

Oceana

A Film Treatment

By

Peter Delaunay

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BECTU reg'd

Peter Delaunay
4 Pauls Terrace
Truro, Cornwall
England TR1 1HD

01872.274282
07870.505220

The oceans are the last free highways on the planet.

When the tarmac runs out the only choice is to float.

Oceana is the story of three people who come together on the highways of the ocean,
because there's no place left ashore.

O C E A N A

In the pearly-pink light of the Atlantic dawn, a solitary sailor aboard a gleaming yacht rejoices in his skill, his strength, his freedom...

The soundtrack features an alto sax, in the style of Gerry Mulligan.

OPENING TITLES AND CREDITS

The yacht is manoeuvred into a small pleasure-boat shipyard. At so early an hour there are few people about, and they pay no attention to the incoming boat, intent as they are on reaching their own craft and setting sail.

The yacht is met by a crumpled old fogey who, on closer inspection, turns out to be a fit and hardy pensioner, extremely strong and agile, taciturn but cordial: MARCEL

MARCEL ushers the yacht through the narrow marina and into a primitive shed sheltering a rudimentary dry-dock, somewhere in the region of St Jean-de-Luz, Biarritz, Arcachon.

MARCEL hugs RAOUL, who leaps down from the yacht. RAOUL is clearly at ease with himself. Very good looking though not conventionally handsome, he could be thirty-five or a youngish fifty.

The two men immediately start ripping off the lettering of the yacht, replacing each letter with another from a selection laid out in advance. When several are in place, MARCEL shows RAOUL the new set of documents faked to underpin the yacht's new identity.

The letters and documents are garbled as we dissolve through computer printouts to...

...the luxurious, open-plan general office of *Ouest-Est Finance*, where several young businessmen and women are already at work, on their computers and the phones. Others come drifting in, some

bearing cups of coffee. On the dot of six the general noise is pierced by the intermittent sound of an electronic alarm clock.

On the penthouse balcony of a tall apartment building in Paris stands YELENA, wearing only an expensive slip. She turns back into her drawing room, which is cool, modern and ostentatiously luxurious.

In her mid-thirties, YELENA walks through the apartment. Her fine Slavic features reveal a self-possessed and unselfconscious woman, tough but tense. As she crosses the threshold of the bedroom, the electronic alarm clock starts again. She ignores it and finishes dressing. She tucks her silk blouse into a Chanel skirt and pulls up the zip. As she slips her feet into high-heeled shoes she picks up a pair of man's trousers and casually folds them over a chair.

On the bed a man's hand appears from under the duvet and switches off the alarm. Sleepily the man looks up and smiles engagingly: HENRI, in his late forties. He holds out a hand and as YELENA briefly takes it, their wedding bands touch before she picks up a condom wrapper from beside the bed, screws it up and tosses it in a waste-bin. HENRI watches as she takes the jacket of her Chanel suit from the back of a chair; putting it on as she goes and then closing the door behind her.

We find her again amidst the multi-lingual cacophony of *Ouest-Est Finance*, leaning over the shoulder of a studious young man as he scrolls through a computer screen on which we see recorded a variety of trades in a variety of commodities. The text is in Russian, German, French and English. All the sums are in either Euros or US dollars.

YELENA queries a particular money transfer – umpteen million dollars from Paris to Zurich, and not to Moscow as she had instructed. The young man nervously tells her that her husband made the change and – and he quickly searches for and produces the relevant authorisation. She looks over the file, hands it back and then walks towards her office, stopping briefly for a glass of water.

YELENA'S office isn't so different from her apartment: deep pile carpets, leather chairs and modern art on the walls, plus two glass desks – hers and Henri's. She sets down her glass, takes out a cigarette and sits down. Reaching across the desk for an ornate lighter she knocks over a doll dressed in Russian peasant costume. She resets the doll and lights up, looking pensive.

RAOUL is at a Café terrace having a saucisson sandwich and a glass of red wine for his breakfast. He notices a young girl amble by, munching a croissant, but is distracted by his mobile phone. RAOUL's end of the conversation is monosyllabic, while he signals to the waiter and pays. Leaving the breakfast unfinished, he picks up a duffle bag and a hard case that is longer than it is wide and walks towards a rather dingy hotel nearby. Next door to the entrance we see the young girl again, looking into a shop window. As she turns to move on, their eyes meet briefly. He enters and as she walks away we follow her -

- JO wears a shabby thin summer mini-dress and espadrilles, and carries a floppy shoulder bag. It seems half-empty, but we learn later that it contains all she owns in the world. Her hair is a mousy brown (as the film proceeds the sun will bleach her hair blonde) – it is short, almost boyish. JO says she is 18. Some people who know her think she's 12, some think she's 25. This is a girl who became a woman at the age of 13 and there's still a lot of her childhood left unresolved.

As Jo walks around the town she shows a casual interest in all that she sees, but it's as though she is just a voyeur – she watches, she sees, but it's all purposeless information she collects. Her sexuality is equally casual – she ignores the looks of boys and men – there's nothing overtly teasing about her...but she teases. And everyone – men and women – notice her. Nothing engages her.

In yet another shop window her eye is drawn to a dark business suit – very similar to Yelena's. Gazing from it to her own reflection in the glass pane separating her from the display, she is obviously wondering whether she will ever wear such a suit – what would she be doing to have such a suit – what could possibly happen to her that she would need such a suit. Her eyes move to another dress in the window – more obviously her style. And she walks on.

YELENA picks up Henri's briefcase from the side of his desk, then picks up her own and a stylish handbag. Emerging into the havoc of the general office, she interrupts HENRI's conversation with a particularly fetching young commodity dealer: it's time for them to go to their lunch meeting.

On their way out, ascribing YELENA's sour mood to a suspicion that he might be unduly interested in the younger woman, HENRI asks whether everything is okay. "Fine." she replies. then "You had

the Johnson payment sent to Zurich”. “Only until Friday”, he kisses her on the cheek as she goes through; then, as he follows, “You worry too much.”

We next find YELENA and HENRI in a Michelin-starred restaurant entertaining two men to lunch: LARRY JOHNSON, American, thirties, ‘preppy’ and perhaps a little too smooth and VIKTOR ANDREEV, Russian, forty, rough and tough; the jacket of his handmade suit slung over the back of his chair, his silk shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows revealing a heavy gold bracelet on one wrist and a diamond studded Cartier watch on the other. A gold tooth sparkles when he laughs, which he does often, though his eyes don’t smile except when he speaks to YELENA, whom he teases and calls Lenchka. VIKTOR only speaks Russian and she translates selectively, omitting his jokes and the teasing.

The conversation centres on the deal that HENRI and YELENA are brokering between JOHNSON and VIKTOR. What the former is buying and the latter is selling we never discover, because when we enter the discussion they are well into the details of the transfer of Johnson’s millions to Viktor in Moscow in time for the final signing of contracts the following week. While HENRI orders a second bottle of the excellent wine the sommelier had recommended, VIKTOR suggests with a wink that YELENA could perhaps show JOHNSON the sights in Moscow, because the American clearly wants to bed her. When the wine comes, VIKTOR insists on Vodka to toast the deal and their agreement. VIKTOR credits HENRI with putting this deal together, but HENRI modestly declines and redirects the toast to YELENA: “You introduced Viktor to us, and so all the credit is yours, my dear.” HENRI takes her hand as they all drink to YELENA and she forces a smile.

As two chauffeur driven limousines are joined by a Porsche, brought by the restaurant’s voiturier, YELENA, JOHNSON, VIKTOR and HENRI emerge saying their farewells. The out-of-towners get into their respective cars, and HENRI and YELENA wave them away.

HENRI opens the car door for her to get in, but YELENA takes a step back, offering the excuse that she wants to do some shopping, maybe buy something to celebrate the deal. HENRI encourages her to take the whole afternoon off for once.

YELENA watches the Porsche depart – then hails a taxi. Once in, she gives the driver an address. As the taxi pulls away, she glances nervously out of the window, then takes a small top-of-the-

range mobile phone from an inside pocket of her jacket, she dials a number from the phone's memory and is answered immediately, "I'll be there in twenty minutes."; without waiting for an answer she closes the phone and pockets it, then pulls her briefcase closer to her.

RAOUL wakes with a start, in response to his mobile phone on the bedside table. Instantly he is awake. Again, his end of the conversation is monosyllabic. He reaches for his duffle bag and pulls out a roll of charts. He selects one – a coastal chart – and clearly guided by the other party to the conversation makes two marks on the chart with a pencil.

With that the conversation is ended. As he puts his charts away we see that the simple single room contains a bed, a wardrobe and a chair by the window that looks out on a wall. There is a washbasin and a self-contained plastic shower compartment connected by a trailing tube to the wash-basin. RAOUL pulls some dark trousers and a cotton jumper from his duffle-bag, along with a towel much larger than the one provided, before stepping into the shower.

JO walks past the harbour. The vessels moored here are mostly fishing-boats and sailing dinghies – with a scattering of grander boats including a few luxurious motor yachts. JO stops to watch the mix of local and holiday sailors coming and going. She searches in her shoulder bag and produces a packet of cigarettes and a disposable lighter. From the pack she takes the last cigarette and lights up. She notices RAOUL on the quay, now spruced up and clean shaven.

RAOUL has assumed the nonchalant pose of a man taking time to smoke and contemplate nothing in particular while letting his gaze travel lazily over the assembled craft before him, but it is obvious to JO that he is waiting for someone. He checks his watch. He has not noticed her, and as she is about to walk up to him he turns and walks smartly along the quay.

RAOUL meets a MAN. The man passes RAOUL a wad of cash. They are not aware that JO observes this transaction from a distance.

A policeman walks past JO – he eyes her up: she looks him directly in the eye. He slows – smiles – she doesn't smile back – he walks on – then casts a brief look back at her – she is still watching him

– he turns away and walks on. When she turns back to the marina, both Raoul and the other man have disappeared into the crowd.

A Paris taxi pulls up outside a nondescript hotel near the Gare du Nord and YELENA gets out clutching her briefcase and handbag. The taxi moves off. Moments later an anonymous saloon car pulls up and a MAN gets out of the front passenger seat. The car slides away while the MAN glances at a nearby shop window and then moves to stand in a doorway next to the Hotel.

Inside, YELENA walks down a corridor glancing from side to side at the room numbers until she stops and knocks. Almost immediately the door opens an inch and then fully, to reveal JOHNSON, his shirt unbuttoned and pulled out of his trousers. He welcomes YELENA with a broad smile. YELENA walks past him and he shuts the door. She puts down the briefcase on the bed and as she turns to JOHNSON the bathroom door opens and out comes RONET, balding, middle-aged, wearing an ill-fitting and well-worn suit.

RONET barely acknowledges her presence as he opens her briefcase, taking out bound pages of computer print-outs and sits down on the bed to turn the pages. Meanwhile YELENA watches JOHNSON remove a small tape recorder strapped beneath the back of his shirt. He removes the tape and inserts it into a portable tape deck. We hear HENRI redirect the toast to Yelena: “so – all the credit is yours, my dear.”

YELENA turns away and looks out of the window. “I think my husband is becoming suspicious.” “Then you must be more careful,” RONET replies. Putting the print-out aside, “This is very good. But there is one more thing you must do...”

In the street below, the MAN who followed YELENA wanders past the hotel entrance – and suddenly ducks out of sight as she comes out and hails a taxi. As she gets in, the MAN steps out of the shadows and when her taxi pulls away his car pulls up. He gets in quickly and the car follows the taxi.

RAOUL is wandering along the quayside, looking at the boats. To any casual observer he would seem the personification of idle curiosity, but we know that he is ‘casing the joint’. He lingers by

the side of one of the motor cruisers and then by the side of a sixteen-metre yacht. Both are suitable for his purpose. After a while, he strolls back into town.

In his tiny hotel room, RAOUL first opens the window, then the hard black case. He carefully dusts his pet saxophone with a chamois, then sits in the only chair to play. We recognize the sound of the opening sequence. It is dusk outside and the mood is melancholy. The sound of early evening traffic mixes into the music.

A taxi stops in a narrow street on the Left Bank of Paris. HENRI climbs out and moves swiftly around the back to open the door for PAMELA, the young commodity broker. With a crystal laugh she asks which client she's supposed to be tonight? HENRI puts his arm round her shoulders and leads her into the Paradis Latin, a fashionable and much loved dining-cabaret.

It is still light outside when YELENA lets herself into the *Ouest-Est Finance* building; but it is past eight and the place is deserted.

Returning from the water cooler with a glass of water she settles down at the computer terminal of the young man whose work she checked earlier in the day. Next to her the printer is spewing out pages of financial data. Suddenly a noise makes her turn. She logs out of the computer – stands up – and walks towards her office.

As YELENA steps into her office the last rays of the evening sun hit the Russian doll on her desk; the doll's neck is broken, it's head smashed. Two MEN spring out and grab her. One of them we recognize as the one who followed her to the Gare du Nord hotel. YELENA struggles – kicks out. A muffled scream. The MEN wrestle with her. Her blouse is torn. She screams again. Sunset light glints on the needle of a hypodermic syringe. Perspiration gleams on her skin.

And while YELENA's body goes limp and sinks to the floor, we FADE TO BLACK with her muffled cries dissolving into the sound of breaking waves.

JO is fast asleep on the sand in a sheltered corner of the beach, with her floppy shoulder-bag as a pillow. Her survival instinct and the creeping chill tell her it's time to wake up: whenever the catch is good, fishermen tend to make for home early, well before daybreak.

Sitting up in the sand like a mermaid, JO takes a comb, small mirror and a lipstick from her bag and smartens up. Then she jauntily marches up towards the harbour's quayside.

She's in luck. The catch was good, at least for some, and there's a straggle of fishermen coming towards her. She scratches the inside of her thigh, making sure the neck of her dress gapes open.

One of the fishermen is interested. Her American accent is pronounced when she says, "Cent Euros." The fisherman curses but is prepared to haggle. They are still arguing as JO leads him down to the beach, just below the sea wall. She motions for him to give her the money. He says, "Après". By gestures and raising her voice JO gets him to show her his wallet. He pushes her up against the wall, but she slips out from him – looks around, chooses a spot and lies down. She hitches up her skirt – the FISHERMAN undoes his trousers and falls on her. As he presses down on her she grabs a rock from the beach and smashes it against his head. She pushes the dazed fellow off her – grabbing the wallet from his trousers and runs.

Down the wide stairs outside the glittering Casino comes RAOUL counting his winnings, certainly no more than a couple of thousand Euros, but a pleasurable evening. He crosses the forecourt and wakes up a slumbering taxi driver. Unlike the more elegant gamblers coming and going, RAOUL, carrying his duffle bag and saxophone case, doesn't look like a big-tipper to the yawning taxi driver. But the fifty Euro note that accompanies RAOUL's cheerful assertion that tonight the tables have given him a rare opportunity to share good fortune has the taxi driver instantly flick the switch to open the boot before he is out and opening the rear door. As the Taxi driver relieves him of his bags, RAOUL asks to be dropped off at the Marina before he slides into the back of the cab.

From his observation post above the harbour, Raoul takes a last look at what is available before making up his mind. He notices activity by the sixteen-metre yacht he'd studied closely that afternoon. On the jetty below him, two men are unloading a large sail-bag from the back of a van and heaving it towards the marina pontoons. To his disgust, they are manhandling the bag precisely onto the yacht which had caught his fancy. As they struggle to push the bag down into the cabin, RAOUL'S attention is distracted by car horns blaring on the road behind him.

As RAOUL turns out of the shadows to see what is causing the commotion he collides with JO. A very masculine wallet flies out of her hands as she spins away from him and disappears down a flight of stone steps. While RAOUL takes a step to reach down for the wallet a pick-up truck screeches to a halt beside him.

There are two young men on board. The passenger – JO'S 'CLIENT' - with a blood-stained bandage round his head, asks RAOUL whether he knows which way "the American whore" has gone.

RAOUL takes a step towards the truck, which places him between the wallet and the truck, before replying that he can't help them. The FISHERMAN curses, and the truck roars away. When the truck has turned the next corner or curve RAOUL picks up the wallet.

RAOUL looks back down to the yacht. The two men are returning to their van; they get in and drive off; immediately leaving the yacht as utterly deserted as before. RAOUL resolutely picks up his duffle bag and case, only to find JO by his side. He is glad to be able to give her the wallet without having to look for her, but he is anxious to be rid of her and cuts short her garbled French thank-yous – in English. She is thrilled to hear him speak perfect English – it's ages since she's been able to really talk to anyone. Though he makes it perfectly clear that he wants to be left alone, she trails along – right down to the marina.

Suddenly the roar of the truck approaching is heard once more. Down in the harbour RAOUL points out a possible hiding place for her: if she waits there, they'll get bored. He wishes her luck and hurries away towards the yacht. But while he swiftly unties the yacht's mooring ropes, she pops up once again: can she hide on his boat, please? RAOUL is about to deny her but notices THE YOUNG FISHERMEN on the wall above the harbour scanning the marina. So he pulls her aboard, pushes her gently but firmly down on the deck out of sight and disappears into the cabin below.

As he hurries through the yacht's saloon RAOUL notices the yacht's state of the art satellite communications system: quickly, expertly and causing the minimum of destructive damage he disables it. Then he hurries on towards the yacht's engine compartment.

On deck, JO peeks over the guardrail and watches as THE YOUNG FISHERMEN come running down. But their shouts are drowned by the sound of the yacht's engine starting – almost immediately RAOUL reappears and engaging the clutch he steers the yacht away from its mooring.

As the yacht slips away through the harbour mouth the young fishermen are left standing on the quay shouting and shaking their fists.

JO clutches the guardrail and chatters nervously, repeating her thanks for his help. But RAOUL doesn't respond and concentrates on steering the yacht between the buoys marking the harbour approach. JO turns away and watches the lights of the town fade away behind them.

JO turns back to him and impressed by the yacht and his mastery of it, JO asks him who he is. He doesn't answer. She asks "Where are we going?" "Do you care?" is his response. Their eyes meet, and then she replies, "I guess not." She looks away and over the side as the boat cuts through the sparkling surf.

As RAOUL sets the yacht on his chosen course – he knows exactly where he wants to go – he keeps a wary eye on JO, but she is staying glued to her seat, clutching her shoulder bag and gazing out into the night realising that she is alone at sea with a man she doesn't know. After awhile he moves over to her, "Hungry". She smiles. He offers her his hand, "Let's see what we can find." He guides her down the companion way steps and into the saloon.

JO is exhilarated by the luxury of the fittings, kicks off her espadrilles and curls her toes in the deep pile carpet, while RAOUL makes his way to the galley. JO strokes the hardwood panelling, flops into a deep leather armchair and fiddles with the remote controls which operate a television she finds in a converted tallboy. But she is soon bored with the old movie and other offerings. Moving about again, she discovers the well stocked bar and its fridge full of champagne. She opens a bottle and fills two glasses, which she takes into the galley.

Meanwhile, RAOUL has gathered together the elements of an adequate meal, though the steak and chips must first be unfrozen under the hot water tap. There are eggs and there's butter and some hard cheese and instead of bread biscuits will do. While he's at it, and without looking her way,

RAOUL asks JO about herself, but she is as adept as he is at evading direct questions – finally, to escape she announces, “I gotta pee.” RAOUL gestures vaguely towards the stern.

JO goes along the corridor and opens the first door. In the darkness she gropes for a light switch and --- What the hell !!!! On the cabin bed a woman lies motionless, trussed up like a chicken.

As JO backs out and shuts the cabin door, she glances back at RAOUL, but he is concentrating on his cooking. She hurriedly opens another door and backs in. The light reveals that this is the toilet, and JO quickly locks the door behind her. She is terrified. What the hell has she got herself into? RAOUL knocks on the door: the food is ready. JO calls out – “Let’s have it on deck. I’ll be out in a minute.” Through the closed door she can hear RAOUL jangle the cutlery and take everything in one go back up the steps to the deck. JO nervously creeps out of the toilet and ducks into the cabin where YELENA hasn’t moved.

JO gingerly touches the woman, then shakes her. Having ascertained that she is breathing, JO gently pulls at the gag of masking tape, and YELENA suddenly stirs. JO tears the tape off in one and YELENA’S eyes snap open. Groggy from the drugs, YELENA asks in Russian who JO is, then repeats the question in French. JO in turn asks YELENA the same question in English. YELENA comes back with another question, but in English this time, asking JO whether she is American. “Sort of”, JO replies. While she helps YELENA untie herself, she starts to tell her the story of how she was picked up by Raoul and she didn’t know he was a crazy guy, he’d helped her, and...

But YELENA interrupts her, Who is Raoul ?

The guy who owns the boat, Jo answers.

YELENA grabs JO firmly by the shoulders: “Whatever happens, we two must stick together.”

Whoever JO thinks he is, he could very well kill them both.

On deck RAOUL leans down the hatch and calls out that the food is getting cold. JO calls back, “I’m coming for chrissake!”

RAOUL returns to his food and a moment later JO comes up on deck. RAOUL points to her plate of steak and omelette and makes room for her. But JO sits so that RAOUL faces away from the hatch to look her way as she chatters at him.

While he eats, YELENA creeps up and coshes RAOUL with the omelette pan. He drops his plate and slumps to his knees. JO grabs the pan and hits him harder. RAOUL stretches out face down on the deck, unconscious.

JO and YELENA argue about what to do next. YELENA wants to radio the police for help but JO blocks her way – JO wants nothing to do with the police. As they tussle JO suddenly spots the outline of a freighter in the distance and they start to wave and yell.

Aboard the big ship, the captain watches them through his binoculars. He briefly considers stopping for the women, while his ragged crew, mostly Asians, look on hopefully though not charitably. But the captain decides that he doesn't have the time; that his crew will have to wait for the whores in whichever port the ship is heading for. Lowering his binoculars, he orders his disappointed men to return to their duties.

YELENA and JO watch in disbelief as the ship steams on. JO asks YELENA who is after her. But all YELENA remembers is being grabbed off a Paris street, bundled into a car and shot full of drugs. Her husband is a rich businessman and she guesses that, whoever they are, they want money.

Giving YELENA the frying pan and telling her to use it if RAOUL comes round, JO hurries down below to the saloon. YELENA meanwhile examines RAOUL's face but doesn't recognise him. In the saloon JO searches through drawers until she finds what she's looking for.

On deck, where RAOUL is beginning to stir and YELENA is getting ready to hit him again, JO arrives brandishing a .38 pistol, explaining "...if it's a gangster's boat there had to be guns..." and announces that now they can force the man to sail them back to safety.

JO and YELENA set about reviving RAOUL, but he denies knowing who YELENA is or why she is on the boat. The women don't believe him.

JO threatens RAOUL with the gun, which makes him smile, and he confesses that he has stolen the yacht. That's what he does for a living. He steals boats and sells them or uses them for other bits of business.

JO is impressed: he's a pirate. RAOUL winces at the word. YELENA cuts across this and insists he take them to the nearest French port, she doesn't want to be involved with pirates.

RAOUL promises that he will put them ashore a little further up the coast "as soon as possible" and YELENA takes this at face value: by now there's a mist swirling around them.

JO reacts aggressively to this deal struck without consulting her, but she is outnumbered and moreover left powerless when RAOUL efficiently but gently relieves her of her pistol.

RAOUL unpacks the roll of charts from his bag and sets a course through the thickening mist. YELENA insists on knowing where he is taking them. RAOUL repeats that he will take them ashore; but only after he's picked up some *paying* cargo. YELENA is furious. But now it is she who is outnumbered, since JO is intrigued by her pirate-rescuer. YELENA goes below, but not before she has spotted their destination as marked on Raoul's chart.

With YELENA out of the way, RAOUL asks JO what she has found out about YELENA.

It's slim pickings : all JO has gleaned is that she's Russian, that her husband is rich and that she's been kidnapped for ransom.

Below in the cabin YELENA eyes the radio, then goes back to the stairs and up, but only just far enough to hear without being seen.

"...I told her to really bust your head but she kind of funkyed out that one..."

YELENA hurries to the radio and tries to switch it on. She discovers RAOUL's neat disabling measures. Stumped for only a moment she remembers that there should be a mobile in her jacket pocket and is pleased to find it has survived the kidnapping. Keeping an eye on the steps, she dials a number from the phone's memory...

... and driving fast along a Parisian boulevard, INSPECTOR RONET answers his mobile phone. He is clearly very relieved to hear from YELENA. Speaking very softly, she briefly summarizes events so far: her husband has had her kidnapped her and taken to their yacht, but then a thief stole

the yacht. She has no idea where he's taking them, but RONET reassures her that his colleagues will track them down.

As JO comes down the steps YELENA turns her back, almost caught in the act of pocketing her phone. Subconsciously JO realises what YELENA has been doing but she is full of the task Raoul has set her - to tell YELENA that they will shortly be joined by some immigrants who will not have seen a woman for some time. Raoul wants them to change into something more appropriate. JO opens her bag and pulls out a pair of jeans and a sweater; then takes out a pair of leggings and offers them to YELENA. But YELENA ignores her offer and goes through to a rear cabin. As JO starts getting undressed, we hear something bump against the hull of the yacht.

On deck, RAOUL helps half a dozen poor and bedraggled South American men transfer from a ship's life-boat to the yacht. Through the swirling mist beyond we can dimly make out the outline of a transatlantic freighter, almost stationary and showing no lights. As the men come aboard RAOUL directs them in fluent Spanish to go below and not to be frightened by the women! When the last man has transferred to the yacht the life-raft powers away back towards the freighter.

In the cabin, JO is not sure whether she is more surprised by the men or the reappearance of YELENA from her cabin, now dressed in a pair of very smart jeans, sweater and deck shoes. But before JO can comment the first of the men come down the stairs. YELENA and JO exchange a nervous look and instinctively move closer together as the saloon begins to fill with the illegal immigrants clutching battered suitcases or large string-wrapped parcels. RAOUL calls down to suggest that YELENA and JO join him on deck and JO snatches up her bag.

And as they come up they find RAOUL engaged in setting the yacht at full speed while the freighter, now with its navigation lights on, disappears into the night. RAOUL tells YELENA and JO that he will be putting them ashore with the South Americans and that his associates will, for a fee that he will pay, get them both back to civilisation. As JO begins to protest that she doesn't want to go ashore YELENA moves away from them and makes her way forward. RAOUL is equally deaf to JO's protests. He is more interested in watching how easily YELENA negotiates her way to the prow, where she stands watching the sea ahead of them. Turning his attention back to JO he tells her, for what he clearly means to be the last time, that there's no doubt she'll be

going ashore. What he's doing might seem exciting right now but it's no place for someone who needs rescuing from a couple of fishermen.

Silenced – but not for long – JO asks him how much he is being paid to smuggle the South Americans – and is very impressed when RAOUL tells her. Then from below we hear the South Americans singing – a folk song of loneliness, of men far from home. Emotions both JO and RAOUL can empathise with. But, with the first light before dawn beginning to show, there is also hope in the harmony of their voices.

And even YELENA, alone at the ship's prow and turning to look at her fellow strays, betrays a tremor of emotion. RAOUL gestures for YELENA to come back.

Again he notices how easily YELENA moves along the edge of the boat and around the rigging. JO asks RAOUL how long before we get to where we're going? We're there, he replies. He takes his torch from his duffle bag and signals into what still seems to be a wide expanse of ocean. Only when a light flashes in reply can JO and we guess at the outline of land against the pre-dawn sky. Meanwhile, RAOUL peels off from his money roll a couple of hundred-Euro-notes for each of them, to help them on their way. YELENA and JO both take them, gratefully and without fuss.

Briefly, RAOUL ducks below to the cabin and gives the men instructions for the next stage of their journey and then reappears leading them up on deck. The South Americans spread along the sides. YELENA moves away. JO moves closer to YELENA.

RAOUL steers the yacht towards two rowing boats approaching from the shore. RAOUL slows the engines and then addresses JO and YELENA: he's not going to stop for long so when he says move, they move.

Less than a hundred metres from the shore, the rowing boats bump alongside the yacht. In one of them, MIGUEL, in his forties, waves cheerfully. RAOUL's gives the word and the South Americans start transferring. RAOUL negotiates with MIGUEL to take JO and YELENA. MIGUEL is reluctant, but a fist full of notes, which leaves Raoul's money roll seriously depleted, seals the deal.

MIGUEL directs YELENA to one boat, JO to the other. But JO backs away. RAOUL grabs hold of JO. JO pleads with him, "Please, Raoul, I got nowhere to go!" YELENA joins RAOUL trying to force JO into the boat but JO curses and struggles against them like a wild cat.

At the water's edge THREE OF MIGUEL'S GANG become increasingly concerned at what is going on aboard the yacht. As JO struggles with YELENA and RAOUL she loses her shoulder bag and as she fails to stop it falling into the sea, YELENA and RAOUL subdue her sufficiently to start manhandling her down into Miguel's boat.

Behind Miguel's gang members, we see UNIFORMED SPANISH POLICEMEN hidden in a derelict beach bar overgrown with creepers, and a PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER who is directing the ambush of MIGUEL and his gang: but then one of his subordinates steps on a rotten floorboard and the cracking sound alerts the gang who immediately pull their guns. The OFFICER calls through a loud hailer for the gang to drop their guns – but the gang answer with bullets and a fire-fight breaks out.

The gun battle on shore sets off pandemonium at sea. YELENA, about to join JO in the rowing boat, climbs back on the yacht. MIGUEL draws his gun to join the gun battle but almost immediately he is shot dead and falls into the sea. The South Americans panic and jump overboard, capsizing the small boat. JO makes a desperate leap for the yacht and gets hold of the rail. RAOUL runs to the bridge and engages the engines. Stray bullets from the gunfight slam into the hull and around the yacht. YELENA grips JO's hands and tries to pull her on board, but in a frantic bid to save himself one of the South Americans in the water grabs hold of JO's legs and drags her back. As the yacht starts to move the South American holding JO is shot dead but the weight of him until he falls away drags her along the side of the hull until she can't hang on to the rail any longer and YELENA loses her hold on JO. JO falls back into the water just as the yacht speeds away. YELENA screams to RAOUL to stop. RAOUL looks back – and has to decide whether to escape or save JO. He first accelerates, then swings the wheel hard round. RAOUL yells at YELENA to catch hold of JO but instead she runs to RAOUL and pushes him away from the wheel, "You get her. I can't hold her." YELENA takes the wheel and with calm proficiency lines the yacht up to pass by JO. RAOUL leans over the side. YELENA slams the engines into reverse. The yacht slows sufficiently for JO and RAOUL's hands to lock together. YELENA slams the engines forward and throws the yacht away from shore. RAOUL hauls JO aboard and

she slumps onto the deck weeping in pain and terror. RAOUL pumps the sea water out of the coughing and spluttering JO as YELENA steers the speeding yacht away out to sea.

Meanwhile, on shore the police are trying to organise the scene after their ambush. All three of MIGUEL's associates lie dead at the water's edge. A few surviving and terrified South Americans wade out of the sea with their hands in the air. Uniformed police cover them with their guns while plainclothes officers begin questioning them.

As the yacht continues to speed away from land, YELENA is still at the wheel, while RAOUL makes JO comfortable on one of the deck bench seats. JO's arms are grazed and raw from being dragged against the hull but of more distress to her is the loss of her shoulder bag: now she truly has nothing in the world but the soaking wet clothes she is wearing.

RAOUL checks over her grazed arms; the wounds need disinfecting. Pointedly, he asks YELENA if there is disinfectant on board. Without a word, YELENA goes below and RAOUL takes the wheel. When she reappears with the ship's medicine box YELENA asks why they are stopping. RAOUL answers: because they don't know where they're going.

YELENA sets to work tending to JO's injury. RAOUL asks YELENA who was shooting at them. YELENA tries to concentrate on cleaning JO's wound but she reacts to the question and pours too much iodine so that JO squeals in pain. YELENA tries to shrug off RAOUL's question: he's the pirate, perhaps it was a falling out among thieves; or the police discovered what he and his associates were up to; how would she know? So who was it that kidnapped you, RAOUL asks YELENA. YELENA scoffs in reply: How would she know? RAOUL rephrases his question: "Who kidnapped you and hid you on your own boat?" YELENA tries hard not to react. JO cannot believe her ears, but then – as RAOUL points out – she didn't see Yelena in action, did she? "The lady doesn't just know how to sail, she knows how to sail *this* boat."

RAOUL is determined to get at the truth at least in so far as it's relevant to their predicament. It's hard work because YELENA has the inbuilt reluctance to give anything away that characterizes both her roots in totalitarian Russia, and the life she has led in international finance. But gradually the story emerges. How YELENA, a post graduate economics student struggled to make her way in the 'Wild West' no-holds-barred free market of post-communist Russia; how she met HENRI at

a trade fair in Moscow; how they fell in love – or whatever it was; and he brought her to Paris where they married; set up an international finance house to service east-west investment using her contacts in the old eastern bloc, and how the income – both corporate and personal – was beyond her wildest dreams. Yes, the boat is hers, and her husband's, and somewhere there's a private jet, apartments in New York, London and Moscow, a chateau in Bordeaux and...so much more.

Then she discovered that HENRI was defrauding their company and setting up YELENA to take the fall. Terrified she would lose her French nationality if the truth were uncovered she went to the police who promised her immunity if she would provide the evidence to convict her husband. So she did what they wanted: but the police always wanted more proof. And then YELENA comes clean about the kidnapping: she believes that men working for her husband had orders to take her out to sea and kill her. If her body was never found then Henri could say that she was cleverest fraudster in the world; if her body was recovered then she committed suicide rather than risk losing everything. That's why she *had* to make contact with the Paris police. YELENA takes out her mobile phone – and now it all comes back to JO : that's what was going on when she came down to tell YELENA to get changed before the pick-up of immigrants! But before YELENA can dial Ronet again RAOUL takes the mobile from her: he doesn't know whether the police were after Miguel, Yelena, himself or all three ! What he does know is that Miguel is dead and he has been shot at – so when Yelena next contacts the police he's going to be as far away from her as possible. YELENA reluctantly agrees.

RAOUL opens his bag and gets out his charts. JO asks him where they're going. RAOUL answers: away. He doesn't know how big this is all going to get or how soon – but he guesses very big and sooner rather than later. The first thing, he continues, is to get rid of this yacht. In three or four hours he can put enough distance between them and the ambush, abandon the yacht in a deserted cove and then disappear. After that YELENA can contact whoever she wants. JO asks him: but what happens to her? RAOUL doesn't have an answer: the first thing JO needs are dry clothes or she'll catch pneumonia. JO reminds him that with her bag gone she doesn't have anything else to wear. YELENA tells JO that she can find her something. YELENA helps JO to her feet and down the stairs. RAOUL returns to his charts, then folds away all but one and starts the yacht's engines.

YELENA leads JO into the master cabin, which is even more luxurious than the saloon – the carpets thicker, the leather whiter, the wood more highly polished. YELENA opens the hanging locker and JO is gob-smacked at the array of couture clothes. And there's also a large basin for JO to wash in, the softest, deepest towels and an array of perfumes. Already JO can feel herself drier, warmer and less frightened. Telling JO to help herself to anything she wants, YELENA goes back to join RAOUL.

On deck RAOUL is apparently concentrating on his sailing. But he makes the occasional mistake – letting the yacht veer off course, tying a rope badly so that it slips loose. One of these mistakes happens as YELENA returns on deck and she spots it before him. Without saying anything she puts it right. Politely, he thanks her. YELENA watches him work. And then apologises for all the trouble she has caused him. RAOUL tells her she has nothing to apologise for – he stole the wrong yacht, that's all.

JO appears on deck washed, brushed, perfumed and dressed in a couture business suit and high heels just like YELENA's at the film's opening. RAOUL is not impressed. JO tells them about the suit she saw in the shop window where we saw her wondering what she might be doing to wear such a suit – she didn't reckon it would be this! She goes, leaving RAOUL and YELENA smiling. JO's story has broken the ice and RAOUL and YELENA start to work together.

When JO reappears wearing shorts and a T-shirt she declares that there is one more want that needs satisfying – she is absolutely famished! YELENA and RAOUL suddenly realise how hungry they are. JO says, she'll cook, and goes back down. RAOUL and YELENA go back to work – but then exchange a look – JO the gourmet chef, what a thought!

In the galley, JO is throwing together a meal. Pans crash. Plates are dropped. She defrosts steak as RAOUL did, under the tap. And we soon see she is recreating – because they are the handiest ingredients – the same meal Raoul cooked for her. Her method looks chaotic.

While the meat fries, JO looks for another diversion and puts on the television. She channel hops and then stops at one channel and whoops at the photograph of YELENA ! She runs to the stairs and shouts but YELENA and RAOUL are already coming. In stark silence they stare at the screen...Still photographs of the yacht they're on. The tv picture cuts to a recent still of YELENA at a charity ball, in a flamboyant ball gown and wearing what seem like a million dollars worth of

gold and diamonds. The NEWSCASTER explains how YELENA has become France's most wanted fugitive. And then HENRI appears in the company of INSPECTOR RONET. YELENA betrays a reaction to the appearance of RONET: and RAOUL asks, "That your cop?" YELENA nods. HENRI gives his reaction to the news that his beloved wife, whom he brought to freedom in the West has run off with her lover, a notorious yacht thief whom she'd presumably got to know in the port where their yacht was berthed. The news item ends with an appeal to the public along the French and Spanish coast to look out for the fugitives.

The appeal is voiced over a composite picture of the yacht, YELENA and RAOUL. The photograph of RAOUL is an old police mug shot. YELENA switches off the television: it looks like Henri's plan is working, Ronet was supposed to be on her side. RAOUL comments sourly that "a lot of money will buy a lot of policemen".

JO asks, now what? RAOUL repeats that he said it would get big, but adds that he had hoped not so big so quickly. And then JO realises that the steaks are burning and she hurries to rescue the meal, while RAOUL returns on deck. YELENA is left alone and lost in the middle of the saloon until JO calls her to help in the galley.

JO asks YELENA what she now plans to do when RAOUL puts them ashore. YELENA has no idea. JO asks if YELENA could go back to Russia? No, there is nothing there for her, she can't go backwards. JO figures that however it all turns out she has had enough of Europe; maybe she'll try North Africa. YELENA says North Africa could be nice, but she wonders if there is anywhere she will ever feel safe. JO says she can't remember when she last felt safe – but she doesn't dwell on this thought and gets on with the cooking.

On deck RAOUL is lost in thought. Remarkably for him he barely pays any attention to the yacht. He is considering doing something he has thought about since the ambush. Finally, he makes up his mind. First he goes to the hatch and calls down to YELENA and JO to make whatever they're cooking into something they can eat as they work. Then he goes to his duffle bag. He reaches deep into the bottom of the bag and produces a satellite mobile phone. He goes forward to the prow and dials a number.

LUIS DELGADO is in his eighties but he has the physique most men half his age only dream of. Now retired, he spends his days as he sees fit, and today he is sunbathing on a veranda of his magnificent mansion perched high on a cliff-top overlooking Spain's Atlantic coast.

A portable television is positioned on a table at the foot of his lounge – on the screen is the continuation of the news broadcast we saw on the yacht. Next to the champagne ice bucket that sparkles with condensation a mobile phone rings. LUIS silences the television with his remote before leisurely reaching for the phone and answering, but he waits for the caller to speak first. RAOUL doesn't give his name – in fact, the whole conversation is in a private code. The conversation is brief: LUIS had hoped for, but not expected, his call. Is LUIS willing to help? He is – when? Twenty-four hours. LUIS will count the hours. LUIS hangs up. He cannot restrain the smile that spreads on his face. He reaches for his robe, enfolds himself with it and goes into the house.

Behind RAOUL, JO and YELENA wait with the steak and egg sandwiches. JO calls to him that his food is ready, but he seems not to hear her. He stands for a moment considering what he has done. Then he turns and joins them.

Helping himself to a sandwich he returns to the wheel. For some time he doesn't speak except to acknowledge that JO is a fine cook. He just watches the sea, eats, drinks a glass of wine and keeps his counsel. JO and YELENA eat silently – as much because they are ravenous. Then RAOUL announces that he has made a decision. The situation he now finds himself in means that it will be impossible for him to work in Europe. So, he has put in motion a plan that could earn enough for each of them at least to start a new life. He himself is thinking of North Africa. He turns to look at JO and YELENA. JO fails to restrain a smile and says quite seriously, "North Africa could be good. It's got a long coastline." RAOUL nods.

He returns to concentrating on the sea. After a moment he checks his watch and the chart again: they will make land in a couple of hours – anyone who wants to sleep should grab some now – it may be another long night. JO and YELENA say they are fine.

But as RAOUL works the ship alone a post-meal drowsiness begins to overtake JO and YELENA takes her down to the cabin.

As YELENA settles JO under the fur bed covers, JO says it looks like we're all going to North Africa. but YELENA doubts that RAOUL will take them along. Well, JO answers, it would be stupid to go separately, wouldn't it. YELENA kisses her and before she has got to the door JO is asleep.

YELENA rejoins RAOUL. She begins to lend a hand again and their intuitive understanding as sailors develops further. YELENA is the first to spot land and she goes to wake JO.

In the cabin, YELENA and JO gather together a change of clothing from the hanging locker. They get the last of the cheese and biscuits from the galley and find a bag to carry their few possessions. JO asks YELENA if she is sad to leave the yacht. Yes, YELENA replies, but only for what might have been.

When they come on deck RAOUL is guiding the yacht through the reefs that lead into a deserted cove. JO asks if she can put her stuff in his bag. RAOUL says, yes as long as she carries it. JO is wisely selective in what she adds to the bag in which she notices a machine pistol as well as the gun Raoul had taken off her.

RAOUL takes the yacht as close to land as the keel will allow. Having ascertained that the yacht's dinghy has only a few bullet holes, which they temporarily plug with rags, they load the dinghy with Raoul's duffle bag and saxophone case. JO asks what's in the case. RAOUL firmly ignores the question and launches the dinghy. They get aboard. They make the beach safe and dry but it takes JO some while to find her land legs. RAOUL leads them away to find the coastal footpath; an hour's walk from the nearby resort town.

It is evening in the resort town: the streets, filled with holidaymakers, are lit up by a kaleidoscope of coloured lights from cafes, discos, restaurants and funfairs from which blare a cacophony of a dozen styles of popular music. RAOUL, YELENA and JO are disoriented by the chaos around them. But in chaos lies safety – everyone around them is too intent on satisfying their own appetites to pay them any heed. They take precautions only to avoid police patrols. JO provides their best cover, however, by speaking to YELENA and JO in her American accent. To YELENA and RAOUL's initial consternation she addresses them as 'Mom' and 'Pop'.

When we next find RAOUL, YELENA and JO, they are leaning casually against the harbour wall, their bags at their feet. RAOUL faces the harbour scanning the assorted pleasure and fishing craft while YELENA and JO on either side of him watch the street for police. When RAOUL identifies a yacht to his liking, JO and YELENA follow the direction he is looking until they find it.

Briefly he explains his choice: in the fine weather its canvas covered rear deck suggests its owners are not expected imminently. At 12 metres it is smaller than what they've been used to – but it will do.

“And now, here's how we do it,” says RAOUL, and he picks up his bag and his case, adding, “if we're very lucky.” As he leads JO and YELENA towards the harbour entrance RAOUL starts to explain. “First, you carry these.” he says, handing the saxophone case to JO and his duffle bag to YELENA, “Tonight, I'm just a tourist.”

A little while later RAOUL walks down into the harbour and begins to casually walk along the pontoon to which the *Oceana* is secured, looking at the various craft but paying no particular attention to any. A moment later YELENA and JO arrive from different directions and meet up; they stay well back and make as if they are having a conversation. RAOUL walks to the end of the pontoon and then turns and walks back. As he approaches the *Oceana* there begins a seamless performance:

RAOUL casually steps aboard. JO and YELENA start towards the yacht as RAOUL begins folding back the canvas deck cover. When he has enough canvas rolled back RAOUL disappears below to hot-wire the electrics and start the engine. YELENA steps on board, drops the duffle bag and takes the saxophone case from JO and stows it – JO unties the mooring rope – YELENA finishes folding back the canvas – the engine starts – JO hops aboard – YELENA steers the yacht away into the channel – and RAOUL reappears to be greeted by Jo, “No drugged Russians then?” RAOUL scowls – and goes back below. The yacht heads for the harbour mouth.

As they head out to sea RAOUL comes back on deck with two mugs of packet soup and the remains of their cheese and biscuits. That's all they have for the next twelve hours.

Their journey begins straightforwardly: YELENA at the wheel and RAOUL setting the sails. But this is a new yacht and no one understands it. Gradually JO turns from watching to helping. First it

is just catching hold of a loose rope, then helping to set the sails until she begins to respond to situations without being prompted. RAOUL and YELENA are surprised at her concentration and determination to master any technique they show her...

...until, as daylight shows, RAOUL offers her the wheel. At first she is surprised how much skill is needed to control the yacht but gradually she begins to feel confident. RAOUL explains the compass to her – and how to hold a course.

By mid-day RAOUL is sitting on the bench with YELENA watching JO at the wheel. And soon after, JO turns to see RAOUL and YELENA both dozing. JO smiles as YELENA's head gently falls to rest on RAOUL's shoulder. For several hours they remain unconsciously united.

But as the sun sets a sudden wave kicks the yacht and RAOUL and YELENA snap to – their mutual embarrassment at their compromising position makes JO laugh.

RAOUL gets up and immediately begins checking the charts and their position. YELENA takes over the wheel from the laughing JO. RAOUL calls LUIS again, this time within JO and YELENA's hearing. Bemused at the code they use, JO asked whom they're going to meet. RAOUL explains: LUIS, now retired, was the man who taught RAOUL everything he knows. For fifty years LUIS was *the* smuggler along the north coast of Spain, and when yachts got bigger and more plentiful he became the number one yacht thief. But ten years ago there was a 'mix-up' on one of their trips. Why did the trip go wrong? RAOUL has his suspicions. He was arrested, which is where the TV mug-shot came from, though RAOUL managed to talk his way out of any charges. LUIS told RAOUL that he would always owe him. But RAOUL decided never to work for him again. Now RAOUL is going to claim the debt. How generous LUIS will be – there's no telling – but at any rate there'll be enough to set them up for the trip to North Africa. JO and YELENA take in the story, but it is JO who realises what he just said: they're all three going to North Africa!

It is night as the OCEANA sails into the cove beneath LUIS' mansion and docks at the makeshift jetty. RAOUL, JO and YELENA disembark and begin the climb up to the house.

As they crest the cliff top, the lone light in a ground floor room is turned off twice. RAOUL reassures YELENA and JO – that was their old ‘safe’ code.

LUIS opens the door as they approach. Now dressed in a flamboyant white silk suit and cravat, he welcomes them with open arms. He seems deeply moved to be reunited with RAOUL after so long. He is charmed to meet YELENA, about whom, unfortunately, he has heard so much on the tv news. But JO is a surprise, though nonetheless a very pleasant one.

He tells RAOUL to lead the way, “You surely remember the way, my friend.” And RAOUL does. RAOUL leads the way - and the three of them walk straight into a trap.

HENRI, his TWO HENCHMEN and RONET are waiting with guns drawn. So outraged that she is heedless of the guns, YELENA makes a bee-line for RONET and hits him, hard, with the back of her hand, her rings grazing his cheek. RONET has no trouble controlling her and forces her to her knees.

RAOUL turns on LUIS – who apologises, but retirement is “..so expensive. All expenditure, and very little income.” RAOUL fumes impotently. HENRI is sympathetic to Raoul’s feelings, after all he knows about betrayal. So sympathetic, that to prove the point he shoots LUIS dead.

HENRI is more interested in humiliating YELENA than in punishing her: after all, they’d been a first-class combination and could be that again. He teases her unsparingly about her trusting nature. And now look at whom she has trusted: a common thief and a child. HENRI’s teasing becomes sadistic and he almost assaults her with his gun, until RONET intervenes, disgusted at the waste of time and energy. How about negotiating a deal acceptable to all ?

Taking advantage of the breathing space provided by HENRI and RONET arguing, YELENA lashes out at HENRI. JO explodes at the HENCHMAN who is covering her. RAOUL takes on RONET and the second HENCHMAN. In the ensuing fight YELENA and JO manage to escape, but RAOUL is recaptured.

YELENA and JO run. They manage to reach the yacht just ahead of HENRI’S HENCHMEN, fire the engine and accelerate out to sea, leaving their pursuers to watch in frustration as the yacht disappears into the night. Finally, THE HENCHMEN turn and start back up the cliff path.

The yacht continues out to the darkness of the sea until YELENA throttles back the engine and it slows. JO and YELENA exchange a look. JO asks YELENA: what would he want us to do? YELENA doesn't answer. JO speculates: he'd probably tell us to keep on going. JO finds RAOUL's duffle-bag and pulls out his charts and hands them to her: since Yelena is the sailor she can decide.

In the house, HENRI'S HENCHMAN return to report Yelena and Jo's escape. HENRI is adamant that RAOUL is the bait which will make YELENA return, to rescue him. RONET's scepticism is reinforced by RAOUL's expressed conviction that Jo and Yelena will most certainly run, "We owe each other nothing". But HENRI is not so sure: YELENA is, unfortunately for her, an extremely honourable woman. And RONET cannot afford to argue: now that his bureaucratic future is irremediably compromised, he is entirely dependent on HENRI.

On board the yacht, YELENA and JO have decided their next move. YELENA is at the wheel steering the yacht according to one of Raoul's charts. JO searches in RAOUL's duffle bag and finds the guns. YELENA takes the machine pistol. JO asks if she has ever used one. YELENA nods and, after a cursory examination, releases the magazine, checks the ammunition and snaps it back in place. JO is impressed. Then JO goes below in search of whatever else might be useful. But all she can lay her hands on are a flare gun and a can of paraffin.

Fearing an ambush at Luis's jetty, YELENA, working from the chart, brings the yacht into a deserted cove a little further along the coast. Steering the yacht into shallow water, YELENA signals to JO to drop anchor. YELENA and JO wade ashore and start up the beach.

Outside the front of the house, the only light comes from the plate glass window that runs the full height and length of Luis's office. We see RONET pacing as RAOUL and HENRI stare at each other – who will turn out to be right about Yelena? RONET checks his watch yet again and we can guess from his demeanour that he strongly feels it would be best to cut and run – but he is silenced by HENRI's gun drifting from covering RAOUL to being pointed directly at himself.

While HENRI is distracted RAOUL's eyes turn towards the plate-glass window as the HENCHMAN patrolling outside walks past.

Also watching the HENCHMAN are YELENA and JO, hidden in the undergrowth of the bushes that surround the house. YELENA and JO exchange an unspoken 'Okay?' and then as YELENA silently moves deeper into cover JO follows her. The HENCHMAN turns towards their abandoned hiding place and raises his gun – but then, as he relaxes, he lowers it again.

At the back of the house, the second HENCHMAN shivers against the damp night air, and then gets out a cigarette. As his lighter flares a sudden noise makes him turn; and as he raises his gun and approaches to investigate a figure jumps him, coshes him, and is seconded by another who kicks him in the crutch. Now JO and YELENA go off in different directions. JO disappears into the bushes, counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 as she goes...and a moment later reappears with the can of paraffin. She ducks into the house...still counting...

At the front of the house the HENCHMAN patrolling outside the plate glass window looks in on HENRI, RONET and RAOUL in Luis's office, while YELENA, hidden in the shrubbery, raises her gun, aiming at the HENCHMAN...waits...and silently counts....

At the back of the house JO comes running - turns - aims the flare gun at the back door - finishes counting to the agreed number – fires – and races for safety. A moment – and then a ball of flame explodes out of the house...

...HENRI leaps to his feet just as his HENCHMAN patrolling outside the window is killed by the bullets that shatter the plate glass window. The crash is closely followed by YELENA bursting in with her machine pistol. She shoots RONET. A gun-battle ensues and YELENA shoots HENRI. The house is ablaze – RAOUL sends YELENA out. In a secret drawer of LUIS's desk he finds a tin box – grabs it – and runs out after YELENA through the shattered window –

RAOUL and YELENA join up with JO and all three sprint across the grass while the house explodes into flames behind them.

As the burning house dissolves into the embers of a driftwood blaze, we next find RAOUL, YELENA and JO sitting round the fire on the bank of a river estuary. The *Oceana* lies at anchor beyond. RAOUL counts the cash from Luis's tin box – five thousand Euros. Not much, but a start. So, what are they all going to do? YELENA knows she has no life to go back to and she and RAOUL recognize that they are kindred spirits.

Both RAOUL and YELENA insist to JO that she still has a choice – no one knows she was involved. JO says that's right, it's her choice: she could go find her family, she could go back to school, "I always wanted to be a...I don't know" She begins to drift off, but is still only drowsy when YELENA wants to know what's inside the case RAOUL is always carrying. RAOUL gets out his saxophone and plays for them.

While sleep overtakes JO, YELENA rises to find more firewood and gazes at RAOUL from a few steps away, then returns to stoke up the fire and lies down. As RAOUL and YELENA become lovers under the starlit sky, the saxophone theme returns and continues as -

- in the morning, when RAOUL and YELENA awake they find that JO and the *Oceana* have gone

- and so, from another marina RAOUL and YELENA steal another boat. That's who they are - that's what they do.

- later, out on the open sea, YELENA and RAOUL are below decks. Suddenly JO's voice comes through on the radio: she asks them where they are going? North Africa, RAOUL replies. "Catch me !" JO challenges him.

YELENA and RAOUL run up on deck, and find JO sailing the *Oceana* alongside them.

JO yells across the waves to them - "I remember what I want to be !"

RAOUL yells, "What?"

JO smiles and then shouts: "A pirate !"

And JO steers across and steals RAOUL's wind. And YELENA takes the wheel and pulls the same trick on JO. And as the two boats race and jockey for position they begin to outrun the camera –

- until they become lost in the swell of the Atlantic ocean and –

CREDITS

THE END