I can tell you, I guess. She likes you.

Enid smiles.

EXT. MALAYSIAN SEACOAST - NIGHT

The rig races through mangrove thicket. Across a beach.

It backs cautiously onto a wharf with a jury-rigged crane. A souped-up FISHING BOAT eases up to the wharf.

SMUGGLERS poke the tigers. Singapore dollars change hands.

INT. HOTEL ROOM / INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

A hand opens the room door a crack, then quickly all the way.  
SOUND of a running shower nearby.

Rick stretches in the shower, streaming hot water on his back.

The hand opens a wallet on the bureau. Teases out a C-NOTE.

Rick turns off the shower and towels off.

The hand makes a thumb print in blood on the bill.

Rick profiles in the mirror putting ointment on the bruise.

RICK  
And very becoming, too.

He reenters the bedroom as his room door closes quietly.

He pulls on shorts. Freezes when he sees the money.

Opens the wallet. A 3-inch tiger fang falls out. He picks it up. Blood comes off on his finger.

Furious, he snatches the door open and looks both ways.

INT. ENID'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room phone buzzes. Enid in pajamas stands in a yoga pose. She holds for a second and then relaxes and answers.

ENID  
Oh, it's you... What?... Yes, of course it's locked... Eric, what's this all about?... Hmm. All right. See you in the morning. Oh, by the way, I called Alice to -- Eric?

She tsks and hangs up.

Her hand slams a hotel door security flip lock closed.

EXT. ANDAMAN SEA - NIGHT

Moonlit clouds. The fishing boat sputters up to a heaved-to FREIGHTER. Its name reads "TIX ANNATJE WINNE."

As the container rises on the crane, two smugglers run up the boarding stairs. An impatient European OFFICER in Dutch officer's cap and seaman's shirt meets them.

The container opens. Tiger boxes glisten with moisture.

Hands count out used U.S. twenty dollar bills.

The doors crash shut and are padlocked.

INT. PREDATOR PRESERVATION TRUST OFFICE - DAY

A desk drawer slams shut. A San Francisco office. Pictures of big cats. At an unused work space Rick riffles documents.

ALICE (45), a Korean-American woman in jeans and sweatshirt, stands in the doorway to her office.

ALICE  
Or should I ask, What did you tell her?

RICK  
Where are the schedules? I can't find anything here, Alice.

ALICE  
Eric? I had to come down here really early and I'm tired. Holly thinks I'm crazy to put up with this stuff.

Rick kicks a trashcan halfheartedly. She waits.

RICK  
Maybe I'll just go on my own. Without Clyde either. Just sort of explore.

ALICE  
It was a warning, Eric. What did you tell her? Or Clyde?

RICK  
I told her to make sure her room was locked. It's my money, damn it!

ALICE  
And this is my day off. So what?

RICK  
Look, I want her here. I do. She'll do great here. But not underfoot. "In the field" doesn't have to mean --

ALICE  
She doesn't want this job. And, really, she's over qualified. You know that. That's why she called me right away. And I'm betting she'll do a good job in the field.

RICK  
You don't have any basis for that.

ALICE  
Call it intuition, then. I've been running interference for your shenanigans a long time now. She earned this. Let her have it.



Rick closes another desk drawer - more quietly.

RICK  
Whatever..., Boss.

Alice holds out a large envelope.

ALICE  
Your interview with Interpol is set up - with a Captain Belasco. Here's the tickets and a letter of introduction. Go! Eric, play nice!

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY

Enid is at a booth in the breakfast area. Guests check out in b.g. Clyde strides in from the lobby, ready for anything.

CLYDE  
Buon giorno!

ENID  
Good morning to you, too. Sit!

Clyde woofs like a dog. Enid laughs.

Enid tucks a scrawled phone pad message in her jacket pocket.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Where's Eric?

He helps himself to the coffee carafe.

CLYDE  
He had to go to the office early. To get tickets and stuff from Alice. You heard he had a visitor last night?

He moves on her uneaten toast with a questioning glance.

ENID  
Go ahead. Visitor?

CLYDE  
Yeah, somebody threatened us. Left a message in his room.

ENID  
Really! Oh, so that's why... Let me ask you something.

Mouth full, Clyde nods.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Eric told me Alice runs the team, but he keeps doing things on his own. What--?, I mean, who--?

CLYDE

Oh. Yeah, yeah, yeah. See, it's confusing at first. Our money for the outfit is mostly Rick's - from a family trust - but to operate as a nonprofit it had to be set up different. You follow?

ENID

Yeahhhh...

CLYDE

That's where Alice comes in. As Executive Director. So, Rick can do a lot, but he needs Alice to be in charge and approve. And there's a kind of Board, too, of course. See?

ENID

Yes. Thank you. I get it now.

CLYDE

Alice runs a tight ship.

ENID

You think I'm making a mistake, Clyde?

CLYDE

Heading out with us?

ENID

What else?

He raises his eyebrows and talks between bites.

CLYDE

Are you afraid?

ENID

I guess.

CLYDE

Of the baddies?

ENID

No. Not really. Oh, never mind. It's just travel nerves, I guess.

CLYDE

I think it will be a gas.

ENID

A gas, hunh?

Clyde shrugs. He's done his best. Rick appears and sits.

RICK

Morning. What's a gas?

ENID  
Nothing.

CLYDE  
How do, buddy?

Rick nods to accept Clyde's greeting but he's focused on Enid.

RICK  
Okayyy. Any coffee left?

He pours himself a cup. Enid tries to read him.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Well. Looks like you impressed Alice.

ENID  
Good to make an impression on someone.

Rick moves his envelope aside and stirs his coffee.

RICK  
Yep. Something bugging you?

ENID  
No.

RICK  
I hear you told Alice the name of the triad. You going to share it--?

ENID  
*Qiangda Dong.*

RICK  
What's that mean? And where--?

ENID  
We think they're based in Malacca. The name means "Formidable East."

Cut off twice, Rick hesitates to ask more. In the silence...

ENID (CONT'D)  
So, if we're in the Philippines, can we get to the sea east of Singapore?

RICK  
If there's a good reason to.

ENID  
How about a freighter that left Singapore yesterday and is now about four hundred miles out of Manila?

Rick appears uninterested.

ENID (CONT'D)  
The day before it had come from the area of Alor Setar--

Rick can't be cagey any more. Clyde is raptly attentive.

RICK

Up near the Thai border!

ENID

Stan called this morning. Apparently it had set out for George Town to pick up batik. On the way back it rendezvoused with a small boat off Alor Setar at night --

RICK

At night?!

ENID

-- Which was not on its course. The word is that they picked up a mating pair of tigers. Sedated. You know how dangerous that is for the tigers? A Malaysian Navy patrol boat suspected it was doing some smuggling, didn't know what. Reported it to Interpol.

CLYDE

Why didn't they just board her?

ENID

No jurisdiction out of territorial waters. They shadowed it, though.

RICK

That's some damn precise intelligence. Can we identify this boat somehow?

ENID

A Dutch ship sailing under Sri Lankan registry. Headed for Manila and San Francisco. And I've got its name!

Rick opens his envelope and hands a ticket to Clyde.

RICK

There's one here for you. I'll trade you for the name.

ENID

Something tells me I'm less likely to get left by the side of the road if I hang onto it. If that ticket's got my name on it hand it over, buddy.

INT. INTERPOL OFFICE - DAY

A sign on a propped open door in English and Tagalog reads "INTERPOL OPERATIONS BUREAU - MANILA". A fan blows in air from the corridor where Enid sits on a bench while Rick paces. He taps an envelope as he paces.

RICK

Me neither.

Captain BELASCO (45), short and intense in Philippine National Police uniform, steps into the hall, interrupting.

BELASCO

Mister Stewart, Miss. Please. I'll leave the door open. Please sit.

RICK

Captain Belasco? Pleased to meet you. Here's a letter of introduction.

Belasco scans the letter quickly but attentively.

BELASCO

So, you represent Predator Preservation Trust. Very good. And the young lady? Mrs. Stewart?

RICK

Oh, no, no. Excuse me. Captain Belasco, this is Enid Troiano, our translator and wildlife curator.

BELASCO

I see. Please sit. Miss... Troiano, you speak Spanish?

He puts the letter down, then sits on his desk, looming as they sit in uncomfortable office chairs.

ENID

Regrettably I do not. Mandarin, Cantonese. A little Italian.

Belasco looks at them, weighing them. He's in charge.

BELASCO

I don't see how we can help, Mister Stewart. I understand how urgent you think this is--

RICK

This is a clear violation of CITES --

BELASCO

So is orchid smuggling. Excuse me.

A CLERK brings in a binder of computer printouts.

BELASCO (CONT'D)

*Salamat.*

She nods and leaves, looking curiously at the Americanos.

BELASCO (CONT'D)

What did you tell me? Ah, here it is. Yes we found it in the system.

(reads)

*TIJ Annatje Winne.* Left Singapore. Destination Manila, ETA two days. Call sign, et cetera. That's it.

(peers again)

Moving a little fast for a freighter.

RICK

Our sources say it's an emergency.

BELASCO

If they are there. If. And an emergency implies, Mister Stewart, that lives are at stake. Why not wait for them here at port?

RICK

The problem is the tigers may have died by the time they arrive. Isn't that right, Miss Troiano?

ENID

Yes. Well, yes. And it's even more likely that if they're sedated they may become blind.

BELASCO

Hmm. In any event I really could not do this with private citizens. This is not some Lara Croft operation.

RICK

But I, we, represent a nongovernmental organization with Special Consultative status at the United Nations.

BELASCO

We can't afford wild chases. A helicopter would cost --

RICK

Forty-five hundred dollars. U.S. What if we pay for it?

ENID

(senses a decision)

A tiger's body temperature is very unstable when it's sedated--

BELASCO

I see.

RICK

Perhaps one officer?

BELASCO  
And asking questions only?

RICK  
Of course. If we're successful,  
consider the public relations value.

Belasco stares out the window, thinking. He leaves wordlessly.

ENID  
What the hell are you talking about?  
PPT doesn't have any U.N. status.

RICK  
Shh! I've written reports for the  
U.N. That's sort of a status.  
Besides, who does it hurt?

ENID  
But Eric, it's lying to the po --

Belasco returns with the clerk. She sits at his computer  
wordlessly and opens an application.

The SCREEN shows a map of South China Sea with little dots.  
[Emulate vesselfinder.com.]

BELASCO  
Come. Take a look at this, please.  
(to clerk)  
*Maaari kang pumunta. Salamat.* I can  
work this from here.

The clerk leaves. Rick and Enid crane to look.

RICK  
Wow! All shipping in the China Sea?

BELASCO  
All the commercial ships in the world.  
The name again? Or its IMO number?

ENID  
The TIX Annatje Winne.

BELASCO  
With a "j"? Ah. Here it is.

RICK  
Is this in real time?

BELASCO  
Yes. It's now about fifty miles south  
of the shipping lane.  
The only thing we can do is - if you  
can make your way to Palawan - I  
will have Officer Rampos there take  
you by cutter to intercept the ship.

RICK

Perfect! Thank you so much.

BELASCO

More I cannot do. Remember. Only questions. They are in international waters and we are not Customs officials. Miss Troiano, a pleasure.

INT./EXT. BRIDGE OF FREIGHTER - DAY

The horizon is an ominous gray. The CAPTAIN (60), short and aging well, watches a PHILIPPINE CUSTOMS CUTTER shear away as Rick, Clyde, Enid, and Philippine National Police Officer RAMPOS come up the boarding ladder. Enid is a little unsteady.

Windy spray. The FIRST OFFICER (40) meets them, irritated.

On the flying bridge the captain calls with a loud hailer.

*DIALOG BETWEEN THE SHIP'S OFFICERS IS IN DUTCH, UNTRANSLATED.*

CAPTAIN

*Mister Piers? Wat willen onze gasten?*

The captain comes down. Rick glances at Enid to translate. She shrugs and wraps her jacket tighter.

OFFICER

*Het is Interpol!*

EXT. FOREDECK OF FREIGHTER - DAY

The captain walks down to the group as the officer explains.

OFFICER

*Ze willen het schip doorzoeken. Voor tijgers!*

The captain inspects Ramos' ID through reading glasses.

*THE FOLLOWING DIALOG IS IN SPANISH UNTRANSLATED.*

RAMPOS

(to the officer)

*Dile que--*

CAPTAIN

*Hablo español, Oficial, er, Ramos. Esto debe ser muy importante. ¿Sí?*

Rick and Enid follow the Spanish a bit. Clyde snaps candid.

RAMPOS

(unhappy but dutiful)

*Tenemos una información de que este barco recibió tigres de contrabando - fuera de George Town. ¿Es eso cierto?*



Chuckling, the captain hands Rampos back his I.D. and makes a playful tiger-like clawing gesture.

CAPTAIN

*No. ¿Tigres? ¡Ciertamente no!*

RICK

Ask if we can search the ship.

Before Rampos can relay it, the Captain speaks in English.

CAPTAIN

On the radio they said you are Stewart? Have you a warrant - by any chance? They didn't say.

RAMPOS AND RICK

No.

Rampos glares at Rick who leads Enid away to the rail.

RAMPOS

No. We are counting on your freely given cooperation.

CAPTAIN

Well, I would not want your visit to be fruitless. Please look wherever you wish, but we have no loose cargo.

RAMPOS

No?

Enid, wobbling, stumbles over a cleat. Rick catches her arm.

CAPTAIN

Careful, Miss...

RICK

Troiano.

CAPTAIN

...Troiano. It would be a shame to have to... fish you out of the drink.  
(to Rampos)  
No. All our cargo is in containers.

Still dissatisfied with Rampos' approach, Rick returns.

RICK

They could be anywhere.

RAMPOS

Might someone smuggle something aboard without your knowledge?

Clyde sets up a candid. The Captain smiles. Clyde gives up.

CAPTAIN

I do not see how.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
 (to his officer)  
*Breng me nu het manifest!*

OFFICER  
*Ja, meneer.*

Scowling, the officer hustles away up the bridge ladder.

RICK  
 We were told you received a shipment  
 at sea off George Town. At night.

CAPTAIN  
 (surprised, then amused)  
 So you found it easy to come aboard  
 just now? During the day?

RICK  
 Well. Smugglers do it all the time.

CAPTAIN  
 Ja. I suppose they must. Come below  
 for some coffee. It's windy out here.  
 We will consult the manifest.

Ramos follows him to the companionway. Enid and Clyde join them. The captain accepts the manifest from the officer.

Rick stares at one container in the nearest rank with a makeshift vent. The captain notices him.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
 Come along, now, Stewart.

ENID  
 Eric! Come on!

Rick wanders over to it. The word "SIASI" is chalked on it. Rick runs his finger over the chalk curiously. Then his fingers stray to a bright ding on the top edge.

CLYDE  
 (from the companionway)  
 Hey, buddy! Down here.

INT. SECOND DECK OF FREIGHTER - DAY

Empty corridor. At the far end Rick sees Clyde go in a door.

He starts toward them, but is interrupted by a YOUNG MALAYSIAN WOMAN who darts across the corridor from one room to another. Rick sees her disappear behind sailors at mess. As he turns...

CAPTAIN  
 One of our cooks, Stewart. This way,  
 please. You like fish *laksa*?

The Captain holds the wardroom door open for him.

INT. WARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The manifest lies on a table. The captain lectures. Fingers point at words and numbers.

CAPTAIN

She makes an excellent *laksa*. Come around and look at this. See here. This manifest has thirty-three pages. This is the Summary.

RAMPOS

Everything is described here?

CAPTAIN

That's correct. For each item there is a destination port, a description, a weight, a stow location. You see? And here, it's signed by an Officer.

RICK

How do we know what's in each container in detail?

CAPTAIN

You would have to compare it with the bills of lading. I can let you look at copies of them but it would take you quite a while. If you wish?

RAMPOS

I do not think so. We will have to leave in a few minutes.

CAPTAIN

They have mostly batik or rubber fabrications. Ah, see here. Some have computer parts, and sport shoes. What do you call them? 'Sneakers.' But these were all sealed in bond when they left George Town or Malacca.

Rick and Enid's eyes meet at the mention of Malacca.

RAMPOS

Could one of the containers have tigers in it? Live tigers?

CAPTAIN

I doubt it. Wouldn't we hear them?

ENID

They are supposed to be sedated.

CAPTAIN

Oh, I see. Still...

RAMPOS

Well, Captain. Thank you very much  
for your cooperation. We will leave.

The group troops out, Rick last as before.

CAPTAIN

I am happy to have helped.

RICK

(whispers to Enid)  
What do you think? Could tigers  
survive on the same air?

ENID

What do you mean?

RICK

I mean the boxes are sealed, like  
the captain said. Are they completely  
sealed? Could they breathe?

EXT. FOREDECK OF FREIGHTER - DAY

Eric leads Enid to the container with writing on it.

RICK

See? The others don't have this vent  
or whatever it is.  
(to the captain)  
Captain, can we open this container?

CAPTAIN

No. I'm afraid not. Not at sea. And  
in any case, we cannot open it. It  
is sealed in bond as I mentioned.

The customs cutter pulls alongside.

RAMPOS

We must go now. Mister Stewart!

RICK

I want an explanation. What does  
this mean? "SIASI." None of the others  
are marked like this.

CAPTAIN

Stewart, who knows what it means?

RICK

Is it a code?

CAPTAIN

I really could not say. Dockworkers  
write things. They mean nothing to  
the ship's master.

Rick tries to take a picture, but his phone is dead.

RICK  
Damn it!

CAPTAIN  
It means...  
(rubs it off)  
...Nothing. See. It is gone now.

Enid follows Clyde down the boarding ladder. Rampos waits.

RAMPOS  
Mister Stewart!

Rick's mouth moves as he memorizes the spelling.

EXT. DECK OF CUSTOMS CUTTER - DAY

Enid and Clyde watch Rick and Rampos descend the ladder.

RICK  
Give me a pen. Quick!

He pulls a bill from his pocket. Using Clyde's Sharpie he scrawls "SIASI" on a thousand peso bank note.

The Captain grins down at them from above.

CAPTAIN  
We will see you in Manila. Stewart,  
are you by any chance with Greenpeace?

RICK  
If I was there'd be a chain wrapped  
around his propeller right now.

INT. MANILA AIRPORT - DAY

A pay telephone is slammed down. Airport ANNOUNCEMENTS and pedestrians in the b.g.

RICK  
Sonofabitch! He hung up on me!

Rick joins Enid and Clyde. They walk toward the exit.

ENID  
Hmm.

RICK  
They telexed New York. Found out PPT  
doesn't have consultative status.

Enid glances at Clyde who buries himself in a guide book.

CLYDE  
So can we take a couple of hours to  
poke around Manila?

ENID  
 Good idea. You could use some  
 relaxation, bud. We all--

RICK  
 I'm going to the hotel. Got to think.

He marches ahead.

ENID  
 Oh, come on, Eric!

They arrive at the taxi stand, Rick first.

CLYDE  
 Oh, wow! Look at this, Rick.

RICK  
 Not now. Okay?

Enid looks at Clyde's guidebook.

ENID  
 Oh my god! Eric, is this it?

Rick pulls the bank note out and compares it.

INSERT MAP AND BANK NOTE with printed word "Siasi".

RICK  
 Where is this? An island? They're  
 off-loading before they get here.

CLYDE  
 It's not too far. I think you have  
 to fly to Mindanao --

RICK  
 That's why he said he'd see us in  
 Manila. To get us out of the way.

CLYDE  
 -- Then a short hop from Mindanao.

RICK  
 Can you check on commuter flights,  
 bush flights, whatever?

ENID  
 It says there's pirates and smugglers.  
 The area is "frequently off-limits  
 to western travelers."  
 (fakes consternation)  
 "The Moros are engaged in an ongoing  
 war of liberation."

She hands the book back to Clyde. Rick scowls.

ENID (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to tell me it's too dangerous?

RICK

There's a truce with the Moros right now. Anyway, would you stay here?

Enid walks back into the airport.

ENID

Which way, Clyde?

CLYDE

I think we need to go to this satellite wing. This way.

RICK

I didn't think so.

EXT. SIASI - DAY

A little seaport, much smaller and rougher than Manila. Rick and Clyde get out of a minicab. Enid holds the door.

ENID

What next?

RICK

First things first. Let's find someone who can identify the *Annatje Winne*. We also need an island map.  
(looks up at hills)  
This could be quite a search.

GÁGO, a 50ish man in a battered hat, watches from a distance.

ENID

Do we need a place to stay, too?

Clyde grabs his AWOL bag out of the cab.

RICK

Yeah, one night. The easiest is that little hotel by the airport. I'll call you. Good?

ENID

This is what I signed on for.

EXT. HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

A seedy, poured concrete affair. Its roofless porch bakes in mid-day sun. Rick steps out and squints at the harbor.

GÁGO (O.S.)

Looking for a ship?

Rick turns to see the little man with the wrinkled hat.

GÁGO (CONT'D)  
A freighter?

RICK  
Maybe.

GÁGO  
A ship that was supposed to stop  
here, but didn't?

RICK  
Who are you?

GÁGO  
An American down on his luck.

RICK  
Maybe we can find you some.

GÁGO  
Maybe you can. Maybe it'll be bad.

RICK  
Yeah. That's a problem with luck. I  
prefer cash.

GÁGO  
How true. My name's Roy, but you can  
call me Gágo. Everybody does.

RICK  
Rich Schaeffer. Hot out here.

GÁGO  
Maybe you'd buy us a beer?

Rick steps down and starts to walk.

GÁGO (CONT'D)  
No. Not there. I have a place.

EXT. HILLY ROAD - DAY

Rick follows him uphill through a shanty town. Running kids.

RICK  
What do these people do? They fish?

GÁGO  
Pretty fished out. The women work in  
a factory over there. They make shirts  
with American pictures on them. Thirty  
cents an hour.

EXT. GAGO'S SHACK - DAY

A shack like the others whose front door overlooks the harbor  
far below. Neighbors watch as Gágo unlocks the flimsy door.



GÁGO

Come in, or... stay there.

Rick lounges against the door frame, seeming at ease. His eyes search out the dim interior: table, chair, a curtain.

Gágo puts a bottle in Rick's hand and comes away with a twenty dollar bill.

GÁGO (CONT'D)

I can see the whole harbor from here.

RICK

It's a great view. Did you see it this morning?

GÁGO

No. But I saw it late last night. A freighter pulled in late - at dusk.

RICK

That unusual?

GÁGO

Not at all. In fact I've seen her before. Dutch ship.

RICK

What did they unload? Tell me that and you'll get another drink.

GÁGO

They didn't. Not here. That's how come I knew someone would turn up.

RICK

They just sailed off?

GÁGO

Not exactly. They went to that little island out there.

RICK

The one with the slanted hill?

Gágo joins him, not pointing so as to avoid attention.

GÁGO

No. See the one to the left of it? Farther out. It's about nine miles away. Called Santa Rita.

Rick uses binoculars hanging by the door.

GÁGO (CONT'D)

It stopped about an hour then left.

RICK

What's out there?

GÁGO  
Uninhabited as far as I know.

RICK  
You know someone who will take me?

EXT. WHARF - DAY

Rick, Enid and Clyde pass some disreputable craft. Clyde wears a local straw hat. He holds his AWOL bag open.

RICK  
How many of the twelve gauge?

CLYDE  
Best part of a box.

A Filipino MAN hops from a 24-foot sailboat. Gestures to go aboard.

FILIPINO MAN  
*Pakí... Pakí.*

RICK  
*Mar áming salamat.*

ENID  
No way.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Rick pays him and steps on. The man counts the money, bows and watches. Clyde hops on the cabin roof.

ENID  
You're kidding me, right?

CLYDE  
I don't know. It needs paint, but...

RICK  
Come on. We're burning daylight.

Clyde untangles halyards. Enid climbs in backward, holding onto the dock for dear life.

RICK (CONT'D)  
You were all right on the cutter.

ENID  
That was a ship, not a, a ... rowboat with ropes.

RICK  
Why don't you go check out below?

Enid climbs down the steps and comes right back up.

ENID  
There's water in here.

Rick works the bilge pump. Filthy water pours out.

RICK  
That's okay. There's always some  
water in the bilge of a wooden boat.

ENID  
Wood!

Clyde hauls up the main sail which flaps noisily.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Oh my god!

RICK  
Okay. Cast off.

The Filipino man waves and the boat slips along the dock.

ENID  
We're moving!

RICK  
Un hunh.

ENID  
But you didn't start the motor.

RICK  
It doesn't have an engine.

Enid leaps for the dock. The Filipino man catches her.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Whoa! What's up?

He throws the tiller over. The sails luff.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Clyde, can you tie her up?

CLYDE  
The boat?

ENID  
It doesn't have an engine!

She turns away and checks her cell phone. She snaps it off.

LATER

Clyde lies on the cabin with his hat over his face.

RICK  
Enid, come on. Get back in. We don't  
want to lose this breeze.

Enid sits on the wharf and reaches with her toes for the rail.

ENID

You have got to be kidding me. You're going out there nine miles with a leaky boat and no motor?

RICK

You're going to stay here?

Clyde hops back on the wharf and holds the boat closer.

ENID

No! I'm not. You'd like that.

She leaps into the cockpit.

ENID (CONT'D)

Let's go! Come on. Go!

CLYDE

Atta girl.

Enid stations herself in the middle. The boat slides away. The Filipino man smiles doubtfully.

LATER

Clyde comes up with a canteen. Enid refuses it. He shrugs. The main island is behind them. Enid ventures to the rail.

ENID

How deep do you think it is here?

CLYDE

Oh, three hundred to six hundred, maybe seven hundred feet. Mostly.

ENID

Oh, god.

RICK

And full of sharks. Hammerheads, tiger sharks, makos...

ENID

Makos. Un hunh. Ah, fa Napoli.

CLYDE

Uh, Rick...?

ENID

Let him have his fun. You know, everybody's afraid of something.

CLYDE

This is shallow. Over there a hundred miles is the Philippine Trench.

RICK  
They couldn't even measure how deep  
it was until the 1950s. About thirty-  
five thousand feet.

CLYDE  
Seven miles. Straight down.

Enid backs away from the rail.

ENID  
Let's not go there.

LATER

Enid sits by the cabin. She now wears Clyde's hat.

ENID  
The tigers will have died of old  
age... What are we doing there?

RICK  
We check out the next island. Santa  
Rita. Gágo said it's uninhabited,  
So Chuong set up his tiger farm there.

ENID  
Really? I can't believe that.

RICK  
So we go look, take pictures. If we  
find the tigers you take care of  
them. We call in the police.

ENID  
Just sort of walk in and say, uh,  
(John Wayne voice)  
Hey! Step away from those...  
(gasps)  
...Tigers!

Clyde laughs and goes forward. Rick is mildly offended.

RICK  
If we can't, we can't.

ENID  
What happens when you clean up Dodge  
City?

RICK  
What do you mean?

ENID  
Put all the tiger smugglers in jail?

Rick laughs an "As if!" Enid notices him look off.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Tell me about Clyde.

RICK

I met him in Taipei. Practically tripped over him... He's not as strange as he seems, you know.

ENID

I know. It's an act. He's very kind-hearted. Almost like a father.

RICK

Yes. That's Clyde. He probably sees you as his daughter.

ENID

Was he in -- the war?

RICK

Yes. Army. Got pretty crazy, sick.

ENID

That sucks. He never married?

RICK

He did. Sort of. In Vietnam. Had a daughter.

ENID

What happened?

Rick shrugs. He looks at his phone.

ENID (CONT'D)

Does he know where she is?

RICK

When he got out he was messed up.

Enid shows she understands his meaning.

RICK (CONT'D)

That's right. By the time he got straight, I guess he figured it was too late. He talks about going to find Thanh, but--

He puts his phone away.

ENID

So every stray girl that comes along becomes his surrogate daughter.

RICK

Yeah. I guess. He's a good man.

ENID

You provide him with the stray girls?

Rick can't think of a snappy retort. He looks up at the luff.

Clyde scans off the bow with a little monocular.

CLYDE  
Rick?

RICK  
I'm watching. Let's go about.

ENID  
What? Watching what?

Rick puts the tiller over and the boat comes about.

RICK  
Watch your head.

Enid ducks and wobbles. Sees a LATEEN-RIGGED BOAT far off.

ENID  
Is that what I think it is?

RICK  
Too soon to say but it looks like they're trying to cut us off.

Clyde comes back.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Do you have any reception?

Clyde shakes his head 'no' and slips into the cabin.

ENID  
Can we turn back?

RICK  
Afraid not. Island's our best bet.

Clyde drops a sawed-off shotgun and a revolver on the deck.

CLYDE  
Too bad we didn't get to the island.  
Might be reception up on the hill.

Enid watches in shock as he checks the shotgun. Clyde notices her and nods at the pistol.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Just in case. Can you load that?

ENID  
I guess I can figure it out.

She fumbles with it then pops it open and crams a fistful of shells in her pocket.

Rick catches Clyde's eye and nods. Clyde breaks the shotgun and a spent shell pops out. He digs the other out.

RICK  
Get a refund.

Clyde chuckles. He goes back into the cabin.

ENID  
Can we talk to them?

Rick catches her eye but says nothing. Clyde reemerges.

CLYDE  
Gonna hide under this old sail.

RICK  
Sounds good.  
(to Enid)  
Put that there where I can reach it.  
Look. If there's trouble--

ENID  
I know. I know. Stay out of sight.  
You want to tell me to save a bullet?

Clyde returns and goes back below. He pats Enid on the shoulder as he goes by.

RICK  
Sorry I got you into this.

ENID  
I got myself into it. Forget it.

CLYDE (O.S.)  
Hey, Rick. Come take a look.

RICK  
Solid. Here, grab this.

ENID  
No! I don't know how to sail.

RICK  
Don't worry about it. Come here.

They change places. She takes the tiller gingerly.

RICK (CONT'D)  
That's it. Move it this way. See?  
Feel it heel? Lean over?

The sailboat responds. A faint smile comes to her lips.

ENID  
Yes. It moves the other way.

RICK  
Right. Now back. See the sail shake?  
You want to keep it full. That's it.  
Just full, not too far.

CLYDE (O.S.)  
You coming?



RICK  
 Yeah. Just a second.  
 (to Enid)  
 Aim as close to that inlet as you  
 can. But keep the sail full.

Enid nods, concentrating. Rick grins and goes below.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 You're sailing!

INT. SAILBOAT CABIN - DAY

Clyde lifts a sail and shoves a ragged American flag aside.

RICK  
 I think they're going to cut us off.

CLYDE  
 Seriously. Look at this.

Clyde raps one of many rusty metal plates lying on the ribs.

RICK  
 Iron! They used it for ballast.

CLYDE  
 Just sort of tacked in.

Clyde grunts and they wrench one loose.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

A hammer nails the iron plate to the cabin.

CLYDE  
 If trouble starts make sure you're  
 behind this.

Enid nods but looks ahead intently, white-knuckling the tiller.  
 Rick staggers up with more plates.

RICK  
 I don't think we can take any more.

The men tack another plate to the cockpit rail.

CLYDE  
 You'll have to kind of crouch down.

RICK  
 How about one up front?

CLYDE  
 Yeah. Remember. I got to be close  
 for the shotgun but not too close or  
 they'll shoot over these.

They start forward but Clyde notices the pirate closing.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Here. Let me do it. Take this.

Clyde hands Rick his monocular then goes forward.

RICK  
(looks)  
Oh, shit. Okay. Go!

Rick takes the tiller from Enid.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Stay low. Coming about.

Enid works the bilge pump. Clyde jostles with her.

CLYDE  
Excuse me, Edie.

Rick looks through Clyde's monocular.

MONOCULAR MASK

The pirate boat is closing. One PIRATE on deck has a weapon.

BACK TO SCENE

Rick drags the revolver within reach with his toe. Clyde comes up with the ragged American flag.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Do you mind?

RICK  
What? No. But stay low. You need to be a surprise to them.

Clyde heads forward. Rick pushes the boat. Spray flies.

A sprinkling of splashes then a POPPING SOUND in the distance. Rick ducks. Enid is wide-eyed.

CLYDE  
Well. They got a MAC-10 or something. If that's all they'll only be good to a hundred meters at best.

RICK  
No doubt about their intention. Time we see what this boat can do.  
(shoves the tiller)  
Hang on.

The bow swings toward the pirates. The boat heels sharply.

The American flag runs up. A wave breaks into the cockpit.

ENID  
Oh! Holy Mother --!

Enid grabs a rail. Spray everywhere. Rick trims the main.

RICK  
They won't expect this.

ENID  
Who in god's name would? You're sailing right for them!

RICK  
It's the only thing that'll give us an edge. Better stay down.  
(to Clyde)  
Button up, buddy. Trim that jib!

The boat leans very far over with the flag flying bravely. Clyde slithers under the old sail at the forepeak.

SOUND of shots and holes appear in the mainsail.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Waterline and rudder!

Now closer, the pirate takes aim. SOUND of the machine pistol. Slugs tear into rails, the boom, clank off metal plates.

Rick lies flat holding the tiller overhead. He leans up awkwardly and squeezes off two rounds with the pistol.

SOUND of two shotgun blasts. Holes in the pirate's waterline.

YELLING on the pirate boat. One leans to check damage. The other aims again. Rick ducks.

The boats pass side by side. MACHINE PISTOL fire again.

Slugs knock an iron plate loose. Smash the tiller. Rick drops the pistol to hold the tiller stub with both hands.

Clyde comes out and shoots. Splinters the pirate's rudder.

The pistol spins into the corner out of Rick's reach.

Pirates scramble. One pulls his spent magazine.

Rick struggles for the pistol. Enid jumps out and grabs it.

The pirate slips into view behind the tattered sail.

Enid spreads her legs to steady and aim.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Get down. Get down, goddamn it!

Enid fires. Rick steers to move the sail out of her view.

She fires again as the machine pistol aims at Clyde. The pirate takes her round and falls.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Clyde! Watch it! They want you!

Enid fires again. She's out. She kneels to reload.  
The boat swings around. Clyde runs back. Enid stands up.

CLYDE  
Nice goddamn shooting, Edie!

He slaps her on the back. She wobbles, dropping cartridges.  
More YELLING and SHOTS. But they fall short.

RICK  
Think you got the rudder?

Clyde nods and fires without aiming. Enid jams a round in.  
Her face is grim.

RICK (CONT'D)  
That's a single action. It's easier  
if you cock it for each shot. Here --

CLYDE  
What the hell's the matter with you?

RICK  
What?

CLYDE  
She did great, goddamn it!

Rick stands for a moment like a little boy scolded.

RICK  
Oh. Yeah. You did.

ENID  
Forget it.

RICK  
Sorry.

ENID  
I said forget it.

She starts to shake. She leans over the rail and retches.  
Clyde returns and takes the tiller.

RICK  
Try to head for the inlet there.

He puts his arm around the shivering Enid. They sit.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I am so sorry I got you into this.

Enid cries. Rick holds her closer.

ENID  
Did I kill him?

RICK  
Oh. Well. Let's just say you got his  
attention. Saved my life, though.

She dabs at her nose ineffectually.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I mean it.

He pulls out a handkerchief and pinches her nose clean. She  
is momentarily shocked then laughs through her tears.

He looks at her steadily. Pulls her face closer. He kisses  
her and she returns it passionately.

He caresses her hair. She recovers. Nestles in his shoulder.

ENID  
Where did you learn to sail like  
that?

RICK  
Long Island. Raced sailboats every  
summer since I was a kid.  
(shrugs)  
Rich kid. You know. Where did you  
learn to be so... feisty?

ENID  
South Philly. Not so rich.

CLYDE  
I hate to break this up, guys. Feels  
a little sluggish to me.

RICK  
Let me see.

He stands and steers with his foot. Clyde ducks below.

CLYDE (O.S.)  
A plank's separated. We're taking on  
water. Take a look.

Rick goes below. Enid takes the tiller.

Rick tumbles an emergency raft tumbles over the side.

ENID  
What's going on?

CLYDE  
Boat's sinking.

Rick pulls the lanyard on the raft. It unbuckles.

ENID  
What the f-- !

RICK  
You can stop steering. We're not going anywhere. You go first.

ENID  
I knew it. I knew it. Wooden boat. No motor. I knew it. You go!

Rick jumps. And goes through the bottom. Comes up, coughing. Enid laughs.

CLYDE  
Must be World War Two surplus.

ENID  
If we ever get out of this, I know a great contingency planning course.

Rick splashes water at them ineffectually.

RICK  
We'll have to swim. Let's tie this up. We can float the gear in on it.

ENID  
Swim?

RICK  
Are you going to start that again?

Enid looks in the cabin and sees the water rising. She jumps.

EXT. LIFE RAFT - DAY

It's tied together crudely with gear piled on top. Rick and Enid push it kicking. The island is close. Clyde backstrokes.

The sailboat sinks, stops. Flag still flutters feebly.

CLYDE  
(to himself)  
Creepy.

ENID  
Were you kidding about the sharks?

Clyde overhears and flips over to catch Rick's eye.

RICK  
Yeah. Pretty stupid, hunh?

Enid is startled and jumps. Rick is worried.

ENID  
Something touched my foot!

She kicks so hard the raft turns in a circle.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Down below us.

RICK  
Don't kick so hard. It --

ENID  
There are sharks here, aren't there?

Rick peers into the water.

RICK  
I don't know. There might be some.

ENID  
Kick faster!

CLYDE  
Hey! Kids. Quit it!

They turn to look. Clyde is standing chest deep.

RICK  
What are you standing on?

Rick stands, then Enid. Rick laughs. Enid shoves him.

ENID  
He's afraid! He's afraid of sharks!

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Rick and Enid sit. Their hair is bedraggled.

ENID  
To get us out of the way, I guess.

Clyde lopes down the hill with easy steps.

CLYDE  
Got service up there. They're sending  
their police boat. Fifteen minutes.

RICK  
Wait until I find that bastard, Gágo.

CLYDE  
Best ditch the hardware.

Clyde flings Rick's pistol far out into the water.

EXT. HILLY ROAD - DAY

Sunset. A window lantern is lit. The trio straggles uphill.

INT. GÁGO'S SHACK - NIGHT

Almost complete darkness. Rick KNOCKS then tries the LATCH.

RICK (O.S.)  
I don't want to be seen out here.

Three shadows enter. The room goes dark when the door shuts.  
A PENLIGHT reveals a table, a lantern on the table.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Let's light that.

Rick takes Clyde's penlight and pulls the curtain back.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Wake up, you worthless --

The cot is empty. Clyde lights the lantern.

RICK (CONT'D)  
He cleared out.

ENID  
Oh, dear Holy Mother!

On the table a severed finger and a scrap of paper.

RICK  
Chinese writing.

ENID  
I skeeve this kind of shit!

CLYDE  
Let me see. It's *Fei Ch'ien*.  
Remember? 'Flying money,' like a  
chit. That guy in Belawan selling  
concubines. Remember?

RICK  
Oh, that's right. Can you read it?  
(hands it to Enid)  
It's like an underground cashier's  
check. Safe as Western --

ENID  
Wait just a damn minute! Clyde, give  
me your hand.

She puts her hand next to the finger, then Clyde's hand.

RICK  
The size! It's a woman's finger!

CLYDE  
Motherfuckers! Oh, sorry. Sorry.

ENID  
Let me see that. This says "one  
thousand." One thousand what?



RICK  
Singapore dollars? Taels. New Taiwan  
dollars? Likely a lot to this guy.

ENID  
And this says "Taipei."

CLYDE  
So what was dude supposed to do to  
redeem this? Go to Taiwan?

Rick pockets the paper.

RICK  
Our triad isn't from there. I'd ask  
Georgie, if he'd just answer my calls.

CLYDE  
Yeah. He'd know.

RICK  
But I guess it's a message to "Back  
off!" The threat is to --

ENID  
Me, right? Works for me. Let's go.

Clyde lifts a battered hat and looks into a CHEST under it.

CLYDE  
Oh, shit! Let's get out of here.

He drops the lid.

ENID  
It's him, isn't it?

He drops the hat back on the lid. Rick blows out the lantern.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT

The lights of the Golden Gate Bridge. Shipping SOUNDS. The  
ship TIX ANNATJE WINNE steams steadily toward the bridge.

EXT. RICK'S BACK AND SIDE YARD - DAY

This is Rick's single home near Jenner. Clyde comes through  
the side yard carrying a large kraft envelope. He stumbles  
over paint cans by the rear entrance but does not fall.

CLYDE  
Oh, whups!  
(sings softly)  
I'm just dancin' in the dark...

In the back yard Rick is on a chaise lounge with a beer bottle.

RICK  
That you, Clyde? Watch the cans.

Clyde walks over to him and stands. He looks down.

CLYDE  
Nice day. Nicer than our "R and R"  
in Manila, at least.

RICK  
Ha!

CLYDE  
Eddie coming over?

RICK  
Mmm.

Clyde drops the envelope on Rick's chest.

CLYDE  
This is the last of the pictures. If  
you can write a story about them  
I'll take my hat off to you... If I  
had a hat.

Rick sits up and takes a swallow of beer.

RICK  
You want a beer?

CLYDE  
Not staying. What's with the paint?

RICK  
I was going to repaint the workout  
room. I got the paint, and...

CLYDE  
Very productive.

RICK  
Yeah, well... I think Enid wants to  
"discuss things."

CLYDE  
Oh, man. Well, be positive.

RICK  
Like you?

CLYDE  
Yes, like me. I called Saigon - well,  
Ho Chi Minh City - yesterday.

Rick is attentive.

RICK  
Oh? Do they know where Thanh is?

CLYDE  
Yeah. The orphanage stayed in touch.

RICK  
I'm amazed. Good for you. And so?

CLYDE  
Don't push me. I got to think about it, Rick. You know? Step at a time.

RICK  
Well. That's great. What's up today?

CLYDE  
You remember that manifest and the other documents Interpol sent Alice?

RICK  
Vaguely.

CLYDE  
Well, something doesn't jibe about them. I'm going to check them out.

RICK  
Knock yourself out.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Downstairs. Rick bends on a rowing machine. His phone buzzes. He completes his set then grabs a towel and the phone.

RICK  
About damn time, buddy. How come you're not picking up my calls...?

INTERCUTTING

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - DAY / INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Georgie in a bed. His arm in traction. One eye has a patch.

GEORGIE (into phone)  
Ricky. Just shut up and listen. I'm in the fucking hospital.

RICK (into phone)  
What?

A NURSE frowns and adjusts Georgie's pillow so he can sit easier and he mouths "Thank you" to her. She leaves.

GEORGIE (into phone)  
You heard me. Right after I talked to you a couple of your friend's "bàotús" turned up. Worked me over.

RICK (into phone)  
Oh, Jesus! I'm sorry, Georgie. Are you going to be okay? Where are you? I'll get a flight to New York--

GEORGIE (into phone)  
No! No. For god's sake. Stay where  
you are! You're bringing me trouble.

RICK (into phone)  
Well. How can I help? You need money?

GEORGIE (into phone)  
No! I'm just trying to warn you.  
Leave it alone. For the girl's sake.  
For my sake.

RICK (into phone)  
I hear you. I do. Anyway, we're out  
of leads, so--

GEORGIE (into phone)  
Stop looking for leads. You're going  
to get somebody killed. Tell the  
cops. Just don't mention me. When  
you going to learn, Ricky?

STOP INTERCUTTING

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Rick ponders. He doesn't want to answer.

GEORGIE (O.S.)  
(filtered on phone)  
Come see me for tea next time. But  
just tea, Ricky, okay? See you.

INT. RICK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rick drops Gágo's chit on some 8 x 10 blowups. Enid turns  
away from the window's ocean view. She picks up the chit.

RICK  
So that's what we have to show for a  
week in the field. And about fifteen  
thousand bucks. And that doesn't yet  
include the eleven days we spent in  
the hotel as guests of the police.

ENID  
It's also evidence from a murder  
scene. Which we've withheld. Then...

She drops the chit and ticks items off starting with her thumb.

ENID (CONT'D)  
...There's lying to Interpol. We're  
probably accessories after the fact  
to the little guy's murder. Interpol's  
got to be putting out a Red Notice  
on me right now.

RICK

It was self-defense. Anyway, that "little guy" was an informer and maybe a human trafficker. He did it for money and he got what was coming --

Enid's eyes search his face trying to see who he is. Rick meets her eyes. He shrugs.

ENID

That's pretty cold. You shouldn't talk about the dead that way.

Rick keeps a portrait of Enid. The rest go in the envelope.

RICK

Yeah. You're right.

Enid turns back to the window. She's had her say.

ENID

This is a nice place. Quiet. It would be a good place to study.

RICK

I'll give you a key.

ENID

I don't think so. Do you ever think --  
(upset again)  
About what happens when you do stuff? That could have ended my legal career right there. I'm just lucky they didn't actually arrest us.

RICK

Yeah. But it gets stuff done.

ENID

And what stuff did you get done last week? Georgie got beat up. You nearly got me killed. Did we protect the tigers?

RICK

All right. I get it. Alice already read me the riot act yesterday. I've used up almost all the Trust's money for the quarter and with no results. Georgie tells me to stop. Even Clyde rides me to -- I don't know what. I get it! But, Enid. If someone doesn't take a few risks how can we ever beat the bad guys?

ENID

I don't know. Maybe you're right.

(MORE)

ENID (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I'm not somebody to just come home to, but maybe I'm not the adventurer I thought I was, either. Eric, let's go, please.

INT. RICK'S CAR - EVENING

On highway in his late model SPORTS CAR. Rick drives. Having cleared the air they are a little more relaxed.

RICK

The poor tigers must be dead by now.

ENID

Do you have this dissatisfied -- I don't know, like hollow feeling?

RICK

About the tigers?

ENID

Yeah. Well, the whole thing. I mean, how could they be so far ahead of us? All the way? Or else, how could it all be a coincidence?

RICK

No way! Maybe the pirates were an accident, but Gágo? Set-up for sure.

ENID

Somebody was using him. But why?

RICK

You know, I've had this weird feeling. You remember during the fight?

ENID

I'll spend the rest of my life trying to forget it.

RICK

Yeah. I know... It struck me then that even though you and I were shooting at them, they seemed to be trying to get at Clyde. Funny kind of impression I can't shake.

ENID

Why? And who could possibly be a leak? Interpol? Hardly. Georgie?

RICK

I know. I can't believe it, though. We go way back... But they knew before we left San Francisco.

ENID

Oh?

RICK

They left me a message in my hotel room. So. Somebody else.

ENID

What message?

RICK

A threat. That's why I tried to tell you not to come with us.

ENID

But you didn't tell me what the danger was? Wrong, Eric. Wrong.

RICK

I didn't think they were after you. Didn't think they even knew about you.

Enid half scoffs at this lightweight excuse. After a moment,

RICK (CONT'D)

I didn't want to scare you off. To lose you. That's the simple truth.

She looks at him. This hit home but she's impossible to read.

ENID

So where does that leave us then? Stan?! The college kid? Part-timer.

RICK

Guess not. Maybe a Georgie slip-up?

Rick's phone buzzes and he answers on speaker.

RICK (CONT'D)

Yeah? Clyde?

CLYDE (V.O.)

Rick. I found something.

RICK

What do you mean? Oh, in the papers?

CLYDE (V.O.)

Affirmative. You got to see this! I know how they moved the kitty cats.

RICK

You think they're still alive?

CLYDE (V.O.)

I'd bet my bottom dollar on it. If I had a bottom dollar.

RICK  
You at the office?

CLYDE (V.O.)  
Yeah.

Rick glances at Enid. She shrugs "Okay."

RICK  
Be there in about an hour.

CLYDE (V.O.)  
You'll be here in, uh, forty minutes.

RICK  
What?

CLYDE (V.O.)  
Edie's with you. You're on One.

RICK  
How do you know that?

CLYDE (V.O.)  
I see Edie's phone.

Enid laughs derisively.

ENID  
He set that tracker thing up when we  
were in Manila in case I got lost.  
(raising her voice)  
Clyde, for God's sake!

RICK  
Enid says to cut the apron strings.  
She's a big girl now.

CLYDE (V.O.)  
Will do, Edie. No problem.

INT. PREDATOR PRESERVATION TRUST OFFICE - NIGHT

Rick and Enid exit the elevator and find the office door open.

RICK  
What the hell!

The office has been tossed by someone searching it hurriedly.  
Furniture is overturned, papers everywhere. There is a NOISE.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Wait here.

He eases in. Thumping noise again. Moves to inner office.

ENID  
Call the police, Eric.



INT. ALICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Clyde sets up a chair with a thump. He picks up a paper.

CLYDE

Ha!

(sees Rick in doorway)

Hey! I just called Alice.

RICK

It's Clyde, Enid. Come on in.

Clyde pockets the paper he found.

INT. PREDATOR PRESERVATION TRUST OFFICE - NIGHT

Enid and Rick are seated. Clyde adjusts a desk light.

CLYDE

Guess in a way I'm lucky. I had just gone out right after our call.

RICK

They must have been watching you.

Clyde nods and straightens the desk set. A little obsessively.

ENID

Did you call the police?

CLYDE

Alice said she would.

He can't stop straightening. Stoops for binders.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

The *Annatje Winne* docked here three days ago, by the way. And I figured out how they got the tigers in.

RICK

You said. I'm ready to hear how.

CLYDE

The main thing to get is if these guys can fake something, that's the way they handle it. Nothing's straight that doesn't have to be.

He fusses with binders. Eric looks to heaven. Enid gets up.

ENID

Clyde. Let me do that.

CLYDE

Thanks. So, the bills of lading and all - a lot of it's fake. Made up.

RICK  
How does that help? Seems like it  
makes it worse.

Enid nods agreement. She continues straightening.

CLYDE  
It's easier. If you look at exactly  
what they don't want you to see.  
Probably why they were here.

RICK  
I don't follow, Clyde.

CLYDE  
You remember what the Captain said  
about the containers being in bond?  
That was my first clue. I got thinking  
about why that was important. I mean,  
if he knew the cats were on this  
boat, they couldn't be in bond.

RICK  
He said it to throw us off the track?

CLYDE  
Yes, and no. They faked that too.  
Fake bond documents. Why?

RICK  
Would you stop asking questions?  
This isn't a college class.

CLYDE  
Okay. Okay. Where does Customs look  
at shipments coming in?

ENID  
(laughing)  
That's a question.

RICK  
I don't know. On the pier. At the  
customs house, or a brokerage. Why?

CLYDE  
No. If it's in bond it goes to its  
destination and gets inspected there.

RICK  
All right. How does that help them?

CLYDE  
I trained as a long haul trucker  
back in the day. Here's what they  
did. It's easy if you got money and  
the shipment is worth it. You send  
it on.

(MORE)

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Then you send another driver with a phony container full of the stuff you declared in yours - batik and so on. You send it on the road to your named destination.

RICK

In our case it was New York City.

CLYDE

Right. Then, in Colorado or Kansas or wherever, you have the two trucks meet up. They switch loads. The dummy one goes on to New York where it will be opened by Customs and they'll find the batik. And the driver's trip record will still be correct, mileage and all.

RICK

Where does the other go?

CLYDE

That's what I was looking for. They declared another load of batik going to Greensboro.

ENID

Where's that?

CLYDE

A dinky little place in Alabama. Isn't that what Georgie said to you? Alabama. It's the old switcheroo.

Rick gets up and paces.

RICK

You're sure?

CLYDE

Maybe not definite, but it's worth a look-see. And they left a clue.

ENID

Please. No more skeevy fingers!

CLYDE

They slipped up and dropped this.

He takes the paper from his pocket and hands it to Rick.

RICK

A boarding pass. To SFO. That's here. Where the hell is BHM?

CLYDE

Birmingham.

RICK  
 Okay... Call Alice first thing tomorrow. No. Call her now. See if she can get you and me on some kind of red-eye. Enid, if we find the tigers can you tell me what to do to protect them?

Clyde picks up the phone and calls.

ENID  
 Oh, man. I can't give you a crash course in tiger rescue... Well, the best thing would be to get a veterinarian, I mean a big cat vet. Try the zoo in Birmingham. Pretty sure they have tigers. You should get that number now.

RICK  
 Clyde, can you do that, too.

Clyde holds up his hand.

CLYDE (into phone)  
 Alice. Yeah. Got a big job for you. Yeah. Sorry. It is important.

Clyde nods, but walks into Alice's office to hear.

ENID  
 The main thing, I guess, is to make sure they're fed and watered. But adult tigers, if that's what they are, would need, oh, about twenty pounds of raw meat a day. Each. At a minimum. Ground beef would do for the first couple of days. You'd have to add to it later.

RICK  
 Clyde can we make a list? Clyde?

Clyde sticks his head back in and shakes his head.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 (grabs paper and pen)  
 Let me start a list. Okay. Ground beef. Forty pounds.

ENID  
 You have to watch the tiger's behavior to know how to help them. You have to know what to look for.

RICK  
 Tell me.

Clyde sticks his head back in.

CLYDE  
Alice says she quits.

RICK  
Yeah, I'm sure. Tell her she can't.

Clyde goes back out. Enid continues picking up binders.

ENID  
You have to see if they're sleeping right. Are they hungry or not? Are they pacing too much? Do they chuff?

RICK  
What the hell's that?

ENID  
Like a noise. You know. It shows they're upset. They blow out air --

She gives an example.

RICK  
Oh. Okay.

ENID  
And -- No, you got to get a vet. And get to law enforcement. I cant...

Clyde's head pops in again.

CLYDE  
There is a flight. We have to leave in a few minutes. Yes?

RICK  
Yes. Yes!  
(to Enid)  
What else? Come on. Tell me.

ENID  
Well, are they over-grooming? Also, um, they need to be isolated. But not if they're mates. Are they rubbing their heads on the bars? Eric, I can't do this!

RICK  
Clyde. Clyde!

The head returns. Rick goes to a closet and pulls out a bag.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Make sure you get the vet's number before we leave. Let's take your car. I'll leave mine here. I got a bag here. You okay to go?

CLYDE

Oh, yeahhh.

RICK

Sorry. You said rubbing their head?

ENID

Yes. It means--  
(slams binders down)  
Oh, shit! Do you want me to go?

RICK

Yes.

ENID

All right. Seeing as how I'm on the payroll for what? Three more days...?

RICK

See if Alice can get a third ticket.

EXT. ALABAMA COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A backwoods road with little shoulder. Gloomy with trees. A rental SUV pulled on the shoulder. Rick and Enid inspect an Alabama roadmap spread on its hood.

RICK

We tried all of these here and here.

Bushes shift. EYES watch Rick and Enid. Enid looks at phone.

ENID

Why is there bad reception everywhere  
I go with you? Let's see if he's  
hanging at one of the gas stations.

INT. RENTAL SUV - DAY

Rick drives. Searching. A country gas station appears.

ENID

There he is!

EXT. GAS STATION AND DINETTE - DAY

Rick's SUV slides to a stop at the pump. Clyde sits on a step holding a Doctor Pepper bottle. He walks over to them.

ENID

I have to use the bathroom. How can you drink that stuff so early?

RICK

This is the third place we tried.

CLYDE

(shows her the bottle)  
See? "10-2-4," Edie. Good stuff.  
(MORE)

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 (quieter, to Rick)  
 That's okay. I got something. I called  
 you, by the way.

RICK  
 Oh? Damn phone. Reception's shit.

Enid walks off. The OWNER (40), a Black man, looks out window.

CLYDE  
 Put in some gas.

Rick pulls his wallet. The owner turns away. He pumps gas.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 He saw the truck with the container.  
 Last night, late. It went by twice.

RICK  
 What a surprise!

Clyde shows him a church flyer with a pencil map on its back.

CLYDE  
 Guess where it stopped for directions?

EXT. GAS STATION RESTROOM - DAY

Enid comes out. Gasps from not breathing. Answers her phone.

ENID (into phone)  
 Frank! Yes. I tried to reach you.  
 I'm in Alabama. Speak up a little.

MCGRATH (V.O.)  
 I'm so sorry I got you into this.

ENID (into phone)  
 It's okay. But I wanted to warn you.  
 There's some kind of leak.

Rick waves for her to hurry. She gestures to wait.

MCGRATH (V.O.)  
 You have to be careful, Enid. Don't  
 let Eric drag you into... situations.  
 He's not always prudent, you know?

ENID (into phone)  
 (scoffs)  
 Yes, I do know. I don't think --

MCGRATH (V.O.)  
 Forget the tigers. And the others.

ENID (into phone)  
 Others. What others? You mean lions?

MCGRATH (V.O.)

I have to go. I'm trying to keep an eye on Stan. I'll call the police.

ENID (into phone)

You think it's Stan, too? Frank?

(to Rick)

Frank thinks it's Stan. He's scared.

I can hear it in his voice.

She shakes her head in disbelief and puts the phone away.

EXT. ALABAMA COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The rental SUV and 4x4 are parked. Rick waves his phone.

RICK

Is there a cigaret lighter in yours?

CLYDE

What? Oh, yeah. Think so. Go look.

ENID

Frank thinks you're irresponsible, too, you know.

Enid crawls in the SUV's back seat. Rick smirks. Walks away.

RICK

Something's wrong with the map, Clyde.

CLYDE

Nah. The guy just must've missed something he takes for granted.

Rick rejoins Clyde. As he passes he glances in at Enid. She is lying down. He smiles. She wrinkles her nose playfully.

ENID

So do I. Wake me if you see tigers.

Clyde wanders across to look at the chain link fence. Rick sticks his head in the SUV window and confers with Enid.

CLYDE

Pretty serious fence.

RICK

(calls to Clyde)

Enid says if we're close you should smell the cats.

Clyde staring past him. Rick pulls his head out of the window.

RICK (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

Clyde nods behind Rick. Rick looks.



Two Black boys stand on the wooded shoulder watching them.  
DANIEL (10) carries a boy's .22. ZEKE (7), has a toy rifle.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hi.

Zeke waves.

DANIEL

Hello.

RICK

You live around here?

Zeke points up the hill. Daniel hits Zeke's shoulder.

DANIEL

Yessir. Are you looking for the lions,  
Mister?

RICK

(to himself)

Damn.

(to Daniel)

Yes we are. Are they around here?

Enid clambers out of the SUV. Clyde joins Rick.

Zeke nods his head earnestly and points awkwardly behind his  
back without turning. His mouth is firmly shut.

DANIEL

Yup. But Pappy says we shouldn't  
talk about it none or he'll whup us  
for lying. Says they ain't no lions.

ZEKE

Pappy says maybe they's bobcats if  
they's anything at all.

CLYDE

Are they lions?

DANIEL

Yessir. And not no painters, neither.

ZEKE

They's real liums.

DANIEL

Lions.

Zeke hits his brother ineffectually for correcting him.

RICK

My name's Rick. What's yours?

DANIEL

Daniel. This here's my brother  
Ezekiel. He goes by Zeke.

They shake hands awkwardly with the stranger.

RICK  
Can you tell us where the lions are?

Daniel points down the hill. Rick looks at Clyde, who shrugs.

DANIEL  
I can show you.

ENID  
You just going to leave the car here?

CLYDE  
It's not New York, Edie. It's safe  
for a while. Bet my life on it.

City girl Enid stuffs her bag under her jacket and grins.

ENID  
If you had a life?

Clyde gives her a big thumbs up and unlimbers his Leica.

EXT. TREED HILLSIDE - DAY

Overgrown former farmland with patches of deep woods.

DANIEL  
They's down there.

Daniel points through a chainlink fence topped by razor and electric wire. Clyde taps a posting SIGN signed: "QDD LLC."

RICK  
Yeah. Got it. Right.

ENID  
I don't see anything.

DANIEL  
You got to go inside, Miss.

RICK  
You've been inside?

DANIEL  
Yessir. We go in to hunt the lions.

CLYDE  
You climb over this fence?

DANIEL  
Nup. They's a way under it.

EXT. FENCE AT GULLY - DAY

The fence crosses a stream in a berry thicket. Recent erosion has opened a small gap in the clay bank at one side.

DANIEL  
That's where we get in.

RICK  
Think we'll fit?

Clyde hands Rick the Leica. He wriggles under. Rick and Enid follow. The boys watch.

DANIEL  
It's another fence over there a ways.  
That's where the lions is.

RICK  
Okay. Thank you very much, Daniel.

CLYDE  
You kids skedaddle now. Hear?

The boys nod and back away slowly. Rick looks at Enid.

RICK  
Still think it's a goose chase?

ENID  
No, but... Isn't this where we call  
in the Federales?

CLYDE  
Maybe I should go back to town and  
scare up a shotgun.

RICK  
I just want to see are they alive.

EXT. INNER LION COMPOUND FENCE - DAY

This is of similar construction to the first and about 150 yards away. The trio runs to it in recon mode. Rick checks the fence from a clump of willows.

ENID  
I'm smelling big cats now.

Rick shakes the fence gauging its strength and the razor wire.

RICK  
Guess we should go around --

A LION LEAPS from the grass. Hangs by all four paws, snarling.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck me!

Enid yells and Rick jumps back. Clyde snaps pictures.

The lion drops to the ground then stalks away.

ENID  
Can we go now? Now!

A VEHICLE SOUND comes from a distance away.

ENID (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

CLYDE

Beat it!

They run but a 4x4 PICKUP with TWO ASIAN THUGS cuts them off. A SHOT from an AR-15. Two shots rip up turf in front of them.

The pickup stops. NIZAM (40), professional thug, jumps out. Holds his AR-15 rifle on them.

ENID

About that contingency planning?

EXT. CENTER OF THE COMPOUND - DAY

With Rick, Enid and Clyde in the back with Nizam and his rifle, the pickup speeds along the fence around the lion enclosure and stops in front of two cinderblock buildings and a shed.

An open container sits beside the larger building. The bare compound is littered with the refuse of recent construction.

CHUONG (50) steps out of the building. He is a sharp featured, fastidiously dressed European with gold-rimmed glasses. His Brit accent is flawed. He wears a .357 magnum revolver.

Nizam forces Rick and the others out. They stand, alert but not yet afraid. Chuong approaches. Nizam stands behind them.

Thug #2, AZWAR (30), likably open-faced, parks the pickup. He returns with their gear. Chuong greets the trio.

CHUONG

How enterprising! Very good!

Clyde edges sideways to keep an eye on Nizam, but the thug butt strokes him on the knee to make him stay put.

CLYDE

Ow! Damn, bro!

CHUONG

Well, here you are at last. You seem surprised, Mister Stewart. Did you expect Fu Manchu? Doctor No? No? My name is Chuong. I had another name once, but I won't bore you. We have work ahead of us.

He enjoys bantering in his native tongue.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Miss Enid Troiano -- a pleasure. And Mister LeRoy Baxter. All good.

Enid glances in surprise at Eric.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
How did you like our lions?

CLYDE  
We don't like being hassled by gunmen.

CHUONG  
You're trespassers. You're from "around these parts," aren't you, Mister Baxter? You know what happens to trespassers here in this bastion of American self-reliance. Consider yourself lucky you're still talking.

ENID  
Are you threatening us?

CHUONG  
Good heavens! I don't make threats.

Enid looks for Rick to speak but he watches a man hosing out the container. Chuong notices.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
Yes. I have them. Late last night. Our vet tended them in California. They are fully recovered from the rigors of their journey. So.

An Asian woman, LYANA (50), opens the door behind Chuong and waits to speak. Chuong glares at her and she shrinks back.

Chuong says something to the thugs in Malay. Rick looks at Enid. She shakes her head.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
(in Mandarin, subtitled)  
Learn Trade Malay, Miss Troiano, a most useful language.

Azwar leers at Enid as he brings their gear up. Enid scowls.

Chuong barks at Azwar and shoots him a warning look. He snatches the camera and hat away. Chuong pulls out the film.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
No guns. Good. But no cell phones?

RICK  
We left them in the car.

Chuong tosses the camera to Nizam with words in Malay. Nizam smiles. Chuong fiddles with SUV keys.

CHUONG  
Frankly, that's very poor planning.  
(MORE)

CHUONG (CONT'D)

I'll wager no one knows where you are. We'll wait a while and see.

A command in Malay. The thugs hustle Enid and Clyde away.

ENID

Eric!

RICK

Take it easy! Watch her, Clyde.

Chuong takes Rick by the arm in an old-fashioned way.

CHUONG

All right, Eric. Come along now. I'm anxious to share what I'm doing.

Rick sees his friends thrust into the shed.

RICK

What about them?

They walk through debris to the big cinderblock building.

CHUONG

You know, I'm really pleased. Your companions tried to, well, deal with me one way or another. But you understand that's pointless. You know it's all a game - watch your step here. You understand that there is absolutely no point at all in bluffing until you know what cards you hold. We have a lot in common.

RICK

I doubt it.

CHUONG

Oh, don't be hasty. It's true you're a little short in the common sense department, but you're very persistent. That's a good quality.

Chuong poses expansively as they stand at the threshold.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Now. I'm sure you want to know everything. No secrets, yes? I am associated with the Qiangda Dong Triad. Can't say I'm a member -- They have their little rules. But, well, let's call it a joint venture... Yes, that's right.

RICK

What's going to happen to my friends?

Chuong studies Rick's face. Nizam returns quietly.

CHUONG

Well! Is this a new-found altruistic concern for others, Eric? Or perhaps you sense your destiny may be diverging from that of your fellows? Put yourself in my position. What would you do with them?

Rick stares at him coldly, anger just below the surface.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Let's just say that their future depends in some significant measure on how you play your hand --

Rick swings without warning at Chuong's smug face. Before his backswing is complete, Nizam jabs him in the kidney. Rick crumples to his knees. Nizam stands over him.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Let's have no more of that, now.

Nizam pulls Rick to his feet. He stands shakily, waiting for the pain to pass. Chuong watches him, almost sympathetically.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

You'll piss blood for a while. But no permanent damage. Let me show you what we're doing. Come along.

Chuong takes a ring of keys from the thug and opens the door.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Suppose we could produce a full supply of tiger parts to the market without taking any wild animals?

(waits)

Wouldn't that do more to reduce poaching than what you are doing?

RICK

(pained tight voice)

You're talking about farming them?

CHUONG

Right as rain! And why not? The Chinese have been doing this for quite a while.

He looks into Rick's eyes, sizing him up. He sends Nizam off with the SUV keys and a word in Malay, then leads Rick in.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

They're just animals after all.

INT. LABORATORY AND KEEPING ROOM COMPLEX - DAY

Five cages. Chuong hangs the keys at the door by a DART GUN.

In the cages two TIGERS and three LIONESSES pace or lie. Chuong greets each cat in turn.

CHUONG  
Hello, girl. Such a pretty little  
sweetheart!  
(squats by the third)  
And how is Daisy doing today?

Daisy's paw extends. He strokes it. The toes spread.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
Are you feeling all right?

Standing behind Chuong, Rick watches the butt of Chuong's pistol as he squats. He notes Nizam is not behind him.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
Aren't they beautiful? But nothing  
can compare to these.

He walks by the tigers, staying carefully out of range. The female lies, nervous and alert. The male paces ceaselessly.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
This is Raisa. And this is Sonjay.

RICK  
They don't have names.

CHUONG  
Ah. Still wild, still nameless. You  
are obsessed by wildness, Eric.

Chuong holds open a door across from the tigers' cages.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
But as you see, all this concern for  
their well-being has been misplaced.

INT./EXT. TOOL SHED - DAY

Clyde and Enid look out. Azwar struts by. Squints through reading glasses, trying to impress Enid by looking like Chuong. Mystified and repulsed, Enid hisses at him.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

The tigers' shipping boxes lean against a wall. An operating table. A tray of instruments. Chuong points out a freezer.

CHUONG  
Here's where it all begins. These  
are tiger eggs. Drawn off by  
laparoscopy from a female who died.



He notices Rick's look of dismay.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Not from anything we did, I hasten to add. We bought her from a circus. An aging Bengal, magnificent in her prime. But we have reason to doubt just how viable her ova are. The new tigress will be far more suitable. Raisa is fantastic, don't you agree?  
(points as they walk)  
Here's where we do the artificial insemination. Yes. We have none at the moment, but they would be here.

RICK

Why? Is it too hard to breed them?

CHUONG

No, indeed. That's not our problem. You see, what we're after is volume.

Rick looks perplexed.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

How's your biology?

RICK

You're determined to give me an education, aren't you?

CHUONG

One can never be too educated, my friend. You know that lions and tigers are the same genus, I presume?

RICK

Yes. Of course.

CHUONG

Well, while they only occasionally interbreed because they're separate species, we can easily use lions to carry tiger embryos.

RICK

I've heard about that.

CHUONG

Amazing, isn't it? Right up to term. One of the lionesses you just saw is carrying two tiger fetuses right now. As I say, we're not sure whether there mayn't be some birth defect.

RICK

But why not just let them breed?

CHUONG

You still don't see? How many people are running around the world doing what you do to protect lions?

RICK

Most lions aren't endangered. Yet.

CHUONG

Right again! They're doing pretty well. In fact, compared to Panthera tigris, our friend Panthera leo is downright common. They're a dime-a-dozen. In most states anyone with a thousand bucks can get a lion cub. Do you see now? We can get as many lions as we like and have them all implanted, carrying tiger fetuses.

RICK

Do you really think you can do that?

Chuong opens a side door, holding it for Rick. As he does, another door beside it closes. Someone was listening.

INT. CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT ROOM

The windows are sealed with black plastic and foil.

CHUONG

Quiet now. Just take a peek.

In the dim light a lioness nurses a striped cub.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

There were three originally. Two were stillborn. That's why we have doubts about the ova. But there's your proof. He's two months old.

Rick looks at him speechlessly.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

As they say, the rest is engineering. ... Quiet now! Let's leave her alone.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

They walk slowly through the lab they left a few minutes ago.

RICK

How can you do this? How can you raise these cubs just to kill them?

CHUONG

Any farmers in your family, Eric?... No, I rather doubted it. My grandfather raised swine in Wiltshire.

(MORE)

CHUONG (CONT'D)

He had a firm rule. He would say to me, "Marty, Marty, never make a pet out of something you're going to eat!" Most farmers are like that. They appreciate the magic of birth, but in the end it's a business... There's no natural limit to what we can do here. Do you see the potential for saving your wild tigers?

Chuong pauses at the door to the keeping room.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

There's just one problem, of course.

INT. KEEPING ROOM - DAY

Lulled into complacency, Rick waits as Chuong closes the door.

RICK

What's that?

CHUONG

That, my friend, is you.

EXT. ROAD BY THE FENCE - DAY

Daniel walks up the hill followed by Zeke.

DANIEL

Hurry up, Zeke! Pappy's goin' to whup us if we don't get home.

ZEKE

Are you going to tell him?

DANIEL

No! And don't you neither. Hear?

Zeke shoulders his toy gun. He marches and watches the fence.

INT. KEEPING ROOM - DAY

Rick is trying to think fast. His back still hurts.

CHUONG

I need you to go on about your work in the worst way. Just forget what you've seen here. Will you do that?

RICK

You'll let us go?

CHUONG

Well, naturally under certain conditions. I know you haven't any --

RICK  
Conditions such as?

CHUONG  
You forget about me. You go on hunting poachers and smugglers, but you leave my operation strictly alone.

RICK  
Why should I?

CHUONG  
Two reasons I can think of.

RICK  
You mean Enid and Clyde.

CHUONG  
You anticipate me. Actually I meant, first, what I am doing will accomplish all that you want. In a few years I'll supply all the needs for tiger parts with no poaching. Why do you think I lured you here?

Rick is nonplussed, but gets his reactions under control.

RICK  
So I help you secure your position by keeping heat on the other poachers.

CHUONG  
You see how nicely that works out?

RICK  
That's one. What's the other reason?

CHUONG  
Now we come to your first point.

RICK  
Ah. The stick to go with the carrot. Suppose I agree. How do you know I'll keep my end of the bargain?

CHUONG  
Well, I had rather hoped you'd see that it's in our mutual interest. But if you have doubts --

RICK  
It's still illegal, immoral. Whether you raise them or catch them.

CHUONG  
...Then I have doubts, too. So rash!...

(MORE)

CHUONG (CONT'D)

You know, I don't think you're really in touch with some basics. Just what did you think you'd accomplish barging in here without backup, risking your friends' lives? Again.

RICK

All right. All right. I'll do it.

CHUONG

Convince me. Show me you're earnest.

Chuong slips out the revolver and shucks the shells. Rick watches with growing anxiety as he replaces two rounds.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Two bullets. One for... Sonjay and one for... Raisa. Or, for LeRoy and the young lady, as the case may be.

He clicks the cylinder shut. Rick stares in amazement.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Well, what's it meant to be, Eric? The lady or the tiger, as they say?

Rick looks around at the door. Chuong aims at the male tiger.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Say the word, Eric. Show me you mean it. One tiger for both your friends. Come now. At this range it's instant and painless, I guarantee it. I'm waiting... What's important to you? If you can't choose, how can I know I can trust you?

(beat)

You know, you're no different from the old Chinese fart who wants the tiger's bones to give him the power he no longer has. He lusts for the tiger's power... And so do you, my young friend -- in your own way. Because you, too, are powerless.

Chuong swings the pistol across his face. Rick falls.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

If you're going to use people, do it! Be ruthless. If I'm to let you go, you'll have to convince me that you'll do as I say. So far...

INT. TOOL SHED - DAY

Enid and Clyde sit. The door opens. Rick is thrown in.

ENID  
 Are you okay?  
 (sees the wound)  
 Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

Clyde comes over and helps him to a seat on a sack.

CLYDE  
 Damn! You look like the only guy in  
 the hatchet fight without a hatchet.

RICK  
 Thanks. He wanted... He's crazy!

CLYDE  
 No kidding?

ENID  
 (gently)  
 Clyde!

RICK  
 I mean it, pal. He's out of control.  
 We are in some deep shit here!

ENID  
 Are they going to let us go?

RICK  
 How the hell should I know? That  
 crazy bastard wanted me to decide if  
 he should kill a tiger or you two.

ENID  
 What! After all he went to?

Rick examines window fastenings. Enid follows with a rag.

CLYDE  
 Don't think so. The bars are solid.

The door slams open and the two thugs grab Rick and Clyde.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 Hold it, buster!

He throws off Nizam's hand, but he's no match. Azram sucker  
 punches him. Drags him out. Rick follows Nizam more tamely.

ENID  
 No!

Chuong appears in the open doorway.

CHUONG  
 Show time.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

They prod the men over to the lion enclosure. Unlock the access gate. A long cattle prod leans against the fence. Chuong approaches.

CLYDE  
You're going to throw us in with the  
kitty cats?

RICK  
You wouldn't.

Chuong nods and Azram shoves Clyde in.

RICK (CONT'D)  
No, wait!

Clyde stumbles. The gate slams.

In the distance a lion's head appears. It watches Clyde.

Clyde sees and backs to the gate. He fumbles with the lock.

Azram touches him with the cattle prod.

Clyde falls to his knees holding his aching fingers.

CLYDE  
Ow! Shit! Shit! Shit!

RICK  
For God's sake, stay cool, Clyde!  
(to Chuong)  
Let him out. I'll do what you want.

Chuong ignores him. He smiles and points at the lion.

CHUONG  
Look.

The lion gets to her feet. It stretches languorously.

RICK  
Let him out!

Rick watches in horrified fascination. Chuong whispers.

CHUONG  
Imagine, instead, the fair Enid.

Clyde stands and backs near the gate. The lion yawns.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
A word to the wise if you --

He kicks the fence. Another pair of lion's eyes appears.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
I'm talking to you, LeRoy.

Clyde turns to look at Chuong, his face aghast.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

They like to run game into the fence.

Clyde jumps away from the fence as if it were red hot.

RICK

This is murder. That's all.

CHUONG

Sticks and stones, Eric. Sticks and stones. No, this is nature's way.

CLYDE

Rick, don't let them do this.

RICK

Take it easy, buddy. I'll get you out.

CHUONG

You know, I'm thinking of getting some hyenas and vultures. Then it will be just like African savannah. This is how nature cleans up.

RICK

Okay. You made your point.

CHUONG

It may take awhile. They're fed. But live game tunes their instincts.  
(to Clyde)  
LeRoy. Try your best, yes?

RICK

(so Clyde can't hear)  
You know he can't deal with this.

CHUONG

It's an option. We'll see. I'm an option kind of guy, Eric.  
(to Clyde, pointing)  
LeRoy. You'll find water back there.

Clyde's face is a mask of anxiety. He fidgets aimlessly.

Rick leaps for Chuong. The thugs grab him. He tries Enid's move, but Azram gets him in a headlock while Nizam punches.

The second lion gets up, 150 yards away, curious about the commotion. Thugs drag Rick away.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

You're not helping him this way.  
I'll give you until morning. We'll know by then if any help is coming.

Clyde looks about hopelessly. Chuong gives a sarcastic salute.



INT. TOOL SHED - DAY

Rick's head is sunk down, Enid's arm around him. A canteen and metal trays have untouched food. In the distance a CHORUS OF LIONS. Rick grinds his head in his hands.

ENID  
There was nothing you could do.

RICK  
I should have listened to you. It was stupid to come without the cops.

Rick jumps up and seizes a shovel. He bangs it on the door.

ENID  
Eric, this isn't helping.

RICK  
It's helping me!

He rams the shovel through the window.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

Azram grins as the shovel flies out with shattered glass.

INT. TOOL SHED - DAY

RICK  
Why don't you come in here, coward!

Rick dodges as the shovel flies back. Rushes to the window but is met by water from a hose. They are drenched.

ENID  
Thanks.

EXT. ROAD BY THE FENCE - DAY

Daniel walks deliberately with his .22.

DANIEL  
If you don't hurry up, I don't know what I'll do. But I ain't gonna get a whuppin' cause of you, that's for sure. Hurry up now, Zeke.  
(walks on)  
Pappy'll be angry if we late to --

Daniel looks. Zeke is nowhere to be seen. Daniel runs back.

EXT. ROAD BY THE FENCE - DAY

Further away, Zeke walks alone. He shoots at imaginary lions.

ZEKE  
Tush! Tush!

He blows imaginary smoke from the end of his toy gun's muzzle.

INT. TOOL SHED - DAY

Damp, muddy, staring into space. Rick slaps his leg, rises.

ENID  
What's the matter?

RICK  
I was thinking about what Clyde said.

He sees shingles, barbed wire insulation, a pick by the wall.

ENID  
What did he say?

Rick pulls out supplies, making his way to the back wall.

RICK  
He said everything Chuong did was based on something phony.

ENID  
This looks like a real building to me. With real bars on a real window, and a real lock.

RICK  
What about the floor?

Rick comes back to speak softly to her. Enid looks down.

ENID  
Real dirty. Why?

Rick tips the canteen. Water seeps into the floor.

Enid grabs the shovel. Rick takes the pick. They dig.

EXT. BEHIND THE TOOL SHED - DAY

Rick squeezes under the wall. Breathes. He helps Enid through. They look around.

ENID  
Can we take that truck?

RICK  
I have to go into the lab.

ENID  
No! Let's get the hell out of here.

RICK  
I have to do something. I won't be long, but... I got it! Come on!

He drops the shovel. Runs to the container, pulling Enid.

INT. CONTAINER - DAY

There are pools of water from being hosed out. Enid follows him in. He closes the door all but a crack.

ENID  
Eric, please.

RICK  
I have to do this. Trust me.

ENID  
For the tigers? You think Clyde would want revenge? None of it matters. We need to think about us.

Eric looks at her, knowing he can't convince her.

RICK  
I won't be long.

He rinses off with the water. Enid is reflected beside him.

ENID  
Please don't do this.

Rick steps out the door and closes it.

RICK  
Stay out of sight. Keep this closed.

Enid clutches her hair in despair and rage.

INT. KEEPING ROOM - DAY

Rick slips in silently. Cats stir. They stare at him.

The female tiger lies still, panting. Slowly, he eases her latch open. He leaves her door shut but unlatched.

He moves on. The male tiger stretches through the bars scratching him, almost casually. Rick jumps back, holding his arm and sucking in his breath in pain. The tiger paces.

Rick approaches the cage but the tiger is ready to claw again. He looks around, gets the dart gun by the doorway.

He uses the dart gun to ease the latch open. The tiger claws at the dart gun through the bars next to the cage door.

Cages unlocked, Rick goes to leave his surprise. He opens the door but sees Azram walking toward him. He closes it. He presses flat to the wall. The door opens. Rick crouches down. A hand lifts the keys. Closes the door.

The female tiger rises. The male rubs its head on the bars.

INSERT - THE CAGE'S CATCH MOVES

EXT. LION GATE - DAY

Azram opens the gate carrying a plastic bag. His rifle is slung on his shoulder and he grabs the cattle prod as he goes through the gate. He latches the gate without locking it.

He tucks a trash bag into his belt and walks straight in.

EXT. IN THE TALL GRASS - DAY

Azram advances slowly, holding the prod in front. He looks warily as he goes. He comes on a scattered group of bones.

He pokes with the prod through the bones.

A cheap bracelet drops in the bag.

He squats and picks up a jawbone with capped molars. He flakes off caked dirt. Drops the bone in his bag. He moves on.

EXT. UTILITY SHED BY THE POND - DAY

Azram leans the cattle prod against the side wall next to a long-handled iron rake. Lions COUGH in the distance.

Afternoon sun shines on the reeds and the pond.

INT. THE UTILITY SHED - DAY

Azram slides a wooden box off a shelf and dumps the jawbone, a wallet, cheap women's jewelry drop in. He puts the box back, tucks the bag into his belt and goes out.

AZRAM'S POV. The RAKE strikes him in the face.

EXT. UTILITY SHED BY THE POND - DAY

Clyde, soaked and shivering, holds the rake over Azram. He reaches for the rifle, but hears something.

He jumps in the shed as a lion skids to a stop. Azram yells.

Azram grabs for his rifle but his arm is tangled in the sling. The lion swipes his face. The rifle DISCHARGES harmlessly.

INT. KEEPING ROOM - DAY

Rick hears the shot and slowly stands up.

RICK  
Clyde?

INT. CONTAINER - DAY

Enid looks out. She sees Nizam at the gate. He calls out.

EXT. FRONT OF UTILITY SHED BY POND - EVENING

The lion bestrides Azram and clamps its jaws on his throat. He struggles, but the lion hangs on casually, resting its full weight on his body.

His hands beat at the bulky cat. Fleas jump about.

The lion slowly suffocates him. The lion rips at his throat without rancor. A second lion is drawn to the fresh kill.

INT. UTILITY SHED - DAY

Clyde peers in horror through a crack between the door and its frame caused by the rake handle. He holds the door shut. He looks around. The rake is his only defense. He pulls it back through the door.

EXT. UTILITY SHED - DAY

The second lion grabs at the rake. A tug-of-war swings the door partway open. The lion wrenches the rake from Clyde.

A third lion joins the fray.

LONG SHOT THE SHED

While the first lion feeds on the dead thug, two lions attack the door repeatedly trying to get at the fresh quarry inside.

A fourth appears from behind them and leaps atop the shed.

INT. KEEPING ROOM - DAY

Rick holds the dart gun with his back to the wall. He opens the door a bit and hears Nizam outside, CALLING. Closes it.

The female tiger rests her paw on her door and moves it a fraction of an inch. She is intrigued by it, but so far has not figured out she can open it. Her tail twitches.

Rick makes sure the dart gun is loaded. The male tiger rubs his head against the door.

THE LATCH - gives a little.

INT. UTILITY SHED - DAY

Clyde lodges a screwdriver through the door handle to the frame. Its screws pull out a bit with each move of the cats.

CLYDE'S POV THROUGH DOOR OF SHED - DAY

The first lion drags Azram's mangled body away.

CLYDE (O.S.)  
Go, kitty cat. Go!

The body slides past the door, then the head and arms stretched above. The rifle's sling is still twisted around the hand.

CLYDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No. Wait, wait, wait.

INT. UTILITY SHED - DAY

Clyde dances inside, wanting to grab the rifle, but not daring.

CLYDE  
Oh, no! Go follow her, kitty cats.

EXT. UTILITY SHED - DAY

The lion on the roof leaps after the disappearing body. Her leap shoves the shed backward, tipping up its front.

INT. UTILITY SHED - DAY

A 6-inch gap at Clyde's feet. A lion's paw scrabbles through. Clyde jams the wall down. The paw pulls back.

EXT. UTILITY SHED - DAY

The two lions notice their repast disappearing. They spin about and chase it.

The door opens. Clyde looks both ways. He eases out.

Yards away the rifle disappears in the grass. GORGING, SNARLS.

Clyde slinks straight toward the gate on light feet. He looks behind at the invisible lions. He sings very softly.

CLYDE  
I see skies of blue and clouds of  
white...

EXT. INNER LION COMPOUND FENCE - DAY

Zeke walks alone by the fence shooting his toy rifle.

ZEKE  
Tush! Tush! Tush! You're dead!

He walks up to the fence. In the distance, the lanky Clyde trots toward the gate which is several hundred yards from Zeke and around a corner in the fence. Zeke remembers him.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
Hey, Mister!

EXT. INSIDE THE FENCE - DAY

Clyde looks around, confused. He recognizes the little figure. He tries to make his voice carry without yelling.

CLYDE

Zeke! Go home!

Sees Zeke shake his head. Clyde starts toward him, but notices a lion stick her head up. Clyde runs for the gate.

EXT. GATE - DAY

Nizam, weaponless, heads to cut Zeke off at the fence corner.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FENCE - DAY

Zeke shoots at the lion. He sees Clyde near the gate. Zeke breaks into a run.

ZEKE

I'll get the lium. I'll help you.

The lion rises.

INT. KEEPING ROOM - DAY

Rick cracks open the door. SOUND OF PISTOL BEING COCKED.

CHUONG (O.S.)

On such a balmy afternoon I'm shocked  
to see you neglect the lovely Enid!

Rick spins around as Chuong enters from the lab, gun leveled. He edges for the door, but Chuong's voice freezes him.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Aaah. Not so fast.

RICK

I thought I'd give myself an option.

CHUONG

(chuckling)

It appears I completely underestimated  
your lack of common sense although  
you still get high marks for  
perseverance. What in the world...?

Chuong follows Rick's gaze to the tigers.

CHUONG (CONT'D)

Were we planning a little insurrection  
of some kind? A palace revolt? I  
have to tell you, Eric, this doesn't  
help convince me you intend to  
cooperate. Are you still deluding  
yourself that you are actually helping  
the tigers?

Chuong has not seen the unlocked cages. Sees the dart gun.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
 Slide the gun over. I've done my  
 best. We all have partners we have  
 to answer to, Eric, like it or not.

Rick had forgotten the dart gun. He starts to throw it but  
 hesitates. Chuong raises his pistol.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
 But you seem a trifle dense in that  
 department. NOW!

His voice startles the cats. The female tiger pushes her gate  
 open. Chuong snaps off a SHOT that clangs off a bar.

The shocked male tiger leaps through his door.

Lyana opens the inner door. Looks in terror. She goes out.

The female tiger tries to avoid both the woman and the men.

CHUONG (CONT'D)  
 Oh no!

He fires again, but the male tiger rises on his hind legs and  
 bats at Chuong's head, decapitating him. Chuong's head rolls  
 into the corner. His glasses slide across the floor into Rick's  
 foot. Rick is aghast and freezes.

The tigers claw the door they saw close behind Lyana. Rick  
 slips out the front door.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE KEEPING ROOM - DAY

Rick leans against the door. Fumbles with the latch. The male  
 tiger hits the door. Throws it open. Rick falls back.

The male tiger bounds away over him. Rick looks for a place  
 to hide. He runs for the gate to the lion enclosure.

Just as Rick gets to it Clyde appears on the other side.

CLYDE  
 You don't want to come in here.

RICK  
 Clyde! I thought --

Rick pushes him backward.

RICK (CONT'D)  
You don't want to come out here!

Clyde sees the tigers coming for them. They slam the gate.

CLYDE  
 Is that thing loaded? Because...

Rick follows his gaze. Two lions trot toward them.



RICK

Oh my God!

The female tiger runs off to hide behind the buildings. The male snarls and claws at the gate. The lions approach.

Clyde looks to the side and sees Zeke struggling with Nizam.

CLYDE

Oh God, no! Zeke! Get away!

Zeke pulls away. Nizam sees that the cats are loose. He leaves Zeke and runs back toward the buildings.

RICK

Oh, for god's sake! We have to --

The male tiger sees the lions. He stalks off, his tail raised defiantly. He hasn't seen Zeke who is coming to help Clyde.

Rick and Clyde quickly edge out of the gate, watching the tiger as it follows the female around the building corner.

The lions break into a run. Clyde slams the gate.

RICK (CONT'D)

Zeke! Stop where you are!

CLYDE

I'm going to tan your hide!

The lions pounce snarling onto the now-latched gate.

ZEKE

I'll he'p you. I can shoot the liums.

Rick starts toward him.

RICK

(to Clyde)

Watch for those tigers.

A SHOT goes off. Rick turns his head in confusion. Nizam has his rifle. He runs back. He stops to shoot again.

The female tiger runs full out from behind the building. Nizam sees her too late. Raises his rifle. She knocks him down, overruns him, comes back, claws at his head and neck.

Rick raises the dart gun, shoots. The dart thwunks into the tiger's flank. She turns, snarling and chewing at it.

Rick and Clyde run to Zeke. The tiger turns in circles trying to get the dart out. SIRENS in the distance.

RICK (CONT'D)

No. Get down. Get down, Zeke!

CLYDE  
Sounds like the posse's here.

RICK  
Zeke! You almost -- Come here!

Zeke raises his rifle again apparently at Rick.

CLYDE  
Look out!

Rick turns. The male tiger charges. Rick huddles over Zeke.

Clyde seizes the shovel and bangs the tiger over the head, stopping it. Rick throws Zeke out of the way.

Rick jabs the empty dart gun at the tiger's face. It claws at both the dart gun and the shovel. Zeke returns and beats the tiger's butt with his rifle. The tiger bats it out of Zeke's hands. It breaks against the fence.

Rick grabs for Zeke and the tiger grabs Rick. Clyde hits with the shovel repeatedly. Rick jams the dart gun in the corners of the tiger's mouth trying to keep the jaws from closing. The tiger presses down harder on Rick. The dart gun's stock snaps.

SIRENS are close. A COUNTY SHERIFF'S SUV screeches to a halt, followed by a VAN. The doors open and the van's door shows an ALABAMA DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENTAL RESOURCES DECAL.

Clyde jabs the shovel and pushes Zeke away with his foot.

The SHERIFF (35), a Black woman, wades in. Uniformed men and women jump out, including Daniel and his FATHER.

A SHARPSHOOTER kneels and takes aim.

SHARPSHOOTER  
Make them get down!

SHERIFF  
Wait!

The sheriff steps in and snags Zeke out of the mêlée.

DER OFFICER  
No! Don't shoot!

The DER OFFICER and his FEMALE ASSISTANT both fire dart guns. One dart strikes the female and one the male. They run up and grapple with the male tiger, holding its jaws open.

Rick bleeds badly. Clyde struggles with a huge paw. A hind leg gropes for Rick's belly. Clyde kicks it away. The Sheriff grabs the other forearm. The sharpshooter aims.

SHARPSHOOTER  
Give me a shot, damn it! Back off!

DER OFFICER  
Wait! It's weakening. Don't shoot!

The tiger's movements falter.

SHERIFF  
Get him out of there.

They drag Rick out from under the tiger.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
Lay him down. Where's that ambulance?

A deputy runs back. Others attend the dying Nizam in b.g.

CLYDE  
Take it easy, Rick.

DER OFFICER  
(to Zeke)  
Are you all right?

ZEKE  
Yessir. He broke my rifle.

DER OFFICER  
Then go get your whupping!

SHERIFF  
Hold up there.  
(to Clyde)  
How's he doing?

CLYDE  
I think he'll be okay.

SHERIFF  
(to Zeke)  
Come on with me, son.

She walks the fearful Zeke away toward his father.

Deputies attend Rick. The tiger's hind legs spaz. He lapses into sleep. Rick leans up to see. He, too, is weakening.

RICK  
Watch his temperature. His... eyes.

Enid ventures from the container and runs to fall by Rick.

ENID  
Oh, you poor... stubborn... ass!

She starts to cry. Her hands move helplessly.

CLYDE  
He'll be okay, Edie.

ENID  
Clyde! You're alive!

CLYDE

Guess so. As far as I can tell.

BY THE SHERIFF'S VEHICLE

The Sheriff walks Zeke up to the glaring BOYS' FATHER (45).

BOYS' FATHER

He's always getting in it.

ZEKE

The tiger broke my gun, Pappy.

BOYS' FATHER

Saves me the trouble, boy.

SHERIFF

Now, hold on just a second. I don't have the full picture yet, sir, but it seems like to me this brave little guy may have saved a life or two.

Zeke is shocked. His surprised father tries not to smile.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You got to think for yourself a little, sometimes. You know what I mean? Can you bring him by my office? I'll want to get his statement.

ZEKE

Can I see your guns?

BOYS' FATHER

What did I tell you? She ain't talkin' to you none.

SHERIFF

Tomorrow all right?

The father nods. The ambulance arrives in b.g.

AT THE GATE

EMTs wheel in a gurney. Slide Eric on it. Enid hugs Clyde.

CLYDE

I'll be okay. It's a scratch.

DER OFFICER

It'll get infected for sure. Let them take a look.

The officer squats by the male tiger, caressing it.

CLYDE

Okay. There's some lions in there. Did you know that? And a dead guy.

DER OFFICER  
Are you kidding me? What you people  
been doing here?

ENID  
(to Clyde)  
I'm going with him.

RICK  
The female's got my dart in her. Did  
you shoot her, too?

ENID  
Be quiet. Shh.

DER OFFICER  
We're on it. Take it easy, pal.  
(to assistant)  
Get some water. In there. Quick.

The assistant runs off wide-eyed, stumbles with horror when she gets to the remains of Nizam. She opens the door to the keeping room and SHRIEKS when she sees Chuong's body.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The siren is faint. Enid sits by Eric. The bandages on his face and hands are bloody. An EMT takes his blood pressure.

RICK  
You've had enough haven't you?

Enid is very tired; she looks at him sadly. EMT looks away.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I don't blame you. But I had... to  
do it. I thought Clyde was dead.

ENID  
(gently)  
You were stupid.

RICK  
I know.

EXT. COMPOUND - DUSK

As the ambulance races away, PERSONNEL move about yelling and searching. JENKINS, a deputy, approaches the sheriff.

JENKINS  
Ma'am, you've got to see this.

He shakes his head, unable to tell her what it is.

INT. KEEPING ROOM - DUSK

The deputy and sheriff pick their way through the room around Chuong's body and the bloody floor, and past now-empty cages.

SHERIFF

Dear Lord! What the hell!-- Excuse me. What were these people doing?

They open the side door at the end of the room.

INT. BARRACKS ROOM - DUSK

A DEPUTY stands guard at the doorway with an automatic rifle. The sheriff stops and gasps. The deputy points wordlessly.

Cowering at the guns, a half-dozen ASIAN TEEN GIRLS in provocative outfits, sit or stand at bunks. One has her ankle cuffed to the rail at the end of the bed. One quakes with fear. Another sits by her protectively.

SHERIFF

What the hell?!-- Excuse me again.

JENKINS

Appears to be some sort of, uh, whore house - um, sorry, brothel, Ma'am.

In the middle, Lyana, who came out of the keeping room earlier, sits on a chair. A DEPUTY has his rifle on her.

SHERIFF

Mmm hmmm! I know what a whore house is. Get me the FBI on the phone... Now, Jenkins. Right now!

JENKINS

(dials phone)  
Ma'am.

The Sheriff steps up to Lyana who meets her gaze with defiance.

SHERIFF

Looks like to me some of these young ladies are being kept against their will.

She walks over to the trembling girl on the bed.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Do you speak English, child?

The girl shakes her head vigorously. The Sheriff presses the girl's hand for a moment then turns away toward Jenkins.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Get some medical people in here and a translator. Somebody had to know about all this and I'm gonna get to the bottom of it, so help me, G--! So help me. In my county? Nossir!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZOO'S LARGE CAT ENCLOSURE - DAY

The door of a carrying cage slides up. The male tiger blinks then rushes out into savannah habitat.

Rick and Clyde watch from beside a moat with YAMUNA (35), a delicate Indian woman. Her zoo uniform has a name tag. Rick's face and hands are taped up.

YAMUNA

That is a good sign. He is still able to orient himself.

The tiger lopes to a stand of trees, sniffs, then sprays a tree and ducks down in the grass. Clyde laughs merrily.

CLYDE

Already marking his turf.

YAMUNA

Yes. That's good. He has lost his mate, but maybe time will heal it.

RICK

Is there anything we can do?

She smiles at Rick, understanding his hurt.

YAMUNA

I know you think that this is not his home. But he will be happy here. He is not the first rescued tiger we have cared for. Believe me, being in his original home will soon be more important to you than it is to him. Try to be content about it.

Rick takes her hand but even at her gentle touch, he winces.

RICK

Can we come back to see him?

YAMUNA

Of course. He will not be with the others for awhile. Let me know.

CLYDE

Do you mind?

Yamuna smiles modestly. Clyde snaps a candid of her.

As the men walk away, Rick looks at his phone, shakes it.

RICK

I can't meet with you and Alice tomorrow.

CLYDE

Hunh?

RICK  
I got a buyer for *Echo*, so I need  
you to set up the Dallas trip  
logistics with Alice.

CLYDE  
Okay. I can do that.  
(looks at Rick)  
Know that hurts. We going to take  
her out once more? A last shakedown?

RICK  
Yeah. Next Saturday?  
(shakes his phone)  
It was the only way I could cover  
expenses until next quarter.

He shakes the phone more briskly, then punches in a code.

CLYDE  
Sorry. Anything from Edie?

Rick shakes his head.

RICK  
Even my phone doesn't recognize me.

He looks pained, then laughs. Clyde catches his mood. The  
tiger watches through the tall grass.

EXT. SUBURBAN MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Rick comes out into the parking lot, bandages just removed.  
He explores his face scars tenderly. Gets in his car...

INT. RICK'S CAR - DAY

...And looks in the mirror at the pinkish scars. Groans.

Puts phone on the dash. Sees a message from Enid that reads:  
"Frank is in town! PPT only place he knows here. He's scared.  
Me too!! Heading PPT in Uber."

Rick frowns, processing the message. He exits the lot.

RICK  
Uh oh. Uh oh! Oh, man!

He calls. No answer so he leaves a message.

RICK (into phone) (CONT'D)  
Enid. Be careful. Something's not  
right with McGrath's story. Call me!  
He's lying to you.

Rick texts Clyde: "R u nr office? Tmb."



ON HIGHWAY - DAY

Rick gets a text. From Alice. It reads: "Can you meet me at my home right away?"

He calls her. No answer. He hangs up leaving no message. He texts Clyde again: "Def wrong. Bring Tomcat."

He speeds down the highway. The sun sets.

INT. PREDATOR PRESERVATION TRUST LOBBY - EVENING

Enid leaves her Uber and enters the lobby. Emergency lights. Elevator sits open. Worried, she starts up stairs.

Frank jumps out of the stairwell above. Grabs her shoulders.

ENID

Oh! Jesus! Frank! What the--

MCGRATH

Shh! I think something happened to Alice. There's no electric anywhere.

ENID

Why were you up there?

MCGRATH

I was hiding. I didn't know who you were at first. Is Eric with you?

ENID

No. I left him a message. Did you call the police? Did you call her?

MCGRATH

Yes. No! You guys stirred up a hornet's nest. Chuong's people are all over. I don't know what to say to police. I thought it would be safe here, but it isn't.

ENID

We figured someone was tipping them off. Was it Stan?

MCGRATH

Stan? No! Christ, no. Stan's dead.

ENID

Dead?! Let me call Eric.

She takes out her phone.

MCGRATH

No. No! He's caused enough trouble, for god's sake. There's a friend I know, about an hour away.

(MORE)

MCGRATH (CONT'D)  
 We'll be safe there. We can call the  
 police when you're safe. Come on!

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

McGrath speeds through the darkness with Enid. He pulls his  
 phone out, shoves it back in his pocket.

MCGRATH  
 Damn. Can I borrow your phone?

ENID  
 Sure.

She hands it to him. He dials as he drives. Listens.

MCGRATH  
 She's not there.  
 (into phone)  
 Agatha. This is Frank. I'm in trouble.  
 Again.  
 (laughs)  
 You know me. I'm bringing someone  
 from my office I need you to keep  
 her safe. Call me. Thanks.

He puts the phone in his pocket.

ENID  
 Who's Agatha?

MCGRATH  
 Someone I went to school with. You'll  
 like her.

EXT. PPT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An ambulance and three cop vehicles sit with lights flashing.  
 EMTs bang a GURNEY out the front door past the BUILDING SUPER  
 holding his injured head. Rick accompanies them.

RICK  
 Oh, god. Alice, please, Alice...!

Alice moans. A wound on the side of her head weeps blood.

EMT  
 Let us take her, man.

RICK  
 Right. Sure. Can I come?

EMT  
 No. You can follow though.

A 4x4 skids into the lot. Clyde jumps out and runs to Rick.

CLYDE  
 What happened? Alice?

Rick falls into his arms. Clyde holds him tight.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

It's okay, now. Hang on, buddy. Come on over here.

He guides Rick to the step where they sit.

RICK

Oh my god. He shot her, Clyde. Shot her in the head. It's that fucker, McGrath.

CLYDE

Oh, no! But she's alive?

Rick nods. The ambulance takes off.

RICK

I have to let Holly know.

He takes out his phone and calls. Waits for ring. To give Rick privacy Clyde walks over and closes his door.

RICK (into phone) (CONT'D)

Holly. Hi. This is Eric. I'm sorry. I have some real bad news. Alice has been hurt... No. They're taking her to the hospital now...

AT CLYDE'S 4x4

A police SERGEANT (45), with a professional but still compassionate face, comes up to Clyde, notebook in hand.

SERGEANT

I'm Sergeant Coleman. I see you talking to Mister Stewart over there. You related?

CLYDE

Nah. I'm his partner. Do we know what happened? He told me Miss Cho got shot?

SERGEANT

So you worked for her, too?

CLYDE

Yeah. You could say that.

SERGEANT

What's your name?

CLYDE

My name's Baxter--

Rick joins them.

RICK

I think you can find him, Sergeant.  
He just got to California in the  
last forty-eight hours, we think.

SERGEANT

Yeah? Who's that?

RICK

McGrath. He's got to be in a rental  
car. If you check the rental agencies,  
you'll turn it up and you can locate  
him. His name is Frank McGrath. From  
New York.

SERGEANT

(makes note)

Thanks. We'll look into that.

RICK

But we have to do it now! He's got a  
woman with him, Enid Troiano. She  
used to work for him. Now she works  
with us. He's got her! I don't --

SERGEANT

Look, buddy. I know you're upset,  
but we have to do things a step --

RICK

But we have to -- you have to find  
them now. He might kill her.

SERGEANT

Got it. What needs to happen is this.  
You need to come downtown now and  
give us a statement. Then we'll turn  
this over to Highway Patrol and get  
them working. This is how it goes.  
It's the only way. Quicker you do it  
our way the faster it'll get done.

Rick starts to protest then pauses.

RICK

Okay. Okay. I get it. Look. Let me  
talk to my partner for a minute here,  
then I'll come down. Okay?

The Sergeant nods and turns to one of his officers.

RICK (CONT'D)

You need to get over to see Holly.  
She's wrecked. And call PPT's lawyer.  
You have his number, or it's --

CLYDE

Yeah I got it.

RICK  
I'd call Enid but I'm afraid McGrath  
might hear her phone and --

CLYDE  
(turns away)  
That's right. Call me soon's you're  
done and I'll come get you.

RICK  
I just wish to hell we still had  
that tracker thing going. All right.

Clyde freezes, then turns back.

CLYDE  
Sonofabitch! We do!

RICK  
What?!

Clyde pulls out his phone. Punches up an app. Its screen shows a tracking application: a lighted blip on a green field.

CLYDE (V.O.)  
I forgot to delete it. Look! There  
she is! They're going south on One.

The sergeant returns, interested. Rick notices.

RICK  
Shh!

Rick pulls his wallet. Fishes out his driver's license.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Look, Sergeant. I really have to  
crash. Could I come down in the  
morning? Here's my ID.

The sergeant thinks. Pulls his phone out and copies the ID.

SERGEANT  
All right. Ask for Lieutenant Bowman.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Enid watches McGrath driving intently.

ENID  
Can I have my phone back?

MCGRATH  
Let me keep it just a few more  
minutes, okay? Agatha should call  
any second now.

INT. RICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Rick drives 100 mph in the dark. Clyde looks at his phone.

CLYDE  
Damn! They're practically in Big  
Basin. But we're closing.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

McGrath slows down.

MCGRATH  
I'm sorry, Enid. Getting old.

He pulls to a stop in a deserted forest and opens the door.

MCGRATH (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back.

ENID  
Oh. Okay.

He gets out and steps away from the car. Enid watches the ignition key sway, the motor still running. She thinks.

She slithers into the driver's seat but the door whips open.

MCGRATH  
Oh, no, no, no, no. Climb out.

He points a silenced automatic in her face.

ENID  
It was you! Damn you! I knew it.

He pulls her out roughly and opens the back door.

MCGRATH  
In! Get in there.

ENID  
Where are we going? What are you--?

She gets in. He jams a hypodermic needle in her thigh.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Ow! You fucking bastard... You...

She whacks him. Splits his lip. She hisses and twists. He presses the pistol to her neck.

MCGRATH  
Stop fighting. It'll be easier this  
way. We're almost there.

The sedative is already taking effect. She slowly slumps.

MCGRATH (CONT'D)  
And now I've got you.

McGrath wipes his lip. Tosses her phone on the seat.

INT. RICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Racing through the dark.

RICK  
They're at the park?... We'll be  
there pretty soon.

EXT. AÑO NUEVO STATE PARK - NIGHT

Deserted parking area except for one compact car. Waves CRASH. A cabin cruiser is at anchor with a dinghy. The moon is low.

Rick's car douses its headlights and pulls in. They get out, shivering in the night air. A beat-up rowboat on the beach.

They look through the compact car's window with a phone's light. A cell phone sits on the back seat.

CLYDE  
Oh, Edie! Damn!

Rick and Clyde look at the cabin cruiser.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
No lights. But there's a dinghy,  
so...

RICK  
Maybe call Highway Patrol again?

As they look, lights go on in the cabin. McGrath comes out. He drags something heavy in the cockpit.

CLYDE  
We can't wait for the cops.

RICK  
Looks like slack tide.

They turn the rowboat over. No oars. Rick rolls his eyes.

INT. ROWBOAT - NIGHT

Rick faces forward. Clyde paddles with a bucket on one side then the other. They creep into the cruiser's shadow.

McGrath appears and they duck. He looks their direction but doesn't see them in the shadow. He goes back below.

INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT

McGrath shakes Enid's face to see if she's sedated. She moans.

EXT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT

Rick and Clyde ease along the cruiser's side hand over hand. They arrive at the cockpit.

McGrath looks over the rail. His pistol glints.

MCGRATH

Well. Come aboard since you're here.  
Can't see you but I'm guessing it's  
Don Quixote and his infernal pest  
pal.

INT. CABIN CRUISER COCKPIT - NIGHT

They climb up. Clyde ties off the rowboat painter on a cleat.

RICK

Is Enid below?

MCGRATH

Wouldn't you like to know.

RICK

We called Highway Patrol. They should  
be here any minute.

MCGRATH

Oooh. Scary. I'll just have to work  
quicker then.

He holds his pistol on them and pats them down, not very effectively, but finds Clyde's pistol.

MCGRATH (CONT'D)

Let's have it. Two fingers only.

Clyde complies. McGrath drops the little .32 Tomcat in his pocket. He pats Rick down. Sees his face in the moonlight.

MCGRATH (CONT'D)

Good Christ! What the fuck happened  
to your face? Oh, right, the tigers.  
Jesus, Enid's not going to find that  
too pretty now, I guess... Pull in  
the dinghy. Get those gas cans.

They clamber about loading four jerry cans at gunpoint.

RICK

So she's alive?

MCGRATH

Yes. I'm telling you this because I  
know it's the only way you're going  
to shut up. She's fine. She's sedated.  
Much easier to handle that way, as  
I'm sure you can appreciate.



His hand strays to his bloody lip.

MCGRATH (CONT'D)

But I don't think she's going too much further than Ensenada tomorrow. We decided on Mexico. Did you know?

RICK

Not that she decided that.

MCGRATH

Well. I'm telling the story, so... What happens to her next? It will be an adventure, for certain. There are some gentlemen I know who will pay top dollar for her. Enough to finance my next move, in fact.

RICK

So you were Chuong's silent partner?

MCGRATH

Chuong! Marty was always bullshitting himself with that stupid name. Martin Hibberd was a cheap East-end chiseler with dangerous delusions. He bungled our entire operation. You must have figured out by now that the stupid tigers were just a front. I'm happy to be done with him. And now, since I need to make as much of this trip as possible with no moon, I'm afraid I must be done with you two pains in the neck --

The boat lurches throwing McGrath off balance as it runs aground. Rick kicks his pistol away. It goes over the side.

Clyde holds the struggling McGrath down and retrieves his own pistol - a little roughly.

CLYDE

I got this little prick. Rick, catch!

He tosses Rick's knife to him.

MCGRATH

Ow! Easy. OW!

INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT

Rick runs below. Enid is groggy but waking and with her wrists bound. He opens his knife and cuts the bonds. She hugs him.

ENID

Eric? Oh my god. I'm so...

RICK

Shh. It's okay now. It's okay.

INT. CABIN CRUISER COCKPIT - NIGHT

Clyde holds McGrath at gunpoint. Rick half carries Enid up.

RICK  
I took the liberty of cutting your  
anchor line before we came aboard.

MCGRATH  
Marty said you were enterprising.  
What's next?

Rick eases Enid over the side into the dinghy.

RICK  
You could try to run, but the tide's  
going out pretty fast. Clyde, get  
her ashore. Let me have Tomcat.

He takes Clyde's pistol.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I'll camp on this guy while the tide  
drops. Come back for me.

Clyde salutes casually and shoves off.

MCGRATH  
Well, you got what you wanted.

RICK  
Let's let it settle a bit more.

MCGRATH  
What if I don't agree?

Rick waves the little pistol slightly as a reminder.

MCGRATH (CONT'D)  
Oh, you'll kill me? I don't think  
so.

He reaches for the ignition key but sees a flare gun by the console. Rick notices his gaze. They both dive for it.

McGrath is closer and seizes the flare gun. He shoves Rick backward. Clyde's pistol dances down the steps into the cabin.

MCGRATH (CONT'D)  
Baxter! Bring her back!

RICK  
Keep going, Clyde!

MCGRATH  
You know I will shoot you.

RICK  
Get her safe, Clyde.

MCGRATH

Come on! You've impressed her, Eric.  
Now let me have her. We'll drink a  
toast to your memory with tequila.

Rick steps calmly up to McGrath. The flare gun goes off. The  
cartridge rockets around the cockpit. Zips by gas cans.

RICK

McGrath! Jump!

McGrath flips a bird at him. Rick dives into the water.

The flare slams into the gas cans. The boat bursts into flame.

EXT. DINGHY - NIGHT

Rick pops up and hangs on the dinghy's gunwale.

In b.g. McGrath struggles to stand up on fire. He falls into  
the flames. The boat's gas tank explodes.

Rick drags himself in. Clyde turns the dinghy toward shore.  
Enid's head rests on Rick's shoulder.

ENID

(groggily)  
You're all wet.

RICK

You're just finding that out?  
(to Clyde)  
Lost Tomcat. Sorry.

CLYDE

That was its last life, looks like.

Highway Patrol light bars appear in b.g.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

The Mounties are here.

EXT. YACHT CLUB DOCK - DAY

*Echo* is at the dock as Rick and Clyde go for their final sail.

EXT. "ECHO" COCKPIT - DAY

Rick's hands and face scars have healed a bit. He struggles  
painfully to make an eye splice in some half-inch manila rope.

Clyde comes out of the cabin with a canvas ice bag.

CLYDE

So what did you tell her?

RICK

I told her you were going to Vietnam.  
To get Thanh. That made her happy.

CLYDE  
That was all?

RICK  
Yeah. Well, I asked if she wanted to  
come with us for our last sail.

CLYDE  
You forget how much she loves being  
on the water. I'll get the ice.

Rick struggles with the rope and is tempted to throw it down.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Mind if I call her? To say goodbye?

RICK  
Now?

CLYDE  
Just a quick call. Might catch her.

Clyde hops onto the dock.

RICK  
Suit yourself.

EXT. JUNCTION OF DOCK AND MAIN WALKWAY - DAY

Clyde rounds a corner to an ice machine. The yacht is hidden.  
As he scoops up ice a SHADOW startles him. It's Enid.

CLYDE  
Hey! Edie! Wow! Great to see you!

He leans down and kisses her cheek.

ENID  
Hi. How are you, Clyde?

CLYDE  
Great. Rick told you?

ENID  
About your daughter? Yes.

Clyde nods. He smiles. She takes his hand and squeezes it.

ENID (CONT'D)  
I'm so happy for you. When do you  
go?

CLYDE  
Nine, ten days. My visa came through.

ENID  
So sudden! When did you...?

CLYDE

Not really. You know, it came to me that day in the water with the lions. I really thought I was going to bite it -- I mean die. It was like being back in the war, you know? Well I guess you can't. I kept seeing her face, but, like, all grown up. It seems weird but when I got out I just knew I had to find her.

ENID

No, it's not weird.

CLYDE

Sometimes it's like that.

ENID

I'm just so happy for you. I'd like to meet Thanh sometime.

CLYDE

So, are you coming sailing with us?

Enid's face darkens and she sighs.

ENID

No, big guy. I don't think so. You two should have the time yourselves. I saw Alice earlier and I just came to say goodbye to you, Clyde.

CLYDE

To me? Rick will be disappointed.

ENID

Don't tell him I was here. Okay? I just wanted to thank you for being a friend through all this.

They look at each other. Clyde closes the ice chest.

CLYDE

You know, Edie, I can't tell you how to live your life. I'm not even sure how to live mine. But you could do a lot worse than Rick. If you give him a chance.

ENID

Oh. I know that. I really like him. Love him, I guess. But he's so... It's like there's no room inside him for anyone else, for me.

CLYDE

He's changed. This whole thing changed him, Edie.

ENID

Oh?

CLYDE

When that kitty cat charged Chuong's thug back there. He shot her. You didn't see that, did you?

Enid shakes her head. She's afraid to speak.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. He knew that it might overdose the tiger. And that was what killed her. But he took the chance. He wouldn't have done that before. For anybody messing with his precious tigers.

ENID

I didn't know.

CLYDE

Yep. Least ways, not for a clown like that. Anyway, all that tiger stuff is over for now.

ENID

Oh? Really?

CLYDE

Yeah. Rick didn't tell you? Alice gave us the go ahead to do a story on trafficked women.

ENID

So you're going back to East Asia?

CLYDE

Negative. We're heading to the FBI's hot spot. Dallas, believe it or not. So. New stuff! You should come with us.

They look at each other. Clyde sees her struggle.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

All I know is you got to follow your heart, Edie. Sometimes you're not ready, I know that, but sometimes you got to make yourself ready. But maybe this isn't the time for you.

ENID

Oh, Clyde! What am I supposed to do? I'm just not sure. I like being with him. Love him, I guess. But I don't even know if I can trust him.

CLYDE  
Is it Rick you can't trust?

She is close to tears. This is not what she came for.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Edie. Guess I made it worse...  
I won't tell him you were here.

ENID  
Thanks.

She kisses him again.

ENID (CONT'D)  
Bye.

CLYDE  
I'll give you a holler when we get  
back. I want you to inspire my  
daughter. You know. Law school and  
all. I hear she's smart. Got that  
from her mom. Oh, and guess what?  
I'm a grandfather. Thanh has a son!

Enid is crushed. She nods but doesn't trust herself to speak.  
She waves faintly. He hefts the ice and walks away.

EXT. YACHT CLUB DOCK - DAY

Rick fastens a line. The sails luff gently.

RICK  
Did you get her?

Clyde steps on board and sets the ice bag down.

CLYDE  
What? Nah.

Rick looks up expecting some explanation but there is none.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

He steps back onto the dock and unties the bow line, but stops.  
He shades his eyes. Sees a figure running toward them.

RICK  
Come on. We're burning daylight.

CLYDE  
Well, hold on, man. Hold on.

RICK  
(looks around)  
What's going on?

Enid runs up to the boat. Rick sees her.

His hand starts to hide his face but then turns into a wave.

Enid jumps for the cockpit. He catches her and they kiss, holding his hurt hand free.

Clyde shoves off and hops onto the forepeak.

EXT. "ECHO" COCKPIT - DAY

Rick is at the wheel. He steers easily on a close reach.

Enid steadies herself as the boat heels. She looks at Rick thoughtfully and smiles slightly. He returns the smile and steps sideways a little to make room for her by the wheel.

Enid moves to him. He turns his head to hide the worst scar. Her hand gently turns it back and traces the scars on his disfigured face. He is curious but patient.

Enid picks up his free hand and runs her fingers along the long scar on his forearm. Rick winces.

EXT. "ECHO" FOREPEAK - DAY

Clyde looks up as he tightens a line. He smiles.

EXT. "ECHO" COCKPIT - DAY

Enid looks at Rick's face steadily. She raises his scarred hand to her lips. His eyes smile. Enid steps to the wheel.

ENID

Move over.

Rick steps aside and gives her the wheel. He leans against the boom, riding easily on the movement of the sail and the hull under him. He glances up at the sail.

RICK

Watch your luff.

Enid looks steadily into the distance, her hand on the wheel.

She doesn't look up.

ENID

I got it.

They both smile.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

The boat sails away toward open sea. Its name appears: "Echo".

FADE OUT:

END TITLES:

There are fewer than 7,000 tigers alive today in the wild.



Law enforcement agencies estimate that over 700,000 humans are trafficked every year.