

Charter

by

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FADE IN

1 INT. BAR - DAY

1

BOB and MIKE are well-dressed business-types in a New York City bar. The place is bustling. Bob is young, lean and fierce looking. Mike is much older, paunchy, dripping with JEWELRY, but has a vacant hungry look -- not like he wants something specific, but he just wants something. They both have straight SCOTCH. There are paper THANKSGIVING TURKEYS in the window.

BOB

So, you're really going to do it,
huh?

Mike raises his glass in a toast, Bob joins him.

MIKE

Finally. To the dream deferred.

They sip their scotches.

BOB

You know I can't recommend direct
action, I went through the prison
farm clubs for -- allegedly --
direct action.

MIKE

I've been eating out of her hand
for ten years. Look at me. She's
the goddam CEO, and I'm a dickwad
in accounting. Accounting. She's
worth millions and I'm worth sixty-
seven five

BOB

(smirking)

So she's turned forty and you're
taking her on a cruise?

Mike makes an empty grin. A pretty young thing passes. Mike swivels to get a good look.

BOB (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

Don't give yourself a neck injury.

MIKE

I expect to be back in circulation
soon.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

BOB

I've got a two o'clock.

They toss back their scotches. Bob peels off a few dollars. Mike looks at him, imploringly. Bob gives him a cold glare. Reluctantly, Mike drags out a few dollars, also. They slide off their stools and shrug into their coats.

2 EXT. YACHT - DAY

2

The SEA heaves. A pretty YACHT churns through the heaving sea. WHITECAPS are everywhere. Every third wave breaks green WATER across the deck. The BOOM is way out over the port side, indicating a broad reach.

A guy is laying in the cockpit, looking relaxed. Another guy, wearing a YACHTING SKIPPER'S CAP is holding the wheel. The boat gives a lurch.

Skipper cap goes below and returns with a CHART. He checks the COMPASS, his WATCH and the chart. He pulls out a pocket GPS and clicks a BUTTON.

Skipper cap lifts his BINOCULAR, checks the compass, turning to face over the port beam. He squats to see under the sail, peering out over the ocean. He points off to the port side, trying to get the other's attention. Mr. Hurl lifts his head but doesn't look.

A LINE is passed from skipper cap to Mr. Hurl; Mr. Hurl lifts it haphazardly. The skipper helps him start to sheet in the main. Mr. Hurl barely tries.

Another LINE is grabbed by skipper cap.

The WHEEL spins as skipper cap takes a left turn. At that moment, Mr. Hurl starts choking, and lets his line go slack.

The BOOM swings across the deck, uncontrolled, as the boat jibes. Skipper cap ducks, throwing up his hands to protect his head.

The boom narrowly missing taking off the skipper's head but cracks him in the arm.

One hand grabs the main sheet off the deck. The boat lurches, and the boom swings back the other way. The skipper reels in the main with his good hand.

Once the main is amidships, tries the turn again. The headsail SNAPS like a flag while he eases the main back out on the starboard side.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Once the main is out, skipper cap struggles with one hand to pull the jib through from one side to the other.

3 EXT. BAR - DAY

3

BOB and MIKE step out into the sidewalk with the November winds blowing around them, coats SNAPPING in the breeze like luffing sails. A flagpole halyard CLANGS in the wind. They stroll down the sidewalk.

BOB

What about the P of A?

MIKE

Signed and sealed; I talked to the lawyers. In the event of disability, I control it all.

BOB

And death?

MIKE

Probate, Bob. This can't go to probate; I want the ball in my court. Just a small accident: something dangerous but not serious.

Bob smirks it this turn phrase -- it shows Mike's lack of penetration to say "not serious" when he's got to be deadly serious.

The spread out around Bob's car, waiting for Bob to unlock the doors. Mike eyeballs Bob's smirk. Bob hides the grin by looking down to unlock the doors.

A BIKE DELIVERY PERSON blows by Bob.

BOB

Sonofabitch!

Bob leaps in and GUNS the engine to life. Mike is barely able to slide in. Bob smokes the tires in reverse, slams the brakes and slams into forward. The car SCREECHES out of the parking space. Other cars HONK and swerve out of his way.

Bob chases the bike delivery person down the street.

4 INT. CAR - DAY

4

BOB is hunched over the wheel of his car, chasing a BIKE DELIVERY PERSON through crowded New York streets.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

BOB
Dumb sonofabitch. I'll kill you!

Mike is appalled at this naked aggression.

BOB (CONT'D)
And sale?

MIKE
Sale?

BOB
If the company was sold?

MIKE
What?

Bob SQUEALS the tires around a corner, following the bike down a side street.

BOB
Side street! Yes, you die, asshole. What's the Power of Attorney let you do about selling the company? Oh yes.

Bob BUMPS the bike. Mike swivels around to see the wreckage of the bike delivery person.

MIKE
Holy Shit. What did you just do?

BOB
Nothing that a little touch-up paint won't fix.

5 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

5

BOB and MIKE are riding in the silent elevator. Mike is glancing over at Bob, unsure what to make of him. Bob is exuding a relaxed smug, almost post-coital.

BOB
Just a little accident, and you get control.

Mike nods, taking this in. He can do this, just the way Bob showed him.

The elevator stops, DEAN, another well-dressed manager wannabee with coffee CUP and DAYTIMER enters, smiling. This breaks the mood. Bob switches from smug to imperious, giving Dean a very cold and condescending glare.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

A coat at this time of day? Bob Robertson, are you chilly? You can't be getting back from lunch. It's after two.

BOB

(making a face to say "not funny")
So what do you call 710 lawyers at the bottom of the ocean?

DEAN

A good beginning -- I've heard them all.

BOB

But it hasn't had any effect! You know, if people insulted finance the way they insult legal, I'd quit being VeePee of finance in an instant.

The elevator stops. The door opens.

JOE, an accounting type shambles in -- not well dressed -- carrying a single FLOPPY DISK and a BINDER of COMPUTER PRINT-OUTS.

JOE

Hey, Mike. Lunch with the Veeps again? Is this good news or bad?

MIKE

Just social.

JOE

(incredulous)
Social? I mean, I guess the CEO's husband hangs out with the same people the CEO hangs out with. You know.

Mike seethes. Bob likes this, but cuts off Mike just as he's about to answer.

BOB

So, hey Mike, if I don't see you again, have a nice vacation.

The elevator door opens. Mike is fuming.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Yeah, sure, thanks Bob. See you in two weeks.

Mike shoves his way out and storms into the cubicle maze. Joe gets out after pausing a moment to be sure the coast is clear. The door shuts. Bob assesses Dean; Dean shows a tiny shred of compassion for Mike's situation.

BOB

Accountants. Mike's a real piece of work.

DEAN

Come on, Bob. How'd you feel if your wife pulled you around from post to p

BOB

Not me. Not even by her. Every year there's another Miss January.

Dean's not amused. Bob's a first-rate jerk.

SANDRA is trying to clear her DESK before going on vacation. Sandra is a self-made CEO of a small but aggressive manufacturing firm. She's just turned forty, a former model, and still drop-dead gorgeous: red-head, trim, too well-dressed. Once she was driven; the politics are wearing her down. She's got a large spare office with many pictures of her modeling in classic late 70's outfits.

There's even an old SWIMSUIT CALENDAR page featuring her, with big, bold "RED", her modeling name.

She's meeting with a clutch of executive wannabee's who are looking for career advancement in every word. They're a slick, polished bunch of recent, fast-track business-school graduates.

BOB and DEAN are there plus several others. The men wear expensive "business casual". The women have too much of the obligatory "dress-for-success" chunky gold jewelry.

Sandra sits on the edge of her desk, waiting. The wannabee's try chat quietly, but check her for clues. She's pissed off but willing to wait. She peers around the office, killing time. The fancy CLOCK on her desk clicks to 4:10.

WAYNE stumbles in, his fat DAYTIMER and COFFEE mug establishing his role as another mid-level executive wannabee.

WAYNE
Sorry I'm late, Sandra.

Sandra gives him the hairy eyeball. Wayne heaves to, immediately uncomfortable.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Sorry, it was the weekly meeting with production.

BOB
Wasn't that scheduled from three to four?

WAYNE
You know how they like to talk...

BOB
(Including Sandra)
You couldn't control the meeting?

She doesn't miss Bob's hidden meaning: she's not controlling this meeting, or Wayne's tardiness. She doesn't like confrontation, can't look at Bob, and puts up her hands in dual stop-signs.

SANDRA
Okay, enough. The subject for this meeting? Assignments while I'm on vacation. My husband is forcing me on a cruise to keep me away from the phones and fax machines.

WAYNE
Don't cruise ships have phones and faxes and stuff?

SANDRA
(Rising tone)
Not all.

BOB
In order to keep things running while you're gone, I've worked out some interim staff assignments.

This takes the wind out of Sandra's sails. Bob opens up his FILOFAX and hands out a stack of colored ORG CHARTS for everyone.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone looks at theirs and then looks around at the other executives. They are confused, upset and some are angry. Bob starts his prepared speech, ignoring everyone's reaction.

BOB (CONT'D)

As you can see, subsequent to our recent significant stock offering, I think it prudent to show strong financial controls to our new shareholders.

DEAN

(Rising anger)

What's all this "shared responsibility"? How's that going to work?

Bob's had it with these whiners. Sandra doesn't like the tone and is starting to squirm.

BOB

Now you just--

SANDRA

Let's not let this get out of hand

WAYNE

What about the sale?

SANDRA

Sale?

WAYNE

Well, rumors of a sale.

SANDRA

Okay. The supposed sale. First things first: how should responsibility be allocated? Anyone? (silence) Okay. Okay. What are our objectives here?

DEAN

Right. We're clear on the objectives thing. What should we do?

SANDRA

(Exasperated)

Anybody?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

This is an awkward moment. What does she want them to do? Who would dare to venture a guess? Guess wrong and your career is over.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
We've got to reach a consensus on
management organization--

Sandra's PHONE BURBLES. She slaps the speaker button.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
(to phone)
Yes?

JOAN (OS)
Sandra, I'm sorry to interrupt, but
you've got to leave now for the
airport.

SANDRA
Thanks.
(to executives)
Okay. I guess I'll have to throw my
weight around. It's still my
company and I can do what I want,
but you might not like that a whole
hell of a lot.

There is a KNOCK on the DOOR

SANDRA (CONT'D)
What is it?

JOAN, the secretary, opens the door. Everyone stares as MIKE slips past her.

MIKE
Far be it for a lowly manager of
cost accounting to break up the
party, but Sandra has to go. It's
either now or you're out six-K.

With a submissive shrug, Sandra snaps her day-timer shut and gets up to leave. The execs follow Sandra out of the office.

7 INT. OFFICE HALLWAYS - DAY

7

SANDRA leads the retinue of managers, including BOB, DEAN, WAYNE and others. Her runway strut has been updated with a hang-dog look. The way she walks shows she is being lead, not leading. MIKE follows up, forgotten amidst the weighty matters of business at hand.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I still think that our recent IPO requires more care of the finance side of the business.

SANDRA

Okay, Bob, I see your point, but I'm not sure I can agree. Anyone else?

DEAN

Which means what?

They stop in front of the ELEVATORS. Sandra sighs, they're not getting it.

SANDRA

(the famous rising-tone declaration)

I don't think we--

BOB

As VP of Finance, I'm committed to the firm's success--

Mike pushes the button to ring for the elevator. The DOOR springs open immediately. Sandra steps into the elevator. Mike tries to cut the others off. He plants himself in the doorway, sideways. Other execs start to shoulder past him.

MIKE

Hey, excuse me, but...

The other execs look at him. Who is he to interrupt a meeting of the mighty? Mike looks to Sandra. The other execs look to Sandra. The door starts to close. Bob stops it so it will spring back open. Sandra doesn't want to face this confrontation. She shrinks hack into the elevator, stepping behind Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look folks, we have to go now. We're on our own time, not company time, so let's break it up.

Everyone looks at Sandra. She starts to hang her head in agreement.

SANDRA

I think my memo was clear, four to four-fifteen. It's twenty past. Thank you all.

7 CONTINUED: (2)

Wayne looks particularly guilty and leads the execs sheepishly back out of the elevator.

Mike pushes the BUTTON, the door closes on Sandra and Mike, leaving the others gathered in the hallway.

BOB

I think that's pretty clear.

DEAN

Oh, get off it, Bob. She doesn't want to fight with anyone in public. You heard her "I can't agree."

BOB

(Starting to get angry)

It was "I don't think I can agree," but I convinced her that control by finance is more or less critical for our pending sale.

DEAN

Which is it, more or less? She never even mentioned the sale.

BOB

Now you just listen! I'll tell you what your problem is, you're not success-oriented. Well, I am success-oriented, and Bob Robertson will do what he has to to make this company valuable.

Dean and Wayne object to his statement and his strident tone. But what can they say? He's not listening and they storm off.

8 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

8

Outside it's a raw November day with blowing snow and ice everywhere. Sandra's got no coat. Mike is shouldering his way into his overcoat.

MIKE

So, where's your coat?

SANDRA

You rushed me out of there so fast I guess I forgot it.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

MIKE

Well, where you're going, you won't need it.

They hop into a waiting taxi. The taxi shoots across the street, fish-tailing into opposing traffic.

9 INT. CAB - DAY

9

Mike and Sandra are in a cab, hurtling over a traffic-clogged bridge, heading for the airport.

SANDRA

(small)

You know we weren't done.

MIKE

Sorry, but the plane won't wait. Even for Sandra the CEO.

Sandra's cellular phone BURBLES.

MIKE (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

Oh what the fuck?

SANDRA

Michael!

Sandra glares at Mike to get him to be quiet. Mike is pissed at being told what to do. She takes the phone out of her purse.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Yes? Okay, yes. You called last week....No, I'm not prepared to discuss your offer...No, I'm on vacation for two weeks, and I'll get back to you then...Thank you....Thank you.

She turns the phone off and puts it away.

MIKE

Sale?

SANDRA

Don't spread rumors.

MIKE

You never told me.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

I sort-of can't. You know, SEC regulations, officers leaking information that would influence stock values, etc. etc.

MIKE

Get out, I'm your husband for chrissakes!

Sandra shies away from this confrontation.

SANDRA

I'm sorry, I just can't talk about it, okay?

Mike glares. Sandra mopes out the window as New York city slips away.

In the CyberVillage coffee shop there are high-tech WORKSTATIONS on each table. BOB is there with his confidant, JOHN. They have big fancy COFFEES. Bob fiddles with the MOUSE and KEYBOARD while they talk. John is a young Turk, well-dressed, expensive hair-cut.

BOB

I found this searching the web the other day.

JOHN

So what's going to happen?

BOB

Well, he claims he'll knock her on the head with a mast or an anchor or something.

JOHN

So while she's laid up, the power of attorney kicks in and you two run the company?

BOB

Run? Sell. Big, big profits in the sale. Big enough to retire on.

JOHN

But do you think he can go through with it? You know, thumping the old lady and all.

BOB

He's gutless. When push comes to shove, will he? So check this out. Alt dot merc dot jobs. Mercenary help-wanted.

JOHN

You mean you didn't meet some (beat) guys in the slammer? Guys with a middle name of "the" -- Mikey the knife --

BOB

(cold)

It was a country-club prison -- I turned state's evidence -- I got a token year -- keep it.

JOHN

Sorry. I knew, but I didn't -- you know -- know.

BOB

It's like a death in the family. It happened. They couldn't prove I actually threatened anyone. It was his word against mine. (Brightens) That's mine, "pair needed for discreet action and travel on generous budget." I got four replies. One looked pretty good.

JOHN

(Sarcastic)

Pretty good? Nice interviewing skills? Good resume?

BOB

They followed directions to some cheap motel in Fort Lauderdale where I left 'em a thousand as a teaser.

BOB (CONT'D)

I make the call and they're on their way to the Standing Virgin Yacht Club.

JOHN

Standing Virgin?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

Who knows? It's some rich slob who retired to a marina in the Caribbean and called it what he felt like. I'd like that same opportunity before I'm too old to enjoy it. Especially outside the US. I spent my time being harassed by frail little business-wimps and their ankle-biting lawyers. How about you, have you ever been to the Caribbean?

John takes in the offer immediately. A short vacation, a small bonus, and he oversees his boss's rise to power. How could he refuse?

11 EXT. CARIBBEAN MARINA - DAY 11

SKIP, wearing his YACHTING SKIPPER'S HAT backwards wheels his MOUNTAIN BIKE up through the Marina's jumble of BOATS and GEAR. Skip is thirty-ish, with a bad desk-jockey build. Skinny, stopped but still growing a paunch.

Skip hops off and locks it to a wooden FRAME under a ROOF between two buildings. He turns his hat around, checks his pockets -- a nervous habit -- and strolls into the office.

12 INT. MARINA OFFICE - DAY 12

SKIP enters a showy OFFICE with expensive NAUTICAL KNICKKNACKS.

DOUG is sitting at a large TEAK DESK

Skip flops down in one of several large TEAK CHAIRS around the office.

DOUG

Well, good to see you again.

SKIP

It's good to be back.

DOUG

Great, I got something for you. How about skippering for a second honeymooning couple? You think you can keep to a schedule?

Skip is really pissed at this nasty dig.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

Schedule?

DOUG

I know, I know, I know. No one's blaming you. It's just one of those things. You were late, they were unhappy and that's it, nothing more to say. I don't want to talk about the it anymore.

SKIP

(Pissed)

Look, he almost killed me with an uncontrolled jibe. The boom broke my goddammed wrist. (biting back) Cruisers or gunkholers?

Doug checks the paperwork.

DOUG

Lessee, here, they want to see some secluded beaches and pristine tropical islands. They're first-timers.

SKIP

(Resigned)

Gunkholing in the local islands.

DOUG

(Paternal and patronizing)

Skip, I like you. I really do. You're a good captain material. With some more experience you'll be a good permanent addition to the staff. You know what they say, sailing takes superior judgment and --

SKIP

Superior skill. A good skipper uses his superior judgment so he won't have to use his superior skills. So what?

DOUG

So, work with me. I'm just trying to help your career.

Skip's heard this kind of power-hungry diatribe many times before; he knows where he stands and claps his mouth shut.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

DOUG (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
 They'll be here at six. I don't think they'll be staying on board tonight -- saves me paying overtime to have it cleaned. Oh, and they said no crew. Now, Skip, be your charming self. This'll be good for you. Show 'em how you can single-hand a big boat.

Hanging his head, Skip leaves the office.

13 EXT. GREEN BANANA BAR - DAY

13

SKIP rides his BIKE past a small outdoor bar.

A rusty-looking TOYOTA with a TAXI sign lurches to a stop in front of the bar. JOHN, wearing expensive tourist garb--white pants, golf shirt--gets out of the taxi and looks around. He starts to cross the street.

TAXI-MAN

Hey!

JOHN

Leave the meter run. I'll be back in a few minutes.

TAXI-MAN

(Elaborate "whatever you say" gesture)

Okay... But there's no meter, mon.

John walks around a little, casing the Green Banana. There's a pay phone hanging on one of the walls. He picks up the receiver to check for a dial tone. He punches in 11 numbers, pauses, 11 more numbers, then 14 more numbers.

JOHN

I'm here. I found a spot called the Green Banana, right across from the Marina. Yup. (Reads the phone) 899-555-9876. Got it. There's a couple of places near by. Uh-huh. Right. This is wild, I gotta tell you. Got it.

14 INT. JET - DAY

14

SANDRA and MIKE are whiling away the hours on their flight. Mike's got the in-flight MAGAZINE face down in his lap, a SCOTCH in the drink holder and is dozing.

(CONTINUED)

Sandra's got a hard-cover BUSINESS SELF-HELP book like Steven Covey's Seven Habits.

SANDRA
(knowing this sounds dumb)
What are you thinking?

Mike shrugs. Sandra kicks herself mentally -- telling herself she always does this. She takes a breath to try again.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Why were you so hot on a big
vacation this year?

This is a tough subject for Mike. He can't hide his discomfort.

MIKE
I don't know -- the stress of the
IPO has to get to you.

SANDRA
This was easier than the last one.
And this is a good company -- very
aggressive, not too many MBA's.
And that Bob Robertson of finance,
he seems to be a good find. He's
results oriented in his own -- I
don't know -- unique way.

MIKE
Results oriented?

SANDRA
You should've seen him going on
about organization changes. He
kills me.

Silence. Sandra can't believe it. Why is this so hard?
What is her problem?

SANDRA (CONT'D)
(Fumbling)
So why a yacht charter?

MIKE
(With a snort of derision)
We can afford it.

SANDRA
I know I can.

Mike knows this all too well, and it cuts him to the bone to hear her say it. She presses on, not noticing his wince.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

But why a yacht? You don't like water all that much. Remember that trip to Hawaii?

MIKE

That was a while ago (relaxes) We sure did know how to have some great sex.

SANDRA

Shush!

Mike smirks at this shyness. He glances over, then remembers his mission. He tightens up, closes down and goes back to trying to nap.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Yeah but that snorkeling trip. This yacht thing probably includes snorkeling stops and the like.

MIKE

Snorkeling's okay if your mask doesn't leak.

Now Mike's very pissed off again, remembering the snorkeling debacle.

SANDRA

(Rising tone statement)

They all leak, it's just how you deal with it.

MIKE

(Angry)

Oh, like I panicked in the water?

SANDRA

Not exactly. It's just--

MIKE

Just what?

Sandra can't deal with the confrontation. She curls up and is silent.

SANDRA

So how did you swing the finances? Stock sale?

MIKE

Stock? Me? How would I get stock
on my salary?

SANDRA

We offer a stock purchase plan.
Debt?

MIKE

It's all I've got. Maybe if you'd
buy dinner once in a while I could
save something up.

This is hopeless. Sandra curls up into herself completely. This is an old argument, and she doesn't know how to deal with it. She doesn't realize the magnitude of his unhappiness with his situation. Mike seethes while Sandra cowers.

HANK and CARL are sitting at a small outdoor bar with BEERS. Dressed in their best tough-guy paramilitary SWAT-couture black turtlenecks with black jeans and black sneaks, they stand out from the locals and vacationers. Their ugly and stupid attitude matches their outfits. Their black-leather sneakers are worn, their T-shirts have holes and stains.

Well-dressed cruise-ship VACATIONERS parade by. A young, possibly honeymooning COUPLE, hanging over each other are making their way past the bar.

Hank almost gives himself a neck injury when he turns to leer grotesquely at the HONEYMOONING GIRL. The HONEYMOONING GUY tries to give him the hairy eyeball, but Hank intimidates him with his sick, scary leer.

A PHONE hanging on a wall JANGLES. CARL, wired, hops to the phone during the first RING. He checks both ways before picking it up on the second RING.

CARL

Right.

(listens)

Standing Virgin, it's at the end of
the block. It's pretty wide open,
there's nothing around it but--

(listens)

Right. Right. We'll be ready
tomorrow night. Now, if they're
not back--

(listens, getting very
pissed off)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

CARL (CONT'D)

Right, I know. But if we have an opportunity, then we should exploit it.

(listens, more pissed)

Okay, so we won't. Surveillance.

Carl hangs up, goes back to Hank and slams the rest of his beer.

CARL (CONT'D)

What a piss-ant little creep! I don't believe his... his... balls talking at me like I'm some kid.

While Carl rants, two YOUNG WOMEN strut by in their island finery--bathing suits under over-sized, ripped, tie-died T-shirts. Hank leers. The TALL ONE gives him a sour "fuck-you" sneer. The SHORT ONE makes some disparaging comment to the tall one about Hank. Hank loves this intimidation factor; he smirks and winks at them.

HANK

(interrupting Carl)

This place is great! Best eye-candy since that time we went to Fort Lauderdale during spring break. Man, I got it on that time.

CARL

Yeah, but we almost slipped up.

HANK

(heard this all before)

Yeah, sure. We got out before they made us.

CARL

Sometimes I wonder if I'm carrying you, you know? I'm like not sure you're fully putting forth full effort to carry out your assignments.

HANK

I'm motivated.

CARL

Motivation isn't enough; I'm success-oriented.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

(amused)

Success-oriented. That's a new one, where'd you get that?

CARL

Bob -- the client -- says it all the time.

A MOTHER and TWO CHILDREN walk by. Hank leers, then he spots SANDRA and MIKE getting out of a rusty island TAXI. SANDRA, of course, is a knock-out, and Hank's jaw drops. She looks like she stepped off the pages of a fashion magazine.

Bob's confidant JOHN ambles in, looking ill-at-ease. He eyeballs Hank and Carl, who eye-ball him back again. John flinches away and sits well away from them.

Hank elbows Carl. Carl, bleary, give him a crooked, hateful glare. Hank gestures toward Sandra. Carl squints, trying to find the babe Hank's aiming him toward.

CARL (CONT'D)

Not bad. And a red-head.

Carl looks again, and a third time. He tries to snap into focus, but nothing really happens, he's drunk.

CARL (CONT'D)

Hey, not bad at all, my man.
That's the babe, the very one.
What's the time?

Hank peers at Sandra, pretending to concentrate. Carl stares, drooping.

HANK

Who's the guy?

CARL

Him? He's safe. He's okay. Bob says don't hurt him at all.

HANK

What?

CARL

He's protected, we don't touch the guy that's with her, only her. And we can't go too far -- just far enough to land her in the hospital for a few days. You know.

15 CONTINUED: (3)

HANK
Know what?

CARL
Surveillance, man, Bob said
surveillance. Get the time. Who's
she with? Now, dammit!

Carl realizes he has the stuff. He fumbles in his cargo pockets and comes up with a little NOTEBOOK and a PEN. He wipes a spot clear of beer-bottle condensation RINGS and struggles to write. He checks his WATCH and writes some more.

16 EXT. MARINA - DAY

16

Mike and Sandra pay off the driver of a rusty Island TAXI. They have four DUFFELS piled neatly by the door of the marina office. Mike looks around, dubiously. Sandra looks at Mike, wondering how this will all play out.

SANDRA
Well?

MIKE
It's not what I expected.

SANDRA
(rising tone)
It's a marina.

MIKE
(Angry)
So?

SANDRA
Sorry.

MIKE
No, what did you mean by that?

SANDRA
Look, I'm just trying to be
positive.

Mike looks for something to say. He's upset, but not really upset with her, and can't find anything to say. All he can do is hang his head and act very pissed off.

DOUG comes out of the office. Doug exudes enthusiasm and sincerity: palpable and false.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG
Mike?

MIKE
Yeah?

DOUG
You must be Sandy?

SANDRA
(cold)
Sandra, yes, pleased to meet you.

DOUG
(to Mike)
Sandy, Sandra, what's the
difference? I want to welcome you
to the Standing Virgin Yacht club.
Everything go okay?

MIKE
Sure, fine.

DOUG
Great. Well, let me show you
around a little, we'll finalize the
paperwork, and you'll be all set.

Doug notices the luggage. He catches Mike's eye and points
at the bags. Mike acknowledges the bags.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Stuff want to stow on board
tonight?

MIKE
(Confused, what's the
alternative?)
Yeah...

DOUG
Well, some people just check in to
the Green Banana, and bring all
their luggage in the morning.

SANDRA
(Rising tone)
I thought we were staying on board.

DOUG
(Gloating)
No, I'm sorry, that's not what I
understood.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA
(Bearing down on him)
Have you got our fax?

MIKE
(looking around)
The Green Banana?

DOUG
(squirming)
It looks like there's been some
kind of mistake, so why don't we
just --

MIKE
Yeah, there was a ton of paperwork.

SANDRA
Oh, and my dizzy little head
wouldn't understand it all? I read
it all before I signed and my
lawyer looked at it, too.

MIKE
Your lawyer?

SANDRA
It was all pretty clear to me.
We're to stay on board. Let's go
take a look and see where we stand.

DOUG
No, no, no, let's not waste a
beautiful evening inside checking
clauses in contracts. I'll get
housekeeping to make up the berths
while you're at dinner.

I'll personally make sure
everything works out fine.
The boats are down this way.

Doug reaches for the bags.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Can I get some of those for you?

Sandra doesn't like this creep. She grabs her bags. Mike
and

Doug look at each other and shrug.

17 EXT. DOCK - DAY

17

MIKE and SANDRA and DOUG work their way down a long wooden DOCK. There are YACHTS every type -- power and sail -- on both sides.

The dock makes a T; dead ahead is the AMY S., a ratty, tattered liveaboard with a WIND-MILL, rain catchers, sun awnings, SOLAR PANELS and a forest of ANTENNAS.

DOUG

This is a classic. A well-found boat that we've had around for years, and made every possible improvement. This is an Custom Made 45 foot sloop, beam 13 feet four inches, draft four feet ten inches, ballast six tons of lead.

Sandy and Mike are comparing the clean, well tended charters and rarely-used luxury craft with the messy-looking boat straight ahead.

DOUG (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

This boat carries two complete sets of sail. We've filled the tanks with one hundred thirty gallons of fuel to run the fifty horse-power Perkins diesel engine. The genset provides 110 volt AC, and we've got a complete modern electronics package including a computer-integrated GPS and charting system.

They turn right, walk past the Amy S., much to Mike and Sandy's relief.

The vista of Yacht 46 is an improvement over the Amy S.

KEN pops up in the cockpit waves to Doug, Mike and Sandy.

KEN

Howdy.

DOUG

Hi, Ken, howya doin'?

KEN

Great. You folks looking at boats?

DOUG

They've chartered Yacht 46.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Staying on board tonight?

Doug looks to Mike, with an "it's your call" nod. Mike looks at Doug "is he okay?" Doug shrugs.

SANDRA

Sure, we're staying on board tonight.

KEN

Great, stop by after you get settled, I'll tell you all about the place. (Pause) Well, don't come too early, I'm just tied up here to rig my new antenna, and I should be done by about seven-ish, okay?

Ken waves his tangle of INSULATORS, SUPPORTS and COILS. Mike rolls his eyes.

SANDRA

(This is really neat!)
Great!

MIKE

(to Sandra)
What are you doing?

SANDRA

It sounds like fun.

MIKE

You don't even know him. He could be just...

SANDRA

(to Doug)
You know him?

DOUG

(pointing out into the bay)
Sure. He docks here once in a while. Mostly he stays out in the anchorage.

They look; the anchorage is full of complex, tattered live-aboards. It's a whole village of dozens of boats, bobbing quietly at the moorings. Mike and Sandra don't know what to make of it. They're boats, but they're not like the trim and precise rentals here at the dock.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

They turn back to number 46. It is a beautiful boat, professionally docked, not a line out of place. Mike's getting nervous. Sandra's curious, almost eager as she strides down the dock in her "traveling" outfit.

18 EXT. AMY S. - SUNSET

18

A perfect topical pink sunset over the bay. Some boats drifting in on the last breeze. Sandra drags Mike down the dock to the AMY S; her high-fashion boating get-up, complete with HEELS, is right off the pages of Victoria's Secret. Mike is slouching around in khaki's and a BLAZER.

They step up to the Amy S. and look it over. There's some clattering below. They look at each other. Mike rolls his eyes--Ken's too much. Sandra's still eager to meet this guy. She wanders around looking up at this boat.

Finally she raps on the hull. Ken pops out of the companion-way.

KEN

Howdy.

SANDRA

Hi, howya doing. Sandra. This is my husband Mike.

KEN

Ken, here. Sandra, Mike, Welcome to the Amy S.

Sandra gets ready to scramble up. Ken frowns. Sandra stops.

KEN (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

Are you sure those shoes are safe?

Sandra looks down at her feet.

SANDRA

Safe?

KEN

Sorry. We'll try it out and see. I'm just used to flat shoes or nothing. Come on up, I'm ready to get out the grill. Are you guys ready for some all-American burgers on the grill? Can I get you something to drink? Beer?

Sandra and Mike clamber into the Amy S. and get settled in the cockpit. Ken hovers.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

Can I get some water?

KEN

What can I get for you, Mike was
it? Beer? Water? Coffee?

Mike gives Ken a terribly condescending smirk.

MIKE

Scotch is was I usually drink.

KEN

I might have some. Let me go below
and see what I can scare up.

Ken jumps below. There is some RATTLING and BANGING. Ken's arm pop's up with a bottle of SCOTCH. Mike looks at it, Ken waves it a bit. Mike takes it, checks the label and looks around for a glass. There's none, so he starts to unscrew the cap. Sandra glares at him. He sees her and continues preparing to slug it down out of the bottle. As he's lifting it, she interrupts.

SANDRA

(Whispering)

Michael!

Mike gives her a smirky "what?" look. He makes as though he was only going to sniff it. He puts the cap back on as Ken bounds up the stairs. He's got a water JUG hooked by his pinkie.

He's carrying a HIBACHI which mounts on one of the supports for the taffrail.

Ken pops below and reappears with some plastic TUMBLERS for Mike and Sandra. He jumps below a third time and hauls up a plastic BUCKET with COALS and a PLASTIC BAG. Mike peers at the tumbler.

Ken lifts the BAG from the BUCKET, and gingerly sets it aside. He pours coals in the HIBACHI. He unwraps the BAG and pulls out a small CAN of STARTER. Mike chuckles at the ritual.

KEN

Volatile fluids, can't be too
careful.

MIKE

Volatile?

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Some things that evaporate and burn
are denser than air -- they settle
into the bilge. Then one day you
start the generator
and...Whoomf...the sharks get
flaming boater under fiberglass.

Gingerly, Ken dribbles starter over the coals. He hands the starter to Mike while he gets the plastic bag ready. Mike looks at the starter, looks over at Sandra. He looks down the companion into the Amy S. Ken holds out the plastic bag for a moment, till Mike realizes he's supposed to put the starter in it. Ken wraps it up, folds it, ties it with a small cord, folds it over and ties it again while he's talking.

KEN (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

So where you folks from?

SANDRA

New York.

MIKE

Connecticut.

KEN

And you decided to come down here
together?

SANDRA

Well, no...

MIKE

Yup.

SANDRA

Well, not exactly.

KEN

Oh, you just met down here, and
decided to charter together?

MIKE

No.

SANDRA

(Amused)

No, no. We work in New York City,
but live in Connecticut. My
husband decided to charter and
talked me into it.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

So you have a boat in Connecticut?

SANDRA

No.

KEN

Newport, Rhode Island?

Ken cracks her up. She's trying hard not to laugh, but his rapid-fire misunderstanding is a big relief after all the posturing and backstabbing she sees at her office.

SANDRA

No.

KEN

Oyster Bay, New York?

SANDRA

No, we don't have a boat.

KEN

Oh. Lubbers?

SANDRA

(Deadpan)

No, we're married.

Ken laughs, he is impressed at Sandra. That was one funny deadpan answer. Sandra's pleased with herself. She and Ken and fall over themselves. Mike's not amused.

KEN

(Laughing)

Lubbers? No, we're married.

That's precious. I'll have to relay that.

SANDRA

(Apologizing to Mike)

It's just a joke.

Ken has put the finishing touches on the fire. He looks at Mike, who's not amused by this banter at all. Mike's staring at the tumbler.

KEN

Ice?

MIKE

No.

(CONTINUED)

Mike fills the tumbler half-way from the scotch bottle. Sandra rolls her eyes and makes a "you scum-bag" face at Mike. Ken darts below and comes back with a MUG and a blank brown long-neck beer BOTTLE. Mike sips his scotch. Ken has one of those UNIVERSAL TOOLS in a belt holster. He whips it out and uses the pliers to wrench the top off. He tosses the top below and meticulously pours the beer. The last little swig he shakes up and pours over the side. Mike is shaking his head at this little procedure.

KEN

Home-made. The couple on the Alison -- with the blue tarp over there -- make it. Best beer in the world. But I don't drink the yeast on the bottom, give that to the fishes.

Mike looks at the scotch bottle. Ken laughs.

KEN (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

They don't make the hard stuff. He used to be a chemist, but he he's not up to distilling on a little boat.

Ken raises his glass.

KEN (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

So here's to...uh...

MIKE

The dream deferred.

Ken takes this very seriously; he looks Mike over with new respect.

KEN

(Profoundly)

Cruising -- free to live in the real world -- the dream. I'm living it, and now you are, too. To the dream realized; deferred no longer.

Mike smirks. They clink plastic-ware. There's a moment of silence. Ken looks over at the anchorage like he's got nothing more to say. Sandra finds this silence awkward. She squirms for a moment. Since this was her idea, she'd better go through the motions.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA
(Stiffly polite)
So what do you do down here, Ken?

KEN
Nothing.

SANDRA
(put off by this pointless
answer)
Nothing?

KEN
Well, I've got my ham radios. I
used to have a real job, but I sold
the house, bought the boat. And
here I be.

SANDRA
(lost)
Really?

KEN
Sure. No family, ultra high-
pressure job. What's the point? I
asked myself. You know the goal-
setting exercise: what do you want
to do in five years? Well this was
it.

SANDRA
What do you do for money?

KEN
Odd jobs. Radio installations. I
have some investments and I spend
the dividends.

This is interesting; Sandra's engaged in the conversation
again. Mike is more and more bored.

SANDRA
Investments? In what?

KEN
Some blue chips, mostly, that pay
regular dividends.

SANDRA
Not growth stocks? Don't you think
that growth stocks -- technologies,
energy -- provide more return than
dividends?

(CONTINUED)

KEN

In the current market. If the bull rally wimps out, then blue chips will retain more value.

SANDRA

So you think the bull rally will end?

Mike's bored and grimacing, bordering on the rude.

KEN

The current market depends on one-time conditions like high savings due to low consumer confidence stemming from a wave of downsizing. Won't last.

MIKE

So how fast does this boat go?

Sandra's pissed at this interruption, as if Mike was malicious.

KEN

Fast? I don't know. Maybe eight knots.

MIKE

What's that in real miles per hour?

KEN

Seven and a half.

MIKE

A boat like this, two hundred thousand dollars and it goes seven and half miles an hour?

KEN

On a beam reach, in calm seas, after a haul out, with a big steady blow. But I'd never do it.

MIKE

Seven and a half, scary.

KEN

If you ask me, the point of sailing is getting there. If you want to be somewhere, take a plane. If you want to travel, sail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (7)

KEN (CONT'D)

My big ham antennas are fragile --
an accidental jibe would ruin 'em.

MIKE

(Condescending)

Jibe.

KEN

Jibe. When the boom (Ken touches
it) swings across. An uncontrolled
jibe can wallop your boat, maybe
injure someone. We had a guy,
vacationer -- like yourselves --
who got whacked last year, spring
time. Survived, but luffed up for
a week before he woke up in the
hospital with tubes up his nose.

Mike grins, he can't hide his delight. Ken doesn't know what
to make of this. Sandra doesn't like the horror story.

SANDRA

What kind of blue chips? Who
manages your portfolio?

Mike's had it with the finance thing. He stands up and looks
around. He goes forward, looking at all the rigging, radio,
and cruising JUNK that litters this boat. Sandra and Ken
look after him

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Mike?

KEN

It's okay. Things get squished on
a boat. My rule is, out of the
cockpit's same's out of the house
in the garden.

MIKE

Sorry, I just don't like hearing
about other people's vast finances.

Sandra knows this is a sore point. She scrunches up her face
as she kicks herself mentally. She retreats from Ken,
curling up on the seat.

FADE TO:

19 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

19

There's a strong shore breeze blowing across the sandy beach
with wave ROLLING gently in the background.

(CONTINUED)

Two young women, MARY and LAURA are strolling in the beach. They're wearing their souvenir-shop oversized, tie-die beaded T-shirts over bathing suits.

HANK intercepts them. They're between Hank and the ocean. He's not threatening yet. They stop talking, hang their heads and shuffle along.

HANK

Hey, ladies, how we doing tonight?
It's a fine, truly fine night for a
quiet walk on the beach.

LAURA

Uh, huh.

HANK

Don't be shy. I'm just out for
walk, I figured, why walk alone?
So where are you ladies staying?

MARY

At the Princess.

Laura nudges Mary and gives her the evil eye.

LAURA

Yeah, and we've got to be getting
back.

Laura grabs Mary and wheels her around. Hank starts walking backward and tries to slow them down.

HANK

What's the hurry? The evening's
young. Maybe the moon will be up
later. You know, moonlit walk on
the beach, what could be more
romantic?

Laura points at the sliver of new moon, already high in the sky.

LAURA

(Caustic)

The moon's up, that's as good as it
gets.

Laura picks up the pace. Hank has to back-peddle quickly in the loose sand. Laura spots some lights.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Well, it's been fun, but we gotta go.

Laura goes to steer Mary up the beach toward a house with lights on. Mary is puzzled, but Laura grabs her elbow to insist. Mary disengages from the grab, almost angry. Laura puts her hand in the small of Mary's back to propel her across the beach.

HANK

This isn't the Princess.

LAURA

We're going to meet some friends here.

HANK

What? I'm no good?

Hank grabs Mary away from Laura.

HANK (CONT'D)

Where are you going? We were getting on so good. I can be very, very good if you're good to me.

MARY

(Deferential)

Listen, we gotta go, okay?

Laura edges away from Mary and Hank.

LAURA

(Angry but not shouting)

We've got to go.

HANK

(Waving his hands, bitter)

I've had it. I've just had it. I was nice. I was completely nice and you treat me like I'm some kind of creepazoid. Sometimes I don't even know why I try!

MARY

We're sorry, but--

Mary finally gets it and starts to edge toward Laura

HANK

You're not sorry. You're just like every other bitch, all flounce and bounce and no real ass. How much do you think I can take? Come back here, I'm trying to talk to you!

This stops Mary. Laura reaches for her at the same time Hank reaches for her. Hank wins. Laura tries to get Mary back. Hank puts Mary behind him and gives Laura a vicious shove. Laura staggers and falls into the sand. She's up in an instance. Mary's starting to cry, standing helplessly.

Laura aims a kick at Hank's groin. Hank turns and catches it on the thigh. Laura continues forward and elbows him in the face so hard he staggers back, blood pouring out his nose.

Hank lashes out with a left that drop Laura like a bag of rocks. Her turns to Mary, who's blubbering helplessly, trying to be quiet, hands in front of her face. Hank reaches out to her hair and she turns away from him. He grabs her by both arms and turns her around. She hangs her head, crying.

Hank realizes his nose is bleeding. He wipes some of the blood away with his hand and wipes it on his pants.

Laura gets up to her hands and knees. Hank, holding Mary with one hand, kicks Laura in the ribs, dropping her back to the sand. Mary wrenches away and starts running.

Hank starts chasing her. This is everyone's nightmare, running in slow motion, unable to make headway in the loose sand. Hank is barely able to reach out and grab Mary by the hair, which yanks her off balance backwards.

FADE TO:

Sandra, in yet another expensive "leisure" outfit, is sitting in the cockpit, looking glum. This isn't working out well. Skip, carrying two large DUFFELS, is striding down the dock, happy and confident. He wears LONG PANTS and a LONG-SLEEVED SHIRT and his SKIPPER'S CAP.

SKIP

Good Morning! Sandra, right?

SANDRA

Right.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

I'm Skip, your charter captain.
Mind if I come aboard?

No answer. Skip tosses up his bags and climbs up.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Beautiful day for sailing!
Moderate breeze, flat sea. How are
we doing?

SANDRA

(forced)
Good.

SKIP

Let me guess. No coffee.

SANDRA

I couldn't figure the stove out.

SKIP

Typical.

SANDRA

Typical?

Skip realizes his gaff.

SKIP

Typical for non-boat people. These
old pump-action alcohol stoves
takes a little getting used to.

SANDRA

Good recovery.

SKIP

Like I meant typical woman?

SANDRA

(doesn't like Skip's in-
your-face style)
I didn't say that.

SKIP

First impressions count for a lot.
How'd I do? Problems?

Sandra waves him off.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

It's not...don't worry. So you'll show me how the stove works so I can make some tea?

SKIP

My pleasure. Stove and heads are both tricky. Which berth did you take?

SANDRA

The one in the front. The big one.

SKIP

And where is...Michael?

SANDRA

Mike. He's still in bed. He finished off all of Ken's scotch.

SKIP

(briskly)

That's fine. That's okay. I'm ready when you are. So, tea first, I'll stow my gear and then we'll get everything ship-shape. Okay?

Sandra half-nods. He's not what she expected -- he's too brash.

SKIP (CONT'D)

(earnestly quieter and more direct)

Okay?

SANDRA

Yeah, sure.

Skip grabs his bags and they go below.

Sandra is standing the galley. The KETTLE starts to WHISTLE. Mike stumbles out of the berth in his sweat pants.

SANDRA

Morning.

MIKE

Sure is.

SANDRA

Coffee?

21 CONTINUED:

21

Mike walks right by her and heads up the companion ladder.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 (A harsh whisper)
 Michael!

Mike turns around scratching his balls.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 You can't go out like that!

MIKE
 For six-kay I can so.

Mike walks up the companion ladder.

22 EXT. YACHT 46 - DAY

22

Mike comes up into the cockpit of Yacht 46, scratching and stretching. Skip is taking off the sail cover on the mainsail.

SKIP
 Morning.

Mike is shocked and whirls around.

SKIP (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I'm your captain, Skip.
 How you doing? Mike?

MIKE
 Fine. Fine. Mike, sure. How are
 you?

SKIP
 Good. You a coffee drinker?

Mike nods and goes back to scratching.

SKIP (CONT'D)
 Good, because I could use some
 coffee.

Sandra comes up, cradling her tea. Skip jumps down the companion way. Sandra goes back to sitting in the cockpit. Mike flops down, head hanging, elbows on knees.

SANDRA
 Too much to drink?

MIKE
 Oh, lay off, would you?

(CONTINUED)

They sit there, glum. Skip returns.

SKIP
So, where to?

SANDRA
I don't know. Someplace scenic.

SKIP
That would be the ocean. People
pay top dollar to be near it.
We'll be in it. Anything more
specific?

Mike comes into focus. His head comes up slowly.

MIKE
Can we go way out?

SKIP
Well...

MIKE
You know, out of sight of land.

SKIP
We call that making a crossing.
But I don't think you'll be...real
comfortable.

MIKE
It's calm.

SKIP
This is a bay. It'll be pretty
bouncy out there. I'd caution you
to wait till you get your sea legs.

Mike hangs his head again.

SANDRA
Sure. Then you can teach us a
little about the boat.

SKIP
Show you the ropes.

SANDRA
(getting it)
Oh right. Show us the ropes.

SKIP

More important than the ropes --
the galley and the head. The
toilet doesn't flush, you have to
pump it.

FADE TO:

Yacht 46 is churning through the sea on a beam reach, heeled slightly. Sails full, a big bow wave and wake. Mike looks green. Sandra's enjoying the ride, looking around eagerly.

SANDRA

This is great. How you doing,
Mike?

MIKE

Pretty good.

SKIP

Some people suggest taking the
Dramamine hours before sailing.
Like the night before.

MIKE

Great.

SANDRA

So, are you going to show us the
ropes?

Skip puts a BUNGEE through the WHEEL. It has a rickety looking PLASTIC CLIP that sort of holds the wheel in place. It pops off and Skip tries again. It pops off a second time. Third time's the charm before it stays in place.

SKIP

Sure, come with me. Watch your
head.

Skip ducks Sandra under the BOOM. Mike watches. He checks out the rigging attached to the boom.

Skip and Sandra work their way forward. Mike follows along. Skip, hanging on the forward SHROUDS, points Sandra at the MAST.

SKIP (CONT'D)

See that one, sewn into the tack of
the sail? That's the only rope on
the boat.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

What?

Sandra looks around. Okay there's a joke here, but she certainly doesn't get it.

SKIP

Everything else is a line. Some of the lines are called sheets.

This is bewildering and bordering on rude.

SANDRA

So that's the only rope?

SKIP

Only one on the whole boat. It's the boltrope. I don't know why. These things are shrouds. Most of the things you pull are sheets: the jib and main sheets.

MIKE

(faintly amused)

So there are sheets and lines but only this one rope?

SKIP

They're special kinds of lines called sheets--

Sandra's had it and starts to work her way aft.

The SAIL fills with a big puff and the boat heels more -- Mike's scared and drops low -- then the puff leaves and the boat gives a lurch.

The LIFELINE barely saves Sandra as she loses her footing and slips over the side. Holding the life line, her legs dangling in the water.

As the boat rights, Skip is tipped out, hanging on the SHROUDS, knees caught on the life lines.

Mike looks down at Sandra hanging from the lifeline. Sandra is vainly trying to drag herself against the water churning around her legs. Skip is trying to pull himself back inboard. Sandra is looking up at Mike and Skip. She's bravely trying not to shriek -- mouth open, she hyperventilates.

(CONTINUED)

She hooks an elbow and starts to pull herself up. Mike's hand starts to inch toward her. A tiny shove, the least little push...

The boat heels again, the life-line pulls up away from Sandra, her grip starts to falter and she starts dropping away from Mike.

Mike takes a look around at the endless open ocean.

SKIP (CONT'D)

You hold her! I'll luff up!

Mike notices Skip, who is back inboard. Skip leaps over Mike and stumbles into the cockpit.

Skips's BUNGEE is unhooked from the WHEEL. Skip looks forward to Mike; Mike is looking back at him. Mike reaches down toward Sandra, sticking his open hand in her face.

Mike's HAND stretches out in front of Sandra. She doesn't know what to do. Upside down, she stares at the hand trying to figure out how to switch her grip from the life-line to the hand.

The boat pivots and suddenly looses all way. The sails drop, luffing and SLATTING in the breeze. The churning water stops. A horse-collar float goes sailing over Sandra's head and drops into the water. Sandra watches it go by.

SKIP (OS) (CONT'D)

The swim ladder's down!

Sandra gives a last searching look at Mike. Was he doing this on purpose or was he just panicked? She lets go of the lifeline and splashes into the water. In two strokes she's at the float. She grabs it and paddles aft.

Mike smiles in quiet triumph. He faces forward, trying to hide what he's thinking. He nods, resolved, rubs his face to change the expression to dutiful concern.

Skip has just finished rigging the awning. Yacht 46 is stopped in a little sandy cove. Mike is hanging his feet over the side. Sandra is leaning over the lifeline, looking down.

SANDRA

You can see these fat green and orange fish down there!

SKIP
Parrot-fish.

SANDRA
So where's snorkel gear? Where do
I change?

SKIP
(Matter-of-fact)
It's okay, change anywhere, we
don't look.

SANDRA
Change anywhere? What if -- well,
there's no one else here is there?
I wish there were curtains down
below.

Sandra goes below.

MIKE
That woman. Sometimes...

Mike looks sidelong at Skip. Skip politely raises his
eyebrows. He shouldn't get involved, but this is the first
time Mike's inclined to speak.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Curtains. You know, she used to be
a model. Dressers hanging all over
her, makeup people powdering her
boobs, photographers asking her to
stick out her butt. You'd think
she liked having people look at
her.

SKIP
You don't approve?

MIKE
Oh, I was her manager, then. Of
course I approved. We did pretty
well together. Then, you know...

SKIP
What?

MIKE
She went back to business school.
Between her investments and her MBA
she bought and sold some companies.
Now she's Mrs. Hot Shit rising star
CEO.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

Skip nods and looks for a way out of this conversation. This is clearly too touchy for three people wedged into a 40 foot boat. Skip starts to get up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So now, I'm a cost accountant making sixty seven and a half and she's pulling in three quarters of a million in options this quarter.

Sandra comes out of the companion-way. She's wearing a ROBE over a bulky T-shirt. She's got a MASK, SNORKEL and FLIPPERS. She drops the robe and climbs down onto the swim PLATFORM. She struggles into the mask, and flippers and drops into the water while Mike and Skip watch over the lifeline. Mike sighs and looks glum. Skip scans the horizon.

25 EXT. YACHT 46 - DAY

25

Yacht 46 is under way. It is sailing on a starboard tack with the WESTERING sun slanting through the rigging. Skip is at the WHEEL, Mike is looking gray. Sandra is in an athletic 1-piece swimsuit.

She unpins her giant T-SHIRT from the lifeline.

SANDRA

Old habits die hard. Too much sun's bad for the skin, so I keep covered up like it matters any more. Drink?

SKIP

Water would be great.

Sandra disappears down the companion-way. Skip starts to hook the wheel with his BUNGEE. He unhooks it and throws it overboard.

MIKE

(His old snide smile)

I thought you said we couldn't...

SKIP

That little fucker -- pardon my French -- slipped off the wheel and almost made a real mess of this cruise. Could you hold this?

Mike takes the wheel, Skip fiddles with the sheets a little. Sandra comes up the companion-way slowly. She hands skip the water, looking at two CD's in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

No Classical? Only these two
folkie fiddle-music CD's?

SKIP

Classical's all dead white European
men's music. They force kids to
learn this in school, but it's not
relevant, it's foreign.

MIKE

Yeah and it's dull.

SANDRA

(Rising tone)

It's culture.

SKIP

Yes, but who's culture? And why
should it be imposed on school
kids?

SANDRA

You seem pretty upset.

SKIP

No, no no. No, I'm just trying to
start a conversation.

SANDRA

Well, it seems like you're starting
an argument.

SKIP

Sorry, but you can't have a
conversation without different
points of view.

SANDRA

But why emphasize differences?

MIKE

(To Sandra)

Oh, give it a rest, will you?

SKIP

No lemme try this. What else are
you gonna do sitting on a boat all
day? I think a good discussion is
a great thing. Makes you think,
present your ideas.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

The gentle art of conversation.

SKIP

Not exactly gentle. You don't just sit around and agree. (thinks) So, let's try this one. Should people spend more time listening and less time planning what to say next?

SANDRA

Of course, many people are poor listeners.

MIKE

That's what you always say.

SKIP

I disagree. I think the person who whines about not being listened to has an overblown image of the importance of what they're prattling about. No one listens when you're just rattling on to hear yourself sound important.

SANDRA

I think you're sort of being -- well...too argumentative.

SKIP

Well, good. So you think that my technique for starting a conversation is argumentative.

SANDRA

Well, yeah.

SKIP

Okay, lets have a conversation about that. So what would you have me do differently?

Skip smiles, posing, waiting for a long list of things to change--fuel for hours of steady talking. Sandra cringes back from this.

MIKE

Sure, give it to him.

SANDRA

I don't think I should...I mean we've only just met.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

SKIP
Yes, but, you've got a first
impression. That speaks the
loudest. What's it saying?

Sandra really doesn't like the confrontational attitude.

SANDRA
I think I'll put on this Highland
Fling CD.

Skip is disappointed. He checks his pockets.

SKIP
(To Sandra)
You remember how to turn on the
circuit breaker?

Sandra nods absently and goes below. Mike looks sidelong at
Skip for a moment.

Skip sits, uncomfortable. He's botched this trip so far. He
contemplates his failures for a moment. The WHINE of the
generator cranking over stirs him out of his reverie for a
moment. He perks up with the the SAWING of fiddle tunes over
the stereo.

FADE TO:

26 EXT. YACHT 46 - DAY

26

The sun is peeking over the hills. Yacht 46's big diesel
engine is grinding away. SKIP and MIKE are on deck. Skip is
wearing his HARNESS. A kettle WHISTLES. There is BUMPING
and RATTLING down below. SANDRA comes up the companion-way,
cradling a TEA CUP.

SANDRA
Okay, I'm ready.

Skip and Mike have huge coffee TANKARDS.

SKIP
Hold this tight under the cleat
till I say cast off. You got it
one-handed? You want me to take
that?

Mike takes a swig.

MIKE
I got it.

(CONTINUED)

Skip drags his TETHER back to the cockpit.

HANK and CARL come strolling down the dock with DOUG. Hank and Carl stop to watch the activity. Doug keeps on going. He stops and turns when he notices that Hank and Carl stopped.

SKIP

Hold the wheel about here until we start to move. Then steer for that red nun out there.

Skip starts fiddling with the SHEETS. Sandra's not happy with the jargon thing.

SANDRA

Nun?

SKIP

The red sort of cone-shaped one. Just to the right of it.

Skip adjusts the JIB and it starts to draw. He starts to sheet home the main.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Cast off.

Mike drops his LINE. It snakes through the CLEAT around the PILING and drops into the water. Mike hauls the line in and heaps it on the deck. Skip continues to fiddle with the sheets. Hank and Carl watch Yacht 46 slip away.

SKIP (CONT'D)

A little starboard--right please.

SANDRA

I'm headed right for the buoy.

SKIP

(Not patient with her)
We'll have some lee-way. We drift to port--the left, so steer a little to the right.

Sandra's not happy and being treated like that. Mike comes back to the cockpit.

MIKE

So we're off.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

Yep. This is passage-making. All day of good sailing and night in a new port. I picked a nearby island with a quiet beach and a restaurant on the west side that gets the setting sun.

MIKE

So what's with the nylon bondage look?

SKIP

Safety first and all that. I'm the only one who can do rescues and stuff. So I have to be clipped in. If you fall out, I can get you. If I fall out...uh...

Mike gets it, and eyeballs Sandra. He looks around at where he's sitting and settles a little lower.

Yacht 46 slips down the fairway. Mike, Skip and Sandra stretch out in the tropical sun with their teas and coffees.

Doug is leading Hank and Carl to a low and long powerful-looking cruiser. Doug has some PAPERWORK in his hand that he refers to. Yacht 46 is slipping quietly from the pier with a faint gurgle of

CARL

Hey what about that boat?

DOUG

That boat?

CARL

Yeah...that's a real nice little sail boat.

DOUG

Sure is.

CARL

Where do you think they're going?

Doug frowns for a moment, thinking.

DOUG

Culebra, I think. So, your fax came in just a few minutes ago with a line of credit. This is the fastest boat we've got. The gas and water are topped off. There's a Caribbean chart pack. We can supply ice and food, if you'd like.

CARL

Sure. Ice and food.

HANK

Can we get, like, maps and stuff?

DOUG

(puzzled)

The chart pack's in the cabin. You aren't planning on passage-making are you?

CARL

Passage-making?

DOUG

To another island.

CARL

No, why?

DOUG

Well, it's just that we don't like our boats going too far out to sea with first-time charterers.

HANK

No, we're just going to bomb around and maybe check out the topless beach.

Doug's not amused. They clamber on board. Doug sticks the keys in and turns on the power.

DOUG

(reciting the pre-rental
checkout)

Okay. Before starting the engines you have to run the blower for five minutes. Here's the switch. While the blower runs I'll show you the radio, GPS, chart-pack, below.

(CONTINUED)

Hank ducks into the cabin. Doug's little 2-way marine hand-held barks something.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

ASSISTANT (OS)

Doug, Officer Anderson is here to see you.

DOUG

(to radio)

Can it wait? Can he come back in half an hour?

ASSISTANT (OS)

No. He needs to see you immediately. About the assault and rape last night.

Carl stiffens. He looks around, panicked.

DOUG

Oh, come on.

(to Carl)

Would you excuse me? I'll be back in a few minutes. You can just relax here. I'll bring the ice for the cooler when I come back.

CARL

Oh, sure.

Doug jumps off the boat.

Carl crowds into the cabin next to Hank. There's a fold-down desk with CHARTS and a shelf of BOOKS and some marine ELECTRONICS. Hank is playing with the RADIO. It CRACKLES to life. Carl snaps it back off.

HANK

What the fuck?

CARL

Got drunk and fell down?

HANK

(doesn't understand)

What?

CARL

You had a little...date...didn't you?

HANK

(defensive)

What?

CARL

You went for a date and she fought back, is that it? Asshole! We're here to do a job. We've gotta wait until it gets done. The marina guy's talking to the police. You just fucked us all, asshole! Was it worth it?

HANK

No man, it was dark. She didn't see me. Honest, man, I didn't do nothing wrong.

CARL

You worthless shit. I always knew I was carrying you. We gotta get outta here. And we gotta get outta here fast. If we get on a taxi to the airport and fly to like San Juan or something, they'll never find us.

HANK

No, wait...We can do this.

Carl gives Hank a sudden, violent shove in the shoulder. Hank caroms off the wall and falls onto the couch in the saloon.

CARL

But if we punk out, he won't pay -- not even our expenses. Asshole! I ought to leave you on your own.

HANK

(Pleading)

Don't do that to me. I can save this. Listen to me. We take this boat. We do it now. We cut and rãôun and drive to someplace on another island. No -- we can. We've got everything here. We don't need to stay in a hotel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANK (CONT'D)

We just need to finish it, make contact with your Bob guy, get the money wired to us.

HANK (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

We can wreck this on some rocks or something and they'll think we're dead and we can just go home. Really! This'll work.

CARL

Do it now? No orders?

HANK

We can't wait around pulling our puds. We need to do it. Now!

Carl peers cautiously up the companion-way.

CARL

Oh shit. Here we go.

Carl and Hank come leaping out of the cabin on a big power CRUISER. Hank runs forward and throws off the forward mooring LINE. Carl starts the engines, they make a large satisfying RUMBLE. Doug and two police officers come out of the SHED that serves as the marina office.

Carl throws off the aft mooring LINE. Hank runs back and throws off the aft spring LINE.

Doug starts waving and yelling. The police officers start running down the dock.

Carl hits the gas. The rumble moves up an octave in pitch. The twin screws kick up some water as the boat pulls out into the bay. Once away from the dock, Carl gives it some more gas.

They pass well to the starboard of a green can buoy. There is a small but ominous THUNK-THUNK as they pass over something shallow.

Doug and the police watch helplessly for a moment. They they all pull out walkie-talkies and start yelling. They have to turn in different directions to avoid shouting in each other's ears. They crouch and stick hands in their ears to hear better.

Yacht 46 is churning downwind on the port tack. Sandra's wearing a bulky SWEATER and is all curled up on the cushions with her management self-help BOOK. She looks small, fragile and precious in the big open cockpit. Mike is standing next to Skip, looking out over the sea and checking the BINNACLE. Mike looks grim. He's not happy or alert, and he doesn't have his sea-legs. Skip is wearing his HARNESS.

SKIP

Allowing for lee-way, the island will appear just two points -- you know -- a couple of degrees off the starboard bow. We aim a little high on the coastline so we know to search downwind for the actual target.

MIKE

What if you miss the island completely?

SKIP

(Cocky)

Possible, but unlikely.

MIKE

(Cockier than Skip)

How can you be so sure?

SANDRA

Michael, please don't start arguing.

SKIP

We got many, many tools. The first is the compass.

MIKE

I guess.

SKIP

It's not that good. Check this out.

Skip reaches into his knife POUCH in back and pulls out a big all-metal rigging KNIFE. He waves this past the compass and it lurches a few degrees.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP (CONT'D)

And if you don't know where you are, it won't do you any good at all.

MIKE

So, what else?

SKIP

Down in the saloon there's the GPS and the VHF radio.

MIKE

Unless there's like electrical problems, or starter fluid in the...basement...you know...

SKIP

Bilge. And anyway, under the lazarette is a pile of marine batteries. We can run for hours on batteries alone.

Mike sits down heavily in the cockpit opposite Sandra. His mind is churning. Skip grabs the EPIRB from a bracket.

SKIP (CONT'D)

And I told you about the EPIRB. Just chuck it in the ocean and the Coast Guard comes and finds us.

Skip drops the EPIRB back in the bracket. Mike looks at the binnacle, sails, ocean, Sandra and Skip.

31 INT. POWER-BOAT - DAY

31

Hank is pouring over the CHARTS. Carl comes in with a BINOCULAR in his hands. The engines are THROBBING at low idle.

HANK

Here. Culebra.

CARL

Okay, so where do we go?

Hank eyeballs the chart.

HANK

Northeast.

CARL

How far?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Hank spreads his fingers on the mile scale at the bottom.

HANK

Thirty or forty miles.

CARL

No wait. This is better.

Carl flips on the GPS.

CARL (CONT'D)

This is just like the hand-held I got for our survival kit. You punch up the coordinates and I'll steer by that.

Carl goes out to the cockpit. Hank reads the GPS coordinates and eyeballs a location on the map. He circles a patch of ocean near an island. He eyeballs the coordinates of Culebra. The engines run up an octave and the boat takes off. Hank has to hold on to the table while he punches in GPS waypoints.

32 INT. YACHT 46 - DAY

32

Skip is squinting as he holds the wheel. Yacht 46 slides past CARL and HANK's power CRUISER is tied to a giant RED and WHITE marker BELL-BUOY. Every roll of the ocean makes a huge CLANGING.

Skip is incredulous. Hank and Carl are lounging on deck. They wave as Yacht 46 sails by.

33 EXT. MARINA - DAY

33

Yacht 46 slides toward a mooring BUOY, under jib only. Sandra is steering. Skip is leaning over the bow pulpit with a BOAT HOOK. He snags the buoy and waves. Sandra hits the WHEEL to curl around the buoy. Skip snakes the big mooring LINE through the buoy and drapes it over a CLEAT. The boat lurches against the mooring and bobs to a halt.

Skip grabs a control LINE for the roller furling system and stows the JIB.

Skip loops the inflatable DINGHY PAINTER through the LADDER and climbs in. Sandra climbs in. Mike hands down Sandra's big BEACH BAG, two small DUFFELS and a pair of FINS before he climbs in also. Skip lets go the painter and rows away from the boat.

As they drift into the dock, Skip whips the painter over a CLEAT and snubs it.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Once the dinghy is secured, Skip gets out. Sandra hands up her big beach bag, Skip's duffel and flippers and Mike's duffel before climbing out. Mike lurches out unsteadily.

He stands on the pier, clutching a piling, relishing the stability of the unmoving land.

Sandra, Mike and Skip take their bags through the little CUSTOM'S HOUSE right on the pier. They come out, folding up their PASSPORTS and stuffing them in pockets.

Skip goes up to a GUY, dressed very shabbily, leaning on a building. The guy reaches into dirty, ripped jeans, pulls out a CELL PHONE, and makes a call. Skip tips him a few DOLLARS.

A rusty old island TAXI pulls up. Skip, Mike and Sandra get in.

34 EXT. BEACH - DAY

34

A rusty island TAXI pulls up, Sandra hops out with her fancy BEACH BAG. She's brimming with energy, delighted to be someplace new; someplace that looks like a full-page ad for idyllic Caribbean vacations. Sandra does a double-take. The beach is narrow and rocky, but fringed with shrubbery.

Skip eases out, he's got his yachting hat pulled low, heavy sunglasses and a DUFFEL with a pair of FLIPPERS. Mike leans out the window.

MIKE

(Fumbling to sound at ease)

Tell you what, I'm going to, you know, find a room somewhere.

SANDRA

What? Go hang out in some bar?

MIKE

(Suddenly angry)

Did I say bar?

SANDRA

I'm sorry. It's just the stereotype. Men would rather go to a bar and women lay on a beach. It was dumb. So where are you going?

MIKE

To find a room that doesn't move. Get some sleep.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

Okay. You check into the hotel.
We'll meet there for dinner.

(To the taxi driver)

Can you come back in an hour?

The taxi drives away. Sandra looks at Skip.

SANDRA

I'm sorry, this is kind of awkward.

SKIP

It's okay I'll snorkel for an hour
and head back. You're...on your
own?

SANDRA

I need some time. Mike seems
especially out of sorts. For weeks
now. He's been anxious about
something, but I've been so busy
with the IPO that I've been a
pretty piss-poor wife. I guess
I'll give him some space.

Skip shrugs. They turn and walk down the narrow and rocky
beach.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

And here I am talking to you like
you're some kind of marriage
counselor.

SKIP

You get to know each other on a
boat. You live together and work
together. I really like it.

SANDRA

I think that living together and
working together are two very
different things. I mean, when I
was modeling and Mike was my
manager, that was easy -- we had
shared goals -- even though Mike
did everything and I just hung
around and looked cute. But when
gravity took its toll (points at
her boobs), Mike put me through
business school.

(CONTINUED)

But then I landed some senior positions -- He's a good manager, but I guess he couldn't handle being managed. Kinda childish, really.

SKIP

Let's try this. I think the secret in either living or working together is forging a relationship. It's not the same relationship, granted, but the forging is the same and that can be a focus which lasts.

SANDRA

I guess...

SKIP

Was I too argumentative?

SANDRA

I think I've talked to much. Let's drop it, okay?

Skip's shoulders stoop more. As much as he can, carrying fins and duffel, he tries to scrunch his hands in his pockets. Sandra drops her stuff and unrolls her BEACH MAT. Skip gets his MASK from his duffel and heads straight to the WATER with mask and flippers. Sandra sits alone, very alone on the beach. She is small and frail and isolated. She is on the verge a wall of small, dark shrubs.

This is a small, falling-down, shed of a bar. Skip and Sandra and Mike have a pile of PLATES around the table and a few beer BOTTLES. Most of the bottles are in front of Mike.

SANDRA

So that was Conch?

SKIP

The local cuisine.

MIKE

I think there would've been fewer roaches at the hotel.

Sandra and Skip agree.

SKIP

This place had...color?

MIKE

Your cab-driver guy was just trying to find the most isolated spot on this island.

Hank and Carl come in. Skip, Sandra and Mike try not to notice, since they're the only other customers. Hank and Carl look at them coldly. Carl nods in greeting. Hank leers.

SKIP

So, you guys can spend the night at the hotel. Just come down to the marina when you're ready.

Hank sits down, Carl goes into the kitchen. There is a an ominous RATTLE of cookware, a sudden THUMP and the faint SLAM of a door. Skip watches this, wondering what these guys are about.

SANDRA

You'll stay on the boat?

Carl has come back out of the kitchen carrying two beer BOTTLES. Hank looks inquisitively. Carl nods to Hank, hands him a beer. The clink necks and take a slug. Carl sits next to Hank so they can both keep an eye on Sandra and Skip.

Skip leans close to Sandra.

SKIP

We gotta go.

Sandra glances over at Hank and Carl. Mike looks from Skip to Sandra, not recognizing what's going on.

SANDRA

Right. Get the taxi, I'll pay.

Skip gets up and goes to a pay phone on the bar. Sandra looks around. No one is in sight. She drums her fingers for a moment.

Skip is done on the phone and still no waiter. She gets up to go back into the kitchen. Hank leers as she walks past in her stylish cruise-wear.

Once she's in the kitchen, Carl raps Hank on the arm, pointing at the kitchen. Hank eases up slowly, adjusts his pants and starts after her. Skip is back at the table and looks around. Carl moves to block the kitchen door.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Skip looks at Carl. Carl nods, takes a swig of beer. Skip checks his pockets. Skip looks over at Mike. Mike looks at Carl.

SKIP
So, what's up?

CARL
None of your concern, Popeye.

From the kitchen there is a shriek and a CRASH of pans. Skip is startled, Carl chuckles. Mike looks at the kitchen.

MIKE
What the fuck?

CARL
Listen, chief, this is none of your concern.

Sandy is SHOUTING something from the kitchen. Mike stands up, wavering. Skip stares, willing Mike to do something. Mike looks at Carl and the kitchen. Isn't this just what he wanted?

Skip "eyeballs" Mike toward the kitchen door. Mike takes a step, Carl straightens. Mike halts. Mike looks back at Skip, but Skip is compelling him on. Mike takes another step. There is another CRASH in the kitchen. Mike starts moving. Carl intercepts him.

CARL (CONT'D)
Just take a seat.

Mike looks back toward the door, except Skip is gone. The front door SLAMS. Carl takes off after him. Mike stands, baffled and torn.

36 EXT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

36

Skip comes tearing around the back of the bar. There is a SCREEN DOOR with light pouring out showing a wedge of rocky weeds with an open JEEP. Hank has Sandra by the hair with a KNIFE at her throat. Sandra is rolling her eyes around, looking for an escape.

Skip skids to a halt, uncertain what to do about the tableau of Hank and Sandra. Carl sprints up behind Skip. He crashes into Skip, knocking him to the ground. Carl whips out a fanciful mail-order wide-bladed KNIFE with garish hooks and spikes.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

HEADLIGHTS round the curve and illuminate the parking lot. Carl jumps over Skip and heads for the Jeep, concealing the knife in the shadows in front of him. Hank drops Sandra as if she were on fire. Sandra yanks away from him, ready to fight. Hank and Carl jump into the jeep.

Mike stumbles out of the restaurant and into the TAXI. Skip grabs Sandra and drags her over to the taxi.

37 EXT. INFLATABLE - NIGHT

37

Skip and Sandra jog down the PIER with Mike dragging behind. Their INFLATABLE is still there. The Custom's House is dark. They stop and look around. It is quiet. Carl and Hank's Cruiser is tied up right here.

Skip loosens the inflatable's PAINTER. He hands Sandra down, climbs in himself. Mike struggles down the ladder. Once Mike is in, Skip fends off with an OAR and starts pulling out toward the moorings.

Headlights sweep the water. They all pivot to look back at shore.

SANDRA

Oh, God.

SKIP

We're covered. Once we're in the boat and out to sea, they'll never catch us.

Skip starts rowing more seriously.

38 EXT. PIER - NIGHT

38

Carl and Hank sprint down the pier. They start peering into the gloom. Carl jumps onto their BOAT to get up higher so he can see farther. Hank points, Carl picks up on it and sees what Hank sees. Carl turns to the console. The LIGHTS snap on. The BLOWER starts WHISTLING.

39 EXT. YACHT 46 - NIGHT

39

Mike, Skip and Sandra sit in the INFLATABLE. Sandra is craned around backwards, Skip is twisted to see around her. Mike hangs his head. Skip and Sandra are looking back at the pier.

With a booming COUGH a large boat engine RUMBLES into life.

Skip starts pulling in earnest, really stretching out to get the most from each stroke.

(CONTINUED)

The inflatable noses against the stern ladders. Skip makes the painter fast. Skip hands Sandra up. He steadies the boat for Mike, then climbs up the ladder himself.

SKIP

Okay. Okay. Make ready to cast off. Mike, can you grab those mooring lines? I'm going to start the motor.

Sandra works her way forward. Mike plops down in the cockpit. Skip struggles with the engine. It CLICKS. Skip fiddles with the switches on the console. It makes a big CLICK again. Sandra uncleats the mooring line and snubs it.

SKIP (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

Shit! Okay we'll sail it out.
Hold it, okay?

SANDRA

Jesus Christ, what now?

SKIP

Something's wrong with the engine.

Skip hits more switches. Nothing happens. He flips it again and again. Mike is sitting in the cockpit, staring back toward shore.

SKIP (CONT'D)

(not quite panicked)
It's the electric. Mike, the mooring lines please.

Skip starts hauling up the main sail. He pulls so hard he almost climbs the halyard. They hear the RUMBLE of a big engine trolling slowly through the mooring area.

SANDRA

I got the mooring line.

MIKE

I was going to get it.

SANDRA

I'm sorry I took your place, but I think we should get moving here.

MIKE

I was going to get it. Skip doesn't have the sail up yet.

SANDRA

I'm sure you were, but I don't think--

SKIP

Please, focus your tasks. Mike, I need you to pull on the main sheet, here. Sandra! Cast Off!

Sandra hauls up the mooring line and throws it at the deck. She starts to creep aft.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Get the big flashlight and go up to the pulpit to spot channel markers.

Skip turns the wheel. The sail starts to fill.

SANDRA

We're going backward.

SKIP

Right, and falling off the wind. Mike, let it out to a beam reach. More.

MIKE

Beam reach, what the fuck's a beam reach?

Sandra climbs into the cockpit and reaches below for the big flashlight.

SANDRA

Michael!

MIKE

Don't give me that! You don't know what the fuck you're doing either!

SKIP

Sorry, my fault. My fault. Let it out till it's hanging over the side. There.

Sandra flicks on the big LIGHT. She starts to creep forward again.

SKIP (CONT'D)

PFD! Get a life-jacket on. Clip onto the lifeline.

(CONTINUED)

Skip reaches under the bench and pulls out a bag of life jackets. Michael unzips and hands one up to Sandra. Sandra struggles into it. She clips onto the life-line with a solid THUNK. and works her way forward.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Where's the marker?

SANDRA

There's one of the cylinder ones way over to the right.

SKIP

(Angry)

Right? Yours, mine or the boat's?

SANDRA

The boat's right. There.

Sandra shines the light. Skip spins the wheel, lets out the sheet. The RUMBLE of Carl and Hank's boat can be heard very close. The boat starts to make way.

SKIP

Okay. Okay. We'll come back in daylight. We'll get out to where it's safe. Heave to for the night. I'll fix the electric, and then we can call on the VHF radio. Okay?

MIKE

Sure, whatever. You're driving.

SKIP

Okay. Right now we need to get away. Sandra? Where's the next marker?

SANDRA

There!

SKIP

Watch the jib. Mike, take the wheel, please.

Skip starts pulling lines which unfurl the jib. He takes Mike's hand and puts it on the wheel. He unfurls some jib and fiddles with the main sheet. On either side of them are BREAKERS rolling past in the darkness. Skip looks back at the harbor.

SKIP (CONT'D)

I hope they miss the channel and
sink their damn boat.

SANDRA

In the dark? They could be killed.

SKIP

And we couldn't?

SANDRA

(Shivers)

You weren't in the kitchen with
him. We weren't -- we got away.
Once we're out in the ocean we're
safe, right? That's the end of it?
We'll find someone and get them
arrested?

SKIP

First, we get out of sight.

SANDRA

I think I see a light ahead.

SKIP

Fairway marker. Should be that red
and white with a blinking light and
bells. Where?

SANDRA

A little right-ish.

Skip looks over his shoulder. Sandra comes aft and joins
him. Skip only looks forward enough to check the course. He
and Sandra peer down their phosphorescent wake.

SKIP

I can't tell. Do you think you see
any lights moving?

Yacht 46 slips away into the darkness, approaching the faint
CLING-CLANG of the bell buoy.

Skip is steering Yacht 46 through the dark night-time ocean.

SANDRA

Which way?

SKIP

South, toward Vieques. Maybe they'll lose us against the background.

SANDRA

What if they've got radar or something?

SKIP

(Remembering)

Oh shit.

Skip runs over to the mast, unhooks a halyard and the radar reflector drops from the rigging. Rope snakes after it and piles up on the deck. Skip leaps back to the wheel.

SANDRA

What's that?

SKIP

Radar reflector. That would have been helping them. Okay, time to try some jinx. Let out the jib sheet -- that red one. Let's hope they can't see our mast on radar.

Sandra lets out the jib sheet and then the main sheet. They heel over as they turn beam to the wind. Mike looks ready to heave.

Carl and Hank peer into the darkness from the cockpit of their power boat. Carl checks the RADAR and then checks the ocean ahead through a huge low-light NIGHT-BINOCULAR. Carl hands the binocular to Hank.

CARL

Check it out. Turn until the little compass guy in the bottom says -- (looks at radar) -- two forty five plus a couple -- maybe two forty eight or nine.

HANK

Cool. You can like see their splash. It glows. Even with their lights out.

41 CONTINUED:

41

CARL

This couldn't be more perfect.
This couldn't be better. What a
setup! Do we rule?

Carl reaches for the binocular and tries to yank it away from Hank. Hank doesn't let go and they elbow each other.

42 EXT. YACHT 46 - NIGHT

42

Yacht 46 is starting to heel heavily in a growing sea. Mike, Skip and Sandy are peering into the darkness aft. The wind is starting to pick up.

There is lightening flickering away behind them. Skip's enthusiasm is fading palpably.

SKIP

They're after us. They followed
both turns. Shit! Shit. Shit.
Shit. Shit. Shit.

SANDRA

Okay. Hold on. We can't get away.
Right? They can see us no matter
what?

SKIP

I guess. With no lights and no
reflector. They must see the hull
and mast and stuff.

SANDRA

Okay. Okay. What have we got?
Speed?

SKIP

In this? Eight knots is it. That
boat of theirs will do thirty with
ease.

SANDRA

Okay, what else? Can we out-
maneuver them?

SKIP

No. We can't maneuver up into the
wind. They can circle in tight,
bump us up into the wind and just
jump over.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

Okay. Keep positive, let's keep working the angles here. Can we escape? Mike? Mike! What have you got?

MIKE

What?

SANDRA

Oh please, Mike. You saw those creeps, you must have been in the restaurant with the little one.

MIKE

What, like I hired them?

SANDRA

Hired them?

MIKE

I don't know. You know. They're so persistent, not like...you know...just some random rapist.

SANDRA

Random rapist! What the hell do you know about rape? You weren't there. You've never...Okay! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get off track. What have we got? What about the life raft?

SKIP

That's made to be visible -- it'd be easier to find us. We're in trouble.

SANDRA

No we're not. Hey, don't we have radios? Can't we call the Coast Guard?

SKIP

Electric's out.

Skip flips some switches. The wind is picking up even more.

SANDRA

Okay, you said you were going to fix it. Maybe it's just a wire loose on the generator.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

(Brightening)

Or the battery that starts it.
Move!

Skip brushes her off the cockpit BENCH lifts it up. Sandra holds it. He hops down, grabs the FLASHLIGHT stowed there and looks around. The BATTERY WIRES are all dangling loose. There are no batteries in sight. A SCREWDRIVER rolls around.

Skip hunkers down, close to tears. Rain starts to spatter down around them.

SANDRA

(Gently)

Come on.

Skip climbs out, but sits hunkered on the floor of the cockpit. Sandra replaces the sole. She looks aft. The POWERBOAT is bearing down on them.

Sandra watches the boat closing the gap. She passes perilously close to self-pity. Then her resolve tightens. She hunkers down next to Skip.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Skip? We can't run and we can't hide. So we're going to make them pay. Skip? Look at me. I wasn't always a senior executive type. Once I was a dreamy seventeen year-old with perfect skin, tits the defied gravity and lights in my eyes. Guys would drool on me -- making slurp noises and staring and shit just to scare me. I've been here before. (derisive snort) I didn't think I could fight back. But I learned a lot. I learned -- never again. I can still smell him and see those hands. Never again. Never. He deserved worse, but I wasn't -- I didn't know what I could do. But if they touch me, I'll kill 'em! You've got to help me, Skip. This is something I'm really afraid of. We're alone out here. I'm not going to take it, Skip. There's only two of them, and we can do this. Are you with me? We can stop them.

(CONTINUED)

Skip? What can we do? You said the boom can do damage when it jibes. What else, Skip? Can we make this thing heel so far they stumble? What if we take down the lifelines? What do you think?

Skip's with her. His resolve tightens. He's not pleased. He looks a Mike.

SKIP

Well, Mike, what do you say?

Mike looks puzzled.

SKIP (CONT'D)

It'll get real ugly. They may be armed. I say we get ugly? Mike?

Skip sticks out his hand. Without rising, Mike gives it a half-hearted shake.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Sandra, you go below. Hide. There may be room in one of the big lockers. Lift up the sole, throw the extra stuff into the bilge. Hide with the foul weather gear or something.

SANDRA

I don't know about hiding. We can't run. I think we need to fight.

Skip gets up and goes into the companion-way to open a locker.

SKIP (OS)

They looked pretty tough.

SANDRA

Yeah but they're creeps. And we -- I've got something to fight for. They're just a pair of ignorant sons of bitches. What have we got for knives?

Skip comes out with the SEA ANCHOR and a coil of ROPE. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a big folding KNIFE.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I mean outside the galley.

SKIP

This is it. Plus my dive knife
with my snorkel stuff.

Sandra starts to go below. She looks at Mike. Mike appears to be frozen by rising panic. He's having trouble catching his breath. He's staring, and has the life-line and the wheel locked in a death-grip.

SANDRA

Mike? Mike, you gotta help me.
These people are out to get me.
Mike? Isn't there anything you can
do?

MIKE

I didn't...this wasn't...who the
hell are these guys?

SANDRA

I don't care. Can you get rid of
them for me? You always took care
of me when I was younger. Can you
do that now for me? Mike?

Sandra puts an arm around him, clinging to him for a moment. Mike relaxes a bit, and nods, his resolve firming. Sandra goes below. She RATTLES the cutlery.

Skip hands Mike a jib sheet and takes the wheel. Skip spins the WHEEL to run from the wind. Mike pulls the jib through, Skip releases the main so the boat is flying wing and wing. Mike takes the wheel again. Skip coils the sea anchor and belays it to a CLEAT. He goes forward to rig a preventer line from the boom through a forward cleat and back to the cockpit.

Sandra comes up with a handful of kitchen KNIVES and throws them overboard.

Sandra comes up with a handful of kitchen KNIVES and throws them overboard.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Tape?

SKIP

Tool box.

Skip tests the main by steering and watching the boom swing around, ominously. The SNAP of sail cloth is like a rifle shot. Skip steers back to a safe course. He hands the wheel back to Mike.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (5)

42

Skip grabs a winch HANDLE, tests its heft. He slides it into his the back of his pants waistband. His pants sag dangerously. He tightens his BELT.

The seas are flattened as the rain starts in earnest.

43 INT. YACHT 46 - NIGHT

43

Sandra steps down the companion-way, waving around a little waterproof FLASHLIGHT. Rain is knocking hard on the deck. She opens the LOCKER, pulls out a big DUFFEL bag. She roots for a moment and comes up with a large, wicked DIVE KNIFE. She pulls out the huge 8 D-cell DIVE LIGHT. She shoves the duffel in the locker.

She slides the big LIGHT's lanyard up her arm to the elbow. She puts the little light in her mouth.

She opens the starboard-side saloon COUCH seat and opens the TOOL BOX. She pulls a role of DUCT TAPE. She leaves the cushions scattered around.

Sandra backs into the companionway and looks critically at the layout. She turns to make her way aft to Skip's cabin. She charges forward into the saloon, face grim with cold, bottled fury. She looks left and right. She eyes the open saloon couch and the forward berth. She goes forward.

Crouching, she tapes the wicked dive knife between the overhang of the bed and the floor,

44 EXT. YACHT 46 - NIGHT

44

The powerboat noses up behind the yacht, engine at idle, but still RUMBLING ominously. The powerboat has all lights on. Hank is holding a spotlight on Yacht 46 to guide Carl. Rain is slanting down all around.

Skip takes a deep breath, steadying himself. He takes another big breath. He braces the wheel with his feet.

He shines a light on the sails. He holds up an AIR-HORN, points it at the power boat and lets fly with a massive HONK. He hands the air-horn to Mike. Mike ignores it. Skip whacks him with it. Mike, irritated at this, takes it grudgingly. Skip rings the BELL.

The power boat steers slightly to port and slides along the port side of the sailboat. In this mid-ocean chop, these boats are dangerously close. Skip steers away, slightly. The main sags and starts SNAPPING.

(CONTINUED)

When the powerboat cockpit is almost off the quarter, Skip takes the horn back from Mike and lets them have another HONK.

CARL
(Simply annoyed)
Hey, cut it the fuck out.

SKIP
What do you think you're doing?
You're going to cause a collision.

CARL
Not if you don't quit it with that
horn thing, asshole.

Skip drops the flashlight and horn, grabs the BOAT HOOK and tries to fend off the power boat.

Mike picks up the horn and the light. He points the light at the gap between the boats where Skip is working. Carl and Hank look at the two feet of choppy sea bouncing between them.

CARL (CONT'D)
Listen, chief, if you don't cut
that out, you're gonna get hurt
after all.

SKIP
I don't know who you are or what
you want, but get away from my
boat!

Carl gives Hank a shove, then points forward. Hank clambers up onto the the slippery forward deck of the power boat. Slipping, he runs forward. Carl cuts the wheel to starboard. The two bows come together. Skip can't fend off effectively from the cockpit. Hank jumps for the yacht.

Hank strides aft.

SKIP (CONT'D)
Get off my boat! You're
trespassing!

From the cockpit, Skip tries to jab at Hank with the boat hook. Hank parries, grabs, and wrenches it out of Skip's hand. Skip is astonished and doesn't know what to do. Hank jabs him in the gut. Skip staggers back, trips on his PFD TETHER and falls down in the cockpit.

MIKE
(Shaking)
Hey!

Hank whips the boat hook around and clobbers Mike cross the shoulder. The hook snags his shirt. Hank pulls him off the cockpit bench trying to wrench the hook out of his shirt. Pissed, Hank gives the hook a shove, bashing up Mike's arm even more. When the hook comes free, Mike topples onto the deck next to Skip. Hank whacks Mike again for good measure.

Hank swings the boat-hook around and pulls the power boat close by. Carl throws out FENDERS. A surge CRACKS the boats together. Everyone loses their footing. Hank slips, Carl misses snagging Yacht 46 with the mooring LINE, Mike and Skip roll around in the cockpit.

Skip grabs some RIGGING to help himself to his feet. Seeing what Hank is doing, he grabs the wheel, but too late. Hank has hauled the power boat in again and Carl drops a line over a CLEAT. Carl hops over into the cockpit of Yacht 46.

Carl looks Skip over carefully. Skip tries to stand up straight and look tough, but he's just barely getting his wind back; the RAIN is streaming in his face. Mike moans.

CARL
Sit down, chief, before I have to hurt you.

SKIP
I called the Coast Guard. You guys won't get away with this.

CARL
Away with what?

Carl points Hank below. Hank drops the boat hook and looks below.

HANK
It's dark.

SKIP
Yeah, well, why'd you throw our fucking batteries overboard?

Carl snorts. Hank jumps back over to the power boat and grabs the big light. He jumps back.

Carl ignores Skip and watches Hank go below. Hank's light shines out of the ports around Yacht 46.

(CONTINUED)

The beams rising through the rain looking like solid shafts of glowing crystal. The beams shift in intensity as Hank moves around below.

Skip takes out the WINCH CRANK. He looks at Carl, vulnerable before him. He looks at the crank.

HANK (OS)

Hi, honey, I'm home!

Skip is revolted. He swings the crank and WHACKS Carl across the back of the head. Carl staggers forward and turns on Skip.

CARL

Ow! What the fuck!

Carl punches Skip in the face. Skip drops the winch crank and falls against the LIFE-LINE. Carl punches skip again and again, venting his pointless pent-up rage at the world.

Skip cowers down, hands feebly covering his head.

CARL (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)

Jesus, why'd you have to do that?
Look what you made me do. You dumb
sonofabitch.

Carl kicks Skip and turns away from him, feeling the gash in the back of his head. The rain is making the BLOOD stream down the back of his shirt.

SKIP

What the hell do you want?

CARL

Nothing from you. Just shut up.
I'd throw you in the goddamn ocean,
but they need you to get back.
Man, I'd sure like to kill the
bunch of you. Fuck the contract.

Carl turns back and kicks Skip again. Then Carl throws himself into the bench on the other side of the deck. Skip releases the preventer line and flings it on deck.

Mike moans and tries to move. One of his arms doesn't seem to work. Carl eyes them carefully, holding his head. Slowly he pulls his fanciful mail-order KNIFE with showy barbs and hooks.

45 INT. YACHT 46 - NIGHT

45

Hank opens the companion-way LOCKERS. He rummages among the foul-weather gear. He goes to the forward berth, checking casually as he goes. This is fun for him--he's humming.

Hank flips open lockers. He flips open the HEAD. He whistles at the size of the head. He checks for forward berth. It's empty. He bounces on the BED.

Hank goes back aft. He's concerned now. He checks more carefully. There's no one here. What did he miss?

This pass, he reaches into the lockers. Instead of humming, he grunts with the effort. He opens all the cabinets, even the small ones in the GALLEY. As he works his way aft, his light discovers the companion-way back on the port side to the aft berth. A curtain covers the doorway.

46 INT. BUNK - NIGHT

46

Sandra is huddled behind a SAIL BAG in the upper bunk of Skip's cabin. The bunk is rigged with a lee-cloth made from a NET to keep things from rolling out.

Hank rips open the curtain and shines the light around. Sandra can see the light above and beside her. Her look of fierce determination burns holes in the sail bag.

Hank rustles around. GRUNTING, he tries to lift the sailbag to look under it. Hank's light swings away, leaving Sandra in darkness.

47 INT. YACHT 46 - NIGHT

47

Hank hangs his light on a HOOK in the GALLEY. He tip-toes back into Skip's berth. Quietly he reaches for the sailbag. With a vicious grab, he drags it away. The nylon SHRIEKING as it slides along the net. This reveals Sandra, crouched in the bunk.

She screams. Hank leers. As he reaches for her, she swings her leg out of the bunk and kicks him in the face, twice. Hank grabs her leg as he staggers back. Hank struggles to hang on as Sandra struggles to free her leg.

Hank works his way from calf to thigh. With one leg and one arm, he tries haul her out of the bunk. She grabs the netting and won't let go. She braces her free leg against the head of the berth.

48 EXT. YACHT 46 - NIGHT

48

Sandra's screams echo up from below. Smirking, Carl gets up to look down the companionway. Skip raises his hand to his yachting cap, in a salute. Carl salutes with his KNIFE. Skip touches the wheel with his foot. Yacht 46 pivots and jibes.

With a CRACK like a howitzer, the boom rips across

Skip leaps over to Carl's powerboat and starts throwing the powerboat's cushions and life preservers in Carl's general direction.

SKIP

I hope you drown, you fucking asshole, but it won't be my fault if you do. (to the ocean) You can have him! But I didn't want this to happen. It's not my fault. I did everything I could to save him. See! But if you want him, he's yours!

Skip leaps back to Yacht 46.

49 INT. YACHT 46 AFT BERTH - NIGHT.

49

Hank's swinging LAMP gives a flickering, hellish glow to Sandra and Hank.

Sandra is hanging half out of the bunk, kicking, while Hank pulls on her. The boat gives another lurch, stumbling Hank to his knees. Sandra hauls her legs back up into her bunk.

Hank's big left reaches over the netting and smashes Sandra in the face.

Sandra brings the flashlight around and CRACKS Hank on the side of the head. Hank collapses like a bag of bones.

Skip swings into the berth's doorway, blocking the light from the swinging lamp in the galley.

SANDRA

Quick, get him out of here.

Hank is not out, and he starts to get up. Skip tries to kick him. Hank blocks, grabs Skip's leg and punches Skip in the groin. Skip collapses back into the galley.

The mainsail swings back with wrenching TEAR followed by an ominous CLANGING POP. Yacht 46 lurches.

(CONTINUED)

There is a CRUNCH of mast and deck. Standing over Skip, Hank stumbles around. Sandra reaches out of the bunk and hits Hank, twice. Hank covers his head with his arms and backs out of the berth.

Sandra waits a moment, looking to see if Hank will come in again.

HANK (OS)
Common sailor-boy, get up.

The galley drawers are opened with a CLATTER of flatware. Sandra peeks around the corner. Hank rummages around some more. He sees the open couch and tool box. He RATTLES the tools until he finds what is is looking for.

Hank WHACKS the deck sole with a claw HAMMER.

HANK (CONT'D)
Up, asshole. I am motivated. I am a success-oriented individual. I will do whatever is needed to make this operation a success.
(shouts)
Right Carl old buddy? I say, right Carl?

SANDRA
(to herself)
Success-oriented?

Sandra jumps out of the bunk. She goes to confront Hank.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here?

Hank looks at Sandra, waving a cracked dive light and Skip, struggling to sit on the cabin sole. Rain is slanting in through the open companionway hatch. His light swings and CLUNKS against the wall.

HANK
Don't make me hurt him.

SANDRA
I'm not making you do anything.
Who sent you?

HANK
It was just phone calls.

SANDRA

To where? New York City? 212-555-9876?

Hank recognizes the number and it shows. He shifts the hammer in his hand. Sandra ducks back around the corner.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

To a guy named Bob?

HANK

(trying to sound threatening)

You can run but you can't hide.

SANDRA

How much is Bob paying you?

The big pause confirms everything. Hank's mouth moves as he tries a few answers silently.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Listen. Are you listening to me?

HANK

Sure.

SANDRA

What's Bob Robertson to you? A paycheck, right?

HANK

Look, lady, I don't--

Skip moves up to sit on the saloon couch, opposite Hank.

SANDRA

You don't know me right? You've got nothing against me personally, right? You two are here because some guy named Bob called. He -- what -- he paid you some in advance, right?

HANK

Yea? So? So what? He paid me and I'm doing my job.

The boat lurches. Skip lunges and tackles Hank over the other couch. Hank falls into the locker with the tools, and cracks his head against the hull.

(CONTINUED)

Skip takes the hammer out of his hand. Sandra comes out, still swinging her flashlight. She gets behind Skip for a good look at him. She clicks on the cracked dive light so they can both see him.

SANDRA

So what? So what are your objectives? What do you hope to get out of this?

Hank struggles up out of the couch.

SKIP

Get out. Now.

Sandra isn't used to being interrupted.

SANDRA

Could you let me?

SKIP

Sorry. This is not an opportunity for giving executive direction. If he doesn't move, I'll fucking kill him.

Hank and Sandra glare at Skip defiantly. Hank pulls himself out of the couch and looks the two over.

Skip brandishes the hammer. Hank sneers; Skip hasn't got the guts to use it. Hank eyes the both of them, judging the distances.

With snake-like speed and icy malice, Hank punches Skip to the ground. He turns his leer on Sandra. Sandra cowers, looking for a way to back up.

SANDRA

Mike! Mike!

Hank steps over the inert Skip and grabs Sandra by the arms. Sandra, terrified, forces herself to glance toward the forward berth. It's her only hope. She glances back, hoping he took the bait.

He did. He tosses her forward. She caroms off the bulkhead, her ankle caught in the corner where wall meets deck, and slumps to the floor under the bed. She's right under the knife taped under the bed. Unsure, she reaches up to the knife. Hank grabs her by the ankles, dragging her into the companionway. Sandra shrieks with pain as he further dislocates her ankle.

(CONTINUED)

She keeps her grip on the knife and the tape peels away. Hank eyes the knife, trying to judge her resolve to use it.

Mike stumbles down the companion-way behind Hank, cradling his injured arm. Hank turns to sneak a glance, without taking his eyes off Sandra.

Mike hefts the winch crank in his good arm -- he stumbles feebly. Sandra looks at Mike and Hank, pleading silently with Mike to save her.

The boat rolls; Mike doesn't have a free hand to steady himself and flops his back against the nearest wall to keep from hitting his arm. Hank turns back to Sandra.

Skip hauls himself erect and stands, shaking, behind Hank. Without a pause, Skip cracks him on the head with his dive light. Hank collapses. Skip whacks him again and again and again. The final whack ends with a splintering CRACK.

The rain has picked up. It is pounding down in the boat, making a deafening ROAR. SKIP drags HANK up via a ROPE slung under Hank's arms. Skip horses Hank over to the rail, and slides him partway under the lifelines. He bends Hank's line onto a CLEAT on the power boat, and flings all the extra line into the power boat cockpit. A CUSHION bobs by, reminding him of Carl's fate. Skip cuts the line tying the power boat to Yacht 46. As the two pull apart, Hank is dragged off of Yacht 46 and plops into the sea.

SKIP fumbles at a CLEAT. He labors in the SEA ANCHOR, and leaves it dripping on deck. The boat starts to turn and run before the wind. Skip trims the JIB, and the powerboat disappears in the night.

Skip squints through the rain at the main sail. The BOOM is lying across the LIFE-LINES. Some of the footing of the sail is ripped out. The tack is snapping in the breeze. ROPES dangle lifelessly.

Skip looks at the place where it used to attach to the MAST. It is a bent and broken mess. He can't lift the boom. He stumbles

Skip notices that one of the forward shrouds has pulled its CHAINPLATE up through the fiberglass, leaving an ugly HOLE. He releases the HALYARD, dropping the mainsail all over the deck.

The ship GROANS as the mast changes position.

There is a loud THUMP from under the deck as it reaches its new position, shroud dangling loose and SNAPPING against the mast in the wind.

The boat lurches and Skip falls down and starts to slide off the cabin top into the ocean. His PFD has snagged on something, and that's the only thing keeping him on the boat. He's laying on his TETHER. He scrabbles on the cabin top, but there's nothing to hold onto. The boat rises and falls on the swell, shifting his position, slightly. He tries to use the rise to hike himself further inboard.

He finds a LINE, and pulls it, but it is slack. After pulling for a while, the bitter END drops on deck. He kicks and wiggles, hoping to find something to keep him on the boat. If he falls off, he's dead.

SKIP

Sandra! Mike! A little help
please! Mayday!

They can't hear him over the storm. He sees the line from the power boat still looped around a cleat just aft of where he's dangling. He reaches for this bit of rope. The boat crashes into a wave, knocking him loose. He snags the line with one hand as he is washed off the deck. He spins in the water, winding it around his wrist.

Gasping, he rides a wave up and grabs at the lifeline stanchions. But misses. When the next wave brings him up, he has his tether. The third wave allows him to clip onto the lifeline. He drags himself up his tether, back into the cockpit. He lays on the deck, spent by his struggle with the sea.

SANDRA, bleary, struggles, limping up from below, squinting into the dawn. SKIP blinks himself awake, checks the compass, adjusts the course. Skip looks like hell.

SKIP

Morning. How's the foot?

SANDRA

I think it's broken.

SKIP

I hope not. I can try and tape it,
but I'm really not --

SANDRA

(Derisive snort)

I can go for a while. I can keep my weight off it. Coffee?

SKIP

That'd be good.

SANDRA

Can I help? You know, steer while you get some sleep?

SKIP

That'd be better.

SANDRA

Where are we going?

SKIP

Doesn't matter.

SANDRA

(Angry)

Oh Jesus Christ! What's that supposed to mean?

SKIP

When you're lost, anywhere is fine. Until I know where we are, just steer east south east. If the wind shifts, then try trimming the sail.

SANDRA

I don't know. I'm losing faith in you, like you're giving up on me or something.

SKIP

No. I have a dead reckoning position, but it's only a guess--it could be wrong by twenty miles. I mean, we've got a goal, but if we don't know where we are, what's the point? So wake me up at about 11 AM, okay? I'll get a noon fix, and we'll make plans from there.

SANDRA

There we go. I feel better now that we have a plan. Eleven.

She eases herself into the cockpit. Skip gets up, despondent, and climbs below. Sandra peers at the COMPASS, happy to have an action plan.

SANDRA (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
East South East. Okay, ESE is like
112. So it's just like driving a
car. Except, I forgot to make tea.

Mike struggles up the companionway, looking ready to heave. He's cradling his arm. Sandra's mood switches to wary, almost fearful, as soon as she sees Mike.

SANDRA (CONTINUED) (CONT'D)
(formal)
So, what are you doing up?

MIKE
I gotta heave. It's bad being down
there.

SANDRA
So what was that all --

MIKE
Listen. I don't want to talk
about, okay?

SANDRA
(probing)
So you don't have any idea what or
who...those guys...I mean why they
were...

MIKE
What? Are you saying something?
Like Bob Robertson and I ...That's
absurd. I don't believe I'm
hearing this. Accusing me of
trying to injure you. Like what
would I get out of having you laid
up? Ow! my fucking arm. This is
absurd, outrageous. I'm in no
condition to listen to this.

Mike flaps his hand around, looking for something more to say. He goes back below. Sandra is saddened by this feeble lying. His denial and anger are clear -- he does have some complicity in this.

52

EXT. YACHT 46 - DAY

52

SKIP is balancing in the cockpit of YACHT 46. Sandra is holding the WHEEL. Skip has a large plastic CASE. He pops open the latches and takes out a SEXTANT. Sandra watches this dubiously.

SANDRA

What about all the latest electronics on this tub?

SKIP

It's not a tub; never insult the ship. We're stuck without the batteries.

SANDRA

You think they came on board, stole the batteries and stalked us? That god-damned Bob Robertson. I knew about his jail time, the assault charge, the threats and things. But he was a financial genius. What did I do?

SKIP

You think some Bob Robertson guy sent these creeps? What'd you do to him? What kind of business are you in?

SANDRA

It's not the business. It's just one -- criminal! He hadf† a conviction for harassment, but...I thought...He sounded like he'd changed. I don't know. I guess I was too...So what's next?

Skip tweaks the mirrors. Then he picks it up and looks around a little. He picks up a 3 by 6 PLASTIC RECTANGLE with elastic bands and a PENCIL on a string and slips this on his left arm. He switches his WATCH from left to right, also.

SKIP

The old-fashioned way: local apparent noon sightings. It's that self-assessment thing. Set a course, measure performance, adjust the course. It all depends on accurate measurement.

Skip checks the time and makes a notation on his card.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

Not drive, ambition, motivation, skill? Not a will to survive? I think those are more important than assessment.

SKIP

No. You have to measure your deviation from whatever course you've charted.

Skip checks the time and makes another notation on his card.

SANDRA

I don't agree.

Skip looks at the sextant, checks his watch.

SKIP

What?

SANDRA

I don't agree.

SKIP

Don't agree with what?

SANDRA

That measurement is the key.

SKIP

If you can't measure your position, how can you measure -- wait -- you didn't agree.

SANDRA

Of course not.

SKIP

And you said so.

SANDRA

Of course. Your measurement thing is a cop-out. You don't want to choose a direction or a goal, so you're always fussing about details of where you are. Who cares where you are if you don't have a direction? You may as well founder.

In fact, I think that's why you're here sailing around to nowhere every week -- to escape the pressure of setting and meeting goals. You just go where you're told and do what you're told.

SKIP

That's great.

SANDRA

What?

SKIP

We just had a conversation! You didn't turn tail and change the subject.

SANDRA

(snorts)

So, now you're going to start changing subjects, and that'll become a conversational virtue?

SKIP

Sorry, I'd just gotten sort-of used to your...evasiveness.

SANDRA

I'm not evasive. Where are we?

SKIP

On my unwillingness to set goals?

SANDRA

(Laughing)

No...

SKIP

Oh, sorry, it was measurement, right, the need for measurement versus goal setting. I was shooting then, so I didn't follow.

SANDRA

(Laughing harder)

No. Where are we? On the map! Where are we?

SKIP

(Laughing)

Chart. Let's see.

He takes up the DIVIDERS and the parallel RULERS. He marches in from a latitude line to make a line of position which crosses his dead reckoning track from last night.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Without more math we're somewhere along here.

He uses the rulers to find the latitude of their island and draws this line across the chart. It's south of where they are. He spreads the rulers on the latitude scale. He swings from their current position to their island's latitude. He draws in this course line. He marches the rulers back onto the compass rose, checks the deviation card on the binnacle.

SKIP (CONT'D)

If we're making 3 knots, we'll steer 126 for one hour, then swing around to 91.

SANDRA

And?

Mike comes up the stairs from below. He is looking worse. He stumbles and flops down

SKIP

Uh, Mike, can I ask you to clip on if you're going to--

MIKE

What? If I'm going to what? You two look pretty cozy. Am I interrupting?

SANDRA

What? What are you saying?

MIKE

Me? Saying? You were asking me about Bob Robertson, now I'm asking about Skip.

Mike struggles to climb out of the cockpit onto the foredeck, but slumps down in the cockpit, too tired to try. Sandra looks from Mike to Skip. Skip refers back to his chart, fumbles in his pockets, takes a breath and tries to continue.

SKIP

If the wind holds and I can't fix the main, we'll get back early tomorrow. Otherwise sooner. Or possibly later.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

SANDRA

What do you think? It means he doesn't know! (breath) I'm sorry. What about the main?

SKIP

Boom's busted, but I think I can hoist it back on. The hard part is running an extra line up to the main top. You and Mike might be able to haul me up. Without a double-block, it'd be tough. He's only got one arm, and you're not real...brawny.

Sandra doesn't like this. They look up at the 80-plus feet of mast.

SANDRA

What else could we do?

SKIP

Engine's out. Electronics are out. We can't move except under sail and we can't signal. We've got snacks and water for a day or two.

MIKE

And there's no goddamn pain killers anywhere!

SANDRA

What about you hauling me up? I'm the lightest.

SKIP

It'd be a whole lot easier, but you've never done this before.

MIKE

Will it get us out of here?

SANDRA

Skip?

SKIP

It's my best idea so far.

52 CONTINUED: (5)

52

Mike rolls his eyes, and hangs his head in an elaborate sulk. Skip shrugs and puts away the chart tools and sextant. Sandra looks up at the mast.

53 EXT. YACHT 46 - DAY

53

Skip loops some rope through the eye of the shroud that pulled loose. He ties this off, threads this through a cleat, back up to the eye, back down and snubs it under another cleat. He puts this through a winch, and starts cranking down the shroud until the mast looks straight.

He looks back at Sandra in the cockpit. She squints up at it and waves him further starboard. Skip grinds some more, watching Sandra until she signals to stop.

SANDRA puts on the BOSUN'S CHAIR. She has a double BLOCK on a CARABINER. Skip pulls out the MAIN HALYARD and clips it to the chair. SKIP grabs the halyard. Mike is sulking, holding the WHEEL with his feet.

The broken boom-end is wrapped in a coil of rope, clinched on tight. This ROPE goes to the double block Sandra is holding.

SKIP

Okay, we'll luff the jib to take some weight off. We'll drift, but don't mind that.

SANDRA

I can't see the much at the top. Just the wind-vane.

SKIP

You will when you get up there. There are metal anchoring plates bolted to the mast, with the shrouds hanging from them. Just clip the block onto one of the plates. Don't wiggle around much or the boat will start to roll. Ready?

(to Mike)

Mike, turn right until the sails are start luffing.

MIKE

(Snotty)
Luffing?

SANDRA

Please, just turn right.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Oh, right Mrs. Sailor-lady. Helm's a-lee, anchor's aweigh, batten down the fucking hatches.

SANDRA

Oh, Jesus Christ, Mike--

SKIP

(Out-shouting her)

Actually, Mike, you're doing great, just a little further right please...a little more...perfect, thank you. What's the compass say?

MIKE

Between ENE and E.

SKIP

East North East a-half East. Great. You can hold it there?

MIKE

What? Like I can't drive?

Skip is pissed, but bites it back. He knows the golden rule of emergencies it to keep the crew busy and positive.

SKIP

I've never seen you drive. You a good driver?

Skip struggles to winch Sandra up. It's tough work with only a single block. After getting her about sixty feet the roll becomes very pronounced.

SANDRA

(shouting from above)

Ohhhhh.

SKIP

(to Sandra)

Hold on to the mast.

SANDRA

Holy shit. This isn't safe. Is this thing going to tip over?

SKIP

It can't, it's got six tons of lead holding it up.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

Ohhhhhh. The gusts are making this thing...shit!

Skip looks around. He sees the ripple of a puff headed their way over the ocean.

SKIP

Hold on, there's a puff coming!
Mike, turn a little more right.

The boat heels when the puff hits.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Mike! Right, please.

SANDRA

Jesus! There's nothing under me but ocean! Get me down!

SKIP

Keep looking up! You're almost there!

SANDRA

I am not! I want down and I want down now!

SKIP

No wait! Stop for a minute. Take a breath. Grab the mast and just wait.

SANDRA

Forget it! Call SOS. Okay, the radio's out. Send up flares or something.

SKIP

We're not near anything! You're up there. Take a look around. You can see about...maybe...eight miles. Anything?

Pause while Sandra risks a quick look around. The boat heels. She shrieks.

Skip is starting to lose his calm skipper-like demeanor.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Okay, keep your eyes on the horizon. Don't look down. Look out. Do you hear me! Look out!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

SKIP (CONT'D)
 (losing it)
 Look at the horizon, goddamit!

SANDRA
 Don't shout at me!

SKIP
 Why the hell not?

SANDRA
 Don't shout at me like that. It's
 demeaning!

SKIP
 Oh, you can say that, but you can't
 look out at the horizon while I
 haul you up?

SANDRA
 That's different.

SKIP
 How so? Do our lives depend on the
 mainsail or your sense of self-
 goddamn-worth?

Sandra has to be sure of this.

SANDRA
 Both.

MIKE
 Oh, goddamn you. Just do what he
 says for chrissakes! Hook up the
 rope!

SANDRA
 I'm not going to be yelled at.
 There's no point.

SKIP
 Okay, fine. All right. I'll grant
 you that. You're right, and I
 apologize. Please look out at the
 horizon while I haul, okay?

SKIP (CONT'D)
 Mike, a little left, please?

SANDRA
 Okay.

Skip starts grinding the winch again.

54

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

54

Yacht 46 is picking its way along the fairway. It is mighty damn dark. SANDRA is at the helm, SKIP and MIKE are grinding the sails.

SKIP

Okay, turn a point or two to starboard.

SANDRA

A point or two.

The main and jib luff, snapping in the breeze.

SKIP

Aim for the corner of the dock.

Sandra braces herself and wrestles the wheel around a little. She wobbles on the bench, looking for a place to brace her angle. This makes her wince. Mike hauls a jib sheet, slowly. Skip adjusts the messed-up main. Yacht 46 turns, the jib starts to draw again.

Yacht 46 comes sliding up to the dock. The yacht has no engines so it is silent, except for the snapping of luffing sails and the quiet splash of cross currents against her hull.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Ready for a hard right?
Ready...Now!

Skip jumps out, snubs the LINE on a CLEAT to stop the boat. The boat caroms off the dock with a gentle thump.

Sandra stands up. As skip takes up the slack in the mooring line, the boat takes a slight lurch. Sandra loses her balance, stumbles and shrieks with pain. She clamps firmly on the lifeline with both hands.

She works her way along the lifeline to a shroud. She gets a grip, ready to help herself over. Mike comes up from below and watches her for a moment.

Sandra clambers over, wincing and shrieking as she struggles to the dock.

MIKE

If you'd wait a minute, I'd help.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA

(bitter)

Sure, uh-huh. You'd help.

MIKE

(exploding)

What do you want from me?

SANDRA

Nothing, not a thing. I'm going check into a hospital. I am going to to swear out a statement and fly back to the states as soon as possible. And I don't want anything from you.

MIKE

You're going to put that Bob Robertson deal on me again? Like I knew something about those two guys and injuring you? Well I knew nothing about them! Nothing! I had no idea this would happen!

SANDRA

Why are you so hung up about Robertson? I didn't bring him up. I don't need to put up with you or your moodiness or your bitching and nagging about money. We're done. Just get your stuff.

MIKE

Get my stuff? I made you what you are, I made you a household name, I put you through business school, I supported your career every step of the way, and what do I get for it? Bye for now, have a nice life.

Sandra starts to cry.

SKIP

Mike, we've been through a lot.

MIKE

(Turning on Skip)

What the hell do you know about this?

SANDRA

(To Skip)

Oh, like I can't take it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I can, and I have, but I'm not taking any more.

MIKE

This doesn't have to be it. I know this was my dream, and not yours. What do you want? We could just check into a hotel here and work things out. We've got the time. You said you needed to go to the hospital, I could stay around and...

SANDRA

No, don't try. I've had it. You don't get it. You don't listen, you just keep on...I've completely had it. I can't take it and I won't.

MIKE

After everything I've done for you? What do I get now? You go on being Mrs. CEO -- three hundred kay per plus options and incentives and everything your other pals on the board pile on, and I get nothing. Not a goddamn thing.

SANDRA

I'm sick of hearing about the fucking money!

MIKE

What else is there?

He storms back below. Sandra can only watch him go. It's sad and it's ugly and Skip had to see the whole thing played out on this tiny boat.

Sandra turns to Skip.

SANDRA

Sorry it has to end like this. It's kind of embarrassing. What happens to you?

SKIP

After a wreck like this? If I'm lucky, someone'll let me scrape paint, maybe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

SKIP (CONT'D)

After a few years, they might let me do fishing charters, probably on another island.

SANDRA

That's it?

SKIP

Well, maybe I should follow your lead -- change careers -- give this up. But, hell, it was us against the ocean and we won. Came through with only a sprain.

It was ugly, but it was a victory. I don't think there are any pretty victories when your life is on the line. Many sailors don't make it back from the sea.

This sobers her up. She steps away and looks out into the dark. She looks back at Skip. She's suddenly very concerned. She looks earnestly at Skip.

SANDRA

What did we do?

SKIP

Had a bad jibe, sustained some damage, got back okay. These things happen. You stumbled. Mike...got whacked in the storm

SANDRA

Yeah, but those two...

SKIP

What about ,Äðem? Were they were dumb enough to take a boat out late at night? Did they go out in bad weather and unfamiliar waters after having been seen at a bar earlier? If they did, they'd probably wreck somewhere. Who could ever know for sure?

Sandra nods weakly.

SANDRA

I guess that was their choice.

FADE TO:

55 INT. OFFICE - DAY

55

SANDRA comes hobbling in, leaning on a hand-carved CANE, SHOPPING BAG in her other hand. She is bright and cheerful, full of good-mornings for all of the office staff.

She looks wonderful, better than when she left for her vacation. She's taller, prouder and more sincere in her greetings.

She has her old fire back and it shows in her walk, in spite of the cane. The hang-dog attitude is gone.

SANDRA
Morning Joan, how are you?

JOAN
(rising tone)
I'm fine.

SANDRA
Are you asking me or telling me?

JOAN
I'm fine. How was your vacation?
What happened to your leg?

SANDRA
Ankle. Less than ideal,
but...but...what can I say? Come
on in when you get a chance.

She breezes into her office with her staff admiring her new-found self-assurance.

56 INT. SANDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

56

Sandra, leaning on a CANE, plunks down her SHOPPING BAG. Joan slips in behind her.

SANDRA
Okay, we're going to have a
difficult termination. I need you
to get me H. R.

JOAN
You've got a conference call with a
group of analysts from--

SANDRA
Cancel it.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

Ma'am?

SANDRA

Listen, Joan, some things have been left luffing while I was gone. I'm taking the helm.

JOAN

Luffing?

SANDRA

Flapping the the breeze like a flag, doing no useful work. There's a lot to do, so let's get started, okay? And after that, get the P. R. firm on the line, I need a press release.

Sandra pulls a hefty plastic case out of her shopping bag. She goes over to a shelf that has some PICTURES of her when she was a young model. She takes down the pictures, gives them a faint smile. The old Sandra is gone, and these are pictures of the old Sandra. The SWIMSUIT CALENDAR page with "RED" is the first to go into the trash. Some tasteful ones go in the shopping bag.

She struggles with the clips and has to turn the box every which way to get at it. She takes out a SEXTANT, and sets it on her desk. She sites through it to check the mirror alignment. In the mirrors she sees GLORIA enter.

Sandra stands up and turns around. Gloria points out the cane.

GLORIA

Oh, goodness, what happened?

SANDRA

An accident. (long pause) No, actually, it was assault.

GLORIA

Assault? How terrible! Where'd you guys go?

SANDRA

It's not where we went, it's who followed us. Bob Robertson hired some thugs to injure me while I was out of the country.

GLORIA

(suddenly cold and
professional)

That would require evidence and a criminal investigation. Otherwise an allegation like that is simple slander. You can't just make that kind...

SANDRA

No you're right, and there isn't much evidence...anymore. So, first we terminate. Joan will call Robertson and get him up here. Gloria, how much time to get the severance agreements ready?

GLORIA

Half an hour?

SANDRA

Don't be late. Joan, call security, so they can be in Bob's office with some boxes. I want him packed up and out of here. Keep him away from computers and phones. And don't let anyone talk to him on company property.

GLORIA

This is all kind-of...

SANDRA

Sudden?

GLORIA

No...ruthless? Heartless?

SANDRA

Ruthless? Maybe. I'd been struggling. They call it beating back and forth against a lee shore. Imagine a rocky coast and you can't sail away because the wind blows you toward the rocks. I've been afraid of the power that goes with the office. I'd been tacking, changing directions, waffling, looking for an easy way that doesn't really exist. You know, long complex wrangling discussions that got the company nowhere. That's not leadership.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

And I'd come up with elaborate reasons to justify it to myself. But really, really, I imagined that power lead to confrontation, and I didn't want to deal with the egos and the emotional outbursts, so I wouldn't exercise the power. Well guess what? The emotional outbursts will happen, they're ugly, but sometimes victory is ugly when your company's on the line. (she picks up the sextant) Of course, you've got to know your destination or you can't make progress. But you also need to know where you are. If you don't know where you are, you don't know if you're on course. I thought people didn't like to be told where they were. I never liked it. When I was a model, I was someone else's image -- a palette for a photographer to paint with. I resented it, and thought that resenting it made me a bad person. It wasn't bad. It didn't make me bad. Now I know where I really am. Really am. Not where I wish I was. And I don't have to like being told when I'm wrong, I just have to act on it. It's time for a course change.
Questions?

Gloria and Joan can only agree and get moving. They bustle out of Sandra's office, leaving her secure, calm and in-charge.

Bob breezes out of his office. He's confident, he grabs a thick FOLDER from JOHN. John looks quizzical, but Bob gives him a brisk thumbs up. He strides through the office area, scowling at the people he passes.

Two GUYS at the COFFEE MAKER break up the conversation and move away, guilty-looking as he passes.

BOB

I see you've got time for coffee, that means the report's done, right?

57 CONTINUED:

57

The guy shrugs, hangs his head, and shuffles back to his cubical.

Bob loves this kind of victory.

He gives the other guy a "what do you want?" face. The other guy shuffles away to his CUBICAL without another word.

58 INT. SANDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

58

Bob breezes in with his presentation FOLDER. Sandra is still fiddling with her SEXTANT. She's not shooting the sun, she's shooting horizontal angles of things outside her window.

When she hears Bob, she sets down the sextant. She pi

BOB
How was your trip?

SANDRA
Awful.

This takes Bob down a notch. Sandra tosses the folder to his side of the desk. Bob looks at it. Sandra looks at him and at the folder.

BOB
What's this?

SANDRA
Open it.

Bob opens the folder. His face falls.

BOB
Termination agreements? (grasping)
For who?

Sandra says nothing. Bob looks around, panicking.

BOB (CONT'D)
Jesus. Well...I've got a million things to...There's a lot of open ends. I...uhh...

SANDRA
You're finished now.

BOB
Now? I'm going to just hand everything over?

Bob catches his breath, trying to think quickly.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

Now listen. All right? You just listen to me. This company wouldn't be anywhere -- wouldn't be anything without me. You can't just waltz in here and tell me, me, Bob Robertson where to get off. I don't have to just...

He's not making an impression with his attempt at intimidation. He runs out of steam quickly. She doesn't flinch. In fact, she seems ready to rise to the occasion and let him have it with both barrels.

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Maybe I've tried too hard. I've put in my all for this company. I've done everything I could possibly do. It's a profound responsibility and I take it very, very seriously. I'm a success-oriented guy and I--

SANDRA

Get out.

BOB

--will do anything to succeed--
What?

SANDRA

Get out. Sign the termination and get out.

BOB

I don't think you fully appreciate--

SANDRA

Do I have to call security?

Bob stands up.

BOB

No, you don't need to call anyone. I'm out of here. You don't...you won't...

SANDRA

Wait.

Bob stops. Sandra reaches across the desk, picks up and offers the folder. Bob snatches it from her, turns and storms out. Sandra grabs the phone as soon as he leaves.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Security? Hi, Bill. Okay, he's on his way, with his unsigned paperwork. Be sure he has it and remind him to sign it, okay? If he doesn't sign it, make sure you have witnesses. Okay. Thanks.

Sandra sets the phone down gently with a quiet "yes" of victory. Joan comes in, wide-eyed.

JOAN

He didn't take that well.

Sandra makes a dismissive shrug. She's visibly relieved. She picks up the sextant again.

SANDRA

Not every victory is pretty.
Sometimes you just have to be glad
you won.

Out the window the world is moving. People in the cubicles of the office around here. Cars and trucks and busses in the street. In in the river, tugs and container ships. Overhead there are airplanes and helicopters. The whole world is in motion around her.

FADE TO BLACK.