

ATLANTIS

Written By
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SUPER: TYRRHENIAN SEA, OFF NAPLES

EXT. ATLANTIS VOYAGER - NIGHT (TRACKING)

CHIEF SECURITY OFFICER PATRICK WHELAN steps onto the polished wooden deck, closing a door marked 'Authorized Personnel Only' behind him. He's mid-fifties, barrel-chested, with a ruddy complexion set off by his crisp, white uniform.

He takes in the salt air and the view at dusk: the glimmer of Naples and the fading, double-peaked image of Vesuvius.

A slight, toffee-skinned security guard (GALANG), posted outside the Security Office, snaps to attention and salutes.

WHELAN
(mild Long Island accent)
As you were, Galang.

Whelan descends an exterior stairwell. He passes a glassed-in restaurant where men in suits and women in evening dresses dine: white tablecloths; uniformed, fawning wait staff.

Outside the restaurant is a bar mood-lit with aquamarine accents. A tipsy, mid-sixties MR. TURNER in a navy blazer drops his cocktail glass. It SHATTERS and startles his wife.

A female BAR STEWARD is on the mess in seconds, picking up shards and wiping away the orange spill.

TURNER
(British accent, drunk)
Wouldn't happen if you'd clear the
sweat off these glasses.

Mrs. Turner looks like she'd rather be elsewhere.

BAR STEWARD
So sorry, Sir. I'll fetch another.

Whelan shakes his head with a knowing smile, then catches a pair of women chatting privately in a corner of the bar area.

One, SENATOR CANDACE MENINGER is sixty, tall, a little heavy, with long (dyed) blonde hair. The shorter woman is her assistant LYDIA REED, forty with a sleek brown bob haircut and athletic build.

WHELAN
Evening Senator Meninger. Is there
anything we can do for you?

CANDACE

Oh, I think it's all been done.
Atlantis runs a tight ship.

WHELAN

We do our best. Please let one of
the crew know if you need anything.

He smiles and nods before descending a second exterior stairwell to a crew-only deck. Non-skid rubber replaces the wooden surfaces. The scheme is black and white, utilitarian.

Whelan approaches a windowed lounge where young crew members drink, talk and gesture energetically.

One, FLORIN NISTOR, a slightly built man with a dark complexion and restless face, struggles to hold the attention of ANASTASIA MOSCOVICI. But the raven-haired Anastasia has a wandering, alert eye--and the attention of several men.

The lounge is adjacent to a staff pool and an outdoor 'Smoking' zone in an 'L'-configuration. ASSISTANT SECURITY OFFICER ERNESTO RAMOS sits alone in the smoking area.

EXT. CREW'S SMOKING LOUNGE - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Ernesto's uniform matches Whelan's, but with one epaulet to Whelan's three. Ernesto is in his late twenties, six-foot tall and clean cut. His short sleeves reveal sinewy arms.

Three San Miguel bottles, two empty, rest on a side table. Ernesto hesitates, strikes a match and breathes a cigarette to life. He takes a drag and stares at the dark sea.

WHELAN (O.S.)

Big, isn't it?

A startled Ernesto turns.

ERNESTO

Uh, yes, Sir. Large. Very large.

Whelan notices the empties on the table. He sits beside Ernesto and takes out his own smokes. Ernesto strikes a match and offers a light. Whelan accepts.

WHELAN

We don't pay enough for a lighter?

ERNESTO

Too bulky.
(holding up the matches)
These are free at the bar.

Whelan nods, removes his cap and runs a hand through his graying hair. He inhales and aims his cigarette at the sea.

WHELAN

Too big for some. Makes 'em feel small.

ERNESTO

I can see that, Sir.

WHELAN

Enough of the 'Sir' crap. It's just 'Wheel.' Unless, of course, senior crew or passengers are around.

ERNESTO

Thank you, S...Wheel.

WHELAN

So, I understand you had some trouble back home.

ERNESTO

Well, I don't know I'd call it--

WHELAN

(waving Ernesto off)

Doesn't matter. Not what you call it, not what it was. You get a clean slate here. In fact, that's the whole point of it.

ERNESTO

"It?"

WHELAN

Cruising. International waters, maritime rules, world apart from the world. The only thing that counts is what you do on board.

ERNESTO

Who couldn't use a fresh start?

WHELAN

Way we fuck up our lives, pretty much everyone. The crew, the passengers, probably the fish out there. We hired you because you're a smart kid, hard working, cop family. And I like Filipinos; they respect their elders, understand hierarchy. Everyone makes mistakes.

Whelan takes another puff.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

The key is to leave them behind.

ERNESTO

Thank you, Wheel.

WHELAN

Frankly, not a lot happens here--a drunk passenger, a joint in a bunk. So it's a decent gig if you like travel, don't mind long hours. And there's history, myth, legend everywhere we dock. Not bad at all.

Ernesto indicates the sweep of the deck with his cigarette.

ERNESTO

Do you mind if I ask: don't you ever get tired of all this? Don't you sometimes want to go back home?

WHELAN

This is home: the New World, the one where you reinvent yourself. Shed your skin, you don't crawl back inside it, do you?

ERNESTO

No, of course. I guess I'm still getting used to things, adapting.

Whelan motions toward the San Miguel trio.

WHELAN

The home brews help?

ERNESTO

They're familiar.

WHELAN

Don't let them get *too* familiar.

Ernesto looks sheepish. Whelan pats Ernesto's knee.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

Take it from me: keep the drinking social, the work professional.

(beat)

So, what do you want from this?

ERNESTO

The opportunity to serve--

WHELAN
What do you want?

ERNESTO
A job. Respect.

WHELAN
Good. That's what you'll get, long
as you earn it. Follow my lead and
you'll do fine.

Ernesto nods. Whelan snuffs out his cigarette, stands and puts his cap back on.

WHELAN (CONT'D)
And pay attention to your
surroundings. We're in a kind of
show here. You need to be on any
time you're around passengers.
(disingenuous grin)
Work on that smile.

With Whelan gone, Ernesto crushes his cigarette and lifts the remaining half bottle. Out of the corner of his eye, he spies a woman plunging from a diving board into the staff pool.

In his mind, she morphs into a long-haired Filipina in a blue business suit and saffron scarf. As the Filipina hits the ground, the image reverts to a splash into the pool. Ernesto shakes his head, rubs his eyes and empties the bottle.

INT. CANDACE MENINGER'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

An elegant stateroom with blond wood furniture: a king bed, bracketed by night tables, a bible on one. Beyond the bed and a sitting area, French doors lead to a balcony.

Opposite the bed, a bouquet of roses in a vase sits on a granite counter. Beside it, an open letter begins, 'Welcome to our distinguished VIP guest, Senator Candace Meninger.' Next to the counter, a door to an adjoining room is open.

Approaching the bathroom just inside the entrance, the HISS of running water grows louder. A fleshy image is visible through the open door and shower enclosure. There's a KNOCK at the stateroom door, but the showering woman can't hear.

After a second KNOCK, the door tentatively opens and in steps housekeeper Anastasia with a small box of chocolates. She catches the shower scene and does a double-take when a second female image appears. Anastasia backs out of view.

Anastasia grabs her floral-cased phone from a pocket in her uniform, steps forward and aims the phone's camera at the shower. The stateroom door closes behind her with a BANG.

A hand wipes the glass inside the shower, revealing the faces of Senator Meninger and, in front, her assistant Lydia. Anastasia taps her phone and leaves.

TIME CUT

Candace and Lydia are in the bathroom, wrapped in towels. An army tattoo marks Lydia's right shoulder. She eyes herself in the mirror. Candace eyes Lydia.

CANDACE

I thought you hung the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on both doors.

Lydia Q-tips her right ear.

LYDIA

Sorry, I was overcome by passion.

CANDACE

Are you ever overcome by anything?

Lydia turns to Candace and puts a hand on her shoulder.

LYDIA

Okay, I screwed up. It's just the maid. I'm sure she's discreet.

CANDACE

No one's discreet anymore.

Lydia watches Candace exit the bathroom. She reflects for a moment before flipping the Q-tip and doing her left ear.

INT. 'OWNER'S SUITE' Stateroom - DAY

Anastasia dusts shelves in the bedroom of an ultra-chic suite with a separate living area. Next she slides open the French doors to the balcony and wipes down the teak furniture.

Anastasia looks out to the sea, stretches her neck, then squints. She mutters something in Romanian and takes her phone from her apron. A greenish discharge, surrounding a dark oily streak, is visible in the ship's wake as it turns. She records the scene and puts away her phone.

Anastasia turns and walks through the open French doors where she GASPS at Turner. He's again immaculate--though now sober--in a navy blazer, khaki slacks and boating shoes.

TURNER
 (bemused)
 Admiring the view?

ANASTASIA
 (Romanian accent)
 I am sorry. I could not help
 myself. I can finish later...

TURNER
 No, no. This is perfect timing. My
 wife is doing Swedish massage.
 (laughs without joy)
 Or who knows, maybe the Swedish
 masseur is doing her.

Anastasia freezes, has no idea what to say. She edges past
 Turner while keeping an eye on him. He spots her name tag.

TURNER
 Anastasia. Glorious name. Russian?

ANASTASIA
 Romania.

TURNER
 Obviously an appealing people.

Turner sits on the edge of the king-sized bed.

TURNER
 Tell me, what do they pay you?

ANASTASIA
 Not so much.

TURNER
 Wouldn't think so.

Pulls his wallet from his blazer pocket, finds a 100-euro
 note and shows it to her.

TURNER
 I've always had fantasies about
 women in maids' outfits...
 (patting the bed)
 But even more so about women out of
 them.

ANASTASIA
 What kind of woman you think I am?

TURNER
 (with a shrug)
 Young. Soft. Flexible.

Anastasia slowly approaches, undoing her top button. She puts out her hand for the bill. Turner lays it in her palm.

ANASTASIA
 Thank you.

Before Turner can react, she's out the door that leads to the living area and the hallway beyond. He gives chase.

INT. VIP PASSENGER SUITE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Turner watches Anastasia disappear into a stairwell. He KICKS the cleaning cart she's left behind, then sniggers.

TURNER
 (to himself)
 One-nil, Housekeeping.

He pivots and heads back into his room.

TURNER (CONT'D)
 I expect a rematch.

INT. CANDACE MENINGER'S STATEROOM - DAY

Candace, wearing glasses, lies on the loveseat with a tablet. Lydia, in the matching chair, checks her phone. Behind them is the sliding glass door to the balcony and the sea beyond.

CANDACE
 (to herself, yawning)
 ...for carrying out school
 improvement activities authorized
 by part B of title I, part A of
 title II...
 (to Lydia)
 Are we for or against S.47?

LYDIA
 Against.

CANDACE
 Why?

LYDIA
 Because it exposes impressionable
 kids to LGBTQ propaganda.

Candace lowers her glasses and opens her mouth when a KNOCK at the door interrupts her. Candace nods to Lydia, who rises to open the door. Anastasia is in her work outfit.

LYDIA

We'll be out by nine-thirty. Okay?

ANASTASIA

Yes, but may I come in? Now?

LYDIA

Why?

ANASTASIA

I must tell you something.

Lydia looks to Candace, who nods stiffly.

LYDIA

All right, but make it fast.

Lydia steps aside to let Anastasia in. Anastasia leans against the counter opposite the beds, takes a long breath.

ANASTASIA

I am so sorry to disturb you.
(wringing her hands)
But last night I see something that made *me* disturbed: the two of you, in the shower.

CANDACE

You saw nothing of the kind!

ANASTASIA

It is not right for two women.

LYDIA

You're mistaken. Besides, what guests do in the privacy of their rooms is none of your business.

ANASTASIA

Because I was in such pain, and because...
(to Candace)
Google says you are such an important person, I must speak up.

CANDACE

Get out! If you make trouble, I'll have you fired.

ANASTASIA

Here is the thing. A person like you--a very good Christian, your website tells--cannot have people talk about this. So if you hurt me, I will have to tell others. Also, I have a photo of you in the shower.

CANDACE

You miserable cunt, I'll--

LYDIA

What do you want?

ANASTASIA

Our guests leave a nice tip at the trip end. But you could leave one before. Say, one hundred euro every day because I give so good service.

CANDACE

You're blackmailing us?

ANASTASIA

You are rich and I am poor. This is a Christian thing to do.

Anastasia exhales in relief, leaves. Candace slides open the balcony door and screams incoherently at the sea. She returns, arms wrapped around her torso, in apparent shock.

LYDIA

Well, that was interesting.

CANDACE

It's her word against ours. She's nobody, I'm somebody.

(remembers Lydia)

And so are you.

LYDIA

Thing is, she might really have snapped that photo of us in the shower. I couldn't tell.

CANDACE

We'll say it was Photoshopped. No one will believe her.

LYDIA

Well, someone might. There have been...rumors.

Candace sits on her bed, a little faint

CANDACE

Where? Why didn't you tell me?

Lydia sits beside Candace, two passengers on a bus

LYDIA

Didn't want to upset you. But *this* could put things over the edge.

CANDACE

It could put *me* over the edge.

LYDIA

So anyway--

CANDACE

We'll do whatever we need to keep her quiet.

Candace rises from the bed, begins pacing.

LYDIA

Meaning?

CANDACE

Give her the least amount that will make her happy. People from shithole countries don't need much.

LYDIA

What if her needs grow? What's to stop the blackmailing afterwards?

CANDACE

Okay, what would *you* do?

LYDIA

Get her fired.

CANDACE

And when she smears us in revenge?

LYDIA

Say it's disgruntled-employee bullshit. Your word counts a hundred times more than hers.

Candace considers, then parks herself in front of Lydia.

CANDACE

All right. You'll handle it?

LYDIA

Don't I always?

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A windowed room: two parallel counters with workstations marked by a chair and laptop. Four are occupied. Whelan, the boss, has an executive chair at a stand-alone desk. Assistant Ernesto mans the workstation nearest Whelan.

Of the other three men, two are mere security guards in light blue outfits: one is Galang, the other BOGDAN, who looks like a former Bulgarian Olympic wrestler--which he is.

The last is SURVEILLANCE OFFICER ROHRBACH in a white uniform like Ernesto's. He's tall with a trimmed beard and moustache, titanium spectacles. He sits beside a bank of CCTV screens, each divided into panels, showing decks and hallways.

Whelan picks up a call on his flashing desk phone.

WHELAN

Yeah? No shit. All right, be there in five.

(to Ernesto)

Join me for a stroll.

Ernesto rises to follow Whelan.

WHELAN

(to the rest)

Hold the fort. Back in fifteen.

EXT. DECK BELOW BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

They walk toward the rear of the deck.

ERNESTO

What's up?

WHELAN

Possible theft by a housekeeper.

ERNESTO

Of?

WHELAN

A necklace. Unfortunately, it belongs to Senator Meninger, one of our VIPs. Her complaint bubbled up to Chief Steward Verwey.

ERNESTO

And the housekeeper?

WHELAN
What, you know them all?

ERNESTO
Most. I studied the roster.

WHELAN
Anastasia Moscowavich. Bulgarian.

ERNESTO
Moscovici. Romanian, been with us
eight months, second tour.

Whelan views Ernesto with amusement, but annoyance.

WHELAN
Nobody likes a smartass.

Ernesto shrugs. They enter a door to the interior.

INT. STAFF ELEVATOR - SECONDS LATER

Whelan hits 'Down,' then wrinkles his nose.

WHELAN
I know that's not alcohol because
you're too smart for that.

ERNESTO
Mouthwash. I'll find another brand
without alcohol.

WHELAN
(to the door)
Find one labeled, 'Safe for
officers in probationary period.'
(paternally to Ernesto)
I once had a mouthwash problem.
Nearly ended my career. Make sure
it doesn't end yours.

Ernesto checks his shoes.

ERNESTO
Sorry. It won't happen again.

Whelan exhales loudly, followed by an awkward silence.

WHELAN
You met Verwey?

ERNESTO
Not yet. I understand she's solid.

WHELAN

A brick wall. She'll do anything to protect her people.

The elevator door opens.

INT. - CHIEF STEWARD VERWEY'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

A large office with an exterior window. CHIEF STEWARD JADINE VERWEY sits behind a peninsula desk with a laptop and separate monitor. She's mid-thirties with a rigid, business-like appearance. Whelan and Ernesto sit across from her.

Verwey swivels the monitor to present them with an ID photo of Anastasia, who vaguely resembles the falling Filipina from Ernesto's vision, saffron scarf included.

VERWEY

(South African accent)

This is the woman.

Ernesto winces.

WHELAN

(to Ernesto)

Something wrong?

ERNESTO

No. She just reminds me of someone.

VERWEY

Yeah? Well, according to Meninger's assistant, Anastasia walked off with a black pearl necklace.

ERNESTO

Which the Senator left out, instead of locking in her safe?

VERWEY

She admits it was foolish. They've asked for a housekeeping reassignment. I've arranged it. I'll talk to Anastasia, but someone from Security needs to join me.

Whelan puts a hand on Ernesto's shoulder

WHELAN

A perfect assignment for our new Assistant Security Officer.

VERWEY
(to Ernesto)
You have time now?

Ernesto looks to Whelan, who nods.

VERWEY
All right, I'll call her.

WHELAN
(leaving, to Ernesto)
Let me know how it goes.

While Verwey dials a number, Ernesto examines a desk photo of Verwey with a ten-year-old girl on a beach, both beaming.

VERWEY
Anastasia?...It's Chief Steward
Verwey...Would you please come to
my office?...You can leave the
cart...Third Deck, aft. Yes, now.
(to Ernesto)
She's on her way.

Verwey hangs up. Ernesto points to the photo.

ERNESTO
Your daughter?

Verwey nods.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)
Must be hard to leave her home.

VERWEY
(bitter laugh)
Yeah, she's with her dad. Divorce
courts prefer mothers at home.

ERNESTO
Sorry, stupid question.

VERWEY
Not your fault. Here I am, four
years later. How about you? What
are you running from?

ERNESTO
Why do you assume--

VERWEY
One, you're here on a ship. Two,
you've got booze on your breath.

ERNESTO

(beat)

Right. I annoyed some important people back home.

VERWEY

Really? So how is it with Whelan?

A timid KNOCK saves Ernesto from answering.

VERWEY (CONT'D)

Come in.

In walks Anastasia in her housekeeping outfit. She's nervous, unsure where to stand. Verwey indicates the chair Whelan vacated. Anastasia sits with her hands tightly clasped.

VERWEY

This is Assistant Security Officer Ramos. We have a few questions.

Anastasia swallows, focuses on Verwey's desk photo.

VERWEY (CONT'D)

One of our passengers, Senator Meninger, lost a black pearl necklace. This was...

(checking her screen)

Stateroom 8015, which you serviced around 10:15 this morning.

ANASTASIA

I never take nothing!

VERWEY

Then you wouldn't mind if Security Officer Ramos and I searched your cabin, would you?

Anastasia, upset, undoes her top button, exposing a Romanian folk-art pendant--a carved wooden button on a gold chain.

ANASTASIA

This is the only necklace I have. You search when I finish my work?

VERWEY

Now. So you can relax afterwards.

INT. HALLWAY IN CREW'S QUARTERS - DAY

Anastasia, with Verwey and Ernesto trailing, opens the door to her shared cabin. They enter.

INT. ANASTASIA'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

A tight space: two bunk beds on one side, a mirror and built-in wardrobe on the other. There's a door to a bathroom through which a sink is visible, littered with toiletries.

VERWEY

Which bunk is yours?

ANASTASIA

The bottom.

VERWEY

(to Ernesto)

You'll check around the beds while I do the wardrobe?

Ernesto nods and searches. Anastasia seethes until...

ANASTASIA

This is not fair!

VERWEY

Would you rather I begin disciplinary procedures?

ANASTASIA

(resigned)

No.

Ernesto and Verwey resume searching while Anastasia slumps against the wall, arms crossed, pouting. She tenses as Ernesto feels between her mattress and the platform beneath.

While Verwey is busy with the wardrobe, Ernesto pulls a joint out from under the mattress and shows it to Anastasia. She clasps her hands, pleading. He shoves it back in place.

TIME CUT

Verwey checks the bathroom while Ernesto drags a suitcase from under the bed. As he pushes around gloves, scarves and sweaters, Anastasia moves beside Ernesto, her arms crossed.

ANASTASIA

(whispering)

You like women's clothing?

ERNESTO

On women. Just doing my job here.

ANASTASIA

If you like, I can model for you.

ERNESTO
(Don't torture me)
 Better than the other way around.

Before he can finish, Verwey emerges from the bathroom. Ernesto, who doesn't expect to find anything, zips the suitcase closed and slides it under the bed.

VERWEY
(to Ernesto)
 Nothing interesting. You?

Ernesto shakes his head.

VERWEY
(to Anastasia)
 Well, good news then: you're clear.

ANASTASIA
 You will apologize?

VERWEY
 No. I'm doing my job, you're doing yours. We try to please the passengers, especially important ones like the Senator.

Verwey heads toward the cabin door.

VERWEY (CONT'D)
 You can return to your shift now. I'm moving you to the starboard side of Deck Eight tomorrow, just so the Senator is happy.

Verwey leaves, Ernesto trailing. Before he enters the hallway, he turns to Anastasia and mouths, "Sorry."

INT. ANASTASIA'S QUARTERS - DAY

Anastasia, now in jeans, T-shirt and her button necklace, furtively transfers cash from a pouch in the lining of the suitcase Ernesto inspected to her purse. Her roommate KEMALA opens the door and enters. Anastasia zips both bags shut.

KEMALA
 If it's coke, I want half.

ANASTASIA
 Just personal stuff, not interesting.

KEMALA

If you say so.
 (checking her watch)
 We've got two hours. Shop with me
 in Corfu?

ANASTASIA

Sorry, I need to Skype with my
 parents from internet café.
 Reception here is so bad.

KEMALA

For the whole two hours?

ANASTASIA

We have a lot to talk about.

KEMALA

Fine. I'll ask Jada.

Kemala turns to leave, but pivots back to Anastasia.

KEMALA (CONT'D)

What is it with you? You know what
 they'll do if they find drugs?

ANASTASIA

Don't worry, does not involve you.

EXT. TOWN OF CORFU, GREECE - DAY - TRACKING

Anastasia crosses the grassy esplanade inside the town's
 seawall, now wearing shades. She's careful to avoid eye
 contact. As she passes a neoclassical building, tourists
 drink in a café under an arcade.

EXT. ARCADE IN CORFU - CONTINUOUS

One such tourist is Ernesto, ashore on a break, accompanied
 by a Mythos beer. His phone vibrates with a text from his
 mother: 'I miss you!!! Can we talk?' with a frowning emoji.

Ernesto smiles and types 'Sure,' then catches Anastasia out
 of the corner of his eye. Wondering at her speed and stealth,
 he changes his message to: 'Sorry, will call later,' tosses a
 few coins on the table and falls in behind Anastasia.

EXT. TOWN OF CORFU, GREECE - DAY - TRACKING

Now in cop mode, Ernesto discreetly follows Anastasia. She weaves through the cobblestone streets of the old city as if she's done this before.

Anastasia passes a fishmonger's cart outside a shop with a glassy-eyed fish on a bed of ice. Moments later, the near-deafening peal of a church bell--it's 2pm--makes her skip.

On a less touristy block, Anastasia enters a Bank of Cyprus branch. Ernesto parks himself behind a kiosk stocked with souvenirs. As he waits, the kiosk MERCHANT notices him.

MERCHANT

You need T-shirt? I have all kind.
Remind you of Corfu forever.

ERNESTO

Oh, no, no. I'm good.

MERCHANT

Why you here you want nothing?

ERNESTO

I, um, just need a postcard.

He flips through the cards, not caring which he picks, one eye on the bank entrance. He finds a glossy card with 'Corfu, A Day in Paradise' superimposed over a beach.

As Ernesto pays, he gets another text from his mother: 'Whenz good?' He begins to compose an answer when...

Anastasia emerges from the bank. She squints, puts her sunglasses back on, then turns a corner and retraces her route. Ernesto puts his phone away and follows.

As she passes through a shaded arcade, a TOUGH GUY seizes Anastasia's arm. She involuntarily SHRIEKS; he covers her mouth with his hand. Ernesto hides behind an arch.

The Tough Guy and Anastasia argue in Romanian. He's menacing, she frightened but defiant. In response to his question, she produces a bank slip. He shakes his head in disapproval.

Anastasia pleadingly shouts, prompting the Tough Guy to again silence her, this time more roughly. Ernesto approaches.

ERNESTO

What's going on?

TOUGH GUY
 (derisively to Anastasia)
 Who is this? Your boyfriend?

ANASTASIA
 I don't know him.
 (to Ernesto)
 Go away.

ERNESTO
 I asked what you're doing.

TOUGH GUY
 I hear you. I not care.

The Tough Guy puts his face in Ernesto's. Ernesto deftly slaps the guy's forehead with a palm, seizes his wrist and bends the thug's arm behind his back. Next he kicks the legs out from under the thug.

ANASTASIA
 No! What the fuck you do? Stop!

Ernesto, the 'hero,' is bewildered. Anastasia kneels beside the Tough Guy and says something in Romanian. She helps the man to his feet.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
 (screaming at Ernesto)
 Get lost! You don't know nothing!

Ernesto, at a loss, slinks away. As he walks back toward the ship, he sees the fish on ice and SLAPS it as he passes. The fishmonger bursts from his shop, yelling in Greek. Ernesto flips the double-bird behind his back and walks away.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CREW'S BAR - NIGHT

A pair of long-necked Stella Artois bottles make their way across a crowded room.

Pulling back, Florin Nistor carries the bottles through a bar full of casually dressed, young partiers. A DJ supplies Europop. Destination prints cover the walls.

Florin delivers a beer to Anastasia, who nods her thanks.

FLORIN
 (Romanian, subtitled)
 You look incredible. Where have you been?

ANASTASIA
Working. You look drunk.

FLORIN
Why have you been avoiding me?

ANASTASIA
I haven't. It's a big ship. You're down in the mechanical rooms, I'm cleaning the staterooms.

FLORIN
Not in the evenings. You found me before. Did I do something wrong?

ANASTASIA
No, no. I just got...distracted.

She puts a hand on his arm and edges nearer.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
I have something to show you.

FLORIN
(leering)
And *I* have something to show you.

ANASTASIA
Come.

She leads him out the interior bar door.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Anastasia and Florin are alone. The music is muffled.

FLORIN
My bunk is a lot more private.

ANASTASIA
Look at this.

She takes out her phone and shows him the video she took of the discharge in the ship's wake.

FLORIN
What, you're doing a travel vlog?

ANASTASIA
Look again. You're a mechanic.
What's that streak in the middle?

FLORIN

Fuck! Oil. And some kind of waste.
Don't put it in your vlog.

ANASTASIA

Why not?

FLORIN

Ugly. Illegal. Huge fines. The EU
could even pull our license.

Florin rubs his eyes, seems more sober.

FLORIN (CONT'D)

Wait, *this* is what you wanted to
show me?

Anastasia puts her phone away.

ANASTASIA

Yes. What did you expect?

FLORIN

Something more...personal.

Florin reaches for her necklace; Anastasia swats his hand.

FLORIN (CONT'D)

From the old country, right? I
didn't know you were sentimental.

ANASTASIA

I'm not. It keeps me safe.

FLORIN

From?

ANASTASIA

Evil.

She walks back toward the bar.

FLORIN

(genuinely angry)
You're such a prick tease.

ANASTASIA

(over her shoulder)
You're such a prick.

She disappears back into the bar.

INT. CREW'S BAR - TRACKING

Anastasia passes through the bar to an exterior door.

EXT. CREW'S SMOKING LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Anastasia finds Ernesto in his usual lounge chair, again holding a San Miguel. He's lost in thought.

ANASTASIA

Hey.

A startled Ernesto isn't sure whether he's pleased or pissed.

ERNESTO

Hey.

ANASTASIA

Can I sit?

Ernesto motions toward the chair beside his.

ANASTASIA

I am sorry about the afternoon, but why did you follow me?

ERNESTO

I was curious.

ANASTASIA

About?

ERNESTO

Why you were rushing along like you had something to hide.

ANASTASIA

So you think maybe I take necklace, try to sell?

ERNESTO

Not necessarily, but I'm an ex-cop. It's just an...instinct, a reflex.
(more focused)
So, who was the guy?

ANASTASIA

(deep breath)
It is a long story.

ERNESTO

I'm off duty. So are you.

ANASTASIA

Yah. See, my father, he does buildings. So he borrows money, sometimes from bad people. When he can't pay back, they get angry.

ERNESTO

Not such a long story.

ANASTASIA

I leave out some details. Anyway, I give what I earn here to my family. Deposit it in bank whenever I can.

ERNESTO

And your friend in Corfu?

ANASTASIA

Not a friend. He works for the people who are mad at my father. He tells me, 'You have to do better.'

ERNESTO

Or?

ANASTASIA

(on the edge of tears)

I don't want to think.

Ernesto studies her face, unsure whether he buys the story, and uncertain what he wants from Anastasia.

ERNESTO

Okay, sure. Sorry I got in the way.

ANASTASIA

Not your fault. I do not mean to yell at you.

(smiling through it all)

Thank you for trying to help.

She raises her bottle toward Ernesto.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

Friends?

He toasts with a CLINK.

ERNESTO

Yeah, friends. We all need friends.

ANASTASIA

So, what is your story?

Ernesto takes a long drink.

ERNESTO

I was a cop in The Philippines. I also had a problem with 'bad people,' so I had to leave. This was about the only job I could get.

ANASTASIA

Your story is more short than mine.

ERNESTO

Yeah, well, I'm also skipping details. Let's just say bad people are everywhere.

ANASTASIA

You miss home?

ERNESTO

I miss my family, my friends.
(twirling his finger)
I'm still not sure about all this.
What about you?

ANASTASIA

Romania is small, boring, no way to make money. But yah, can be lonely here. You have girlfriend at home?

ERNESTO

(pained)
Not any more. (beat) You?

ANASTASIA

No one special.

Ernesto takes another swig, then points to the button necklace on Anastasia's neck.

ERNESTO

That's really pretty. From home?

Anastasia lifts the necklace from her neck.

ANASTASIA

Oh, yes. My mother give to me when I was girl. It makes good luck.

ERNESTO

Does it work?

ANASTASIA

Most of the time.

(lowering her voice)

You believe I did not take the
pearl necklace, yes?

ERNESTO

Sure, yeah. The Senator probably
got careless and misplaced it.

Anastasia sips her beer.

ANASTASIA

I think you are good cop.

Ernesto laughs at the calculated remark, but is nonetheless
pleased. Anastasia waits for more.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

You like to keep secrets, yes?

Ernesto shrugs.

ERNESTO

A few. What about you?

ANASTASIA

Oh no, I am open book.

She sips her beer again, then stands.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I am tired. I see you
again?

ERNESTO

(laughing)

It's not like I'm going overboard.

She kisses him on the cheek, then leaves, his eyes tracking.
Just before going inside, she turns and catches him, smiles.

Ernesto lifts the bottle again, considers, then sets it down.
There's work to be done, and a few diversions.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Whelan, Ernesto, Rohrbach and a Security Guard are seated,
focused on their screens. Whelan's desk phone buzzes.

WHELAN

Really? Okay, put him through.
(to the others)

(MORE)

WHELAN (CONT'D)

Greek police.

(into the phone)

Yes, I'm the Chief Security Officer...Oh yeah?...

Interesting...That much?...Of course we'll cooperate...Around 3p.m.?...Until then.

(to the others)

We're going to have a visitor.

EXT. PORT OF KATAKOLON, CORFU - DAY

A sweeping shot of the port from an upper deck of the ship. A police car approaches via the roadway atop an artificial spit of land, beside which the ship is docked.

At ground level, the car parks and out steps casually dressed INVESTIGATIONS SERGEANT MIKOS. He's about Ernesto's age, smiling, confident. Mikos greets Ernesto on the dock.

ERNESTO

Welcome.

They shake hands and Mikos shows Ernesto his ID.

MIKOS

Efcharistó.

(Greek accent)

I have never been on a cruise ship. It makes our building look like a chicken house.

ERNESTO

You haven't seen the crew's quarters.

INT. 'A' DECK OF SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Ernesto escorts Mikos through Security with its guards and X-ray machines, then to an elevator bank.

ERNESTO

Chief Security Officer Whelan is waiting for us.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Ernesto and Rohrbach are in their usual seats, Whelan perched on his desk. Mikos takes a vacant guard's chair. Bogdan's broad back fills the glass in the door.

WHELAN

Thanks for coming to see us. You drove from Athens?

MIKOS

(laughs)

No. I was with my family in Olympia. My boss called to say, 'Take a holiday from your holiday.'

WHELAN

Sorry, we'll get you back as soon as possible. I have to admit, your call was a surprise.

MIKOS

Yes, I imagine so. You have some very rich crew members.

WHELAN

Not from what we pay them. Who do you have in mind?

MIKOS

A woman named Anastasia Moscovici.

Ernesto seizes a pen on his desk, but no one else notices.

MIKOS (CONT'D)

She enjoys Greece on her days off the ship. Especially our banks. So much that she deposited over ten thousand euro just yesterday.

Rohrbach WHISTLES. Ernesto cocks his head and mindlessly clicks the pen, attracting an annoyed look from Whelan.

WHELAN

And that's a reporting trigger?

MIKOS

Exactly.

Mikos stands, walks to the window, turns to the others.

MIKOS

So, we wonder, how does a housekeeper on a cruise ship come up with that kind of cash?

WHELAN

Well, she was accused of stealing by a VIP passenger. I'd never have guessed she was so prolific.

MIKOS

Have other guests complained?

WHELAN

No. Of course, they may not have noticed anything missing yet.

MIKOS

Well, there is also the obvious explanation.

ERNESTO

Drugs?

MIKOS

Always drugs. She bought them ashore, carried them on the ship, sold them to the other crew members, deposited the cash.

WHELAN

And got past Security? Not so easy.

MIKOS

But maybe possible? You have chemical sniffers downstairs?

ROHRBACH

(light German accent)

For explosives only. But we X-ray everything.

MIKOS

I saw. There are ways around that.

ERNESTO

Was the account drawn down?

MIKOS

Immediately.

ERNESTO

By?

MIKOS

An offshore entity. We could not trace it, yet.

ROHRBACH

So our little maid has friends.

MIKOS

If she sells drugs, she must. Did you speak to her?

ERNESTO

We searched her cabin as soon as the necklace was reported missing. There was nothing unusual.

WHELAN

We'll do some more sniffing, see if there's evidence of serious drugs, or a jewelry stash.

MIKOS

What happens if you catch someone?

WHELAN

(nasty smile)

You saw Bogdan outside the door?

Mikos turns to find Bogdan, now in profile.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

He needs regular feeding.

Mikos hands a business card to Whelan.

MIKOS

My mobile number is on the back. I will let you know if we learn anything. You will do the same?

WHELAN

Of course.

(shaking hands)

Have a nice holiday.

MIKOS

(rolls his eyes)

What is left of it. I go back to Athens in the morning.

Mikos leaves, escorted by Rohrbach.

WHELAN

Well, that's not the worst theory.

ERNESTO

You don't believe it's about drugs?

WHELAN

No, I do. Maybe somebody else holds the stuff for the girl.

ERNESTO

I'll talk to some of the crew members who know her.

WHELAN

Okay, but be discreet. We don't want to accuse the entire crew of being in on some conspiracy.

ERNESTO

What about the Senator's necklace?

WHELAN

That's delicate. I'll handle it.

Whelan checks his watch to avoid Ernesto's pout.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

I've got a meeting with the Captain. Stay out of trouble.

INT. CORRIDOR WITHIN CREW'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Anastasia checks the names beside each door until she finds one labeled 'Ramos.' For a moment, it appears she's making sure no one catches her; in fact, she's posing for a ceiling-mounted dome camera.

INT. ERNESTO'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Ernesto, wearing only nylon shorts, opens the door. When he sees Anastasia, his face brightens.

ERNESTO

Hey. This is a surprise.

ANASTASIA

Is it okay?

ERNESTO

(Is this a mistake?)
Of course.

Ernesto quickly waves her in and closes the door. He kicks a pair of socks under his bed and throws on a T-shirt.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

Sorry it's such a mess.

The room is slightly larger than Anastasia's with a single bed, built-in desk and wardrobe. It's neat, especially for a young guy's private quarters. There's an open beer bottle on his desk, beside a laptop, which he closes.

He offers her a seat on his bed while he straddles his desk chair. She sits, then notices two photos on his desk.

One is a police academy graduation photo in which Ernesto stands between his beaming mother and sullen father.

The second is Ernesto with his arm draped over a young woman in front of a blossoming tree. Anastasia points toward it.

ANASTASIA
Your ex-girlfriend?

ERNESTO
(forlorn)
Yeah.

ANASTASIA
Long distance is hard. Your father
is cop too. You must be proud.

ERNESTO
I was as a kid. Now I know better.
He's a little loose with the law.

ANASTASIA
(smiling)
Like *my* father!

Ernesto's reciprocal smile is stillborn as he thinks how to put his next question.

ERNESTO
We had a visit from the Greek
police today. They wonder why one
of our housekeepers deposited more
than ten-thousand euro in cash.

Anastasia stiffens.

ANASTASIA
Why you ask me this?

ERNESTO
Because it's my job.

ANASTASIA
I told you I give everything to my
parents. I save and deposit money
every few months. This is bad?

ERNESTO
No, but it's a lot of cash. And
apparently the money goes into a
numbered account.

ANASTASIA

I just follow instructions from my father. I am good girl.

Ernesto nods, not necessarily buying it.

ERNESTO

So, uh, the Greek cop suspected drugs because where there's cash, there's usually drugs.

Anastasia points a sharp finger at Ernesto.

ANASTASIA

You followed me, yes?

ERNESTO

Right.

ANASTASIA

Did I buy drugs? Did I sell drugs? What did you find in my bunk?

ERNESTO

Just the one joint.

ANASTASIA

Did I steal necklace?

ERNESTO

Not that I saw. But why do you think the Senator accused you?

ANASTASIA

(guarded)

They don't like me because I saw something she did not want.

ERNESTO

Oh?

ANASTASIA

I came in to turn down the beds. The Senator and her friend were in the shower.

ERNESTO

You mean, together?

He reaches for his beer bottle, thinks of Anastasia, and offers it to her. She takes a gulp, hands it back.

ANASTASIA

Yes. And...touching.

Now Ernesto needs a drink.

ERNESTO

Ay! So what did you do?

ANASTASIA

I leave right away, of course, but they see me.

ERNESTO

(thinking)

Meninger is a public figure. If she was with another woman...

(directly to Anastasia)

Well, that's not fair to you.

He offers her the bottle again. She finishes it, then pats the bed, inviting Ernesto to sit. After he joins her, Anastasia lightly takes Ernesto's hand.

ANASTASIA

You and me, I think we are too good for these people.

She leans in to kiss him. Ernesto responds, closes his eyes.

EXT. ILOILO CITY HALL, PHILIPPINES - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

The woman into whom the diver morphed above the *Voyager's* staff pool lies dead and bloody on the pavement.

INT. ERNESTO'S QUARTERS - [BACK TO PRESENT]

Ernesto shudders.

ERNESTO

I shouldn't...

ANASTASIA

What? You always do what you should?

Ernesto sighs.

ERNESTO

If I lose my job, I've got nothing.

ANASTASIA

(not used to rejection)

Fine. You have fun with your job.

She leaves and slams the door. Ernesto slumps with his forehead in his palms.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Whelan, Ernesto, Rohrbach and a couple of the security guards are in their seats. Whelan picks up a call on his desk phone.

WHELAN
Yeah? Same girl?

Ernesto, at his workstation, looks up.

WHELAN (CONT'D)
You've checked her bunk?

VERWEY (V.O.)
(heard through speaker)
Of course we've checked it!

Whelan holds the phone from his ear, rolls his eyes.

WHELAN
All right. You can take a breath
before we get there.

Whelan hangs up.

WHELAN (CONT'D)
(to Ernesto)
Verwey. Trouble with the same maid.

Ernesto swallows.

WHELAN (CONT'D)
Let's go.

Whelan rises and steps toward the door. Ernesto follows.

ERNESTO
What kind of trouble?

Whelan waits until they're out the door to answer.

EXT. DECK BELOW BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

They walk toward Verwey's office.

WHELAN
Now she's disappeared.

A shaken Ernesto falls a step behind while his mind races through the possibilities.

ERNESTO
Disappeared? When? How?

WHELAN
Our job to find out. She missed her shift this morning. Her bunkmate has no idea where she is.

After Whelan takes off, Ernesto crosses himself and follows.

INT. - CHIEF STEWARD VERWEY'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Verwey is at her desk, Whelan and Ernesto in the two chairs.

VERWEY
First it was the necklace. Then the drugs. Or maybe the drugs were first. Whichever, I'm concerned.

WHELAN
When did her shift begin?

VERWEY
Seven-thirty. She's never failed to appear before, never been late.

WHELAN
What did her roommate have to say?

VERWEY
Not much. Apparently Anastasia came to bed late and left early. The two didn't speak.

Ernesto swallows again, tries to maintain his composure.

WHELAN
(to Ernesto)
Indigestion?

ERNESTO
Imagining the worst. So then she, uh, disappeared sometime before seven-thirty this morning.

WHELAN
I'll have Rohrbach check CCTV. Anywhere she could have been after, say, midnight.

VERWEY

I'll let you know if I hear anything. You'll be thorough, yeah?

WHELAN

Don't worry, we'll find her.

He rises and nods to Ernesto.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

And if not, we'll figure out why.

INT./EXT. RETRACING PATH TO SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WHELAN

Let's catch the girl's cabin mate during her lunch break.

ERNESTO

Do we say something to the crew?

WHELAN

Not yet. If we can't find anything on the tapes or through interviews, we tell them tomorrow. It's not like we can keep these things secret anyway.

ERNESTO

What if she--

WHELAN

Jumped?

ERNESTO

Or she was pushed? Don't we have to tell the Captain? And what about the Greek Coast Guard?

Whelan stops, gently takes Ernesto's arm.

WHELAN

One thing at a time. There's no need to alarm anyone yet, especially the passengers. But yeah, that's what we're looking for on the tapes.

They return to the Security Office. Whelan enters first. Ernesto, rubbing his arms, watches his boss.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Ernesto and Rohrbach are at their stations, Whelan standing directly behind.

WHELAN

(to Rohrbach)

I want you to track the girl over the past twenty-four hours--on her shift and when she's off duty. Get her shift log from Verwey.

Ernesto twitches with the realization Rohrbach will see Anastasia enter and exit his cabin.

ERNESTO

I can do it. I don't mind.

Ernesto catches the look of surprise on Whelan's face.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

I mean, I've got time and it would be good for me to learn the system.

Whelan studies Ernesto while Rohrbach looks hopeful.

WHELAN

(to Ernesto)

All right, if you want to bore yourself to death, I won't object.

(to Rohrbach)

Show him how to queue up the tapes.

The two junior officers nod and Whelan exits the office.

ROHRBACH

You enjoy suffering?

ERNESTO

I'm on probation. The more I know, the longer they'll keep me around.

Rohrbach rises and looks over Ernesto's shoulder, showing Ernesto how to manipulate the video files.

ROHRBACH

It's like the internet, but without porn. You see the cameras are alpha-numeric: the number is the deck, so you start with A-8...

Rohrbach shows Ernesto how to pull up CCTV video files from the dozens of cameras, how to fast forward and reverse.

ERNESTO
Are there any blind spots?

ROHRBACH
A few under the exterior stairwells, but you'd see her approaching. Of course, if she went from a stateroom terrace...

ERNESTO
Wouldn't we catch her in the hallway entering the stateroom?

ROHRBACH
Unless she has an invisibility cloak.

ERNESTO
(rubbing his temples)
Eight decks, up to fifteen exterior and twenty interior cameras per deck, twenty-four hours of video each.

Rohrbach pats Ernesto's back.

ROHRBACH
Better you than me.

Ernesto runs through the previous day's video, tracking as Anastasia enters and exits each stateroom. It's tedious and he doesn't expect to find anything of interest.

But he does: Anastasia flees a VIP suite and ducks into a stairwell. A guest (Turner) kicks her cart, mutters something to himself and returns to his stateroom. Ernesto grabs Rohrbach's arm and replays the sequence for his mate.

ROHRBACH
An unhappy client. Drugs or sex?

ERNESTO
Either way, it's worth asking.

ROHRBACH
Check with Whelan. All our guests are special. Mr. Turner is very special.

Ernesto nods, jots on a notepad and returns to the tapes.

TIME CUT

Ernesto moves beyond Anastasia's shift to night scenes of the decks, illuminated by the ship's lights, and clearer shots of interior hallways. Initially, he's very careful, replaying images of women who barely resemble Anastasia.

And indeed he finds Anastasia, out of uniform, entering a stateroom door and exiting ten minutes later. Ernesto replays this scene for Rohrbach as well.

ROHRBACH

An after-hours visit to the Senator. To return the necklace?

ERNESTO

If there ever was a necklace. She looked empty-handed going in.

He marks this too on his notepad.

INT. ANASTASIA'S AND KEMALA'S QUARTERS - DAY

Whelan and Ernesto stand opposite the bunk beds. Kemala sits on the bottom one (Anastasia's), which is unmade.

WHELAN

This will only take a minute. So you last saw Anastasia around midnight?

KEMALA

Yes, in the bar. I left then to go to bed.

WHELAN

Did you hear her come in?

KEMALA

I think maybe so, very late. But I am a good sleeper.

ERNESTO

And maybe a little drunk?

Kemala shrugs.

WHELAN

When you got up this morning at 6:30, she was already gone?

KEMALA

Yes.

WHELAN
Did her bed look slept in?

KEMALA
You see it now.

Whelan looks to Ernesto.

ERNESTO
In the last few days, did she seem
troubled, depressed?

KEMALA
(hesitant)
She was maybe a little worried. I
think she had family problems.

WHELAN
What? Sick mother, father? Divorce?
Boyfriend dumped her?

KEMALA
I don't know.

She wipes her eyes with her forearm.

KEMALA (CONT'D)
She didn't tell me much.

WHELAN
Any guys she hung out with on ship?
Ernesto's face freezes as he holds his breath.

KEMALA
She flirted, but I don't think so.

Ernesto exhales.

ERNESTO
Did Anastasia seem like the type
who would jump?

KEMALA
No. I don't know what was going on,
but Stasia was tough. Very tough.

WHELAN
All right, you'll let us know if
you think of anything else. Let's
keep this to ourselves, for now.

Kemala nods and they leave. Once certain they're gone, Kemala
kneels and pulls Anastasia's suitcase from under the bed.

She carefully searches by removing the contents. Kemala finds a slit in the lining and inside a few Euro notes. She counts the bills and hides them in her own luggage.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

It's early evening. Rohrbach is gone and only the security guards are in the office. Ernesto is still reviewing the CCTV recordings, but is less attentive.

He's moved on to the crew-area hallways. He straightens as he finds Anastasia outside his cabin door, checks that no one else is paying attention, notes the time and fast forwards.

TIME CUT

It's now dark outside the office. A lone security guard plays Candy Crush and pays no attention to a bleary-eyed Ernesto.

Ernesto has advanced to footage of the lowest deck. The exterior image shows the deck (now in early daylight) at the ship's stern, as well as the white wake in the background--none of which matters, because Ernesto's eyes are closed.

EXT. OUTSIDE A BAR IN THE PHILIPPINES - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Through the mist, 'PRISMA' glows in multi-hued neon above a crowded bar. Ernesto stands outside about to make a call. A FRIEND approaches the bar's door, then notices Ernesto.

FRIEND

Hey Nesto. Party's inside.

ERNESTO

In a minute. I'm waiting for Reyna.

The friend gives a *whatever* look and enters the bar. Pulsating music briefly escapes. Ernesto taps his phone.

REYNA (V.O.)

Nesto?

ERNESTO

What's up? I'm at PRISMA.

REYNA (V.O.)

Hey, I'm sorry, baby. The Mayor wants to talk. I'm heading upstairs now. You go ahead--I'll be there inside an hour.

ERNESTO

You're meeting the Mayor alone?

REYNA (V.O.)

There's an open Assistant PI slot.
There's no way I can say no.

ERNESTO

You may *have* to say 'no.' You've
heard the stories about him.

REYNA (V.O.)

Don't worry, I'm a big girl. I'll
call as soon as I'm done. Hey, can
you pick me up afterwards? I'll
probably miss my bus.

ERNESTO

Yeah, sure. See you soon.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY [BACK TO PRESENT]

Ernesto, Rohrbach and the security guards are at their
workstations. Verwey takes Whelan's chair while he stands.

WHELAN

So there's no sign of the girl
going overboard on the surveillance
tapes, which means she's on board,
or she dropped into the sea
without the cameras catching her.

VERWEY

Is that possible?

ROHRBACH

Possible, not likely. You would
pretty much have to know where the
coverage gaps are.

VERWEY

And who would know that?

WHELAN

You're looking at us. Plus the
Captain, maybe the First Officer.

VERWEY

So she could still be on board?

WHELAN

Theoretically.

VERWEY

Then we have to search every cabin,
every closet, every corner of the
mechanical rooms.

WHELAN

All right.

(looks over his staff)

We've got five men. Shouldn't take
more than, oh, three or four days.

VERWEY

Four days? She could be hurt.
You've got to enlist the crew.

WHELAN

She could also be at the bottom of
the Mediterranean.

VERWEY

Suppose some guy assaulted her--

WHELAN

What, and hid her in his bunk? You
think he'll raise his hand and say,
"Oh, here she is. Wow, how'd she
get that black eye?"

Verwey glares at Whelan. Ernesto is agitated.

ERNESTO

Can't we do both? Ask the crew to
search the common areas. Have
Housekeeping check the staterooms.
Security checks the crew cabins.

WHELAN

And make it look like we've got our
heads up our asses?

VERWEY

Seems like the fastest way to get
results, right? Besides, half the
crew must know something's afoot.

WHELAN

(considering)

Fuck. Okay, we'll do it.

VERWEY

So we convene the crew in the mess
hall?

WHELAN

And force the passengers to fend for themselves? No, I'll do it now by text and email. It's faster, less obvious to our clients. First I'll give the Captain a heads up.

INT. CORRIDOR WITHIN CREW AREA - DAY

Florin and two other jump-suited mechanics walk briskly down a wide concrete-floor corridor deep within the ship. The HUM of machinery swallows their footfall. They pass a metal door that reads 'Engine Workshop--Restricted Access.'

At a second door, labeled 'Waste Disposal--Authorized Personnel Only,' Florin keys in a code and they enter.

INT. WASTE PROCESSING FACILITY OF SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The walls of the large room are lined with plastic garbage sacks and bins of recycled materials. But two massive machines dominate: one, labeled "INCINERATOR," is a ten-foot, black metal cube with ducts leading in and out.

The second is a pair of cylinders, each about ten feet long and four feet in diameter, almost touching like the rollers on an old-fashioned laundry wringer--only these have spikes to grind solid material.

The men search the room, checking behind trash bags, the machines, inside metal closets.

MECHANIC ONE

(sing-song)

Oh Stasia, where are you?

Florin silently scowls. MECHANIC TWO lifts a trash bag.

MECHANIC TWO

Are you in here?

MECHANIC ONE

Don't be stupid.

(opens a drawer)

She's in here!

FLORIN

Shut the fuck up!

Mechanics One and Two are startled. Mechanic One then understands, smiles.

MECHANIC ONE

Oh, somebody had a little crush on Princess Anastasia. Somebody misses that Romania home cooking.

Florin rushes Mechanic One and tries a clumsy roundhouse, but Mechanic One ducks behind a recycling bin. Florin catches him and they wrestle until Mechanic Two intervenes.

MECHANIC TWO

All right, all right. Lets make sure no one else disappears.

Florin stands and brushes himself off.

FLORIN

You're both fucking morons.

He storms out of the room. Mechanic One rolls his eyes.

MECHANIC TWO

Love has no sense of humor.

MECHANIC ONE

Neither does lust.

He realigns the bins knocked aside in the scuffle.

MECHANIC ONE (CONT'D)

Let's just get this over with.
We're not going to find anything.

They resume the search.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is fully staffed. Whelan sits on his desk and addresses the troops.

WHELAN

Verwey confirms Housekeeping found no signs of the missing girl. Anything here?

ERNESTO

No sign she went overboard, directly or from a stateroom. No sign she disappeared into a common room either.

WHELAN

All right, I'll tell the Captain.
He'll probably issue something to
the passengers.

ROHRBACH

Awkward.

WHELAN

You think? Keep your eyes and ears
open. If one of the passengers has
anything, listen and take notes.

INT. CANDACE MENINGER'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Standing with Campari and gin in hand, Lydia scrolls through
messages on the TV screen. Candace is propped up on the sofa
with her back against the armrest, focused on her drink.

Below the text on the screen is a photo: Anastasia. Lydia
chokes on her drink, bringing Candace back to earth.

CANDACE

What?

LYDIA

Our blackmailing maid's missing.
Anyone with knowledge of her
whereabouts is to contact Security.

Candace polishes off the drink, rises and steadies herself on
the armrest. She makes her way over to the bed and sits
beside Lydia.

CANDACE

It's convenient for us. A miracle.

INT. CANDACE MENINGER'S STATEROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Candace and Lydia sit side by side on the loveseat. Each has
a glass of champagne and a half-empty bottle of Veuve
Clicquot sits on the coffee table.

CANDACE

Santorini was just gorgeous. What
do you say we forget D.C. and take
up island life?

LYDIA

Wouldn't Lesbos be more our speed?

CANDACE
 (leaning closer)
 Naughty. I like the way you--

A KNOCK at the door interrupts. The women set their glasses down, arrange their hair and check their sundresses.

Candace nods to Lydia, who rises to open the door, again revealing Anastasia in her work outfit. Lydia begins to close the door, but Anastasia inserts her mop.

ANASTASIA
 We must talk.

Candace drops her pad on the loveseat cushion.

LYDIA
 We have nothing to discuss. Go away unless you want more trouble.

ANASTASIA
 Do you know *Huffington Post*?

CANDACE
 Let her in.

Anastasia backs against the counter, still clutching her mop. Lydia sits on the bed with her arms crossed.

ANASTASIA
 I email *Huffington Post* to ask if they have interest in proof Senator Meninger is not good Christian.

Lydia jumps off the bed, approaches Anastasia.

LYDIA
 Enough. We'll have you fired today.

Anastasia takes her phone from her pocket, pulls up a photo and shows it to Lydia.

ANASTASIA
 They say they have much interest. This is what I will send them. And yes, I have copy.

Candace fetches her reading glasses from the night table and examines the photo. She inhales sharply and turns away.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
 I am angry you lie about necklace. Also I need money.
 (MORE)

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

You will give me two-thousand euro
by day after tomorrow or I send to
Huffington people. They are very
nice.

Anastasia shoves her phone in her pocket and takes a couple
of steps toward the door.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

You will give me money when I come
to clean your room.

Lydia snaps. She roughly marches Anastasia out the door and
slams it. Lydia turns to notice the mop. She grunts, grabs it
and deposits the mop in the hallway. Lydia again slams the
door and rests with her back against it.

LYDIA

Fuck, you think she'd really do it?

CANDACE

Always assume the worst.

INT. CANDACE'S STATEROOM - DAY [BACK TO PRESENT]

Candace takes Lydia by the chin, turns her head so they're
face to face.

CANDACE

You didn't...

LYDIA

Didn't what?

CANDACE

Help her go missing?

LYDIA

You must be kidding.

Candace lets go of Lydia's chin.

CANDACE

How many people did you kill in
Afghanistan?

LYDIA

What? That's war! This is a soft-
ass vacation.

CANDACE

But does the instinct go away?
You've always had a talent for
dealing with obstacles.

She caresses Lydia's bicep.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

You're stronger than most women.
And the morning the maid
disappeared, you went to the gym
early. Very early.

Lydia pulls her arm away.

LYDIA

How can you think I'd actually--

CANDACE

Hard to know what to think these
days. When I was a girl, I really
believed everyone acted the way
they were supposed to. Now I wonder
if anyone does.

(beat)

And I'm the worst offender.

LYDIA

(softening)

Maybe the expectations are the
problem. Nobody's a saint...

She points to the bible on the nightstand.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

...whatever that says. But you
can't go overboard and--

Candace laughs at the inadvertent pun, first normally, then hysterically. Lydia sees the joke and joins in the laughing fit. When it's done, they lie back on the bed, holding hands.

CANDACE

At least everlasting hellfire will
keep us warm.

Candace turns serious, lets go of Lydia's hand, but still stares at the ceiling.

CANDACE

You didn't, did you?

Lydia sighs.

INT. VERWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Verwey sits at her desk with Whelan, Ernesto and CAPTAIN HENDRIXX opposite. Hendrix is early-60s and tanned with the countenance of a favorite, successful, uncle. He looks first at Whelan, then at Verwey.

HENDRIXX
(faint Dutch accent)
You're ready?

Whelan nods impatiently, plays with his phone.

VERWEY
The first time I did this, three years ago, I nearly puked.

HENDRIXX
Sorry, it gets a little easier with time, but never easy. How much did you tell them last night?

VERWEY
They asked why they couldn't reach their daughter. I said I'd look into it.

HENDRIXX
I suppose that's better than, "We just lost her." All right, dial.

Verwey finds a number on her desk phone and hits 'Redial.'

ANASTASIA'S FATHER (V.O. ON SPEAKER)
Alo?

VERWEY
Good morning Mr. Moscovici. This is Chief Steward Verwey aboard the Atlantis Voyager. You called--

ANASTASIA'S FATHER (V.O.)
(Thick Romanian accent)
Wait. I get my wife.

Verwey hits mute. Beads of sweat dot her brow. Ernesto watches Verwey with concern, sympathy.

ANASTASIA'S FATHER (V.O., CONT'D)
Okay. Where is Stasia?

HENDRIX

Mr. And Mrs. Moscovici, this is
Captain Hendrixx. I'm afraid we
have some bad news with you.

A WAIL on the phone, apparently from Anastasia's mother.
Ernesto squeezes his eyes shut.

HENDRIX (CONT'D)

It appears your daughter is no
longer aboard the ship. We've done
an exhaustive search. We can only
conclude she's gone overboard.

No response for several seconds as Hendrixx and Verwey
exchange looks, Whelan continues to flip his cell phone.

ANASTASIA'S FATHER (V.O.)

No, that is not possible!

HENDRIX

I'm so sorry, but it's the only
explanation.

Anastasia's mother SOBS in the background. Ernesto puts his
palms over his ears, then realizes it's a bad look, so drops
his hands to the back of his neck.

ANASTASIA'S FATHER (V.O.)

You fucking bastards, what have you
done with Stasia?

HENDRIX

Please, Mr. Moscovici. We're very
upset about this too.

ANASTASIA'S FATHER (V.O.)

You look in the water?

HENDRIX

We have no way to know where to
look. No one saw her jump.

ANASTASIA'S FATHER (V.O.)

What if somebody pushed?

HENDRIX

We've gone through the video
records. No one pushed her.

ANASTASIA'S FATHER (V.O.)

So just like that, you lose her.
You sail away and we have nothing.

HENDRIX

We can't give you your daughter back. There will, of course, be compensation from the company. Again, we're--

ANASTASIA'S FATHER (V.O.)

How much?

Anastasia's mother SHRIEKS. Ernesto winces.

HENDRIX

I don't know exactly. It depends on her pay, her time of service and... I'll get back to you.

Dial tone as Anastasia's father hangs up. The shell-shocked officers look at each other.

HENDRIX (CONT'D)

(to Whelan)

I want an update by the end of the day tomorrow.

WHELAN

Of course, Captain.

Hendrix leaves. The others stand in recognition of rank. Next Whelan heads for the door, expecting Ernesto to follow.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

(to Ernesto)

We've got work to do.

Ernesto again notices the photo of the girl on Verwey's desk and seems to want to offer consolation, but Verwey reaches into a desk drawer. Ernesto follows his boss out the door.

Alone, Verwey takes a bottle of antacid tablets from a desk drawer and pops a handful in her mouth.

INT. CREW'S MESS HALL - DAY

A dining hall with a cafeteria counter, rows of wooden tables and upholstered benches. It's busy, noisy. Ernesto and Rohrbach share a table apart from others, keeping voices low.

ERNESTO

You can track crew phones, right?

ROHRBACH

We don't like to talk about that, but yes.

(MORE)

ROHRBACH (CONT'D)

And if you are wondering about the housekeeper's phone, I have already tried--no signal.

ERNESTO

Which means it's either off the ship or--

ROHRBACH

Someone took the battery out.

Ernesto mindlessly picks at his food.

ERNESTO

What about voice and text communications? Can you track them?

ROHRBACH

That one is harder, but it should be possible. Metadata only, no content. I'm supposed to get Whelan's okay before trying.

Ernesto tilts his head closer.

ERNESTO

Whelan wants to wrap things up. Would he have any way of knowing?

ROHRBACH

He's about as tech-savvy as my *Opa*.

ERNESTO

And if you find out she was into drugs, Whelan would be happy. You'd get a nice pat on the back.

ROHRBACH

Or a slap in the face.

ERNESTO

First you do it. If you find what he wants, you ask if it's okay, wait a few hours, show him the results. If not, you keep quiet.

Rohrbach pushes vegetables around his plate.

ROHRBACH

All right. Mostly because I want to see what is possible.

He seizes a French fry at points it at Ernesto.

ROHRBACH (CONT'D)
 You are a bad influence on me.

Rohrbach tosses the fry in his mouth.

EXT. DECK BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

Still in uniform, Ernesto is alone at the rail and stares blankly at the sea. He lights a cigarette with a match.

EXT. ILOILO CITY HALL, PHILIPPINES - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Ernesto paces the lush grounds in the outfit he wore outside PRISMA. He scans upward toward the top floor of the seven-story, white building incongruously set atop Roman arches. He checks his watch, continues pacing.

Ernesto stops to take a cigarette from his shirt pocket and a lighter from his trousers. The instant he FLICKS on the flame, a body hits the pavement with a THUD.

Ernesto drops the lighter, chokes on the cigarette and spits it out. He approaches the body.

It's again the Filipina from Ernesto's flashbacks. She's pretty in her blue business suit, apart from the blood that pools around her head and her dead-fish, open-mouthed gaze.

For several seconds Ernesto gapes in the hope she's illusory. Snapping out of it, he checks for a pulse--nothing. He looks up to catch a figure disappearing from the roof garden atop City Hall, then returns his attention to the dead woman.

ERNESTO
 (softly)
 Reyna?
 (shouting)
 Reyna!

On his knees, Ernesto lifts her upper body and rocks Reyna back and forth, trying to both soothe and revive her. As he sobs quietly, an older WOMAN in office attire approaches.

WOMAN
Diyos ko! Do you want me to call
 the police.

ERNESTO
 I *am* the fucking police!

After the woman skulks away, Ernesto gently sets Reyna on the ground. In shock, he rests on his knees, with his elbows on his thighs and his head in his hands.

After several seconds, Ernesto lifts his head. He *needs* to act, so he takes out his phone and punches a contact.

CAPTAIN BAUTISTA (V.O.)

Ernesto?

ERNESTO

The *putanginang aso* Mayor just killed my girlfriend Reyna.

CAPTAIN BAUTISTA

What the hell are you smoking?

ERNESTO

(barely contained)

Nothing! Reyna was supposed to meet the Mayor. She fell from the top of City Hall. He pushed her!

CAPTAIN BAUTISTA

(beat)

Where are you?

ERNESTO

Outside City Hall. With her body. I saw someone on the roof. Probably the mayor.

CAPTAIN BAUTISTA

"Probably?" Let's get a grip. I'm sorry about your girlfriend, but you can't go accusing the mayor of murder. I'll contact his security. We'll find out what happened.

ERNESTO

We don't investigate people falling from buildings?

CAPTAIN BAUTISTA (V.O.)

(pained)

Of course we do. But this is a special case. You go home. Take a couple of days off to recover. Other people will handle this.

ERNESTO

'A couple of days?' Like it's my dog? Shouldn't we at least call the prosecutor?

CAPTAIN BAUTISTA (V.O.)
 No, it's the fucking Mayor's house!
 Get the hell out of there.

The dazed Ernesto shakes his head and stares at his phone. He brushes the long hair from Reyna's eyes as the blood pool widens. He gently unknits her scarf and covers her face before kissing her hand. Finally he crosses himself.

Rising to his feet, he's shaky, unsure where to go. He makes a decision and marches toward the entrance to City Hall. There he's met by a uniformed GUARD with an automatic weapon. Ernesto produces his I.D. for the guard.

ERNESTO
 A woman just died outside. I need
 to go in and investigate.

GUARD
 (surprised)
 This isn't your turf. Whatever
 happened, we'll handle it. You want
 to show me where?

Ernesto takes a step toward the guard, who undoes the safety and aims his rifle at Ernesto. Ernesto slowly retreats.

EXT. DECK BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT [BACK TO PRESENT]

Ernesto grips the rail as if he wants to crush it.

VERWEY (O.S.)
 Christ. Somebody's wound tight.

Ernesto turns to find Verwey who's also in uniform. She joins him at the rail.

VERWEY (CONT'D)
 Unhealthy habit, smoking.
 (beat)
 Have one to spare?

Ernesto finds another cigarette in his pocket, hands it to Verwey and lights it for her. He takes a couple of breaths to compose himself.

ERNESTO
 What brought you up here?

VERWEY
 I was headed for your office, but
 here you are. Any news?

Ernesto takes a long drag as he considers how much to share.

ERNESTO

She had a visit with the Senator at the end of her shift. Also something happened with Mr. Turner. What about your end?

VERWEY

Housekeeping have done all but a few of the staterooms.

ERNESTO

And?

VERWEY

Nothing. What's this about Turner?

ERNESTO

CCTV showed her running from his suite. Then she ducked into a stairwell. He came out after her and kicked her cleaning cart.

VERWEY

Shit, what are you going to do about it?

ERNESTO

We'll have to interview him.

VERWEY

And what do you expect to get out of Turner?

ERNESTO

Some bullshit story. He won't admit to an attempted assault, certainly not to murder.

VERWEY

It's probably not his first offense either. Still, it's a long way from sex to murder.

ERNESTO

Not in my experience.

VERWEY

(WTF?)

I won't ask. Have you checked with Whelan about Turner?

ERNESTO

Not yet. Why?

VERWEY

He's not always as thorough as he could be, and he's close to Turner.

Ernesto takes a long hit.

ERNESTO

What's the story with you two?

Verwey waits for an orange-vested crewmember to pass.

VERWEY

It's not *my* story. This isn't Whelan's first gig for Atlantis. He was Chief Security Officer on our flagship, the *Argo*.

ERNESTO

So? Transfers must be common.

VERWEY

The *Argo* is a three-thousand passenger ship. We have nine hundred. The bigger the ship, the bigger the senior-officer paycheck.

ERNESTO

Maybe he wanted less stress?

VERWEY

Maybe he fucked up. My counterpart on the *Argo* suggested as much.

ERNESTO

Any details?

VERWEY

She was reluctant to share. I'll dig deeper tonight.

Ernesto takes a final puff before tossing his stub overboard.

ERNESTO

Suppose we call him now, together.

VERWEY

And say what?

ERNESTO

We want to interview the Senator,
and Turner. It'll be harder for
Whelan to refuse if you're around.

VERWEY

Might piss him off, but no love
lost there. Sure, put him on.

Ernesto punches the contact, inhales.

WHELAN (V.O)

What?

ERNESTO

I'm here with Verwey. We were
talking about the housekeeper.

WHELAN (V.O.)

So you told her we're still
investigating and she'll be the
first to know if and when we find
something?

Verwey leans toward the phone mic.

VERWEY

And I said you must have *something*.
Then Ernesto mentioned the unusual
visits to Senator Meninger's cabin
and later, to the Turners.

WHELAN (V.O.)

(beat)

Ernesto's performance review, if he
lasts that long, will refer to
'discretion' and 'relevance.'

VERWEY

I'm just thinking how awkward it
will be to tell the Captain you
found nothing. If, on the other
hand, you turned over every stone,
no matter how large, he'd probably
accept that.

Ernesto nods to her while they wait for a reply.

WHELAN (V.O.)

I love it when you tell me how to
do my job, Jadine.

(beat)

Against my better judgment, I'll
set it up.

Whelan hangs up.

VERWEY

There, that wasn't so bad.

ERNESTO

For you. Know any cruise lines that hire security without references?

INT. THE TURNERS' SUITE - DAY

Whelan, Ernesto and Turner sit around a table in the living area of the suite. The door to the bedroom is ajar.

TURNER

So what's this all about?

WHELAN

We're looking into the conduct of one of our housekeepers, the girl who went missing.

TURNER

Code for...what?

WHELAN

She was accused of stealing by a guest. She also deposited a large amount of cash in Corfu.

TURNER

Interesting; what's it got to do with me?

WHELAN

Probably nothing, but I asked Assistant Security Officer Ramos to track her shift yesterday on CCTV, looking for any sign of trouble.

TURNER

And...?

(checking his watch)

Can we get to the point?

ERNESTO

The video showed her running from your suite, ducking into a stairwell. You came out after her, then kicked her cleaning cart.

MRS. TURNER (O.S.)

She probably told him to fuck off.

The three of them look toward the bedroom.

TURNER

(to the bedroom door)

Thanks for that, Love.

(to Whelan)

It was a simple misunderstanding.
My fault, really.

WHELAN

What kind of misunderstanding?

TURNER

The kind where I notice my wallet
missing from its cradle as the girl
finishes and I jump to conclusions.

MRS. TURNER (O.S.)

More likely you tried to jump her
bones.

Turner winces.

TURNER

I accused her of nicking the
wallet. She denied it and fled.

WHELAN

What happened after that?

Turner looks ashamed.

TURNER

I checked my jacket pocket.

For effect, he reaches into his blazer pocket.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Lo and behold, my wallet.

Turner holds it up, then returns the wallet to his pocket.

TURNER

Look, I feel like an arse, even if
I'm not the only one to suspect her
of theft. Frankly, I'm ashamed. I
wish I could apologize to her.

WHELAN

We'll hope that's possible. So
you're sure nothing is missing?

TURNER

Haven't done an inventory, but...

WHELAN

And you'll let us know if you think of anything that might help?

MRS. TURNER (O.S.)

Graham? Help? Ships passing by night.

Turner mimes slashing his throat, which draws Ernesto's attention. Whelan and Ernesto leave with mumbled thanks.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE TURNERS' SUITE - DAY CONTINUOUS

ERNESTO

(low voiced)

We need to interview *Mrs.* Turner.

WHELAN

I'd say we just did.

ERNESTO

Alone.

WHELAN

Yeah, well, that won't happen. I'm not bothering the Turners again.

(more conciliatory)

Look, this isn't getting us anywhere. We'll move on to Senator Menninger so we can tell the Captain we checked all the boxes.

Whelan heads down the corridor, Ernesto two steps behind. Whelan stops and turns.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

One more thing: did you know Verwey's not part of Security?

Ernesto nods.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

Great. So there's no need to share Security-specific information with her. She's a competent head of Housekeeping, but not to be trusted beyond her role. Got that?

ERNESTO

Yes, Sir.

Whelan takes off without waiting for Ernesto.

INT. CANDACE MENINGER'S STATEROOM - DAY

Candace and Lydia are again on the loveseat. Candace holds a legal pad and pen. Lydia is on her laptop.

CANDACE

How much did Omaha Gas pony up last quarter?

Lydia checks her laptop.

LYDIA

Thirty-seven thousand, and change.

CANDACE

Tight-fisted bastards. Tell them to make it at least seventy-five this time, or we're agnostic on SB 92.

LYDIA

Okay. I'll give them a--

Another KNOCK at the door. Lydia checks the peephole, turns back to Candace and mouths "Security." After Candace signals to bring them in, Lydia opens the door and steps aside.

WHELAN

Our apologies. We just need a few minutes of your time.

Candace sets her notepad face down on the sofa.

CANDACE

So, not only did you fail to find my necklace, I understand the girl's missing too. How does that happen?

WHELAN

That's what we're trying to find out. We're interviewing everyone who might have dealt with the girl and of course--

LYDIA

You're not suggesting that we...

WHELAN

(chuckling)

No, no, no. Of course not. We're assessing her state of mind to determine if she could have been desperate enough to jump ship.

CANDACE

In my experience, you can never really know these things.

WHELAN

No, not completely. But was there a red flag, a sign of trouble? You didn't happen to speak to her after she was reassigned?

Candace and Lydia exchange looks. Candace barely nods.

LYDIA

She returned to tell us how unhappy she was that we accused her of taking the Senator's necklace.

WHELAN

Oh? And how did you leave it?

CANDACE

We just left it. She was unhappy. We were unhappy. The necklace remains missing. Now the girl too.

WHELAN

Don't worry, we haven't forgotten.
(to Ernesto)
Any questions?

ERNESTO

How long was your talk with her?

LYDIA

You know, we didn't time it. Why?

WHELAN

Excuse Ernesto. He's new. We're sorry to have interrupted.

Whelan shepherds Ernesto out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MENINGER'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Whelan waits until he and Ernesto are well down the hall.

WHELAN

What was that about?

ERNESTO

According to CCTV, Anastasia was in their room for nearly ten minutes.

WHELAN

So?

ERNESTO

So that's a long time to agree that everyone's unhappy.

WHELAN

Which means they chucked her overboard?

ERNESTO

Which means they're hiding something.

WHELAN

People hide lots of things for lots of reasons. One more time: stick with things that might have gotten the girl killed.

Whelan heads back to the Security Office. Ernesto trails, deep in thought.

EXT. ILOILO CITY HALL - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Ernesto sits in his parked car within sight of City Hall. His head rests on his arms atop the steering wheel. After several seconds, he sits up and wipes his moist, red cheeks. He draws his phone from his pocket and hesitates.

He slaps the wheel with his palm and taps in a number.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Regional Prosecutor's office. Yes? Hello? Is anyone there? Vergel, are you fucking with me again?

ERNESTO

No, no. It's...someone else. I saw something tonight.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

So you're not blind. What was it?

ERNESTO

A woman. She fell from a roof.

FEMALE VOICE

(now serious)
Fell? Is she alive?

ERNESTO

Dead. It was...outside City Hall.

FEMALE VOICE

(clearing her throat)

What time, and who are you?

ERNESTO

It was just before six. There was a man on the roof with her. It could have been the Mayor. Her name is Reyna Mendoza and she had a meeting with him. I...knew her.

FEMALE VOICE

Then why didn't you... Never mind. Okay, we'll look into it. How can we contact--

Ernesto is done. He tosses the phone onto the passenger seat, hits the ignition button and SCREECHES away.

INT. VERWEY'S OFFICE - DAY [BACK TO PRESENT]

Ernesto sits across from Verwey.

ERNESTO

What's this about?

VERWEY

One of our other housekeepers thought Anastasia was tight with Florin Nistor, a mechanic. Also from Romania. I've invited him for a talk.

ERNESTO

He was next on my list. Florin had a chat with Anastasia outside the bar the night before she disappeared.

A KNOCK on the door. Ernesto rises to let Florin in, who is surprised by Ernesto's presence, but says nothing. Ernesto offers one seat to Florin and takes the other.

VERWEY

(to Florin)

You've met Assistant Security Officer Ramos?

FLORIN

I have seen him. He has seen me. So how long will this take?

VERWEY

As much time as we need.

She swivels her laptop around for Florin's benefit. There's a photo of him in the upper left corner and a series of fields below. She turns the laptop back so only she can see it.

VERWEY (CONT'D)

You've had a few issues, Nistor. In fact, just yesterday, you got into a fight.

FLORIN

You're not my boss.

VERWEY

True, but I know Chief Engineer Oberg well. He'd be unhappy to learn you failed to cooperate with our Security Office.

Florin, face flushed, sneers and sags in his chair.

ERNESTO

Did you know Anastasia Moscovici made large bank deposits during her trips ashore?

FLORIN

(hesitating)

No. Why should I care?

ERNESTO

The Greek police think she was involved in drug running, selling to other crew members.

FLORIN

(genuinely surprised)

I don't know anything about that.

ERNESTO

But you knew about her dealings with Romanian organized crime.

This gets Verwey's attention as well.

FLORIN

What? No!

(begins to nod)

(MORE)

FLORIN (CONT'D)

Ah, I understand. She is Romanian.
I am Romanian. All Romanians are
criminals. It's a big conspiracy.

ERNESTO

So if we searched your cabin, we
wouldn't find anything illegal.

FLORIN

(extends his hand)
Be my guest.

ERNESTO

And if we swabbed every surface for
traces of marijuana, coke and meth?

Florin rises.

FLORIN

You harass me. You have no right.
(a little choked up)
Stasia was my friend.

VERWEY

We're not done.

FLORIN

I am done.

Ernesto jumps to his feet and reaches the door before Florin. Florin looks as if he's about to take a swing at Ernesto, but realizes it would get him fired, or hurt. He returns to his chair, folds his arms and glares.

ERNESTO

If we find anything illegal in your
cabin, you're screwed. But I don't
really care about your habits, at
least not now. What interests me is
that video Anastasia showed you.

Both Florin and Verwey are taken aback.

FLORIN

What the fu--
(seeing Verwey)
What are you talking about?

ERNESTO

On CCTV, outside the bar, Anastasia
gave you a long look at her screen.

Verwey looks at Ernesto, surprised.

FLORIN

Of course. I was enjoying her scenes from the old country. Call me nostalgic.

ERNESTO

Or a liar. In the surveillance footage, you shook your head when she showed you the video. You tried to wave her off. It's a funny kind of nostalgia.

FLORIN

I did nothing wrong. If you have a problem, talk to Oberg.

Florin leaves. This time, Ernesto just watches.

VERWEY

What's he keeping from us?

ERNESTO

I don't know. Maybe she didn't show him the video just because he's Romanian.

He rises to leave.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

I might have missed something.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Ernesto enters, finding Rohrbach alone.

ERNESTO

Whelan at lunch?

ROHRBACH

Yeah.

ERNESTO

Which camera looks over the stern, into the ship's wake?

ROHRBACH

(checking his laptop)
Looks like N-2. You're not going through more video?

Ernesto sits beside Rohrbach.

ERNESTO

I am. From Wednesday morning.

ROHRBACH

You are obsessed. This is sexual frustration at its worst.

Rohrbach sighs, begins to manipulate the video system, then turns the screen toward Ernesto.

ROHRBACH

Didn't you already see this one?

ERNESTO

Maybe, but I was looking to see if the girl jumped, or was pushed.

ROHRBACH

And now?

ERNESTO

Something else.

The time stamp is '00:00.' Initially, only the bottom deck is visible in the ship's spotlights. As Ernesto fast forwards to early morning, the scene expands to include the ship's wake, now in daylight. He pauses at "06:35."

ROHRBACH

I am trying to think of something more boring. I cannot.

Ernesto fast forwards and rewinds a couple of times, then finds what he's looking for.

ERNESTO

This should be it.

The wake is initially pristine, soothing in its regularity. But after fifteen seconds, there's a red patch that quickly fades to pink, then disappears. In this patch floats shreds of purple and black fabric. The time stamp is "06:42".

Ernesto slumps in his chair. His hands shake.

ROHRBACH

(now interested)

What was that?

ERNESTO

Give me the corridor of the mechanical area for the same time.

ROHRBACH
 Didn't you already go through this?

ERNESTO
 I should have, but I...um...
 probably lost focus.

ROHRBACH
 I cannot imagine why. You're lucky
 your not cross-eyed.

Rohrbach takes his laptop, pulls up the full bank of images,
 picks one and queues up the video for the same time and date.

ROHRBACH
 Voila.

Ernesto again goes backward and forward through the video,
 stopping at time stamp "06:33".

On the screen, a woman in a purple hoodie and black leggings
 walks nervously down the concrete-floor hallway, checking
 doors. At the one marked 'Waste Disposal -- Authorized
 Personnel Only,' she knocks. The door opens.

Ernesto closes his eyes.

ROHRBACH
 Fuck me!

Just as Whelan opens the door.

WHELAN
 Save it for your quarters.

Whelan sees Ernesto and Rohrbach fixated on the screen, then
 hones in on Ernesto.

WHELAN (CONT'D)
 Somebody shoot your favorite dog?

ROHRBACH
 Ernesto has found something
 interesting.

Ernesto composes himself. He orients the laptop so Whelan can
 see clearly and runs the same video. The longer Whelan
 watches, the more he shakes his head.

WHELAN
 And so?

ERNESTO

(What don't you get?)

So the disposal unit ground her up
and spat her out.

WHELAN

That's ridiculous. Putting aside
how she managed to jump into the
solid waste unit with all its
safeguards, there'd be no trace of
her. Her remains would be lost in
tons of garbage.

ERNESTO

Then why did we see--

WHELAN

You saw what you wanted to see.
Colors going in and colors going
out. Some match, most don't. You
can't even recognize the woman. You
can't be sure it was a woman.

Whelan grabs a chair and rolls it up to his subordinates,
drawing their attention from the screen.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

Look, I appreciate the effort but
you're wasting time: we know she
came into money, so first she must
have come into drugs.

Rohrbach and Ernesto look at each other, puzzled.

ERNESTO

I've spent hours going through the
tapes. This is the only thing I've
seen beside her run-ins with the
Senator and Mr. Turner.

WHELAN

Oh, that. I bumped into Tessa
Turner outside the VIP lounge. She
confirmed her husband's a shit,
that he'd chase anything quicker
than a statue. But she was sure
nothing happened with the girl.

Ernesto looks defeated. Whelan lays a hand on his back and
rises.

WHELAN

Keep at it. You heard the Captain
wants a report.

(MORE)

WHELAN (CONT'D)

We have reputations to maintain,
jobs to keep. Yours especially.

ERNESTO

Sure, but--

WHELAN

You know what 'probationary period'
means in your contract, right?

ERNESTO

Yes...sir.

EXT. PASSENGER DECK - NIGHT

Ernesto and Verwey, now off duty but still in uniform, stand together at the rail facing the sea. They're close enough to speak without being overheard.

VERWEY

I wanted you to meet--

ERNESTO

I know how she died.

Verwey gives Ernesto a wide-eyed look.

ERNESTO

She went through the waste-
processing facility.

VERWEY

Holy fuck, that's horrible. How do
you know?

ERNESTO

CCTV before and after. Rohrbach
agrees. The problem is Whelan
doesn't buy it.

VERWEY

Asshole...

Verwey catches Mrs. Turner approaching and nods to her. When Mrs. Turner is near enough, Verwey takes her shoulder.

VERWEY

(to Ernesto)

This is Tessa Turner. We've become
friends over the years, helped each
other over some rough patches.

MRS. TURNER

And since Graham and I spend so much time on the ship, we're practically honorary crew members.

(softly)

But we jointly own the place.

ERNESTO

Excuse me for asking, but does that give your husband the sense he can do what he wants?

MRS. TURNER

Graham has *always* had that sense. What exactly did you have in mind?

ERNESTO

The way he treats housekeepers?

Mrs. Turner winces, then looks to Verwey to see whether she can trust Ernesto. Verwey nods.

MRS. TURNER

I'd be careful with any accusations if I were you. My husband could have you sacked in a second.

(less sharply)

But there's not much I'd put past Graham.

VERWEY

According to Ernesto, CCTV shows Graham bolting after your housekeeper on Monday. Tuesday she left looking shaken, just before you returned. Do you think he...

MRS. TURNER

Well, Graham snapped at me when I quizzed him.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TURNERS' SUITE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Anastasia exits the suite with her cart, holding her phone in one hand. She steadies herself against the wall, breathing. She pockets the phone and grabs the cleaning trolley.

As Anastasia pushes the cart to the next suite, Mrs. Turner approaches her stateroom from the opposite direction. She sees Anastasia, but Anastasia doesn't notice Mrs. Turner.

INT. THE TURNERS' SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Turner opens the door to find a thoughtful Turner in an armchair. He barely notices her.

MRS. TURNER

I see the cleaning girl just left.
She looked a little wobbly. Why
would that be?

TURNER

Don't know, love. Mind-reading
skills not what they once were.

She pulls up a desk chair directly across from him.

MRS. TURNER

And what about your sexual assault
skills? Still cracking good?

TURNER

(serious)
Pure rubbish, dear. Nothing of the
kind happened.

MRS. TURNER

So what then?

For the first time, Turner looks directly at her.

TURNER

Oh fuck off!

She flies into the bedroom and SLAMS the door behind her.

EXT. PASSENGER DECK - NIGHT [BACK TO PRESENT]

ERNESTO

So what did you make of it?

MRS. TURNER

Graham seemed concerned, which
means it was more than sex. This
isn't, by any chance, the woman who
went missing?

VERWEY

That's the one. Ernesto has a
theory, but Whelan has doubts.

Mrs. Turner laughs with contempt.

MRS. TURNER
Whelan's way too close to Graham. I
wouldn't bother.

She hears a CHIRP and checks her phone.

MRS. TURNER (CONT'D)
Excuse me. His Royal Anus has
summoned me. Dinner with
prospective investors.

She pats Verwey on the shoulder. She's about to leave.

MRS. TURNER
By the way, Graham left our suite
very early the day the housekeeper
apparently disappeared.

ERNESTO
Did he say where he was going?

MRS. TURNER
As a rule, I don't care where
Graham goes, so long as he doesn't
bother me.

Mrs. Turner leaves.

ERNESTO
Ten-thousand kilometers and nothing
changes.

VERWEY
Why would they? Cape Town, the
Philippines, a ship at sea; they
all have people. The tighter the
quarters, the nastier they get.

EXT. CREW'S DECK LOUNGE - NIGHT

Off duty, Ernesto and Rohrbach sit side by side in lounge
chairs so they can talk quietly. Each has a drink and a
cigarette. A few staffers unwind at a pool in the background.

ROHRBACH
Whelan does not joke. He'll fire
you if he thinks you cannot listen.

ERNESTO
I got that message.

ROHRBACH

He discards assistants like empty beer cans. I am lucky to be here three years.

ERNESTO

What's *your* secret?

ROHRBACH

(leaning in)

I am gay. The company is very sensitive to EU discrimination claims--he cannot fire me.

ERNESTO

You're gay?

ROHRBACH

For a would-be investigator, you are a little slow.

Ernesto takes a drag of his cigarette.

ERNESTO

Sorry. Different culture.

ROHRBACH

An understatement. Don't worry, I prefer blonds. Of course, Whelan will never promote me either.

ERNESTO

Because?

ROHRBACH

We just went through this; I'm gay.

ERNESTO

Right, sorry.

(voice lowered)

Anyway, if we go back farther in the video of Anastasia entering the disposal room, we should find out who was there to open the door.

ROHRBACH

If Whelan knew, he would not let a law suit stop him from firing us both. He's convinced it's about drugs. Who knows, maybe he's right.

ERNESTO

Well, if it's too much for you, I'll do it when Whelan's out--

ROHRBACH
(putting up his hand)
I already did it after Whelan left
for the evening.

ERNESTO
And?

ROHRBACH
The guy was in a hazmat suit. It
could be anybody.

ERNESTO
Shit. Tall? Short?

ROHRBACH
Average. He left minutes after the
maid went down the drain, again in
the suit. He entered the stairwell.

ERNESTO
So did anyone in a hazmat suit exit
the stairwell a few minutes later?

ROHRBACH
Not that I could see. Of course,
there are dozens of exit points.
You are welcome to check.

ERNESTO
Thanks. So we're fucked.

ROHRBACH
Maybe, but I can tell you a couple
of things:
(beat)
First, Florin Nistor sent the
housekeeper a text just before she
went downstairs. Second, her phone
was on for a few minutes yesterday.

ERNESTO
Really? Where?

ROHRBACH
I cannot tell the exact location.
It's a senior officers cabin:
either Whelan or the First Mate.

ERNESTO
Why the hell...

Rohrbach shrugs.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Whelan is absent, leaving Ernesto, Rohrbach and the three security guards.

Ernesto is back at it, hunched over his screen as he goes through CCTV footage. He periodically looks over his shoulder, checking that no one is overly interested.

The door opens. Whelan enters to nods of recognition. Everyone straightens and Ernesto closes the video file.

Whelan sits, unlocks his computer. He gives Ernesto a probing look. Ernesto notices, swallows. Whelan CLAPS.

WHELAN

Okay, everybody. Take five.

The others regard Whelan, surprised--this isn't normal. But it's an order--they rise and move toward the office door.

WHELAN

Not you, Ernesto. Sit.

Ernesto nervously flicks his mouse as the others leave. Rohrbach, the last to go, casts Ernesto a sympathetic look. Whelan takes Rohrbach's chair, sits uncomfortably near.

WHELAN

So, what's the latest on the girl?

ERNESTO

I've been going through the tapes.
Nothing new to report.

Whelan bores in. Ernesto liberates his mouse.

WHELAN

Could that be because you've wasted
your time staring at your screen,
instead of interviewing, searching?

ERNESTO

The tapes tell me who to interview,
where to search.

WHELAN

The same tapes that show the girl
in your bunk just before she
disappeared?

Ernesto tries to slide his chair a few inches away. Whelan grabs the chair's arm and puts his face in Ernesto's.

WHELAN

Christ, you're a shitty liar.

ERNESTO

How did you--

WHELAN

You think you're invisible? People saw you talking with the girl. I had Rohrbach send me the video covering Tuesday night. I'm not as lazy as you must think.

ERNESTO

I never--

WHELAN

--thought I'd find out?

Ernesto rubs his eyes, leans back in his chair.

ERNESTO

She came to my bunk. She was upset about being accused of stealing. We talked--that's all. And it had nothing to do with her disappearance.

WHELAN

And how do you know that?

ERNESTO

It couldn't have. It was just a--

WHELAN

Quick fuck?

Whelan stands, hovers over Ernesto who refuses eye contact.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

This may seem impossible, but I was once your age. I know hormones, and I know it can get lonely out here.

Whelan seizes his shoulder.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

Look at me! The problem is that you screwed a girl who was accused of a crime; then after the maid disappeared, you failed to mention you were with her the night before. What the hell were you thinking?

ERNESTO

I did not sleep with her. There was nothing to mention. We just talked.

WHELAN

Why do you suppose she wanted to talk? Because you're such a...
 (pinching Ernesto's cheek)
 ...*sexy* guy?

Ernest snaps his head back, rubs his cheek. He wants to slug Whelan, but knows he can't.

ERNESTO

Because I treated her decently?

WHELAN

Grow up! She was using you. She was a thief, a drug runner. She needed a security officer on her side.

Ernesto says nothing, unsure he can contain himself.

WHELAN

So, did you kill her?

ERNESTO

No! I liked her.

WHELAN

But isn't that how it starts? You like her; you think she likes you. But she likes other guys too. Maybe this mechanic Nistor. You want her for yourself, or if not that, you want to keep her *from* others.

Ernesto folds his arms to avoid striking his boss. Whelan stands and returns to his desk, points at Ernesto.

WHELAN

Take the rest of the day off. Keep you nose clean and I'll see if I can overlook your stupidity.

Ernesto, jolted, stands and moves toward the door. Reaching for the knob, he turns back to find Whelan on his laptop.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

And by the way, you may not have been completely wrong about the Senator. Her aide went downstairs just before the girl disappeared.

ERNESTO

I can--

WHELAN

No. *I'll* follow up!

Ernesto sulks and twists the door knob.

WHELAN

(without eying Ernesto)

You've wasted...what...two days? So you won't get paid for those.

(directly to Ernesto)

And if you're not a good boy, we'll put you ashore in Athens. How you get home is your own problem. Oh, and maybe we'll tell the Greek cops you're a murder suspect, hand them the tapes, let them weigh the evidence. I hear Greek justice is slow, and unpredictable.

EXT. DECK BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ernesto stands under an exterior stairwell, against the rail, smoking and admiring distant lights that dot the darkness. Verwey joins him, facing away from the sea. She passes him something that he slips in his pocket.

VERWEY

This better not get back to me.

ERNESTO

It won't.

VERWEY

And you better put it to good use.

She's gone.

INT. CORRIDOR WITHIN OFFICER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

A corridor more stylish than the spartan one between the bunks of typical crew members, but less elegant than in the guest area.

The lights go out, save the emergency 'EXIT' signs. A hooded figure enters the scene and holds a key card up to a cabin door. When a green LED light comes on, he disappears inside. A moment later, the hall lights switch back on.

INT. WHELAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ernesto immediately closes the door behind him. He's struck by the size of the comfortable, windowed cabin. He begins searching the bed, then moves on to a sleek desk. Ernesto is careful to leave everything as is.

Atop the desk is a group photo labeled 'Vickers Maritime, Senior Staff, December 2012'. At one end is Whelan, 'Head of Security'. In the center is Turner, the 'CEO'. Ernesto takes a long, careful look.

In the bottom desk drawer, in a random file, is a phone in a floral case--Anastasia's. Ernesto grabs it, sends a text on his own mobile, and exits into the again darkened hallway.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WHELAN'S CABIN - SECONDS LATER

Whelan approaches his room, humming a tune that must have followed him from the bar, until he notices a hooded figure disappear into a stairwell.

Whelan holds up his key card, opens the door to his cabin and looks back at the stairwell door to process what he's seen.

INT. ERNESTO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Ernesto stares at the lock screen on Anastasia's phone. He tries obvious combinations of the nine dots, but nothing works. Frustrated, he calls 'Rohrbach' on his own phone.

ERNESTO

Can you unlock a phone?

ROHRBACH

With the code, sure. Without it, absolutely not.

ERNESTO

Tae. I have her phone, but I can't do a damn thing with it.

ROHRBACH

Tried her birthday, national identity number, address?

ERNESTO

Can you--

ROHRBACH

I'll meet you in the outside bar at nine. Meanwhile, you better hide that phone well.

Ernesto considers, then finds a roll of heavy tape in his closet. He disappears with the tape and Anastasia's phone into his bathroom.

EXT. CREW'S DECK LOUNGE - NIGHT

Ernesto sits in his usual lounge chair in the smoking area, holding a shot glass at waist level. The San Miguel empties have been replaced by a mostly full fifth of Smirnoff.

ROHRBACH (O.S.)

Someone is having a party.

Ernesto turns to find Rohrbach. Ernesto fills a second glass and hands it to the German as he sits.

ROHRBACH

I have a present for you.

Checking that no one is watching, Rohrbach hands Ernesto a slip of paper. Ernesto glances at it before shoving the note in his pocket.

ERNESTO

Thanks.

He downs his shot glass.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)

Did you know Whelan worked for Turner before Atlantis?

ROHRBACH

No, but they're definitely chums. Except Turner's the boss.

Rohrbach does half a shot.

ERNESTO

Makes you wonder whose interests Whelan has at heart.

ROHRBACH

I do not wonder at all.

Rohrbach sets his glass down and faces Ernesto.

ROHRBACH (CONT'D)

You know, it's not too late to make nice to Whelan. Save your career.

(pointing to the sea)

Look around you. This is a beautiful place with perfect weather. You have a job and a bed and food and...

(lifting the Smirnoff)

Plenty of drink. Why not enjoy it?

ERNESTO

The days are okay. It's the nights

I can't handle. I--

Whelan appears, accompanied by the big Bulgarian security officer Bogdan.

WHELAN

(to Ernesto)

Moved on to the hard stuff, huh? Shame you didn't listen to me. Oh, and what's on the piece of paper Rohrbach just passed you?

Ernesto and Rohrbach sit up, looking uneasy. Whelan puts his hand out. Ernesto looks at his boss and Bogdan, considers his options, then hands over the note.

WHELAN

Hmmm. Address. Birthdate. National ID. Wouldn't happen to correspond to the missing girl, would it?

Ernesto says nothing, looks away to think.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

And why would you want these? Because you're *obsessed* with her?

ERNESTO

I was wondering about the money. I thought I'd contact the Romanian authorities to see if she has any criminal record.

WHELAN

(beat)

You're getting better at lying. But I think you may be hiding a keepsake or two in your bunk. Bogdan and I are going to help you find it. First, hand me your phone.

Ernesto again sees he has no choice and delivers his phone.

WHELAN (CONT'D)
 (to Bogdan)
 Don't be too gentle with those
 paws.

Bogdan applies a vice grip to Ernesto's arm as they disappear around a corner. Rohrbach pours himself another shot and instantly downs it.

INT. ERNESTO'S QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Whelan drags the chair from Ernesto's desk to a corner.

WHELAN
 (to Ernesto)
 Sit.

Bogdan forces Ernesto into the chair.

WHELAN (CONT'D)
 (to Bogdan)
 Check everywhere. Don't worry about
 putting things back.

Like a careless burglar, Bogdan tears the sheets and blanket from Ernesto's neatly made bed. He checks the top and bottom of the mattress, looks for slits, tosses it aside. He does the same with the box spring before searching under the bed.

Bogdan empties the built-in wardrobe by casually chucking everything--clothes, a water bottle, camera and life jacket--onto to the floor after checking each for its contents.

He does the same with the desk that contains a journal, stationary supplies, a few paperbacks and some file folders.

ERNESTO
 Maybe I can help. I'm pretty
 familiar with the place.

WHELAN
 Not for long.

Failing to find the phone, Bogdan steps into the bathroom. He searches a towel rack, behind and inside the toilet tank, and finally the medicine chest. Everything winds up either on the floor or in the sink. He returns empty-handed to Whelan.

WHELAN
 (to Bogdan)
 You're sure you looked everywhere?

Bogdan nods.

WHELAN (CONT'D)
 (to Ernesto)
 Where the fuck is it?

ERNESTO
 Where's what?

WHELAN
 Her god-damned phone!

ERNESTO
 Her phone must be wherever she is.

WHELAN
 (to Bogdan)
 Cuff his hands, then cuff the cuffs
 to the sink drain. Make sure he
 can't escape.
 (to Ernesto)
 This will give us both a chance to
 think. *You'll* think about where
 that phone is. *I'll* think about
 what to do with you.

Bogdan takes a set of handcuffs from his back pocket and pulls Ernesto to his feet. Bogdan shoves him against the wall and cuffs Ernesto's hands behind his back.

Whelan hands Bogdan a second set of cuffs. Bogdan hauls Ernesto into the bathroom, sits him down on the floor and secures Ernesto's handcuffs to the sink's metal drain pipe.

Ernesto waits for his cabin door to SLAM shut before struggling to free himself. No matter what he does, he can't. He stomps his foot on the ground in frustration.

ERNESTO
Punyeta!

Ernesto makes another attempt to free himself. He manages only to bruise his wrists and bang his head on the sink. He goes limp and closes his eyes.

EXT. OUTSIDE ERNESTO'S ILOILO APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT
 [FLASHBACK]

Ernesto stumbles to the entrance of a modest two-story apartment building. He takes out his key and inserts it with difficulty.

THUG ONE grips his hand.

THUG ONE
Here, let me help.

ERNESTO
What the--

Thug One punches Ernesto in the gut, then face. Ernesto staggers and goes down.

THUG ONE
You were told not to call anyone.

Thug One and Thug Two continue the beating.

THUG TWO
Too many bones. You should be flexible, like your father.

ERNESTO
Putangina, wait until he--

A bloody, incensed Ernesto pushes himself off the ground and goes at Thug Two. With a sweep of his foot, he knocks Thug Two off balance. Ernesto lands on the fallen goon and punches away--until Thug One WHACKS Ernesto on the head with a blackjack.

Thug Two rises and delivers a last KICK to the ribs. Thug One drops the Police Academy graduation photo near Ernesto's face.

THUG ONE
Your parents need you to see the world. Get the fuck away from here.

INT. ERNESTO'S QUARTERS -- NIGHT [BACK TO PRESENT]

Ernesto opens his eyes, stops reacting and starts thinking. Using all his flexibility and strength, he passes the lower half of his body--ass, legs, then feet--between his cuffed arms so his hands are now in front of his body.

With improved range, he extends his foot toward the toilet. At first, he can't reach it. He repositions his body so his foot brushes the top of the tank. He tries to kick the lid off the tank, failing twice before he succeeds.

The lid CRASHES to the floor and cracks in two pieces. Straining, Ernesto drags the larger section with his feet until he can use his hands to flip it over. Anastasia's phone is taped to the bottom of the lid.

The sweaty Ernesto picks it up, focuses, and studies the lock screen; in the background, behind the 3x3 matrix, is a picture of Anastasia wearing her necklace.

The pattern on the necklace is a diamond with two interior segments joining the opposing vertices. Something clicks. Now animated, Ernesto tries to match the necklace's pattern to the lock screen, earning him a 'Forgot Password?' prompt.

He tries a new starting point with the same result. And again, this time with a warning: 'After five unsuccessful attempts your phone will lock.' But on his fourth try, the phone unlocks.

Next he goes through Anastasia's text messages from Wednesday. He finds one from Florin at 5:52am: *Întâlneste-mă în sala mecanică. Punte A.* He translates via Google to: *Meet me in the Mechanical room. Deck A.*

Ernesto checks for recent photos and videos. One is the waste discharge video Anastasia shot from the Turners' balcony. He shakes his head, failing to understand the purpose.

The last photo is of Constance and Lydia in the shower. His eyebrows climb.

ERNESTO

Diyos ko! Blackmail?

Next he scrolls through Anastasia's contacts until he finds 'Chief Steward Verwey' and presses the 'Call' icon.

VERWEY (V.O.)

What the fuck? Who's this?

ERNESTO

It's me--Ernesto.

VERWEY (V.O.)

You unlocked her phone?

ERNESTO

Yeah. Look, I'm stuck in my cabin.

VERWEY (V.O.)

Because of Whelan?

ERNESTO

Who else?

VERWEY (V.O.)

Maybe you should take the hint.

ERNESTO

I can't.

VERWEY (V.O.)

Because?

ERNESTO

Too many bones.

(beat)

Can you send a maintenance guy with bolt cutters and a key? I've got a plumbing problem.

INT. ERNESTO'S QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Ernesto sits on his desk chair amid the mess of his belongings. His wrists are scraped and bruised. He hits the contact 'Florin' on Anastasia's phone and texts: *'Need help! Will knock 5 min'*

Seconds later a reply comes: a *'WTF!!!!'* text. Ernesto picks a hoodie off the floor, puts it on and leaves his cabin.

INT. FLORIN'S CABIN -- NIGHT

The layout is identical to Ernesto's cabin, but the place is a pigsty--clothes on the floor, drawers open, an open vodka bottle on the desk. Florin isn't much better: dark semi-circles hang from his eyes.

There's a KNOCK at Florin's door. He jumps from his bunk to answer. It's Ernesto with his hood down and zipper up to cover as much of his face as possible.

Florin's face goes from shock to anger. He tries to slam the door, but Ernesto forces it open and shoves Florin back onto his bunk. The door closes itself.

When Florin tries to stand, Ernesto SLUGS him in the gut. Florin doubles over and Ernesto knocks the feet out from under him. Ernesto kneels on Florin's back, forcing the mechanic to twist his neck.

ERNESTO

You fed her to your machine. Was she already dead, or did she scream in pain? Did you hear her bones crack? When the blood squeezed out of her body, did it coat the gears? Did you want to puke?

FLORIN
I didn't kill her!

ERNESTO
Then why did you send invite her to
the Disposal room?

FLORIN
My boss forced me. I wasn't even *in*
the room. I don't know what
happened to her.

ERNESTO
Did you ask? Don't you give a shit?

FLORIN
Yes, motherfucker! I give a shit.
I've barely slept since she died.
My boss told me to forget about it,
or they'd send me home.

Ernesto believes him--it's the way of the world--and eases up
so Florin can rest on his elbows.

ERNESTO
If you don't know how, do you know
why she was killed?

FLORIN
It had to be the waste video, but I
don't know what she did with it.

INT. STAIRWELL IN CREW AREA - CONTINUOUS

Once inside the door, Ernesto stops, listens and confirms no
one else is in the metal stairwell. He takes out Anastasia's
phone and punches a contact.

VERWEY (V.O.)
What now?

ERNESTO
I know *why* she died.

VERWEY (V.O.)
Jesus.

ERNESTO
I just sent you a video. Take a
look.

VERWEY (V.O.)
 (beat)
 What the hell is this?

ERNESTO
 Illegal dumping. She was
 blackmailing the Company.

VERWEY (V.O.)
 What does that mean, 'the Company?'

ERNESTO
 I don't know. Florin was forced to
 invite her to the disposal room,
 where she died.

VERWEY (V.O.)
 But who forced *him*?

ERNESTO
 Florin said it was his boss. Why
 would that happen?

VERWEY (V.O.)
 Because somebody pressured Oberg?

Ernesto hears footsteps elsewhere in the stairwell.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I can't go back to my cabin. Can
 you hide me in yours?

VERWEY (V.O.)
 Hell no. I don't need...Wait, I
 have a better place.

INT. CORRIDOR WITHIN CREW'S QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Bogdan nears the door to Ernesto's cabin with a water bottle
 in his huge hand. He unlocks the door using an electronic
 master key.

INT. ERNESTO'S QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Bogdan steps toward the bathroom, prepared to give Ernesto
 the water. But there's no sign of Ernesto. Bogdan searches
 the small cabin, finds nothing. He keys a contact on his
 phone and waits for a reply.

BOGDAN
 Ernesto--he's not here!

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Whelan sits on his desk, addressing Rohrbach and the other security officers. Bogdan stands at Whelan's side.

WHELAN

I hate to say it, but it looks like Ramos was involved in the disappearance of the housekeeper. We confined him to his cabin. Somehow, Ramos got out.

He watches to see how the men react as they try not to react.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

Any of you know anything about that? How he got out? Where he is?

The others shake their heads.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

Bogdan, you're sure you secured Ramos with those big clumsy hands of yours? The cuffs snapped shut?

Bogdan opens his mouth to say something he might regret, but just nods. Next Whelan hones in on Rohrbach.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

If anyone helped Ramos, better admit it now because you'll be in even deeper shit later.

Neither Rohrbach nor any of the others answers.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

Well, first we've got to find him.
(to Rohrbach)
Check CCTV. Who came to his cabin?
(to the others)
There's an extra week's pay for the first to find him. Go!

They're off. Only Whelan and Rohrbach, already reviewing every live CCTV shot, remain.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

I know you two were chums. If you had anything to do with this...

ROHRBACH

Don't worry. I know which side my bread is buttered.

Whelan gives Rohrbach an uncomfortable stare, but leaves.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - LATER

As ordered, Rohrbach reviews recent tapes, alone. He's puzzled when his phone vibrates with an unrecognized number.

INTERCUT - SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE/HOUSEKEEPING CLOSET

ROHRBACH

Ja?

In a poorly lit, windowless room, racks hold every imaginable cleaning product. Further inside are mops, brooms and a dozen commercial vacuum cleaners, behind which Ernesto crouches.

ERNESTO

(just above a whisper)

It's me.

Rohrbach keeps his eye on the door to make sure none of his colleagues, especially Whelan, returns.

ROHRBACH

Sheisse! They're looking for you.
How did you get out?

ERNESTO

Doesn't matter. I'm in a closet.

ROHRBACH

I came out fifteen years ago. This is not healthy, especially when Whelan finds you.

ERNESTO

Yeah. Look, Anastasia was blackmailing the Company over its dumping sludge. Turner is the Company.

ROHRBACH

You really think he'd--

ERNESTO

Not necessarily. Turner and Whelan go way back. Turner ran Vickers Maritime before Atlantis. Whelan was his Head of Security. And according to Verwey, Turner saved Whelan's career with Atlantis.

ROHRBACH
Interesting. But not a crime.

ERNESTO
No. But Turner might ask Whelan if
he wanted something done.

ROHRBACH
Like throwing out the trash. I'll
see what I can do. No promises.

END INTERCUT

As soon as he hangs up, Rohrbach checks the bank of screens to locate the other security staff. He hesitates, considers, then loads the CCTV footage Ernesto wants.

INT. HOUSEKEEPING CLOSET -- HOURS LATER

Ernesto lies on his back, sleeping fitfully. He's awakened by a vibration from Anastasia's phone. He's received a text from Rohrbach. The phone vibrates again.

ERNESTO
Yeah?

ROHRBACH (V.O.)
I sent you what you want. Say you
put it together; who do you tell?

ERNESTO
I don't know yet.

ROHRBACH (V.O.)
Remember what happens to the dog
who catches the car.

ERNESTO
He learns how to drive?

ROHRBACH
Not in my world.

Ernesto hears jumbled background voices and Rohrbach hangs up. Ernesto takes out a business card from his pocket and dials an international number.

MIKOS (V.O.)
Mikos.

ERNESTO
This is Assistant Security Officer
Ramos from the Atlantis Voyager.

MIKOS (V.O.)
(cautious)
Ah, Officer Ramos.

ERNESTO
Can you meet our ship when we dock
in Piraeus tomorrow at 11:45 in the
morning?

MIKOS (V.O.)
Why do you ask?

ERNESTO
One of housekeepers disappeared
while we were in Greek waters. She
may have been murdered.

MIKOS (V.O.)
Well, that's very serious. But I
have to tell you, Chief Whelan
called me just an hour ago. So I am
surprised to hear from you as well.

ERNESTO
(taken aback)
Well...we may have crossed our
wires. What exactly did Whelan say?

MIKOS (V.O.)
He also mentioned a serious crime.

ERNESTO
Did he--

MIKOS
Do not worry. We will sort it all
out when I get there. Until then.

He hangs up. Ernesto looks at the phone, wishing it could
tell him more.

A CLICK. The door flies open. The outsized figure of Bogdan
enters, backlit by the corridor lights. He flips a switch.

Bogdan begins to search the room, mildly distracted by the
array of cleaning products and tools. He works his way toward
the vacuums at the back. Seeing nothing, he turns to leave.

Anastasia's phone VIBRATES with receipt of another text.

Bogdan does a three-sixty, unsure where the sound came from.
He checks the shelves, then returns to the phalanx of vacuums
and begins moving them aside. Before he finds Ernesto...

There's a loud KNOCK on the open door. It's Verwey.

VERWEY
What the hell are you doing here?

BOGDAN
(meek for such big man)
We look for someone.

VERWEY
Who?

BOGDAN
Assistant Officer Ramos.

VERWEY
And why the hell would he be in a
cleaning closet?

BOGDAN
I don't know, but--

VERWEY
But he's obviously not here. This
is *my* domain. If Whelan objects, he
can take it up with me.

Verwey points out the door and Bogdan slinks by. As soon as
he's gone, she steps inside and closes the door behind her.

VERWEY
It's safe.

Ernesto stiffly stands. He rubs his neck.

ERNESTO
Thanks.

Ernesto takes out the phone.

ERNESTO (CONT'D)
I have something to show you.

VERWEY
God, I dread when men say that.

Ernesto ignores the gibe and holds the phone so they can both
see. He launches a video.

ON THE SCREEN

The beginning time signature is 05:36. Whelan walks down a
corridor, gym bag in hand.

VERWEY (O.S.)
(surprised)
Whelan at the gym before dawn? Or
after dawn?

ERNESTO (O.S.)
Watch.

Whelan disappears into a stairwell.

ON ERNESTO

ERNESTO (CONT'D)
And then...

ON SCREEN

Ernesto opens a new file marked 'CCTV 2K'. At time signature 05:42, someone in a hazmat suit emerges from a stairwell into the concrete-floor corridor of the mechanical deck. At the 'Waste Disposal' door, the figure keys in a code and enters.

ON ERNESTO

ERNESTO (CONT'D)
Stasia joined him twenty minutes
later. She never came out.

VERWEY
Fuck. You're sure it's Whelan?

Ernesto holds up a finger.

ON SCREEN

The video advances '06:38'. The figure in the hazmat suit returns to the stairwell from which he'd emerged earlier.

Next Ernesto reopens the 'CCTV 5C' file and fast forwards to time '06:49'. Whelan exits the stairwell he'd entered an hour earlier, again carrying the gym bag.

Whelan pauses after a couple of steps and leans on the wall for support, wiping copious sweat from his brow, before he moves on.

ON ERNESTO

ERNESTO
Yeah, I'm sure.

VERWEY
Has anyone else seen this?

ERNESTO

Rohrbach sent it to me. I'll
forward you a copy, just in case.

VERWEY

Of what?

ERNESTO

In case I join Stasia.

The door flies open. It's Whelan, Bogdan looming behind him. Using Verwey as a shield, Ernesto slides the phone under the back of her waistband. She avoids turning or looking.

VERWEY

(to Whelan)

Maybe Security needs a closet. You
people seem to like gathering here.

WHELAN

(to Ernesto)

You were confined to your quarters.
Was there some misunderstanding?

Whelan nods to Bogdan, who grabs Ernesto by the arm and pulls him past Verwey, out the door.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

(to Verwey)

I'll be speaking to the Captain
about this.

INT. CORRIDOR WITHIN STAFF AREA -- NIGHT

Bogdan pats down Ernesto, then hauls him through the corridor. Ernesto shuffles along, his mind racing through the possibilities. Whelan nods toward a crew-only elevator.

WHELAN

Let's get a breath of air, talk it
through, take down the temperature.

EXT. DECK BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

Whelan and Ernesto emerge from a door. Bogdan is just behind, ready to pounce if Ernesto tries anything. A breeze tousles Whelan's thin hair. No one else is about.

WHELAN

(to Ernesto)

Beautiful night.

Whelan stops at the wooden exterior rail and motions for Ernesto to join him. Bogdan lingers just behind. All we see is the three men, the rail and the lights of Athens beyond the unlit gap that must be the sea.

Whelan points toward the city lights across the blackness.

WHELAN (CONT'D)

You'll go ashore in Athens.

(beat)

You won't re-board.

Ernesto looks at Whelan, Bogdan, then Athens.

ERNESTO

That's it? I have no say?

WHELAN

Say what you want. You were on probation; you screwed up with the girl. Your pursuit of the drug angle was, let's say, inadequate.

ERNESTO

So, am I a suspect in her death?

WHELAN

The innocent have nothing to fear.

ERNESTO

(hard look at Whelan)

And the guilty?

Whelan thinks, decides he needn't acknowledge the remark. He again points toward Athens.

WHELAN

Ever read the *Iliad*?

ERNESTO

(thrown off)

Just the beginning, in school.

WHELAN

Too bad. Good yarn. It's a story of teamwork, how all the city states banded together to support Athens. It went well until Agamemnon and Achilles started quarrelling.

ERNESTO

So which of us is which?

WHELAN

Neither of us qualifies as heroic.
My point is that any army, any
police force--any cruise ship
security detail--is a team.

(with more intimacy)

I had hopes for you, but you just
don't have the flexibility to work
inside a team.

Whelan nods to Bogdan, who seizes Ernesto from behind by both arms. Ernesto, fearing he's about to be tossed overboard, struggles, but Bogdan's grip is secure.

Whelan reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out something that looks like a flashlight. It's a stun gun.

WHELAN

You don't get it. You never will.

Whelan tilts the device and reaches for Ernesto's head.

Just as he does so, Ernesto folds himself in half, pulling Bogdan down with him. Whelan accidentally ZAPS Bogdan in the forehead with the stun gun. Bogdan staggers, takes a knee and touches his singed head.

WHELAN

(to Bogdan)

You stupid gorilla! Can't you even--

Ernesto knocks the stun gun out of Whelan's hand as if protecting himself against a knife. Whelan rushes Ernesto, who steps aside and pins Whelan against the rail, bending back Whelan's wrist, a maneuver for which he's trained.

WHELAN

(with difficulty)

You can't do this. You'll be caught
on tape.

We pull back and see the two men under an exterior deck-to-deck stairwell. Ernesto gives a quick look around.

ERNESTO

Not without cameras. Isn't that why
you brought me here?

WHELAN

All right, we can get past this.
You'll transfer to another ship and
we'll let bygones be bygones.

ERNESTO
Bullshit. And the woman?

WHELAN
She's dead. That won't change.

Ernesto increases the pressure on Whelan's arm as he lifts the back of the older man's trousers. Whelan groans and finds himself closer to going over the rail.

ERNESTO
Too many things never change.

Ernesto lifts Whelan further, until his boss's feet are off the ground. Whelan begins kicking wildly, bruising Ernesto's shins and knees, but Ernesto won't let go. In fact, he pulls harder on Whelan's wrist until there's a dull SNAP.

WHELAN
(in agony)
This isn't you.

ERNESTO
(grunting with effort)
It's all about reinvention.

Ernesto flexes his knees, gets his weight under Whelan's ass and finishes the job. Whelan HOWLS as he plunges.

Ernesto rests, his back against the railing, catching his breath. The stun gun is on the deck, nearer to Bogdan. They look at each other--who will make the first move?

Ernesto dives but former wrestler Bogdan is quicker. Ernesto lies on the deck, defeated...until Bogdan furiously throws the weapon in the sea, maybe at Whelan's body.

Ernesto gets to his knees, breathes, unsure what's next.

ERNESTO
Why?

BOGDAN
Once in long while, the monkeys get to pick the zookeeper.

INT./EXT. TURNER'S SUITE - NIGHT

From outside the glass balcony door to Turner's suite, we watch Ernesto and Turner talking. Ernesto stands while Turner sits in a leather chair.

Ernesto nearly shoves a phone in the older man's face. Turner watches with concern, thinking hard. Ernesto speaks at length to Turner, who nods slowly in uncharacteristic silence.

INT. CANDACE MENINGER'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

The standing Ernesto holds his phone in front of Candace and Lydia, who are on their loveseat. They watch in horror.

CANDACE
Lord save us! You too? We'll just deny--

ERNESTO
I don't want money.

Candace and Lydia look at each other.

LYDIA
Then what *do* you want?

ERNESTO
You'd call it "Christian Witness."

EXT. PORT OF ATHENS (PIRAEUS) - DAY

The sweeping shot of the port as seen from an upper deck of the cruise ship mimics the earlier shot of Katakolon. Again, a police car approaches the ship atop a concrete pier. Ernesto nervously smokes a cigarette, then tosses it away.

EXT. PIER BESIDE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Sergeant Mikos, now in uniform, exits the cruiser. Ernesto and Rohrbach shake hands with him.

MIKOS
I was expecting Whelan.

ERNESTO
I'm afraid the Chief Security Officer had an accident himself.

Mikos, surprised, looks over the *Voyager*, then at Ernesto.

MIKOS
This is a remarkably accident-prone ship. What now?

Ernesto extends an arm toward the ship.

ERNESTO

Come onboard. We'll fill you in.

INT. SHIP'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Turner and Verwey sit at workstations while Candace gets Whelan's chair. She's fascinated by the array of screens. Ernesto, Rohrbach and Mikos stand.

MIKOS

I would not have guessed that Whelan is the suicidal type.

TURNER

I've known him twenty years. He hid his depression well, often behind a bottle. Yesterday he said he'd done something awful, wanted absolution.

MIKOS

Did you give it?

TURNER

Not in my capacity. Whelan said he'd mistreated a girl, but wouldn't be more specific.

MIKOS

And so you assumed it was the maid who went missing?

Turner looks to Verwey.

VERWEY

The housekeeper told me Whelan had been harassing her. He wouldn't leave her alone, got angry when she turned him away.

CANDACE

And before she went missing, the maid came back to our room, just furious. We'd accused her of taking my necklace. She said Whelan not only questioned her, but threatened her, physically. Lord forgive me if this somehow led to her death.

MIKOS

So murder, suicide. Greek waters, Greek tragedy.

(beat)

It sounds too easy.

Ernesto holds up a thumb drive and passes it to Mikos.

ERNESTO

There's also CCTV tape. It doesn't
leave much doubt.

MIKOS

Ah. That is different.

EXT. DECK BELOW BRIDGE - DAY

Ernesto stands mesmerized at the rail as a massive gantry crane lifts a rail car onto a freighter, like a toy.

He takes a postcard from his shirt pocket, his phone from his pants and lays the card atop the screen. He reads silently:

INSERT--POSTCARD

Dear Mother and Father,

I hope you're well.

*I've finally adapted to cruise life, fallen into a routine.
In fact, I've been promoted to Acting Security Chief.*

BACK ON ERNESTO

He finds a pen in his shirt pocket and writes:

INSERT--POSTCARD

I miss you and will try to visit someday. Say Hi to everyone.

*Love,
Nesto*

He flips the note over and we see it's the 'Corfu, A Day in Paradise' postcard he'd picked up while trailing Anastasia.

END INSERT

Ernesto watches as the crane sets a last rail car atop the freighter, so that each stack is uniform in height and the ship is full. The world is ordered.

--The End--