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EXT. BEACH - DAY

1

A 16ft sailboat is moored 32ft off the dawning shoreline. JOHN, late teens, lean, with dry skin and sun-bleached hair, is frantically treading through high-tide salt-water with one arm raised uncomfortably above his head. In his raised hand there is a heavy bag he's trying desperately to keep dry, it reads: JOHN. His eyes are red and his face is pale from exhaustion.

DISEMBODIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

It's over Mike! The only part of this marriage that I ever enjoyed was forgetting it existed. I can't pretend another day. I'm running out of days.

John progresses slowly his awkward slunk to his sailboat.

DISEMBODIED MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I have done nothing but provide for this family day in and day out. All I get when I come home at night is your screaming voice in my ear telling me to fix you're problems.

DISEMBODIED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

They're not my problems Rick, they're our problems.

DISEMBODIED MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Forget it, I'm done, I'm gone. Tell John he's not going to see me for a very long time. Fuck you.

John gives a slipshod toss to the bag, over his head and into the boat with a rigid thump. He lifts himself over the side of boat with one hand in a bout of angered strength.

CUT TO BLACK:

2

TITLE CARD: A DAY ON THE WATER

2

CUT IN:

3

EXT. BOAT - DAY

3

John begins readying the lines and sails of the boat with hasty precision. The sailboat is ready to go in short time. John casts off from the moor and sets out on Lewis Bay, Cape Cod. He eyes his bag with a weary look and throws it under his legs as he helms the ship. The sailboat is sizable for a one man crew, ample space on deck and a small cabin

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underneath that sports a single cot. John hasn't opened the cabin.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

4

EXT. BOAT - DAY

4

John's boat is now several miles offshore, with land just cresting the horizon, he is in slightly choppy open-water but he is holding his own. As a wave smacks the boat from the starboard side. The boat goes up with a wave and out tumbles JACK, (late 20s), balding hair, scars across his left cheek, good-looking with a bad past. He's got nothing on but Adidas gym shorts and a secondhand Ski jacket.

JACK

Jesus christ, what the fuck is going on?

Jack casually adjusts his eyes to the sunlight as John frantically reaches for his pack under his legs.

JOHN

What the fuck is going on? You're fucking on my boat you fucking asshole!

John pulls a M1911 out of his bag and points it frantically at Jack, clicking the hammer back.

JACK

Oh shit!

Jack immediately lobs his body toward the railing and slams his thigh against it as the rest of his body windmills down onto the side of the hull. His splash is small but floppy.

JOHN

God damn it what the hell man.

Jack, struggling to stay afloat, takes off his ski jacket and begins to try and use it as a flotation device. He obviously can't swim or help himself.

JOHN

Kick, kick your feet dude, come on, no, no, oh my god you're a helpless bastard aren't you?

Jack is beginning to gargle water as his head goes under more and more. John is pleased to see another human being suffering.

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JACK
Hel-me, I'm drowning. I'm. I'm.

JOHN
Christ, fine.

John quickly ties a life buoy rope onto a cleat with almost robotic efficiency. He throws it to Jack. Jack grabs for it, missing the first catch but holding on tight once it settles. He's coughing water instinctually.

JACK
Please don't kill me, dude. I'm too young to die. I'm sorry.

John is now in a calm, domineering demeanor, arms folded across the railing of the boat, looking down with a patronizing expression. He no longer holds the gun.

JOHN
Too young to die? How old are you, forty-seven?

JACK
I'm twenty-eight.

JOHN
And what the fuck is a twenty-eight year-old human brick doing on my sailboat, or any sailboat?

JACK
I needed a place to stay last night. If you haven't already guessed, I'm uh homeless. Wait, how old are you?

JOHN
I'm nineteen, and uh, yeah, you sure do look pretty homeless. That hair too, Jesus man, just shave it off already.

JACK
Please spare me your fashion tips boat-boy.

Jack splashes the water in helpless frustration. John laughs at Jack's predicament.

JOHN
Wait say again, why were you on my boat?

JACK

Y'know, its the end of the season, no ones really taking their boats out as often. And I figured I'd be off the boat by noon and the owner, well ,you, wouldn't have noticed a thing.

JOHN

Well I guess I can't disagree with that. Wait, how did you get on my boat, its almost 30ft off shore? You can't swim for shit.

JACK

The water was really low, I just sort of walked out up to my knees.

JOHN

You mean it was low-tide?

Jack is vexed by the question.

JACK

Low-tide? Oh, yeah, the tide was really low, really low tide last night.

JOHN

And how were you planning on getting back to shore? Floating as a bloated corpse?

JACK

I would've just walked back right the way I came, no problem.

JOHN

The time you would've been coming back is the highest tide of the day. You'd be literally dead in the water.

JACK

Jesus, guy. Layoff. I'm not well-versed in nautical bullshit okay. And what are you doing going sailing at five in the fucking morning? Is this your masturbation station or something?

Jack's question instantly affects John, face darting away, grin wiped. Jack is amused.

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JACK

Oh really struck a chord there, eh bud? You got strict parents or something? No J.O. in the bungalow eh? No--

JOHN

--Shut the fuck up!

Jack flinches back in the water in response to the John's yell. He momentarily lets go of the life buoy and instantly struggles back to it, slapping his arms against the surface of the water.

JACK

Fucking temper on you kid, wow.

John is clearly embarrassed by his brash reaction.

JOHN

You don't know two shits about what I've been through today, loser.

JACK

Alright okay, you win, you win, just please let me back on the boat?

John feels a slight of compassion emanate inside him after Jack's pitiful cries.

JOHN

I'll pull your sorry ass in. No funny shit or I'll blow your head off.

John takes the safety line and pulls Jack on board. Jack drops on deck like a freshly caught marlin. He lets out a satisfied cough.

JACK

Ugh, I am no sailor's bitch.

John stands over him, blocking the sun light.

JOHN

I don't know man, sure seems like it.

Jack musters what strength he can to help himself up on the deck of the boat, when he stands, he immediately falters to a seat. No sea-legs.

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JOHN

You are one helpless oaf, man. Do you have a name?

John recoils back to the helm of the boat while Jack remains firmly in place. The gun is strapped to the back of John's waste-band, out of sight.

JACK

Jack. My names Jack. Where are we headed now?

Jack begins to realize how far off shore they are. There is no sight of land on any horizon.

JOHN

I'm John. I don't know where we're headed, you've kind of put a delay on my plans for today.

JACK

Which were?

JOHN

My business.

JACK

When are we getting back to shore?

JOHN

I don't know.

JACK

Mysterious and indecisive. You know who you remind me of?

JOHN

Who--wait, you're not going on some Morgan Freeman monologue are you?

JACK

No, you remind me of someone I knew when I was a little younger.

JOHN

A little younger?

Jack begins to reminisce in order to keep his mind off his predicament.

JACK

Yeah, before everything changed for me. I knew a guy who was a lot like

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(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)
you. Frustrated ,competent, driven.

John is surprised by Jack's spontaneous eloquence, this fuels his anxiety further as his grip on the rudder tightens. He's hiding something.

JOHN
Oh fuck off with this crap. You're not going to teach me shit, dude, look at yourself.

John grows more anxious.

JACK
I'm not trying to teach you anything...it's just a story. He was a kid who was pissed off at the world, didn't know what to think of the things he couldn't control.

John's beginning to sweat with rage and anxiety, he's feeling found-out. His hand is going for the gun behind his back.

JACK
And you seem pretty pissed off about something the same way he was. So what is it? Why are you so brash? Why in the fuck do you have a gun?

John pulls the gun out casually and holds it to his side. Jack is very frightened but doesn't know exactly what to say. John remains silent.

JACK
You goin' to kill me with that thing? For what?

JOHN
It's not for you.

Jack quickly realizes what's really going on. John begins to lift the gun from his side to his lap as he's sitting down.

JACK
Listen, hey listen kid. Stop, just tell me what happened, just tell me what happened.

Jack begins inching his way slowly toward John, he's trying get to the right position to swipe it away.

JOHN

Nothing I can tell you or anything
I can do is going to fix my
problem. Besides this.

JACK

I didn't think you were that
stupid, man, at least tell me what
happened first.

John lowers the gun slightly, momentum stifled for the time
being.

JOHN

My Dad left my Mom last night. My
family is in ruins. My life is
over.

JACK

Your life is not over John, pulling
that trigger is the only thing you
can't take back or solve.

JOHN

But my life is meaningless without
them together, it's all over.

JACK

Listen, it's not over till your
heart stops beating man.

JOHN

I'll just end up like you, some
disgusting bug nearing 30 with no
one to talk to and no where to
sleep. All I see is suffering.

JACK

Listen. The worst decisions I've
made came from brash overreactions
like the one you're taking now. And
everyday that I live on this Earth
I regret those things that I did,
that I had control of, and I
knowingly took the wrong path down.
And look where I am.

JOHN

Why don't you kill yourself?

JACK

Because I still believe in change.
I'm still young. I got decades to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)
fix my problems, there's always
time. If you die. You're dead.

John bows his head, sits still gun in-hand. He waits a few moments.

JOHN
I know your right.

John drops the gun on the deck, hitting with a heavy thud. Jack quickly snatches it and throws into the ocean.

JACK
Now go back and fix your problems.

JOHN
It's not that easy.

JACK
It is if you give it time.

John pulls the jibs and sets sail back to land.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

5 EXT. BEACH - DAY

5

John and Jack are seen walking back to shore in the low tide surf. John pushes Jack into the shin-deep water and they laugh together

FADE OUT:

THE END.