

Red Ranger: A Love Story

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. DOCK - EVENING.

It's sunset, looking East. The sky is dark blue with a hint of "Red Sky at Night, Sailor's Delight". The water is black.

A container ship slides by, radar spinning. We watch it clear the buildings that mark the tunnel and head out toward the hard, flat horizon of the ocean.

BOB, 20-something, overweight, nerdy tie and jacket.

STEVE, 20-something, skinny. Every bit as nerdy as Bob.

STEVE

Glorious.

BOB

How so?

STEVE

Self-reliant, powerful, ranging over the oceans. I don't know, there's something glorious about shipping.

BOB

Steve, that's a dirty, dangerous job. A big, ugly, steel machine. The ocean's not a nice place.

STEVE

Maybe, but a boat like that...

BOB

What? A boat like that -- what?

Steve can't say. But he knows. Bob shrugs.

BOB (CONT'D)

Is that all you've got? A notion? It's not a plan. That's for sure.

STEVE

Well, it's more like a theme -- you know -- the log-line for a story. Not a proper story or plan or anything.

BOB

How old are you?

STEVE
Twenty-three.

BOB
Didn't you just get married?

STEVE
Not yet. But soon.

BOB
Don't put that relationship at risk. Think about what you have at stake here. Figure out what she wants and do that. If she wants to get married, then get married. Settle down, get off the this high-stress, high-travel consulting treadmill. Consulting isn't a career, you know, it's just a bridge you cross until you find your next stable, permanent position.

Bob shrugs and heads into the dockside bar. Steve stares after the ship.

FADE TO:

INT. TINY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

Steve's sitting on a hotel bed in a claustrophobically small hotel room, punching in numbers on an old hotel desk phone from 1988. The curtains are open and it is pounding down rain.

STEVE
(Daddy Voice)
Xander? Is that you? Remember when you pick up the phone, say "hello" first. Okay? Let's try it again. ... Hello! That's great. Now, can you get Cindy? Mommy?

Steve stands up and wanders around to the limit of the wire.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(Adult voice)
Cindy! How you doing? ... Stuck in MCI. Weather delays, I guess. ... Sorry. MCI is Kansas City. I get so used to them -- (upset) Right. Can we not talk about this over the phone?

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

It's just six more weeks ... This time they mean six more weeks...
(blah) How are you holding up?
Morning sickness is past, right?
... (irritated) I know, but I'm not. (blah) The taxi comes at oh-stupid-thirty. We both need to get some rest. Take care of Xander and little Bun in the Oven. Bye.

Steve falls back into the hotel bed, staring at a generic painting of view from inside a house through french doors into a dimly-glimpsed garden.

FADE TO:

MONTAGE TITLE SEQUENCE

- Steve leaves a hotel.
- Steve in an airport.
- Steve entering a hotel.
- Steve sitting at a bar.
- Steve in a cubicle, typing on a HUGE computer display that's upper-case only, green letters. And slow.

END MONTAGE

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE WITH FRENCH DOORS - DAY.

The room has french doors -- like a hotel painting -- but snow is piled outside. The wind is howling. There's a fire in the fireplace. A cat is sprawled in front of the fire.

The room is smaller than cozy -- tending toward cramped.

XANDER - 4-ish - runs around. HANNAH - 2-ish - toddles around after her brother.

CINDY. Late 20's hippie chick mom with long hair, long flowing dress. She's cuddled on the couch under a hand-crocheted afghan. She's got a pile of knitting next to her. Her hands are busy.

Steve's perched on the edge of the couch, like he's just about to leave. His hands are empty.

CINDY

Okay, you guys, it's outside time.
Get your snowsuits! We're going to
the sled hill in the park.

The kids scamper out of the room cheering for sled time.

STEVE

My mother's going to rent a house
on the beach in Maine again this
year.

CINDY

The beach.

STEVE

You don't want to go?

CINDY

Steve, you're never home and now
you want to plan to go away for a
vacation? Can't we just stay home?

STEVE

What's to see here?

CINDY

Your kids. Our kids.

Steve picks up the cat.

STEVE

Listen, Cindy, if we bring them to
the beach, I can see them there.

CINDY

(At her limit)

Isn't this all too much? Too much
travel? Too much work? (beat) Why
are you always pushing the
envelope? Why is there always
something new?

STEVE

It gets us a nice life. It's hard,
but you have a house, insurance, a
car. (beat) We can afford to go
to nice places on vacation. That's
the big --

There's a crash in the next room.

Cindy's not interesting in discussing this further. She rolls off the couch and storms out the door after the children.

CINDY

Xander! What are you doing? Are your snowpants on?

STEVE

-- benefit to a traveling life style. (whisper) And while you're up, could you get me a beer?

He flops back on the couch, staring at the closed doors. The cat jumps off his lap, leaving him alone with the snow swirling outside the doors.

FADE TO:

INT. JUDY'S HOUSE - EVENING.

Cindy and Steve are talking with Judy, 50ish.

JUDY

So, you're not going to the beach this year?

CINDY

No. We're going to the Bahamas.

STEVE

Just the two of us.

CINDY

We'll be at some kind of resort, so you can call any time.

STEVE

I really don't think--

JUDY

Yes. You gave me the numbers. I don't think the kids will be any trouble at all. (beat) Why the Bahamas?

CINDY

I don't know.

Judy doesn't know what to make of this.

STEVE

It sounded like fun.

Cindy sighs.

JUDY
You don't think it will be fun?

CINDY
I don't know. I don't know what to think. I guess I'm just going along.

Judy shrugs.

JUDY
What time is your flight?

STEVE
Oh-stupid-thirty.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING.

Steve and Cindy sit in Caribbean beach chairs reading. The waves are lapping on the beach. They're facing East, so the sky is dark blue, the water turning black. The horizon is a hard line.

Cindy looks up.

CINDY
Steve. The cruise ship's moving.

Steve looks at his watch.

STEVE
Oh yeah. I think that means it's dinner time.

CINDY
Tomorrow's another dive day?

STEVE
Yeah. There's a boat dive on a reef. Somewhere out there.

Cindy looks away, clenching.

CINDY
When will you be back?

STEVE

I don't know. It's like the eight AM early boat. They should have us back by 10-ish.

CINDY

10-ish? Doesn't the next boat go out at 10:30?

STEVE

Relax. You're not in charge of the dive boats. They have radios, you know. Very modern.

CINDY

(Stung)

Stop it. I'm not 'pre-worrying'.

STEVE

Okay, then. You sound like you're over-planning. You don't have to love diving. You can relax. You're on vacation (emphasis) without your kids. Just us.

CINDY

Should we call your mother?

STEVE

Call Saint Judith and offer her advice? She raised four kids -- including me -- two kids for a week shouldn't be much for her. You have a chance to focus on you. On us. And you're worrying, instead.

Cindy's upset. It's hard to unclench. So many things can go wrong.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You're alright. I'm alright. We're all alright. (sings) We're all alright. We just seem a little weird. Surrender, surrender, but don't give yourself away.

CINDY

Shush! People will hear you.

Steve stands up and looks around.

They're a hundred yards from a big resort hotel on the beach, sitting under a lone palm tree. In the other direction there's just beach.

STEVE
Who, Cindy, who?

Cindy looks around, also.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(singing)
We're all alright. We just seem a
little weird. Surrender,
surrender...

STEVE AND CINDY

But don't give yourself away.
Away, away.

They fold up their books and head back to the hotel.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY.

Steve lays in bed; looking like hell.

Cindy breezes in with a 4-year-old Hannah in tow. She opens
the curtains to reveal that it's winter.

CINDY
How are you doing?

STEVE
Crappy.

HANNAH
We went to the lie-berry.

STEVE
Libe-RARE-ee, Hannah, Library.

HANNAH
And mommy got you a book.

CINDY
Since you decided to get sick.

STEVE
I didn't "decide".

CINDY
You don't get flu shots.

STEVE

I'm not in a risk group. I'm not a kid. I'm not old. I don't have diabetes or whatever the other things are.

CINDY

You travel a lot.

STEVE

And I shake hands a lot. It's the job. Sometimes I get sick.

CINDY

You don't have to live like this.

Steve falls back on the pillow. He doesn't have the strength to talk about this yet again. He tries to sit up and say something, but what more can be said? So he falls back.

STEVE

(To Hannah)

What's the book?

HANNAH

It has a boat picture. And there's some other pictures inside. But they're old pictures.

STEVE

Old?

HANNAH

See? They're all gray old pictures. And mommy says no coloring in lie-berry books.

STEVE

(To Cindy)

Sailing? What are you saying?

CINDY

Nothing. It looked different. Sailing Charter Vacations. You want more tea? Soup?

STEVE

I'm good. I'll nap, maybe puke for a while and then go back to sweating out this fever.

Cindy leans over to kiss him.

CINDY
You're burning up.

Cindy leaves.

STEVE
While you're up, could you get me
some aspirin?

Steve lays been in the bed and stares out the window at the
snow. Icicles form bars on the glass.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE WITH FRENCH DOORS - DAY.

Boxes are everywhere. Boxes and boxes and boxes.

Steve wedges a TV into a box.

Cindy stuffs VHS tapes into a box.

CINDY
Xander!

Xander -- 12 -- shuffles in with a toy in one hand and a dish
in the other.

CINDY (CONT'D)
What is this?

Xander takes the tape and looks at it closely.

XANDER
Ghost Busters.

CINDY
Really?

XANDER
The label fell off.

CINDY
Do we have to keep it?

Xander shrugs and walks back to the other room.

STEVE
It was his favorite movie.

CINDY

When he was four. He's eleven now. Why do we have to keep all this stuff? He's grown out of Ghost Busters; do we have to keep this tape you made with the ads still in it?

STEVE

Okay. Maybe it's time to make some adjustments.

CINDY

Adjustments. Fine. (beat) And this? "Adventures in Paradise" season 1? What is that? Have you ever watched it?

STEVE

A TV show from when I was little. Captain Troy and his schooner Tiki. And no, I'm aware that the plastic's still on it.

CINDY

Sailboats. Next thing you're going to want to buy a boat.

STEVE

Can't. We're moving. Maybe after we move.

CINDY

It would just be something else laying around gathering dust -- or mildew -- or whatever boats gather. What about this tape?

STEVE

If it bothers you, throw it out.

CINDY

Why does it always have to be me? Why can't you throw something away once in a while? We still have Xander's yellow blanket from when he was four. (beat) I guess we can keep a copy of your favorite TV show. (beat) But really, we absolutely do not need all this stuff. Pots and pans, clothes, beds.

STEVE

Xander! Get my rifle, we're going hunting.

Xander shuffles back in carrying a box that has too much stuff in it and can't be closed properly.

XANDER

Too much technology. Let's just use rocks and sticks.

Steve thinks this is hilarious. Cindy isn't so amused.

STEVE

Good thinking. I'll sharpen some flints. You find a good straight stick for an arrow.

XANDER

What about feathers? How do we kill a bird to get feathers to make arrows so we can kill a bird?

STEVE

(Caveman voice)
Hmmm... Ancient man has conundrum.

CINDY

Have it removed before it gets infected.

This is hilarious, also. Xander doesn't get it. Cindy gives him a hug.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE WITH BAY WINDOW - DAY.

Steve has a slick four-color tri-fold brochure. Cindy is cooking. Xander is lounging, slurping down a soda, reading Red Wall. Hannah has a Barbie under each arm and a third in her hands. There's a pile of tiny Barbie shoes all around her.

STEVE

YMCA Camp. Sailing. Family learn-to-sail weekend.

CINDY

What? We stay there? At the camp?

STEVE

Yeah. And they teach us how to sail
their Hunter 25.

CINDY

(dubious)
Okay.

STEVE

It's just the weekend. In June,
before the camping season gets
underway. I'm forty. Indulge me.

XANDER

(looks up)
And sail? Cool. Can Hannah and I
go?

HANNAH

Who else will be there? I don't
want to be stuck with Xander all
weekend.

STEVE

Just us.

Hannah rolls her eyes and sighs.

CINDY

Not only us. There will be other
campers.

STEVE

But it's not like a bunch of your
friends will be there. We'll be
social outcasts, honey.

Cindy chops veggies with a burst of renewed energy.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Good idea or bad idea?

CINDY

And where does this lead? Where is
this going? We buy a boat? That's
just more stuff. Why start down
that road?

STEVE

I don't think a boat is the same
degree of stuff as -- I don't know --
- patio furniture.

CINDY

We don't have a patio.

STEVE

Right. No stuff. But a boat is something you go places in. It's different.

CINDY

So we take this class and --

Cindy stops suddenly. There's a big silence.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You know...

Xander looks up; Hannah's Barbies stop trying to get matching shoes on.

CINDY (CONT'D)

That trip to the Bahamas for our tenth wedding anniversary was a life-changing vacation. Up until you forced to me to go on a -- hedonistic -- totally self-centered -- trip, I thought all vacations were like family obligations. Must see great grandma. Must go to family reunion. (beat) But taking almost a week to sit on a beach -- go diving -- and just sort of hang around was very freeing. We can go places and do things because they sound like fun, not because we should. (beat) But sailing? It's Lake George in June. It'll be cold.

STEVE

And deep.

CINDY

You're not helping. Would it be safe for the kids? Xander's only twelve.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTER 25. LAKE GEORGE - DAY.

A Hunter 25 picks its way down the lake.

STEVE (V.O.)

It's a recreational sailboat. Not a racing boat, or a Hobie-cat or anything small. A 25-foot boat has a down-stairs. With a galley and a head. And two bunks.

Steve's holding the tiller. Cindy is bundled up in a PFD over a jacket with a close-fitting hat.

Xander, 12, and Hannah, 10, are hanging over the rail watching the lake roll by.

MATT -- 20-something -- is also sitting with his feet under the lifelines.

There's an annoying FLUTTERING noise.

MATT

Check your sails.

STEVE

Okay. Both there.

MATT

No, sail trim. Hear that? Your sails are luffing.

XANDER

Like a helicopter.

MATT

Actually, more like a flag. But it means you're pinching. Fall off the wind a little bit.

CINDY

"Fall off"?

STEVE

Wait. Don't tell me.

All the sails luff. There's a huge racket.

MATT

Okay, now we're in irons. Pull the tiller way up and we'll get started again. Not too far. Just until... There.

The sails silence. The boat heels. The kids SQUEAL.

CINDY

Whoa. What's that?

MATT

Gently now. You're in the groove. Wind and water balanced. The boat heels, the sails are full and drawing. Gentle resistance on the helm as she tries to head up into the wind and you're pulling slightly to keep her at the perfect...

The sail starts luffing.

STEVE

I think I broke the spell. Wait. Need to make some minor adjustments.

The sails silence.

CINDY

What did you do?

STEVE

Try it!

CINDY

No way.

STEVE

Why not?

CINDY

I can't do that! What if I do something wrong?

STEVE

Like what? There's a ton of lead holding the bottom of the boat down.

MATT

Two-thirds of a ton.

CINDY

I couldn't.

STEVE

Whatever. What could go wrong?

MATT

Accidental jibe, but that's why I'm here. Go ahead try it. Just switch seats.

Cindy slides aft. Steve stands up and walks around the tiller to sit on the leeward side. He sprawls. Cindy Ann perches. Cindy takes the tiller gingerly and tentatively.

MATT (CONT'D)

Pick a spot over on the other shore and steer toward it.

STEVE

You can see the highway coming down to Bolton. Steer toward a truck on the highway.

CINDY

Not funny. What do I do? I don't know what to do.

MATT

Chill. Just hold it pretty steady. Remember, the wind is shifting all the time.

The sails luff.

CINDY

What did I do wrong?

MATT

Nothing, the wind shifted. Just pull a little so you can fall off a bit... There you go. Nice.

STEVE

It's all about minor adjustments.

CINDY

It's pulling the handle away from me.

MATT

Right. It should. Right there. Ah, that's the spot.

HANNAH

Can we go faster?

MATT

Not really, honey.

HANNAH

(Correcting an honest mistake)

Hannah. My name's Hannah. Not Honey.

Matt looks at Steve. He shrugs.

STEVE
She's always like that.

MATT
We only go as fast as the wind and
water let us.

XANDER
What's to eat?

STEVE
That's my man. Thinking with his
stomach.

MATT
We have a lunch packed. We'll bust
into it when we get to the island.

CINDY
Is it okay if I put my foot up on
the other bench?

MATT
Okay? Heck, it will be a lot
easier. Relax. Stretch out.

Tentatively, she puts her foot up on the bench.

She unclenches just a tiny bit, peering forward, controlling
the tiller.

FADE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY.

Steve and Chris are looking at an 18' trailerable racing
sailboat. A Chrysler Buccaneer: low, long, sleek. Big open
cockpit.

It's perched on a rusty trailer. A line trails from the boat
to the driveway.

A Lady is there, piling old PFD's into the boat.

Chris is a big, beefy, confident guy. Steve's been putting
on weight, too.

CHRIS
Can we see the sails?

STEVE
I'm sure they have them.

CHRIS
Not the point.

The Lady drags a bag out from the garage. Chris sticks his head in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Ahhh. Smell that.

Steve sticks his head in tentatively.

STEVE
I don't smell anything.

CHRIS
And that, my friend, is the point.
If you smelled mustiness, then you
might have mildew damage. The
sailor's worst enemy. (beat) Let's
roll 'em out and take a look.

They fish the sails out of the bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY.

Cindy looks at the Buccaneer. Steve is pulling stuff out of the boat's cockpit. PFD's. Paddles. Sails. The bottomless Clorox bottle. A Tupperware box held together with duct tape.

CINDY
It's a what?

STEVE
A sailboat.

CINDY
(icy)
Right. That's clear. Try not to
be a jerk.

Kids saunter out of the house. Xander's 13, Hannah's 11. They climb up over the trailer wheels and jump into the cockpit.

HANNAH
Where's there steering thingy?

XANDER

Tiller.

HANNAH

Where's the tiller?

STEVE

It's in here somewhere.

CINDY

Where will we sail it?

STEVE

Well...

CINDY

So you don't know.

STEVE

Not at all. (brighter) There are state boat launches on a lot of the Adirondack lakes. I found a great web site with information on "trailer sailors" and "pocket cruisers". Great stories.

CINDY

Stories. All you have are stories.

STEVE

Stories. But--

CINDY

You don't have plans! Just stories. No locations, entrance fees, parking or any of that kind of thing?

STEVE

Well... Um... No. Not really. Just stories.

Cindy goes back into the house. Chris reaches into the boat and pulls up a large piece of pipe.

CHRIS

Tiller.

He hands it to Hannah. There's no rudder, so she's puzzled.

FADE TO:

EXT. SARATOGA LAKE DOCK - DAY.

Cindy, Steve, Xander and Hannah are looking down from the concrete pier to the Buccaneer with mast up and sails all over the place. Paddles. Cushion. Bottomless Clorox Bottle.

Cindy steps in gingerly. The Bucc rocks like a canoe.

CINDY

Whoa.

STEVE

Easy there. Take your time. Step in the center. Stay low.

Cindy gets settled.

Xan. On the opposite side of Mom.

Xander gets settled.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Han. On Mom's side.

Hannah jumps in. She's effectively weightless.

Steve steps on.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Okay.

CINDY

And.

STEVE

And. Here we are.

CINDY

What next?

STEVE

I think we can push away from the wall. Paddle out a bit and hoist the main.

Hands push off. Cindy starts paddling.

Steve roots around for a while. He lifts up a line.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I think this is the halyard. It should...

Xander follows it forward. It does indeed go up the mast.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Right. Okay. So. I guess that
Cindy will haul. Xander, you feed
the sail into the slot.

HANNAH

What do I do?

STEVE

I don't know. Look cute, I guess.

Cindy hauls, Xander feeds. Hannah leans over the side to see
if she can reach the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUCCANEER 18 IN SARATOGA LAKE - DAY.

The racing Buccaneer is sort of sailing along. The main is
up and poorly trimmed. The jib is a tangled mess because the
furling drum doesn't work.

Steve is pushing the tiller a mile over and the boat is
limping along.

CINDY

Look out for the fishing boat.

STEVE

Got it.

CINDY

Don't go over their lines.

STEVE

Can't control that right now.

CINDY

(rising apprehension)
What do you mean?

STEVE

Something's way out of balance.
She just won't do anything except
fall off the wind.

CINDY

(angry)
Are you looking?

STEVE

We're going to jibe and go around
them the other way. Heads down ...
Jibing .. Jibe Ho.

Steve centers the tiller. The sail snaps around. The boat
takes off in a new direction. Steve switches sides.

Cindy climbs into the middle and white-knuckles the
centerboard trunk. She's hyperventilating.

CINDY

(Almost a shriek)
What was that?

STEVE

That was clumsy and unprofessional.

CINDY

(panic)
What are we going to do?

STEVE

Jibe again. Head for the dock.
You are aware that the boat can't
sink? And we're only a few hundred
yards from shore? And there are
people everywhere who could help
us?

CINDY

But we're out of control!

FADE TO:

EXT. ADIRONDACK BEACH - DAY.

JUDY (60-ish) and 3 other women in their 20's and 30's are
lounging in the little swim area on Paradox Lake.

CATHY, 40, leans forward in her chair.

CATHY

Where's team red?

The girls chuckle.

JUDY

Team red?

CATHY

Cindy and Steve: your son and
daughter-in-law.

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

Have you seen them with their
matching red ski parkas? Puh-
lease.

JUDY

(testing it)
Team Red.

Cindy joins them with her beach chair and book.

CINDY

Who's Team Red?

Cathy shakes her head "no". Nancy smirks.

JUDY

You are.

Cathy's devastated.

CINDY

Because of the matching ski parkas?
Cool. Team Red.

CATHY

What next? Business cards? Letter
head?

CINDY

Why not? Sounds like fun. Where
are the boys?

CATHY

Out in your boat.

CINDY

My boat? Hardly. It's Steve's
boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUCCANEER 18 IN PARADOX LAKE - DAY.

The Buccaneer is flying down the lake. Steve's at the helm.
Xander (14) and his cousins (aged 11, 8) are hanging all over
the boat.

XANDER

Who's the pirate king today?

COUSIN 1

I am the pirate king. To the
island.

COUSIN 2

I want to be the pirate king.

XANDER

You can be the pirate captain.

COUSIN 1

You give the orders to the pirate driver.

XANDER

Helmsman.

COUSIN 1

You give orders to the pirate helmsman. Have him steer for the island.

COUSIN 2

Go the island, pirate steerer. The pirate king commanded it.

The boat rounds a point. The beach is in view.

JUDY (60-ish), CINDY and 3 other women in their 20's and 30's are pointing and waving from the little swim area on the Adirondack lake. The boys wave and shout.

THE BOYS

Aunt Cindy. Grandma Judy. Aunt Cathy. Mom.

STEVE

Stand by to tack. Ready about?
(beat) Everyone say ready.

THE BOYS

Ready!

STEVE

Helm's a-lee. (beat) Yank that one up out of the camlock. Harder. Good. Xander trim in. Very professional. Nicely done. American's cup racers got nothing on us. Nothing.

They bear off on a beat toward the island in Paradox lake, looking like they really know what they're doing.

FADE TO:

EXT. BUCCANEER 18 IN SARATOGA LAKE - DAY.

Blustery, blustery weather. Whitecaps rolling down the lake. Steve and Xander have jackets and PFD's on.

STEVE
It is brisk.

XANDER
Can we go further out?

STEVE
I think so. We'll have to tack in a little lull. Ready about?

XANDER
Ready.

Waiting for the lull.

STEVE
Here we go. Helm's a-lee.

The boat snaps around falls way, way off the wind. Steve tries to ease the sheet, but it's too little too late. The boat heels way too far over and gently rolls them into the lake.

Steve and Xander gasp as they drop into the chilly water, each on opposite sides of the boat.

Steve's looking up at centerboard.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Xan?

Nothing.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Xander!

Nothing

STEVE (CONT'D)
Holy crap.

XANDER (O.S.)
Whoa that's cold.

STEVE
You're okay?

XANDER (O.S.)
Totally. What now?

STEVE

Are you free of lines? Sheets and
what not?

Splashing.

XANDER (O.S.)

Umm... Yeah.

STEVE

(Starting to shiver)

Unclip the jib and mainsheets.

Splashing.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Okay, she's coming up.

Steve struggles to grab the centerboard. He heaves and heaves to get himself up onto it. It's slippery and he slides off.

He heaves himself up farther, grabbing at the wood, but sliding off.

Third time, he jumps up high enough to hang his gut over the edge of the centerboard. The boat slowly starts to right.

Then suddenly she's upright. With Steve floaing in the water.

Xander springs into the cockpit.

The boat starts moving away from Steve.

XANDER

Whoa. She's sailing.

Steve thrashes about and grabs the dock line that's trailing behind her. He is being towed through the water.

XANDER (CONT'D)

What do I do?

STEVE

Ease everything. Make sure the jib
and main are flapping.

XANDER

We're still sailing.

Steve is shivering.

STEVE

So we are. Let me think. Got to think. Okay. Um... She won't stop with the sails luffing.

XANDER

No, she's still going.

STEVE

Something in the rig is way out of balance. She should head into the wind and stop.

XANDER

What?

STEVE

(louder)

She's supposed to head into the wind and stop. But she's not.

XANDER

Should I steer her into wind?

STEVE

Sounds good. Better than any idea I've got.

The boat grinds to a halt, sails luffing.

Steve splashes along the rope. He can't hoist himself into the cockpit. He's too cold. The deck's too slippery. He's too fat.

XANDER

Want help?

STEVE

I outweigh you by like double.
(beat) Lay down in the cockpit.
Brace your feet. Grab my hand, and
just hold me so I don't slide back.

Steve gives a big heave. Xander holds his wrist. Steve wriggles a little forward.

STEVE (CONT'D)

That's it, just trim in the slack on my arm. You can't pull me up, but you can hold.

Steve wriggles some more.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Okay. One more and...

Steve rolls into the cockpit.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Wow that's cold.

XANDER
What now?

STEVE
Do we have our everything?
Cushion? Bailer? Paddle?

XANDER
Sure.

STEVE
Don't want to be caught littering.
What would your mother say if we
left this stuff floating out here?
(beat) Okay. Now we've got to head
back. Make some minor adjustments.
(beat) And no more swimming.

XANDER
I wouldn't call that a swim.

STEVE
You did swim.

XANDER
Yeah, but it's not like when it's a
hundred degrees in the shade.

STEVE
So, it's an involuntary swim that
you object to. (beat) And thanks
for saving me. I'm not sure how I
would have gotten back in. And
it's stupid to try and swim to
shore.

Steve shakes Xander's hand.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Not many fifteen-year-olds get to
save their dads. Don't tell your
mother.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE WITH BAY WINDOW - NIGHT.

Cindy and Steven are sitting around a big blue iMac.

CINDY

So, Dave and Katherine are getting married?

STEVE

At age 44.

CINDY

We're invited.

STEVE

More than that. There's this best-man thing.

CINDY

In San Diego?

STEVE

I have enough frequent-flier miles that we're all going. First class.

CINDY

No way.

STEVE

Way.

CINDY

I've got some planning to do. What's there to do in San Diego? I'm sure there's a beach.

STEVE

We could sail.

CINDY

(dismissive)
Please.

STEVE

Seriously. We can take a "Learn-to-Sail" course. You could learn to drive.

CINDY

Me? Driving? I can't. I just don't get the whole thing. There's just too much to learn. It's overwhelming.

STEVE

It would be a 34 foot Catalina.

CINDY

34 feet? That's huge! There's no way.

STEVE

Remember Tubby, on Lake George? That was 25 feet. You drove that. This is a little more boat. We can sleep over and see how we like it.

CINDY

Sleep over? For the whole week? What are you thinking? You can't just pick this family up and move them around randomly.

STEVE

Bad idea?

CINDY

Of course it's a terrible idea. What about bathrooms and laundry and the wedding and the clothes and the rental car and the kids? You're best man at one of your oldest friend's weddings and your talking about sailing!

STEVE

It's an opportunity. We can just --

CINDY

It's a distraction. It's already a big trip.

STEVE

Okay. Let me make some adjustments. We'll get an extended stay, residence hotel, and spend one night on the boat.

CINDY

Why? Why? Why do you do this?

STEVE

Just to see what it's like. And some of our other high-school buddies will be there. Chris. Bill.

CINDY

Bill? With his long stories about the navy?

STEVE

We did grow up together. We can all go sailing on the Friday before the wedding.

CINDY

You've never handled anything that big and you're already inviting people to with us? What are you going to say to them? (beat) You do realize how dangerous this is?

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO MARINA - MORNING.

Chris and Bill are chubby 40-somethings looking up at a crisp, new-ish Catalina 34.

Steve and Cindy are standing in the cockpit.

STEVE

Welcome aboard. We've got her for the day.

BILL

Cool. How'd you swing that?

STEVE

The two-day learn-to-charter school. We're all learned up and ready to bop around for a while.

They clamber up the little plastic steps sitting on the dock.

CINDY

(to Steve)

Don't be too flippant. This is a big, busy port.

BILL

Last time I was here, I was a Lieutenant JG in the navy. Did I tell you about flight operations on when I was stationed on the aircraft carrier --

CHRIS
Yes. Several times. It was 20
years ago.

CINDY
Coffee? Water? Soda?

CHRIS
Beer?

CINDY
After we get back to dock safely.

CHRIS
Water.

BILL
Soda. Or do they call it Pop out
here?

Cindy ducks below the kids amble forward to get the dock
lines.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATALINA 34 IN SAN DIEGO - DAY.

The Catalina is bowling along nicely.

STEVE
We're getting a little close to the
aircraft carriers. Time to tack.
Ready about?

Xander and Cindy man some winches and sheets.

XANDER AND CINDY
Ready.

BILL
(doing nothing)
Ready.

STEVE
Funny. (beat) Helm's a-lee.

They tack slowly and gracefully. Cindy casts off her sheet,
Xander winches in.

Bill applauds quietly.

BILL
Golf Applause.

STEVE

Hannah! Have you had your turn driving?

HANNAH (O.S.)

Thanks a lot!

STEVE

What?

Hannah pops up from below the hatchway. She's 13 and wiry.

HANNAH

When you 'ready abouted' I said 'not ready'.

STEVE

You did?

HANNAH

I was in the head! I got totally splashed down here. (beat) Is it my turn?

She scrambles over behind the wheel.

STEVE

See that three-masted ship over there? The Star of India? Head for that while I go get a sandwich.

BILL

I'll stand by in case she needs help. Just like we used to do to in the North Atlantic. Did I tell you about maneuvering in the --

CHRIS

In the fog in the North Atlantic?

BILL

Fog in the... Yeah.

STEVE

Didn't you owned a Sunfish when we were in high school?

BILL

Sail fish. Like a Sunfish.

STEVE

And -- since then -- you don't really have any actual sailing experience?

BILL

You're right about that. Aircraft Carrier deployment doesn't involve tiller or mainsheet, does it? She's probably as good a sailor as I ever was.

HANNAH

Besides this boat, I've driven the Hunter in Lake George, Sunfishes at camp and Daddy's boat. And I'm cuter you, too.

BILL

Far cuter. Is she always like that?

HANNAH

Always.

The wheel is almost as big as she is.

CUT TO:

INT. CATALINA 34 IN SAN DIEGO - DAY.

Steve is standing in the heeled-over galley making a sandwich. He gets out the bread, it slides left, down the counter to end up on top of the cooler. He moves the bread, opens the cooler, gets out lunchmeat, cheese, mayo, mustard. Closes the cooler and piles it all on the counter top in a jumble. It slides down the counter and settles on the cooler lid.

Steve opens the drawer and gets out a knife. While he looks away, the mayo tips over and rolls off the counter top onto the deck.

Steve bends over to get the mayo. The mustard starts to roll.

Steve stands up just in time to catch the mustard as it drops off.

He lays out his stuff and realizes how hard this is going to be. He dams things with his forearm and opens the bread. When he's got his two pieces on a napkin, he stuffs the rest of the loaf into a cabinet and slams the door on it.

Unnoticed, the mustard rolls off the counter.

He pushes everything to the right -- uphill -- and spreads some mayo on the bread. Once that's done, he quickly drops the mayo back in the cooler with a CLUNK.

The mustard is gone. He looks around for the mustard. Once he packs that off the floor, he spreads mustard on another piece of bread. Then he throws the mustard into the cooler.

Sigh.

Now for the cheese and meat. Cheese first. It opens readily. Two pieces peel off and onto the bread. Victory. Cheese back in the cooler.

HANNAH (O.S.)
Ready about?

XANDER AND CINDY (O.S.)
Ready!

STEVE
Wait! Not ready.

HANNAH (O.S.)
Helm's a-Lee.

The galley levels out and then tips to the right as the boat tacks. The meat and half-finished sandwich slide down the countertop. Steve catches the sandwich before it falls on the floor. The packet of meat drops on the deck and slides away.

Steve, clutching his sandwich, retrieves the meat, and braces himself to make the rest of his sandwich.

HANNAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How'd you like that, daddy-O?

STEVE
Thanks honey. Are we even?

HANNAH (O.S.)
Yes, I'm always like that.

Steve struggles to finish assembling his lunch.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATALINA 34 IN SAN DIEGO - DAY.

Steve's at the helm. Xander and Cindy are holding fenders. Hannah has a dock line. Bill and Chris are watching.

CINDY

You're going to miss the dock.

STEVE

There's a big cross-breeze, we've got a fair amount of leeway.

CINDY

That much?

STEVE

I think so

BILL

You know leeway's one of those nautical terms that finds it's way into everyday speech. Folks use it around the office, but often don't know what it means. Are you aware what it really means? It's the tendency for a boat to slip (beat) sideways (beat) Wait. That's awkward. You were using it in it's technical sense.

HANNAH

We are on a boat.

BILL

That's funny. You hear it misused so often.

HANNAH

Do I throw this to the guy working there?

STEVE

Yeah, that would be helpful.

Steve steers toward the fuel dock. Xander and Cindy tend the fenders. Hannah tosses the line to the fuel dock guy.

FADE TO:

EXT. ANNAPOLIS - DAY.

It's breezy and chilly. Folks have jackets on. Steve and Cindy are carrying their coffee cups down to the water. There are boats everywhere. Just everywhere.

Steve Sighs.

CINDY

What's wrong? You've been down this whole trip. It's our anniversary long weekend getaway. It's a time to relax and tell me what's on your mind.

STEVE

I don't know. The place is cute. It's really quite epic to see all the boats and all the sailing.

CINDY

But...

STEVE

I didn't "but".

CINDY

It sure sounded like it.

STEVE

It feels like -- I don't know -- like we're marking time. Waiting for the kids to finish high school. And then what? There's no next step.

CINDY

The next step is pay for college.

STEVE

Not that. There's no vision. No image. Nothing to drive toward. I feel lost without a target.

CINDY

Family? School? These aren't good enough?

STEVE

No. Maybe. I don't know. Maybe not.

Cindy keeps walking. Steve flops down on the bench with his coffee.

Right in front of them, a J-105 with state-of-the-art sails is being held to the dock by a guy tending a line.

A woman with a tray of coffee cups jogs past them. She hands the coffee cups to the guy tending the line. He pulls the line in.

She steps onto the boat. Turns around and kicks the bow off the dock. The boat turns a hair, the crew trims the sheets and the boat takes off like it was shot out of a gun.

CINDY
Holy Crap.

STEVE
What?

CINDY
Did you see that?

STEVE
What?

CINDY
She kicked the boat off the dock and they take off like they were shot out of a gun.

STEVE
So?

CINDY
That was awesome. Having that level of control over their boat. Just push and -- bam -- off the go.

STEVE
Skills.

CINDY
So, we could -- I could -- do that too? (beat) Did you see that? That was one powerful, self-reliant thing... kicked that boat off the dock and just took off. That was cool. I want that.

STEVE
Skills.

CINDY
Skills.

They chink their coffee cups as if they were wine glasses.

FADE TO:

EXT. HUNTER 39 IN TAMPA BAY - DAY.

The center cockpit Hunter 39 is bowling along nicely. Waves are gentle, wind is brisk. She's heeled over a bit.

Cindy is at the wheel.

Robert and Steve are lounging.

Dolphins surface and snort just off the stern. Robert and Steve jump out of the cockpit to point at the Dolphins.

CINDY

What? What happened? What's wrong?

STEVE

Nothing's "wrong". There are dolphins swimming in our wake.

CINDY

Can I see?

STEVE

You're driving.

CINDY

That's hardly fair.

STEVE

How so?

CINDY

What if I do something wrong?

STEVE

Sorry. That's dog don't hunt any more.

CINDY

I might.

STEVE

Sorry.

CINDY

So you guys just trust me?

STEVE

Absolutely. You're doing great. We're enjoying the ride. And the dolphins.

CINDY
Don't rub it in.

A sail luffs and starts fluttering. Steve and Robert turn.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Oops. Need to make some minor
adjustments.

She adjusts the wheel. The sail quiets down.

Robert and Steve watch the dolphins.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE WITH BAY WINDOW - NIGHT.

Cindy, Steve and Hannah are sitting around in the kitchen.
Xander has his head in the fridge.

CINDY
We're going to Maryland this
spring.

XANDER
When?

CINDY
April. Our anniversary. This is
our 21st or something.

HANNAH
Sailing?

CINDY
Why not?

HANNAH
And us? Are we going to Grandmas?

STEVE
Xander's 18. He's in charge.
(beat) Do not have a ridiculous
over-the-top party.

CINDY
And cleanup completely. No
evidence.

STEVE
No Party.

CINDY
No Party. And No Evidence.

XANDER
What kind of boat?

STEVE
Island Packet, I think. 37 footer.

HANNAH
Are we going to the beach with
grandma?

STEVE
What?

HANNAH
New topic. (snaps her fingers)
Catch up. Summer vacation.

CINDY
This summer your father wants to go
to the British Virgin Islands.

HANNAH
Where's that?

XANDER
England. (beat) If I make cheesy
eggs, who else wants some?

Hannah raises her hand. Steve shrugs affirmatively.

FADE TO:

EXT. ISLAND PACKET 37 IN CHESAPEAKE - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are reading their ASA-101 textbooks in the cockpit of a nice, shiny yacht, tied up in a marina. They are surrounded by boats.

CINDY
Head up? Why Up?

STEVE
Up into the wind? Like skiing
uphill.

CINDY
Ahh. That makes sense. Falling
off is going downhill, with the
wind. You'd think I should be able
remember that.

STEVE

It's jargon. I love it. But not everyone loves the whole terminology thing.

A COUPLE, early-30's, walking along the pier stops to read the transom. They could be Steve and Cindy 10 years ago.

WOMAN

Excuse me. Is this the Sailing School boat?

STEVE

Absolutely. We're students, too. Come aboard.

The couple climb aboard.

CINDY

We'd offer you a beer, but there's basically nothing in the fridge.

MAN

We're on this boat next week. Mind if we look around?

CINDY

Not at all. Don't mind the mess. We didn't clean up our cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. ISLAND PACKET 37 IN CHESAPEAKE - DAY.

Cindy is standing in the saloon, giving the COUPLE a tour of the IP 37.

CINDY

It's got just the one head.

WOMAN

Have you been cooking?

CINDY

Coffee for breakfast. Nothing more. It's a propane stove.

Cindy opens a cupboard.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Charter boats come with all kinds of pots and pans. We could cook. But we've been going out.

MAN

What about stuff like engine maintenance.

CINDY

It's part of the class. You check oil levels and make sure the batteries charge. You don't need much more when you charter. They handle the hard work for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND PACKET 37 IN CHESAPEAKE - DAY.

The Couple step off the transom on the dock.

WOMAN

How cool. This is going to be great.

MAN

Thanks. See you.

They saunter down the dock.

CINDY

That's weird.

STEVE

Weird?

CINDY

We're the old salts? How can we be old salts? Last year, we were staring at everything in the marina wondering what it all meant.

STEVE

How's that weird?

CINDY

What do I know? Really. I don't know that much. A few charters. That's not much.

STEVE

We've had the Bucc for five years. That's got add some salt.

CINDY

Could you move your ass?

Steve stands up and air-humps.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Cut it out. People can see you.
Now that you're up, can you get me
some dock line so I can practice my
knots?

Steve turns around, lifts the seat he had been on and grabs
some line. He wiggles his ass in Cindy's face.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Bad boys get spanked.

STEVE

Goody.

He picks up his sailing book and his highlighter and sits
back down.

Cindy leans over very close.

CINDY

(Whispers)
I was serious.

STEVE

Me, too.

He sets down the book and highlighter. They kiss.

FADE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY.

The airport parking lot. Very early. Steve is waving a
video camera. Cindy, Xander, 18, and Hannah, 16, are
carrying their bags across the parking lot.

XANDER

Wait. Shoot this. Give me all
your bags. Everything.

Xander struggles under the huge pile of bags.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Wait!

HANNAH

What?

XANDER

I forgot to clean the drier vent.

HANNAH

So?

XANDER

If a bad guy breaks into our house
and tries to dry his clothes, he
could start a fire.

This cracks up everyone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAVARIA 36 IN BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - DAY.

The Drake passage between Tortola and Norman Island. The
trade winds make for fine sailing. It's a simple beam reach
to Norman Island and back. Few things could be prettier.

Cindy, Xander and Hannah are sitting in the cockpit. Steve is
standing at the wheel.

Xander is waving the video camera around.

STEVE

Sail Trim. Shoot the sails.

Xander waves the camera.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And you want a foreground-
background shot of sailboat rig and
the island.

XANDER

Pirate Island? There ARRR pirates,
right?

CINDY

Norman Island.

Cindy flips open a spiral bound cruising guide.

CINDY (CONT'D)

It's similar to the island
described in the Treasure Island
book. Bay. Caves. Everything.
Apparently, there's some pirate-
themed bar or restaurant or
something.

XANDER

Arrrr they open for business?

Xander swings the camera.

XANDER (CONT'D)
Comments, captain Steve?

STEVE
Aye. We ARRR always talking like pirates.

HANNAH
So, this is really England?

XANDER
More Piratical. We ARRR in England.

STEVE
They have some kind of relationship with Great Britain. I think they have a governor, so it's probably not ruled by Parliament. I don't know. What's the cruising guide say?

HANNAH
So, since I'm 16, I can order beer in England, right?

STEVE
I guess.

HANNAH
Heineken, here I come.

CINDY
Hannah!

HANNAH
It's English rules, not New York, right? And it's vacation, right?

STEVE
(Turns to face Hannah)
You should listen to your mother.

Sails start snapping.

HANNAH
You should fall off. You're luffing.

STEVE
That's my baby.

HANNAH

Do you need me to take the helm?

Steve turns the wheel, the sails steady.

FADE TO:

EXT. BURLINGTON BOAT HOUSE - DAY.

Burlington, Vermont city boathouse, perched on Lake Champlain. Some sailboats. Large sight-seeing steam boats. The ferry. The waterfront science museum. Sunny, light breeze. Bikes. Dogs. Ducks.

Cindy is holding a cell phone to her head. Steve is carrying boxes down to the dock.

CINDY

Xan! Hi! What a surprise. I thought you were -- right. We're in Burlington. As your father would say, it's the only good thing in Vermont. (beat) You what?

Cindy looks around for Steve.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Sure. Your father's moving boxes onto the boat. (beat) What? Oh. It's a little Hunter 30. Very nice. He'll be here in a second.

Steve drops the cooler on the dock.

CINDY (CONT'D)

It's your son, he has wi-fi problems.

STEVE

Xan-man! What's up? (beat) Is the cable hooked up? (beat) Right. Turn on the TV. (beat) Blue? Right. The cable's out. (beat) Happy to help. Connectivity can be crappy up here. Once we get away from Burlington we may have no signal.

CINDY

So our cable was out?

STEVE

Sounds like it.

CINDY

I hope I left him enough grocery money.

STEVE

He can go to my mother's. She's only a few miles away.

CINDY

The good Saint Judith. Or any of your sisters. Or any of his friends. Right. He's fine. He's 19. Sigh.

Steve gives her a quick hug.

STEVE

Big sigh. Apron strings still tugging at you?

CINDY

Seriously. The whole mom-ism thing is a hard habit to break. Half of me is saying "my babies need me." The other half of me says "after a year in college, when are you going to let go?"

Steve picks up a box.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Why would you have any sympathy?

STEVE

I have a lot of sympathy. Just no advice.

Cindy sighs. She looks at the phone. She looks at the boat.

CINDY

What are doing here?

STEVE

Sailing. (beat) It's okay. He's been at college for a year. He's not your baby. Time for some minor adjustments.

She looks at the phone. She looks at the boat.

CINDY

I'll get on board. You hand the stuff over to me.

Cindy climbs over the lifeline. Steve hands her the cooler.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTER 30 IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN - DAWN.

Cindy is pottering around the galley pouring coffee. Steve takes a cup of coffee and slides back the companionway cover. He climbs the steps and looks around.

He jumps back down.

STEVE

Camera.

CINDY

What?

STEVE

Sunrise on the marina and the mountains on the west side of the bay. It's gorgeous.

CINDY

Let me see.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTER 30 IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN - DAWN.

Willsboro Bay. A little pocket surrounded by high mountains. Pine trees. A marina nearby.

Cindy emerges from the hatch.

CINDY

Wow.

Steve squeezes behind her, coffee cup in one hand, camera in the other.

STEVE

Oh yeah. Dawn in Willsboro Bay.

Steve starts shooting.

CINDY

We didn't drag.

STEVE

Did you think we would?

CINDY

It was blowing pretty good last night. I wasn't sure the anchor would hold.

STEVE

It felt pretty solid to me.

CINDY

What do you know?

STEVE

I got us here.

CINDY

Think about it: we haven't anchored all that often.

STEVE

This isn't our first charter.

CINDY

The Bucc doesn't count. She weighs 500 pounds. All the various day sails had no anchoring. Tampa was it: one night at anchor. With a professional skipper to help us.

STEVE

Rock Hall.

CINDY

Just practice. With a teacher.

STEVE

BVI.

CINDY

We anchored to go swimming. But not overnight.

STEVE

Wow. (beat) Our first night at anchor on our own. (beat) Cool. What's for breakfast?

CINDY

Is that all this is to you? A meal in a new location?

STEVE

(long pause)

What else could there be?

CINDY
Sailing is eating in exotic
locations.

Cindy ducks below.

FADE TO:

EXT. ANNAPOLIS - DAY.

The Annapolis Sailboat Show. There are boats everywhere. Absolutely everywhere. Flags snap in the breeze. People jostle down the docks. The place has booths selling boat stuff, people selling boats and boaty people.

CINDY
Where should we start?

STEVE
Last year we started over on the other side. If we go in this side, we'll avoid the big manufacturers and their slick setups. We can look at the (air quotes) "other" boats.

They pass through the ticket gate and get their wrist straps.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Here we are. "Other" boats. Like this thing. Etap?

CINDY
Excellent. More to learn.

There's no one in the cockpit.

Steve knocks on the hull. A head pops out of the hatch. Ludwig is a 30-something guy.

LUDWIG
Welcome to the Etap 37. Come aboard.

She scampers up the steps and shakes Ludwig's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAND NEW BOAT ONE IN ANNAPOLIS - DAY.

Brand new Boat. Everything gleams. There are flowers on the table in the saloon. Everything's open. Every light is on.

STEVE
37 feet. That's the right size.

CINDY
Hmmm.

STEVE
What?

CINDY
Head's forward of the companionway.

STEVE
Check. (beat) Where do you put
your wet stuff? Slop it through
the saloon?

CINDY
Not good. And the fabric.

STEVE
What?

CINDY
Plush. It's an RV on the water.
You can't seriously take this
anywhere. There's no hand-holds.
The settee is curved. You can't
sleep on it during a passage. Look
how far from the centerline the
sink is. This is a concussion
waiting to happen. Let's go back
to the Etap. That was a boat that
was made to be sailed.

The sales person has a stack of brochures and a hand out.
Cindy turns and climbs up the steps.

Steve looks at the sales person. Steve shakes his hand,
takes a brochure.

STEVE
Thanks. We may be back.

Steve scampers up the ladder after Cindy.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRAND NEW BOAT TWO IN ANNAPOLIS - DAY.

SALES GUY, fifty-ish, salt-encrusted, weather-beaten, is
sitting in the cockpit. He doesn't get up or offer an
exuberant greeting: he's beat.

SALES GUY

Hi.

Steve sits next to them

STEVE

Hi. Long day?

SALES GUY

Oh yeah.

Cindy climbs past them and goes below.

STEVE

Lot of folks here.

SALES GUY

A real lot. I think I've seen hundreds. What kind of boat are you looking for?

STEVE

Earlier today, we were looking at anything that floated. Now. Well. I've been on my feet all day and they're starting to run together. (beat) We think we like -- well -- we're not sure. We've chartered a bit. But we're still sort of getting a feel for it. (beat) Do you mind if I chill here while she pokes around?

SALES GUY

Chill all you want. We're here until tomorrow. Wives are sometimes wowed by fabrics and interior trim. A little shiny stainless here and there can really brighten up the interior. But a solid boat is what you're really looking for.

STEVE

Solid boat.

SALES GUY

Yep. Clean installation. ABYC-standards met or exceeded. You can't tell that just by looking at curtains and pillows. Most wives like a comfortable V-berth and lots of galley space. But that's really not --

Cindy pops up out of the companion way.

CINDY

Hey! Do you mind if I open the floor to look at the keel bolts and the bilge?

SALES GUY

(Speechless)

Sure. Go right ahead.

Cindy ducks back inside.

CINDY (O.S.)

How do these stairs come up? Can I see the engine?

The SALES GUY looks at Steve.

STEVE

She's always like that. You might want to help her.

The SALES GUY grunts to his feet and climbs down the steps.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hide the wrenches. I'll chill here and stay out of your way.

FADE TO:

EXT. SUNFISH IN LAKE GEORGE - DAY.

DAVID is a big, hale, hearty, charming fireman who likes to sail. He's 6 feet tall, hands the size of dinner plates, a smile as wide as the waterfront they're standing on.

A gaggle of teens stand around in PFD's looking out at the lake.

Xander, 20-something, is standing among the kids. Hannah is standing there, also.

XANDER

Okay, guys and gals, job one is righting our Sunfish. What's the first rule?

A sulky teen silence. Some eye rolling.

DAVID

Hey? What happened? Cold lake water clam you guys up? What did we say?

KIDS

Stay with the boat.

DAVID

Xander's going to demonstrate righting the boat. Then we're going to go out in pairs. Tip her over. Right her. Bring her back.

Xander shoves the Sunfish off the beach, jumps in, sheets the sails in and the boat takes off.

HANNAH

Xander is the worst show-off.

DAVID

It takes a little doing to tip one of these over. So you'll have to put some back into it. Especially you smaller guys.

Xander stands up on the sunfish holding the mast. He rocks it a few times to get it rolling. Then he hauls the mast way, way over, grabs the rail, scrambles onto the bottom, grabs the centerboard and pulls that down so he can grab the other rail. He pulls that rail, scrambles back into the cockpit and grabs the mast as it snaps up out of the water.

He sits down, hands in the air.

XANDER

Dry!

DAVID

Nice. Now, Xander will show everyone how they're really going to do it.

Xander grabs the mast and rolls the boat into the water.

His head pops up and he swims to the bow.

DAVID (CONT'D)

See, he grabs the bow to let the boat align with the wind.

Xander splashes around to the centerboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH ON LAKE GEORGE - DAY.

Four kids lift a hull from the grass and carry it over to the water. David, and Xander are supervising. They're in proper waterfront bathing-suit and PFD. Steve's wearing a suit with an askew tie.

DAVID
(to Xander)
How long are you around?

XANDER
I'm leaving tomorrow morning. I start work on Wednesday.

DAVID
Thanks for helping out. You're no "Captain Steve", but you did get them started.

XANDER
Steve gave me his little (air quotes) "lesson plans".

STEVE
Sorry my schedule was so complicated this year. I hate missing the first days of camp.

DAVID
Are you still some kind of traveling computer guy?

STEVE
Yep. 29 years of hotels and airports. Some years are more travel than others.

DAVID
Have you thought about settling down.

STEVE
Don't think I haven't heard that.

XANDER
Don't think I haven't heard this argument before, either. I can feed you your lines, David.

STEVE
Let's not. I think I know what's at stake. And I'm trying.
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

(beat) I'm going to unpack my stuff, and rig for sailing. Who has the chase boat?

DAVID

I'll take it. How about I have the kids carry and extra hull down for you?

STEVE

Excellent. Don't wait for me.

DAVID

Don't worry, we won't.

David and Xander turn to the gaggle of teens and Sunfish. Steve goes over to where the cars are parked on the grass by the waterfront.

FADE TO:

EXT. HUNTER 30 IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN - DAY.

Cindy is driving a Hunter 30. Steve is sitting with an older couple, WIN and CAROLYN. Win's in his 70's. Carolyn in her 60's.

It's sunny and -- clear -- a perfect day for sailing. The breeze is light, but steady. The lake is almost flat. The skies are blue. The mountains are green. There are many sails in the distance.

WIN

So, where do you find these charter boats?

STEVE

On-line. There are a handful of sailing magazines, too.

WIN

Seems like a huge investment to buy a bunch of boats and rent them out.

STEVE

Well, there's a variety of financial arrangements. The most common one is to buy a boat, and put it into charter service. You get to use it when you want. When you're not using it, they rent it out.

WIN

So this is someone else's boat?

STEVE

Probably. We just rent it for a week, sail it around, and return it the way we found it.

WIN

Would they let me?

STEVE

You don't have much of a sailing resume, do you?

WIN

None, I think. This would be my first time in a sailboat.

CAROLYN

How big your boat?

STEVE

The boat we have at home is just eighteen feet. About half as long as this. And it doesn't have a downstairs with a potty.

WIN

(chuckling)

Son, I think they call it a "head". I may not have sailed much, but I do know that.

CAROLYN

Would you buy a boat like this?

CINDY

Buying a boat is not like buying a house. Beth Leonard says that they don't appreciate like houses, so it's a pure expense.

WIN

Beth Leonard?

STEVE

Writer. She's got some books on sailing that we read. Good advice.

WIN

So you take a sailing trip every year?

STEVE

Not every year. It's expensive.
We try to take a big trip every
other year.

CINDY

All the planning and preparation is
half the fun.

WIN

Planning? Fun? (beat) Not to
change the subject, but what's for
lunch?

CINDY

The apple falls not far from the
tree. Steve thinks sailing is
really just an excuse to eat and
drink in new locations.

WIN

You know, that doesn't sound half
bad.

They sail off toward Stave Island.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTER 30 IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN - EVENING.

Cindy and Steve are sitting in the cockpit with beers.

CINDY

That didn't go too badly.

STEVE

What did you expect?

CINDY

We never had guests before.

STEVE

We've been sailing with the kids.

CINDY

They're not guests. Hannah can
handle the wheel better than you.

STEVE

Xander can roll a sunfish without
getting wet.

CINDY

What?

STEVE

I saw him do it at sail camp.

CINDY

He did what?

STEVE

He rocks it, and scampers across the bottom and winds up back in the cockpit, dry.

CINDY

Show-off.

STEVE

That's what Hannah said.

CINDY

We've never had non-sailing guests. With the whole safety briefing.

STEVE

The five F's.

CINDY

(On her fingers)
Flood, Fire, First-Aid, Falling
Overboard and ... What's the fifth?

STEVE

Famine.

CINDY

Right. Eating and drinking in exotic locations.

STEVE

Oh yeah. While you're up, could you get me another?

CINDY

I'm not up.

STEVE

But you could be.

CINDY

Our twenty-fifth anniversary is next year.

They clink bottles.

STEVE

So far so good. We'll see how the next twenty-five play out.

CINDY

Where should we go?

STEVE

Hmm. Must ponder.

CINDY

Plan might be a better word.

STEVE

Too soon. Too soon.

Steve lays back on the cockpit bench.

STEVE (CONT'D)

First comes the vision or the theme. What would be good? After the vision, we firm things up.

CINDY

That's so vague.

STEVE

I'll just nap on it.

Steve adjusts his hat to cover his eyes.

CINDY

You can't hide from your responsibilities, you know. (beat) Really.

Steve nods. Cindy sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTER 30 IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN - DAY.

It is blowing "like stink". 30 knots on the nose. Big square waves. Spray everywhere. The boat bashing itself into the troughs between waves.

Steve and Cindy are in their yellow foul-weather gear with PFD's on.

A big navigation buoy is swamped by a wave and pops up, spraying water off it's top.

STEVE
How's she feel?

CINDY
(shouting)
What does that mean? She's jumping
all over the place? This is
terrifying! I think it's worse
than yesterday! Whoa!

The boat jumps into a trough with a splash. A pan knocks
loose in the galley and starts rolling around.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Get that and make it stop. Holy
Crap!

Steve jumps below.

She's alone at the helm of a boat that's leaping from wave to
wave. She squints into the wind carefully to gauge how far
they are from the causeway that cuts through this part of the
lake.

She's clenching the wheel in a death-grip. Grimacing.

Steve comes back up.

STEVE
Coffee pot. I wedged it with a
towel. How's she feel?

CINDY
I don't get the question. What do
you mean "feel"?

STEVE
The helm. Are you struggling to
keep her off the wind? Is she
balanced?

CINDY
We're barely afloat! Are you
asking if we're in the groove?
Whoa!

The boat crashes into a trough.

STEVE
Well, the rail's not even in the
water. And yes. I'm asking if you
feel like we're in the groove.
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

I put two reefs in the main last night because we took such a pasting yesterday. I think I've got the right amount of jib out to balance her.

Cindy loosens her grip on the wheel. Slowly, tentatively, she shifts from death-clenching to wiggling her fingers to just finger tips.

CINDY

Whoa!

The boat crashes and spray flies everywhere. This time, she doesn't grab the wheel, but grabs the top of the steering pedestal to steady herself.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Actually, she does feel pretty good. I think maybe she's not heading up enough. I think that means you may have a touch too much jib.

STEVE

That's better. I'll ease the sheets, which will be noisy for a bit, crank in some jib and retrim. Okay?

CINDY

You know what?

STEVE

What?

CINDY

Focus on the groove is better than focus on the -- whoa!

Big crash. Water sprays everywhere.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Focus on the groove is better than focus on the fear. I mean, it's noisy and crappy, but -- really -- she handles pretty well. And we're ripping it up. Look at the speedo. 6 knots. We'll be in Burlington before lunch time at this rate.

Steve grabs a sheet.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You know, once you get past the noisy, bouncy and wet, it isn't all bad.

Steve goes back to her.

STEVE

What?

CINDY

I said, it isn't all bad. We can do this.

STEVE

So, I should leave the jib alone?

Cindy holds the wheel with just her finger-tips. She looks up at her sails.

CINDY

I think we're good. Really good.

They plow down the lake.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE WITH BAY WINDOW - NIGHT.

Cindy has a laptop at the dining room table. Steve drops a backpack on a chair and lays a big cardboard tube on the table.

Cindy's chatting with Hannah over Skype.

CINDY

Your father finally came home.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Where was he this time?

CINDY

Somewhere. You know.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Okay, I'll let you go.

CINDY

Study hard.

HANNAH (O.S.)
(laughs)
It's college, that's what I'm
supposed to do.

CINDY
A thirty of Keystone is not
"studying."

HANNAH (O.S.)
Bye.

Cindy clicks off Skype.

Steve pops the end off the tube and pulls out big nautical
charts.

CINDY
What's that?

STEVE
Twenty-fifth anniversary trip.

They roll the charts out flat on the table.

CINDY
Nice.

STEVE
I found a charter place that will
give us a Beneteau 37-footer in the
shoulder season for a great rate.

CINDY
I remember Norman Island from our
trip in '03 with the kids.

STEVE
Instead of day sailing, it will be
a week. We can go to Virgin Gorda.
Norman Island. Peter Island. And
Anegada.

CINDY
Anegada? Where's that?

STEVE
Over here.

She lifts her glasses to read the fine print.

CINDY
Ummm.... Did you read this? Depths
of 1 fathom? What's that?
(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)

Six feet? We can't go there. It's way too shallow.

STEVE

People do.

CINDY

Not us. Not in a rental boat.

Steve sighs. He roots around in the papers while Cindy glares at him.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Not to pile on, but we have responsibilities. One kid still in college. The other still couch-surfing. We can't just sail away to nowhere.

Steve nods.

STEVE

The charter company sent a provisioning order form. We can pre-order a box of food to be delivered to the boat.

CINDY

That's more like it. Dining in exotic locations. What do you feel like eating?

STEVE

What do you feel like making?

CINDY

I'm so lucky you're not a picky eater. What do they have?

They start checking things off.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Cindy sits on the couch. Behind her, tacked to the wall, is the nautical chart for the British Virgin Islands.

Steve stands, holding a beer.

STEVE

I read about a place called the Soggy Dollar.

Cindy flips through a guide book.

CINDY
Right. It's on Jost Van Dyke.

STEVE
Folk swim in to the bar. Their
dollars are soggy.

CINDY
I'd rather take the dinghy. We do
have a dinghy?

STEVE
I don't think you can charter
without one.

CINDY
Check the contract.

STEVE
Yes ma'am.

Steve turns to a desk and flips through the papers.

CINDY
See, they say that an Anegada trip
can be arranged.

STEVE
They?

CINDY
Moorings.

STEVE
We're not chartering with Moorings.

CINDY
The point is that amateurs like us
shouldn't be trying to get to
Anegada without expert guidance.
That's why they have full-service
companies.

Steve walks back over to the chart.

STEVE
There's a buoy marked here. You
punch in the coordinates for the
buoy and sail to it.

CINDY
And?

STEVE

And then you come about to...
Well... There's a channel pointing
right at a bay with a pier, you
just aim for that.

CINDY

Just aim for that? No course? No
marks? How can you be so
thoughtless and casual?

STEVE

It's a mile and change. It's like
sailing from Snake hill to Brown's
beach on Saratoga Lake. Maybe even
closer than that.

CINDY

We know Snake Hill and Brown's
Beach. And we're in someone else's
boat. We don't know squat about
Anegada.

STEVE

Squat. (beat) My dog.

CINDY

You never had a dog.

STEVE

See, you don't know Squat, either.
He was the family dog.

CINDY

You wouldn't call a dog squat
anyway.

STEVE

I would. That's all they do.

CINDY

Ha. Ha. We still don't know squat.

Cindy turns the page in the guide book to read some more.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH ON LAKE GEORGE - DAY.

David and Steve are standing on the beach in their PFD's.
There are sunfish everywhere. Hulls. Sails. Tillers.

Teenagers are milling around. TIM is one of the teens, conspicuously tall and without a PFD.

DAVID

All the boats in the water?

The kids all count quickly and agree.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Any morning chalk-talk, Captain Steve?

STEVE

Before we rig, I want to review turning. Which way's the wind coming from?

The kids point randomly until they agree on the direction of the wind.

STEVE (CONT'D)

When you turn, the pointy end of your boat will point toward the wind. Sometimes, that will seem like the long way around. But, you need to work your tacking skills. And a Sunfish just doesn't jibe well, so let's just not jibe. (beat) Okay, let's get rigged. (shouts) Tim, put on a PFD.

Steve steps into the lake and walks up next to Tim.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Tim, what's wrong with this picture?

Tim looks around.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Take a look at Captain David. Is he in uniform? Does he have his EMT stuff? His radio? His fireman suit?

TIM

No...

STEVE

Right. He's on vacation. When you get clonked in the head, fall in the lake and drown, he's not going to pull your soggy butt out of the water, is he? Not when he's on vacation.

TIM

Okay...

STEVE

How about you put on a PFD? That way Captain David doesn't have to go get his bunker gear and his EMT radio.

TIM

We're knee deep.

STEVE

That's all it takes.

DAVID

You can drown in a bathtub. Set a good example for the first-year sail-campers. PFD's in the water.

Tim saunters up on the beach to get a PFD.

STEVE

Thanks for organizing sail camp again this year.

DAVID

I get to sail for a week here in the mountains. The kids seem to enjoy it. What's not to like? (beat) And you're on-time this year.

STEVE

The job has changed a little. I don't travel as much. The Commodore is pleased.

DAVID

The Commodore?

STEVE

We have a traditional marriage. There's only two things I can say, "Yes, ma'am" and "No excuse ma'am." It makes life simpler.

DAVID
Empty nest getting to her?

STEVE
You got that right. Xander's couch
surfing in Ithaca this year.
Moving to LA next year. Hannah's
in New Haven. Cindy has to boss
someone around.

DAVID
How's Hannah like New Haven?

STEVE
School's okay. But she's going to
the Olympics.

DAVID
The Olympics? In what? Attitude
isn't an event.

STEVE
French Fries. She's been interning
with one of the companies that does
food service (announcer voice) For
The Olympics. (shouts) My baby's
going to China!

The kids all turn and stare.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Oh yeah. My daughter's going to
the Olympics.

The kids nod.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Are those boats all rigged?

The kids get back to work.

DAVID
Sweet!

STEVE
The Commodore is -- actually -- not
a wreck. Since it's a Big
Corporate Thing with lots of
managers and planning and
everything.

DAVID
The Commodore.

STEVE

I'm just Captain Steve. She's The Commodore. Long-term plans. Finances. All that stuff that I'm not very good at.

FADE TO:

INT. SMALL AIRPLANE - DAY.

Cindy has her nose pressed to the window. As does almost everyone else.

Steve jockeys for a view.

CINDY

What's that?

STEVE

You'll have to move your head so I can see.

PASSENGER

US Virgin Islands.

STEVE

Okay. So that's Soper's Hole, coming up?

PASSENGER

Right.

CINDY

So that's Norman Island. I can't wait!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK IN BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - DAY.

Cindy and Steve are standing in front of a large, hand-painted picture on plywood that shows the various islands of the BVI.

The reefs are marked prominently in red. Prominently.

CINDY

Okay, so there's reef here in this bay by the Bitter End.

STEVE

But it's small and has a buoy to mark it.

CINDY

Holy crap, look at the reef around Anegada. It's all red. All of it. That's just dangerous.

STEVE

Except for a strip of blue, here. From the buoy to the little bay.

The Charter Manager, GUPTA, strolls over.

GUPTA

Questions?

Steve shakes his head.

GUPTA (CONT'D)

Your boat's almost ready. We're mostly waiting for the groceries from Doug's. It's early yet. They should be here soon.

CINDY

A lot of reefs around Anegada.

GUPTA

A lot. But it's a great place to visit. Very different from these islands. It's low and sandy, not tall and volcanic. If you start from the Bitter end, steer just about 11 degrees for -- depends on the wind -- but only about 2 hours. See this buoy here? The GPS coordinates are in the guidebooks. Steer right for this. You can see the fairway. The water's darker. And there's three little buoys to mark the channel. Which day are you going? You have to make reservations for dinner in advance.

CINDY

So you can just go?

GUPTA

You have to go. It's a totally great destination. People love it.

CINDY
But Moorings has organized
flotillas.

GUPTA
That's them.

Cindy looks at Steve. Steve roots around in his backpack.
He pulls out a GPS.

CINDY
Are you going to put in the
waypoint?

STEVE
I already did.

Steve pushes some buttons on the GPS.

STEVE (CONT'D)
See?

CINDY
So you planned to go there?

STEVE
Not exactly.

CINDY
Were we going to talk about this?
Or was this going to just "happen"?
A little open-ness. Would be good.
This kind of thing is supposed to
be partnership. Sharing.

STEVE
I was just holding the option open.

CINDY
How is that sharing? We have
responsibilities. You can't just
do things like that.

STEVE
I didn't do anything except program
the waypoint. You're the
Commodore, it's entirely your
decision to make. (beat) As long as
I get to sail and get fed, I don't
care where we go. You don't have to
decide today. We've got all week.

Steve and Cindy shake hands with Gupta and saunter down the dock to look at their boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. BENETEAU 37 IN BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - DAY.

Cindy is driving. Steve is lounging. The boat slides past Mosquito island.

It's a steep hill of cactus and scrubby bushes. Brown and desolate.

CINDY
What are we looking for?

STEVE
Mooring field.

CINDY
There's nothing but island.

STEVE
So far. Patience.

CINDY
There's a beach. (beat) And reef.

The boat turns slightly.

CINDY (CONT'D)
And Holy Crap! Look at that!

STEVE
I guess they call that a megayacht.

CINDY
That's huge!

STEVE
The mooring area is around to the left.

CINDY
There is no left. It's island and beach. (beat) and (beat) Okay, there's the top of a mast.

They sail on, goggle-eyed at the sun, sand and perfect trade-wind sailing.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Oh! There's masts.

They sail on toward the point.

CINDY (CONT'D)
(incredulous)
Lots of masts. You were actually
right.

STEVE
It happens.

CINDY
There's some kind of building.

STEVE
Several. That must be the Bitter
End Yacht club to the right. And
there's a place called Saba Rock to
the left.

CINDY
Did you know this was here?

STEVE
I didn't know know. But I read
what I could find. I had a pretty
good idea.

CINDY
Did you know it would be this fat
with boats?

STEVE
No idea at all. Just charts and
descriptions. Google Earth
satellite photos. No details.

CINDY
Are we mooring or anchoring?

STEVE
No clue.

CINDY
It might be time to get a clue,
Captain.

STEVE
Remember Squat? The family Dog?

CINDY
Okay. I don't know Squat.

STEVE

Neither do I. Maybe we should probably motor around a bit and see if we can find a mooring ball. Might as well free up the anchor just in case.

CINDY

Take the wheel.

STEVE

Aye-aye. I have the helm. Course steady at one four five.

Cindy climbs out of the cockpit and works her way forward.

CUT TO:

INT. BENETEAU 37 IN BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - NIGHT.

Cindy is chopping the galley. Steve has charts in the navigation station; he's got a tall glass in his hand.

CINDY

So, how would this work?

STEVE

Like any other trip. We pull up the anchor, motor out to where we can unfurl the sail and --

CINDY

No, I mean finding the buoy for Anegada.

STEVE

We have compass and GPS. It's only two hours. If we don't like it, we come back. Nice sail.

CINDY

I don't know. I want to go and I don't want to go.

Cindy flips the switch, turns on the gas, clicks the lighter. It starts with a mild WHOOMP.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Too much gas for lighting. This stove is touchy. Gin and tonic?

STEVE

Please. Too bad we didn't buy ice.

CINDY

Piffle on your ice. Drink it warm,
it's good for you.

STEVE

What doesn't kill me makes me
stronger?

CINDY

You have a kid in college, still.
You have a house in the suburbs.
You have responsibilities and a
weight problem. You don't need
ice. You need a walk.

STEVE

Pulling ropes doesn't count?

CINDY

Fine. Pulling ropes is exercise.

Steve hands her the glass, she gets out the Gin, Tonic and
Lime and splashes a sizable drink into his glass.

CUT TO:

EXT. BENETEAU 37 IN BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - DAY.

Cindy is driving. Steve is standing next to here, peering
into the distance. Cindy is death-gripping the wheel. She's
hunched over, almost fighting against the boat.

CINDY

So, how is this going to work?

STEVE

The wind blows across the sails,
creating lift, which --

CINDY

Be serious. I mean finding the
buoy.

STEVE

It's thataway.

He squints at the compass and points a little to the left of
where they're headed.

CINDY

There's nothing out there.

STEVE
Ain't it great?

Cindy peers into the distance. The horizon is a hard line. The sky is blue, blue, blue. The ocean is delightfully smooth with a very gently swell.

Cindy relaxes. Shoulders droop. Hands slip down to just finger-tips on the wheel.

CINDY
But what if...

STEVE
What if what?

CINDY
You know? What if we don't have the course right?

STEVE
Did I find Saba Rock? While you were doubting the whole time? Did I get us here in the first place?

CINDY
Well, you can see Virgin Gorda from Tortola, that's an easy sail.

Steve sighs. Then chuckles to himself.

STEVE
Well... You could see this whole trip from the living room. It was hanging on the wall. The distances, the heights. You could see the whole thing.

CINDY
Maybe. In flat, nautical chart way. But (beat) I suppose, you could see it. I mean you could. I couldn't; it was just shapes on paper. Numbers. Magenta exclamation points.

STEVE
You know, we could even have seen this trip while we were bobbing around in Lake Champlain, too.

CINDY
Well. Yeah. I guess I could have seen this trip back then.

(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)

(beat) So this is why you bought a boat 10 years ago?

STEVE

It's not like I actually planned it, but it could be. More likely, this is why you found that book on bareboat charting vacations for me.

CINDY

What book?

STEVE

Remember when I had that killer flu one Christmas? I was sick for a week. You brought me a book on bareboat chartering.

CINDY

That was just coincidence.

STEVE

I don't know about coincidence. There are things that influence us that we really can't identify.

CINDY

Influence? It was a random book in the library.

STEVE

Really?

CINDY

What? Are you calling this fate? Karma?

STEVE

Nothing metaphysical. Just subtle. An idea that connects and we respond for no stupidly obvious reason. But it resonates.

CINDY

I think you had some plan all along.

STEVE

Me? Plan? Hah. More of a theme or a connection. Not a real plan.

She's not so sure how someone can be planless. But what can she say? She picks up her water bottle and takes a swig. She looks around.

CINDY
Course Oh One One.

STEVE
That's what I make it.

CINDY
Is that a boat behind us?

Steve looks back.

STEVE
It ain't the Taj Mahal.

CINDY
Thank God for that. (beat) I
meant, are they overtaking us?
Should we do something?

STEVE
Nah. We're the stand-on vessel.
Maintain course and speed.

CINDY
Wait. (beat) Wait one minute.
There's nothing else out there,
right?

STEVE
Africa or Portugal or something.

CINDY
So they have to be going to
Anegada. We just have to stay in
line with them.

STEVE
Sure.

CINDY
Piffle on your compass heading and
GPS. We'll just follow the crowd.
You didn't tell me it would be this
crowded.

Steve looks around at the ocean.

STEVE
Crowded.

CINDY
Crowded.

Steve nods.

FADE TO:

INT. CAR - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are driving down a narrow, winding rural road. Steve's looking at a map. Cindy is driving.

STEVE

See. Not that far from Baltimore.

CINDY

An hour? Less?

STEVE

Just ahead.

Cindy pumps the brakes.

CINDY

I see it.

They turn into a marina.

CUT TO:

INT. MARINA OFFICE - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are talking to the MANAGER 1. He's about their age, 50-ish.

MANAGER 1

How big a boat?

STEVE

40 foot --

CINDY

35 foot --

The Manager looks back and forth between them.

CINDY (CONT'D)

We don't have a boat yet. We're looking for a place to live.

MANAGER 1

We don't really permit liveaboards.

CINDY

No, no, we're looking for a marina
so we can pick a place to live.

The Manager is lost.

STEVE

We're going to buy a boat before
too long. First, however, --

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are talking to the MANAGER 2. She's about a
bit older, 50-ish.

STEVE

-- We're traveling around the East
coast, checking out marinas to help
us decide where to live. We're
open to --

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are talking to the MANAGER 3. She's about
20.

STEVE

-- living just about anywhere.
We're lucky to have the kind of
jobs that let us live almost
anywhere. Our kids live out west.
There's so many possible choices,
we figured we'd base --

CUT TO:

INT. MARINA OFFICE - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are talking to the MANAGER 4. She's in her
40's.

STEVE

-- our choice of cities on the
sailing and marinas. Once we've
found a nice marina, we'll start a
serious search for --

MANAGER 4

So you're looking for a marina
first, then a city, then a boat?

CINDY

Kind of. We're gathering
information. How long is your
season?

MANAGER 4

About the same as everyone else
around here. We haul in November
and put-in in April or May.

CINDY

Any year-round folks?

MANAGER 4

Oh, no. We're closed for the
winter.

CINDY

Thanks.

Steve and Cindy leave the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA OFFICE - DAY.

Steve and Cindy step out of the office onto the dock and look
at all the masts.

CINDY

Nice Island Packet.

STEVE

35? Maybe. That 37 was nice.

CINDY

So, what's the verdict on
Baltimore?

STEVE

Nice.

CINDY

Too nice.

STEVE

They don't seem to take kindly to
(air quotes) "our kind".

CINDY
What do they have against gypsies
and liveaboards?

STEVE
You let one move in and there goes
the neighborhood.

CINDY
We might hang our towels from the
lifelines.

STEVE
Or repair our head on the dock.
Icky.

They walk down the dock.

FADE TO:

INT. CAR - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are driving down a road. Steve's looking at
a map. Cindy is driving.

STEVE
Just ahead.

Cindy pumps the brakes.

CINDY
I see it.

They turn into a marina.

CUT TO:

INT. MARINA OFFICE - DAY.

JEFF, the Marina Manager is a pretty salty guy. He's late
50's. Athletic.

Steve and Cindy are looking at the map of the slips.

JEFF
From New York? Whereabouts?

STEVE
Upstate.

JEFF
Where upstate?

STEVE
(Stock answer, not paying
attention)
Outside outside Albany.

JEFF
I'm from Rochester.

STEVE
(engaged)
Sorry. Most folks from the
southern Chesapeake have no idea.
We're from Schenectady, New York.
Don't ask me to spell it.

JEFF
We used to sail in Irondequoit bay.
What did you do?

STEVE
Software. Still do, actually.

CINDY
Web management.

JEFF
Yep. Did that. The company did
well, we sold the house, bought the
boat.

CINDY
And you work here?

JEFF
Seasonally.

CINDY
Seasonally?

JEFF
Yeah. It's October. We're
prepping the boat now to go to the
Keys for the winter. We'll be back
to Virginia in the spring.

CINDY
(slowly)
So you sold your house?

JEFF
Yeah. Traded the fixed house for
the mobile home.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLOUGHBY SPIT MARINA - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are walking down the dock with FRANK, a 30-something manager with a thick southern accent.

STEVE

Do you have any open slips?

FRANK

Not unless someone up and dies. Happens more often than you'd think. Older folks keep boats here, but don't sail 'em much. How big a boat?

STEVE

We don't have one yet. 35 feet maybe.

FRANK

See, some marinas can't take deep draft boats. But down here in the southern Chesapeake, we can handle anything.

STEVE

Great, we'll keep you in mind.

FRANK

Folks like it here because you have access to the ocean, the Chesapeake, the Elizabeth River, too. And you can head down the ditch to North Carolina from here.

STEVE

That's great, thanks.

FRANK

The Elizabeth river is the perfect location. Right off 64, minutes from Norfolk or Hampton. Kind of a drive from The Beach, but not too bad.

STEVE

Okay, well, that's great.

FRANK

And our liveaboard folks like it. There's nice restaurant on the property and a better one next door.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

And just across the spit it's a short walk to a beach-side bar.

STEVE

Liveboards?

FRANK

We've got a few. So, I'll put you on the list for a slip, then? Let's just call it a 37 footer for now.

STEVE

We're not really ready, we're just gathering information.

FRANK

I can put you on the list and you can just decline it until you get your boat. That way you'll always be the first folks I call when a slip opens up.

STEVE

Thanks. When we get a boat, we'll call you.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are sitting in a car.

CINDY

That was intense.

STEVE

Year round.

CINDY

Liveboard.

STEVE

Put us on the list even though we don't have a boat.

Cindy's beat. She sags down in the car seat.

CINDY

How many more?

STEVE

A few. Bad idea?

CINDY
My head's full.

STEVE
Okay. Minor Adjustment. We won't
try to see them all on this trip.

CINDY
Let's find a place for dinner.

Steve starts the car.

STEVE
Eating in exotic locations.
Excellent.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT RENTAL CAR AREA - DAY.

Steve and Cindy drag their bags out of the rental car.

CINDY
Where's this going?

STEVE
The car goes to other renters.
They clean it, and put it into the
other --

CINDY
Not the car. This marina search
business. Where's this going?

Steve is puzzled.

STEVE
What am I missing?

CINDY
Say we like that marina up in
Deltaville. Okay. I'm not saying
I like it, but say we decide we
like it best. What then?

STEVE
We... uh... we move. And then --
What's wrong? Why are you asking?

CINDY
I'm just -- I don't know -- this
whole plan....

(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)
Can we just pick up and move? Just
sell the house? Buy a boat?
Really?

A car tries to pull up, but they're in the way. The car
toots.

Steve and Cindy start dragging their bags.

CINDY (CONT'D)
We can't just keep moving. Can we?

She looks around. They're moving.

CINDY (CONT'D)
I mean, we're just floating around
now. But--

STEVE
But what?

CINDY
Did I but?

STEVE
You did. We're just floating
around, looking at marinas and
cities, but.

CINDY
But... well... Don't we have
responsibilities? I mean, why do I
feel rooted? (beat) Nomad. I
sounds... I don't know. (beat) But
what's wrong with being a nomad?

STEVE
No house to maintain?

CINDY
No place to call home.

STEVE
Homeless.

CINDY
Nomad. We'll have a home. We just
keep moving it around.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE WITH BAY WINDOW - DAY.

Cindy has a laptop open on the table. There are paintings on the walls. Books piled up. Place-mats on the table. A centerpiece. All the touches that say "home".

She's pointing and clicking.

Steve has a beer. He's lounging.

CINDY

Baltimore? Nice. Hub airport.
But too far north. Norfolk? Okay.
Far enough south. But the bridges
and tunnels. And that little
airport.

STEVE

But we're working from home. Much
less commuting.

CINDY

How to choose? It can't come down
to a coin toss.

STEVE

Why does it matter?

CINDY

Of course it matters. The three
rules of real estate: Location,
Location, and --

Steve snorts. She looks at him.

STEVE

But we don't have to buy real
estate.

CINDY

What? Rent? What if it's a crappy
neighborhood?

STEVE

We move.

CINDY

We can't just... (beat) Wait. We
can just move. That's the whole
point. Let me catch up here. If
we've got the boat, we're just
sliding down the slippery slope
toward a gypsy life-style. (beat)
Summer in a marina in Connecticut.

(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)
Winter in the Florida Keys.
Apartment in the middle until we
retire completely and move aboard.

STEVE
Like move every six months?

CINDY
You did it for years.

STEVE
We had a house. (beat) But,
really, I did work from hotels and
airports all over the U.S., didn't
I? So we're looking for marinas
with good wi-fi?

CINDY
You traveled for over twenty-five
years. Then you didn't travel for -
- what? -- the last four years.
But we'd be traveling together for
a change. (beat) This isn't a
proper plan, but. I could work like
that.

Steve nods.

CINDY (CONT'D)
No, that's not right. I want to
work like that. I want to see the
world. Why stay here?

Steve salutes her with his beer.

STEVE
Hear hear. See the world. (beat)
What about friends, and family?

CINDY
If we travel, we can make new
friends. That's what I want. A
growing circle of friends.

Steve salutes her with his beer.

STEVE
Hear hear. See the world and make
new friends.

CINDY
And a boat can be environmentally
lightweight. We have to be careful
with water and power and fuel.

(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)

We can't be dumb-ass consumers of stuff. It's inherently green.

Steve salutes her with his beer.

STEVE

And it can be cheap if you play it right.

They high-five.

CINDY

So, here's how it's going to play out --

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE WITH BAY WINDOW - NIGHT.

Win and Carolyn are sitting at the table. Steve is bringing in coffee. Cindy is sipping wine. Plates and food are everywhere. They've just finished dinner.

CINDY (V.O.)

-- We're going to sell the house. It was a great place to raise the kids, but they moved west. If they can up and move, why can't we? What we'll do is --

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

JUDY -- 70-ish -- and some other folks are sitting around the table. CATHY brings in coffee. Cindy is sipping wine. Plates and food are everywhere. They've just finished dinner.

CINDY (V.O.)

-- Have some garage sales to get rid of the stuff we don't need. What's left will -- hopefully -- fit into a small rental van. We'll drive everything to Norfolk. Once we're there, --

EXT. SUNFISH ON LAKE GEORGE - DAY.

Steve and David are standing around with a crowd of teenagers and a pile of Sunfish and sails.

CINDY (V.O.)

-- We'll keep our same jobs and work from home. Steve's been doing it for a few years. I can definitely swing it, also. That gives us weekends and vacation to start a serious boat search. We'll be looking for --

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

BILL and CHRIS are sitting at the table with Steve and Cindy. The waiter brings coffee.

CINDY

Something manageable by two people. 35 to 37 foot at the absolute most. Anything bigger would be tough for two people to handle.

BILL

You'll be flush with cash.

STEVE

It goes quick. We'll have to work for a number of years to build up a cruising kitty.

BILL

Then what?

STEVE

That's the best part.

He looks at Cindy.

CINDY

We don't know. We actually don't. No plan. We think maybe the East Coast of the US for a couple of years. An extended shake-down cruise. Then, maybe, the Caribbean. Then maybe though the canal and up the West Coast.

STEVE

I've read that it's a nasty slog.
And it's not like the east coast
with lots of cities and bays and an
intracoastal waterway. The west
coast is cliffy and rocky and
harsh.

CINDY

But I want to go back to Alaska and
up the inside passage.

BILL

When did you go to Alaska?

STEVE

Back in ought six. I was working
in Juneau.

CINDY

And I worked from the hotel.

STEVE

With folks from India. The calls
started at 2AM.

CINDY

That's how I know that I can do the
work remotely.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY.

It's a dirty little bar. Very dirty. Very small.

Xander is carrying his bass, dressed in a pretty snappy
outfit: black with a red tie. There are amplifiers and drums
everywhere. Steve and Cindy are following from the dirty bar
area to a dirty little loading dock.

XANDER

So you'd work from the boat?

STEVE

Not really. We use a lot of power.
And a lot of wi-fi. I think we
need land-lines.

XANDER

In Virginia?

STEVE

Sure.

XANDER

What about the house in
Schenectady?

STEVE

I have a collection of kerosene
stored in rusty galvanized pails.
And zippo lighters.

XANDER

(Marlon Brando's
Godfather)

You could arrange for there to be
an "accident".

STEVE

(mobster)

I know some guys who can arrange
that.

CINDY

Seriously. We're going to box your
stuff and put it in Judy's basement
until you've got space for it.

XANDER

Yeah. Right now, I've barely got
space for my gear in my dinky west
Hollywood apartment. How big a
boat?

CINDY

35 foot at most. Small enough for
two of us to handle.

XANDER

Like that one in the BVI's?

CINDY

Exactly. That was nice.

KENT, the guitar player, taps Xander on the shoulder.

KENT

Time to go. Sound-check.

XANDER

Right. Got to pay some bills.

STEVE

Kick Ass.

CINDY

Love you.

Steve and Cindy make the "X" sign with crossed forearms.
Kent stares.

XANDER

My high-school band. The kids made
the "X" for Xander.

KENT

Really?

XANDER

We could market it. Like on a
shirt.

Kent and Xander run back into the tiny, dirty bar.

Steve pulls out industrial ear plugs.

STEVE

Hey baby, want to try one of my
brand?

CINDY

No, thanks.

Cindy pulls a package of ear plugs from her purse. They
carefully roll the plugs and wad them into their ears.

Steve leads Cindy through a doorway to...

CUT TO:

INT. VEGAS CASINO - NIGHT.

A glittering, shiny, clean Las Vegas Casino. Hannah is
dressed in something shimmering and fabulous, and is perched
on a bar stool with Steve and Cindy.

HANNAH

(deprecatingly)

So, you're just... what?

They look at her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I mean it's not like you're
throwing your lives away.

STEVE

What are you saying?

HANNAH

It seems so...

CINDY

The point is that we're selling the house.

HANNAH

To live in what? A boat you haven't found yet? How rational is that?

CINDY

We're getting an apartment.

HANNAH

Where?

STEVE

We don't know. Norfolk somewhere.

HANNAH

Did we ever go there?

STEVE

Never.

HANNAH

Not on any of our vacations? Didn't drive through it?

CINDY

Williamsburg was as close as we got.

Hannah shrugs.

HANNAH

So you have no idea what you're doing? And your stuff?

CINDY

Mostly gone. Two epic garage sales. Resettling one Iraqi family. Salvo. The usual culprits.

HANNAH

Dad's boat?

STEVE

Some nice kid bought it for almost what I paid for it.

HANNAH

What you paid for it? What about the repairs? Didn't you replace the rudder twice? I thought you said you'd paid more for rudders than the whole boat.

STEVE

Business School. Sigh. Why couldn't you be a musician or something?

CINDY

Cost of seeing the world. Boats are a net loss. They don't appreciate. A hole in the water you throw money into.

HANNAH

So, when you're lost at sea, I have to finish paying for college myself?

CINDY

You are harsh, honey.

STEVE

The apple falls not far from the tree.

HANNAH

And I'll always be cuter than you.

Hannah waves her empty glass toward the bartender.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE WITH BAY WINDOW - NIGHT.

Steve stacks boxes. Cindy has a clip board and a pencil.

CINDY

You're sure this will fit the smaller truck?

STEVE

Measure it again, if you want.

CINDY

(Exasperated)
Whatever. (beat) I've got things prioritized. If it doesn't all fit, we'll have to make sacrifices.

(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)
When the truck's full, the stuff
that won't fit gets chucked. Is
that clear?

STEVE
It will fit.

CINDY
And if it doesn't, we're chucking
it. Right?

Steve shrugs.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Right. (beat) One more check
upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS OF HOUSE WITH BAY WINDOW - NIGHT.

Steve and Cindy climb the stairs and stand in front of a
door.

STEVE
Xander's room.

They open the door, flip on the light. It's totally empty.
Steve flips the lights off and shuts the door on the dark,
empty room. They go to another door.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Hannah's room.

They open the door and flip on the light. It's totally
empty. Steve turns another light off and closes another
door.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Our room.

They open the door and flip on the light. Almost empty: One
box.

Cindy picks it up and carries it into the hall.

CINDY
Empty.

STEVE
Good. Upstairs is done. Check it
off.

Steve turns off the light, and closes the door. Cindy puts
a big line on the clipboard.

Steve turns off the upstairs hall light. It's quite dark, and completely empty.

They start to head downstairs toward a new light.

CINDY
How long will we live in Norfolk?

STEVE
What?

CINDY
Seriously. How long will it take us to find a boat? And how much longer do we want to work?

STEVE
Let's not overplan. One step at a time.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

- Bucket brigade of people loading the truck. Including Win, Carolyn, Judy.
- Truck driving past New York.
- Truck driving past Philly.
- Truck driving through the flat, empty eastern shore.
- Truck going through the bay bridge-tunnel.
- Truck in front of a cute brick apartment in Ghent.
- Steve and Cindy moving boxes.
- Steve and Cindy on the sidewalk.

END MONTAGE

FADE TO:

INT. NORFOLK APARTMENT - DAY.

Cindy and Steve have desks and boxes jammed into a tiny space. They both have dual monitor workstations and multiple laptops. The office is packed with computers, printers, scanners, and more computers.

They're both pounding keyboards.

CINDY
Remember Wayne?

STEVE
Wait, what?

Steve finishes typing whatever he was working on and pushes back from the keyboard.

CINDY
Wayne who rebuilds boats. You met him.

STEVE
Yeah. Doesn't he have two 40-footers on his farm or something?

CINDY
Plus one he rebuilt that's floating in Maine somewhere. That Wayne. Before we moved, he was telling me all about center cockpit ketches.

STEVE
Cool. We'll keep that in mind.

CINDY
I was wondering if I should follow up with him.

STEVE
Like ask him to be our broker?

CINDY
Not that. Maybe get more details on what kind of boat.

STEVE
Is he talking about a specific boat?

CINDY
I don't think so. Center Cockpit ketch is a good summary. I can understand that.

STEVE
That's what I think. What's on the market is what's on the market.
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

There's no reason to set yourself up for disappointment because the exact boat you want isn't available. In your price range.

Steve goes back to pounding his keyboard.

CINDY

Don't overplan. Right.

FADE TO:

EXT. BOATYARD - DAY.

Steve and Cindy walk down the line of boats with Mark. Mark's about their age. He's got way too much tan, gold chain, bracelet.

MARK

What kind of sailing are you looking to do?

STEVE

We've had some charters. We think we like gunkholing. We don't think we like racing all that much. We think we might be coastal cruisers.

MARK

This is an older Caliber 35. It might be what you're looking for.

CINDY

35 feet. Seems like something we can handle.

Mark picks up a ladder so they can climb up onto the boat.

MARK

Cindy. After you.

They climb up the ladder.

EXT. CALIBER 35 - DAY.

Cindy and Mark are standing in the cockpit. Steve is snapping pictures.

MARK
(to Cindy)
Let's go below and look at the
interior. It's got some great
interior features.

CINDY
Engine?

MARK
Yes. And a great galley with a new
microwave oven.

CINDY
What kind of engine did you say?

CUT TO:

INT. CALIBER 35 - DAY.

Cindy and Mark are looking at the engine. Steve is snapping
pictures.

CINDY
Four cylinder. Yanmar.

MARK
Right. Very smooth running at
lower RPMs. Less vibration and
noise.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE.

- Steve, Cindy and Mark on a Morgan 38.
- Cindy and Mark staring at an engine.
- Steve, Cindy and Mark on a beat up old Island Packet.
- Steve and Mark looking at a head.
- Steve, Cindy and Mark on a gleaming, new Island Packet.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

EXT. BOATYARD - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are shaking Mark's hand.

STEVE

Thanks so much. My head is full.

MARK

Sort the pictures out, think about what kind of sailing you'd like to do. Get back to me. We'll look at some more.

Mark goes over to put the ladder away. Steve and Cindy walk away.

STEVE

So?

CINDY

Small. I thought 35 feet was the limit. But they're tiny inside.

STEVE

We can move up to 40 or maybe 42.

CINDY

You can't just say that. We've never driven anything that big.

STEVE

Hunter 39 in Tampa.

CINDY

39 is still not 42.

STEVE

Three feet. Feh.

They shuffle across the gravel.

CINDY

Everything's bigger and heavier. Ground tackle. Sails.

FADE TO:

INT. CAR - DAY.

Steve is driving. Cindy is staring out the window. She's reading signs.

CINDY

Williamsburg. Yorktown. That's cool. Places for people to visit if they want to come down here.

(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)

That makes for a better invitation than "visit our dumpy two bedroom apartment full of computers and boxes."

STEVE

And Virginia Beach.

CINDY

Where are we going?

STEVE

Deltaville.

CINDY

Didn't we look at marinas up there?

STEVE

Yep. Liked them a lot. The guy from Rochester, for example; we met him in Deltaville.

CINDY

Do we have more boats to see?

STEVE

Nothing specific. I just sent them an email and said we'd be in the neighborhood. There's like a dozen marinas. We can just look around randomly, have lunch and head back.

CINDY

Right. Long haul. Pace ourselves. No reason to shop 'til we drop.

STEVE

Sure. It's not like chartering, where you take what they have in your price range.

CINDY

(Wicked Witch of the West)
These things must be done delicately.

A big sigh.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Don't overplan. If it takes a few months it takes a few months. Relax, Cindy, relax. Cleansing breaths.

She goes back to looking out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELTAVILLE MARINA - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are wandering across the parking lot. There's a big sales office. It has a bulletin board with pictures of boats.

They look at the pictures.

CINDY
Island Packet.

STEVE
Nice.

CINDY
Beneteau.

STEVE
Very nice.

Steve opens the office door. Cindy goes in.

INT. DELTAVILLE MARINA - DAY.

There's a big desk and a couple of cubicles. ANN, a very salty woman in her forties is at the desk. She's seen many ocean miles and has a complete, relaxed confidence.

ANN
Can I help you?

STEVE
Sure, I sent an email --

Steve's phone rings. Steve pulls out his phone and looks at it, puzzled.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Excuse me. This is awkward. Let me take this and we'll come right back in a second.

CINDY
(to Steve)
What?

STEVE
I don't recognize the number.

Steve steps into the doorway.

CINDY
(to Ann)
Hi. Sorry about that.

Ann and Cindy shake hands behind him.

JONATHAN, just as salty as ANN, stands up in one of the cubicles. Jonathan is looking out the back window at the marina. Steve is looking out the door at the boatyard.

STEVE
(to his phone)
Hello?

JONATHAN
(to his phone)
Hi, is this Steve? This is Jonathan in Deltaville. I just got your email.

STEVE
It wasn't very informative was it?

JONATHAN
Well you said you might be in the area today.

STEVE
Right.

JONATHAN
So, where are you right now?

STEVE
I'm in the yacht sales office.

JONATHAN
So am I.

They both turn around. Steve walks back in.

STEVE
(to the Phone)
Can I get back to you?

Steve hangs up.

Jonathan sets his phone down and comes out of the cubicle. They shake hands.

JONATHAN
That was an odd coincidence.

STEVE

Odd, yes. Coincidence? I don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELTAVILLE BOATYARD - DAY.

Steve and Cindy walk down the line of boats with Jonathan.

JONATHAN

What kind of sailing are you looking to do?

STEVE

We've had some charters. We think we like gunkholing. We don't think we like racing all that much. We think we might be coastal cruisers.

JONATHAN

This is the Whitby 42. It might be the kind of boat you're looking for.

CINDY

42? That's big.

JONATHAN

Big is relative to what you're used to. Once you've learned your way around her, you'll find that this is a very comfortable sea-worthy boat.

Jonathan picks up a ladder so they can climb up onto the boat.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Cindy. After you.

They climb up the ladder.

EXT. WHITBY 42 - DAY.

Cindy and Jonathan are standing in the cockpit. Steve is snapping pictures.

JONATHAN

She's a center cockpit ketch.
Double headsails, so there are a
lot of sail combinations. That
makes her very forgiving.

CINDY

Center cockpit.

STEVE

Ketch.

JONATHAN

The interior space is two separate
cabins with separate heads.

CINDY

Two heads?

STEVE

Better than one.

CINDY

Twice the maintenance.

STEVE

Private head for guests.

CINDY

Let's take a look.

Cindy climbs down the ladder.

CINDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nice.

JONATHAN

She's got a V-berth with a hanging
locker and head forward. A
sizeable saloon. To port, there's
a galley with a --

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

-- V-Berth

-- Head

-- Saloon

-- Galley

-- Stove
-- Nav Station

STEVE

-- two burner stove. To starboard
a nav station with radio and GPS.
Aft, there's a second head, a cabin
with a double berth and more
hanging lockers. The power plant --

-- Hands opening the engine room doors.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. WHITBY 42 - DAY.

Cindy backs out of the little companion way by the engine
room.

JONATHAN

-- is a Ford Lehman engine. It's a
very rugged engine.

CINDY

In an Engine Room.

Steve slips in to take pictures. Camera flash pops.

JONATHAN

Yes, an engine room. No
contortions to change the oil or
replace the alternator.

Jonathan shifts the sailbags around so they can sit on the
saloon couch. Steve stares at the Whitby chairs.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Yes, those are chairs. It's a
unique feature of the Whitby.

CINDY

What keeps them from bashing around
in a seaway?

JONATHAN

They lock to the floor. There are
pins to dog them down.

Steve sits.

STEVE

Ahh.

CINDY

I wish I had a better recollection
of what Wayne told me.

STEVE

Why?

CINDY

He talked about center cockpit
ketches.

STEVE

Like this one, right?

CINDY

For sale in Virginia.

STEVE

Like this one?

CINDY

This is weird, but I think Wayne
told me to look at this specific
boat.

STEVE

No way.

CINDY

Way. The listing's on the
Internet. It's not like it's a
secret.

JONATHAN

Listed for over a year, sure.

CINDY

I think -- just by coincidence -- I
know you don't like coincidence --
but -- sight unseen -- my friend
Wayne steered us to... Well... We
seem to have found...

Steve and Jonathan look at her.

STEVE

Found?

CINDY

I don't know what I'm saying.
(beat) I think we were told to look
at this boat. I think we're
looking at the exact boat my friend
suggested.

JONATHAN

Karma? Fate?

CINDY

And the boat's in our back yard --
more or less. What if this boat
was for sale in Michigan?

JONATHAN

I think there actually is one for
sale up there.

CINDY

It all sort of fits together. Like
we're supposed to be here. Now.
On this boat.

STEVE

Like it's been waiting for us.

CINDY

Don't get all creepy. She's just a
boat. (beat) What's important is
that she's old enough that we might
be able to afford her.

STEVE

(to Jonathan)

We sold the big suburban house.
We're flush with cash.

CINDY

Hush.

STEVE

We're not here to quibble. We want
a solid boat. Well-built. ABYC
standards. All that.

JONATHAN

This is an older boat. You will
have some work to do.

FADE TO:

MONTAGE

- Steve climbing out of the engine room in coveralls
- Cindy opening everything in the galley
- Steve bashing bronze seacocks under the cabin sole
- Cindy climbing down into the lazarette
- Steve flipping the engine room light on
- Cindy putting the knotmeter together

END MONTAGE.

INT. WHITBY 42 - DAY.

Cindy is taking a bunch of through-hull pieces and bits off the fold-down table on the starboard side.

Steve is taking a huge drink of water.

Steve steps over to the laptop on the nav station. He points and clicks for a moment.

STEVE

Done. Mostly. What's next?

CINDY

What do we have for names again?

Steve points and clicks some more.

STEVE

Do you still like the Team Red theme?

CINDY

Totally. (beat) Thanks Cathy!

STEVE

Red Menace?

CINDY

Negative.

STEVE

Red Planet?

CINDY

Grandiose.

STEVE
Get the Red Out?

CINDY
Dismissive.

STEVE
Red, Willing and Able?

CINDY
Wait. How many of these do you
have? Just give me the whole
bunch.

STEVE
Red Dawn? Crimson Tide? Red Rum?

CINDY
Movies and Go 'Bama. The names are
all "taken", you know what I mean?

STEVE
Red Wings? Red Rover? Ruby
Slippers? Red Line? Red
Delicious? Red Zone?

CINDY
Ruby Slippers?

STEVE
They'll take you where you want to
go?

CINDY
But I don't want to go to Kansas.

STEVE
(Saved best for last)
Red Ranger.

They look at each other.

CINDY
Ranging far and wide.

STEVE
Sold.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITBY 42 - DAY.

Steve and Cindy are holding a vinyl Red Ranger decal. It's foot-tall red letters in the Black Adder ITC font. They're standing on scaffolding just under the transom of the boat. They each have rolls of blue masking tape.

Together, they reach up to hold the name against the stern of the boat and tape it on.

Like two little kids, they scramble down off the scaffolding and run back a few feet to look at the boat.

CINDY

Ladder's in the way.

STEVE

Yep. Have to make some minor adjustments.

MONTAGE

- Hannah, Cindy and Steve sailing.
- Xander holding a handful of line for Steve.
- Red Ranger's yankee unrolling.
- Win, Judy and Carolyn sailing.
- Red Ranger in 5-foot seas with water breaking over the bow.
- Cindy tossing a line to a Boat US Towboat operator.
- Steve and Cindy standing on a dock by Red Ranger talking with other boaters.
- Six people crammed into Red Ranger's cockpit passing around the basket of chips.
- Red Ranger sailing away.

FADE TO BLACK.