

Captain Susan, Pirate Queen
(and all powerful master she-bitch
from the furthest reaches of hell)

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON: A sizable pair of BUTTOCKS.

Encased in orange lycra, they roil like a cat-fight in a pillowcase as their owner, a **FEMALE CELEBRITY**(36) scurries down the sidewalk.

Chased by **PARARAZZI** and buffeted about by **BODYGUARDS** who protect from a worshipful **CROWD**, she's rich and famous flotsam tossed on a sea of acclaim.

The Celebrity hides her face, clutches a soy chai latte. A Patek Philippe watch gleams on her wrist(\$269,390), Dolce and Gabbana sunglasses (\$1,240.00) shield her eyes.

SUSAN (V.O.)
Fame equals money.

A black TOWN CAR zooms up.

SUSAN (V.O.)
Money equals privilege.

The back door opens.

SUSAN
Privilege equals...

As the Celebrity ducks inside, cameras zoom in on her
MASSIVE BUTTOCKS

Shutters snap: CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

The door slams shut. The Car speeds off.

SUSAN PRELAP (V.O.)
Respect.

EXT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

SUSAN LUCRE (25) vlogs on her work computer. Certain she's slated for bigger things, her eye-catching prettiness is marred by the look of someone spoiling for a fight.

SUSAN
(to camera)
We all want fame. The trick is --

"PING." A text. From someone named Malia.

Susan forgets she's on camera, frowns at some irksome news then...she thumbs her phone --

CUT TO:

INT. SUSAN AND FRED'S APARTMENT - DAY

FRED MOORE(26) youth in decline. Susan's boyfriend, he fancies himself as a sensitive, creative type.

Fred shares the sofa with an orange tabby named **CAT**. They both watch television --

INSERT ON TELEVISION: **ELLEN DEGENERES** (58) is onscreen for the final moments of her show.

ELLEN

Be kind to one another.

Fred mutes the television to surf internet sites on his phone.

FRED

(to Cat)

Ellen has seventy-four point eight million followers on twitter. Imagine having that many people love you.

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera --

SUPER: #whataweenie.

Cat bats the phone out of Fred's hand, onto the floor.

As Fred retrieves his phone --

"PING" He receives the first of three texts from Susan:

SUSAN (TEXT)

Malia might have book deal.

"PING"

SUSAN (TEXT)

Focus. No Ellen. No Nice Kitty.

"PING"

SUSAN (TEXT)

Bored. Talk dirty 2 me.

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

Her vlog forgotten and still active on her work computer, Susan is live as she watches her phone and waits.

Susan's **BOOMER-BOSS** (50) leans in, his face onscreen.

BOOMER BOSS
Whatcha doing?

Susan jumps.

Male and moody, Boomer Boss shuts the computer down.

BOOMER BOSS
Miss Lucre. I've warned you about
posting your idiosyncratic musings
while on company time.

SUSAN
I'm on my break.

BOOMER BOSS
However, you persist in using a work
computer in order to...sell yourself.

SUSAN
It's called branding.

"PING"

They both read the new text on Susan's phone --

FRED (TEXT)
(insert emojis)
I want my eggplant in your taco.

BOOMER BOSS
I'll have to let you go, unless...
(re: text)
We pretend that's from me?

Susan seems to consider his offer, then...

SUSAN
Sure. But only if you're the taco
and I'm the eggplant.

BOOMER BOSS
Please gather your belongings, Miss
Lucre. You have fifteen minutes to
vacate the premises.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSAN AND FRED'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fred waits for a response. There isn't one so he goes over to his computer. Cat jumps up and curls up next to his keyboard.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN:

FRED

Today, on Nice Kitty, we focus on non-verbal communication. Similar to abbreviations humans use for texting and tweeting, cats employ a series of staccato tail-thumps to stave off nasty misunderstandings which can arise from use of the meow.

Cat's tail goes THUMP-THUMP.

FRED

Cat starts off with the rapid-fire, double-thump. Synonymous with F-off, this is the default tail-thump for Nice Kitties. Right, Nice Kitty?

Fred pets Cat.

Blood is drawn.

FRED

(to camera)

Tune in tomorrow for more Nice Kitty non-verbal communication.

He closes the screen

FRED

(to Cat)

Why would you do that?

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera --

SUPER: *#Imeankitty*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BITTER END RESTAURANT - NIGHT

South Street Seaport. The restaurant is adjacent to a

MARINA

where Sailboat masts wobble in the surge of a windy night.

INT. THE BITTER END RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nautical motif. Dusty accoutrements of a bygone sailing era clutter walls and hang from the ceiling.

Fred and Susan sit with **MALIA**(29) a tiny Asian dervish of over-achievement and her boyfriend **STEWART**(29).

Although dressed in a flannel shirt with man-bun and full beard, Stewart couldn't change a tire at gunpoint.

They're all on their phones. Fred looks up first.

FRED

(to Susan)

Something happen at work?

MALIA

(to Susan)

Your boss caught you vlogging?

STEWART

(to Susan)

That should have gone viral. There's not enough traffic on your site. Be smart. Move on.

SUSAN

Really, Stewie? Did you come to that conclusion from following my vlog or while trying to picture my vagina?

STEWART

What? No!

(loud)

Your vagina never entered my mind.

An obvious lie.

Fred goes for a subject change.

FRED

This is an interesting place. Who found it?

STEWART

I did. It's vintage.

SUSAN

It's a fucking dump.

STEWART

It's nostalgic. Retro-chic.

SUSAN

The shrimp were probably harvested by starved Burmese slaves in Thailand.

Sudden silence. Everyone has ordered the shrimp, except for Susan. She cuts a piece of steak.

SUSAN
Which is modern?

Susan chews the piece of steak.

Moving on.

FRED
(to: Malia)
So, tell us about your book deal.

MALIA
Well, it's not official, but --

Stewart cuts her off.

STEWART
My guess is that they'll see it as a
best-selling, Hollywood bidding-war
type of story. The publishing world
will finally have recognized --

Susan narrows her eyes at Stewart as he drones on.

STEWART
Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.

She watches Malia nod along as Stewart speaks for her, toys
with her steak knife --

SUSAN'S DAYDREAM:

She grabs Stewart by his man-bun, hacks his tongue off with
a steak knife then holds it aloft like a trophy.

Malia and the other **FEMALE DINERS** CLAP and cheer.

FRED (O.S.)
Sweetie?

END SUSAN'S DAYDREAM - BACK TO SCENE:

Susan stands with her steak held aloft. Bloody juices drip.

FRED
Susan's...uh...getting in touch
with...uh...exploring her...working
on...a new idea. Right, Sweetie?

SUSAN
Don't call me Sweetie.
(to Stewart)
Nice mansplaining, Stewie. It's as
if you wrote the book.

MALIA

He's just excited for me. Stewart's
my biggest fan. Right, Honey?

Stewart ignores her as he stare daggers at Susan.

STEWART

So. What's your big idea?

Susan sits down. She doesn't actually have a big idea so she
sips wine, gazes out the window

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

at the SAILBOATS. They now bob like corks in a blowy rain.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. LONG ISLAND - DAY

A memory of a different blowy, rainy day.

Susan (8) and her **FATHER** are in a small sailboat. Susan vies
for his attention but he only steers the little boat and
stares at the distant horizon.

END FLASHBACK -- BACK TO SCENE:

Susan spits her wine back into her glass, waves over a **WAITER**.

SUSAN

A round of frozen daiquiris, please.

The Waiter leaves. Everyone stares at Susan.

STEWART

Who drinks daiquiris in New York?

SUSAN

Try to think outside the vagina,
Stewie. Your brain won't fall out.

STEWART

I've made it perfectly clear that I
am not interested in anyone's vagina!

Malia frowns. Stewart takes her hand.

STEWART

Other than yours, Honey.

The daiquiri's arrive.

Susan lifts her glass.

SUSAN

(quotes)

I must go down to the seas again, to
the lonely sea and the sky. And all
I ask is a tall ship and a star to
steer her by.

Blank looks. Susan drains her glass.

SUSAN

Sea Fever? By John Masefield? It was
my father's favorite poem.

Shrugs all around. No one knows. Or cares.

SUSAN

Okay, then.

She downs Malia's daiquiri.

SUSAN

Fred and I are sailing to the
Caribbean. We're going to vlog about
our adventures!

Fred looks alarmed.

STEWART

I've seen some of those sailing vlogs.
Total yawn-fest. Where's the
challenge? Smart phones. Chart
plotters. Auto-pilot. Nowadays, any
weenie with a boat can do it.

Susan drinks Stewart's daiquiri.

SUSAN

Weenie? Fascinating word choice.

Susan casts about, sees a painting of an old clipper ship.

SUSAN

We've got a fresh angle, Stewie.
Gonna do it off-line. Retro-chic,
nostalgic. We'll navigate using the
sun and stars, like seamen of yore.

STEWART

Two millennial urbanites up their
odds for calamity by going to sea
without modern technology?

(shrug)

Might have some limited possibilities.

SUSAN
Knew you'd like it. Keep living
life vicariously, Stewie. Easier on
the manicure.

INT. UBER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Brooding silence, then...

FRED
What happened with your job.

SUSAN
The usual.

FRED
You humiliated a customer?

SUSAN
I wish.

More brooding silence, then...

FRED
Your boat idea was --

SUSAN
Brilliant? I thought so, too.

FRED
Hah. I don't swim.

SUSAN
That's what life jackets are for.
Look. Say we rent a boat.

FRED
We have no money.

SUSAN
Credit cards. We'll just need it for
a few weeks.

FRED
We don't know anything about boats.

SUSAN
I sailed with my Daddy.

FRED
When you were eight.

SUSAN
Daddy dreamed of going to the islands.

FRED
He knew how to sail.

"PING" A text on Susan's phone:

MALIA (TEXT)
*Thanks for celebrating with us! We
really love your new idea!*

Susan shows the text to Fred.

FRED
She's just being nice.

SUSAN
Maybe. Or maybe we're onto something.

INT. SUSAN AND FRED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Susan, Fred and Cat watch a Youtube demonstration of an OLD SALT using a sextant.

OLD SALT (V.O.)
You blah blah blah the declination
then blah blah the inclination.

Utter confusion on all three faces.

FRED
People were smarter back then. They
had to use their brains to do stuff.
(shuts down video)
Is this the best fit for us?

SUSAN
It does look better in my head. But,
just spit-balling here...
theoretically, we'll be out in the
middle of the ocean, right?

FRED
God. Really?

SUSAN
Stay with me, okay? Middle of the
ocean, just the two of us.

FRED
Three of us.

Fred pulls Cat into his lap. Blood is drawn.

SUSAN

(re: Cat)

He's got that damn microchip. We'll
toss him once we're offshore --

Cat looks at the camera.

SUPER: *#thefemaleladiesinthisstory*

SUSAN

If we actually go offshore. I've
thought of another option. It's our
story? Right? So, we can tell it
anyway we want? Put our own spin on
it? We could even simulate it? You
know? If we wanted to?

FRED

Simulate? You mean, make it up?

SUSAN

Yeah. If we wanted to.

SERIES OF SHOTS: HOW SUSAN ENVISIONS THINGS:

-- They board a fancy sailboat, way beyond their means.

SUSAN (V.O.)

We rent the boat and have an *actual*
bon voyage party.

-- Hundreds of adoring fans sip champagne and gobble canapés.

SUSAN (V.O.)

Wave bye-bye then sail out of sight.

-- Susan and Fred wave to the crowd gathered on the dock as
the boat sails itself down the Hudson.

SUSAN (V.O.)

We record some water shots, stash
the boat, fly to an obscure Caribbean
location.

-- Susan and Fred board a plane, dressed in tropical outfits.

SUSAN (V.O.)

Then create the entire thing from
the comfort of a hotel room.

-- Susan and Fred loll by a sparkling swimming pool.

END SERIES OF SHOTS -- BACK TO SCENE:

SUSAN

Take a moment.

FRED

But, why not just simulate the whole thing from here?

SUSAN

Are you fucking kidding me?

FRED

(nervous)

Yes?

SUSAN

We need to be real but not too real. Remember the guy who jumped out of the plane without a parachute? We don't ever want to be that person.

FRED

That was pretty risky.

SUSAN

Right. But, was it risky? Or dumb?

FRED

Pretty dumb.

SUSAN

Exactly. People love when other people do really stupid things! Being out in the ocean in a small sailboat is pretty fucking stupid, but being out there without modern technology just so we can vlog about it is going full idiot.

FRED

It would be risky, too.

SUSAN

Focus. We're not really idiots. We're just pretending to be.

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera.

SUSAN

Look. We just need to crack the fame door open then, we blow it off the hinges with our real talent.

FRED

Which is?

They contemplate THAT in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARINA, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Blustery day. Halyards CLANG in a substantial breeze.

EXT. SAILBOAT (MOON CALF) - DAY

CAPTAIN CABOOSE(40) bearded, pudgy, dressed like a pirate, shows Fred and Susan around a decent little sailboat.

FREEZE FRAME:

SUPER: Caboose is a member of piratecrew.org: an organization for middle-aged men in the throes of a mid-life crisis, who compensate for their lost youth by pretending to be pirates.

END FREEZE FRAME -- BACK TO SCENE:

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

So. What do ye think?

Fred trips over a cleat and bangs his head on the boom.

FRED

It seems...very nice.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

I warn't asking ye! I was asking me little Moon Calf here.

FRED

You were asking the boat?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Ye think I'd trust this decision to an idjit with a pocketful of cash?

FRED

No?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Wrong! Depends how big the pockets!

He LAUGHS and LAUGHS then, chokes. For real. Captain Caboose turns blue, clutches his throat.

Susan and Fred exchange a look of panic.

FRED

Wiki the Heimlich maneuver!

Susan thumbs her phone then reads...

SUSAN
Reassure the victim!

Fred pats Captain Caboose on the shoulder.

FRED
It's hard, but you can lose the weight.

Captain Caboose swats him away.

SUSAN
Stand behind the victim to perform the Heimlich maneuver, also known as abdominal thrusts.

Fred heimlichs Caboose who expels an object which lands with a clatter on the deck.

FRED
What the heck is it?

They all peer at it.

SUSAN
A key.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Well, I'll be fisted by an octopus.

He picks the key up.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Folks. Ye got yerselves a boat.

FRED
So, that's the key to the boat?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Nah. It's the key to THAT boat.

He points to a MEGA-YACHT with the name **CASH COW** painted in gold leaf on her bow.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
I wondered where it be.
(shakes hands)
Cash or Amazon gift cards.

He steps onto the dock.

FRED
Wait! Aren't you going to tell us anything about it?

Captain Caboose mulls it over, then...

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Never leave the head valve athwart.

Fred and Susan exchange a look. Head valve?

They turn back to Captain Caboose but he's already onboard Cash Cow.

FRED
Captain Caboose! Wait! What does
head valve athwart mean?

The cabin door on Cash Cow closes with an audible click.

SUSAN
Idiot. I'll google it.
(thumbs her phone)
Athwart. From side to side. Across.
In opposition to.

FRED
So? Open and closed?

SUSAN
Maybe?

FRED
Google head valve.

Susan thumbs. They look.

FRED
Something to do with the engine?

SUSAN
Could be. Let's just not open anything
that might look like a valve?

FRED
Okay. Just to be clear? Google valve.

Susan thumbs her phone.

SUSAN
(reads)
A device that directs or controls
the flow of a fluid by opening or
closing. Here's some images.

They study them.

SUSAN
Ever seen anything like this before?
(nope)
But, now we know what to look for?

Both seem uncertain.

Meanwhile...

INT. MOON CALF - DAY

In the MAIN SALON, below the floor boards but above the oily water of the BILGE a loose wire sparks.

An automatic float switch engages. There's a WHIRRING SOUND as a pump comes on --

EXT. MOON CALF - DAY

-- a stream of bilge water is expelled from a thru-hull above the waterline.

Neither Fred nor Susan notice.

INT. MOON CALF - DAY

Susan sits in a pile of safety gear. She consults her phone.

SUSAN
Two life jackets. A flare gun. Flares.
A bell. Whistle. Two fire
extinguishers.

FRED
Why bother with this stuff?

SUSAN
This *stuff* is required by law.

FRED
We won't be on it for long.

SUSAN
Her.

FRED
What?

SUSAN
Calling Moon Calf an it is
disrespectful.

FRED
How?

SUSAN
You men objectify all of us.

FRED
Huh?

Susan heads above decks in a huff.

EXT. SUSAN'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Low to middle income. House needs paint. Sad little yard.

INT. SUSAN'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

BEVERLY(55) a semi-retired helicopter Mom (mother who hovers) with a broken blade, sips a frozen daiquiri.

BEVERLY
Yum. I've earned the right not to give two shits about what you do. You've squandered your WOO. Go away.

SUSAN
Did you just invent a new acronym?

BEVERLY
Window of opportunity. Common usage.

Susan consults her phone.

SUSAN
Oh. But just text it, okay? It's not cool to speak it.

BEVERLY
S.S.M.

Susan consults her phone.

SUSAN
Same Sex Marriage?

BEVERLY
So, sue me.

SUSAN
Mom. You can't just make stuff like that up. People have already assigned meaning. It's confusing.

Beverly hands her glass to Fred, who sits with Cat.

Cat wears a COMFORT ANIMAL VEST. He notices that we notice, breaks the fourth wall --

SUPER: #judgemeatyourperil

BEVERLY

F.E.U. Fill er up.

SUSAN

Why are you acting like this? It makes you seem --

BEVERLY

What, dear? Dumb? Interesting. Should I vlog about it?

SUSAN

If you don't, someone else will.

Fred hands Beverly another daiquiri.

BEVERLY

Thanks, Sweetie. So, say you both become famous. Then what?

FRED

We'll use our influence to do good.

SUSAN

Who cares? We'll be rich!

Beverly looks from one to the other.

BEVERLY

Remind me why you two are together?

Susan is ready to wrap things up.

SUSAN

Daddy would've supported me.

Beverly's defenses are breached. We hear what sounds like a single helicopter blade as it KER-WHUMPS to life.

KER-WHUMP. KER-WHUMP. Beverly lurches over to Susan.

BEVERLY

(slurs)

Oh, Honey. Your mommy is so sorry. You're the best girl in the whole wide world!

KER-WHUMP. KER-WHUMP. KER-WHUMP.

BEVERLY

Do you need some money? How much, dear? Should I sell the house?

SUSAN

Could you just pay all of our credit
card bills for the next month? I
had the address changed to here.

KER-WHUMP. KER-WHUMP. KER-WHUMP.

Beverly careens into the sofa and face plants.

BEVERLY

(muffled, subtitled)
Of course, dear.

The KER-WHUMPING sound fades away to be replaced by SNORES.

Susan watches her mother for a moment. There's sadness on
her face. She kisses her on the cheek.

Susan and Fred tip-toe from the room. Cat follows.

INT. UBER (MOVING) - DAY

Brooding silence, then...

FRED

Are we sure this is the way forward?
Your Mom can't really afford us.

SUSAN

(snaps)
I know that! I fully intend to pay
her back and then some.

FRED

We don't have jobs.

SUSAN

For fuck's sake! When will you stop
being such a weenie?

Cat breaks the fourth wall --

SUPER: *#toldya*

SUSAN

If you're not up for this, I'll do
it alone.

FRED

You'd do this without me?

SUSAN

Look. If we do this well, the videos will go viral, then we spin that into financial freedom. You can develop your writing, I can get my Mom into rehab and get off the #metoo employment train --

FRED

What? You were sexually harassed again? Is that why you were fired?

SUSAN

I'm sure it was something else.

FRED

You can't keep allowing this to happen.

SUSAN

Really, Fred? What should I do about it? Tweet? Retain a lawyer with my unemployment check? Or maybe I should just dust off my Krav Maga?

SUSAN'S DAYDREAM:

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

Susan, in a fighting stance, stands over Boomer Boss who lays prostrate on the floor.

Curled in the fetal position he cradles his balls and MOANS. The **OTHER WOMEN** in the office stand and slow clap.

END DAYDREAM: BACK TO SCENE:

SUSAN

God. That would feel good. But, unfortunately, until something changes, I'm powerless. That's why this matters so much. Think about it. Financial freedom. If we succeed, no more bullshit. You'll see. This is our big chance.

The **UBER DRIVER'S**(30) a dude with long hair, shoulders shake with laughter.

SUSAN

(to Uber Driver)

Really? I'm funny? You're an Uber Driver. It doesn't get more hilarious than that.

No response.

SUSAN

Hey.

Susan pokes him.

The Driver flips his hair back, plucks earbuds from his ears.

UBER DRIVER

Yeah?

SUSAN

Uh. Nothing. Sorry.

They continue the ride in silence.

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera --

SUPER: *#humans*

CUT TO:

INT. MOON CALF (MAIN CABIN) - DAY

Fred lifts a floor board and pours cleaner into the bilge.

FRED

There you go, little Moon Calf. Now
you smell all sweet and clean.

Susan stacks life jackets on the chart table.

SUSAN

Stop patronizing her. She doesn't
like it.

Below the floorboards, the loose wire sparks. The automatic float switch engages. A WHIRRING sound as a pump moves water.

There's a KNOCK on the hull. Susan and Fred head topsides in time to see --

EXT. MOON CALF - DAY

Captain Caboose heave a ditty bag and a large plastic rectangle onboard.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Here be the rest of yer safety gear.
I had yer life raft inspected.

He climbs onboard to lug both to the stern of Moon Calf. Fred and Susan chuckle.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Twarn't meant to be funny.

FRED
 Sorry, Captain Caboose. It's just
 that we're not going far so we
 probably won't need a life raft.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Boats be like snowflakes. Unique,
 special in they own way. Me little
 Moon calf here be a mite teched in
 her bilge --

SUSAN
 Takes one to know one. Thanks for
 the life raft, but --

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Yea cleat off before yea yank the
 cord. Stay well clear til it inflates,
 then cut yerself loose or Moon Calf
 will drag yea down wid her.

Captain Caboose walks off.

Fred and Susan exchange an amused look then head back down
 below decks.

EXT. MARINA DOCK - DAY

Cloudy, blustery. Halyards clang. Boats bobble. It's an all
 small craft should stay in port sort of day.

A tiny, random **GROUP** has gathered around Moon Calf.

Susan, dressed as *sexy pirate wench*, pours champagne for

PEE-WEE (30)marina mooch. He leers at Susan's breasts.

PEE-WEE
 Cool outfit.

He drains his glass, holds it out for a refill.

PEE-WEE
 So. The plan is to pillage and
 plunder?

Susan pours more champagne.

SUSAN
 That would be my first choice.

PEE-WEE

It'd be a more interesting story.
 (drains his glass)
 I need to take a whizz. Can I use
 your head?

SUSAN

Excuse me?

PEE-WEE

I gotta pee. Can I use your toilet?

SUSAN

Oh. Sure.

As Pee-Wee scampers on board Moon Calf.

SUSAN

Don't touch anything!

But Pee-Wee is already down below.

INT. MOON CALF - DAY

Pee-Wee sees Cat, curled up in the life jackets.

PEE-WEE

Hey, boat cat.

Cat RUMBLES a warning.

Pee-Wee continues to the

HEAD (BATHROOM)

Unzips to pee. Finishes. Zips up.

He pumps the toilet, then turns the *head valve athwart* (yep)
 to let water in. He pumps some more, then exits.

The head valve is now athwart.

EXT. MARINA DOCK - DAY

Fred, dressed like an *18th century sailor* holds forth to a
 handful of people.

FRED

Like sailors of yesteryear,
 we'll...uh...navigate using only the
 sun and the stars and maybe the moon.

A dude with **DREADS** takes pictures.

He snaps one of Fred's phone which juts from a back pocket.

DREADS

And the GPS on your smart-phone?

FRED

This? Nah. This thing swims with the fishes.

He tosses the phone into the water.

The crowd GASPS.

Dreads points to the phone which juts from Susan's cleavage.

DREADS

Can I answer if it rings?

Susan tosses her phone into the drink.

GASPS.

SUSAN

Be my guest.

DREADS

So, how do you propose to update your vlog? Signal mirrors? Messages in smartwater bottles?

SUSAN

We'll livestream our adventures using onboard videos then update from various internet hotspots whenever we're in port.

DREADS

Really?

(shrug)

Good luck with it.

He turns to go.

FRED

Aren't you going to record us leaving?

DREADS

Nah.

He walks off.

The others drift away as well.

SUSAN

They totally bought the phone toss. You'd think we'd pitched a baby.

Captain Caboose staggers down the dock.

SUSAN

There's the idiot. He can record us.

Susan pulls out a new smart phone, hands it to Fred.

FRED

Uh. How...

SUSAN

Charged it. We needed the upgrade.
Yoo-hoo! Captain Caboose! Champagne?

Caboose staggers over, eyes Susan in her pirate wench outfit.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

What be the occasion?

SUSAN

We're leaving.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Are yea daft? A low pressure be
forming. Weather flags be a-flyin.
Winds be a-gusting to forty knots.

SUSAN

We're not going far.
(hands him her phone)
Can you record me?

VIEWED THROUGH SUSAN'S PHONE CAMERA --

The wind whips Susan's hair...into her eyes, her mouth. Her
flushed cheeks has her prettiness on full display.

SUSAN

Today we embark on our new adventure!
Shunning modern technology, we'll
livestream our challenges of an
offline life at sea.

Fred thrusts Cat on camera.

FRED

With Cat!

Blood is drawn.

SUSAN

You can follow us on Facebook,
Instagram and Twitter, as we update
from various internet hotspots in
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)
the sunny Caribbean. This is Susan
and Fred...out.

Susan signals cut but Captain Caboose still records.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE (O.S.)
Ye lubbers won't be taking me boat
out of the harbor.

FRED
We're not really going to the
Caribbean. We just need to look like
we are.

Susan gigs Fred in the ribs, her hand fills the screen as
she snatches the phone.

END VIDEO -- BACK TO SCENE:

Susan edits the video then uploads.

SUSAN
We're only going across the river to
New Jersey. Port Imperial Marina?

To distract Caboose she plumps her breasts.

Dead silence as both men stare at the tips of her nipples.

SUSAN
Is that okay?

Both men nod.

Susan climbs on board Moon Calf.

SUSAN
(to Fred)
Ready?

Both men nod.

SUSAN
Fred!

Fred snaps to. Clambers onboard.

EXT. MOON CALF - DAY

Susan and Fred sit in the cockpit, at a complete loss about
what comes next.

FRED

Captain Caboose? We've been meaning
to ask...how do we make the boat go?

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - HUDSON RIVER - DAY

Gusty winds and choppy seas pummel Moon Calf as she heads
down the harbor.

EXT. MOON CALF - DAY

Fred and Susan sit in the cockpit.

The helm turns on its own. We hear the

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

of the autopilot belt.

SUSAN

Did the idiot say how to take her
off autopilot?

FRED

Nope.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

SUSAN

(points across harbor)
We need to go that way.

Fred grabs the wheel. There's a brief struggle, then

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Susan thumbs her phone.

SUSAN

(reads)
Push the standby button to disengage.

Fred does.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

SUSAN

Again.

Fred does.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Fred tussles with the wheel. He's thrown to the deck.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

FRED

Kill the power supply.

Susan thumbs her phone with urgency. She locates the OFF switch on the autopilot, flips it and

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Moon Calf stays her course.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - LATER

They've left behind the relative safety of the harbor. Moon Calf lurches onward in the building seas.

EXT. MOON CALF - DAY

Fred gets a face full of sea spray. He slams the wheel.

FRED

You determined whore!

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

FRED

(stricken)

Sorry, Moon Calf. I didn't mean it.

SUSAN

Sure sounded like you did.

FRED

You know I'm not like that.

SUSAN

One would hope.

A wave crashes into the cockpit and drenches them.

SUSAN

Fucking hell!

Susan huddles to protect her phone. She thumbs, frantic.

FRED

Who are you texting?

SUSAN

The idiot.

FRED

Forget that. Call 9-1-1!

SUSAN

And say what?

FRED

Our boat's gone rogue. Send help.

SUSAN

And look like fools to our followers?
We'll be finished before we get
started! Can't let that happen.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

She sets her phone aside.

SUSAN

Okay. How about we sit tight and
when Moon Calf runs out of gas I'll
just sail her back to the marina.

FRED

You can handle a boat this big?

SUSAN

(re: phone)
Hello? Keeper of all knowledge.

SPLOOSH. A wave drenches her phone. Dead deity.

SUSAN

Shit. Give me yours. I'll take it
downstairs.

Just as Fred passes it

SPLOOSH. Another wave engulfs the cockpit.

Dead deity.

Susan sees something in the distance.

SUSAN

Holy Shit.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A wall of angry black clouds looms overhead. Thunder BOOMS
and lightning CRACKLES.

EXT. MOON CALF - DAY

The first BLAST of storm wind hits them. Fred and Susan
scramble to hang on.

FRED

It must be the low pressure!

Moon Calf struggles in the wind and waves, but

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

the autopilot shoulders on! Fred and Susan crawl to the
COMPANIONWAY

Then tumble down the stairs

INT. MOON CALF - DAY

to land in shin-deep water. The main salon is flooded.

FRED

This can't be right.

Hunkered in life jackets, Cat rears up, arches his back,
bares his fangs in a HISS.

FRED

(to Cat)

It's okay. Mommy and
Daddy are here.

SUSAN

(to Cat)

Lay down and shut the fuck up, you
stupid little shit!

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera --

SUPER: *#ikilltheneatboth*

FRED

Was there some sort of radio?

SUSAN

Yes! Yes!

Susan splashes over to a VHF radio, keys the microphone.

SUSAN

(into microphone)

Help! Help! Uh. Mayday? Mayday! Can
anybody hear us?

FRED

Is it on?

SUSAN

How the hell would I know?

She flips a switch. A light comes on, followed by STATIC.

SUSAN
 (into microphone)
 Mayday! Mayday!

A CRACKLE OF STATIC, then...

COASTIE ONE (V.O.)
 Vessel calling Mayday, this is Coast
 Guard sector Sandy Hook. What is the
 nature of your distress?

SUSAN
 Coast Guard! Come get us! We're
 sinking!

COASTIE ONE (V.O.)
 Vessel calling Mayday, this is Coast
 Guard station Sandy Hook. What is
 your location?

SUSAN
 Location? I don't fucking know. Wait!
 We're in New York City!

FRED
 Well. Outside the city.

SUSAN
 Yeah! Outside the city. In the fucking
 water, outside the city.

COAST GUARD (V.O.)
 Vessel calling Mayday. Do you have a
 GPS on board?

A rogue wave SLAMS into Moon Calf. Fred and Susan are knocked
 off balance. They fall down into the oily water.

SERIES OF SHOTS: MOON CALF SHUTS DOWN

-- BELOW THE FLOOR: The sparking wire to the float switch
 has burned through. The bilge pump is silent.

-- HEAD: Water gushes in from the toilet. (Head valve athwart)

-- ENGINE ROOM: Water floods the batteries. Power loss.

-- MAIN CABIN: The light dies on the VHF.

-- COCKPIT: The SQUEAK of the autopilot ceases.

END INTERCUT:

INT. COAST GUARD (SANDY HOOK) - DAY

COASTIE ONE keys the microphone...

COASTIE ONE
Vessel calling Mayday. How many people
onboard and what is your location?

There's only the CRACKLE of STATIC.

COASTIE ONE
Vessel calling Mayday. This is Coast
Guard sector Sandy Hook. Do you read?

CRACKLE of STATIC. Coastie One turns to COASTIE TWO who hovers nearby.

COASTIE ONE
Hoax?

COASTIE TWO
She sounded pretty scared. Put out a
Pan-pan but keep the patrol in the
harbor. No one's stupid enough to go
offshore in this weather.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Moon Calf's engine still powers her forward.

INT. MOON CALF - DAY

The rising water floods the engine compartment. The engine air intake sucks in water. It shuts down.

Sudden silence.

Fred and Susan exchange a look of terror then, the ROAR of the wind, the close BOOM of thunder fill their senses.

They struggle to stand.

SUSAN
You really pissed her off.

FRED
I'm sorry, Moon Calf. Please don't
sink. I'll do better in the future.

*

But, Moon Calf ain't listening.

The water level continues to rise.

Soaked and terrified, they clutch each other, struck by realization that they are royally screwed.

SUSAN

What the fuck do we do now?

Susan casts around, her eyes land on Cat, hunkered down in the life jackets.

SUSAN

Life jackets!

They each grab one, which disturbs Cat. He shoots a malevolent look at the camera, HISSES, then leaps into the rising water.

Susan and Fred watch as Cat swims to the companionway then claws his way outside.

SUSAN

That is one retarded cat.

They splash over to peer outside.

EXT. MOON CALF - DAY

Cat claws his way to the life-raft canister. He signals with his tail: THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera --

SUPER: *#fuckinliferaftidiots*

Cat signals again -- THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Finally. Fred gets it.

FRED

Of course!

SUSAN

Is this a Nice Kitty moment? Cause if it is, I'm going to kill you both then build a life raft from your bloated, dead bodies.

FRED

Not necessary. Because we already have a F-ing. Life. Raft!

EXT. MOON CALF - DAY

Waves SPLOOSH over them as they scabble towards the canister.

Susan slips and BANGS her head. It's lights out.

Fred kneels beside her.

FRED
Susan! Susan! O.M.G.!

Fred pats her face to rouse her.

No response.

He pats her face a little harder.

No response.

Fred ponders. Should he whack her a good one?

Cat's body tenses. Watchful. Hopeful.

Nah. Fred shifts Susan's head to his lap then reaches for his cell phone.

Cat breaks the fourth wall, stares at the camera.

SUPER: *#squanderedwoo*

Fred panics after he remembers that his cell phone is no longer an option. He casts about, uncertain what to do.

Cat bats the string attached to the life-raft canister.

FRED
Inflator cord!

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera.

He drops the cord, grooms a paw. His work is done.

Fred drags the unconscious Susan to the stern.

He ties off the canister, yanks the inflator cord.

The force of inflation propels the lid across the cockpit...to BOINK off of Susan's head.

Cat and Fred exchange a look.

FRED
God did that.

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera.

SUPER: *#prayersanswered*

Fred struggles to launch the inflated raft.

The wind catches it...over she goes.

Fred tugs it in next to Moon Calf's hull, ties off then heaves the ditty bag into the life raft opening.

Cat casts a contemptuous look at Fred, leaps onto the life raft canopy, then claws his way inside.

Fred squares off against the howling wind, the building seas

SPLOOSH

He takes a wave square in the face.

SPLOOSH.

Another wave knocks him to his knees.

He claws himself upright, then hoists Susan up onto the gunwale. He aims for the opening of the life raft --

FRED

Okay, Sweetie. I've got this.

He heaves Susan overboard. Misses the opening.

Susan bobs in the water, her life jacket keeps her afloat.

Fred casts about, grabs a gaff then snags Susan's life jacket and, er, right ear lobe. *

FRED

(cringe)

Sorry, Sweetie.

He takes a desperate last look around.

Moon Calf's decks are awash, it's time to go.

He steels himself, lunges for the life raft opening --

Misses.

Panic in the water!

Susan and her gaff hook are now adrift.

Fred splashes like a frenzied dog to the life raft.

He clings like a limpet to the boarding platform, then scrabbles up to sprawl inside.

INT. ORANGE LIFE RAFT - DAY

Daylight has the interior orange and eerie. Fred pants, face down, then...

FRED
(remembers)
Susan!

Fred looks out to see

Susan. Still unconscious. Still adrift.

Fred rummages in the ditch bag, finds a coil of rope.

He knots one end around his waist, ties off the other end to the life raft then flops back into the water.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

PANIC!

Fred doggy paddles, with the help of wind and waves, to Susan.

He grabs her, then uses the rope to pull them back to the life raft.

Fred frees Susan's ear and life jacket from the gaff then climbs onboard, tugging her inside after him.

INT. LIFE RAFT - DAY

From the canopy opening, Fred watches Moon Calf flounder in the heavy seas.

The cabin top is awash. Nothing can save her now.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE (V.O.)
Cut yerself loose from Moon Calf or
she'll drag yea down wid her.

Fred unties the tether and sets them adrift.

One last look around --

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Gray skies, Mountainous waves as far as the eye can see.

INT. LIFE RAFT - DAY

Fred, terror on his face, ducks back inside.

He zips up the canopy opening.

Tossed about by the violent motion of the seas, Fred spoons Susan to stabilize her.

Cat braces with a paw then licks his fur.

Soothed somewhat by Cat's cavalier attitude...

FRED

Salt makes you thirsty. There might
not be any fresh water.

Cat pauses mid-lick. Mulls it over. Continues.

FRED

Maybe you're not as smart as you
think?

Cat moves on. To his genitals. He spends an inordinate amount
of time there, as if to make a point.

Fred's eyes flutter. It's all been too much. He clutches
Susan then closes his eyes against their fate.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CASH COW - DAY

Captain Caboose sits in the wheel-house. Computer monitors
reveal an extensive security array on board. He watches
Susan's video on his phone.

SUSAN (V.O.)

You can follow us on facebook,
instagram and twitter as we update
from various --

He replays.

SUSAN (V.O.)

You can follow us on facebook,
instagram and twitter --

"PING" a text. Captain Caboose stops the video to read...

BOSS MAN (TEXT)

*Prep Cash Cow and Moon Calf for
family. We arrive in one week.*

Uh-oh.

Captain Caboose thinks for a bit, thumbs a reply.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE (TEXT)

Moon Calf hauled for hull repairs.

BOSS MAN (TEXT)

One week. That is all.

Distracted from his musings by a KNOCK on the hull. Caboose
checks the security monitor --

INSERT ON MONITOR: Stewart.

Caboose exits the wheel house to join him.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Caboose takes in Stewart's flannel shirt, man-bun and beard then notes the clear polish on his manicured fingernails.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Ahoy.

STEWART

Hello. Captain Caboose? I'm looking for the boat Moon Calf?

Captain Caboose just stares at him.

STEWART

I'm Stewart. A friend of the...
(smirk)
Adventurers.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

They be gone.

STEWART

They actually left?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Aye. Set sail for New Jersey.

STEWART

So. They didn't leave for the Caribbean?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

(indignant)
I'd not allow two sprog lubbers to leave the harbor on me boat!

STEWART

Oh. So, they just wanted to look like they were leaving.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

None of me business, nor, I suspect, none of yours as well.

STEWART

Well, I wanted to follow their vlog. Could you tell me where in New Jersey?

Captain Caboose ignores him, goes back inside the pilot house.

Stewart thumbs his phone.

INT. CASH COW - LATER

Caboose has passed out. An empty rum bottle in one hand.

A KNOCK on the hull rouses him.

He checks the monitor --

INSERT ONSCREEN: Malia.

Caboose exits the wheel house to join her.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Malia keeps her pepper spray handy.

MALIA
Captain Caboose?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Aye. What brings such a lovely lass
to me lair?

MALIA
Lovely?
(blush)
No one's ever called me that before.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Ye as lovely as a ray of sunshine
after a winter's gale.

MALIA
(giggle)
Really?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Aye. Pretty as a peach, such as
schoolboys always long for when
they're hanging out of reach.

MALIA
Wow. You're a poet. Susan never
mentioned that.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
She speaks of me?

MALIA
Yes. Said you've suffered some sort
of head trauma? Think you're a pirate?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Pray, what else does she say?

Malia senses opportunity.

MALIA
Could I video you?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Will ye return the favor?

MALIA
You want to video me?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Aye. Mayhaps while engaged in other,
more zestful occupations?

MALIA
You're funny.

Caboose helps her onboard, gazes into her eyes.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
There be lots more merriment in me
britches.

Malia pockets her pepper spray, follows Caboose inside.

MALIA (O.S.)
So? Foreign accent syndrome? Can you
do Italian?

The door closes with an audible CLICK.

SUPER: #Later

It's dark out. The door opens.

Malia and Caboose emerge.

Malia, now drunker than shit, plays keep-away with Caboose's
phone.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Lass, I need me phone.

MALIA
Just wanna see us one more time.
(watches a video)
You're surprisingly adept. Who knew?
(grabs a fat roll)
Why can't I stay?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Aw, lassie. Tis hard to let you go.

Caboose pushes her up onto the dock.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
But, be a good lass?

MALIA
I want to be a bad lass.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Go to come again?

Malia laughs too loud and too long, then...

MALIA
I'm still lovely, right?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Aye.

MALIA
(dead serious)
So, we're together now? Always and forever?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
(jeez)
Um.

MALIA
Can I tell you a secret? Promise not to tell?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
(just go)
Lass --

MALIA
My book's not being published. I made it up so my boyfriend wouldn't leave me. Then, I'd be alone. Have nothing. No one...
(remembers)
But now I have you! You're mine, mine, mine. Can you believe I almost forgot?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
How I wish. Darling? Please go.

MALIA
Why? You expecting someone else?

She finger flicks him in the balls. Caboose SQUEAKS.

MALIA

Better not be.

Malia drunken staggers down the dock.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Christ on a fecking cracker.

Caboose cradles his balls, limps back inside.

INT. CASH COW - NIGHT

He sits down, opens another bottle of rum.

A voice sounds from the VHF radio...

COASTIE ONE

(through VHF)

Pan-pan. Pan-pan. Pan-pan. Hello all stations, hello all stations, hello all stations; this is the United States Coast Guard, Sandy Hook, United States Coast Guard, Sandy Hook, United States Coast Guard, Sandy Hook relaying a marine emergency broadcast:

Captain Caboose ups the volume.

COASTIE ONE

Break. At fourteen hundred Greenwich mean time a Vessel reported taking on water in New York harbor, exact location unknown. All vessels are urged to keep a sharp lookout, assist if possible and report all sightings to the U.S. Coast Guard. This is United States Coast Guard, sector Sandy Hook...out.

In a panic, Captain Caboose thumbs his phone --

INSERT ON PHONE: A chart of near coastal New York. A red dot shows the location of the life raft. It's in offshore waters.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Feck. Feck. Feck.

Caboose fires up an engine. VAROOOMMM. A second engine -- VAROOOMMM.

He heads outside to release the dock lines then back inside to maneuver Cash Cow out of her slip,

He points her bow down harbor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

The life raft is blown by wind and tossed by the seas.

INT. LIFE RAFT - NIGHT

External solar safety lights casts a glow through the thin orange canopy.

Fred's eyes open. Panic. Disorientation. Realization. He checks on Susan, who sleeps.

Cat's eyes gleam in the dim light.

FRED

You okay?

Blink.

FRED

Thirsty?

Blink.

FRED

Me, too.

Fred rummages through the ditty bag, finds sealed packets. He holds one up to the light --

Water!

He tears it open, drinks some, then offers it to Cat.

Cat takes his time, stretches, wobbles over in the heavy seas then, finally, sniffs the open packet.

FRED

Really?

Cat laps water.

Fred lets him finish it.

FRED

That's all for now. We'll get a better idea of what we have in the morning.

Cat curls back up, his eyes close.

Fred lays back down, clutches Susan close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEWART'S ROOM (NEW YORK) - NIGHT

Furnished years ago in early teenage-angst, Stewart still lives with his parents.

A product of his time, with only a vague grasp of what life in the real world might be like, frustration with his lack of momentum makes him petty and mean-spirited. He sits on a twin bed, opens his laptop.

He types --

INSERT ON SCREEN: *All at Sea? Or just pretending to be?*

STEWART

Who's a weenie now, bitch?

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

Cash Cow pitches and yawls, hindered by the seas.

INT. CASH COW - NIGHT

The helm is on autopilot. Captain Caboose, lashed to the helmsman seat, studies the chart plotter --

INSERT: Chart Plotter view of near coastal New York. Shows the previous course of Moon Calf and current position of the life raft via its tracking device.

Captain Caboose is unaware Moon Calf and the life raft are now on two separate journeys.

He takes a swig from a rum bottle, pushes a button to alter course, the wheel turns a bit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

Horizon melds into sky, a grey dawn breaking.

A TINY SPECK OF ORANGE

Bobs on the endless expanse of sea. It teases as it drifts up a wave...down a wave...up a wave.

The speak gets closer. Larger. We now see it's the

ORANGE LIFE RAFT

on a carnival funhouse ride, in a watery version of hell.

The raft teeters on the crest of a really jacked up swell.
The canopy shifts from movement inside --

SUSAN (O.S.)

Scurvy dog.

The raft plummets down the wave to be buffeted about in the foamy break.

INT. LIFE RAFT - DAY

Fred jerks awake.

Susan and Cat are in the middle of a glare-off.

FRED

Susan! You're okay?

SUSAN

Acourse. Why wouldn't I be?

(re: Cat)

Who's the scurvy dog?

Cat and Fred exchange a look.

FRED

That's Cat. He's our cat.

SUSAN

Come hither, scurvy dog. I be wanting
a word wid yea.

Cat looks at the camera --

Super: *#notachanceinhell*

FRED

Susan? Are you sure you're okay?

SUSAN

Well. Me still have the hunger, but
I no longer thirst.

Fred paws around in the ditch bag, all of the water packets are empty.

FRED

You drink all the water?

SUSAN

The thirst be prodigious.

FRED

But, that was all we had.

SUSAN

Man the boats. Row to shore.

Fred and Cat exchange a look of consternation.

FRED

Susan. Sweetie. Moon Calf sank.
We're adrift at sea. In a life raft.

SUSAN

Codswallop.

FRED

Codswallop?

SUSAN

Or bung-hole. Whichever yea prefer.

FRED

Sweetie. You hit your head and
(looks at Cat)
some other things happened. Maybe
you should just take it easy?

SUSAN

Bung-hole.

Susan's eyes droop.

SUSAN

Although. I am a bit snoozy.

She lays down and soon SNORES like a stevedore.

Cat watches her, then grooms a paw.

FRED

(to Cat)

Aren't you worried?

Cat moves on to his ball sack.

Fred rummages through the ditty bag.

He finds: a flashlight, first aid kit, solar water distiller,
signal mirror, flares and food bars but no water.

He reads the directions on the solar water distiller.

FRED

So. When things calm down I'll get
this thing set up.

Cat stares at him.

FRED

I've got this. We'll be okay.

Cat returns to his ball sack ablutions.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Cash Cow plows through the rough seas.

INT. CASH COW - DAY

Captain Caboose studies the chart plotter, opens a fresh bottle of rum. He peers out of a port to see --

The top of Moon Calf's mast. A few feet juts out of the water but as we watch, she sinks out of sight.

Caboose closes his eyes.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Feck.

He swigs from the rum bottle, eyes the red blinking circle on the electronic chart.

He adjusts course.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Okay, Lass. Ye be wanting an adventure to show the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIFE RAFT - DAY

Fred leans out and sets the solar-still adrift but still tethered to the life raft.

Cat watches with supreme indifference.

FRED

(to Cat)

The sun evaporates seawater and the vapor collects on the plastic dome. It runs down the sides where it collects in a little basin. We won't have much but it'll be something.

Cat yawns.

FRED

Oh. Sorry. Am I boring you? Want to hear something a tad more interesting? Of the three of us, you're the one most likely to become food.

Cat stares at Fred.

FRED

Um-uh. Put that in your ball sack and lick it. Endlessly.

Cat blinks.

FRED

Hey. I'm kidding. You know I'd never hurt you --

The RUMBLE OF ENGINES cuts Fred short. They look.

The hull of Cash Cow looms next to them. Captain Caboose comes out on deck.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Ahoy, mates!

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

The engines RUMBLE on Cash Cow but there is no forward motion. The life raft is now safely stowed on the aft deck.

INT. CASH COW (MAIN CABIN) - DAY

Fred sits next to Susan.

FRED

You okay?

SUSAN

Hungered to death.

FRED

Captain Caboose is bringing food.

Cat meanders into the room.

SUSAN

Scurvy dog.

Cat gives her a wide berth.

Captain Caboose enters with some food.

SUSAN

Victuals!

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Aye, Lassie. To keep yea strong.
 (to Fred)
 She seems a bit queer?

FRED
 Hit her head. Thinks she's a pirate.

Caboose studies Susan, then...

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Seems to suit.

He gives Cat a saucer of milk, who sniffs then declines.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Cheeky bugger.

FRED
 Cat doesn't do cow dairy. His body
 can't process it.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Ye don't say?

Captain Caboose and Cat have a glare-off.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 He'll be licking me arsehole when
 he's hungry enough.

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera --

SUPER: *#couldhappen*

FRED
 Sorry about your boat.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Me, as well.

FRED
 (nervous laugh)
 Hope it was insured.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Aye. Or I'd be using ye scrotum as a
 bait ball for sharks.

FRED
 Er. It's so awesome you came after
 us. How'd you find us?

Captain Caboose holds up a small silver disk.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Tracking device in yer ditch bag.

FRED
Well, thanks. We owe you our lives.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
That's what I be thinking, too.

FRED
Well. We did save your life.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Did ye now?

FRED
Yes. When you were choking?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Doesn't ring a bell. I'll be needing
a teensy favor. Business partners of
sorts. For me marvelous plan.

FRED
Plan?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Aye. To make us all rich and famous.

FRED
Oh.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Aye. What say we simulate a kidnapping
on the high seas? The good stuff.
Enslavement. Torture. Monkey sex. We
capture it on film --

FRED
We're in this mess because of a stupid
plan like that. If you could just
take us back to new York --

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Ye'll be well compensated. Equal
partners, I be thinking.

SUSAN
I'm in.

FRED
What? No. Nuh-uh. Ain't happening.

SUSAN
Tis a bonny plan.

FRED
 You want to have monkey sex with
 this guy?

Fred and Cat exchange a look of bewilderment.

FRED
 (to Susan)
 Who are you?

SUSAN
 I be Captain Susan, Pirate Queen.

Susan plumps her breasts, flashes the men a beatific smile.

A beat of silence, then...

FRED
 Those clothes are just a gimmick we
 used at the dock. That head boink
 scrambled your brains.

SUSAN
 Methinks ye own brains be scrambled.

FRED
 (to Caboose)
 She's not herself. We appreciate you
 rescuing us but it's really your
 fault we're here in the first place.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 How do ye reckon?

FRED
 You rented us a crazy boat.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Tis no such thing.

FRED
 You said Moon Calf was *teched in the
 bilge*.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Aye. A wire twas shorting on her
 float switch.

FRED
 Head valve athwart?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Every sailor knows ye never, ever
 leave a head valve athwart!

FRED

Well, what about the auto-pilot? We couldn't turn it off.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

The pilot be hard-wired into the batteries. A simple twist of a wire would be all it took.

FRED

You should have told us.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Ye never asked.

FRED

You knew we were inexperienced.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

I warned ye not to go.

FRED

You should have warned us harder.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Son. There comes a time when ye must chose to be a man. To think like a man, act like a man. Ye take responsibility for ye choices. Here. Let me show yea how it's done.

He pulls Susan to him. She doesn't resist.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

I'll be taking full responsibility for borrowing ye wench.

Captain Caboose whips out a rope, secures Fred to a chair.

FRED

You're really kidnapping us?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Tis a interesting notion. Keep a sharp look-out? Give a shout if we drift too close to land?

Captain Caboose escorts Susan out of the room.

FRED

Susan! No monkey sex! I draw the line at monkey sex!

Fred struggles at his restraints then hops the chair around to face a large window. He sees A SMALL ISLAND.

FRED

(to Cat)

Should we go for help? There might
be people? A phone?

Cat looks out at the island, unimpressed.

FRED

But. Should we leave Susan alone
with that nutjob? Anything could
happen. Monkey sex.

Cat blinks.

FRED

Tell me what I should do?

Cat has a sudden urge to attend to his ball sack.

FRED

Not possible. We've discussed this.

Lick. Lick.

FRED

Could you timeout on that for a minute
and untie me?

Lick. Lick.

FRED

I'll try to catch you some seafood?

Cat pauses.

FRED

Fresh fish?

Cat disappears behind Fred's chair. Fred is freed. Cat
saunters from the room. Fred follows him.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Late afternoon. The sun is low in the sky.

Cash Cow is still visible in the distance as Fred paddles
the life raft towards the small island. The paddle is lame.
Fred is unable to make any real headway.

LATER

The sun has set. Darkness closes in. The raft is no closer
to the island and there's no sign of Cash Cow.

INT. LIFE RAFT - DAY

Fred sprawls inside.

FRED

I should have stayed on the yacht
with Susan. God, I'm such a weenie!
Sorry to drag you into this.

Cat yawns, closes his eyes.

Soothed by Cat's nonchalance, Fred yawns. His eyes flutter,
then close.

They both sleep.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

The emergency lights of the life raft are the only artificial
light as far as the eye can see.

EXT. SMALL ISLAND - NIGHT

The faint glow of a quarter moon illuminates a **FIGURE** who
launches a small boat from the beach.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

The Figure uses a long paddle to scull the craft through the
water to the life raft, which is taken in tow before the
Figure heads back towards the island.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELLEN DEGENERES'S HOUSE (CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Ellen watches Fred's Nice Kitty You tube video on her tablet.

INSERT ON SCREEN:

Cat THUMPS his tail twice.

FRED

Cat starts off with the rapid-fire
double thump. Synonymous with F-off
this is the default tail thump for
Nice Kitties.

BACK TO SCENE

Ellen laughs, thumbs a text --

ELLEN (TEXT)
Book Nice Kitty.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CASH COW (STATEROOM) - DAY

CLOSE ON Captain Caboose's face. His eyes pop open. Panic. Lashed to bedposts, he struggles at his restraints.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
What the feck?

Susan sits on a chair next to the bed.

SUSAN
The word be fuck.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Mutiny on the high seas? Untie me!

SUSAN
Mutiny? Twas like taking candy from
a baby.
(pokes his belly)
A very fleshy baby. Why would the
boy leave in the wee rubber boat?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
To start afresh?

SUSAN
Ye dare mock yer Captain?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Captain?

SUSAN
Aye. Get used to the idea.

Susan cuts him loose with a kitchen knife.

SUSAN
Then pray tell how I'll use such a
corpulent sack of rat dung as crew?

She pokes him again.

Captain Caboose tugs his t-shirt down over his belly.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Tis me emergency rations.

He inches closer to her.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Pirates are known for their strong
 appetites. Their powerful desires.

He strokes the curve of her breast.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Savvy?

Susan thumps his ball sack. Caboose SQUEAKS. She holds the
 knife to his face.

SUSAN
 Touch me again and sing castrato.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 But, what of me bonny plan to gain
 fame and riches? Nassau and me pirate
 crew be but a days journey.

FREEZE FRAME

*SUPER -- Caboose's 'Pirate Crew' are just more middle-aged
 men who compensate for their lost youth by pretending to be
 pirates.*

END FREEZE FRAME BACK TO SCENE

SUSAN
 I make the plans on this boat.
 (poke)
 Enough of yer bilge, ye grog-snarfing
 monkey. We must find the boy.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Why so eager? The boy seemed weak. A
 wee bit of weenie.

He tugs at the laces of her bustier. A nipple springs loose.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Mayhaps yea be needing more weenie?

His face distorts into a grimace as Susan takes a death-grip
 on his balls.

SUSAN
 Ye'll shut yer trap and do as I say.
 Savvy?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 (squeak)
 Aye, aye, Captain.

She pins his arms then frog-marches him out of the cabin.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELLEN DEGENERES APARTMENT (CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Ellen is in a meeting with her Producer.

PRODUCER

Nice Kitty is MIA. He and his girlfriend embarked on an offline sailing adventure. There's footage of them the day they left but no updates.

ELLEN

Could something have happened to them?

The Producer shrugs.

ELLEN

Call their families and keep me updated.

EXT. SMALL ISLAND - NIGHT

In the scant moonlight we see the small boat and the life raft have been tied off to a coconut tree. Both surge back and forth in the gentle wash of waves at the shoreline.

The Figure is a young woman. **ELIE PETIT** (20) Gaunt, dressed in tattered clothes, she cooks fish over a fire.

She glances at the life raft, Cat sticks his head out.

Elie beckons with a piece of fish.

FREEZE FRAME:

SUPER: *Cat is a savant who knows all species of fish by their scientific name.*

END FREEZE FRAME --BACK TO SCENE:

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera.

SUPER: *#lutjanuscampechanus*

He races to her side.

INT. LIFE RAFT - NIGHT

Fred wakes up. Panic. Disorientation.

FRED

Cat?

No Cat.

Fred sticks his head out of the canopy to see Elie and Cat, all chummy, seated next to the small beach fire.

FRED

Hey!

Elie smiles and beckons.

Fred climbs out of the life raft, splashes to shore.

EXT. SMALL ISLAND - NIGHT

Elie, Fred and Cat sit around the fire.

FRED

Thanks for rescuing us! I'm Fred.

ELIE

(French accent)

Elie.

FRED

Nice to meet you, Elie. Are you here all alone?

ELIE

Oui. Shipwrecked. The fat idiot in his big boat goes by every week. He never looks. But, now I have you.

(pets Cat)

And le chat.

Fred watches as Cat PURRS and allows Elie to pet him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - SAME TIME

The moon is behind some clouds. Cash Cow ghosts through the water. Her navigation lights are off so she's hard to detect.

INT. CASH COW (WHEELHOUSE) - NIGHT

Captain Caboose and Susan are illuminated by the light of a chart-plotter. Caboose revs the engines back.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Here be where the boy jumped ship.

He scans the shore of the island with a night vision scope.

THROUGH SCOPE: Greenish hued sandy beaches gleam. There's only empty shoreline then...the life raft.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

There be the life raft.

Caboose scans further down the shoreline.

THROUGH SCOPE: Fred, Cat and Elie sit around the camp fire.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

And the boy.

Susan snatches the scope, looks --

THROUGH SCOPE: Elie feeds Fred by hand.

SUSAN

Who be the female?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Someone hungry for company?

SUSAN

The boy abandoned his duty. He must be punished.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Fifty lashes with the cat-o-nine.

SUSAN

I decide the punishment. It must fit the crime. But first, we journey to Nassau for crew.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Tis wiser to grab the boy now?

SUSAN

There may be others, ye parrot-loving, flea-ridden scoundrel. Do as I say and set sail for Nassau.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Aye-aye, Captain.

Captain Caboose sets the auto-pilot just before Susan shoves him out of the wheelhouse.

SUSAN

Methinks ye be needing a wee reminder of who be in charge of this ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL ISLAND - SAME TIME

Elie shoves fish into Fred's mouth.

FRED

(muffled)

This is very good. Thanks. But, my girlfriend's been abducted by a deranged pirate and needs medical help. People are probably worried about us. Could we borrow your boat? The raft doesn't paddle very well.

Elie shoves in more fish.

ELIE

First you eat. You'll need strength for such a long journey.

FRED

Really? How far is it?

Elie doesn't answer. She stands up, takes Fred by the hand and leads him into the bush.

Cat gets up and follows them.

INT. ELLEN DEGENERES OFFICE - DAY

Ellen is with her Producer.

ELLEN

Update on Nice Kitty?

PRODUCER

We found this facebook post.

INSERT ON TABLET: *All at Sea or just pretending to be?*

PRODUCER

The Coast Guard received a Mayday the day they left but they thought it might be a hoax.

ELLEN

Hoax?

PRODUCER

Happens alot. We also found the girlfriend's mother. She said they didn't intend to leave. Just planned to simulate stuff for their vlog.

ELLEN
Simulate?

PRODUCER
Make it up.

Ellen and the Producer have been here before.

ELLEN
Anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Cash Cow is underway. On autopilot. The seas are calm.

INT. CASH COW - DAY

THIS SCENE IS VIEWED ON A SECURITY MONITOR.

Susan trends towards dominatrix pirate queen.

She has further accessorized with stuff onboard: leather fishing harness, white shrimper boots. A large shark fishhook now serves as earring in her torn and bloody earlobe.

She looms over Captain Caboose who is secured, spread-eagled, face down on the bed.

SUSAN
Say me name.

Caboose wears a rough-fashioned head gear and ball gag of a submissive. Naked, his butt is reddened by numerous smallish hand prints.

Captain Caboose speaks around his ball gag...

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
(muffled, subtitled)
Captain Susan, pirate queen, all powerful master she-bitch from the furthestmost reaches of hell.

SUSAN
Say ye own name.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
(muffled, subtitled)
Needle-dick Caboose, the bug fecker.

SUSAN
Bug *fucker*.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 (muffled, subtitled)
 Fecker.

She spanks his butt with her bare hand. Over and over.

SUSAN
 Fucker. Fucker. Fucker.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 (muffled, subtitled)
 Fecker. Fecker. Fecker. Arrgh.

He writhes around. An orgasm or a seizure. Hard to tell.
 When it's over, he lays there, HUFFS through his nostrils.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 (muffled, subtitled)
 Bug fucker.

SUSAN
 Good lad.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 (muffled, subtitled)
 Thankee, Captain Susan, pirate queen,
 all powerful master she-bitch from
 the furthestmost reaches of hell.

Susan slaps his ass a final time then exits the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMALL ISLAND (BEACH) - DAY

A fire heats the contents of a large black pot. Fred and
 Cat, imprisoned in a sturdy cage made from bamboo, watch as
 Elie sharpens a machete.

FRED
 Smells yummy. What's for dinner?

Elie mimes drawing a blade across her throat.

FRED
 You do know this is the 21st century?
 There's supermarkets and fast food.

Elie returns to sharpening her blade.

FRED
 And people like Ellen Degeneres.
 Have you heard of her? She's my role
 model. Although I have to watch her
 everyday or I can forget --

Elie inspects the edge of the blade with a finger. It cuts her. She sucks the blood.

FRED

-- to be kind. Has it been awhile since you've seen her show? Did you maybe...forget? We could help each other remember? Say it with me, Elie? Be kind to one another. Be kind to one another.

Elie's attention is caught elsewhere.

She darts into the bush --

We hear the SCREAM of a small animal.

She returns with a largish rodent-looking animal about the size of a cat.

It's throat is cut. Blood drips.

Elie tosses it into the pot.

Fred and Cat exchange a look.

FRED

(to Cat)

Kindness could be lost in translation.

ELIE

(French accent)

Hunger renders kindness superfluous, you dumb, fat, spoiled American.

FRED

Fat?

He looks to Cat who feigns interest elsewhere.

FRED

Okay. I'm a little pudgy. Still, here you perform the ultimate act of kindness. You're a hungry person who intends to share your meal. Ellen would be proud.

ELIE

Maybe not so proud, since you are the meal.

FRED

You really intend to eat us, Elie?

Elie doesn't answer. She tends to her pot.

FRED
 (like a mantra)
 Be kind to one another. Be kind to
 one another.

EXT. NASSAU, BAHAMAS (HARBOR) - DAY

Mailboats. Conch boats. Mega-yachts. Sailboats. Jet skis.
 All vie for right-away in the crowded harbor.

Cash Cow eases along at idle speed.

INT. CASH COW - DAY

Captain Caboose is at the helm, he wears the head harness
 with a ball gag.

Susan is now even more alarming in appearance. She swigs
 from a rum bottle, points to an area out of the main channel.

EXT. NASSAU HARBOR - DAY

The anchor on Cash Cow splashes into crystal clear water.

INT. CASH COW -WHEELHOUSE - DAY

(THIS SCENE IS VIEWED ON A SECURITY MONITOR)

Susan takes the ball gag out of Caboose's mouth.

SUSAN
 Go ashore and gather the men. Any
 funny business and ye'll dearly pay.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Aye. Aye. Captain.

He sits there.

SUSAN
 Now. Ye fleshy bilge rat.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 Permission to speak. Candid-like?

SUSAN
 Out with it.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 This next part be a mite tricky.
 See, me mates won't be keen on the
 idea of a lass running the show?

SUSAN
 They'll need a wee bit of wooing?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Aye. Tis a manhood thing. So, might ye allow me to direct this next bit of action?

She re-inserts the ball gag.

SUSAN

Manhood thing, ye say?

Caboose nods. Susan thumps his balls. Caboose SQUEAKS into his ball gag.

SUSAN

Nay. Tis now a womanhood thing.

CUT TO

INT. NEW YORK NEWS STATION - DAY

A NEWSWOMAN reports...

NEWSWOMAN

Five days ago, this young couple --

INSERT: Picture of Fred and Susan on Moon Calf.

NEWSWOMAN

-- reportedly left New York harbor in a small sailboat. Or did they?

OTHER STATIONS WEIGH IN:

NEWSMAN

...intended to simulate their experiences.

REPORTER

...make stuff up for a fake blog.

REPORTER 2

...this young couple could face a fine of \$20,000 dollars.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SMALL ISLAND (BUSH CAMP) - NIGHT

Elie sleeps next to the banked fire.

Fred signals Cat.

A simulated fight breaks out inside the cage.

Cat draws blood.

FRED

Hey! You don't actually hurt me!

Elie sits up, on high alert.

Fred and Cat tussle inside the cage.

Elie undoes the chain on the cage door --

Fred smashes the door against her, knocks her down, grabs her machete then he and Cat CRASH through underbrush as they make their way to the

BEACH

Where Elie catches up to them. She wields a knife.

Fred brandishes the machete.

FRED

Can't we just be kind to one another?

Elie thrusts. A cut opens on Fred's arm.

FRED

Arrggh. What would Ellen do?

Cat lunges for Elie's ankle.

Elie's blade goes SWISH. Cat loses some whiskers.

FRED

Hey! Pick on someone your own size.

Fred jabs, but doesn't have it in him to hurt Elie.

Cat does.

He leaps to latch onto her knife hand with his fangs.

Elie drops the knife and flings Cat to the sand.

Fred picks up the knife as Elie flees into the bush.

Cat starts after her --

FRED

Let her go. We'll salvage stuff from the raft, take her boat and get the hell out of here.

Fred ducks inside the life raft then reemerges with the ditty bag. The two race to Elie's boat.

Fred tosses the bag inside, Cat hops in, then Fred tugs the boat into knee-deep water.

He climbs onboard and paddles like hell.

Elie charges out of the bush, enters the water and splashes towards them. She grabs the side of the boat.

Fred WHACKS her with the flat edge of the paddle.

She disappears underwater.

FRED

(to Cat)

Don't tell Susan I did that.

Fred and Cat wait for her to surface.

Ten seconds pass.

Cat looks at Fred.

FRED

Come on. I didn't hit her that hard.

Cat blinks.

FRED

Do you think?

Cat blinks.

FRED

Dead? No. I couldn't kill anybody.

(sob)

I killed her. I killed that poor,
young woman --

SPLOOSH!

Elie lunges out of the water, grabs Cat in a net, then disappears beneath the surface.

FRED

What just happened?

Fred jumps in.

He sinks, then claws his way to the surface.

He dives again.

Surfaces.

FRED
 CAT! Noooooooooo!

He climbs back into Elie's boat.

Drifts. Dark night of the soul.

INT. NEW YORK NEWS STATION - NIGHT

A NEWSWOMAN reports...

NEWSWOMAN
 A week has passed since the
 disappearance of this young vlogger
 couple.

INSERT: Susan and Fred on Mooncalf video.

NEWSWOMAN
 National outrage grows as their
 continued silence has sparked a
 renewed search for their vessel by
 the U.S. Coast Guard. Some say this
 an unwarranted use of emergency
 resources funded by taxpayers and
 they intend to push for prosecution
 when the couple finally resurface.

EXT. NASSAU HARBOR - NIGHT

Caboose and **FOUR PUDGY MEN** paddle a dinghy towards Cash Cow.
 Stealthy, quiet, then

CHRUNCKLE

They bump against the stern.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 (hisses)
 Quiet. Ye scurvy bunch of butt plugs!

Caboose and the Four Men climb

ONBOARD

to confer in hushed tones.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 First, we gain control of the ship --

FIRST GUY (45) bald, missing teeth.

FIRST GUY
 Then, make the female cry?

SECOND GUY (45) massive girth, pony-tail.

SECOND GUY
Make her cook?

THIRD GUY (45) red-faced, sweaty.

THIRD GUY
Gag her so she can't speak?

FOURTH GUY (45) short, small hands.

FOURTH GUY
Make her our bitch?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Ye'll not harm a hair on her head
ye scurvy sacks of schlong sandwiches.
We gain the upper hand then graciously
appeal to her reason. She'll
understand we've only her best
interests at heart.

The Four Men snicker.

FIRST GUY
Right.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Cross me and I'll fuck ye all sideways
with a fossilized whale dick, ye
crepuscular-headed anemones.

FIRST GUY
So, what happens after we subdue the
female and take back the boat?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
We execute me marvelous plan to make
us all rich and famous.

FIRST GUY
So, she cries?

SECOND GUY
Cooks?

THIRD GUY
Never speaks?

FOURTH GUY
Sucks me dick?

Captain Caboose gets in Fourth Guy's face.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 I be deciding whose dick she sucks.
 The lass is not herself. I desire
 that ye all treat her kindly.

The Four Men exchange smirks.

FIRST GUY
 Sure.

INT. CASH COW (MAIN SALON) - NIGHT

SUPER: *#ashortwhilelater*

(THIS SCENE IS VIEWED ON A SECURITY MONITOR)

Captain Caboose and the Four men are on the floor, trussed up, with gags in their mouths.

Susan paces in front of them.

SUSAN
 Well, lads. Ye skills be lacking. As
 yer Captain, I'll be schooling ye on
 how to be real men. One on one.
 (wink)
 Mano y womano?

Susan strides over to First Guy, yanks him to this feet.

SUSAN
 Ye be up first.

Ball gags MUFFLE SOUNDS OF FEAR AND PROTEST from the other Men as Susan hauls First Guy from the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL ISLAND (BUSH CAMP) - NIGHT

Fred, crouched behind a bush, spies on Elie.

She's at the fire.

He crawls close to Cat, now back in the cage.

FRED
 (hiss)
 Cat.

Cat peers in his direction, blinks a hello.

Fred signals a plan. Cat blinks okay.

Fred disappears into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CASH COW - NIGHT

(VIEWED ON A SECURITY MONITOR)

SERIES OF SHOTS: SUSAN SCHOOLS THE MEN

-- Susan enters. Dumps First Guy on the floor.

-- Susan yanks up Second Guy, drags him from the room.

-- Susan enters. Dumps Second Guy on the floor.

-- Susan yanks up Third Guy, drags him from the room.

-- Susan enters. Dumps Third Guy on the floor.

-- Susan yanks up Fourth Guy, drags him from the room.

-- Susan enters. Dumps Fourth Guy on the floor.

END SERIES OF SHOTS -- BACK TO SCENE

The guys huddle together.

MUFFLED, WHIMPERED SOUNDS OF TERROR.

Susan pats Caboose on the head.

SUSAN

Ye be me quartermaster. Ye other men --

MUFFLED WHIMPERS subside to hear...

SUSAN

Rest up.

The Men MOAN and squirm at their restraints.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL ISLAND (BUSH CAMP) - DAY

Fred is now locked in the bamboo cage with Cat.

FRED

I said I was sorry.

Cat won't look at him.

FRED

Ellen would forgive me.

Cat closes his eyes. Fred is on ignore.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Cash Cow is underway. She plows through calm water.

INT. CASH COW - WHEEL HOUSE - DAY

Caboose is at the helm. As Susan's current favorite, he's free from his ball gag and enjoys a teensy bit of autonomy.

Susan searches for a signal with his smartphone.

SUSAN

One bar!

She reads through his text messages.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Might I have a gander?

Susan shoves the ball gag into his mouth, thumbs the phone.

SUSAN

An abundance of messages from someone named Malia?

She reads, then slaps Caboose.

SUSAN

Ye fucked her?

Caboose panics. Shakes his head.

She slaps him about his head and shoulders.

SUSAN

Ye fleshy bilge rat. Tis trouser meat treason! You'll hang from the hempen halter this very morn.

She revs back the engines.

SUSAN

Any final words?

She plucks the ball gag out.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

I have powerful feelings for ye?

SUSAN

Ye lie to save yerself, ye yellow-bellied ballast pig.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Nay, she-bitch. I be only a simple-minded man, with limited reason. I need ye to tell me how to be, what to do. I be lost without ye.

Susan mulls it over, then...

SUSAN

True enough, ye mutinous blowfish. I'll spare ye and yer traitorous cock for now.

(thumps it)

But, I'll not forget.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

(squeaks)

Thankee, Captain Susan, pirate queen, all powerful master she-bitch from the furthest reaches of hell.

EXT. CASH COW - LATER

Cash Cow is anchored at the small island.

The stern section is open.

THE FOLLOWING SCENES ARE RECORDED SURREPTITIOUSLY BY CABOOSE ON HIS SMARTPHONE:

The Four Men launch an INFLATABLE then clamber inside.

Susan appears, dressed in full dominatrix pirate regalia.

Magnificent in the moonlight, she sniffs the night air.

SUSAN

Tis a fine night for dark deeds.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Aye. Captain Susan, pirate queen, all powerful master she-bitch from the furthest reaches of hell.

Captain Caboose prompts the Four Men, who all wear ball gags.

FOUR MEN

(muffled, subtitled)

Aye. Captain Susan, pirate queen, all powerful master she-bitch from the furthest reaches of hell.

Susan points towards shore.

SUSAN
Lads. Row as ye fuck.

Muffled WHIMPERS from the men as they row.

EXT. SMALL ISLAND (BEACH) - NIGHT

The group gathers around Elie's boat.

SUSAN
Proceed with stealth.

She beckons for the Men to follow her into the

BUSH

We hear their muted WHIMPERS as they tag along. Susan signals for silence as they come upon

ELIE'S BUSH CAMP

They crouch in the shadows and watch as Elie tends her fire.

Fred and Cat are asleep in the cage.

Susan indicates that they retreat.

BACK AT THE BEACH

Susan paces, lost in thought.

Caboose and the four men WHIMPER and MOAN.

Susan raises her spanking hand for silence.

The Men grow quiet.

SUSAN
Now be yer chance to prove yer courage
and cunning. Do well and I be
predisposed to share more of me booty,
in the future.

The WHIMPERS resume in earnest.

SUSAN
Not *that* booty, ye daft scrotum sacks.
The spoils! Swag! Plunder! Ye mentally
hindered baboons!

The MUFFLED WHIMPERS change to MUFFLED SOUNDS OF APPROVAL.

SUSAN

Ye be willing to do me bidding without
censor or question? To live as a
rogue and to die as one, too?

Five heads bob.

FIVE MEN TOGETHER

(muffled, subtitled)

Aye. Captain Susan, pirate queen,
all powerful master she-bitch from
the furthestmost reaches of hell.

SUSAN

Do ye swear undying fealty to ye
Pirate Queen and master?

FIVE MEN TOGETHER

(muffled, subtitled)

Aye. Captain Susan, pirate queen,
all powerful master she-bitch from
the furthestmost reaches of hell.

SUSAN

So? We do this thing?

FIVE MEN TOGETHER

(muffled, subtitled)

Aye! Captain Susan, pirate queen,
all powerful master she-bitch from
the furthestmost reaches of hell.

SUSAN

Here be the plan.

She pauses for dramatic effect, then...

SUSAN

(sings)

We pillage, plunder, we rifle and
loot. We kidnap and ravage and not
give a hoot --

The Men all exchange looks of consternation.

SUSAN

What now? Ye bilious tree toads?

Susan removes Captain Caboose's ball gag.

SUSAN

Speak up or lose ye tongue.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Ye plan be a bonny one, but --

He falters, looks to the other men who nod encouragement.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Disney has a prior claim.

Breathless silence.

Susan struggles to restrain herself. She glowers at the Men and sings through clenched teeth...

SUSAN
We extort and pilfer, we filch and
sack. Maraud and embezzle and even
high jack.

The Men WHIMPER and MOAN as Susan reinserts Captain Caboose's ball gag. She pins them all with a look.

SUSAN
Savvy?

FIVE MEN TOGETHER
(muffled, subtitled)
Aye, Captain Susan, pirate queen,
all powerful master she-bitch from
the furthestmost reaches of hell.

Susan eases into the bush. The Five Men WHIMPER and MOAN as they follow her.

Caboose records it all with his smartphone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL ISLAND (BUSH CAMP SITE) - LATER

THIS SCENE IS FILMED ON CABOOSE'S SMART PHONE.

Fire light reveals the camp site is in shambles.

The cage door hangs open.

Fred, Cat and the four Men gaze in horror at Susan who lays on the ground. Unconscious. A bloody bump on her forehead.

Elie holds a knife to her throat.

No one moves, then Fred steps forward and opens his shirt to expose his pudgy, slacker belly.

FRED
Elie?
(grabs belly fat)
Come and get it.

Captain Caboose hands off the smart phone to First Guy who continues to record.

Caboose shoves Fred aside then yanks up his own shirt --

IN SLOW MOTION:

Think beer belly unchained. Gelatinous, jiggly, sweaty fat shimmers and shakes in the moonlight.

END SLOW MOTION -- BACK TO SCENE:

Elie lowers the knife in stunned reverence. Fred wrenches the knife from her grasp.

Elie stays transfixed by Captain Caboose.

Susan opens her eyes, stunned at the scene before her.

SUSAN
What the fuck?

FRED
Sweetie!

Fred hurries to her side.

SUSAN
Don't call me Sweetie. Where are we?
(re: Caboose)
What the hell is he doing here?

FRED
The boat sank. You hit your head
and...uh...weren't yourself.

He helps her to her feet. The men WHIMPER and MOAN.

SUSAN
What the hell happened to them?

The men WHIMPER and MOAN a tad louder.

FRED
Uh. I believe you did?

Elie grabs a handful of Caboose's belly fat.

SUSAN
Hands off! Ye skinny strumpet. The
fat blowfish be mine!
(frown)
Whoa? What the hell was that?

FRED
Let's get you onboard and I'll tell
you everything I know. Captain Caboose
can fill you in on the rest.

SUSAN

I hope somebody recorded this shit.

Caboose holds up his smart phone.

SUSAN

Good stuff?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Ye decide.

INT. CASH COW - DAY

Everyone is gathered around the security monitors. The final moments of a video plays --

INSERT ON MONITOR: Susan, as dominatrix pirate queen. She pats Captain Caboose on the head.

SUSAN

Ye be me quartermaster. Ye other men --

The WHIMPERS subside to hear.

SUSAN

Rest up.

The Four Men MOAN and squirm at their restraints.

END VIDEO -- BACK TO SCENE:

Captain Caboose shuts the video off.

Silence. No one looks at Susan.

SUSAN

Holy fucking shit.

The Men WHIMPER and MOAN.

SUSAN

(to Men)

Guys. I'm so sorry. I mean, like, what the fuck? Right? It's like I turned into a man.

The Men WHIMPER and MOAN.

SUSAN

Okay. Hang tight. We'll get you some PTSD counseling when we get back.

(to Caboose)

How quick can we get to New York?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Tis a days journey.

SUSAN

We need internet ASAP.

FRED

Huh?

SUSAN

You've seen the videos.

FRED

But...you abused those men.
Objectified, then brutalized them.

SUSAN

(to Men)

How'd it feel, guys? Did you secretly
want it? Deserve it? Like it?

The Men MOAN and shake their heads.

SUSAN

No? I'm really, really sorry I did
that to you but welcome to my world.

FRED

Come on, Susan. You've never been
treated the way you treated these
men.

Susan stays silent.

FRED

You never said anything.

SUSAN

You mean why didn't I add my noise
to the rising din? To what end? Are
the people who can do something about
it even listening?

FRED

I'm sorry that happened to you, but
you can't release those videos. You'll
be crucified. Think what your father
would say if he were still alive?

SUSAN

Maybe we'll find out. He didn't die.
He abandoned us. Mom pretended he
died and made me go along with it.
Fred. You're a nice guy but you
abandoned me, too.

FRED

I went for help.

SUSAN

You always opt out when things get difficult.

ELIE

Not true. Fred risked his life trying to save you. He did not have it easy with me.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

And the boy got ye into the raft when Moon Calf sank. He saved yer life after ye bonked yer head and...uh...restyled yerself.

The Four Men WHIMPER and MOAN.

SUSAN

Okay. Okay. Sorry. I obviously have some stuff to work on. But, to my mind, these videos show how shocking any abuse is but especially when it's at the hands of a woman.

One long, collective MOANNNNNN from the men.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

I trust the world will miss ye point and tie ye to the whipping post.

Susan turns to Elie, the only other female.

SUSAN

What do you think?

ELIE

Six months ago I spent my life's savings for passage to Miami. But, the boat was overcrowded and unsafe. It sank. I was the only survivor. Greed cost sixty Haitians their lives. The owner was a woman. Mankind needs to do better. Both men and women.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Elie? Where would ye like to go now?

ELIE

New York?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
 (to Men)
 Prepare to get underway.

SUSAN
 What the fuck ye scurvy
 sacks be waiting for?

The Men WHIMPER and MOAN.

SUSAN
 Sorry. Sorry. What he said.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Cash Cow plows through moderate seas.

INT. CASH COW (MAIN SALON) - DAY

Fred and Susan are alone. Fred uses Caboose's smartphone.

FRED
 Gee. The world really hates us.

SUSAN
 Fame on the internet is like being
 rich in Monopoly.

FRED
 I thought being famous would make
 people like us? Look up to us? Then
 we could make a difference in the
 world...like Ellen.

SUSAN
 We were idiots.

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera --

SUPER: *#characterarc*

SUSAN
 Caboose said Malia made up the story
 about her publishing deal.

Silence as they ponder that particular crazy, then...

FRED
 Susan? Are we still together?

SUSAN
 Do you want to be?

Nope. It just wasn't meant to be.

Captain Caboose enters.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Pardon the intrusion?
(to Susan)
A moment? If ye please?

Fred hugs Susan then leaves.

Caboose clears his throat, then...

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Lass --

SUSAN
I'm not uploading the videos.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Praise Neptune.

SUSAN
I'm pretty sure I'd be crucified.
Also...I'm getting some counseling.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Good on ye. Lass --

SUSAN
Fred and I broke up.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Which brings me to the matter which
occupies me mind...
(takes her hand)
And me heart.

SUSAN
Uh-oh.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
I only ask that ye not forget me?

SUSAN
Okaaay.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Will ye swear? Sealed with a kiss?

SUSAN
Uh. No.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
A teensy peck on the lips?

SUSAN
Nope.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Sassy smooch?

SUSAN
Nuh-uh.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Cozy canoodle?

SUSAN
No way.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
May I at least tweak a nipple?

SUSAN
If I can thump your ball sack?

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Fair enough.

Captain Caboose strokes the curve of Susan's breast then tweaks a nipple.

Susan SQUEAKS, then thumps his ball sack. Caboose SQUEAKS.

They smile at each other.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Go again?

SUSAN
Sure.

Caboose tweaks. Susan SQUEAKS.

Susan thumps. Caboose SQUEAK.

Tweak. SQUEAK.

Thump. SQUEAK.

Tweak. SQUEAK.

Thump. SQUEAK.

Clearly meant for each other, let's give them some privacy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR (ENTRANCE) - NIGHT

Channel markers flash red and green.

The lights of the city glow as Cash Cow ghosts up the channel.

INT. CASH COW - NIGHT

Everyone is crowded in the wheel house.

Captain Caboose revs the engines back.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
(to: the Four Men)
Ready the life raft.

They exit the wheel house.

Fred shakes Caboose's hand.

FRED
It's been...real.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
Aye. Ye be a man, now.

FRED
You really think so?

Cat breaks the fourth wall, looks at the camera --

SUPER: *#whateverletswrapthishitup*

Elie hugs Fred.

ELIE
Au revoir, Fred.

FRED
We stay in touch?

ELIE
Oui.

Fred and Elie leave the wheelhouse with Cat.

Caboose and Susan are alone. He tweaks Susan's nipple.

SQUEAK.

Susan thumps Caboose's ball-sack.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE
(squeak)
Tis time.

EXT. CASH COW - DAY

The Four Men wait on the stern.

SUSAN
I never got your names?

FIRST GUY
Larry.

SECOND GUY
Bud

THIRD GUY
Kenny.

FOURTH GUY
Dink.

SUSAN
Sorry, guys. I promise to do better.

WHIMPERS.

Susan climbs into the life raft. Fred follows with Cat.

Captain Caboose sets them adrift. He watches the life raft until its safety lights merge with the lights of the city.

Gone.

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - DAY

Sunny day. The life raft drifts just outside the

MAIN CHANNEL

Where a coast guard inflatable plows through the water. Onboard are the two Coasties from the Mayday scene.

The inflatable changes course and heads towards the raft.

INT. NEW YORK NEWS - LATER

The Newswoman reports...

NEWSWOMAN
The Coast Guard has rescued a young couple in New York harbor this morning. Found adrift in a life raft, they have been identified as Fred Moore and Susan Lucre, the two vloggers who were accused of faking an adventure at sea. Their boat sank just a few miles offshore --

ANOTHER NEWSROOM

NEWSPERSON

Truth has become stranger than fiction
as it was believed the young couple
had every intention of faking an
adventure...

ANOTHER NEWSROOM

NEWSMAN

...requesting privacy at this time.
It seems many of us now owe this
young couple an apology.

EXT. MARINA IN NEW YORK - DAY

Cash Cow is back in her slip.

INT. CASH COW - DAY

BOSS MAN (40s) rich dude, you know the type, is on his phone.

BOSS MAN

Correct. A total loss. Wire the money
into my account. That is all.

He hangs up, turns to Caboose who clutches the security camera
flash drives and boat smartphone.

BOSS MAN

That is my property which you retain.

Caboose opens the door and throws everything overboard.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Slipped right through me fingers.

BOSS MAN

Please gather your belongings, Mr.
Caboose. You have fifteen minutes to
vacate the premises.

Captain Caboose leaves the pilot house.

EXT. MARINA DOCK - DAY

He encounters Pee-Wee (head valve athwart) on the dock.

PEE-WEE

Hey, dude. Can I use your head, Man?
I gotta take a whizz.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Sure. Use the one in the aft cabin.

PEE-WEE

Far out, Man.

Pee-wee heads down the dock.

Captain Caboose bangs on the wheel house door to distract Boss man from the security cameras.

BOSS MAN

Our business has been concluded.

ON SECURITY MONITOR: Pee-wee enters the aft cabin.

CAPTAIN CABOOSE

Right.

Caboose turns and walks down the dock.

EXT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Susan exits an Uber. She takes a breath to steady herself then goes to the front door and knocks.

Beverly opens the door. A daiquiri in hand.

BEVERLY

The sailor home from the sea?

SUSAN

Mom --

BEVERLY

My baby!

After a tearful hug Susan takes the daiquiri from Beverly.

SUSAN

We need to talk.

INT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Both are on the sofa, some stuff has been rehashed...

SUSAN

We can't control other people, only our response to them.

BEVERLY

So, Honey. What's next for you?

Susan goes to a table and sorts through mail. She keeps the bills with her name on them.

SUSAN

Owning my personal shit is a good first step.

INT. BEVERLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Susan vlogs on her laptop --

INSERT ON SCREEN: Susan's face looms...

SUSAN

(to camera)

So, what have I learned from my little adventure? Well, be honest with yourself and own your own shit. Fame isn't a worthwhile pursuit, people. It just makes you more, not less vulnerable. Nothing can shield you from the constant exposure, the unrelenting judgment. Every worse fear about yourself will be exposed and dissected. You'll be trampled and loathed. Being famous means you get noticed but not necessarily understood, appreciated or loved. Nowadays, I'll take obscurity any day over fame. But, that's not to say fame is bad for everyone --

CUT TO:

INT. STEWART'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stewart watches television.

INSERT ON TELEVISION: The opening credits for the Ellen Generous Show.

Ellen dances onto the stage and up through the audience.

Love bounces back and forth, between Ellen and her audience. She sits down, her bright blue eyes twinkle.

ELLEN

(into microphone)

Our next guest was on a boat which sank, was adrift in a life raft, abducted by a pirate and escaped a female cannibal. He's here to share his adventures with us. Please welcome, Mr. Nice Kitty himself. Cat!

Cat crosses the stage, then stops to lick his ball sack.

NERVOUS TITTERS FROM THE AUDIENCE.

ELLEN

Cat? Uh. When you're finished could you join us over here?

Ellen holds up a big cardboard check.

ELLEN

I've got something for you?

LICK. LICK.

ELLEN

Ten thousand dollars.

Cat pads across stage and jumps up onto his celebrity chair.

Ellen gives him a food bowl. Cat bookends the opening celebrity shot by presenting his fluffy orange buttocks to the audience as he eats.

Cameras zoom in on his bright pink butt-hole.

ELLEN

Cat! We've heard about all of your exciting adventures. Fred told us you saved his life multiple times.

The camera pans over a **CAPTIVATED AUDIENCE** then zooms back in on Cat as he sits down and surveys the crowd.

ELLEN

Anything in particular you'd care to share with us? Anything at all?

Cat breaks the fourth wall, stares at the camera --

SUPER: *#Iamcat*

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: *EPILOGUE*

Susan has enrolled in anger management classes and her mother is now in AA. The first step of change is being aware of your own shit...right?

They're also campaign volunteers for a candidate with plans to run for President in 2020. The candidate is experienced, literate, honest and well-coiffed, so fingers crossed that the current bozo becomes a distant dream.

Fred and Elie head a organization which helps Haitians fight deportation after their TPS (Temporary Protective Status) is rescinded. Google what it means, if you don't know. Give a shit.

Captain Caboose bought a boat and runs charters in the Virgin islands. Tourists think he's a real pirate so he's happy. He also teaches local kids how to sail and tries to avoid Malia, who stalks him. Susan has promised to visit soon.

The Four Men started a support group for men who have been abused by women.

Stewart is now an Uber driver.

The truth is...

#weallneedtodobetter

FADE OUT: