

SALISH SEA

by

Roger Iverson

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Tacoma, WA 98405

RogersPlays@gmail.com

253-204-

WE have to see Soren siting on a ticking bomb

(Martin being killed / lunching with killers of his family / McAuliff plotting behind back / ...)

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

Near the Canadian border, between Victoria, B.C. and San Juan Island, Washington. It's bright but cold in early spring.

EXT. THE MARSHA LOU CRABBER

A squalid 51-foot purse seiner hauling cable from the deep.

WHEELHOUSE

LOVROVITCH (48) dark curls, unshaved olive skin, scans port.

EXT. OPEN WATER

Outside, a lone ORCA WHALE is SPYHOPPING, holding its head straight up, out of water, watching.

LOVROVITCH

Searches off starboard.

EXT. OPEN WATER

Churning nearby is a huge state ferry, four steel decks, hundreds of passengers.

LOVROVITCH

Slides computer screen engine controls into neutral. Leans out side door, looks back to the lower deck. Exits wheelhouse.

AFT DECK

Above the deck the Power Block, an electric winch, pulls cable from water. Empty crab traps CRASH onto the deck.

Three CREWMEMBERS (20s) scramble to stow traps. REBECCA MERRITHEW (19) a bulldog with comfortable boots, watches the cable rise from the depths, anticipating...

LOVROVITCH

Damn it, Viper! Ease up!

VIPER (26), mousy, bleached hair, tattoos, works the winch. Shoots cutting eyes at Lovrovitch.

The WHINE GROWLS. Dripping cable continues up.

LOVROVITCH

...Jesus. Easy!

The ferry begins passing. Camera flashes fill its windows.

Cable pulls a shadowy shape just below the surface.

REBECCA

Payday! Here it is. I,
I see it!

All eyes pin on the cable. As the crab trap breaks surface...

Crew Members recoil in horror. Rebecca SCREAMS. Lovrovitch's face hardens.

Up, out of the water, inside the crab trap, rises the...

...half eaten - body of - a man.

EXT. BACKYARD BOATSHED - DAY

Seagulls SCREAM.

Long line of perfectly placed tiny screw-heads, each slot aligned in a Contender High Performance Sailing Dinghy, little bigger than a surfboard. Christened: Luke.

INT. BACKYARD BOATSHED

Impeccably ordered hand tools, dark from ages of use.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

WAVES rush the tiny island shore.

Two meticulous graves, one small, mounded with tall yellow daffodils in the middle of the lawn.

SOREN SKULD (62) taciturn, lanky, unyielding eyes, kneels between graves, rubbing his hand carved markers. Rosemåling, Scandinavian scrollwork, adorn "KAAREN" and "LUKE".

Wearing his work clothes: black wool suit, tie and trilby hat.

Soren looks up to the WHINE of distant outboard motors approaching. He gets up, strides to his backyard dock.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Standing at dock's end, Soren waits for...

JOHN McAULIFFE, (50s) stout, jovial officer stands on the bow of a 25-foot aluminum Defender B-class, holding a Nordstrom bag.

McAULIFFE

(yelling)

Ahoy Island of Misfit Toys!
Permission to dock!

SOREN

She made you captain?

McAULIFFE

No longer your partner. Not
even your Captain. Think of me
as your All-Powerful Superior!

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

Speeding just above the waves. Twin Mercury outboards YELL.

INT. SHERIFF BOAT - CABIN

Soren, McAuliffe and the boat's CAPTAIN (50s) are cramped. Speaking loudly over engines' SCREAM.

McAULIFFE

You can put your hand down, now.

McAuliffe pulls cans of Diet Coke from an ice chest. Soren waves his off.

McAULIFFE (CONT'D)
All that rigmarole means you're
back on the force with all the
same rights and responsibilities
as before.

Soren's face doesn't change.

McAULIFFE (CONT'D)
Mt. Rushmore in flesh. ...Marlys
sends her best. Wants you over
for Easter dinner, for some reason.

Soren smiles.

McAULIFFE (CONT'D)
How are you holding up, Soren?

Soren shakes his head.

McAULIFFE (CONT'D)
This job'll help. ...How long
has it been: ten, twelve, days?

SOREN
Eighteen months.

McAULIFFE
Eighteen. This'll. Get you out of
the house anyway. ...Questions?

SOREN
Why Me?

McAULIFFE
Sheriff picked you personally,
Old Man. Got nothing but kids
working now. Running a damn
nursery School! I need. Sheriff
needs experience. And you are it.
(swigs his Coke)
Any idea what you're stepping into?

Soren shakes his head.

McAULIFFE (CONT'D)
God help ya, Old Man.

EXT. OPEN WATER

The little Sheriff's boat rips away in wide white wakes.

EXT. ROCHE HARBOR - DAY

A tranquil harbor, low hills of green pine. Metal masts stab the blue sky.

But we're on the working end. Giant mounds of moldy net, oil drums. The stink of rotting fish and creosote.

EXT. COMMERCIAL DOCK

Immaculate Sheriff's boat looks out of place among the filth.

Soren climbs onto the dock, begins to stride away.

McAULIFFE
Ah, Soren Skuld?

Returns to McAuliffe.

SOREN
John McAuliffe?

McAULIFFE
Forgot your tools.

Reaching into the Nordstrom bag, McAuliffe pulls out a leather wallet, throws it up to Soren.

McAULIFFE (CONT'D)
Same badge. Same I.D. Been
holding on to it.

Soren looks at a photograph of his younger self, almost smiles.

McAULIFFE (CONT'D)
...And this.

McAuliffe holds out a GLOCK 28 .380 AUTO with holster. Soren stares at the small weapon in his friend's hand.

McAULIFFE (CONT'D)

...Sheriff insists.

(beat)

I promised, Soren. Gave my word.

SOREN

John, John, John...

Soren begins to walk away without the weapon.

McAULIFFE

Don't just walk. Damn it, Old Man. Never say never.

SOREN

(turning back)

When can you and Marlys come over for a complete lutefisk dinner?

McAULIFFE

...never.

Soren turns, strides across the boards to the crabber, MARSHA LOU. Walks past three UNIFORMED DEPUTIES (20s) and ERIK MARTIN (25) trim beard, lanky, handsome young face...

MARTIN

You the Boss we've been waiting on?

Soren stops, turns back to Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Now that you've shown up, you think we can possibly get back on traffic?

Uniformed Deputies cannot believe what Martin just said.

SOREN

(reading name badge)

"Martin." That capitol 'E' stand for Erik?

MARTIN

...Yes. ...Yes, Sir.

But Soren's already walking to the crabber.

UNIFORMED DEPUTIES

(to Martin)

Jeez Erik!

Oh you big dumb ass.

Always gotta be pushin'...

Soren's Norseman eyes examine barnacles, boat deck, peeling paint, power block from which dangles the caged corpse. Looks at name painted on back of boat, feels the layers.

EXT. MARSHA LOU - AFT DECK

Soren climbs the boat ladder, stands atop the bulwark. Surveys the crab traps stacked on the deck. Looks over the Crewmembers huddled together who smoke, mumble, leer back.

FURTHER BACK

A FORENSICS TEAM of three, dressed in throwaways and masks, study the corpse. A PHOTOGRAPHER (20) SNAPS photos. GEORGE (45) small, balding coroner works on the upright body.

GEORGE

Soren!

SOREN

George.

GEORGE

I couldn't believe...

Slides his mask down to his neck.

GEORGE

...but here you are. Welcome.

(extending a gloved hand)

How are you holding up?

Soren looks at George's glove, covered with goop.

SOREN

Good.

As they speak, Soren never looks at the carnage.

SOREN
How did he get in there?

GEORGE
Straight to business. ...He wasn't
out for a swim.

SOREN
Purposeful.

GEORGE
Had to. You see these marks on
what's left of his wrists?

SOREN
(looking away)
Mm-hmm.

GEORGE
Hard to tell for sure... But...
It appears... Here, see?

SOREN
Mm-hmm.

GEORGE
(to Photographer)
Get a shot of this.

Photographer SNAPS his art.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
This fellow was bound at the
wrists. And maybe also at his...
(dropping to one knee)
Oops. ...No ankles.

SOREN
Cause?

GEORGE
No visible signs of trauma.

SOREN

Are you joking with me, George?

GEORGE
Same ol' Soren. Good to have you...
I mean, no fatal wounds. Cause of
death could be simple drowning.

SOREN
Simple?

A small crab escapes with a gelatinous piece of corpse.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Get back here. Stop that culprit!

A gloved hand holding tweezers gently lifts the crab.

SOREN
(a deep breath)
About... How long?

GEORGE
If I had to guess... Five.
Eight days? I'll come closer
when I get it back.

SOREN
Mm-hmm.
(writing in notebook)
Death on or near April six...
Thank you, George.

GEORGE
(sliding mask up)
Mm-hmm.

EVIDENCE BAG

Tweezers drop the culprit in with half a dozen others, each nibbling its own piece of evidence.

SOREN

Wanders back to the ladder, still writing. Stops, turns, proclaims to Crewmembers:

SOREN
Lieutenant Soren Skuld, Sound
County Homicide. All of you are
to remain on this boat until I
release you.

General UPROAR of COMMOTION from Crew Members.

VIPER
But we done nothing wrong!

Unsympathetic, Soren climbs down to the dock.

Fisherfolk corral around Lovrovitch to fume and smoke.

EXT. COMMERCIAL DOCK - NEAR MARSHA LOU

Lovrovitch lumbers to the ladder, looms over Soren.

LOVROVITCH
Lieutenant? ...Lieutenant!

Soren looks back up.

LOVROVITCH
Rick Lovrovitch. My boat needs
to get out of...

SOREN
How long have you owned it?

LOVROVITCH
A... 18. Nearly 18 years.

SOREN
But your retrofits. You haven't
crabbed all that time.

LOVROVITCH
No. This is our second... Our
third season crabbing.

SOREN
And before that?

LOVROVITCH
Why are you so interested in

my boat, Lieutenant?

Martin enters.

MARTIN

Lieutenant?

SOREN

(to Lovrovitch)

Can we speak later? Privately?

LOVROVITCH

In the wheelhouse.

Lovrovitch exits.

SOREN

Deputy?

MARTIN

I mean, we've been here all morning
and nothing's happened.

Soren looks at him, waiting.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

We should do something useful
or get back on traffic.

SOREN

Go.

Martin turns to exit.

SOREN (CONT'D)

Erik Martin?

MARTIN

Yeah. Yes, Sir.

SOREN

Gloria. How is she?

MARTIN

Dead. ...You knew M
om?

SOREN

Your Father and I were partners.

MARTIN
In Seattle?

SOREN
Ages ago.

MARTIN
Really? That's. Woah, Jeezz! That's
a long time...

SOREN
Yes. Jeezz. ...Release the Deputies.

MARTIN
Oh?

SOREN
But not you. You stay.

MARTIN
Oh.

SOREN
I need information, Martin.

MARTIN
Sure. What do you want?

SOREN
(walking away)
Follow.

MARTIN
Yesir.

BINOCULAR POV

Forrest birds CHIRP.

A long way off, Soren and Martin talk. Soren turns and leads him across the dock towards the sheriff's boat.

EXT. HILL TOP - CONTINUOUS

A rotund, short Hispanic man, three-piece suit, peers through binoculars. This is CUBO (40) multi-lingual business PhD. His muscular bodyguards are CARLOS and CHARLIE, (25) athletic, quick, twins who tested their mother's sainthood.

CUBO

(on phone)

You chose the wrong man . He moves with, much confidence. Commanding. ...No, you listen. You need me to trust you and right now I do not . It is very dangerous for people I do not trust.

He tosses the phone to Carlos. Charlie hands him a melting white Russian in a crystal glass. Cubo adds 3 Alka-Seltzer.

CUBO (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

I think he gets the message.

The other two smile.

CUBO (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

Enough. Get me to some real food.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Mexican food?

CUBO

(in Spanish)

Aguachile.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Cubo. We're as far north as you can get in the United States...

CHARLIE

(in Spanish)

Alaska...

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

And there are no Sinaloa restaurants

up this far.

INT. SHERIFF'S BOAT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Soren and Martin step on board. Walk into the cabin.

SOREN
Door.

Martin closes it. Both look for space to stand.

SOREN
My old sergeant took a job in
Seattle and I need information.

MARTIN
About your Sergeant?

SOREN
About work. Can I depend on you?

MARTIN
What do you need?

Martin produces a pencil and scrap of paper.

SOREN
Ready?

MARTIN
Yesir.

As Soren speaks, Martin struggles to spell Lovrovitch.

SOREN
First: How much does Lovrovitch
owe on his boat. His mortgage.
Second: What insurance does he
have? I f the appraisal's gone up.
Third: Find out where he sells
his crab. How much he brings in...
I need to know dollars and pounds.

MARTIN
British Pounds?

SOREN

...No, Martin. Pounds of crab. Why British Pounds?

MARTIN
Canada?

SOREN
(ignoring)
Got all that?

MARTIN
(sheepishly)
...How do you spell Lovrovitch?

SOREN
Sound it out, Erik Martin.

MARTIN
That never works. Sir.

INT. MARSHA LOU - WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The boat's command. Immaculate touch screen technology and light. Radio static HISSES.

Lovrovitch sits in the captain's chair. A KNOCK on the cabin door. He swivels to see Soren. He CLICKS off the static.

LOVROVITCH
Enter.

Soren enters.

LOVROVITCH (CONT'D)
You know... This is costing me real money.

SOREN
Yes...

LOVROVITCH
And my crew, they live on shoestring
as it is.

SOREN
Right...

LOVROVITCH
Some of them have families who
depend on their money to eat. And
you've got the balls...

SOREN
Lovrovitch.

Lovrovitch stops. Stares blankly at Soren.

SOREN
...Slovenian?

LOVROVITCH
Yeah.

SOREN
There's a whole fleet of 'Itches'
down in Gig Harbor. Know any of them?

LOVROVITCH
Course. Uncles, cousins,
what-have-you.

SOREN
Decent, respectable men down there.
I expect the same out of you.

Lovrovitch softens.

SOREN (CONT'D)
This is a murder investigation.
Your boat is my crime scene. Nothing
supersedes my order. Clear?

Lovrovitch nods.

SOREN (CONT'D)
Did you know the body in the trap?

LOVROVITCH
How the hell would I know?

SOREN
Did you put him inside?

LOVROVITCH
No!

SOREN
Alright. ...Two things, Captain.
First: I'm posting a uniform in the
parking lot for the next few days.

LOVROVITCH
To babysit...

SOREN
To keep my crime scene ordered.

LOVROVITCH
...Second?

SOREN
Second: I must borrow your logbook.

LOVROVITCH
What if I don't give it?

SOREN
I post three uniforms in here.
They guard the book. I transport
you and your crew to Friday
Harbor. Posthaste.

Lovrovitch reaches under the cabinet, retrieves the worn
logbook, flops it on the counter.

LOVROVITCH
I don't record every little outing,
Lieutenant. I mean, it's all such
routine around here. And this, this
here is trade secrets.

SOREN
Secrets are my specialty.

Soren extends his hand. Lovrovitch shakes it with white
fingertips.

LOVROVITCH
I see you do know how to work.

SOREN
...Captain.

LOVROVITCH
Lieutenant.

Soren exits.

Lovrovitch CLICKS the radio STATIC back on. Listens.

BACK OF WHEELHOUSE

A dark figure steps from the back stair door from the crew's quarters. Viper's been listening.

VIPER
Radio talking, Skip?

LOVROVITCH
Silent.

VIPER
That's bad. ...What if this old
cop starts putting things together?
Then what?

LOVROVITCH
Just have to make damn certain
he never does.

INT. CREW QUARTERS

Somewhere, a water pump MOANS.

The dank, dark boat's bow. Grimy clothes and sleeping bags crumpled on wood bunks.

Rebecca sits on the edge of her bunk, quietly sobbing. STEVE (27) strong arms, weak head, stands packing. Viper's silhouette creeps through the doorway.

REBECCA
(thumbing through pictures)
What'd they talk about?

VIPER
Couldn't hear. But Captain gave
him the logbook.

REBECCA
What? Why!

VIPER
Just handed it over. Like it was
noth'n.

Steve stuffs clothes into a duffle bag...

STEVE
I'm outta here.

VIPER
Yeah? Where're ya gonna go?

STEVE
Cuba. India. Anywhere! I got money.

VIPER
They will hunt you.

STEVE
Cops'll never find me.

VIPER
Jesus, Stevie. Cops aren't the
killers.

STEVE
I'm not staying to get, butchered
like that.

REBECCA
Shit. We're in so much deep shit.

EXT. COMMERCIAL DOCK - SUNSET

Soren and Martin help the forensics team carry the tarp covered body, cage and all.

MARTIN
Guess how many pounds the Marsha
Lou brought in last season: bear
in mind the average crabber brought
in about a hundred twenty-thousand
pounds. ...Guess.

SOREN
Fifty-thousand.

MARTIN
...Lower.

They arrive in the...

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Soren stops, Martin with him.

SOREN
No idea.

MARTIN
ZERO! Zero pounds. Zero dollars.
Zero British Pounds! In fact the
Marsha Lou has only sold a couple
hundred pounds in the past
eighteen months!

SOREN
Insurance?

MARTIN
...Still working on that.

SOREN
Mortgage?

MARTIN
Right. Still on that, too. But I
found something creepy, Sir.

SOREN
"Creepy," Deputy?

MARTIN
The hold, Sir. That's where they
keep all the fi...

SOREN
Yes.

MARTIN
It's. ...The entire hold is wrapped

in plastic.

SOREN
 Wrapped?

MARTIN
 Stapled. Walls, Floor and ceiling.

SOREN
 Why?

MARTIN
 No idea. It's immaculate down there, though.

SOREN
 (turning to leave)
 Keep at it, Martin.

MARTIN
 Yesir. ...Oh, Sir? I've got
 traffic detail day after tomorrow.

SOREN
 Do you want traffic detail day after tomorrow, Martin?

MARTIN
 Hell no... Sir.

SOREN
 Fine.
 (walking on)
 ...I'll take care of it.

MARTIN
 Thank you, Lieutenant.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - VAN - SUNSET

George approaches the white CORONER'S VAN.

GEORGE
 Soren!

SOREN

George, when can I begin pestering you about specifics?

GEORGE
You mean, you haven't yet?

SOREN
In earnest.

GEORGE
(stopping at van's
passenger door)
Well... I'll put this in storage tonight. Got quite a bit of paperwork on my desk at the moment ... I'll attack it first thing. Let's see.

SOREN
Tomorrow?

GEORGE
Soren. Tomorrow is my day off.

SOREN
George: Crime Knows No Time.

GEORGE
(boards the van)
Now where have I heard that before?

George shuts his door and van drives away. Martin enters.

MARTIN
Sir. Statements from the crew.

Hands Soren a large envelope.

SOREN
Are you going home tonight?

MARTIN
A... Well, yes. Eventually.

EXT. COMMERCIAL DOCK - DUSK (TRACKING)

Soren strides to the Sheriff's boat. Martin follows.

SOREN
I thought you'd keep the
overnight deputy company.

MARTIN
I would?

SOREN
I'd feel at ease, knowing you
were guarding.

MARTIN
You would?

SOREN
Of course.

EXT. SHERIFF'S BOAT - DUSK

Outboard motors IDLE.

Boat's Captain pushes the bow away, scurries into the bridge
ahead of Soren.

MARTIN
Well! I'd better stay, then.

SOREN
(boarding)
Thank you, Martin.

Boat engines CLAMOR to leave.

MARTIN
No, Sir. Thank... You...

Boat THUNDERS leaving Martin on the dock alone.

INT. SHERIFF'S BOAT - CABIN - NIGHT

Police radio CHATTER. Engines MOAN.

SOREN
(on phone)
Sheriff. Skuld. ...It's coming.
...Defiantly dirty but I don't

know how, yet. ...Under boat
arrest. ...Yes, two deputies.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SMOKING DEPUTY (22) talking up a storm, ashes falling from
flailing hands, sits in driver seat. Martin in passenger seat
is not listening.

SOREN (CONT'D)(V.O.)
One of them is young Martin
helping me... Erik Martin.

Martin's had enough. Takes flashlight, leaves car.

SOREN (CONT'D)(V.O.)
...But I need him released
from Traffic. I... ...Yes.

COMMERCIAL DOCK - NIGHT

Martin's at the end of the dock, lighting the boat's stern.

Painted there is:

"MARSHA LOU"

He lights the dock, the water...

In the water, SPYHOPPING, are TWO ORCA, really checking
Martin out. Which makes him a little creeped out.

SOREN (CONT'D)(V.O.)
...Understood but I can use that.
He's. ...He's just like his father.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Martin sweeps his light along dilapidated net sheds, bushes...

SOREN (CONT'D)(V.O.)
...Indefinitely at least. Maybe
for good?...

INT. SHERIFF'S BOAT - CABIN - NIGHT

Soren presses his phone to his ear.

SOREN (CONT'D)

...Thank you. ...Thank you, Sherriff.

...Yes. Goodnight.

PHONE SCREEN

Soren's thumb hangs-up. Brings up text messages. Begins typing.

(NIGHT VISSION POV) EXT. SHERIFF'S BOAT - NIGHT

Speeding along, Sheriff's boat and wake are green, bright cabin interior. While boat crashes over waves, Soren types on his phone.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Shining his light up the driveway, Martin's phone VIBRATES.

He reads the message with green lit face. Eyes widen.

He ducks behind a large spool of fish net and explodes in a sort of happy-feet dance.

Comes out, professional again. Walking back to the car he takes another look at the message:

PHONE SCREEN

"Start wearing a suit.
You're mine. -Skuld"

INT. SHERIFF'S BOAT - CABIN - NIGHT

Soren stows phone, lifts his long legs and reads a thick file.

(NIGHT VISSION POV) EXT. SHERIFF'S BOAT - NIGHT

Just off shore, the green sheriff's boat churns away. Soren lopes along his dock heading to his island house.

INT. SOREN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

His spotless kitchen is bright white.

A Samsung DA-E750 Speaker system. His finger touches the power button. Tubes glow. Karl Jenkins' "LACRIMOSA" fill these scenes.

Coffee grounds tumble into a French press. Hot water added. Press plunged.

INT. MARSHA LOU GALLEY - NIGHT

Dark.

A pinpoint of light sweeps over several cooking knives. A gloved hand takes the longest, brightest knife.

INT. SOREN'S KITCHEN

Bright.

Blue stovetop flame pops up.

Butter sizzles in a copper pan. Eggs bubble.

INT. MARSHA LOU - STAIRS

Pinpoint of light climbs each step. The knife shines.

INT. SOREN'S KITCHEN

Toast pops up. Scraped butter. Lingonberry jam.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Martin sits in the patrol car with Smoking Deputy. This time Martinis animated, talkative.

Smoking Deputy half tries to follow, brushing away ashes.

INT. MARSHA LOU - TOP OF STAIRS - DOOR

The flashlight's off. A gloved hand slowly opens the door.

Beyond is Lovrovitch, asleep in his captain's chair. Soft radio STATIC under the Requiem.

INT. SOREN'S KITCHEN

Fried eggs slip onto a white plate next to three sardines.

Coffee pours into a deep mug.

MURDERER'S POV

In the dark, duct tape slowly pulled from the roll. Knife slices it off.

INT. PATROL CAR

Martin's still jabbering.

INT. MARSHA LOU - WHEELHOUSE

Gloved hands wrap a piece of tape around Lovrovitch's wrist, loosely binding it to the chair arm...

The same for the other arm... Slowly...

Before Lovrovitch's sleeping body, the DARK SILHOUETTE RISES.

Lovrovitch's taped wrist.

MUFFLED SCREAMS

The hand whips open
slashes back and forth
strains to fight back...

GURGLING. SPLUTTERING.

MOVING toward the windows WE SEE...

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

...the patrol car, wheelhouse in b.g.

Martin, looking out his window, allows himself a secret smile for his unexpected promotion.

Smoking Deputy sits and smokes, wipes ashes... Board.

(NIGHT VISSION POV) EXT. SOREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Watching from off the island, Soren moves from kitchen to living room.

EXT. CIGARETTE BOAT - NIGHT

Carlos' eyes shine green behind night vision binoculars.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Cubo's going to have to kill
this guy. I am freezing my ass.

CHARLIE

(in Spanish)

Not me. I have my parka.

Carlos takes his night vision off. Turns to Charlie in the cockpit...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

Mom said wear a parka so...
I sit here warm.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Parka! Mother of GOD, this place!

CHARLIE

(in Spanish)

I am toasty.

CARLOS
 (in Spanish)
 Let's get back to the ship.

CHARLIE
 (in Spanish)
 Alaska's colder.

Cigarette boat thunders into the night.

CARLOS
 (in Spanish)
 What is your thing with Alaska!

INT. SOREN'S DINING ROOM

Soren's fingers tack large white paper onto the wall.

He sets his plate on the table layered with his night's homework: statements, notes, nautical maps, a state fisheries book, tide table, state ferry timetable, map of Northwest USA and West Coast Canada, headshots of Marsha Lou crew...

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

WAVES ROLL over the FADING Karl Jenkins' "LACRIMOSA".

Soren sits between Grave Markers, eating from the plate on his lap. His snug home dark before the bright FULL MOON.

LONG FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK:

Distant MOANS then SCREAMS. Approaching. Closer.

Soren's face FILLS FRAME. Terrified!

PULL BACK. Soren pulls the collar of a slumped BOY (8). The other hand pins a giant pistol against the boy's head.

But Soren is the one SCREAMING. He reluctantly pulls the trigger: CLICK. ...CLICK. ...CLICK.

Boy looks back at his dad. The Boy becomes DEATH.

OVER BLACK:

A VIBRATING PHONE.

FADE IN:

INT. SOREN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The sparse room is pristine. Lace curtains flutter.

A hand jets from bed, sucks the phone back under blankets.

SOREN

...Skuld. ...Very late.

Soren's rises. Sagging chest and pale shoulders make him look fragile.

SOREN

Is Martin alright?... ~~No...~~
~~No, Complete faith. He's the~~
~~one. Is he still in Roach Harbor?~~
 ...Of course... Yes.

Whips his blankets off.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

Work clothes. Room is again immaculate but the wall behind:
 covered with meticulous notes, arrows, photos, map segments...

With his phone, he snaps pictures of it, taps out buttons...

SOREN

(into phone)

Kirsten comma. Please recreate
 this in my office period. Show
 no one period. Thank you period.
 Hyphen Skuld .

INT. COUNTY BUILDING - OFFICE CUBICLES - DAY

Computers, fluorescent HUM. Well-dressed workers scamper about.

Sitting at her computer reading her text from Soren is KIRSTEN (24) industrious, beautiful strawberry blond. She smiles, stows her phone, gathers some office supplies and exits towards the hall.

INT. COUNTY BUILDING - HALLWAY

We follow Kirsten but stop at a closed doorway with a sign that reads:

"SHERiff - CYNTHIA TURNCOAT."

Through a thin side window, we see two Coast Guard Officers talking to the Sheriff.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Utilitarian design clashes with homey decorations, photos.

Sound County Sheriff CYNTHIA TURNCOAT (45) health fanatic, clever politician/cop, sits behind a large empty desk.

Nearby are Coast Guard CAPTAIN JIMÉNEZ (48) and COMMANDER LEBEAU (53) of Cost Guard Base Seattle. McAuliffe stands to the side.

JIMENEZ

(placing pictures on
Cynthia's desk)
And this is the big boss, El Sangre,
lieutenant of the Sinaloa Crime
Syndicate.

LEBEAU

His enemies disappear in pain and humiliation.

JIMENEZ

His billion-dollar yacht, The
Azteca. Has his whole family there.
Guards. Guard's families. Teachers
for the kids. Everything.

LEBEAU

We believe they actually produce
below decks.

McAULIFFE

One big happy cruise.

LEBEAU

We've tracked him along the Pacific
Coast from Panama to Victoria Bay,
British Columbia.

CYNTHIA

Forgive me Captain Lebeau. Why
all the concern over one boat?

LEBEAU

This one boat is the funnel for
nearly eighty percent of North
America's cocaine.

CYNTHIA

Hardly seems likely, Captain.

JIMENEZ

Sheriff, we believe all the drug
busts along the Mexican border are
just a, a. What did you call them?

LEBEAU

'Disposable Ruse,' Commander.

JIMENEZ

A disposable ruse to keep D.E.A.
busy down there while the real
artery into North America is a
lot further north. Right here in
the Salish Sea. This one boat is the
heart pumping cocaine into most
of North America.

Cynthia rises, closes her office door, pours herself coffee,
wearing her politician's smile.

CYNTHIA

Coffee?

Men decline.

CYNTHIA

Would cartels just throw away
profits along the border?

JIMENEZ

First: If it gets through, fine.
Second: If it's picked up, price
of business. To allow for the flood
up here.

LEBEAU

Most of this is speculation. We still
don't know how they get the cocaine
into the States.

CYNTHIA

How far is their reach?

JIMENEZ

Everything west of the Mississippi.
Most of Canada.

CYNTHIA

My god. How can Sound County help?

You send a man after these guys and you'll never see him again.

~~McAULIFFE~~

~~They're powerful.~~

~~LEBEAU~~

~~Rear Admiral Gormly put it this
way: These people create as much
grief, suffering, destruction and
cost the American taxpayer as much
as the nine eleven Terrorists did.~~

~~JIMENEZ~~

~~Except these guys do it every month.~~

~~A KNOCK on her door.~~

~~LEBEAU~~

~~Your photographs, Captain.~~

JIMENEZ
 (~~putting pictures away~~)
~~Yes, Sir.~~

EXT. ROCHE HARBOR - DAY

Half full of affluence. The Sheriff's boat glides to the other half.

EXT. COMMERCIAL DOCK - DAY

The Sheriff's boat ROARS away. Soren rushes the dock towards McAuliffe.

McAULIFFE
 (amused)
 A real shit-storm you've got, Soren.

SOREN
 Where's Martin.

McAULIFFE
 Parking lot. Hey. Sheriff needs to
 Know you've got it under control...

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Using the patrol car hood, Martin writes in a logbook. His hair, clothes and demeanor are all ruffled.

SOREN
 Erik!

Martin stops, closes his book, walks to Soren.

MARTIN
 (apologetically)
 Sir...

SOREN
 This is not your fault, Erik.

MARTIN

I can't... I was here all night...

SOREN
Not your fault...

MARTIN
We heard nothing, Sir, I mean...

SOREN
You are not to blame.

Soren stars Martin in his eyes.

MARTIN
...Really?

SOREN
In no way.

MARTIN
...But...

SOREN
Not your fault.

Martin smiles, nods his head.

SOREN
Finish and join me in the wheelhouse.

MARTIN
Sir...

MARTIN
...Thank you.

A quick nod, Soren exits.

=====

TOO MUCH BS:

INT. MARSHA LOU - WHEELHOUSE - DAY

A CLICKING CAMERA. LOW WHISPERS.

Lovrovitch's body reclines, still taped to his captain's chair, the knife sticking straight out of his throat.

Sprays of blood cover the high-tech glass and his shirt.

Around him is the same Forensics Team as yesterday.

Soren enters from the outside door.

~~SOREN~~
George!

GEORGE
Soren!

SOREN
Specifics from yesterday?

Even behind his mask, George's eyes are menacing.

SOREN (CONT'D)
George. I am telling a joke.

GEORGE
...Amelia?

A blob of blue throwaway jump suit with ice blue eyes, AMELIA (25) with clipboard, looks to George.

AMELIA
Doctor?

GEORGE
Please take a note: On this day at...

(checks watch)
7:45 AM, Soren Skuld attempted humor.

Snickers seep through masks.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Sign my name. Copies to all staff.

SOREN
Very good, George. ...What do we have here?

GEORGE
Oh Captain, my Captain.

SOREN
While taped to his chair.

Both before the captain's chair. Soren studies a wrist.

GEORGE
Look, Soren. The throat has been sliced and stabbed.

SOREN
I believe you. Two intruders?

GEORGE
I don't think so. One knife.

Martin enters, scans the room.

SOREN
Was he asleep?

GEORGE
Possibly. ...Probably. The heart was slowed. That's for sure.

SOREN
~~Slow heart. One knife. Slice and stab... Someone hated him.~~

GEORGE
~~Ya think?~~

SOREN
~~Two uniforms in the parking lot...Had to come from within this boat... Or maybe the water. Time?~~

GEORGE
...Sometime between one and three A.M. Closer to one.

SOREN
~~(writing in his book)~~
~~One and three A.M. ...Who found him?~~

GEORGE
Crew member named Viper.

SOREN

~~...The snake found him.~~ What was
The Snake doing in here?

GEORGE

Dono. The Snake is greatly shaken.

SOREN

~~Yes.~~ He would be.

GEORGE

Can we move it? I'd like to get
back to Friday Harbor because as
you know...

SOREN

~~A... Yes. ...Yes.~~ Of course.

GEORGE

Okay, kids. Let's rock and roll
him outa here.

Forensics Team begins packing.

SOREN

George: Lights on or off?

GEORGE

On.

AMELIA

Doctor. I turned these on, Sir.
They were off when we got here.

GEORGE

Thank you, Amelia.
(to Soren)
Off.

SOREN

Dark room... Everything else off?

George shrugs.

SOREN

...Amelia?

AMELIA

Dr. Banken asked me to turn the
radio static off.

SOREN

The radio.
(crosses to C.B. radio)
This radio?

AMELIA

Yes, Sir. That's the one.

SOREN

(to Deputy)
Has this been dusted yet?
(to Amelia)
Did you have your gloves on?

DEPUTY (O.S.)

Yes, Lieutenant.
Everything's dusted.

AMELIA

My gloves were
sir.

on,

SOREN

Good. ...C.B. radio was on.
Static...

He grabs a glove to push the power button.

SOREN (CONT'D)

...Static, static everywhere.

GEORGE

~~Maybe the murderer changed channels.~~

SOREN'S NOTEBOOK

He writes:

"C.B. channel: 23.32"

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

Last night, he sat ~~right there~~,
listening to static. Listening.
Like he was...

WHELHOUSE

Body is zipped. Forensic Team waits...

SOREN (CONT'D)
...waiting.

GEORGE
So are we all.

SOREN
Yes... Go, George. Thank you.
(to Amelia)
And you in there: Good work, Amelia.

Between her mask and hood, Amelia's cheeks burnish red.

SOREN
George. This back door open or closed?

GEORGE
Amelia?

AMELIA
(consulting clipboard)
Well... The back door was... Open.
Side door locked. Back open.

Forensic Team exits.

SOREN
(writing)
Thank you, Amelia. ~~This door: open...~~
Martin.

MARTIN
Sir?

SOREN
Where's the crew?

MARTIN
Here. ...Except the female's A-WAL

SOREN
Is she important to find?

MARTIN

...Yes. Yes she is.

SOREN
Good. ~~Either she used the knife~~
~~or she will get the knife.~~

MARTIN
~~Right.~~

Martin starts to leave down stairs but is stopped by...

SOREN
Martin. What is your plan?

MARTIN
Talk to her palls below. ...Go
to her last known. ...Anything
else?

SOREN
We're on an island...

Martin nods, vacantly.

SOREN
Notify State Patrol, search
ferry terminal, check boarding
vehicles and closed-circuit.

MARTIN
Right. Yes, right.

Martin rushes down the steps, stops, rushes back up.

MARTIN
Should I do what you said first or
what I said first?

SOREN
What do you think?

MARTIN
Oh, man. ...Fine. Thank you, Sir.

He rushes down and off.

SOREN

Martin.

Walking back to the bottom of the stairs...

MARTIN
Sir?

SOREN
Delegate.

MARTIN
Oh. ...Oh, yeah.
(rushing out)
Delegate!

Finally alone, Soren examines his notes.

Looks out the windows. Sees the Patrol Car. Turns to the Captain's chair.

He studies the Captain's chair, looks over the control console, squats to scrutinize the floor, feels under panel. Stops.

SOREN
Hello.

Flops on his back, looks up, under the console.

INSERT - GUN

An enormous handgun, a Desert Eagle, .50 caliber semi automatic, duct taped under the electronics. Next to it are taped three magazine clips.

:TOO MUCH BS. ~~Calm SOREN's verbosity.~~
=====

EXT. COMMERCIAL DOCK - DAY

Martin speaks to three BEARDED DEPUTIES (20s) outdoor types. They take notes on his directions.

Soren enters holding his satchel and clear evidence bag with gun and clips.

BEARDED DEPUTIES
Hi Lieutenant. Sir.

MARTIN
Sir? Should we bring the...

Martin sees the evidence bag and .50 caliber inside.

MARTIN
Whoa! Where did you find that?

BEARDED DEPUTIES
Some cannon. Holy shit. Beautiful.

MARTIN
Nice job, Sir.
...Boys.

SOREN
Boys.

Stuffing the evidence bag into his satchel.

SOREN
Something on your mind?

MARTIN
Sir?

SOREN
You had a question.

MARTIN
...Yes! The crew members, Sir.
Should we bring them in?

SOREN
~~Why?~~

MARTIN
~~Either they used the knife or
they'll get the knife?~~

SOREN
No. ~~Bring them in for questioning.~~
But we also need that female.

MARTIN

Yesir.

~~(to deputies)~~

~~First we transport the two crewmembers.~~

Martin and Bearded Deputies begin to exit.

SOREN

Martin?

MARTIN

Sir?

SOREN

Where do you live?

MARTIN

Here. ...San Juan Island.

SOREN

Clean up. suit up. Meet me back at
Friday Harbor.

MARTIN

Right. Thank you, Sir.

SOREN

And, Martin.

MARTIN

Sir?

SOREN

Beards do not go with suits.

MARTIN

...Yesir. I was wondering.

Soren stops BEARDED DEPUTY 1.

SOREN

Not you. You, I need.

Bearded Deputy 1 smiles, anticipating something great.

MAIN STREET

A patrol car rolls past the County Building: a two story, old brick courthouse, large windows. Connected behind is a creeping, single level affair with narrow, efficient windows.

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT

Chevy Suburbans, Ford Trucks, empty boat trailers.

A patrol car rolls in, CRUSHING GRAVEL. Parks.

Soren steps out, walks away with satchel. Driver hops out, yells across his car...

BEARDED DEPUTY 1
Anytime, Sir!

Soren gives his back handed wave. Strides to street...

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - FRONT ENTRY

Down the sidewalk, turns through building's heavy doors.

INT. COUNTY BUILDING - LOBBY

County workers shuffle about. Lost public linger. Soren strides to the Information Desk.

INT. INFORMATION DESK

LAURALEE (20s) her smile outshines the sun, sits behind a window of bulletproof glass. She speaks into a microphone.

LAURALEE
(filtered)
Welcome to Sound County Information.
I'm Lauralee. How may I help you?

SOREN
I have evidence.

LAURALEE
(filtered)
...Of, of what, Sir?

Soren unpacks the .50 caliber and plunks it on the desk.

SOREN
LAURALEE
Evidence from a crime scene. (filtered)
What are you doing!

KYLE (20s) narrow and officious, comes to his colleague's aid.

KYLE
(filtered)
May I assist you, Sir?

SOREN
I'm logging evidence.

KYLE
(filtered)
Logging? Oh! The evidence room
moved a, a long time ago.

SOREN
To where?

KYLE
(filtered)
...Sorry, Sir. We're just Information
now.

Soren starts to press the issue but thinks better. Stuffing the gun back in his satchel, he exits.

INT. COUNTY BUILDING - LOBBY

His long legs carry him up the staircase.

INT. SOREN'S OFFICE - DAY

A smaller partition of an older room.

An empty desk opposite a large white board identical to the one he created last night in his home.

Soren tapes up a photo of Lovrovitch, stands back.

A KNOCK at his office door.

KIRSTEN (30) female, vivacious, full-bodied red hair, admires Soren from his doorway.

SOREN
Enter.

KIRSTEN
Welcome back, Sir!

She hugs him. Soren just pats her back.

KIRSTEN
I've missed you, Lieutenant.

SOREN
Kirsten! Yes. We've missed...
Wall looks magnificent , Kirsten.
Outstanding.

KIRSTEN
Takk.

SOREN
No. I say Takk to you. You say...

KIRSTEN
...Vel-kome

SOREN
Velkommen.

KIRSTEN
Right. Velkommen. Sir, I grieved too .
Sorry I haven't texted, but... I, I
grieve, still for your beaut... And
I sit at my desk remembering...

SOREN
I know... I understand.

Another KNOCK.

Clean shaven Martin wears a trim, Electric Blue suit, pink tie, white shirt. He holds his holster belt.

MARTIN

Lieutenant?

SOREN
Good Lord.

KIRSTEN
Oh, my!

MARTIN
Only suit I have.

SOREN
(to holster)
Get rid of that thing.

Martin sets his holster down. But Kirsten's laughing.

KIRSTEN
Sorry. It's just... So, strange...

MARTIN
I should get a new tie.

SOREN
(Norwegian)
At least.
(English
turns back to board)
...Help us find the needle.

Beat.

MARTIN
The what, Sir?

SOREN
Pattern. Mistake. Whatever
makes you pause.

Kirsten regains composure and the three examine the board.

All of us examine the board.

We examine them examining the board.

Martin's eyes twist to Kirsten, who notices.

KIRSTEN
(sniggering)
The board?

MARTIN

Well, Sir, I don't know crabbing
but it seems to me Lovrovitch wasn't
leaving his traps out long enough.

KIRSTEN

How long's not long enough?

MARTIN

Well, it takes a few days for the
crab to get at the bait, doesn't it? I
mean, look here: two days. Here:
one and a half days. And here:
only one day. That's not long
enough. Is it?

KIRSTEN

Dunno.

At his desk, Soren writes large letters on a paper.

SOREN

He said his logbook was inconsistent.

MARTIN

But this is a consistent inconsistency.

SOREN

(pleased)

Right.

MARTIN

And why is he bringing in such a
small catch? I mean: What's he doing
out there?

SOREN

That, Martin, is Question One.

SOREN'S NOTE

Soren tapes his written note top and center:

"What Was Lovrovitch Up To?"

BACK TO THE THREE

SOREN
What else?

=====

CONDENSE...

MARTIN

(posting her picture)
Merrithew, Rebecca. A.K.A. Becky.
Birthplace: Samish. Nineteen. High
School grad. ...What is she doing
on a fisher?

KIRSTEN

Only female.

SOREN

Any family up here?

MARTIN

(reading info sheet)
Well, ah... Yes: lives in Anacortes
with Sister. Father in Anchorage,
Mother deceased.

SOREN

Sister have a number?

MARTIN

No. But she'd be easy to find.
Anacortes.

SOREN

Sister's name?

MARTIN

Roe, Mary: Robert. Oscar. Ed...

SOREN

Martin. I may laps into Norwegian
but you speak only English.

Martin looks confused.

SOREN (CONT'D)

R-O-E. Works for me.

MARTIN
Oh, sure. Right.

SOREN
Kirsten, please track down Mary
Roe in Anacortes while we're in
the basement?

KIRSTEN
Just like old times, Sir.

SOREN
(to Martin)
We are expected in the basement.

Soren finishes his water, hands Kirsten the cup.

MARTIN
(to Kirsten)
What's your name?

SOREN
Martin, Kirsten. Kirsten, this is
Erik Martin. She is indispensable.
He needs a shoulder holster.

KIRSTEN
Course!

Soren looks at Martin.

SOREN
Takk. Martin leave that. Come.

Soren exits down the hall.

Martin drinks his water. Starring at Kirsten, enjoying the
conveniences of his new suit job.

She smiles back, chortles.

MARTIN
So, what's in the basement?

KIRSTEN
Bodies.

MARTIN
Dead ones?

SOREN (O.S.)
(from down the hall)
Martin!

He fumbles his cup to Kirsten, darts out.

INT. AUTOPSY ENTRY - HALL

FOOTSTEPS ECHO in cement stairs.

Soren approaches swinging Autopsy Room doors. Beyond door windows, George closes a body.

Soren stops.

MARTIN
Sir?

Soren doesn't respond.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Are we going in?

Soren takes a surgical mask from the wall box. He holds it in place, breathing deeply.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
(patting Soren)
I'm right here, Sir.

Soren is unimpressed. They burst into...

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM

White tiles. Stainless steel.

Surgical lights above two stainless tables, one covered with a tarp.

George is in blue coveralls, thick rubber apron, gloves, mask, boots and a black knit hat with a yellow smiley face.

He works on Lovrovitch: blue lips, dark eyes, throat sunken into deep ribbons of pink.

Soren sits on a tall stool near the entry. Martin walks right up to Lovrovitch's body, near George.

SOREN
George.

GEORGE
(not looking up)
Soren!

SOREN
What can you tell me?

GEORGE
Not what the weather's like because
I've been down here all blessed day.
(seeing Harstad's suit)
Hi ya, Sport.

MARTIN
Only suit I've got.

GEORGE
Looks great.
snag, George?

SOREN
Run into a

GEORGE
(nods towards tarp)
Snags aplenty with John Doe over
there. Finally gave it a rest and
started on Lovrovitch, here.

MARTIN
Let me guess...

All eyes turn to Martin.

MARTIN
Slit throat?

GEORGE
(ignoring Martin)
Blood alcohol was over two times
legal.

SOREN
Tox?

GEORGE
Clean.

SOREN
(getting up to go)
There you have it.

GEORGE
Funny, though: Lovrovitch had brand
new teeth.

SOREN
New teeth? Like a, a bridge?

George peels back Lovrovitch's top lip.

GEORGE
No. Veneers! Look real. Cost
thousands.

SOREN
Where would you get veneers?

GEORGE
Anywhere. Probably South Sound:
Seattle, Tacoma. Anywhere, really.

He lets go of the lip but it stays exactly the same. He crosses
to the covered body. Uncovers the head.

GEORGE
Yeah. ...So did this fella.

White upper teeth glisten in the purple, jawless face.

SOREN
What?

GEORGE

Yep. Both had new teeth. Recently. Top quality jobs, too. Most people have the top four, maybe six done? Not these guys. Every single tooth brand spanking expensive.

INT. CEMENT STAIRWELL - DAY

Climbing the stairs.

SOREN

Back to the office. Get the Anacortes address and Lovrovitch's home from Kirsten.

MARTIN

Yesir.

Martin continues up. Soren peels away into the new building.

INT. COUNTY BUILDING - NEW SECTION - HALLWAY - DAY

Computers, fluorescents HUM. Soren's long gait takes him past chatting County Workers.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

A KNOCK on her door.

SOREN

Sheriff?

CYNTHIA

Come in, Soren, sit down. How are you hol...

SOREN

Holding up just fine.

CYNTHIA

Good! ...Good of you to take this on for me. John McAuliffe really wanted you in. How's Martin doing?

SOREN

Good as his father, someday.

CYNTHIA
But not now?

SOREN
No one gets it the first time out.

CYNTHIA
I didn't get it till I got this
office.

She smiles at her little joke. He does not.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
So... Whadaya need?

SOREN
Checking in.

Cynthia is used to these talks with Soren, having to drag
information from the somber Norwegian.

CYNTHIA
...Do we have John Doe yet?

SOREN
Interesting, that. Both bodies down
there have veneer teeth. Expensive,
George says. A link. We'll find him.

CYNTHIA
Good. ...Good. Do you know what these
people were into?

SOREN
Yes. Pretty much.

Beat.

CYNTHIA
Are you at liberty to tell your
Sheriff?

SOREN
Drugs. It's all drugs. ...High
Tech wheel house, expensive teeth, yet no one's fishing.
...Cocaine.

Cynthia leans back in her chair, takes her glasses off.

CYNTHIA

I see. Why the swimmer, John Doe?

SOREN

Don't have that yet...

CYNTHIA

Like some coffee? Valhalla beans.

Soren shakes his head.

SOREN

(rising)

Well. I will leave you.. .

Cynthia rises also.

CYNTHIA

How's your little boat coming along?

SOREN

Looks like Hell.

(gestures like snake)

It's all...

CYNTHIA

Somehow I doubt that. Have you christened it yet?

SOREN

Luke.

CYNTHIA

I'm sure he would have been very proud.

SOREN

Yeah. Well.

CYNTHIA

I enjoy our little talks, Soren.

SOREN

(exiting)

Yeah.

INT. SOREN'S OFFICE - DAY

Just Martin, wearing a stiff shoulder holster, his coat over a chair, stands before the board, just as Soren did.

Soren enters, crosses straight to Lovrovitch's picture.

SOREN
 (taking it)
 Lovrovitch's address. Kirsten give you his
 sister's Anacortes?

MARTIN
 On your desk.

SOREN
 What's first: Notify widow or
 check for missing girl?

MARTIN
 ...Notify.

SOREN
 Grab your blue coat.

Soren exits.

MARTIN
 It's the onl...

Martin grabs his blue coat, rushes to the door.

SOREN (O.S.)
 (from down the hall)
 Don't forget Anacortes address.

Martin dashes back, grabs the address, exits.

CONDENSE...

=====

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Martin rounds the corner into the lot.

SOREN
(tossing keys)
Here. You drive.

MARTIN
Which one?

Soren nods to a 2013 dark green Chevy Spark, a tin can relegated to Homicide.

MARTIN
Really? That's one of ours?

INT. CHEVY SPARK - TOWN STREET - DAY

Martin drives.

SOREN'S PHONE

Soren types into his phone's search engine:

"BIGGEST U.S. COCAINE BUST"

MARTIN (O.S.)
Of course! That explains: plastic wrapped fish hold, high tech wheelhouse on a junker boat, zero pounds of crab, expensive teeth... What kind of drugs are we talking about?

Soren finds an article titled:

"COAST GUARD MAKES BIGGEST COCAINE BUST."

SOREN (O.S.)
(while reading)
What makes sense to you?

MARTIN

Driving while Soren reads.

MARTIN

Well, Marijuana's legal but not the black market. Pills, maybe. Cocaine, probably. ...Yeah. I'd say cocaine.

A HORN BLARES. Martin swerves the car back.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

...How much, do you think?

SOREN

That's what alarms me.

MARTIN

Why?

SOREN

How many pounds of fish does a boat that size hold?

MARTIN

Do you already know the answer?

SOREN

(stows phone)

Yes.

MARTIN

I have no idea.

SOREN

A fifty-one-foot purse seiner can hold around forty thousand pounds.

MARTIN

Forty-Thousand! Well, they can't fill all that with cocaine.

SOREN

Why not?

MARTIN

It'd be impossible!

SOREN

Why?

MARTIN

Well... Where're they going to get that much?

SOREN

From the man who makes it. Which is the alarming bit.

(beat)

The Coast Guard made the largest cocaine bust in U.S. history...

DURING MONTAGE, Soren continues speaking over the LOW VOLUME SOUNDS of the SCENES:

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

They seized over forty-two thousand pounds of cocaine, worth six hundred million dollars. Think on that, Martin... The Coast Guard took that with Coast Guard ships and Coast Guard helicopters and Coast Guard seamen and Coast Guard guns. And with round the clock support and direction from the Pentagon itself. Think on that, Erik.

MONTAGE:

- A. **INT. WARD ROOM COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT.** Professional voices CLATTER over radios. Green lit faces gazing into radar screens.
- B. **INT. MH-60 COAST GUARD HELICOPTER COCKPIT - NIGHT.** Torrential storm outside. Lighted displays flashing.
- C. **EXT. LARGE CONTAINER SHIP HULL - NIGHT.** An Armed SOLDIER signals. SQUADS scrambling up ladders boarding. Helicopters circle like wasps, lights flood.
- D. **INT. LARGE CONTAINER SHIP PASSAGE - NIGHT.** Soaked SOLDIERS racing along a narrow corridor, peeling off into rooms. Weapons poised. Hand signals.
- E. **INT. LARGE CONTAINER SHIP BRIDGE - NIGHT.** SOLDIERS storming the bridge. Arresting SHIP'S CREW.

F. INT. PENTAGON BRIEFING ROOM - DAY.

Coast Guard BRASS posing with POLITICIANS behind a mountain of tightly wrapped cocaine blocks.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. CHEVY SPARK - COUNTY ROAD - DAY

SOREN (CONT'D)
...We have each other.

Martin glances at Soren to see if all this is a joke.

It's not.

A HORN BLARES. Martin swerves the car back.

SOREN (CONT'D)
If Lovrovitch hauled in that same amount every two weeks, we have stumbled on the cocaine artery for North America.

MARTIN
Jeezz, Oh Jeezz...

SOREN
Erik. If it was... Yes, Jeezz. If it were, say twenty pounds, we'd have to remain vigilant to stay alive.

He lets that part sink.

SOREN (CONT'D)
But they collected forty-THOUSAND pounds of cocaine every two weeks. And we are in grave danger ...And if your driving doesn't kill us, these people likely will.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

Our Chevy Spark RATTLES along.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE COUNTY ROAD - DAY

Pulling above the Chevy, we see pine trees, farmland, the surrounding Puget Sound and an impressive private drone.

INT. HOME THEATER - DAY

An enormous flat screen surrounded by a tile mural of frolicking underwater film characters.

We're behind a recliner couch with a black-haired man. This is the tall, chiseled body of EL SANGRE (45) of the Sinaloa Crime Syndicate, personal lieutenant to Joaquín Guzmán.

A beautiful BLOND GIRL (19) enters wearing a robe, faces the reclining man, kneels out of sight.

On the large screen, El Sangre watches what he filmed days earlier.

HOME THEATRE SCREEN:

EXT. CANADIAN FISHING BOAT - AFT DECK - DAWN

An enormous face, covered in welts, sweats, wild eyes jumping from side to side. He's in the final moments of life and he knows it.

Spanish insults and blows hurl at him.

While filming, El Sangre, purrs in a low voice, a slight Spanish accent:

EL SANGRE (O.S.)
What do you tell your captain
my answer.

The frightened man doesn't seem to hear.

EL SANGRE (O.S.)
Putá! What do you tell your
captain my answer!

His eyes rivet on the one filming.

FACE
No! ...NO! NO RAISE! NOTHING!

EL SANGRE (O.S.)
Put a. I don't think he hear you.

FACE
NOOO!! NOO RAISE!!

EL SANGRE (O.S.)
(in Spanish)
I think he hear that.

CACKLES from the unseen.

The HOME THEATER SCREEN CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing TORMENTERS (20s-30s) five Hispanic men.

The face belongs to a man locked in a crab trap. This is JOHN DOE (30) his handsome face crazed with fear.

EL SANGRE (O.S.)
(in Spanish)
Put the leeches inside him.

Among Tormentors is ORLANDO (20) thin, gaunt face, holding a glass jar of water and live leeches. He wears an electrician's glove.

ORLANDO
(in Spanish)
Inside the mouth?

EL SANGRE (O.S.)
(in English)
In the mouth. Over the gums. Look
out stomach. Here they comes.

A large HISPANIC MAN (30s) pulls John Doe's jaw down.

This a very different crabber than Lovrovitch's. It's spotless and flying a Canadian flag but also named "MARSHA LOU".

Orlando shoves leeches down Doe's throat, but OUR CAMERA has DOLLIED to the CENTER. El Sangre's head blocks our view.

Above the STUNNED SILENCE from Tormentors, we hear only GURGLES and MUFFLED SCREAMS from Doe.

Doe has a rag tied around his mouth, one leech squirms out.

EL SANGRE (O.S.)

Dear Puta. Remember the message
to your captain. Do not mess it up.
Promise me.

For some reason John Doe vehemently shakes his head.

EL SANGRE (O.S.)

Promise?... Good. Good, Puta.

The cable yanks the final crab pot over the back of the boat
and with it John Doe's message to his captain.

HOME THEATRE SCREEN FREEZES

El Sangre rises, wearing only a towel over his hips. Long,
black hair flows over strong, dark shoulders.

The Blond Girl rises, exits.

A KNOCK on the door.

El Sangre opens the door. Dance music THUMPS. A dozen CHILDREN
rush in followed by two women AU PAIRS (20s).

A tall Hispanic man, expensive suit, shinning eyes, FELIPÉ (35)
enters. Seeing the children, he speaks English. But still he
leans into his boss's ear to whisper.

FELIPÉ

Sir. The captain is done. But not
by us.

EL SANGRE

It's time to close this port. Do
the entire crew.

FELIPÉ

Yes, Sir.

Felipé begins to leave.

EL SANGRE

And Felipé. ...Make it significant.

FELIPÉ

Of course.

We haven't seen El Sangre's face yet, only his deeply bronzed, muscular back, flowing hair, thick gold bracelet.

A darling Hispanic girl, HIJA (10) jumps in her daddy's arms.

EL SANGRE
(in Spanish)
Hey! I thought you went shopping
with your friends.

HIJA
(in Spanish)
No, Daddy. People stare at me when
I go to the city. May we please
watch The Little Mermaid movie?

EL SANGRE
(in Spanish)
Of course, my Little Diamond.

Kissing her, she runs to her FRIENDS. He continues out onto...

EXT. AZTECA SUPER YACHT - POOL DECK - DAY

Around the pool, scantily covered bodies unguilate to Been Away Too Long by "Sound Garden". Victoria, B.C. shines in b.g.

El Sangre struts out, dives into the pool. As he hits the water the towel comes off showing his perfect, Hispanic body, bold, strong, sleek.

EXT. SWIM-UP BAR

A strikingly beautiful BAR GIRL (20) moves to earphones.

El Sangre points to a tall necked bottle. She pours him "TRES-QUATRO-CINCO" tequila, hands it to him. She lights a Churchill cigar, all the while dancing.

His back to us still, he rolls the drink, sniffs it, gulps it.

Bar Girl hands him the lit cigar and slowly he turns.

At last, we see the chiseled features of his long face: dark penciled mustache, bright golden eyes buried beneath brooding brows.

In the corner of the pool, El Sangre lounges, smokes, watches.

INT. LOVROVITCH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A grandfather clock TICK-TOCKS o.s.

PAM LOVROVITCH (45), once attractive now with smoker's skin and over-processed hair, Lovrovitch's widow, hallow, red eyes.

PAM

No one. No one should die like that.

SOREN (O.S.)

Mrs. Lovrovitch. ...We're looking,
for motive. ...Do you think... ?

We watch her say nothing.

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

Was the crew, happy?

Pam nods.

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

Did he owe money?

She questions.

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

...Money problems?

PAM

We have more than we need.

SOREN (O.S.)

Did he gamble?

PAM

Fishing's always a gamble but no.
Not like you mean.

SOREN (O.S.)

Where did all the money come from?

PAM

Crab. ...He said crab was skyrocketing...

SOREN (O.S.)

Was he, Mrs. Lovrovitch? ...Pam?

She looks up, eyes dart between the two sitting with her.

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

Was he frightened...of anything?

She struggles to understand the question.

PAM

No. ...No. He was, excited. He... He said we were due for another jump in price. We would get a raise.

SOREN (O.S.)

From crabbing?

PAM

Of course.

SOREN (O.S.)

Please forgive, Mrs. Lovrovitch:
What about drugs?

PAM

Never. We never touch it.

SOREN (O.S.)

And Mr. Lovrovitch?

PAM

Never.

Beat.

SOREN (O.S.)

Did he mention foreign names?

PAM

Like from Canada?

SOREN (O.S.)

Or perhaps Mexico, Columbia?

PAM

No. Not Mexico.

(beat)

Canadian. His boat has the same name as Rick's boat. Calls him twice a month.

MARTIN (O.S.)

A twin boat in Canada?

SOREN (O.S.)

Land line or cell phone?

PAM

Never phone. Always the ...the radio.

She nods to the side.

SOREN (O.S.)

May we take a look?

PAM

Course. ...There. The writing desk.

SOREN (O.S.)

Touch only the power button, Deputy Martin.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Yesir.

SOREN'S NOTEBOOK

Soren finds the pages from the boat:

"C.B. channel set on 23.32"

METALLIC STATIC lightly HISSES.

SOREN (O.S.)

What channel, Erik?

MARTIN (O.S.)

This channel is... Set to... Two. Three. Point. Three. Two.

Pam's red eyes plead for significance.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

A house like any other cul-de-sac house: self-important,
hollow.

Martin waits on the front step. Soren and Pam stand in the
doorway.

SOREN

I'm sorry. I know... Can only
guess how terrible this must be,
Pam. One last question, Please?

Pam nods.

SOREN

Do you own any guns?

She shakes her head.

SOREN

What about Rick's work.

PAM

No way. Who would he shoot? His
crew? A fish?

MARTIN

But the Lieutenant...

SOREN

No guns at all, Pam?

PAM

...We detest them... Would a gun
Have helped?

SOREN

No way.

She withdraws her hand and leans against the door jam.

SOREN

We're very sorry for your loss,
Mrs. Lovrovitch.

She nods. Retreats into her house.

Soren and Martin turn, walk down the...

FRONT WALKWAY

MARTIN

What do you think?

SOREN

In the car.

INT. CHEVY SPARK - DAY

Martin drives on a road bordered by fields of sheep. Soren takes out his phone, dials.

SOREN

She has no idea what he was doing.

MARTIN

How can you be so sure?

SOREN

What do you think?

MARTIN

I think, what you tell me to think.

SOREN

Then you're useless.

Smiling, Martin watches Soren for a smile.

SOREN

(on phone)

God Dag, Kirsten! ...Ja, takk.
 Lovrovitch's boat has a twin in
 Canada: same name, same job.
 ...Somewhere close. Try Canadian
 Marine Traffic Center at Vancouver.
 Get me that boat, ja? ...Ja. Takk.
 Ha det bra!

Hangs up. ...Sees Martin is staring at him.

SOREN
Eyes on road, Deputy.

MARTIN
[REDACTED] You think I could learn Norwegian?

~~I don't know how you accomplish anything with that
mumbo-jumbo speak.~~

~~Soren looks back at him out of the corner of his eye.~~

SOREN
...Unlikely.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The Chevy Spark rolls up a small hill, disappears down the other side, up the next and down again.

INT. CHEVY SPARK - LATER

Soren's PHONE VIBRATES:

SOREN
(into phone)
Skuld.

INT. AUTOPSY OFFICE - DAY

George leans on an immaculate desk.

Through windows behind, Amelia in throwaways, scrubs empty autopsy tables.

GEORGE
(exuberant)
Soren, I hit a home run! ...No.
Lovrovitch's veneer teeth... Nope.
Try Bellingham! And, according to
his dentist, Lovrovitch took a friend!
...Already did, amigo.

Taking paper off his desk.

GEORGE

...Yep, right here: John L.
Starr: that's: SAM, TOM, ADAM...
Right: S-T-A-R-R... Of course.
Last Known Address is...

INT. CHEVY SPARK

Martin drives. Soren writes in his notepad.

SOREN

(into phone)

...Right. ...Right ...Okay. Thank
you, George.

Soren rips the address out and hands it to Martin.

SOREN

(to Martin)

John Doe's home address. Skip
Anacortes. Head to Port Townsend.

SOREN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

George, have dispatch send a uniform
to Mary Roe in... No. Think fish
eggs. ...Yes. Six-eight-zero-five,
Island Avenue, Anacortes. Have them
inquire about our missing girl,
Rebecca Merrithew. ...Kirsten has all
that. ...Kirsten. ...That too. Thank
you George. Oh, George? Well done,
my friend. Very well done.

INT. AUTOPSY OFFICE

Looking at his phone...

GEORGE

(pleased)

High praise from a Norwegian
Lutheran.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The Chevy Spark trundles around a corner, disappearing behind a thicket.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

A nearby foghorn RESOUNDS.

The Salish Sea covered with dense, lead-gray fog.

A CHURNING, KNOCKING noise rises in the mist.

Very close, trudges the ghostly shape of Washington State Ferry, M/V KENNEWICK on its way to Port Townsend, WA.

INT. FERRY - CAR DECK

The stern looking forward. We FLOAT over parked cars in a 250 foot long, rectangular tunnel of white painted steel.

6,000 horse power engines THUNDER and ECHO around us.

INT. FERRY - LOUNGE

We MOVE past benches of riders eating, talking, working on computers, playing cards, until we come to...

SOREN AND MARTIN

...seated opposite in front of a large rectangular window. Beyond is the Puget Sound, unseen through the fog.

SOREN

Have you notified a mother before?

MARTIN

No, Sir. I have not.

SOREN

The right question asked the right way creates clarity, opens doors. One wrong word or emphasis and the whole krunkake crumbles.

MARTIN

What's that. Like a cookie or something?

SOREN
Better. I'll ask the... You've never
had krumkake?

MARTIN
Don't think so.

SOREN
Hmm. Listen: I'll ask the questions.
You watch. Good?

MARTIN
We could be, like partners and I...

SOREN
No, no no. I... Let me handle it.

MARTIN
Fine. Of course.

SOREN
You've never had Krumkake?

Martin shrugs, shakes his head.

EXT. PORT TOWNSEND - FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

Cars pour off the ferry, up a small ramp towards town. Our
Chevy Spark grinds hard to make it up.

They pass under a green and white sign:

"Port Townsend,
Washington U.S.A."

EXT. PORT TOWNSEND - MAIN STREET

Martin drives down Main Street.

Along the foggy street are these stores: "Antiques," "Sea
Collectables," "Better Sea These Collectables," "Weed
Emporium," "High There!" "Green Thumb".

EXT. PORT TOWNSEND - HILL STREET

Climbing up into town, the fog dissipates.

EXT. VICTORIAN GINGERBREAD - FRONT YARD - DAY

Martin parks on the street front.

EXT. VICTORIAN GINGERBREAD - FRONT DOOR

A Boldly painted Victorian house overlooks the Sound.

SOREN

Martin: Say nothing.

Soren KNOCKS.

He looks at Martin who looks at him.
Both step back and deeply inhale, knowing what they smell.

MORNING (73) ecstatic hair to make Phyllis Diller proud, spirit as free as her open Chinese robe, opens the door.

Out billows blue smoke, high.

MORNING

Hi!

SOREN

Mrs. Morning Starr?

MORNING

You got me.

SOREN

May we come in?

MORNING

Of course!

She turns to leave. Stops.

MORNING

...Who are ya?

SOREN

Police.

MORNING
 (fluttering inside)
 Ah, Hell... Do your damndest!

The two officers follow her into...

INT. LIVING ROOM DUMP - DAY

...a pathway through piles and stacks of dirty clothes, unopened mail, boxes and stale food on the floor. Every horizontal surface is layered.

From the ceiling hang several church type incense holders. But these aren't burning incense. Beautiful blue smoke curls from each, adding to the PURPLE HAZE under the ceiling.

Soren stands stoic, Martin aghast.

SOREN
 (showing badge)
 Lieutenant Skuld. Deputy Martin.
 Sound County Homicide.

Morning swipes his ID, reaches deep into table clutter, comes out with a magnifying glass.

MORNING
 (scrutinizing ID)
 Is my past life catching up to me?

SOREN
 Pardon?

MORNING
 Why're ya here?

SOREN
 It's about your son. May we please step outside...

MORNING
 Yeah I already know. Tea?

Soren and Martin look at each other.

MORNING

(flipping ID back)
 This appears legitimate.
 (to Martin)
 You got one, Tiger?

MARTIN
 (handing over ID)
 Yes, Ma'am. We're partners.

SOREN
 What do you know about your son,
 Mrs. Starr?

MORNING
 (examining ID)
 Ain't no Mister so I can't be no
 Mrs. Call me Morning or, or
 just Morn.

SOREN
 About your s...

MORNING
 Dead. Moved on!

The two officers again look at each other.

SOREN
 How do you know that?

MORNING
 Felt it.
 (tossing I.D. back)
 Looks the same. Whatever...

SOREN
 Excuse me. What do you mean, "Felt
 it?"

MORNING
 I felt his moving on. What'd you
 think I meant? Care for some tea?

SOREN
 Somebody stuffed your child into a
 crab trap, threw him overboard and
 let fish eat him! If that was my
 child I'd be... I'd be, Mourning.

MORNING

ha. ha. ha.

SOREN

I didn't mean...

Martin steps forward, taken with the moment.

MARTIN

The Lieutenant means we were the first to know your son's identity and we came straight here. Now, how could you know before us?

MORNING

Straight here? Ha! I found out... well... I guess... A, five, eight, days ago. ...The moment he moved on.

SOREN

When he was killed?

MORNING

If that's what you insist on calling it! Do you. Want some. Tea?

SOREN

But how did you learn about it?

MORNING

I am in tune to the Universe, Cop.

MARTIN

Our universe?

Soren lightly holds Martin's arm back.

SOREN

Mrs... Morning. Could we please step outside? It's difficult for me to breathe in here...

MORNING

All this haze kills miasma, POLice Man! You're gett'n disinfected! HA!

MARTIN

Did your son have enemies?

MORNING

Hell no. Johnny was a real angel,
nicest kid in school. Nothing like
that scum he worked with.

MARTIN

What do you know about the crew?

MORNING

Noth'n. Cept Johnny's cousin.

MARTIN

He had family on board? Which one?

MORNING

Becky. Johnny an Becky are cousins.
I'll make us that tea.

Morning winds her way through a path to her kitchen.

SOREN

(sotto to Martin)

What do you think?

MARTIN

(sotto)

Sir?

SOREN

About her son John Doe and our
missing girl being cousins.

MARTIN

Could Becky end up in a crab trap?

SOREN

(crossing to the kitchen)

If I don't first arrest her.

MARTIN

For what?

SOREN

Murder.

INT. FILTHY KITCHEN

Morning fills a copper teapot in a full sink.

SOREN

Morning. We have to... Will you.
Stop. Please stop a moment.

Soren leans in close to her.

SOREN

Exactly, precisely, who
told you of your son's death?

MORNING

(grief, terror)
I... I Can't tell you. Noth'n...
(beat)
Just them feelings I get when...
When, tragedy smacks...

Soren stares at her. Hands her his business card.

SOREN

If you get any more feelings that
have to do with your son or his
cousin, please let me know at any
of these numbers. Anytime.

MORNING

(back to herself)
Yes, Sir. ...Before you two patriots
disappear, got something in my toilet
don't know if it's good or funny.

Morning waves the two down the hall.

MORNING

Come on. It won't bite.

EXT. PORT TOWNSEND - STREET - DAY

WE'RE MOVING towards a Nissan Armada idling down the street
from the Chevy Spark.

INT. NISSAN ARMADA

In front, Carlos and Charlie, play on their phones. Cubo sits in the backseat, talking on his.

CUBO
 (into phone)
 I tell you he put it together
 or he wouldn't be here. ...No, that. ...That is a
 comfort I do not own. You do something on your side now or
 I unleash.

Hangs up... Drains his white Russian.

CUBO
 (in Spanish)
 Boys. Boys!

Twins are sheepish.

CARLOS
 (in Spanish)
 Sorry, Cubo.

CHARLIE
 (in Spanish)
 Very sorry, Sir.

CUBO
 (in Spanish)
 ...Take me to the gringo assassin.
 What's his name. The gringo. THE
 Gringo..

CHARLIE
 Croaker?

CARLOS
 Croaker.

CUBO
 (in Spanish)
 Yeah. We go to Mr. Croaker.
 Now. Go.

EXT. VICTORIAN GINGERBREAD - FRONT YARD - DAY

The Armada TEARS down the street past the parked Spark.

INT. DISGUSTING BATHROOM - DAY

Morning pulls her sleeve up to her elbow, sticks her scrawny arm down the toilet to her shoulder. She brings up a chain connected to soggy, thick bricks of hundred dollar bills.

MORNING

This here's Johnny's. I just
can't believe it...

Hundreds of thousands of dollars, tightly bound to a chain, spill on the decaying linoleum floor.

Martin leans on the doorway, aghast. Soren stands stoic.

MORNING

Well? Is it real or is it Memorex?

EXT. VICTORIAN GINGERBREAD - FRONT YARD

Soren and Martin jog down steps to the street, Soren's phone to his ear.

SOREN

Keys.

MARTIN

I can drive.

SOREN

You sleep.

Martin tosses Soren the car keys. Soren speaks on the phone, pressing the car remote buttons, trying to unlock it.

SOREN

(on the phone)

God dag, Kirsten! Have you found
Lovrovitch's Canadian twin yet?

...I need to know where that boat is. ...Ja.

Did a uniform contact Merrithew? ...Ja.

I'll wait.

Using the key, Soren finely unlocks the doors. Both get in.

INT. CHEVY SPARK

His phone on speaker, Soren slips it above his visor.

MARTIN

Did Merrithew kill her cousin?

SOREN

No. Her skipper, Lovrovitch.

MARTIN

A 19-year-old girl did that to his throat?

SOREN

She was perturbed.

EXT. VICTORIAN GINGERBREAD - FRONT YARD

The Spark pulls away from the curb.

INT. CHEVY SPARK - DAY

KIRSTEN

(filtered)

Lieutenant?

SOREN

On speaker, with Martin.

KIRSTEN

(filtered)

Right. Deputy Ryals went out to Anacortes. Found Merrithew. Light was on but no one home. Ryals is back on Traffic.

SOREN

murder Get him back there. With back-up. She's a suspect. He arrests her.

KIRSTEN

(filtered)

Right. I'll notify Dispatch.

SOREN

KIRSTEN?

KIRSTEN

(filtered)
Yes?

SOREN
Takk, god gutt.

KIRSTEN
(filtered)
...Velkommen, Sir. Ha Det
Bra.

Driving, Soren hangs up.

His lips almost smile, wheezes through his nose. Once he's regained his Nordic composure...

SOREN
"Our Universe?" You said,
"Our Universe. " Martin:
You crack me up.

Martin looks at Soren to see if he's joking. He is not.

SOREN
Let's eat.

Again, Karl Jenkins' "LACRIMOSA" over these TRAVEL SCENES.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

Salish Sea and fading fog. Bright blue sky above.
Under "LACRIMOSA" a CHURNING, KNOCKING noise rises.

State Ferry, M/V KENNEWICK, trudges towards Coupeville, WA.

EXT. COUPEVILLE - FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

Outside of town. No buildings just loading lanes, road and trees.

Cars stream off the ferry. Climbing the ramp, our Spark grinds hard. Soren drives. Martin sleeps. They pass under a sign:

"Coupeville, Washington"

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Spark winds through a dense pine forest.

EXT. STATE ROUTE 20 (NAVY AIR STATION)

Flat horizon below translucent sky. Our Spark puttters along highway 20. A NAVY LANDING STRIP behind.

Taking off, two NAVY AE-6B Prowlers SCREAM overhead.

INT. CHEVY SPARK - ANACORTES - FERRY TERMINAL

Down the ferry ramp, bottom out with a THUMP. Martin stirs.

INT. FERRY CAR DECK

Spark among other cars. Still buckled, Martin sleeps alone.

INT. FERRY LOUNGE

Soren sits at an enormous window. Going over notes. Drinking Mountain Dew, eating Cheetos.

EXT. STATE ROUTE 20 - DECEPTION PASS BRIDGE

Cars creep along the enormously tall bridge. Drivers gawk at the stunning view of emerald islands in lapis waters.

INT. CHEVY SPARK - DAY

Soren's PHONE VIBRATES. He slides it above his visor.

SOREN
Skuld. On speaker.

KIRSTEN
(filtered)
Hi, Sir.

SOREN
Kirsten! What do you have?

KIRSTEN
 (filtered)
 We've found Rebecca Merrithew, Sir.

SOREN
 Good work. Did she confess?

KIRSTEN
 (filtered)
 ...No...

SOREN
 Where is she?

KIRSTEN
 (filtered)
 Deception Pass.

SOREN
 We're on the Deception Pass Bridge
 right now.

KIRSTEN
 (filtered)
 Oh. ...I'm sorry, Sir. Look down.

EXT. DECEPTION PASS BRIDGE - DAY

Stretching from a girder 180 feet down to the water's surface is a rope. Like a plumb bob, Rebecca is upside down, with only her head in the water. Behind, an ORCA SPYHOPPS.

EXT. ROADSIDE LOOKOUT - DAY

Soren and Martin peer over the ledge: Police and Fire boats float near Rebecca's dangling body. Rescue rappellers hang off the bridge railing, working on the rope.

MARTIN
 (beside himself)
 Why would they do that?

SOREN
 Spectacle.

MARTIN

But why not just stab her or shoot
her or some other horrific, tragic,
...shitty thing!

SOREN

Message: Stay Away.
We Are In Control.

MARTIN

God DAMN it!

On the word "damn", Martin throws his POLICE RADIO over the
edge of the cliff. Both watch it plummet.

Soren stares at Martin.

MARTIN

...darn.

EXT. FRIDAY HARBOR - FERRY TERMINAL

Docking the 328 foot long, 78 feet high M/V SEALTH dwarfs the
scores of pleasure craft scattered about the bay.

Almost home, the Spark climbs the ferry ramp and rounds past
terminal lanes of cars waiting to embark.

It passes under a painted wooden sign with frolicking KILLER
WHALES:

"WELCOME TO FRIDAY HARBOR,
SAN JUAN ISLAND"

The county seat. Large enough for a stoplight.

EXT. FRIDAY HARBOR - MAIN STREET

Our Spark rolls to a stop at that stoplight. Three teenage
girls in cut-off shorts, bare feet and fishing poles stride
the crosswalk. Martin's alert.

EXT. JENSEN FINE SUITS - SIDEWALK

Soren and Martin exit the clothes store. Martin carries bags of boxes. Soren replaces his wallet.

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Long shadows cross parked cars.

Spark zips in the lot, parks between behemoth trucks.

Both talk across the hood.

MARTIN
(bleary)
Thank you for the clothes, Lieutenant.

SOREN
Just a loan.

MARTIN
Yesir.
(beat)
A... Where to first?

SOREN
Aspirin. Check in with Kirsten.
Update the Master Board. Plan tomorrow .

MARTIN
Yeah. ...Aspirin.

The "LACRIMOSA" FADES OUT.

EXT. BEACH PARK - EVENING

WAVES roll along smooth pebbles. SQUEALING CHILDREN kick water at each other.

At a family beach with Picnickers in b.g. Carlos and Charlie look as subtle as bison.

Cubo meets a tall, lithe Pakistani man with voluptuous brown curls. This is the assassin, CROKER (40).

Cubo plops three Alka-Seltzer into his white Russian.

CUBO

Only cop with a suit on, Croaker. How hard is
that. call. Ask for Soren Skuld. Tell him to meet
you. When he does, do him.

CROKER
Where would you like it done?

CUBO
God, Croaker! Figure it out!
...Extra grand if you do him in
the police parking lot.

CROKER
Make it five.

Staring deep into Croker's eyes, without a care...

CUBO
Sure.

JOYFUL SHRIEKS fill the air. Further down the beach, a
FATHER (30) yells to his children.

FATHER (O.S.)
(distant)
Kirsten! Look in the bay! Look!
Behind! ...Turn around!

CARLOS
(in Spanish)
Oh my god. Look at that big dumb
fish! Cubo! Charlie, look at that
big dumb fish!

In the dimming light, Carlos points to the bay where there
are...

THREE ORCA SPYHOPPING.

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's late. Sodium floodlights HUM, bathe the lot in yellow.
A last car leaves.

MARTIN (PRE-LAP)
My dad was one of the good ones,
wasn't he?

INT. SOREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Soren bends over his desk, reading his notes, drinking coffee. Martin studies the white board.

SOREN

Humble. Worked hard. L oved your mom. He... He was a good man.

MARTIN

Do you think. Someday...

SOREN

Better. All sons can supersede.

MARTIN

...I don't know, Sir.

SOREN

I do.

MARTIN

Do you have a son?

SOREN

One.

MARTIN

What's his name?

SOREN

...Luke.

MARTIN

Where does he live?

SOREN

He doesn't.

MARTIN

Oh, I... I'm sorry.

Soren nods.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Would you ever like to talk...

SOREN

Nope.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

With lights off, a silhouette on a dirt bike motorcycle approaches, slowly. Engine quietly CRACKLES.

Motorcycle turns into the County Building Parking Lot. Tires CRUNCH gravel.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Sir. About those suits, today.
Sorry to interrupt... Could I make
payments to you? I mean...

SOREN (V.O.)

No.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Oh. Okay. That's fine. Okay.

INT. SOREN'S OFFICE

Soren drinks his coffee, sets down his mug, staring.

SOREN

Martin. I... Want to buy those
and be done...

MARTIN

Sir. I could nev...

Soren turns. Looks at Martin gravely.

SOREN

And we will never speak of it again.

MARTIN

Yesir, thank you sir.

Soren goes back to work.

MARTIN

Thank you very much. And we'll forget about the whole deal. ...Takk.

SOREN

(almost smiling)

Velkommen.

(beat)

Another point. I can't have a deputy working with me.

MARTIN

Oh?

SOREN

No. I need a sergeant. A Lieutenant needs a sergeant, not an errand boy.

MARTIN

Oh. ...Starting when?

SOREN

Whenever you pass your examinations.

MARTIN

You mean me?

SOREN

Who else, Martin? You have the uniforms. Now fill them with a sergeant. I will help you.

MARTIN

But, what if I can't...

SOREN

I Will Help.

MARTIN

Yesir.

Soren drains his cup of coffee, gets up to leave.

SOREN

About time to go, don't you think?

MARTIN

Yesir.

SOREN
 (exits with cup)
 Right back.

=====

NO KILLING YET:

~~Croaker w/ Carlos & Charlie behind. CAR no motorcycle.~~

After call Flips Carlos his phone.

Goes into the building to find Soren while Martin runs down.

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cubo's black Mercedes GLS rolls into the empty lot. Croker steps outside speaking on his phone.

CROKER
 Fine. ...Yes. Fine.

Hangs up as Charlie exits car.

CROKER (CONT'D)
 Cubo called it off. Wants him instead. Can you, gently get him into the car?

CHARLIE
 I am a kitten.

Croker taps a number on his phone.

INT. SOREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The desk phone CHIMES. Martin answers.

MARTIN
 Homicide.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 It's for you.

SOREN (O.S.)
 (from down the hall)

See what they want.

MARTIN

What do you want, please?

~~Charlie meets Martin at the door. Introduces himself. Slowly coaxes Martin over to the Parking Lot where Carlos waits. Protectively, "Do you know where is a good Sinaloa food restaurant on this islands? Up here?"~~

~~I don't know that food.~~

~~"Sure you do. It's simple like ceviche con camaron, lima, cebolla, It's like a sopa, a cold sopa. Or maybe you have chilorio? Around here? Some place?"~~

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CROKER

I'm in your parking lot. Come down. I have a witness about this recent unpleasantness. You'll know everything and be the hero. Bring anyone else and I'm gone. I leave soon.

Hangs up, breaks phone apart, hands pieces to Charlie.

INT. SOREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MARTIN

Wait! What's your. Wait!

Looks at his watch. Hangs up. Walks to the door.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Lieutenant?

INT. WIDE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Martin walks along the dark passage.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Lieutenant? ...Sir?

INT. CEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Martin walks down the empty stairs.

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT

Martin comes out the doors. Stops at Charlie who gently coaxes Martin to his Mercedes.

CHARLIE

Seargent Martin.

MARTIN

Not a Sargent. Not yet.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT (TRACKING)

Walking along the sidewalk in front of the County Building.

CHARLIE

Soon, I bet. Hugh?

MARTIN

Look. Did you just call homicide?

CHARLIE

Yes.

MARTIN

What do you know about these murders? I can offer protection...

CHARLIE

We have a frightened whitens. He wants us to bring you to him. Safely. Can you help?

They arrive at the...

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MARTIN

I don't know, if I...

CHARLIE

(walking to his car)

Say, Patrón. Do you know where is a good Sinaloa food restaurant on this islands? Up here?

MARTIN

(deciding if he should go)

I, don't, know that food.

CHARLIE

Sure you do, Primo. Ceviche con camaron, lima, cebolla, It's like a sopa, a cold sopa. Or maybe chilorio? Around here? Some place?

Martin decides to go along.

MARTIN

We have Azteca. It's good. For Mexican.

INT. SOREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT *phonecall?*

SOREN

He's innocent.

CROKER

...We're here.

=====

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT

Blasts out the building, breathing hard: Empty street.

Dashes down the front sidewalk, flashes around the corner into...

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A lone figure sits on a dark motorcycle.

MARTIN
 (racing towards)
 Don't leave! I'm here! ...Hey!

CROKER
 Soren Skuld?

Martin sees the shotgun pointed at him.

MARTIN
 We're partners.

CROKER
 Shit. ...Shit, shit.

=====
 Have Croaker TAKE Martin instead. Taunt Soren to give up. AT
 THE END: Soren could Save Martin or Take Sengre

INT. SOREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Soren enters, sipping his fresh coffee. Stops: Looks for his part...

B A M!

As if HE were shot. Coffee everywhere.

Darts out the office.

SOREN (O.S.)
ERIK!

B A M!

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT

A HIGH PITCHED motorcycle engine receding o.s.

Soren SLAMS through giant front doors. Stops.

SOREN
ERIK!

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Empty.

EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

He careens around the corner. Stops. Finds...

Nothing

SOREN

...erik?

~~**EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - HIGH ANGLE - DAWN**~~

~~SILENCE.~~

~~From DIRECTLY ABOVE, we watch these apparition-like entrances and exits:~~

~~Slowly, sunlight bathes the scene.
A privacy shelter appears over The Spot.
Police ribbon comes.
Police cars block the driveway.
Civilians emerge then leave. Groups appear.
A weeping Deputy is helped away.~~

~~But All REMAIN SILENT.~~

~~**EXT/INT. PRIVACY SHELTER - DAY**~~

~~DESCENDING through the folds of the shelter. Soren sits holding his partner's hand.~~

~~George works alone: measuring, noting, photographing.~~

~~Now for the first time we hear: body bag ZIPPER CLOSES long, slow, hallow.~~

~~George too sits. His hand on Soren's shoulder.~~

~~**EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - PARKING LOT (TRACKING)**~~

~~Soren and George carry the heavy BODY BAG around the back of the parking lot. Enter through a fire exit.~~

~~INT. BACK STAIRCASE — DAY (TRACKING)~~

~~Staff stand back as BODY BAG passes.~~

~~INT. AUTOPSY ENTRY — HALL (TRACKING)~~

~~The two solemn friends enter, go through the double doors into the Autopsy Room.~~

~~Moments later, George re-emerges. Picking at one of his gloves. It won't come off. Rushes along the corridor...~~

~~INT. BACK STAIRCASE — DAY (TRACKING)~~

~~...up the stairs. Ripping off gloves, apron, mask. Tries to unzip his Blues but can't...~~

~~EXT. COUNTY BUILDING — PARKING LOT~~

~~Rips Blues off in shreds, shaking. Looks up to the morning sun. He closes eyes. Breathes.~~

=====

KEEP?

~~INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY (TRACKING)~~

~~Some workers WEEPING. Others keeping busy.~~

~~Cynthia strides down the center, workers getting out her way.~~

~~At an open office door, she stops, leans in, KNOCKS.~~

~~INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY~~

~~Behind a small desk, McAuliffe. No homey touches here.~~

CYNTHIA
In my office, John.

McAULIFFE
Now? Just finishing notes on Soren's
debrief.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)
(leaving)
Now.

McAuliffe hastily gets up to follow.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Cynthia enters her office. Waits at the door.

CYNTHIA
Come.

McAuliffe enters. Cynthia shuts the door after him.

They stand.

CYNTHIA
What do you think?

McAULIFFE
I think that poor guy's out of his
head with grief. He blames himself
for something he had no control over.

CYNTHIA
Did he have his weapon?

McAULIFFE
He sprinted outside when he heard
the shotgun blast. We all know he
doesn't carry!

CYNTHIA
Having no weapon can be our
fall-back.

McAULIFFE
Why would you crucify Soren? You

brought him in!

CYNTHIA
YOU wanted him on this. Not me,
 John. If it blows up, there will
 only be two sides: him or me. Which
 do you choose?

McAULIFFE
 You don't have to push me, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
 He's your old partner and I need to
 know where you stand.

McAULIFFE
 ...I always do the right thing,
 remember?

CYNTHIA
 Yes. Yes I do. ...And you'll do well
 not to forget it.

KEEP?

=====

EXT. BACKYARD DOCK - DAY

Outboards calm to an IDLE.

The Sheriff's boat sidles up to the dock. Jumping off, Soren
 nearly jogs towards his boatshed.

EXT. BACKYARD BOATSHED - DAY

Outboards RECEDE o.s.

Soren's strong arms fling open the double doors. Light floods
 on the upside down, unfinished wooden boat.

INT. BACKYARD BOATSHED

A PHONOGRAPH SCRATCHES when rough hands slide the needle
 across. Then...

Once again, the LILTING CELLO begins the "Benedictus" from page two. But we hear it as he does, in FULL SYMPHONIC FORM.

Soren pulls his boat into the open light.

EXT. BACKYARD BOATSHED

Pristine copper screws in perfect lines.

The WHIR of an electric drill drowns out the "Benedictus". Music and drill FADE TO SLAPPING WAVES.

EXT. AZTECA SUPER YACHT - DAY

A mountain of black steel and glass, Victoria, B.C. in b.g. and clear blue skies above.

EXT. PRIVATE DECK - DAY

This is El Sangre's Sanctum: sparse, elegant.

El Sangre sits at a dining table. Fruit, cheeses. Sipping coffee. Cubo stoops to listen to El Sangre. No words are heard. Cubo simply nods on each of El Sangre's points.

Three large GUARDS (30s) escort Croker to the table. El Sangre sips his coffee, wipes his mouth, leans back. Cubo rises, begins to exit.

But stops when he sees Croker. He chuckles, pulls out an enormous roll of 100-dollar bills. Comes to Croker, sliding out bills.

CUBO

Wrong guy. Right place. Here's for the police parking lot, anyway.

He puts the bills into Croker's hand, chuckles, leaves.

EL SANGRE

Have you had Dinner?

A Guard pulls a chair out for Croker. He sits, flanked on three sides by the Guards.

CROKER

I'm fine, thank you.

EL SANGRE

And there must be the problem.
 ...I ask a question that requires
 a yes or no answer but do you
 give me a yes or no? ...No. Your
 answer is, "I'm fine."

Sips coffee, wipes mouth.

EL SANGRE

Our problem must be one of language.
 Yours is not my first, my home
 language. I wanted you to get rid of
 a festering boil but do you lance
 it? No. You kill a subordinate, a
 nobody.

Croker begins to speak, stops himself. He's sweating.

EL SANGRE

And now, I have all these eyes on
 me, on my ship, on my family when
 they go shopping, on my BUSINESS.
 ...All because I fail your language.

CROKER

It's my fault. I'm... So sorry,
 Sir, I...

El Sangre raises a finger and immediately Croker stops.

EL SANGRE

(chuckling)

What do I do with you?

Croker says nothing.

EL SANGRE

Now you speak.

CROKER

(now terrified)

Don't pay. Pay nothing. It was all
 my fault. I was given bad intel...

EL SANGRE

"Bad intel?" "Bad intel" is to blame?

CROKER

...No.

EL SANGRE

I could send you again... But then maybe more mess. You see my dilemma.

CROKER

No. I'll take care of it. I know exactly what to do...

EL SANGRE

I'll... I will consider it.

(staring at Croker)

...In the mean time, to show I have no bad feelings, you will be my guest for deep sea fishing.

A Guard gives a fly rod and tackle box to Croker.

Croker looks about him in alarm.

THUNDER of ENGINES breaks the quiet. Croker stands up to look over the edge of the yacht.

Alongside the yacht, Chevrolet Corvette ZR48 Speedboat has ignited its inboards. This cigarette boat is 40 feet of black speed. A fishing boat, it ain't.

A plume of blue smoke rises.

EL SANGRE

(over the din)

Have you been? To the deep sea?

Croker shakes his head. He's escorted towards the door.

INT. PASSAGE

Much QUIETER inside the yacht.

EL SANGRE

It's amazing! Out there is freedom.

Man and Nature. You'll become one
with the sea! ...Sadly, I cannot go:
Business. Always business.

EXT. YACHT DOCK

The little group comes out. POUNDING INBOARDS. Croker is hustled along...

EL SANGRE

Don't worry about the mess!
Nothing to lose your head over!

Croker enters the boat.

Renewed THUNDER, the ZR48 Speedboat shoots off the yacht's retractable dock, sprints towards deep water.

El Sangre turns back into the yacht...

EL SANGRE

(in Spanish)
Bring me Orlando.

PRE-LAP OVER DISSOLVE:

WHIR... WHIR... WHIR... WHIR... WHIR... WHIR... WHIR...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD BOATSHED - NIGHT

Soren abandons generations of tools for electric speed. Floodlights BLAZE. The KEEL pierces the hull like a knife.

A fist full of screws. He finishes one, darts to the next hole. No "X" as a guide, no glue. Just speed. The lines of his boat continue with less perfection. He's frantic to finish.

His PHONE VIBRATES. He tries to ignore it but can't and recognizes the number.

OVER HIS SHOULDER

"Sir sorry to bother you
please just send me a emoticon
so I know you're alright.
Worried... -Kirsten"

SOREN

...relents, takes his own picture, sends that to Kirsten.

INT. KIRSTEN'S WORK AREA - NIGHT

A desk among many. Most others are closing up for the day.

Her PHONE RINGS. Looking at the photo, she bursts into laughing tears and covers her mouth.

Her thumbs fly, texting back.

EXT. BACKYARD BOATSHED

Phone VIBRATES.

Soren reads the text and almost smiles. He answers.

INT. KIRSTEN'S WORK AREA

WORKERS leaving, saying their goodbyes in b.g.

KIRSTEN'S POV

Both messages show on her phone:

"ME
I guess that's normal?
How can I help?"

SOREN SKULD
Need the location of
Lovrovitch's Canadian Twin!
Tell no one."

KIRSTEN

...covertly rises, leaves her desk...

INT. WIDE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

More WORKERS leaving. But Kirsten goes the opposite direction. Stops at the stairs, looks, darts up.

INT. COUNTY BUILDING - HALLWAY

Staying out of sight, she scampers down the hall. Stops at Soren's office door. Checking for anyone. Opens the door, slips in...

INT. SOREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kirsten's phone flashlight shines. She finds the paper she put on Soren's desk hours ago. Behind her, the office door SLOWLY OPENS.

Sitting in his chair, she types on her phone.

KIRSTEN'S PAPER/PHONE

"Canadian Marsha Lou:
Northwest tip of Trial
Islands Ecol. Preserve.
Near Victoria."

KIRSTEN

Typing. Behind, a DARK FIGURE in the doorway.

Kirsten presses SEND just as hallway light swings onto the desk.

Startled, she turns to find...

KIRSTEN
You scared me!

...Cynthia Turncoat looming over her.

CYNTHIA

Tell me everything you know.

EXT. BACKYARD BOATSHED - NIGHT

Soren stuffs filler between tiny boards, sweat dripping.

His PHONE VIBRATES. He get it, reads it, stows it, continues.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAWN (TRACKING)

Joyful birds SING.

Good enough to float, Soren carries his small sailboat upside down on his shoulders. A walking KILLER WHALE with the keel standing tall.

Across the yard to his dock. Plops it in the water.

EXT. BACKYARD DOCK - DAWN

Soren checks the strength of the mast and lines.

He hoists Lovrovitch's Desert Eagle .50 caliber. Putting a clip in, he pulls back the slide, braces himself.

BAM!

His face, the dock, the boat strobe in the flash.

EXT. WHITE WALL - DAWN

BAM! o.s.

A hole explodes into the wood next to the first hole.

BAM! BAM! BAM! o.s.

A very tight grouping of holes. WE PULL BACK. This is his WIFE'S WOODEN GRAVE MARKER.

More shots, his body flashing in b.g. as the marker bursts.

EXT. BACKYARD DOCK - DAWN

He stuffs the gun back into the watertight dry bag, and that under the tiller.

EXT. BINOCULAR POV - DAY

The stern of a purse seiner:

"MARSHA LOU
VICTORIA, B.C."

But it's a very different boat than Lovrovitch's. This one is spotless, teaming with WORKING MEN, some with WEAPONS.

EXT. SAILBOAT

Soren's sails are down, fishing rod up. He only watches, using strong binoculars strapped around his neck.

EXT. BINOCULAR POV - DAY

Several of the Working Men scrub or paint. Two talk to an animated Orlando. He's clearly in control, upset.

A small outboard puttters to the side of the fisher. Up climbs KIRSTEN!

EXT. SOREN

SOREN
(horrified, soto)
No! ...Kirsten!

EXT. BINOCULAR POV

Orlando rushes over to her. Strikes her hard. Two MEN pick Kirsten up and constrain her. Orlando rips her blouse open to find a WIRE MICROPHONE.

Kirsten shakes her head vehemently but Orlando strikes her again. And again.

Down Kirsten sags.

EXT. SOREN

SOREN
(soto)
No. God, no.

Soren drops the binoculars and rips open the drybag with the .50 caliber inside. He brings it up...

EXT. CANADIAN MARSHA LOU - AFT

An ARMED MAN'S chest EXPLODES in BLOOD! He DROPS, DEAD.

A moment later a resounding BANG! rips the air. A mile off, Soren is firing the cannon.

Another BANG! And ANOTHER! But bullits go wide.

EXT. BINOCULAR POV

The boat's CREW return fire.

Orlando storms over to the side of the fisher, dragging Kirsten with him. He pulls her off onto a very low leveled, COMICALLY SMALL boat.

A puff of blue smoke rises from it and a moment later we hear the ENGINE'S ROAR.

This is a MINI HYDROPLANE, a disk-like rocket on water.

SAILBOAT

Soren throws the fishing rod over, raises his sail and jib to give chase. Wind bellows the canvas. And he's off.

But he's no match for the mini hydroplane. It's already far ahead.

Where it's going is soon obvious, the black mountain of glass and steel in Victoria Bay, and El Sangre.

Sailing, Soren lifts his binoculars to watch...

EXT. BINOCULAR POV - DAY

The mini hydroplane squirts away in a rooster tail of spray.

SAILBOAT

Soren lowers his binoculars, adjusts the sails for speed.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

In the distance, the mini hydroplane bounces atop waves headed towards the yacht.

On its edge, Soren's Contender speeds past. He stands on the back corner, legs push body out over the water, hands cling to ropes, arms strain for control.

It's hard to handle on the thread between speed and disaster.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Soren brings his Contender around Azteca's aft. He sails by its empty dock. Runs along its length. It's a big mother.

He rounds the bow.

Picks up speed and zips down the other side. He comes back to the stern. ABOVE, El Sangre leans over the railing, using a bullhorn to call out...

SOREN'S POV - EL SANGRE - FOUR STORIES ABOVE

EL SANGRE
(filtered)

Soren, my Friend! Soren Skuld! Stop
playing around and just come up!

SOREN

...slows. Comes around the stern, turns towards the open dock, slides in and jumps on to the...

EXT. AZTECA DOCK

Empty.

He lashes his boat, grabs the dry bag with the .50 caliber.

INT. AZTECA PASSAGE

Soren enters. A LARGE HISPANIC MAN (28) in a dark suit points down the passage.

Others: MAIDS, LABORERS, CREW, all patiently guide Soren: upstairs, round corners, up again until he comes to...

INT/EXT. TOP DECK PLAY AREA - DAY

A SERVANT (60s) opens heavy marine doors into a MARIACHI BAND PLAYING LOUDLY.

Soren steps out on deck. Stops, amazed.

The entire upper deck is festooned with balloons and wreaths, giant paper flowers, bursting piñatas.

Scores of CHILDREN, ages 5-12, frolic at a giant celebration. A cavalcade of miniature Armani and Dior. Young women scuttle about, leading activities. A giant bunny dances to Soren and offers him a golden egg.

Strutting over to greet his guest...

EL SANGRE

My precious daughter must spend her
Easter far from home. So we bring
home to my precious daughter.

Soren stands starring at El Sangre.

EL SANGRE

But you are not the Easter mood.

Beat.

EL SANGRE

Come. Come to my private deck. We
will conclude our business there.

El Sangre walks to the aft railing and a spiral staircase.

EL SANGRE

Come.

Down he goes. Soren follows.

EXT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE

As he descends, Soren creeps his hand into the dry bag.

The Mariachi music somewhat FADES.

EXT. PRIVATE DECK - DAY

Three large HISPANIC MEN in suits rise when they see their boss descend.

Kirsten sits near the railing. Her hands behind her tied to her throat with her wire.

EL SANGRE

Come. ...Sit. You have only two minutes, though. I am a family man.

Soren rushes to El Sangre. GRABS his throat. JAMS the cannon in his temple.

Guards rush Soren but El Sangre signals them back. They remain close, with pistols aimed at Soren's head.

SOREN

What about Martin's family! The children he'll never have! What about them?

Not frightened or mad, he's been here before...

EL SANGRE

He knew. She knows.

(to Kirsten)

...Police is not a safe job. Yes?

SOREN

At this point neither is yours.

Soren lays his finger on the trigger.

EL SANGRE

Yes. Yes, I know. My business is
always being attacked. Under attack.
...So I move and dig out a new, how
did you say it, "a new artery into
North America".

Soren pauses.

A Guard, FRANCISCO (33) big, cruel intentions, advances.

EL SANGRE

(in Spanish)

No, Francisco.

(in English)

He doesn't use the gun. He does
not even carry a gun. I was told.

VOICE

Still the Island of Misfit Toys,
Huh Soren?

Keeping a tight grip on El Sangre and his gun, Soren spins
to the voice.

John McAuliffe steps out from an adjacent alcove, with drink.

VOICE/McAULIFFE

Start a war. Puget Sound runs red.
Nobody gets rich.

Soren watches, unbelievably.

SOREN

No. ...No John. No...

McAULIFFE

Why not.

(beat)

El Sangre has a multi-Billion dollar
corporation, here. Billion! Why not?

Francisco takes careful aim at Soren's head.

McAULIFFE

Look, guys. He's not going to shoot!

McAuliffe rushes over to push, pull Guards away...

McAULIFFE

He won't shoot. He's harmless. Look...
Look at him! ...Nothing.

(beat)

See? He hates guns. Guns killed his
family. Right, Soren? Your gun killed
your family. ...Kaaren Killed Little
Luke then herself. And you wouldn't
pull that trigger for all the cash
or, or hate or love in the world.

Soren's eyes drill McAuliffe, El Sangre. He lowers his weapon.

GUARDS POUNCE, smothering him to the deck.

McAuliffe walks over, wrenches Soren's giant gun from his
outstretched arm. He tosses it overboard without a care.

Rising, Guards back away, fixing their suits.

Slowly, Soren stands in pain.

EL SANGRE

No Easter for you.

El Sangre starts to leave but comes back. Eyes Soren.

EL SANGRE

Learn to leave Well Enough Alone.

The two profiles stare at each other.

El Sangre PLOWS HIS FIST into Soren's face. Stands by, watching
the blood come.

Satisfied, he turns to leave...

EL SANGRE

(to McAuliffe)

I think this one wants to go deep
sea fishing also. When the boat
comes back...

SOREN
 (bent over, mumbling)
 ...are rest.

El Sangre stops, slowly turns back.

EL SANGRE
 What? ...You spoke?

SOREN
 (soft but clear)
 You are under Arrest.

El Sangre bursts into laughter.

EL SANGRE
 ...You. ...You have no gun! No
 authority! No, no, no future!

SOREN
 (straightening up)
 You, too, John. You're under arrest.

JOHN
 Don't be an ass.

Pointing to Guards...

SOREN
 (stronger)
 And all of you. You're all under
 arrest.

EL SANGRE
 This is Can... We are in Canadian
 waters! ...Now! Right now!

McAULIFFE
 Soren...

SOREN
 And this boat.

EL SANGRE
 You arrest my ship, too?

SOREN
 It is impounded by the...!

Running back to Soren, El Sangre STRIKES him hard, throws his whole back into it. Soren falls backwards.

SOREN
 (slowly rising)
 ...Impounded by the Sheriff of Sound
 County, Washington, United States of...

Another PUNCH. Down to one knee, he painfully rises, taller.

SOREN
 ...America. ...But most of all.

Soren hangs on El Sangre, pivots him against the side railing. Soren stumbles backwards...

SOREN
 ...Most of all... I Arrest YOU!

Using every sinew of strength left, Soren SPRINTS straight at El Sangre, THROWS his body against him. TOGETHER...

EXT. SIDE OF YACHT (TRACKING)

They TOPPLE OVER the railing...

TUMBLE down the side of the ship...
 Down three stories and SMASH into...

UNDERWATER

...blue Puget Sound water.

EXT. PRIVATE DECK

Guards and McAuliffe rush the railing. Some look for a clear shot at Soren. Find none.

SOREN'S POV

Guards and McAuliffe lean over the railing, GUNS drawn.

McAULIFFE
 (screaming down)

God Damn It, Soren! God Damn You,
Stupid Son of...

ABOVE WATER

Soren grabs the dazed El Sangre by the head and pushes him...

UNDERWATER

Bubbles RUSH. Ears FILL.

Soren pulls El Sangre's hair towards his Contender Sailboat.

ABOVE WATER

Up for quick air...

UNDERWATER

...and WHOOSH back under...

Pulling El Sangre to the dock.

ABOVE WATER

On the dock, Maids festoon.

Soren rises, they gasp. El Sangre bubbles up, they scream.
Run back into the belly of the boat.

EXT. CONTENDER SAILBOAT - DAY

Soren drags El Sangre from the water, up and onto his boat.

ANGRY SHOUTS come from the passage inside the ship.

Soren releases his boat, kicks it away and in one swift jump,
pulls the halyard down, raising the sail and spinnaker.

He catches the wind. And OFF!

He looks back.

SOREN'S POV

Guards fill the small dock, some on radios, all SHOUTING, CURSING...

Gun shots EXPLODE...

BACK TO SOREN (MOVING)

Bullets VIBRATE past his head.

El Sangre is quite a load but the little boat darts away.

Soren ratchets back on the lines. The bow climbs...

Water sprays. Wind WHISTLES.

From behind, a BOOM rents the air. Soren turns...

SOREN'S POV

The fading dock, still in pandemonium but now the MINI HYDROPLANE is in the water. And running.

In a cloud of blue smoke, the little monster maneuvers away from the dock. ROARS to life.

SOREN

...stretches harder. He's really riding the edge. Close to flipping over.

WATER SEEPS between UNFINISHED BOARDS.

El Sangre stirs. Soren jumps on his head. -OUT-

Far ahead is home, clear, wide open. But it's a long way off.

Soren looks behind him, toward a LOW POUNDING THUNDER.

SOREN'S POV

Nearly four miles back, with a cape of spray, the Chevrolet Corvette ZR48 Speedboat is coming back from taking out the trash. And it's hauling ass.

SOREN

Windblown, bloodied, swollen eyes stream water.

SOREN
(in Norwegian)
Go! ...Go Dear God! Go!

BEHIND HIM

HYDROPLANE bounces on wave tops. SPEEDBOAT quickly closing.

BELOW HIM

WATER FILLING his small sailboat.

BEFORE HIM

And just too much expanse ahead.

SOREN

A few feet above, SCREAMING, an orange blur HOWLS past. Soren looks up then aft to see...

SOREN'S POV

...a U.S. Coast Guard MH-65C Dolphin HELICOPTER racing to the hydroplane. It REARS BACK, nearly standing on its tail.

The rotor wash instantly FLIPS the hydroplane OVER!

Leveling, two rescue divers leap out.

Wasp-like, it turns towards the THUNDERING speedboat. The Dolphin leaps to it and nearly SETS DOWN on top of it! Rotor wash BLOWS a TORRENT. Speedboat SWAMPS dead in water.

It backs off, guns trained on the bow of the boat.

EXT. CONTENDER SAILBOAT

Stopped, Soren sits on the edge of his sinking stern awash in surf, watching the surreal scene.

Blood drips from his swollen face.

A BOOMING LOUDSPEAKER VOICE shakes him to the present.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (O.S.)
(filtered)
Lieutenant Skuld! This is Captain
José Jiménez of the U.S. Coast Guard
Cutter Mellon. Do you need medical
assistance, Sir?

He turns toward the loud voice off his bow. Dazed, weak, dead tired, he rises.

Like a SHROUD, he claws his sail down to find an enormous wall of white: the 378 foot, High Endurance Cutter *Mellon* out of Seattle, churning across his bow.

On the deck are Coast Guard CAPTAIN JIMÉNEZ (48) flanked by OFFICERS and Cynthia and Kirsten.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - DECK - DAY

Holding on to Cynthia, Kirsten jumps and waves to Soren in b.g.

Soren stands stunned.

Captain Jimenez speaks into the bullhorn.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
(filtered)
I say again: Do you need medical
assistance, Sir?

Soren checks himself, glances at El Sangre who splutters.

SOREN
No... NO!
(indicating El Sangre)

But this drittsekk does!

SLOW FADE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Three days later.

Small WAVES rush the beach.

Paper bag LUMINARIES adorn Soren's dock and yard. No longer a plot of grief, GRAVES AND MARKERS ARE GONE, flowers dispersed.

Every room in Soren's small home is lit, windows steamed.

INT. SOREN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT (TRACKING)

MURMURS and WHISPERS. Occasionally someone LAUGHS but the mood is reserved.

Wall to wall PEOPLE some in POLICE, FIREFIGHTER, COAST GUARD DRESS UNIFORMS. Some we recognize. Most we don't.

Krumkake rise from bowls of whipped cream like trumpets. His dining table is covered with a potluck of foods.

Pictures of SMILING MARTIN, each with a sugared Krumkake.

Talking in HUSHED TONES...

BEARDED DEPUTY 1

But do you really think Martin would have wanted this?

GEORGE

What he wanted doesn't matter anymore.

AMELIA

No parents. No will. No family. Nothing.

GEORGE

Soren was as close to family as anyone.

AMELIA

Closer.

We find Soren wandering between groups pouring Akevitt. His face is bandaged, arm in a sling.

FIRE CHIEF (50) robust, grabs Soren to refill his and WIFE's (50) also robust, glasses.

FIRE CHIEF

Hey. Have you heard how John McAuliffe is holding up with the F.B.I.?

SOREN

I intend not to.

WIFE

I had no idea...

SOREN

Pardon.

Smoking Deputy holds a lit cigarette. Secretly, Soren lifts an abandoned drink to the hot end, dousing it.

As he cleans, Soren overhears Cynthia, Captain Jiménez and MAYOR (40) conversing.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

What burns me is that Canada is keeping our billion dollar yacht. Soren impounded it! It is ours!

CAPTAIN JIMÉNEZ (O.S.)

Yeah. One problem there, Sheriff: It's in Canadian territorial waters.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Can't you just swing your Coast Guard Cutter around, hook it up and tow it over?

MAYOR (O.S.)

Better yet, send Soren over there to reconnoiter it!

The three chuckle.

CAPTAIN JIMÉNEZ (O.S.)

From what I saw, Mayor, he could swim it back with the anchor chain

clenched between his teeth!

MAYOR (O.S.)
Or he could just carry it over the
border on his shoulders!

They LAUGH as Soren stealthily clears a nearby table.

He carries items into his kitchen.

MAYOR (O.S.)
You're keeping him, right Sheriff?
On homicide?...

Soren exits into...

INT. SOREN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

He sets the dirty dishes down. Removes his ridiculous sling.

Washing dishes at the sink is a young woman in her Coast Guard
Dinner Dress Whites. This is ASHLEY (28) strawberry blond hair
and even freckles. Beautiful.

SOREN
Coast Guard?

ASHLEY
(drying her hands)
Yes, Sir.

SOREN
Do you know... Is the pilot of that
helicopter here tonight?

ASHLEY
(extending a hand)
She sure is!

Soren stands, shocked.

SOREN
(shaking hands)
You...

ASHLEY
Ashley! And you're Soren, right?

SOREN
...are Amazing!

ASHLEY
Well, thank you, Sir! You're pretty
awesome, yourself.

SOREN
You were vertical!

ASHLEY
(leaning forward, quietly)
Captain's still a bit cranky about
that particular maneuver, Sir.

SOREN
Won't say a word.

WHIMPERING comes through the open side door.

SOREN
What's that?

ASHLEY
Someone's having it rough out there,
Sir.

Before he exits, Soren looks back at the Ashley, amazed.

EXT. SIDE PORCH - NIGHT

Leaning out the door he finds Kirsten, alone and weeping.

He looks for anyone else to help her but finds no one. He
steps out, closing the kitchen door.

KIRSTEN
(heaving)
I... I'm... I'm sorry, Sir.

Soren puts his arm around her. She buries herself in his
tall chest and weeps. This time he just holds her.

For a long time.

Cynthia comes around the corner of the house.

CYNTHIA

Oh, Soren. Some think it may be time.

SOREN

(to Kirsten)

Is it time?

Kirsten wipes her nose, looks into Soren's eyes and nods.

SOREN

(to Cynthia)

It's time.

Cynthia steps up to the kitchen door, turns back...

CYNTHIA

Soren. We need to talk about you
staying on. Forget your retire...

Soren's not listening, though. He's walking away with Kirsten.

CYNTHIA

(sotto)

...We'll talk...

(entering kitchen)

Alright. Let's turn off the lights.

Cynthia continues into the house...

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Outside, everyone. To the backyard...

Soren holds Kirsten's hand while they walk around the house.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

People pour out of the back door, congregate around Soren.

SOREN

I... I thank you. He... Erik...

(beat)

This is the beginning of my grief.
...I will mourn Young Erik Martin.
Grieve his absence. ...But I will
not wrap myself in the cocoon of
loss. I will not creep into his
crypt. That way leads to more

death... I will remember Erik...
I'll remember... My Partner.

The crowd of friends is solemn.

SOREN

Come to the dock or stand on the
beach. All is made ready.

Soren, holding Kirsten's hand, leads the group down to the
shore.

EXT. STARS - NIGHT

Exuberance of "Sanctus" from John Rutter's REQUIEM RINGS
OVER THESE SCENES:

EXT. WATER - 50 YARDS OFF BACKYARD DOCK - NIGHT

No SOUND. Just MUSIC.

Some orange specks rise among the stars. Then many more.
The flickering tops of orange flames, also rise. Intensify.

EXT. BACKYARD DOCK - NIGHT

Police, Firefighters, Coast Guard in DRESS UNIFORMS stand
among CIVILIANS, crowding Soren's beach and dock. They watch
transfixed as orange light ignites their faces.

Several dab at eyes or cry. One weeps.

EXT. WATER - 50 YARDS OFF BACKYARD DOCK

Flames become larger. They intertwine and amass.

Stars gone now, only flames, then at the BOTTOM OF FRAME,
engulfed in a translucent blaze, is a boat.

It's Soren's hand built Contender Sailboat.

On top of it is the WRAPPED BODY of MARTIN. Under him are TWO
PINE WOOD COFFINS, ONE SMALL.

At feet, pictures of Mother and Son, locks of their their hair, a teddy bear wrapped in yellowed cellophane.

In constant incandescence.

Rosemaling of the boat's name, "LUKE" curls and blisters like "Rosebud".

MOVING CLOSER to the boat...

EXT. BACKYARD DOCK

...and to Martin's friends.

Soren's on the very end of his dock. Behind him others openly weep. Kirsten clings to his side. But Soren stands stoic.

EXT. WATER - 50 YARDS OFF BACKYARD DOCK

CLOSER to the burning boat, a torrent of flame fills the deck. It is pure light, a cleansing inferno.

EXT. BACKYARD DOCK

CLOSER to the dock, Soren's face is stern. His lip trembles.

EXT. WATER - 50 YARDS OFF BACKYARD DOCK - HIGH ANGLE

As the "Sanctus" ascends, the boat is DIRECTLY BELOW US. The pyre reaches for us, too.

All is flame. All ascends. All, all iniquity burns away.

EXT. BACKYARD DOCK

Right up to Soren, now... His shining face.

Soren Weeps.

On the music's final "Hosana!" we...

CUT TO BLACK:

...with tympani RINGING.

FADE OUT.

THE END