

F/V MEAN TIDE

"Ghost Trees"

(Pilot)

by Jason Cahill

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TEASER

Up on: BLUE SKY. Occasionally crisscrossed by birds. A steep-angled shot, as if looking skyward from a high perch.

REVERSE ON: a white RIM of something. Could be a rooftop.

MATT (V.O.)
It's a disease.

Five FINGERS enter frame. Barely holding onto the rim.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You can be born with it. You can acquire it. Some people try to fight it.

Reveal a second hand: bloody. Chipped fingernails.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Whatever you have to give? It takes.

Trembling fingertips hoist the man's weight with huge effort.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Families too. Wives and kids.

The crest of a head appears. Blood-streaked brown hair ...

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You see it in their eyes. "Why me". Why us. What God sees fit for us to live this way.

... piercing blue eyes ... a stubbled, stubborn chin.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There's no good answer.

Shimmering hot-golden REFLECTIONS blind him. REVERSE TO: the MAN'S P.O.V. - wobbly, tear-blurred, he's hurt - and the glittering SOMETHING only a few feet away. Painfully bright.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Alls I know is ...

TIGHT ON: **MATT AEGIS**. 29. Eyes tightening on all that glitters. On the one thing that could save him.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... I've wanted this all my life.

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

Up on: BLACK, and a subtitle: "THREE DAYS EARLIER."

EXT. A YARD OF COLD, WET SAND - DAWN

A meaningless mud flat. But two HORSESHOE CRABS fight over it anyway. Their black prehistoric shells CLACKING, pincers SCRATCHING. A pitched battle a half-billion years running.

EXT. FAIR HARBOR BEACH, GALILEE, MASS. - DAWN

The flat is part of a gorgeous, brown sugar BEACH, framed by storm-scarred granite boulders. A SUNRISE drunk with magenta and purple. Beautiful, yes ...

... but as the crabs remind us, a place always at war.

EXT. AEGIS HOUSE - DAWN

A modest three-story BED AND BREAKFAST across the street.

EXT. SECOND STORY WINDOW, AEGIS HOUSE - DAWN

TOBE (rhymes with "robe") AEGIS, 59, opens his bedroom window. His tousled hair just off the pillow. Takes a DEEP BREATH of sea air. The scent tells him it's a good day for fishing. For a moment he looks carefree, younger - like his son Matt. Until he spots, ACROSS THE STREET:

A boy fishing - on the beach's footbridge. At Tobe's spot.

CLOSER ANGLE: the boy has Downs syndrome.

ANGLE ON Tobe. The offense lodging in his throat.

INT. AEGIS KITCHEN - MORNING

Tobe pours coffee, hunts for the sugar bowl. Bumping and skirting and in the way of his wife SHEILA (handsome, 50's).

SHEILA
(finally)
What?

TOBE
Retard on the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sets the sugar bowl down. He spoons some in, leaves.

INT. AEGIS DINING ROOM - MORNING

A table set too elegantly for the Aegises, though not for their paying guests. Tobe swipes a muffin off a platter.

EXT. AEGIS PORCH - MORNING

Tobe grabs the "GALILEE TIMES" newspaper off the porch, sits down. With practiced fluidity (he does this every morning), he RIPS AWAY THE "MAN AT THE WHEEL" LOGO on the front page. (The "Man at the Wheel" statue is Galilee's iconic landmark).

An article that reads, "Price Crash Worries Lobstermen." Tobe's pencil circles the price in the subhead: "Wholesale price sinks to \$3.50/lb." Fuck. He bites his muffin.

TOBE

The hell's this?

SHEILA

(re: guest upstairs)

Shhhh. She got in late.

(then)

Almond anisette.

TOBE

Sheila, what's wrong with blueberry?

SHEILA

Everyone makes blueberry. Dunkin *Donuts* makes blueberry.

TOBE

Ya, and they're *good*.

Annoyingly, through his hedge, he can still see the boy on the footbridge. He raises the paper to block the view.

SHEILA

The cleaning girl quit.

TOBE

First week of summer?

SHEILA

She said she was glad.

TOBE

That's rich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEILA

To have your eyes off her, she said.
When she walked up the stairs.

(beat)

She was pretty -

TOBE

(gets up)

Almond what?

SHEILA

Anisette.

He kisses the top of her head. Walks off the porch. Past the lawn, overgrown with ankle-high grass.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You'll mow today?

He waves without looking back.

Reaching his truck, he glances across the street. And catches the eye of the Downs boy on the footbridge.

On Tobe, eyes shooting daggers at the intruder.

EXT. F/V *MISS BEHAVE*, DEALER'S DOCK - MORNING

A tight C.U. of a bloated, bellowing, walrus of a FACE:

GROAG

Comin' in hot!

Wham - the lobsterboat *Miss Behave* hits the dock with an inelegant thud to her polyballs. Crewmen Matt Aegis and JASPER LUNTZ (failed poet, ex-academic, 40's, perpetually agitated, a stutterer) quickly tie up before anything else goes wrong. Captain BILLY GROAG, all 340 pounds of him, staggers off the boat. He's been drinking.

GROAG (CONT'D)

Load the totes!

Little specks of spray issue from his moustache. Groag can't get away from the boat fast enough. He's the kind of captain crews hate: too high and mighty to unload his own boat.

Matt and Jasper start offloading the lobster totes.

MATT

I'm done with this guy. Fucking done ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then he spots a smaller black and white lobsterboat, the *Holy Smoke*, tied up nearby. It's beat to shit, but its got classic Maine hull lines, a high-riding bow. Its captain, JOE VERGA, 68, busies himself on the deck.

And there's a "For Sale" sign on the wheelhouse.

Joe looks up - and catches Matt's eye. Matt quickly goes back to work. Suppressing his burning curiosity.

Meanwhile Jasper puts stickers on the lobsters' carapaces. They proclaim "WE ARE THE 99%," with an upraised fist.

JASPER
P-pay attention.

MATT
Do I have to?

JASPER
We're the b-b-bottom feeders. C-capitalism is the trap.

MATT
They're just gonna peel 'em off.

JASPER
You're really not engaging the metaphor.

MATT
You asked her out. Didn't you.

JASPER
Wh-wh-why do you -

MATT
'Cause you get political when you don't get laid.

JASPER
She's not in that head space right now.

MATT
She's a stripper.

JASPER
Exploited for the only c-c-commodity society values. And she's a dancer.

MATT
Did she negotiate? Jasper. Did she ask you for money?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT (CONT'D)
 (no answer)
 Jesus Christ.

JASPER
 We all w-w-want something.

Matt's eyes find their way back to the *Holy Smoke*. Jasper SLAMS his boot near a lobster that has fallen out of a tote.

JASPER (CONT'D)
*Dance, motherfucker! Dance, you lowlife
 sh-sh-shit-sucking -*

INT. AEGIS DINING ROOM - MORNING

SHEILA
 - lobster frittata.

Sheila serves breakfast to guest ANN GUTMACHER - a New Yorker, Sheila's age, but slimmer, more elegantly dressed.

ANN
 It's lovely. Thank you.

She picks at the food, but it's clear she's not hungry.

ANN (CONT'D)
 I hope I didn't disturb you last night.

SHEILA
 We take all kinds. Walk-ins included.

ANN
 So glad you had room.

SHEILA
 You drove up from New York?

ANN
 Not personally. I took a cab.

SHEILA
 (surprised)
 From the city?

ANN
 Sometimes you just, need to get out.

Behind the smile, an air of tremendous dignity and reserve - under a tremendous strain. Sheila knows better than to pry.

SHEILA
 More coffee?

EXT. AERIAL SHOT, DOWNTOWN GALILEE - DAY

Taking us from the industrial harbor into the surprisingly urban jumble of streets, packed with three-decker houses.

EXT. GALILEE STREET - DAY

It's working-class, but with aspirations. Hardware and surplus stores cheek by jowl with hopeful little cafés. DON WONSON exits the Harborside Bank. He's jowly, solid, one of the few trusted suits in town. He waits for traffic to pass, crosses the street.

EXT. PLAYGROUND ACROSS STREET - CONTINUOUS

The playground overlooks the harbor - and has a perfect view of the Holy Smoke. Wonson joins Matt, leaning against the playground fence. Staring at the boat.

WONSON

He wants 75, firm.

Matt doesn't move a muscle.

WONSON (CONT'D)

All bids go through me. He's giving locals first shot. Includes his permits and all his gear.

MATT

Joe's gear's older than he is.

WONSON

So tack on, what, four hundred traps? Rope, buoys, tags -

MATT

Thirty grand.

WONSON

That's one-oh-five, liquid.
(bottom line)
You're ten short.

MATT

Go to the Fund.

WONSON

Fishermen's Fund won't pony up. Not these days. Not for a first-time captain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

I've fished since I was thirteen.

WONSON

None of it on file. It's not your ability, Matt. It's your captain's record. It comes down to paperwork.

MATT

(beat)

How long do I got?

WONSON

Three days. After that I put the ad online.

(beat)

I know you got your reasons. And I know how long you've worked dumptruck, dragged-ass crews saving up for this. But it's a stretch. And Matt - there'll be other boats.

But the look on Matt's face says, no there won't be. Not for him. Wonson sees the familial jaw hardening. Game over.

WONSON (CONT'D)

Find the ten grand.

Matt just shakes his head. Eyes still on the boat.

WONSON (CONT'D)

What?

MATT

God, she's proud.

Meaning, beautiful - but Matt says it like it's a curse.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Tobe loads gallon jugs of hydrochloric acid into his truck. Then he looks across the street.

It's his former workplace - Empire Fish. Now emblazoned with a cheery corporate logo that reads, "AMICOLD."

ANGLE ON Tobe, considering.

INT. AMICOLD STORAGE AREA - DAY

Tobe approaches former coworker PETER VERGA, 50's, in a helmet and white lab coat (with the Amicold logo). Forklifts move 200-pound shrink-wrapped BLOCKS of frozen herring.

TOBE
(admiring WHISTLE)
Will ya look at this ...

Verga barcode-scans some boxes. Eyes Tobe warily.

TOBE (CONT'D)
Pete.

PETER
Tobe.

TOBE
Just sightseeing. You're the boss now.

PETER
"Product quality manager."

Tobe snorts. Looks at the gleaming white walls, the electric FORKLIFTS humming around ... spotless corporate efficiency.

TOBE
They really cleaned this place up, huh?
Used to be a fish plant. Now it's an
Ikea.

PETER
I'm not going over this again. I offered
you every job in here -

TOBE
Like there's one worth having.

PETER
(so much for civil)
You fuckin' snob. You fucking backward,
Irish-Greek - come over here. C'mere!

He drags Tobe by his sleeve to a window, points to a huge Norwegian FACTORY SHIP, the *Flekkefjord*, docked nearby.

PETER (CONT'D)
See that? They don't even need sonar.
They spot the herring by satellite.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER (CONT'D)

Filet 'em, package 'em, flash-freeze 'em right on board. That's the future. How you gonna compete with that?

TOBE

I refuse to.

PETER

Right. How'd that work out?

TOBE

I moved the product.

PETER

Yah? Try.

He shoves a 200 lb. shrink-wrapped BLOCK off a stack. *Crash* - ice chips skitter. Other workers stop and take notice. This is now a public test of manhood ... right up Tobe's alley.

Tobe crouches, wraps his fingers around the block. Heaves. The block rises 6 inches off the floor ... then falls.

TOBE

Warmin' up ... just warmin' up.

Tobe shakes his arms, loosens the muscles. Approaches again.

With a heavy GRUNT he gets the block up to his knees. But the block's awkward, and slippery. *Klunk* - another failure.

PETER

Hector?

HECTOR, not yet 20, gets down off a forklift. Picks up the herring block with no technique, but with the foolish strength of the young ... and HOISTS IT ONTO THE STACK.

PETER (CONT'D)

We got an opening in custodial.

He and Hector walk away. *Crack* - Tobe shoves the 200-pound block BACK ONTO THE FLOOR and tries again. Workers try not to watch ... but like a car wreck, you can't help it.

Off Tobe, trying again, in vein-popping fury. Sisyphus at the stone.

EXT. FAIR HARBOR BEACH - DAY

We're STARING DOWN THE ALLEY OF the empty FOOTBRIDGE. Waiting, to the opening riff of "Misty Mountain Hop." As Bonham's first cymbal crash EXPLODES in our ears -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In SLOW MOTION, the tip of an UMBRELLA appears. Then a styrofoam-bunny FLOAT TOY. Finally, a TOURIST FAMILY - fat DAD, fat MOM, two pasty KIDS smeared with sunblock.

ROBERT PLANT (V.O.)
Walking in the park, just the other day,
baby ... whaddya ... *whaddya think I saw?*

More tourists flood onto the bridge behind them. Too many people carrying way too much. Fat Dad, cellphone under his chin, DROPS IT into the water.

ROBERT PLANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Crowds of people sittin' in the grass
with flowers in their hair ...

Fat Mom yells at Fat Dad to keep going. The tourists pile up behind them: a traffic jam of lemmings. Pressure builds behind Fat Dad until he topples over the side - SPLASH.

ROBERT PLANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I really don't know ... what time it was
...

NORMAL SPEED: fat Dad splutters in the creek. Meanwhile Matt skips across the rocks a few yards away, crossing the creek in no time. He walks at businesslike speed onto the sand.

ROBERT PLANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So I asked them if I, could stay a while.

He approaches his best friend SIG (shaggy blond, 30, lying on a towel). Sig doodles knife designs on a notepad. Jams to Zeppelin on his antique DISCMAN. And admires a row of shapely female asses, in bikinis, bronzing brown.

MATT
Hey.

Sig doesn't hear him. Matt kicks his boot. (Sig's wearing only a bathing suit and a single, calf-length rubber boot. Why? All in good time.) Sig takes off his headphones.

MATT (CONT'D)
That five g's you owe me? Now's the
time.

SIG
Jesus, pull up a chair.

Matt sits on the sand next to him. Sig continues doodling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT
My Dad's old boat. It's for sale.

SIG
(noncommittal)
Okay ...

Sig's eyes lock onto a particularly shapely ass. He digs a small hole in the sand, under his towel.

MATT
Okay what?

SIG
Your first chance to be captain, you want that hangin' over you? Bad karma, man. Run away. Run away screaming.

MATT
Fuck off. Where's my five.

SIG
Will ya lay off? I'll get it. Christ.

He turns a sandwich bag inside-out to line the hole. Covers himself with the towel. And adjusts his bathing suit.

MATT
Sig. You're almost thirty years old. And you're whacking off to a teenage girl. In public. In a sandwich bag.

SIG
Someday you're gonna regret those narrow horizons.

He lowers his dick into the hole. Tosses Matt his notepad.

SIG (CONT'D)
See that? Blows *doors* on your Kershaw.

MATT
I don't need a new knife. I need the money.

SIG
Semi-serrated, recurved gut hook - oooh.

A NEW VISION approaches from the water. A silvery shape, rippled by heat waves in the sand ... until it coalesces ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

... into a YOUNG WOMAN. Streaked, long blond hair, iridescent bikini. Athletic stride. Eyes of startling green. Not from around here. Possibly not from this planet.

She drops fins and mask next to her towel, sits, hugs her knees to get warm. Everyone within 50 yards stares at her. The Italian girls, warily - the men, hungrily.

SIG (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need another sandwich.

By chance, the woman's eyes connect with Matt's.

Off Matt. Entranced.

INT. AEGIS KITCHEN - DAY

Matt rummages through the fridge as his mother enters. Sheila's just been swimming, wears a housecoat over her bathing suit. She swats his rear with a towel.

SHEILA

Don't got a fridge of your own?

MATT

It's empty. How's the water?

SHEILA

Warm for June. How's work?

MATT

All right.

But Sheila clocks Matt's unease. And she can tell he's not here to talk to her.

SHEILA

Take these out back 'fore you go?

She hands him a jar of olives. Off Matt, nudge received -

EXT. AEGIS BACK YARD - DAY

Littered with rusted machinery. Tobe is HACKING thick white scale off an thick old iron boiler with a crowbar.

MATT

Need a blow?

Tobe would never admit that. Matt sets down the olives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (CONT'D)
Who belongs to this?

TOBE
The SanFillipos.

MATT
Fucking disgusting.

TOBE
Park the vulgarity.
(eats an olive)
They got hard water. Slow leak, over the
years, it builds up.

The deep-set tension between them is never going away,
there's never going to be a good time to tell Tobe, so -

MATT
Joe Verga's selling out.

Tobe misses his next blow - and puts a dent in the boiler.

TOBE
'S a fine boat.

MATT
Finely built.

TOBE
What's he askin'?

MATT
Seventy-five.

Matt can see Tobe wants no more of this topic.

MATT (CONT'D)
You gonna acid-wash?

TOBE
Later on.

MATT
Gimme a buzz, I'll help you out.

Tobe hands him the olives. Doesn't say goodbye. Matt
watches his father - as encrusted with pride and stubbornness
(and God knows what other shit), as the boiler he's HACKING -

EXT. DOWNTOWN GALILEE - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVING - like we're hanging out a CAR WINDOW - as we take in the nocturnal side of this centuries-old fishtown. Portuguese social clubs, Italian delis, a Rasta hangout. COAST GUARD CADETS on the prowl, YUPPIES rubbernecking art galleries, doublewide FISHWIVES dangling rosaries, hooded/pierced HEROIN FIENDS trading smokes.

INT. "HOUSE OF MITCH" BAR - NIGHT

At the bar, Captain Billy Groag horses down a beer - he's a serious drinker. But Jasper's at his elbow. Buying him shots between beers. Keeping him liquid at all times.

Nearby, Matt sits alone in a booth, pretending to read the sports page of the Galilee Times. Behind it - what he's really reading - is a marine chart. He circles a shoal formation titled, "Ghost Trees."

DOMBROWSKI (O.C.)
Buy you a drink Matt?

Matt neither moves nor looks up. Three fishermen squeeze into the seat across from him: KIRK DOMBROWSKI, DAVE HOUGH, and a young, fresh-faced kid of 21, CHARLIE RAUSEO.

DOMBROWSKI (CONT'D)
We don't have to like each other.

MATT
Perfect.

RAUSEO
I told you -

DOMBROWSKI
Shut up.
(then)
We're buying the *Smoke*.

MATT
Who's we?

DOMBROWSKI
Cripple Cove. The C.C.C. - all of us.
We're putting together a bid for Charlie here. Gonna make him a captain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
(a shade too fast)
Good for you. What's your number.

Dombrowski just smiles at Matt's attempt to suss out his bid.

DOMBROWSKI
Thing is, Charlie's green. Only been at
it five years. He needs a backman.
Someone who knows his shit cold.

MATT
Thanks. I'm warm.

DOMBROWSKI
With Billy Groag? That fucking walrus?

RAUSEO
I'll pay you twenty percent. And I
promise, I'll treat you good.

MATT
Charlie, no offense, you try hard - but
I'll crew for you when you learn to turn
right off a rotary.

Rauseo picks a knife off a dirty plate from another table.
But Dombrowski won't let this come to blows.

DOMBROWSKI
We're up to twenty guys now. We got the
best grounds staked out. Pretty soon
we'll have the dealers by the 'nads.

MATT
I don't do picket lines.

DOMBROWSKI
That bad blow, couple weeks back? I lost
two hundred traps - and I laughed.
Bought all new gear the next day. Why?
'Cause of the Co-op. 'Cause we got each
other's backs. We got security.

CASS RIDLEY, 28, cute and tomboyish, enters. Matt stands up.

MATT
Wish yuhs the best.

DOMBROWSKI
Matt. We both know, Joe Verga ain't
never selling back to your family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The hard truth hangs in the air as Matt heads back to the bar. En route, Jasper breaks from Groag, grabs Matt's elbow.

JASPER

Ten beers, he's not even blinking. I don't know how long I can -

MATT

Put him down.

He slips Jasper a fistful of cash. Then he crosses to Cass, kisses her, orders them drinks ... but glances back at Dombrowski over his shoulder.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STOREFRONT - NIGHT

An ESTABLISHING SHOT - then a C.U. of the front door. Little PUFFS of white powder emerge from the crack underneath. Rhythmic breaths clouding the night air.

INT. STORE - NIGHT

On the floor, Cass fucks Matt to within an inch of his life. She's on top. Matt's foot pumps a stack of flour bags by the door. The sex ends, as always, with Cass giggling.

MATT

Thanks, I'm here all week.

CASS

You want me to cry? Like those poetry majors you screwed in college?

MATT

Hey. Don't spread that.

CASS

Right. 'Cause in Galilee, a grown man should be *ashamed* of an education.

She stops him with a hard kiss. Then rolls off him. TURNS ON A LIGHT to reveal they're in a BAKERY. Cass's bakery.

CASS (CONT'D)

When you head out?

MATT

I should be out *now*.

She picks up the flour bags - is she strong - and disappears through swinging doors. Matt zips up, follows into the:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cass spins around the kitchen - in work mode now. She checks on the doughnuts, sticky buns, the bread dough. She's sexy *and* knows heavy machinery - what more do you want?

CASS

Should I even ask whose traps you're usin'?

Matt's silence says, no - she shouldn't ask.

MATT

Maybe this ain't working out for you.

CASS

Don't change the subject.

MATT

Seattle punk-pastry girl. Goin' out with a fisherman.

CASS

Who else is up this early?

MATT

I've killed everything on your bumper stickers. Tuna. Baby squid. I've picked seal teeth outa my hull.

CASS

But that was a mistake. You wouldn't run over a seal on purpose.

Again, Matt doesn't answer.

MATT

I just wonder what I've done to impress you.

Behind the question, she sees the years of work and servitude and buried frustrations piled up, weighing on him. Cass leaves the stove, comes over to face him.

CASS

Your father was some kind of big shot, right? 'Til that thing happened nobody ever talks about ...

(Matt doesn't answer)

Your great grandfather built the Wharf. And your great-great-whatshisname -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Mick Wells.

CASS

Mighty Mick. So big they made a statue
out of him.

(beat)

And I look at you. Matt Aegis. Lobster-
lugger. King of the creepy-crawlies.

MATT

Captain of jack shit.

CASS

And I think ...

Her fingernails bite into his callused palms, waking up his
nerve endings. Pressing the point home.

CASS (CONT'D)

... lucky me.

Her eyes lock onto his. With a belief and loyalty so
intense, Matt can't sustain it. He has to look away.

Cass dumps a big mass of dough in front of him.

CASS (CONT'D)

Knead.

Matt pushes his hands into the dough. Then looks at his own
two handprints. Temporarily cast. Temporarily perfect.

Then he kneads on. Erasing the prints.

Like they were never there.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TOBE AND SHEILA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Sheila wakes with a little smile. Aftermath of a nice dream. She rolls over, curls an arm around her husband. Moves her hands hopefully below his waist.

With the slightest subconscious motion, Tobe shrugs her off.

Sheila turns onto her back. Stares up at the ceiling for a moment. Then gets out of bed.

CUT TO Tobe, on his side of the bed. Awake.

INT. FISHING SUPPLY STORE - DAWN

Still flour-dusted, Matt buys a wheelbarrow full of gear (line, cheap buoys, etc.) - and some "Mighty Mick" rubber gloves, with the same "Man at the Wheel" logo as the paper.

MATT (V.O.)

Around here there's two categories of people.

The girl at the register notes who's buying. The irony.

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

You're either a captain, or you wanna be.

EXT. BEACON MARINA - DAWN

Matt wheels the barrow down the dock toward the *Miss Behave*. Groag is passed out on a pile of seine nets. Jasper's babysitting him, coffee in hand. Good man.

Matt nods at other crews getting ready to ship out. Not everyone nods back or even notices. Early morning bad moods.

MATT (V.O.)

And when you want it, everybody knows.

EXT. GALILEE INNER HARBOR - DAWN

Matt steers the *Miss Behave* past the massive *Flekkefjord*.

MATT (V.O.)

It's like they can see the words tattooed on your forehead ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Norwegian crewman glances down at him, impassively.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... "Not" and "Yet."

EXT. F/V *MISS BEHAVE*, OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Matt studies his marine chart at the wheel.

MATT (V.O.)
Kirk shouldn't'a mentioned that storm. I
remember where he lost his traps.

Pulls on his new "Mighty Mick" gloves.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And where he went looking.

TIME CUT TO:

Matt throws a three-hooked grapple overboard - splash.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That storm came in east-to-west. But the
action on top of the water, don't always
match what's below.

He waits for the grapple to sink to bottom. The *Miss Behave*
is moving ahead slowly, at trolling speed.

MATT (CONT'D)
This particular piece a bottom, the
current swirls against the wind.

The grapple catches something. Matt hauls back with the
hydroslave (a hydraulic winch).

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sends your gear in the opposite
direction.

As the first of Dombrowski's missing traps comes up -

TIME CUT TO:

A tall stack of beat-up metal traps on the *Miss Behave's*
deck. Matt snips off the i.d. tags, tosses them overboard.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Stealing another man's traps is beyond
wrong. Even if he's given up on 'em.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Even if he's dead. It's a violation.
It's a crime. Worse than that.

EXT. BRACES COVE BEACH - DAY

C.U. the traps, deposited on some isolated shoreline. RACK THROUGH the trap mesh to the *Miss Behave*, chugging seaward. Matt looks back at the traps from the wheel.

MATT (V.O.)

It's a mistake.

EXT. GALILEE INNER HARBOR - DAY

Matt steers the *Miss Behave* home.

MATT (V.O.)

My great-great-grandfather made a mistake once. Got caught in a winter gale. Forty-foot seas. Twenty below. His crew locked in the hold, waitin' to die. After seventeen hours, he started to slip out. Fall asleep.

Off his starboard bow is the MAN AT THE WHEEL statue. Facing us. Brave and defiant. Imposing even from this distance.

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

So he set his course. Dipped his hands in water. And froze 'em to the wheel.

(beat)

He lost his fingers. But he made it back. Never bought a drink in this town again. Mighty Mick Wells. He held on ...

Matt takes a good, hard look at his ancestor, cast in iron.

MATT (CONT'D)

... and he's been rubbin' it in our faces ever since.

EXT. CUT BRIDGE - DAY

The Cut (a mechanical split bridge, raised at the moment to allow taller boats to pass underneath) spans a narrow channel, leading to the Beacon Marina. The bridgmaster waves Matt through. Matt steers around the blind corner.

MATT (V.O.)

The wind and the water don't give a shit about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHANNEL: a 60-foot yacht manned by barechested 20-something Jersey guys, up for the weekend. His beer-hoisting buds urge the captain to shoot the gap. Succumbing to the pressure, the captain JAMS THE THROTTLE.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So you gotta roll with the good ...

Matt makes the blind turn and steams into the channel.

MATT (CONT'D)
... and be ready for the bad.

Suddenly he's facing a head-on collision. The Jersey boat is barreling at a criminal 20 knots STRAIGHT AT Matt.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A single propeller boat can't spin on its own axis.

If Matt turns LEFT, he'll run over a kids' sailing class, a dozen little turnabouts tied together.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You need twin screws for that.

If he turns RIGHT, he'll smash the *Miss Behave* on the rocks.

TWO SECONDS to decide.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So I'm fucked two ways to Sunday.

Matt veers left - straight at the sailing class.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But here's the thing.

He runs to the tied-up ANCHOR, cuts it free. A kid in the class goes BUG EYED at Matt's PROW, hurtling toward him.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I come from Galilee fishermen.

Matt FLINGS HIS ANCHOR - it lands six inches from the terrified kid - *splash* - Matt SPRINTS back to the wheel -

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The finest small-boat operators in the world.

Matt jams the throttle into reverse. The engine SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I steer *into* trouble.

Just as the boat's about to smash backwards into the rocks, the anchor CATCHES. The Miss Behave lurches to a full stop.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I make my own tide.

The yacht barrels past, her nose clearing the *Miss Behave* by inches. The Jersey guys stare in awe at the pure seamanship.

CUT TO: the Downs syndrome boy, watching from the bridge right above. (He likes bridges). Matt's so close to shore that weirdly, intimately, they're only feet apart.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm my father's son.

The Downs boy nods at Matt in respect.

Matt nods back.

EXT. AEGIS FRONT YARD - DAY

Ann Gutmacher suns herself on a chaise longue. But it's hard when she's still wearing her city clothes - slacks and a blouse, sleeves rolled up awkwardly.

Sheila brings her an armful of supplies, wading through the thick grass.

SHEILA
I asked him to mow this ...
(then)
Some lotion. And if you feel like crossing to the beach, here's a towel and one of my suits. Watch out for minnows.

ANN
You're far too kind, I couldn't possibly -

SHEILA
We both know it's plenty big.

Ann smiles at the New England frankness. A refreshing change from her social circle in Manhattan.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
And I thought you might like a newspaper -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANN
(too quickly)
No thank you.

She lies back. The stress finally starting to melt away.

SHEILA
How'd you find us? We've only been open
the year.

Ann hesitates. But she likes Sheila. In another life they might have been friends. She takes off her sunglasses.

ANN
I told the cabbie to drive wherever he
wanted. As long as it was far. At some
point we sort of - felt our way to this
beach. And there you were.

Sheila nods. Not exactly flattering, or helpful to her marketing. But the truth. She turns back to the house.

ANN (CONT'D)
And I'm so glad.

Ann makes sure Sheila hears the sincerity. Then goes back to the blissful nothingness, the blank relaxation of sunning herself. Off Sheila, gratified -

EXT. PARKING AREA, DOG COMMON WOODS - DAY

Dark, tall woods designed to make fishermen claustrophobic. Matt's truck pulls up next to a purple Econoline van. Adorned with satanic DECALS - like a Cthulhu devouring a white stick-figure family of "Mom", "Dad", and "Susie."

Off Matt's reaction - shit. He hates coming here.

EXT. DOG COMMON WOODS - DAY

Matt approaches a group of morbidly made-up white guys, none older than 25. They're head-banging to black metal, thrashing, occasionally bouncing off a tree. The youngest of them, a wanna-be, 17, tries to eat a plate of SICKLY YELLOW MEAT. The ringleader, CHRIS MANZANO, 23, splits off.

MATT
Hey Chris.

CHRIS
You're not welcome here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
(ignoring this)
That Tommy Lupo's kid?

CHRIS
His initiation.

MATT
Whatcha doin' to him?
(beat)
Not the piss shark.

Off Chris's shrug -

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Here's how you make Piss Shark.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - DAY

Chris and his Satanic buds drag a dead blue shark onshore.

MATT (V.O.)
First you form a little drug cartel with
your psycho deathmetal friends. Anyone
wants in, has to pass the test.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - NIGHT

QUICK CUTS: they HACK the shark with knives, chug vodka, howl
at the MOON - then URINATE on the carcass by a roaring FIRE.

MATT (V.O.)
They invented it in Iceland. Six weeks
in, the meat's about ripe.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - DAY

A PICNICKING COUPLE discovers the shark, which is covered
with beach fleas. The smell makes them gag.

MATT (V.O.)
You wanna join, you gotta swallow.

EXT. DOG COMMON WOODS - DAY

ANGLE ON Tommy Lupo's kid, trying to take just one paint-
peeling bite of piss shark. Tears well up in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

I got 200 rimwacked traps, backside of Braces. Need 'em fixed by tomorrow.

CHRIS

How much?

MATT

Saw the harbor police setting up a blind in that houseboat over by your Mom's. Got a shipment coming in, Chris? Some of that Honduran black tar? How much is that worth to you?

Chris's expression tells us, quite a lot.

Matt's cell phone beeps. Onscreen: "Missed call - Dad."

Matt tosses Chris some \$20 bills.

MATT (CONT'D)

Bring pliers and Adderall.

EXT. AEGIS BACK YARD - DUSK

Matt and Tobe, wearing Grundys and rubber gloves, submerge the boiler in a shallow tub of hydrochloric acid.

TOBE

Okay good.

The acid gets to work cleaning off the scale. A long beat.

TOBE (CONT'D)

Don't know why I bought *six* gallons. Shallow-dip 'em, I only need three.

A beat. The unused acid in plastic jugs at their feet.

MATT

Thinking of setting on Ghost Trees.

Tobe tries not to show how disturbing this idea is.

TOBE

That's stuntwork, steering in-and-out them shoals. Got hold'a some traps?

MATT

Yuh. Used.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 TOBE
Junk gear don't fish.

They rotate the boiler. The underside is now SHINY CLEAN.

 TOBE (CONT'D)
Sure you want to do this?

He's not talking about the boiler. Matt finds he can't speak. The words just catch in his throat.

 TOBE (CONT'D)
Could be there's another way.

 MATT
Like what?

 TOBE
That's on me.

 MATT
Dad, *nothing's* on you -

 TOBE
Watch your gunwales, if you go. Stay outta the weeds.

 MATT
I will.

A beat. Tobe wrestles with himself in silence. Finally -

 TOBE
I want you to know - Matthew. If something ever happened to you, out there. If the Coasties brought you back, and you were tapped out, like in a coma. I wouldn't let you suffer. I mean, irregardless of the legal bullshit. I would definitely pull the plug.

"I'd euthanize you" is Tobe's way of saying "I care."

 MATT
(bitter disbelief)
Thanks Pop.

 TOBE
You're welcome.

They lift the boiler out of the tub and onto the grass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOBE (CONT'D)

That's good. You wait too long, the acid eats through.

Matt shakes his head, strips off his gloves and walks away.

Off Tobe, watching him.

EXT. GALILEE INNER HARBOR - NIGHT

Darkness falls on the fishing fleet, the rotting docks.

INT. HOUSE OF MITCH - NIGHT

Matt drinks with Sig, Jasper, and their friend RONNIE PASQUINA. Sig shows a cardboard and duct-tape PROTOTYPE of his half-hatchet, half-knife.

SIG

It's a "knatchet." Half-knife, half-hatchet.

RONNIE

I got a hatchet.

SIG

But this way, you don't have to switch.

In the b.g., a small group of Norwegian sailors from the *Flekkefjord*. All in spiffy blue windbreakers.

JASPER

I'm coming with.

MATT

No.

JASPER

You're not doing Ghost Trees alone -

MATT

Ballgame.

He hands Jasper two Red Sox tickets, fresh from StubHub.

MATT (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, third base line, second row. Pick up Groag at 9:30. Tell him you need to get there early for b.p. Tell him your rich uncle couldn't make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASPER
(dubious)
Couldn't make Sox-Yanks.

MATT
I need one more day.

Jasper reluctantly takes the tickets. At the bar, bodies shift (like a curtain parting), and suddenly there she is, behind them - the GIRL FROM THE BEACH.

MATT (CONT'D)
'Scuse me.

Matt stands up. He walks by the table of Joe and Peter Verga. Matt nods his respect. The brothers just stare at him - totally impassive.

Matt goes to the bar, where MITCH the bartender moves a big platter of sandwiches and fried scallops in front of the girl. She reaches for a sandwich.

MATT (CONT'D)
Don't do it. Sandwiches you pay for.
These little app dealios are free.

SYRAH
I can eat all the scallops I want?

MATT
Not scallops. Punched-out skate wings.
(spears one with his knife)
But don't be greedy.

He puts the skate and a lemon wedge on a plate for her.

SYRAH
I'm Syrah.

MATT
Like the grape?

SYRAH
A fisherman who knows his wine.

MATT
Who says I'm a fisherman?

She just smiles, eats the skate. Re: the Norwegians -

SYRAH
And they are?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT
Norwegians, off a factory boat.

SYRAH
Galilee's tough on strangers.
(off his snort)
No? What is it then?

MATT
A drinking town with a fishing problem.

SYRAH
And you like it that way.

MATT
(sips his beer)
What do you like?

SYRAH
Norwegians.

They both smile. Enjoying the little dance.

MATT
I'm Matt. Enjoy your "scallops".

SYRAH
You want something, you should pay a
price. Don't you think?

She stabs the skate piece, eats it off a steak knife. Just
the way Matt would.

Matt walks back to his booth, under Syrah's gaze. But
there's a stale silence among the boys. Not disapproval,
exactly. More like, no-one wants to say it.

MATT
(finally)
What?

JASPER
J-jimmy Coskey.

MATT
What about him.

RONNIE
That hot streak he went on last year?
Cod, halibut - he couldn't miss.

MATT
Yeah - then he got hooked in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RONNIE

He said it was on account of a girl he
fucked, from out of town. Same girl who
fucked Gaspar the year he set the record.
Remember?

He nods to a picture of GASPAR on the "dead wall" (tacked-up
photos of deceased fishermen). Grinning, Gaspar poses next
to a huge bluefin tuna. He wears a GOLD ROLEX WATCH.

SIG

They never found Gaspar - not even pieces
of Gaspar.

RONNIE

Or his Rolex. Matt, that's her.

MATT

Bullshit -

RONNIE

Swear to God, it's her. Same girl.

Matt looks over his shoulder - with new awareness.

JASPER

She's got a thing for fishermen.

The Norwegians circle Syrah like hammerheads.

She looks like she can handle them.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CASS'S BAKERY - MORNING

Bustling, doing good business - to establish:

INT. CASS'S BAKERY - MORNING

At a table: Joe Verga, Peter, and Don Wonson go over a stack of bids for the *Holy Smoke*. Debating back and forth.

At the counter: Tobe. Eating a blueberry muffin. Cass swings by with some coffee. She sees what Tobe sees.

CASS

Why do they have to do it here?

TOBE

Puts the town on notice. More chum for the sharks.

Nearby, Cass's waitress LALA (pretty, 20's, Honduran) delivers a bag of donuts to her boyfriend Hector - the kid from the fish plant. He kisses her - then notices Tobe.

HECTOR

'Sup, old man.

On Tobe. Absorbing that.

CASS

I'm worried what Matt might do. To get to the top of that pile.

TOBE

Not my business.
(pointedly)
Yours neither.

Cass reacts to the coldness. Walks away. Tobe tracks her ass en route - which draws his gaze to Lala, bringing food to the Vergas. Tobe continues surveilling them. Carefully.

EXT. BRACES COVE BEACH - MORNING

Matt approaches Chris's deathmetal crew. They're exhausted, been up all night. Their goth/corpse makeup dribbled sad-clown-style down their faces. But the traps look fixed.

MATT

Almost done?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Six more.

MATT

Be back in an hour. And hey - keep that black tar shit in the woods. I don't wanna see it this side a' town.

CHRIS

You won't. Ask your friend.

MATT

What "friend"?

As the realization crosses his face -

INT. SIG'S WORKSHED - DAY

Matt BURSTS through the door - to find Sig sweating over a grinder, surrounded by vises, acetylene torches, etc.

MATT

You on the scag?

SIG

What the fuck, man -

Matt rams an elbow to Sig's throat, pushes him to the wall.

MATT

(carving each syllable)
Are you - on that shit - again?

SIG

You wanna roll my sleeve, Matt? Go ahead, pick a vein.

Matt slowly lowers his arm.

SIG (CONT'D)

No, course not. That's not what you want. You just want your five G's.

His tone is unsurprised - which just cuts deeper.

SIG (CONT'D)

You know what I spent it on? My recovery. State only covers so much. So I pay guys to come in, twice a day, to take blood. Watch me. Keep me clean. So I can work, night and day, in this oven - to pay back my good buddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt, reconsiders, edges toward the door.

SIG (CONT'D)
Yeah, fucking *right*, walk away -

As Sig hurls a tool against a wall with an ugly CLANG -

EXT. ALLEY OFF ROGERS STREET - DAY

Peter Verga descends someone's back stairs ... by his body language, not his own. He buttons up his shirt and waves up at a window atop the triple-decker house.

From the window, Lala the waitress doesn't wave back.

Peter reaches the ground, turns toward his car - and finds Tobe waiting for him.

TOBE
They teach that at Ikea?

Peter brushes past him.

TOBE (CONT'D)
Does Fran know? Or is she used to it?

It's down to wives? Is Tobe really going there?

PETER
What.

TOBE
You're gonna put in a good word.
(off Peter's snort)
Not for me. For my son.

PETER
You know you used to be bigger than life.
You had everyone clocked. But you
forget, I stood up for you. When my
whole family wanted to scrape you off
Jeffrey's Ledge like skin off a grape.

TOBE
You gonna piss and moan, or get Joe over
the hump? It's time. It's past time.

PETER
You really want to make an enemy of me,
Tobias?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's been a while coming, but it's finally here. On Peter, not a man to be fucked with ...

... and Tobe. The decision in his hands. PRELAP:

MATT (V.O.)
You get desperate, you'll do things.

EXT. BEACON MARINA DOCK - DAY

Matt preps the *Miss Behave* for departure. A casual glance over his shoulder nets: Dombrowski and Charlie Rauseo, onboard the *Holy Smoke*. Charlie steers her out toward the harbor. Dombrowski, chuckling, sucks up to Joe Verga.

Dombrowski sees Matt and smiles. Yeah, that's right.

MATT (V.O.)
Overreact.

EXT. BRACES COVE BEACH - DAY

The deathmetal guys carry the traps out to the anchored *Miss Behave*. Wading offshore slows them down, a grim procession.

Matt loads the traps onboard.

MATT (V.O.)
Second guess.

EXT. F/V *MISS BEHAVE*, PASSING SALT ISLAND - DAY

Salt Island is a solitary hunk of granite, with a few bushes and a little sandy cove. Something sparkles to one side of it, off Matt's port bow. Circling the island. Matt adjusts his sunglasses, eases his throttle.

It's Syrah, WINDSURFING. Their eyes meet as she passes by.

MATT (V.O.)
Doubt yourself.

EXT. FOG - DAY

We hear the *Miss Behave* cut its engine before we see it, emerging from a thick FOG. The silence is jarring.

MATT (V.O.)
Go places you shouldn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt checks his chart. It matches his GPS readings.

He's here.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Like Ghost Trees.

A place of eerie, dank quiet.

Matt goes astern. Drops a string of traps. Waits. The traps sink without incident. Matt tosses his west buoy in. Goes to the wheel, makes the notation. INCHES forward ...

A slow SCRAPING sound under the hull. Matt freezes. The boat grinds to a halt. Fuck fuck FUCK. She's HIT A SHOAL.

Matt gingerly puts the *Miss Behave* in reverse. More horrid GROANING as the boat backs over the shoal. With a final squeak and a SIGH, she slides into quiet, free water.

Matt turns the wheel hard to starboard.

From a distance, we watch the boat disappear into the fog.

EXT. F/V *MISS BEHAVE*, PASSING SALT ISLAND - DUSK

Swigging a Rolling Rock, Matt steams home, past Salt Island ... and spots a windsurfing sail beached on its sandy cove.

Matt slows to quarter-speed.

EXT. SALT ISLAND - DUSK

The *Miss Behave* inches ever-so-slowly into the cove.

REVERSE ANGLE to Syrah, resting on her elbows in a bikini. Her wetsuit spread under her, as a towel.

Matt brings the boat alongside. Cuts the engine.

MATT
You look lost.

SYRAH
So do you.

She unties the string of her bikini top.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. SALT ISLAND - DUSK

Matt, on top, fucking Syrah in the SICK, DREAMY LIGHT ... they're half in the water, half out ... at one point Syrah's eyes roll back in her head ... the unearthly whites of her eyes ... Matt looks away ...

... and sees his HANDPRINTS pressed deep in the damp sand ... a disturbing reminder of his HANDPRINTS IN THE DOUGH ... of what a betrayal this all is ... but then, a few feet away ...

... a GOLD ROLEX WATCH half-submerged underwater ... it's just beyond Syrah's head ... buried TREASURE ...

Matt REACHES for the watch, his hand jerking awkwardly with the force of the lovemaking ...

... but he's TOO FAR AWAY ... the Rolex remains just past his fingertips ... in fact sand CASCADES on top of it ...

... Matt CLAWS for it ... but Syrah GROANS ... she won't be moved ... or denied ... and off the GLINTING GOLD slipping under the sand ... out of reach ... just out of reach ...

INT. AEGIS FRONT PARLOR - DAY

Sheila's on her computer, reading a website: "Ten Tips for Aspiring Innkeepers." Ann enters, fresh from a beach swim.

ANN

You weren't kidding about the minnows.

SHEILA

It's the season. Was it okay though?

ANN

It was *glorious*.

She rests a hand on Sheila's shoulder affectionately as she heads upstairs. Day by day, Ann's feeling better.

Sheila waits until she's gone. Then Googles "Ann Gutmacher New York." Onscreen, the return headlines read, "Gutmacher Pension Scandal," "Lionel Gutmacher Indicted," "Ann Gutmacher Stands By Her Man - For Now." Lurid fragments of a scandal.

Ann returns downstairs - she forgot something - just in time to see, on Sheila's screen: a photo of herself and her husband on the courthouse steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sheila hears the footstep and - *click, click* - clumsily closes her browser. Too late. She doesn't dare turn around.

Wordlessly, Ann Gutmacher ascends the stairs.

EXT. BEACON MARINA - DAY

Matt hops off the *Miss Behave*, ties her mooring lines to cleats. The *Holy Smoke* has already returned. Dombrowski sees Matt coming down the dock. He's gonna enjoy this.

DOMBROWSKI

Perfect timing. Matt, like you to meet
the new captain of the *Holy* -

Matt PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE. Joe Verga grabs Matt from behind - and without thinking, Matt turns and SLUGS the older man in the gut. Verga folds and keels over.

Charlie's fresh face turns red. But in the moment, facing a furious Matt, it's fight or flight ... and flight wins. Charlie runs off. To call the cops, or some shit.

On Matt. Realizing what he's done. There's no more efficient way to *not* get a boat, than to slug the owner.

On Dombrowski. Down on the dock. Wiping blood from his lip - but smiling. Matt's just signed his own death warrant.

On Verga. So disgusted with Charlie's cowardice he turns away. His eyes land, oddly, on the cleat Matt tied up to.

Back to Matt, coming down from the adrenaline of conflict. His fate sealed. He turns and walks away.

EXT. AEGIS FRONT YARD - DAY

A hand yanks a lawn mower's starter cord. Snarl. *Snarl*.

Tobe flips the mower over. Sure enough, WET GRASS has gummed up the shaft. Tobe clears the muck with his hands, tries again. Snarl. The engine coughs but doesn't catch.

TOBE

Goddamn it ...

He leans down, readies himself for a titanic yank ...

... and hears distant SCREAMING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tobe looks to the left. On the footbridge, people point in alarm. On the beach, two hundred yards away, a MOTHER screams. A man dives into the swimming hole in front of her.

Without hesitation, Tobe breaks into a run.

MATT (V.O.)
Couple things you should know about my father.

In ten strides he's across the road - nearly gets hit by a HONKING sedan - and into the marsh grass.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One is that he was the starting fullback on a j.c. team that went undefeated.

His legs churn steadily through the mud, into the creek.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They say he ran like Roger Craig. High-stepper. Hard to bring down.

When the water's up to his waist, he DIVES. And emerges on the other side of the creek. His shoes are long gone.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Two, he knows every inch of Fair Harbor Beach. Including the swimming hole scooped out by the two creeks.

The first diver comes up empty, gasping for air. By now the mother's in hysterics.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It looks harmless. But you knock heads under there, or get shallow-dive hypoxia?

Tobe churns his way through the sand, and the crowd.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You'll sink like the last stone on earth.

Onlookers haul the first diver out - as Tobe DIVES IN.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We call it the Warm Pot.

EXT. UNDERWATER, THE WARM POT - CONTINUOUS

Screams fade. Tobe strokes his way downward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (V.O.)

Here's what happens. Ten feet down,
first thermocline. Your eardrums and
sinuses rupture.

REVERSE ON: Tobe's feet flipping into the dark depths.

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

Twenty feet down you're gathering speed.
(beat)
Thirty feet. The cold shocks your lungs
into inhaling. You hit bottom hard.

The last pale flash of Tobe's skin disappears.

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

Your bones crackle under pressure like
Rice Krispies in milk. Blood diverts
from your extremities to your brain.
(beat)
Congratulations. You're legally dead.

EXT. THE WARM POT - DAY

Tobe emerges, gasping for breath. Onlookers haul him out.

MATT (V.O.)

The diver can't afford to search the same
place twice. So he imagines a clock.

AN OVERHEAD VIEW shows Tobe's method. The Warm Pot is 20
feet in diameter. Roughly circular. Tobe scrapes his foot
in the sand to mark the "four o'clock" point.

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

His first dive was from noon to four.
Next up, four to eight.

Bent over, Tobe tries to calm his heaving chest. The Warm
Pot is his enemy now - and a good fighter sizes up his enemy.

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

But he too is now mildly hypoxic.
Dalton's law of partial pressure applies.

The gathered crowd watches him. Worried and doubtful.

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

Brain vessels dilate. Vision blurs.

Tobe meets the eyes of the missing boy's mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If he dives again, he will likely die.

Tobe draws a deep breath - and DIVES.

EXT. UNDERWATER, THE WARM POT - DAY

Tobe strokes his way down. Hobbled, but determined.

MATT (V.O.)
Each stroke measures six feet, hand to hand. Fishermen have used this measurement for centuries. It's called a fathom.

Tobe has to use twice the energy to cover the same distance.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Muscles cramp. Blood roars in your ears. The urge to inhale is overpowering.

It's painful to watch him lurch into the cloudy depths.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The diver rakes the sand with his hands. All he finds are crabs, scuttling toward their newly arrived feast. Looking for tender places to begin to feed.

Only darkness now.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The diver knows: he does not belong here.

EXT. THE WARM POT - DAY

This time Tobe PUKES as he emerges from the Pot. But he scratches his mark in the sand: eight o'clock. Tobe's right leg is useless. He has to be HAULED to his feet.

ONLOOKER #1
Unbelievable.

ONLOOKER #2
You did your best, man. Way too deep down there.

The boy's mother EMBRACES Tobe, sobbing. She's given up.

MOTHER
He's gone ... my boy's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONLOOKER #3
It's God's will.

For some reason, that sparks Tobe's resolve. And his RAGE.
He shoves the mother off him, staggers to the eight o'clock mark, and JUMPS IN before anyone can stop him.

EXT. UNDERWATER, THE WARM POT - DAY

Tobe's body sinks for the last time into the murky black.

MATT (V.O.)
Eight to midnight.

The water is quiet and still.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My father is alone now.

A long, agonizing beat.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He is a man like most men, with good and bad qualities in equal measure.

Something WHITE flickers - then disappears.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But on this day my father is brave.

A HUMAN HAND lunges toward us, frantically beating upward -

EXT. THE WARM POT - DAY

Tobe's left hand breaks the surface.

ONLOOKER #1
Jesus fucking Christ -

As they haul him up, they're shocked to see his right arm locked in a death grip - around the BOY.

ONLOOKER #2
Turn him over -

The onlookers do it. We recognize the victim's face. It's the DOWNS SYNDROME BOY. The kid from the bridge.

ONLOOKER #3
There's no way - he's been down too long -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONLOOKER #1
Shut up!

MOTHER
Jamie!

Onlooker #1 starts serious CPR. He pinches the kid's nose, breathes hard into his mouth, does chest compressions.

ONLOOKER #1
One two three four five six seven eight -

But the CPR's not working, and everyone can see it. The boy's body is lifeless and blue. Onlooker #1 keeps at it.

ONLOOKER #1 (CONT'D)
One two three -

TOBE
(a rasp)
Get off -

With his last bit of strength, Tobe scoops his PINKY FINGER deep into the boy's throat - makes a hard RIPPING MOTION -
- and rolls over, exhausted.

Nearby, the small dislodged GREEN CRAB wriggles on the hot sand ... before burrowing into cooler depths.

Onlooker #1 practically jumps onto the boy's body. Pinches his nose and BLOWS HARD into the boy's mouth -

- and the boy COMES BACK TO LIFE. Convulses. VOMITS. The crowd actually jumps back as if it's seen a ghost.

MOTHER
Jamie, if you don't talk to me right now,
no PlayStation! No PlayStation for a
week, you hear me? *Jamie!*

The boy's eyelids flutter. Skin FLUSHING before our eyes.

JAMIE
(hoarse whisper)
Mom ... I'm thirsty.

A beat.

The crowd ERUPTS. In cheers, laughs, tears of relief. In amazed, electric glee. "He's thirsty." Imagine that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tobe sits up on his elbows. That's not good enough. They pull him to his feet - then onto someone's shoulders - then he's ELEVATED by a dozen hands, FLOATING above the crowd.

An OVERHEAD SHOT of Tobe, borne aloft, closing his eyes in exhaustion ... arms outspread ...

... nothing but blue sky between him and the sun.

EXT. AEGIS FRONT YARD - DAY

Later. Tobe crosses the street to his lawn. In an otherworldly state. Glowing but drained. Proud but dazed.

He leans over and RIPS the mower's cord. It doesn't start. He rips the cord again. AGAIN. The engine coughs emptily.

Sheila pokes her head out the front screen door.

SHEILA

All right out there?

Tobe turns to look at his wife, who's been inside the whole time. How to put into words what just happened? He can't.

TOBE

Yeah. Okay.

SHEILA

Maybe check the oil.

And just like that, the screen door SHUTS - she's gone.

Off Tobe. Fallen somehow ... brought back to earth.

Brought low.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. SIG'S WORKSHED, ANNISQUAM HILLS - NIGHT

Peaceful soft wind rustles the trees. Bright orange sparks like fireflies behind the shed's single window ...

INT. SIG'S WORKSHED - CONTINUOUS

Sig, wearing protective glasses, hones Matt's new KNIFE against a whetstone. Blond curls flying. On a creative high. A boombox blasts ELO's "Don't Bring Me Down."

SIG
(singing along)
Don't bring me dow-own ... *grrrrrus!*
Don't bring me dow-ow-own ... *grrrusss!*

He cackles amidst the din. Norse god of the forge.

SIG (AND ELO) (CONT'D)
You're looking good, just like a snake in
the grass ...

And then we PAN RIGHT ... to see the source of Sig's high, on a nearby worktable ... a spoon, a lighter ... a SYRINGE.

EXT. GALILEE INNER HARBOR - NIGHT

A swollen moon hugs the horizon. Low tide exposes the mud flats under the dock pilings.

EXT. MUD FLAT UNDER DOCK - NIGHT

A good place to get laid or loaded. A giggling, drunk young couple stumbles past: Lala and Hector.

LALA
(in Spanish, SUBTITLED)
This place smells like wet dog!

HECTOR
(same)
It's beautiful! Trust me.

In the dark, he stumbles/trips over the SHOES of a man sitting on the mud flat, drinking in the shadows.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Sorry man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LALA

Why you have to drag me down here ...

They find a dry spot. Lala spins onto the sand. Moonlight dappling her pretty features. Hector lands on top of her.

HECTOR

I'll show you why ...

As he moves to kiss her, a HAND taps his shoulder.

VOICE (MAN'S)

Hey.

We recognize the shoes of the guy Hector tripped on. Hector stands, turns AROUND -

- and a ROCK (clutched in the man's fist) smashes Hector's face. Hector falls. The rock comes down AGAIN. Lala SCREAMS - until a muddy hand CLAMPS her mouth.

REVERSE ON Tobe Aegis. Drunk, mud-spattered, vengeful.

He looks around. No-one has seen or heard them. For a beat, it seems that Tobe might hurt Lala too.

Instead Tobe lifts his palm, presses her lips with his index finger, and raises that same finger to his lips.

Lala nods. Terrified.

Tobe drops the rock, stands up. Regards the bloodied, half-conscious Hector, twisting slowly on the sand.

EXT. WATERFRONT STREET - NIGHT

Tobe walks haltingly up the WOODEN STAIRWAY to the STREET. Partying couples pass by, a gaggle of TEEN GIRLS.

Tobe sits heavily at the base of ... something. A broad GRANITE SQUARE. His expression blank, dull with shock.

PULL BACK to reveal: he's sitting at the base of the MAN AT THE WHEEL STATUE. Of his great-grandfather: Mighty Mick.

Off Tobe, slumped against the towering silhouette, backlit by the swollen moon ... *O fortuna, velut luna* ...

... not a man to be fucked with.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A clock reads, 3:49 AM. Matt's in bed, dead to the world. Until two rough KNOCKS batter his door.

MATT
Go away ...

More knocks. Matt rolls out of bed. Opens the door:
And in the hall, Joe Verga tosses a length of rope at him.

JOE
That knot you tie up with. Show me.

MATT
What?

Joe SLAPS his face. (That was for yesterday.)

JOE
Do it.

Matt ties a quick-release getaway hitch to the stairpost. His hands move on autopilot. It's over in seconds.

JOE (CONT'D)
What's wrong with a cleat hitch?

MATT
Cleat hitch you have to untie on the dock. I can release this onboard.

JOE
Why the fuck you need to be onboard?

MATT
'Cause my captain drives drunk, hits the gas, forgets he's still tied up.

He pulls the knot loose. But that's not enough for Joe.

JOE
You're set east-west on an incoming tide. How much room you give your neighbor.

MATT
Four-tenths of a mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
(harder, faster)
Spring nor'easter. 3-day blow. Where do
you move your gear.

MATT
Flatty bottom past Croak Ridge.

JOE
How long your gangions?

MATT
Fathom and a piece.

JOE
(eyes narrowing)
Man overboard, full Grundy. You're at
the wheel, all you hear is the splash.
You're in tight, hundred yards off a
reef, 10 foot swell. You go inside the
breakers you lose the boat.

MATT
I turn. I got time for one pass.

JOE
Where do you throw the life ring.

MATT
I don't.

JOE
So he dies.

MATT
No. I gaff him through the shoulder.

JOE
And why is that.

MATT
I didn't see him go over. Could be he
hit his head, he's too dazed to grab the
ring. But I put a hook in his meat,
conscious or not, he's coming with me.

A beat. Joe can't believe it's come to this. But a
fisherman has to accept the evidence of his own eyes.

He reaches into his pocket - and hands Matt the keys to the
Holy Smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT (CONT'D)
But I thought, Charlie -

JOE
He wanted her, he shoulda fought for her.

There's a moment of charged, suppressed emotion - on both sides. We're witnessing a rare thing. A bequeathment.

Then Joe leans close to Matt.

JOE (CONT'D)
You stay away from my family.

Is that menace Matt sees in his eyes - or a hint of fear?

Joe turns, stumps his way down the stairs.

On Matt. Too full of feeling to move.

INT. TOBE AND SHEILA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

TIGHT ON Sheila, stirring. There's a dim rumble of a CAR ENGINE out front ... and beside her, in bed, an empty space.

Frowning, Sheila swings out of bed.

EXT. AEGIS HOUSE - DAWN

Wearing the (impeccable) clothes she arrived in, Ann Gutmacher descends the front steps, toward a waiting cab. Only a small plastic drugstore bag for luggage.

SHEILA
Wait.

Sheila's on the porch. Bedraggled. Still in her nightgown.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for that.

ANN
Your money's on the desk.

A chilly, practiced brush-off. Ann's done it a thousand times, to waiters, chambermaids - people who don't know their place. She reaches the cab, opens the back door.

SHEILA
There was an accident - at sea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something in Sheila's tone stops Ann from getting in.

On Sheila. The words escaped from her like long-jailed prisoners - but now that it's started, she has to finish it.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

No-one knows exactly what happened. A man died. But my husband survived. He swam free.

(beat)

We can forgive almost anything here. Except a captain who abandons ship.

No, they're not friends. But friendship isn't what Sheila's offering.

Ann gets in the cab, closes the door. Through the window, we see her meet Sheila's gaze - with respect. As equals.

Sheila nods goodbye. To a fellow traveler.

EXT. ALLEY BESIDE BAKERY - EARLY MORNING

Cass comes outside, tosses a bag of two-day-old bread in the garbage, wipes her hands on her apron, pulls out her cellphone, and DIALS. Waits through the four rings.

MATT'S VOICEMAIL MESSAGE

Hey, this is Matt. Leave a message -

Click, Cass folds her phone. More disappointed than pissed.

CURL CAMERA around the corner of the bakery, to the front window. Cass goes inside, starts the day's work.

CUT TO Matt, across the street. In the shadows. Dressed now. But not picking up his phone. We watch him, watching her. Wanting to go in. To share the good news.

But things are different now. After what he's done.

HANG ON Matt. So close, so far.

EXT. BEACON MARINA - MORNING

Matt begins the long walk down the dock. He's done it a thousand times, why should this morning be any different?

Light's breaking now. Other crews get ready to head out. Matt passes the *Esrin G.* first. Captained by JON GERLOFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT
'Sup Jon.

JON
Hey skip.

Matt's already walked past by the time he realizes ... no-one's ever called him that before. Next he walks past CAPTAIN STEVE aboard the *Kathy Lingg*.

STEVE
Morning, Cap.

- then the *Anya E.* The *Manning Up.* The *Davy Chase.*

CAPTAIN #1
Skipper.

CAPTAIN #2
Captain Matt.

CAPTAIN #3
How's it hangin', skip?

It's the same all the way down the dock. A tip of the cap here, a "captain" there. It's offhand, casual: no-one's throwing any confetti. But it's Galilee's version of an honor guard. Matt struggles to keep his emotions in check.

Finally there's Tobe sitting, legs dangling over the dock, waiting in front of the *Holy Smoke*. He sips coffee and pops some Alka Seltzer tabs. Rough night.

Wordlessly Tobe offers his son a coffee.

Matt takes it. And steps onboard the *Holy Smoke* for the first time. Her deck is a disorganized clusterfuck.

MATT
Will ya look at this mess ...

TOBE
Mean as ever.

Matt runs his hands over the gunwales, the culling table, the wheel. Yeah, she's in rough shape. She's also beautiful.

TOBE (CONT'D)
Your friend dropped this off.

He hands Matt a cloth-wrapped item. Inside is Sig's finished knife, a SEMI-HATCHET with a head like a sperm whale's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT
Whaddya think?

No answer. Matt can read the turmoil below the surface.

TOBE
Long time coming.

Somewhere far across the quiet marina, a cock crows.

MATT
Rigging's all wrong ... gotta epoxy the seams. Maybe blow out that stern?

TOBE
I'm not the asshole tells a captain what to do with his own boat.

Matt turns the key, fires up the diesel. Then - has an IDEA.

MATT
Dad. Come out with me.

And for one haunting moment, Tobe's eyes LIGHT UP. Like he's a fisherman of 21 again. Like he might just say yes.

MATT (CONT'D)
C'mon, let's fish.

And the moment HANGS THERE ... just long enough for Tobe to remember, he's not that guy anymore.

TOBE
Better not. You know your mother ...

Lame excuse. But Matt understands: he asked for too much.

Tobe casts the *Holy Smoke's* stern line onboard.

TOBE (CONT'D)
Good trip.

MATT
Finest kind.

A Galilee expression which has no fixed, single meaning. It can be an acknowledgment, a wish, or a farewell.

Matt backs the *Holy Smoke* up, then turns her out of her slip.

His father - who taught him every move - watches. Pride and jealousy and love clawing each other. Always at war.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

At the wheel, Matt watches his father recede. The distance between them growing.

EXT. DOMBROWSKI'S FRONT STOOP - MORNING

Dombrowski's jaw is swollen and discolored. Decidedly worse for wear. He locks the door behind him, turns around -

- and sees a LOBSTER TRAP someone left on his stoop.

Dombrowski takes a closer look. It's one of his, all right. But it's tied to a buoy with strange colors. (Matt's colors).

On Dombrowski, wheels turning, not sure of anything yet - except that this means war - PRELAP:

MATT (V.O.)

Guy told me once, he never met a captain in all his life.

EXT. GALILEE INNER HARBOR - DAY

The *Holy Smoke* cruises out. Passes the huge, looming *Flekkefjord* on her left. Matt's hand is steady on the wheel.

MATT (V.O.)

He said the ocean was the only real captain.

EXT. F/V HOLY SMOKE, OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Matt leans over the side as his first BUOY APPROACHES.

He gaffs it, feeds the line onto the hydroslave. The first trap announces its arrival by THUMPING the side.

MATT (V.O.)

The rest of us were just passengers.

TIGHT ON Matt as he hauls the trap onboard ... and freezes.

MATT (CONT'D)

(out LOUD)

You gotta be fucking shitting me.

The trap is bursting with lobsters. BIG ONES.

MUSIC UP on a MONTAGE. Matt moves fast before the lobsters tear each other to pieces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEEPERS are dropped onto the culling table, measured, banded. Shorts are tossed overboard. Traps are rebaited, sent back.

Matt's ecstatic. It's the JOY RUSH of harvest.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I remember now. In the bakery. My handprints in the dough.

EXT. F/V HOLY SMOKE, IN BRIGHT SUNSHINE - DAY

Matt steams to his next set. Whistling, confident.

MATT (V.O.)
I know what they reminded me of.

EXT. STERN OF HOLY SMOKE - DAY

Matt hauls another trap brimming with keepers.

MATT (V.O.)
That street in Hollywood. Where the actors put their hands in the cement?

Matt runs out of bait and has to start chopping his bycatch. He tries SIG'S KNIFE. It performs beautifully.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I ain't gonna be famous anytime soon.

We glimpse the lobster WELL brimming with 3-pounders.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ain't gonna be poor neither.

Matt sends his last trap back overboard, laughs out loud. Takes a long swig of a Rolling Rock. It's the greatest fishing day of his life.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm still short on my down payment.
Gotta remember to ask for an extension.

EXT. F/V HOLY SMOKE, CRUISING AT 15 KNOTS - DAY

His back to us, Matt is bent over at the stern, reaching toward the waterline. There's a scraping sound.

MATT (V.O.)
But that's a problem for another day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then he finishes, stands up straight, tosses a WIRE BRUSH to one side. And comes back toward us.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They say your life passes before your eyes.

On the way back to the wheel, he sticks Sig's knife in the culling table. It's a keeper. Unsheathes his Kershaw knife. And FLINGS it overboard.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Your regrets, too.

EXT. F/V HOLY SMOKE, AT TRAWLING SPEED - DAY

Matt re-baits one final trap. Then sends the trawl overboard. The traps start to spool off his stern.

MATT (V.O.)
Amongst ourselves we call fishing a curse.

ANGLE ON Matt, 3/4 PROFILE, returning to the wheel. A carefully composed shot that seems to summarize who he is.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
An addiction. A disease.

Nothing but blue sky above, crisscrossed by occasional birds.

Matt finishes a Rolling Rock, tosses the empty. Closes his eyes. And BREATHES IN the salt air. Deeply. Contentedly.

He looks just like his father.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's so we don't have to admit what it feels like. To be out here. To belong.

What he doesn't see - down at his FEET - is that he's STEPPED THROUGH A LOOP OF LINE (from his last trawl). The line clover-hitches around his boot - a DEATH KNOT.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Alls I know is, if this curse is mine?

As the line spools overboard - FAST - then goes TAUT and GRABS HIS BOOT -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

No regrets.

His body SHOOTs TO THE RIGHT, out of frame. Like a child's toy. As if an invisible hand yanked him out of existence.

AWFUL SOUNDS of Matt's body SLAMMING and BOUNCING off the culling table, the deck, etc. This has happened to scores of fishermen. It's called a "Galilee sleighride."

EXT. STERN - CONTINUOUS

REPEAT FIRST SCENE. WE PAN RIGHT along the white stern rail ... to Matt's bloody, chipped fingernails GRIPPING THE RIM.

With massive effort he raises his head above it. BLINDED by Sig's knife, stuck in the culling table. Reflecting the sun.

Inch by inch, Matt HAULS HIMSELF ON DECK and props his feet against the stern gunwale. He's dragging close to 2,000 pounds. The line has already sawed through his boot and is cutting flesh now. BLOOD flows.

He reaches for his Kershaw. But his belt sheath is empty.

He LOOKS UP. Sig's knife is stuck blade-down in the culling table. THREE FEET AWAY.

If Matt can reach it, he lives.

If he can't, he dies.

Matt BANGS HIS HEAD against the deck to psych himself up. Takes deep abdominal breaths. Gathers his strength.

MATT

Go -

He LUNGES forward, thigh muscles EXPLODING. His left hand CATCHES A CORNER of the culling table. And HOLDS.

His right hand STRETCHES for Sig's knife - *seven trembling inches away* - four - TWO -

Can't hold any longer. He LOSES HIS GRIP.

With instant, shocking violence, Matt's body SLAMS BACKWARD against the stern and FLIPS OVERBOARD.

But there's no splash.

EXT. STERN OF BOAT, FROM WATER - CONTINUOUS

Matt's stretched out as if on a rack. Fingertips somehow still attached to the boat. Blood trickles down the stern, where the words "Holy Smoke" have been wirebrushed off.

REVEALING a patch of original paint underneath. And the rough-scratched letters of the boat's original name:

MEAN TIDE

TIGHT ON Matt. Trying to comprehend it all.

Then he LETS GO.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Matt is DRAGGED to the depths. Screaming. Venting air. His hands furiously working the knot around his boot.

He hits BOTTOM. The rope's still cinched tight. And like that kid in the Warm Pot, Matt's going to drown ...

... until he spots an EMPTY GREEN BOTTLE of Rolling Rock. Resting on sandy bottom. No more than five yards away.

TIGHT ON Matt. Realizing - he has a chance.

EXT. WIDE SHOT, F/V *MEAN TIDE* - DAY

No sign of a life-and-death struggle here on the surface.

Only the *Mean Tide*, bobbing on gentle, sunshot waves.

It's a perfect day.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END