

Finestkind

written by
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FADE IN:

1 INT. DARKENED SPACE - NIGHT

1

KYLE, COSTA, SKEEMO, NUNES and CHARLIE sit in a tight circle in the dark. It's hard to say where we are. Charlie's early 20s, the rest of them 30 give or take. Kyle is filthy, his face smeared in dirty oil.

NUNES

My dad wanted me to be a doctor. You believe that shit?

The space suddenly heaves, taking them up and dropping them back down. Are they inside some amusement park ride? Nunes tries not to show he's terrified as he continues.

NUNES (CONT'D)

So one day I finally said to him, "Dad, I ain't even gonna graduate from goddamn high school." I mean, fuck, I don't think he was paying too much attention.

SKEEMO

He could've been not paying attention from Florida or Arizona. At least he was home.

COSTA

Home? Fuck home. My old man was home all the time. Hating us every inch of it. Day my momma died, I swear to God, the only thing killing the party for him was us kids didn't die with her. But he was home, oh yeah. Finestkind.

Kyle looks him over, the hardest of the bunch which is saying something. A natural leader, USMC home inked on his forearm.

KYLE

You wanted a hero. But you just got another guy trying to figure it out. That's all.

COSTA

Bullshit. You hate your father.

KYLE

Hate's a strong word. I do know I ain't bitchin' about him.

COSTA

(looks to Charlie)
What's the deal, Charlie?
(MORE)

COSTA (CONT'D)
 Why does Kyle hate the old man so
 much? You hate him, too? Did Ray
 beat the shit outta you?

Charlie starts answering, is overcome by the need to puke. He
 turns, throws up over his shoulder. Skeemo and Costa CHEER:
 "Attaboy!" What fucking world are we in?

KYLE
 Ray ain't Charlie's father.

NUNES
 I thought you were brothers.

KYLE
 We're half brothers, numbskull.

SKEEMO
 No shit. Which half?

That gets punch-drunk LAUGHS. As the space HEAVES again,
 Kyle looks at Charlie, just shrugs a sort of apology to him.

KYLE
 Careful what you wish for, huh?

CUT TO:

2 EXT. PIER THREE - NEW BEDFORD - DAY

2

SPARKS RICOCHET as Kyle arc welds a bead, fixing a metal
 "shoe" to a scallop dredge. Standing on the work deck of the
 F/V MONDEGO, he lifts the visor sees Charlie standing there
 watching him. Kyle smiles. It changes everything about him.

KYLE
 Charlie! What did you do, take a
 wrong turn? Civilization's that way.

Kyle points back the way he came. Charlie smiles. Kyle caps
 off the welder, sets it down. All good natured.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 When was the last time I saw you? I
 can't even remember.

CHARLIE
 In Mattapoissett package store. Last
 summer.

KYLE
 That's right. Buying beer, taking
 that girl water skiing.
 (remembers)
 Wearing a goddamn swimsuit.

CHARLIE

I know, I know, if God didn't want us wearing cut off jeans he wouldn't have invented scissors.

KYLE

Or a filet knife. We work for a living on this side of the water.

All good natured as Charlie looks out at the dozens of steel hulled FISHING BOATS docked here.

KYLE (CONT'D)

How's Mom?

CHARLIE

She's good. I think she wonders why you don't ever come by.

KYLE

(smiles)

Because your father makes me nervous. Seriously, what's up? What are you doing here?

Charlie nervous. Kyle waits until:

CHARLIE

I was wondering, maybe you guys needed an extra deckhand?

KYLE

Deckhand! Aren't you supposed to be in college? If you dropped out, I'll break your fucking neck.

CHARLIE

No, I graduated. Three weeks ago.

KYLE

And what, you majored in fishing?

CHARLIE

English.

KYLE

English? Charlie, you're a good kid, but this isn't like studying for finals, this is real hard work.

CHARLIE

I was kind of hoping for hard.

Kyle really looks at Charlie this time. Sizing him up.

KYLE

This is fish school. North Atlantic University. The answer's no, but I'll buy you breakfast.

CHARLIE

Already had breakfast, man. Want to go fishing.

KYLE

Why? For real, Charlie. Answer to my satisfaction and who knows, I might take you. Otherwise, bacon and eggs and you're on your way.

Charlie knows the answer's important. Kyle makes it clear.

CHARLIE

I'm curious.

KYLE

Curious about what? Humping it twenty-four hours a day? Working for a living? Not taking a shower for ten days? Curious about what?

CHARLIE

About me. About you, too maybe.

As Kyle shakes his head, relents.

KYLE

Okay... Finestkind.

CUT BACK TO:

3 INT. DARKENED SPACE - NIGHT

3

The walls have gotten lighter, a dull orange. Like we're in a tent but not really. Where the Hell are we? Charlie takes his eyes off Kyle, looks around.

CHARLIE

I got a question. What the hell does Finestkind mean? Everyone's always saying it.

SKEEMO

An expression of the trade, my man.

CHARLIE

But it means something different every time you say it.

COSTA
That's the beauty. It can mean
'cool' or it can mean 'fuck you.'
Depends how you say it.

KYLE
(dry)
It's the Swiss Army knife of words.
Perfect for an English major.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. DECK - MONDEGO - DAY

4

Skeemo leading Charlie on a whirlwind tour. Charlie carries his sea bag over his shoulder, a bound stack of new rubber gloves under his arm. Skeemo points out the highlights.

SKEEMO
The way we're going is forward. Back
is aft. Starboard is right, port is
left.

As he follows Skeemo past the big deck winches...

SKEEMO (CONT'D)
Watch your head.

They duck through steel hatch into...

4B THE GANGWAY

4B

Skeemo pointing out the highlights. Including the head.

SKEEMO (CONT'D)
That's not the toilet; it's the head
or the shitter. You as the shacker
will take deep pride in keeping it
clean.

(moving on)
To your left is the galley, we don't
say kitchen.

Nunes is in the galley filling the massive refrigerator from one of a dozen boxes of groceries. He's reading an invoice.

SKEEMO (CONT'D)
Nunesy, meet Kyle's brother Charlie.
Our new shacker.

NUNES
(distracted)
How you doin'? They fucked us on the
milk. I think. Goddamnit.

SKEEMO

He's still learning to count. And that's grub he's stowing, not food.

CHARLIE

You said left.

SKEEMO

Huh?

CHARLIE

You said the galley was to the left. You should have said the galley was to port.

SKEEMO

Are you being smart, shacker?

CHARLIE

No. I just like the idea of port. It doesn't matter which way you're facing. Port on a boat is always port. It's not like my left or your left, you know, if we face each other. Port is port.

NUNES

(from galley)

Are you sure he's Kyle's brother?

Skeemo looks at Charlie like he's not sure.

SKEEMO

What does your mother say?

CHARLIE

She seems to think so. And she was there both times.

SKEEMO

You're funny, huh?

Charlie shrugs, doesn't want to get off on the wrong foot with these guys. Skeemo smiles, takes the pressure off.

SKEEMO (CONT'D)

Good. Ten days at sea, you're gonna need to be able to laugh. Just don't do it in front of your brother.

CUT TO:

5 INT. DARKENED SPACE - NIGHT

5

As they rise and fall again, Nunes comes practically out of his seat. He's not holding up so well.

NUNES

Few trips ago I was on the Liberty.
Mikey Barbosa, you guys know him?

"Yeah." "Sure." "Little fucker."

NUNES (CONT'D)

Tried to sell me his old survival
suit, right? Two hundred bucks. I
offered one-seventy-five, no deal.

(chokes up)

I'm gonna be dead over a fucking
twenty-five bucks. Fuck me, man...

SKEEMO

(grinning)

Jesus, Nunesy, you brought a
survival suit, one of us would be
wearing it right now.

Nunes doesn't laugh at the gallow's humor. No one does. Then
Kyle looks up, hears something. A dull thwap. Kyle looks over
at Nunes. Kyle oozes strength.

KYLE

Next time you see Mikey Barbosa, buy
the fucker a beer and tell him shove
his survival suit up his ass.

It's the sound of rotors chopping. Kyle stands on the wobbly
ground, starts to 'unzip' the ceiling.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

6

A fully-enclosed ORANGE SURVIVAL RAFT riding huge ocean
swells in the cold gray infinity. The surface around it
suddenly ripped by prop wash.

Kyle stands up through the unzipped lookout in the raft's
roof. Looks at the COAST GUARD HELICOPTER slowing to a hover
above. Helmeted GUARDSMAN stare down from the flight deck.

CUT TO:

7 INT. FLIGHT DECK - HELICOPTER - DAY

7

Skeemo and Nunes already wrapped in blankets. Charlie and
Costa look over the side, watch as the WINCHMAN hauls up the
basket carrying Kyle. Costa shouts over the chopper noise.

COSTA

Your brother, man! Hard as a
mutherfucking diamond!

Charlie's eyes are glued to his older brother. Kyle holds several wet rolled up nautical charts under one arm.

Beyond the STEEL HULL of their vessel, rolled on its side, only 3/4s of the bow above water. We read the name: Mondego.

Hauled aboard now, Kyle flops down exhausted between Costa and Charlie who still looks down at the sinking boat.

KYLE
(to Guardsmen)
Thanks, you guys! We owe you!

The winchman signals the PILOT who banks the chopper away.

WINCHMAN
Hey, Skipper!

Kyle looks to the winchman whose superiority oozes. He does an exaggerated point down to the Mondego.

WINCHMAN (CONT'D)
Was it an insurance job?!

Kyle doesn't answer, just stares. Costa cups a hand to his ear like he couldn't hear.

COSTA
(hand to ear)
What?! Your sister gives blow jobs?

The winchman looks over at his buddy Guardsman: "You believe this crap?" Then back to Kyle. Over the roar:

GUARDSMAN
Huh?! You sink her on purpose?! Pull the plug on your own slab?!

Kyle on a scary slow burn. The winchman swings his mic in, says something you have to have a helmet on to hear. His guardsman buddy laughs, says something back. They consider Kyle with shit eating grins.

And Kyle pounces, grabbing the winchman by the back of the neck, rabbit punching him in the face as...

Everyone tries to get between them. Costa and Charlie pull Kyle one way. Two Guardsmen pull the winchman the other. Kyle's torn the mic off the side of the helmet. Holds it up to the winchman before feeding it to the wind.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. PIER 4 - NEW BEDFORD HARBOR - DAY

8

The chopper's landed, blades turning slowly. A New Bedford Police Department black & white is parked. TWO COPS trying to sort out statements from Kyle and the winchman.

Costa, Charlie, Nunes and Skeemo wait on one side. Guardsmen on the other. Finally the winchman throws his hands up.

WINCHMAN

Fuck it, man. I got better things to do.

COPE ONE

We all do. You sure?

Winchman nods. Cop Two closes his notebook.

COP TWO

Get out of here, Eldridge.

Kyle starts walking one way.

WINCHMAN

Maybe I'll see you on the street sometime!

Kyle stops, turns back.

KYLE

I ain't hard to find.

COP TWO

(bellowing)
Shit can it!

Kyle reaches the others a hero. Skeemo waves goodbye.

SKEEMO

Thanks for the lift, fellas!

CUT TO:

9 EXT. THE CAP LOG - NEW BEDFORD - DAY

9

A primer black 1970 CHEVY NOVA heaves to a hard stop at the curb. Kyle at the wheel, 396 cubic inches cut short as the boys pile out. Charlie looks up at a seedy looking bar.

CHARLIE

What are we doing?

COSTA

You been to a bar before, right?

CHARLIE
(incredulous)
Not at ten in the morning.

As they all file in past Charlie who's stopped...

NUNES
Well they're open.

SKEEMO
Someone must be drinking.

COSTA
So why not us?

Finally it's just Kyle and Charlie out on the street.

CHARLIE
Yeah, but don't we gotta talk to the
owner of the boat or something?

KYLE
That's my problem, not yours.
(smiles)
You wanted to go fishing, right?

Charlie nods; Kyle gestures toward the cars passing by.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You see all these people going to
work? These people who don't go to
bars at ten in the morning? They
also don't spend sunrise in the
North Atlantic bobbing in a rubber
raft. They got their rules; we got
ours. The two don't necessarily line
up with each other.

Kyle goes in. As Charlie stands there...

CUT TO:

10 INT. THE CAP LOG - DAY

10

A couple of hard core OLDER ALCOHOLICS at the bar. One is
ROCKY, the bartender. The boys come rolling in.

SKEEMO
Budweiser, Rocky.

NUNES
Two.

COSTA
Rum and coke. And some eggs.
Linguiça and eggs.

KYLE

Vodka and cranberry. And start a tab.

Costa goes to the jukebox. As the rest commandeers a table, Charlie finally steps in. All eyes on him.

ROCKY

What are you drinking, young man?

CHARLIE

Boilermaker.

A cheer from the boys. Costa starts back from the jukebox: 'Jailbreak' by AC-fucking-DC: *There was a friend of mine on murder and the judge's gavel fell. Jury found him guilty...*

COSTA & SKEEMO

"Gave him sixteen years in Hell! He said, I ain't spending my life here, I ain't livin' alone..."

They whoop it up, urge him on. This is relief, a celebration about being alive. Charlie leans in to Kyle.

CHARLIE

I need to call Mom, tell her we're okay. My cell's on the boat.

KYLE

Hey, Rocky! Let my brother use the phone, huh?

ROCKY

Yeah, sure.

Rocky sets the phone on the bar, the whiskey and beer alongside. Charlie dials. As Skeemo picks up the drinks, he drops Charlie's shot into his beer.

SKEEMO

Mug up, baby.

MAN'S VOICE

(over phone)

You've reached the Sykes residence. Please leave a message at the BEEP.

CHARLIE

Hey, mom, dad, it's Charlie. The boat's probably on the news, but I'm fine. Kyle, too.

(starts laughing)

We're actually at some bar. The Cap Log. I'll call you later.

He hangs up, grabs his drink and joins the others at the table. Costa gives Charlie a little shot to the biceps.

COSTA
Helluva first trip, Charlie.

NUNES
That was nothing. I was on the Cultivator when they lost Frankie Larsen. He went to take a piss off the stern and never came back. Turned up in a net about a week later with his dick still hanging out of his Helly Hansen's.

SKEEMO
There are worse places for your dick to end up.

COSTA
Just one time leave your sister out of this.

Big laughs. Charlie likes being with these guys.

SKEEMO
Charlie, check it out. My eyesight is so fucking good I can see almost anything. I bet you twenty bucks.

As if on cue, Nunes raises his BOTTLE of Budweiser.

NUNES
Could you read this little white label on the Bud bottle?

SKEEMO
Sure.

NUNES
If I put it over here?

Nunes sets it on the next table. Impossible to see. Skeemo looks to Charlie.

SKEEMO
Is it a bet?

Charlie steps over to see the label, nods. Skeemo squints.

SKEEMO (CONT'D)
This is...the famous Budweiser beer. We know...of no brand... produced by any other...brewer which costs...so much to brew...

Charlie is amazed till everyone at the table busts out laughing. Charlie looks at them all, gets it.

CHARLIE
You memorized it.

SKEEMO
Charlie, you're sharp as a tack.

More laughs.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. THE CAP LOG - DAY 11

A MERCEDES SEDAN parks behind the Nova. A middle-aged man in a well cut suit gets out. He looks up at the bar, frowns.

CUT TO:

12 INT. THE CAP LOG - DAY 12

Rocky looks up at the BAR TV of news footage of the boys getting off the coast guard helicopter.

ROCKY
Hey, fellas, you're on American Idol!

The Mercedes man stands in the doorway, flabbergasted as the boys CHEER, toast the images. This is DENNIS SYKES, Charlie's father. His eyes find Charlie chugging a beer.

COSTA
Rocky, another round!

Unnoticed, Mr. Sykes checks his wristwatch, just to make sure he's not imagining the time. Entering behind him, bumping past him is this Puerto Rican chick: MABEL RUIZ.

MABEL
Hey, Skeemo!

SKEEMO
Mabel black label!

A friend, but not a girlfriend. As Skeemo and Costa greet her, Charlie likes what he sees. And she sees him. And then Kyle nudges him, points out his father standing there.

CHARLIE
Hey, dad...

KYLE
You want a beer, Mr. Sykes?

MR. SYKES

No, Kyle, I don't want a goddamn beer.

Kyle leans in to Charlie, under his breath.

KYLE

Nice knowing you, bro.

MR. SYKES

It's 11 o'clock in the morning! For Chrissakes, Charlie.

Kyle watching to see how his brother's gonna handle himself.

CHARLIE

We're celebrating, that's all. We had a rough night.

MR. SYKES

I know. It was on the news. Your mother's been going out of her mind worrying about you.

KYLE

Did she mention me? I was in danger, too.

Said to be funny, but Mr. Sykes drills him with a look. Kyle flashes him a peace sign, turns to pretend to talk to Nunes. Mr. Sykes looks back to Charlie.

MR. SYKES

I didn't like this idea from the start, but now at least you've had a taste. You can clerk for me the rest of the summer.

CHARLIE

I'm going back out, Dad.

MR. SYKES

Excuse me?

CHARLIE

I'm going again. To sea. Soon as we get another, another...

As Charlie searches for the correct lingo...

KYLE

Site, Charlie. As soon as we get another site.

Mr. Sykes steps past Charlie to address Kyle. It's when Charlie turns that he sees: Mabel slipping Skeemo a dark BROWN BALLOON. She sees him clock her.

MR. SYKES

You know, your brother has a chance
to be something.

Mabel smiles at Charlie. Dead innocent. As she blinks.

KYLE

What, a substitute teacher? He's got
an English degree.

MR. SYKES

He's been accepted to Boston College
law school for Chrissake. He starts
in September!

Kyle looks at Charlie, didn't know this. And Charlie didn't want him to know. Mr. Sykes looks to his son.

MR. SYKES (CONT'D)

I admire you want to pay your own
way. But I don't want you fishing.

CHARLIE

I'm twenty-three years old, dad.

MR. SYKES

Yes, and I'd like to see you make
twenty-four. What you know about the
way the world works is slightly
above zero. Wise up.

Charlie takes his last sip of beer, sets it down.

CHARLIE

I think I maybe learned a thing or
two last night.

Mr. Sykes shakes his head, looks over at Nunes who's looking up at him. Nunes looks ragged for sure.

MR. SYKES

Are you going to ask for spare
change or something?

Mr. Sykes looks back at his son.

Charlie stands there defiantly. Mr. Sykes relents. He raises his own hands in surrender, heads for the door.

MR. SYKES (CONT'D)

Go see your mother. She's worried
sick.

And Mr. Sykes is out the door.

SKEEMO
He's cool. I like him.

Charlie gives Kyle a sheepish look.

KYLE
Law school? BC? Is that for real?

Charlie nods. Mabel smiles that smile of hers.

MABEL
That mean you're gonna sue us?

CUT TO:

13 EXT. NORTHERN SEAFOOD - DAY 13

Fish trucks at the loading docks as the Nova pulls up in front. Charlie in the passenger seat. Kyle switches off the ignition, pops a stick of gum.

KYLE
You wanna listen to the radio?

CHARLIE
I'll come with you.

KYLE
I don't need back up. Wait here.

Charlie watches as Kyle heads off. Through the big industrial doors you can see FISH being sorted down sheet metal chutes, plastic trays running down rollers. The fish are swung over in big baskets from a FISHING BOAT docked at the facility.

Incongruous is the PORSCHE 911 CONVERTIBLE parked at a spot clearly marked: Mr. White. Kyle walks past it, up an outside sets of steps leading to second floor OFFICES.

CUT TO:

14 INT. OFFICES - NORTHERN SEA FOOD - DAY 14

Rows of desks and settlement ACCOUNTANTS. In stark contrast to the work going on below. On the wall: photos of ships in the Northern Seafood fleet. All painted blue with the big Northern "N" on the bow. The Mondego is one of them.

Kyle stands before a SECRETARY'S desk waiting, looking at the photo. Beyond, through glass ETCHED with the Northern 'N', sits MR. WHITE, his name the same as his collar. He's on the PHONE, staring at Kyle as he talks.

SECRETARY
 (patronizing)
 You can take a seat.

KYLE
 I'm good standing.
 (a beat)
 May I have a Post-it please?

She peels one off hands it to him. He sticks his gum in the center, folds the ends around it. Gives it to her.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 Eighty-six that for me, would you,
 sweetheart?

A bit horrified, she drops it in the trash.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. NORTHERN SEAFOOD - DAY 16

Charlie leaning against the Nova, checking his watch.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MR. WHITE'S OFFICE - NORTHERN SEAFOOD - DAY 16

Mr. White finally hangs up the phone. Looking out, he crooks his finger at Kyle: "Come here." Careful what you ask for. Kyle enters, on a slow burn to Hell.

MR. WHITE
 I was wondering when you'd find the
 time to come see me.

KYLE
 Had a few stops to make, Mr. White.

MR. WHITE
 That's your problem right there.
 (stands)
 You're a genius of a fisherman,
 Kyle, did you know that? I think
 you're even better than your old man
 and most people think your old man
 is the best.

KYLE
 I know who my father is, Mr. White.

Mr. White comes around the desk, in full lecture mode.

MR. WHITE

You know what he has that you lack?
Well, it's the definition of
captain, it's responsibility.

KYLE

What my father has that I lack is
the good sense to Have never fished
for you or Northern Seafood. So stow
the comparison.

MR. WHITE

My boat's on the bottom and that's
your attitude?

KYLE

Pretty much. You got insurance,
don't you?

MR. WHITE

Yes. I have insurance.

KYLE

So stop complaining. You'll do a
helluva lot better than we will.

CHARLIE

Entering just in time to hear Mr. White through the glass.

MR. WHITE

In what goddamn world do you get
away with that attitude? Where the
hell have you been?! I've been
waiting all morning!

MR. WHITE'S OFFICE

Kyle trying to hold himself together. Finally, dead calm:

KYLE

The reason I didn't come first thing
was so I could chill. So I wouldn't
come in here and kill you.

Mr. White is not quite sure how to respond.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I want to see the maintenance
records on the boat.

MR. WHITE

Excuse me?

KYLE

On the Mondego. Get the file out.
Let's have a look at it right now.

MR. WHITE

You have some nerve, Eldridge.

Kyle looks him over a beat; it's not worth it.

KYLE

Oh fuck it.

Kyle heads out. Mr. White follows him into...

THE OFFICES

MR. WHITE

Typical! Blame your shortcomings on
everyone else! Why don't you look in
the mirror once in awhile!?

Kyle stops short, finds himself looking at Charlie. It seems
to prompt him as he wheels, grabs White by the lapels.

KYLE

The fucking crankcase exploded.
Might've been those old bearings
overheated or a leaky piston ring
let a spark in. Either way, it's
because you didn't maintain it. You
didn't do the work!

MR. WHITE

I most certainly did!

Said for the room more than Kyle. White is exposed.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Now take your hands off me --

Kyle jacks him up, slams him into the wall. The picture of
the Mondego comes off its hook and smashes to the floor.

CHARLIE

(stepping forward)

Kyle!

KYLE

Show me the maintenance records!
Show them the fuck to me right now.

Mr. White doesn't answer. Busted.

KYLE (CONT'D)

We're out in that storm with a hole
in our belly.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

I never seen a boat take on water that fast before. I mean that bitch went down. You? You just have an investment out there. Me? I got myself, my brother, my crew. We could've died.

SECRETARY

I am calling the police.

As she picks up the phone.

MR. WHITE

Hold on, Karen.

(to Kyle)

Go ahead. Hit me. I'd love to see you locked up.

CHARLIE

Kyle, don't.

Kyle looks back over his shoulder at his brother.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's a waste of a good punch.

That almost makes Kyle smile. He releases him, starts out. Mr. White feels the eyes of the office on him, gets nastier.

MR. WHITE

And take a goddamn shower. You stink!

KYLE

Like fish. A bunch of us guys stinking made you a millionaire.

Kyle hits the exit. Charlie hung up a beat, then follows.

MR. WHITE

You will never captain a ship out of New Bedford again! Not if I have anything to say about it!

CUT TO:

17 EXT. NORTHERN SEAFOOD - DAY

17

Kyle reaching the Nova, looking back at Charlie who trails.

KYLE

You coming?

CHARLIE

(re: Porsche)

That his car?

Kyle nods, watches as Charlie grabs a tray of 75-pounds of CODFISH off the rollers, humps it over and dumps it in the front seat of Mr. White's Porsche.

Kyle tries not to smile. They get in the car. And as the Nova fishtails wildly out of the parking lot...

CUT TO:

18 EXT. CHEVY NOVA - DAY

18

Coming up onto the raised highway, opening up. Below we see PIER THREE and those ships not currently at sea, then the ice house, then the old steel FAIRHAVEN BRIDGE. It's all work, all hard, nothing pretty about it.

NOVA

Kyle takes a last drag, flicks the butt out the window.

CHARLIE

When do we go again?

KYLE

Might take awhile to get another boat.

CHARLIE

But it wasn't your fault.

KYLE

Yeah, well, that's not the word old Whitey'll put out there.

They drive along in silence a beat.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You know, your dad's right. You should probably...

Kyle trails off as he clocks Charlie's incredulous look.

CHARLIE

I gotta hear this from you now? Huh? Why don't you stop smoking? Why don't you stop driving so fast? Why don't you join the coast guard?

They're both laughing now.

KYLE

Point taken. We go down to the sea together. For one summer at least.

CHARLIE

You know, when I was little, you never told me what to do.

KYLE

No?

CHARLIE

You either ignored me or you took me with you and showed me stuff. How to jump bikes, how to water ski, how to light fire crackers and how to know when to throw 'em.

KYLE

Where the emergency room was.

CHARLIE

I always knew where I stood with you. It was simple. Get lost or come here. And the get lost never felt personal, but the come here always did.

Kyle looks at his brother a beat, back to the road. He wants to say something, but can't quite form it. Finally.

KYLE

Here's 1-95 coming up. Should we get it over with?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Okay.

Kyle hands Charlie a stick of gum. And as they rumble hard from one highway to the next.

CUT TO:

19 A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH - ON A BOOK SHELF 19

11-year-old KYLE, missing a front tooth, holding 3-year-old Charlie on his hip. Charlie is covered in spaghetti sauce. Huge grins on both. We hear the Nova RUMBLE. We're in...

THE SYKES' LIVING ROOM

DONNA SYKES, late 50s, quickly crosses the room, looks out the window at the Nova pulling up the driveway. On her as it's one thing to know they are okay; it's another to see it.

20 EXT. SYKES HOUSE - MATTAPOISETT - DAY (SAME) 20

A big colonial set back on a nice lawn. Lots of trees. Some money went into all this. As Charlie and Kyle start over from the Nova, Donna Sykes hurries over to meet them.

They barely have time for sheepish smiles before she's hugging the two of them. Her boys. Looking at each other over her shoulders. If they smell, she doesn't notice.

DONNA

Oh God... I knew it would be okay.
Because you were together. It
doesn't make any sense. But I knew.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. MARSH - DAWN

21

Dawn. A magic moment of limitless promise. We glide across the still surface, the marsh grass angled and tufted. An OSPREY takes flight over the water, its wings working in strong unhurried strokes. Headed to sea. Gone fishing.

And then a CLOCK RADIO ALARM blares.

As we continue through the grass: a tidy little TRAILER comes into view, set several feet above the mud on cinder blocks. There's a little DECK built off the side with plastic furniture and a charcoal grill. A now familiar Chevy Nova parked on firmer ground beyond.

Closer as we hear someone MUMBLING themselves awake inside and then footsteps inside. The alarm switches off.

The door opens and out steps Kyle. In boxers, a jagged purple scar across the top of one pectoral. Just woke up. As he walks out in a pair of flip flops to the edge of the marsh, a big CALICO TOMCAT emerges, walks past him the other way. Doesn't even give Kyle a second look as he disappears inside through a cat door.

KYLE

I hope she was worth it.

As the tomcat MEOWS that she was, we end up close on Kyle as he stops, stares ahead, taking his first piss of the new day.

Then the sound of car tires on gravel. Kyle looks over his shoulder as an EL CAMINO winds its way down.

Fifty yards out, the driver stops, gets out. RAY ELDRIDGE. You think Kyle is tough, Ray's the father of that tough. To call him tough as nails you'd need to invent new nails.

Kyle looks away, finishes peeing.

ELDRIDGE

Toilet broken?

Kyle finishes, turns, starts over.

KYLE

Trying to save on pumping the
septic. Why'd you park so far away?

ELDRIDGE

(re: trailer)

I didn't want to wake up Kathy.

KYLE

Kathy hasn't lived here for six
months. She moved out.

ELDRIDGE

That's too bad. I liked her.

KYLE

Yeah? I'll give you her phone
number. You can ask her out.

That's the end of the Kathy discussion. Eldridge moves on.

ELDRIDGE

How you doin' otherwise?

KYLE

I've had a better couple of days,
Ray.

ELDRIDGE

Saw it on the news. What happened?

KYLE

I don't feel like talking about it.
Thanks for coming to check though.

ELDRIDGE

That's not why I'm here.

KYLE

Oh. What then?

Both men right to the point, despite the fact they obviously
don't communicate well.

ELDRIDGE

I need you to take my boat out for
me for a trip. Maybe two.

KYLE

And you heard I was available, huh?

ELDRIDGE

Boat's due to rotate out tomorrow.

KYLE

Well, I just got in and I'm beat.

ELDRIDGE

Tomorrow. Will you take her or not?

KYLE

Jesus, Ray! Can she stay tied up one more day?! I'd like to take a goddamn breath.

ELDRIDGE

Yeah. Okay. Day after tomorrow.

KYLE

Plus I got a crew I'd like to look out for.

ELDRIDGE

Bring 'em. My crew's bound. Sonny and Trace are taking a trip off. King and his brother are going up to Maine to run a lobster boat.

KYLE

What's the split?

ELDRIDGE

60/40. You pay for the grub and diesel. I got the rest. Same split you get everywhere else.

Kyle looks at his father, gives him a wry smile.

KYLE

Just like that, huh?

ELDRIDGE

Just like what?

KYLE

I haven't fished with you or for you in six years and you're just like, take the boat out.

ELDRIDGE

That's right. Yes or no?

KYLE

No.

(it hangs there)

Really like to help you out, but you make it pretty goddamn tough.

Kyle starts for the trailer. Eldridge watching him go. He almost looks bereft. It's unsettling.

ELDRIDGE

Kyle.

Kyle turns, realizes his dad looks small all of a sudden.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)

Please.

Kyle stunned at the 'please'. Worried, too. Finally...

KYLE

Yeah, okay, pops... Okay.

Done deal. Eldridge starts walking back to his car. As Kyle watches him go.

CUT TO:

22 INT. CHEVY NOVA - DAY

22

Kyle driving. A BEER KEG seatbelted in to the passenger side. Charlie in the back, one hand out steadying the keg.

KYLE

Did you watch that game?

CHARLIE

I was at that game.

(a beat; embarrassed)

My dad's got season tickets

KYLE

Right... Okay, so the ship's going down. You got one life jacket. Who gets it? Brady or Belichick?

CHARLIE

That's like asking me to pick between my left nut and my right.

KYLE

(laughs)

Pick your right nut. Fuck your left. It's Brady. No question.

He pulls to the curb, kills the engine.

CHARLIE

You just can't handle authority

KYLE

(laughs again)

You think?

JUMP AHEAD TO:

23 EXT. COSTA'S TENEMENT - SUMMER STREET - DAY

23

A four decker in a hard working neighborhood. Kyle and Charlie each carry a bag of ice and the KEG in between them.

KYLE

Have fun, but try not to get too hungover. You gotta be on the dock tomorrow at 7 AM. Gear work all day on the way out. Your arms are gonna come off.

CHARLIE

(laughs)

They're coming off right now.

They climb the steps of the front porch. Kyle 'toes' the screen door open, sides in carefully.

KYLE

Got it?

Charlie gets the edge of the screen with his chin to keep it open. He GRUNTS an affirmative and they enter...

23B HALLWAY - COSTA'S TENEMENT

23B

They lift the keg as a 3-YEAR-OLD drives his tricycle under it. The walls covered in multi-generational family photos. Costa almost runs into them, exiting the kitchen holding a platter piled with chicken, burgers, linguica and choriço.

COSTA

Hey! Beer delivery this way!.

As they follow him down the wending hallway...

COSTA (CONT'D)

You heard of Noah, Charlie? Well, this is my fucking ark. Cats, dogs, rabbits. My brother on the 4th floor, sister on the 3rd - she's a slut as Kyle can tell you, my grandma and great aunt on the 2nd, too old to be sluts - but in the day look out, and me and mine down here in the bilge.

There out another door into...

23C THE BACKYARD

23C

A different world: big garden, vine arbor, kids everywhere. Dozens of PARTY GUESTS CHEER at the sight of the food.

COSTA

We got kale, we got the virgin Mary
in a bathtub. And we got a lot of
hungry thirsty mutherfuckers.

They pass one of Costa's nephews who holds up a Budweiser
can. Ten feet away, Skeemo squints for the uninitiated.

SKEEMO

...exclusive Beechwood Aging
produces a taste, a smoothness...

CUT TO:

23D GRILL

23D

Covered in meat. On a BOOM BOX: "Family Affair" by Sly & the
Family Stone. The keg's been put in a kid's plastic tub,
Charlie pouring in the ice as Kyle gets the tap going. Costa
using a butcher knife to slide sliced sausage into a big pot
of KALE SOUP on the boil.

ANNE-MARIE

(steps over; re: soup)
Not too much. There's plenty of meat
everywhere else.

He stops halfway, holds the knife up in surrender. ANNE-MARIE
is Costa's wife. About eight and a half months pregnant.

COSTA

Charlie, meet Anne-Marie, my sweeter
half. Baby this is Charlie, Kyle's
way sweeter half.

She shakes his hand, gives him a big smile.

ANNE-MARIE

I heard a lot about you, Charlie. I
hope you like to eat.

While she's distracted, Costa dumps the rest of the meat in.

COSTA

No time. He's gonna follow you
around, catch the baby if it drops.

As she punches Costa in the arm, smiles again at Charlie.

ANNE-MARIE

Welcome to my house.

Kyle brings Costa a beer. Costa sings along with the music.

COSTA

*"Mom loves the both of them, you see
it's in the blood..."*

KYLE

Shut up and drink it. Charlie, pump
that keg, would ya?

As Charlie heads over, Kyle kisses Anne-Marie on the
forehead. A real sense that this is his family here. The
three of them watch Charlie as he pumps the keg.

COSTA

I can't believe he's not sick of you
yet.

KYLE

Beats me.

COSTA

And not an ounce of pussy in him.

ANNE-MARIE

Unlike you two.

She heads off in mock disgust. They watch her go.

KYLE

I got us a site.

COSTA

(very pleased)
Already? Shit, Kyle. You and me?
Charlie? What?

KYLE

Skeemo, Nunesy, all of us, baby.

COSTA

After yesterday? How? What boat?

KYLE

My old man's.

The excitement drops into the toilet.

COSTA

Fuck, Kyle. I don't think I can --

KYLE

He's not coming. He's taking a trip
off and his boys are bound.
Something's up, he wouldn't say.

COSTA

When?

Kyle just looks at him and Costa knows. He looks over to where his massively pregnant wife hob-knobs with some guests.

KYLE

On the dock at seven tomorrow. You sure that's cool?

COSTA

She's got her sister, my sister. Her mom. I'd just be in the fucking way. Out to sea, I can get some sleep, you know?

KYLE

You and me both.

23E CHARLIE

23E

Pumping the keg for a line of people. Doesn't mind at all, likes looking at all their tough and oddball faces, likes hearing thanks. As he pauses at the end of the line.

MABEL

Keep it pumpin', white boy.

Mabel has stepped up the other way. Holds out her cup, bites her bottom lip as Kyle pumps and pours. Her eyes sparkle on him. He stops as the cup fills.

MABEL (CONT'D)

I'll tell you when to stop.

He starts filling again, the beer overflowing the cup. Just as it gets truly silly....

MABEL (CONT'D)

When.

He stops. She holds the dripping cup out away from herself. As they both start LAUGHING, Charlie fills his own cup.

MABEL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need a lot of help from you today, Charlie. You're gonna have to do just what I ask you.

Charlie considers her a beat, looks over to where Skeemo is off talking to Nunes and some other friends.

CHARLIE

What about Skeemo?

MABEL

What about him?

CHARLIE
You guys together or something?

MABEL
Why do you think that?

CHARLIE
(shrugs)
You came to see him the morning we
came in.

Mabel looks at him a beat.

MABEL
I know you know that's not why I
came to see him.

CHARLIE
You brought him something.

She drinks her beer, looks at him over the rim. Make no
mistake, they dig each other. Then:

MABEL
You afraid I'm a dealer?

CHARLIE
Do you work?

MABEL
I go to school.
(indignant)
I was doin' Skeemo a favor which you
can ask him about. I ain't no
dealer. And I sure as hell ain't no
one's girlfriend either.
(finally)
This is where I'm from, you know? It
ain't where I'm going.

CHARLIE
Okay, okay, I'm sorry.

He's smiling. She smiles back.

MABEL
Does that mean you'll do it?

CHARLIE
Do what?

MABEL
Whatever I ask you to.

As Charlie considers, it's probably a yes.

23F KYLE & COSTA

23F

Watch them. Costa flipping the meat, grinning.

KYLE

He's gonna get in trouble with that.

COSTA

(checks his watch)

He'd better hurry. He's only got about 17 hours.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. PIER FOUR - NEW BEDFORD - DAY

24

The FINESTKIND dockside. A 'western-rig' with the wheelhouse forward. On deck: Nunes Costa and Skeemo are doing gear work. Buckets of steel rings and links, squeezers and bolt cutters as they mend the chain bag on one of the scallop dredges.

Skeemo looks to where Eldridge watches, leaning against his El Camino in the parking lot.

SKEEMO

Fucking Eldridge, man. He still scares the piss out of me.

COSTA

Scares the piss out of everybody. Must'a come for one last chance to bust Kyle's balls.

(checks watch)

Where the fuck is Charlie?

NUNES

Better get here before Kyle does --
Uh oh...

Too late. Here comes Kyle carrying several rolled up CHARTS.

ELDRIDGE

Where you been? I got some rings and a couple twine tops to drop.

KYLE

(shrugs)

So drop 'em.

Eldridge grumbles, grabs two bound bundles of orange twine from the bed of the El Camino, tosses them on the ground.

That leaves four 5-gallon BUCKETS. One open: filled with more STEEL RINGS. Eldridge hefts one, grimaces as he struggles getting the weight of it from the tailgate to the ground.

Kyle sees, sets down the charts, steps over to take the other two as Eldridge struggles with the fourth.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You okay?

ELDRIDGE
Finestkind.
(changes subject)
All these years on draggers, I hope
you didn't forget how to scallop.

Kyle doesn't take the bait, picks up the charts.

Nunes and Skeemo headed over to get the buckets and twine.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
I've been up on the Northern. Along
the Canadian line. Slamming it. Big
as pie plates. Got it marked out up
in the wheelhouse.

KYLE
Got it, Ray.
(hefts his charts)
Got a few ideas of my own, too.

ELDRIDGE
My boat. My ideas.

KYLE
Hey, how 'bout I let you take her
and I stay home? Huh?

They stare at each other a beat. Eldridge backs down.

ELDRIDGE
Watch out on the line. Canadian
Coast Guard mean business. And keep
an eye on the shoes. I don't want
you wearing out my dredges.

Eldridge gets in the El Camino, zooms off. Kyle watches a frustrated beat, then jumps down to the deck. It hits him.

KYLE
Where's my fucking brother?

CUT TO:

25 INT. BEDROOM - NEW BEDFORD'S SOUTH END - DARK

25

Charlie, asleep in a bed somewhere. A hand reaches up, fingers running softly through his hair. He stirs, wakes, takes a moment to orient. Mabel in bed beside him.

CHARLIE

Hey...

MABEL

You were asleep. But the rest of you
is awake.

As she adjusts her grip, he realizes just what woke him up.

MABEL (CONT'D)

You like me, Charlie?

He nods. They whisper. Soft. Despite the circumstances, she
looks vulnerable, not the tough sexy chick we're used to.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Say it.

CHARLIE

I like you.

MABEL

I like you, too. White boy.

As awake now as he is aroused, Charlie eases her back, gets
on top. He kissing her mouth, her throat, her breasts.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Are they too small, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Hmm?

MABEL

My tits.

CHARLIE

They're perfect.

MABEL

You like them?

CHARLIE

I like everything about you.

MABEL

Lower, Charlie. Like me lower.

He kisses her belly. She pushes up her hips inviting him
further down. He doesn't need to be asked twice.

MABEL (CONT'D)

I'll tell you when...

A soft BUZZ, her phone vibrating somewhere nearby.

CHARLIE
Who's calling you so early?

MABEL
You jealous?

She's teasing, but he doesn't answer. She reassures...

MABEL (CONT'D)
It's not that early, Charlie.

CHARLIE
What do you mean?

MABEL
I got cardboard in the windows. To
keep it dark. I like it dark when I
sleep.

The spell of this moment collapsing as Charlie realizes...

CHARLIE
Shit.

Charlie jumps out of bed, pulls a piece of spray painted
cardboard from a window. And as INXS once said: "*The sun
comes like a God into our room.*" So bright it hurts.

MABEL
What the fuck, man!

What the fuck indeed. They're several floors above the
street. Seen out the window across the way is the HURRICANE
DIKE, beyond that: BUZZARD'S BAY.

CHARLIE
What time is it?

But Mabel's too busy shielding her eyes. Charlie steps to the
dresser, presses on her cell: 8:12 AM.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Shit!

It starts to BUZZ again. The incoming name Skeemo on the
display. Charlie answers.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Skeemo! It's Charlie.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. DECK - FINESTKIND - DAY

26

Nunes, Costa, and Skeemo are in the middle of gear work.

Buckets of rings and links and squeezers and bolt cutters as they mend the chain bags on the scallop dredges. All that set aside as Skeemo shouts in a cellphone...

SKEEMO

We've been trying to find you for an hour!

CHARLIE'S VOICE

I overslept. Where are you?

SKEEMO

We're in the harbor! We're leaving!

Kyle appears on the rail above as he exits the wheelhouse.

KYLE

Is that Charlie?!

SKEEMO

Yeah.

KYLE

He went to college; what doesn't he understand about being on the boat at seven and leaving at eight?! Tell him we'll see him in a week!

Pissed, Kyle disappears back into the wheelhouse. Skeemo doesn't know what to do or say. Costa takes the phone.

COSTA

Charlie, it's Costa, where are you?

27 INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:

27

Charlie pulling on his jeans.

CHARLIE

I'm at Mabel's. I can see the water.

COSTA

(urgent)

Where's Mabel's?

Mabel can hear Costa's voice.

MABEL

(loud for Costa)

East Rodney French!

COSTA

(reacting)

You can still make it!

CUT TO:

28A EXT. NEW BEDFORD HOUSING AUTHORITY APARTMENTS - DAY 28A

The double doors burst open. Charlie hits the PARKING LOT followed by Mabel. They're still pulling on their clothes.

They beeline a 1978 DATSUN 280Z. Even beat to crap, it's still a sexy car. They pile in and they're off. Mabel driving KA-THUNK off the curb.

28B 280Z - EAST RODNEY FRENCH BOULEVARD 28B

A full tilt boogie. Mabel swerving out to pass - swerving back in to avoid a head-on collision. Charlie's not complaining, just hanging on.

The stones of the hurricane dike a blur to his right.

Suddenly Mabel takes a wild left, the Z's bald rear tires all over the road. The dike now in their rear view mirror.

CHARLIE

(alarmed)

He said to get on the dike!

MABEL

You gotta go around to get on the access!

A blistering right onto... HARBOR STREET. A GARBAGE TRUCK stopped halfway down the street, TWO CARS already waiting behind it. BA-DUMP! The Z up on the sidewalk, streaks by.

GARBAGE MAN

Crazy bitch!

GIFFORD STREET

The 280Z fishtails around the corner, punches forward. The DIKE coming back into view ahead. And VROOM, they drive up the access road and are streaking across the top, WATER ON EITHER SIDE of them now.

MABEL

You better make this. I'm gonna be way late for school.

Charlie not really listening, but...

CHARLIE

Where do you go?

MABEL

New Bedford High.

CHARLIE

High school?!

MABEL
How old do you think I am?

CUT TO:

29 INT. FINESTKIND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

29

The outer harbor passing on either side. Kyle sits grumpy behind the wheel, surrounded by RADAR, GPS and other electronics. Costa enters. He grabs the binoculars, starts checking out the shore ahead and to the right.

COSTA
Man, that was cold.

KYLE
Don't start, man. Rules are rules.
Same for everybody.

Costa grins at something, hands Kyle the binoculars.

COSTA
(points)
Look up there on the dike.

Kyle squinting, doesn't need the binoculars to see the car streaking along.

KYLE
Is that a 280Z?

CUT TO:

30 EXT. HURRICANE DIKE - DAY

30

BRAKES SQUEAL. It's the end of the road as Mabel brakes hard at a chain link fence. They can see the Finestkind off to their left as it approaches the opening in the dike.

MABEL
Good luck, Charlie!

She leans across, kisses him quick, but hard.

CHARLIE
How old are you?

MABEL
Eighteen in three months.

A beat and he's out the door and scaling the fence.

31 INT. FINESTKIND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

31

Kyle looking through the binoculars now watching the guy climbing up and over the 10-foot fence. As he drops.

KYLE
Fuck, that's Charlie.

COSTA
You'll slow down for him at least,
won't ya?

32 EXT. DECK - FINESTKIND - DAY 32
Skeemo and Nunes watching, CHEERING him on as...

33 EXT. HURRICANE DIKE - DAY 33
Charlie runs for all he's worth. The dike an enormous
battlement at this point.

34A EXT. THE FINESTKIND - NEW BEDFORD HARBOR - DAY 34A
One proud looking vessel. Approaching the dike's OPEN GATES.

34B COSTA 34B
Exits the wheel house, slides down the ladder to the lower
deck. Nunes and Skeemo still urging Charlie on.

34C CHARLIE 34C
Every limb churning.

34D WHEELHOUSE 34D
Even bad mood Kyle smiling at the sight of his brother,
easing off the throttle.

KYLE
Come on, Charlie...

34E DIKE GATES 34E
Charlie never breaks stride until he leaps, splashing down
just ahead of the boat.

34F DECK 34F
Costa heaves a LIFE RING. It lands just ahead of Charlie.
In a few moments, they haul him sputtering onto the deck.
They slap his back as Kyle continues full steam ahead.
A distant BLARING HORN turns him around. Mabel stands beside
the car, leaning on the horn through the window. She lifts
her T-shirt, flashes him.

NUNES
You took her to meet your mom yet?

Charlie waves goodbye, realizes...

CHARLIE

Shit. I got no clothes, gloves, no oilers, nothing.

COSTA

Kyle brought your sea bag.

Charlie looks up toward the wheelhouse.

CHARLIE

Is he mad?

COSTA

Not really. But Kyle, man, he makes a rule and you might as well pour it into cement.

SKEEMO

And eight o'clock is eight o'clock.

COSTA

Dry off, you got gear work to do.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. FT. PHOENIX - FAIRHAVEN - DAY

35

A Revolutionary War fort. Eldridge here up on the parapet watching the distant Finestkind as she heads out. He fights back a swell of emotion. Something grim and final about him.

ELDRIDGE

Finestkind...

As he turns to go...

CUT TO:

36 EXT. THE FINESTKIND - THE ATLANTIC - DAY

36

Steaming out. Land now turning into a horizon. The boys on deck doing their gear work. They've been at it.

DECK

They're building a CHAIN BAG. Skeemo puts an open link in a pair of long handled SQUEEZERS that Charlie holds. He then guides in two steel rings (we saw them in the El Camino), on after the next. Charlie then squeezes the link CLOSED around them. It's tough work, especially on the 1000th squeeze.

SKEEMO

How you holding up?

CHARLIE
(straining)
I could do this all day.

SKEEMO
You won't be joking when the sun
goes down and we're still out here.
(a beat)
Hey, Charlie, could I ask you
something?

CHARLIE
You just did. But go ahead.

Said with a smile. A good rapport here between them.

SKEEMO
The other morning at the Cap Log.
Mabel gave me something.

CHARLIE
Yeah. I saw her.

A beat. Charlie waits for more, gets it.

SKEEMO
It's just, it's how I turn the
volume down, you know?

CHARLIE
It's none of my business.

SKEEMO
Except Kyle wouldn't think much of
it if he knew. I don't use out here.
Just ashore, you know?

CHARLIE
I didn't tell him, Skeemo. Like I
said it's none of my business.

SKEEMO
Cool.

But now Charlie wants to know.

CHARLIE
Is Mabel a dealer?

SKEEMO
Fuck no. Or a user. She was just
doing a favor.

CHARLIE
For who?

SKEEMO

Her mom.

CHARLIE

Her mom's a dealer?

Skeemo nods like it's no big deal. Charlie absorbs the info. As he squeezes down another link.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARNOLD STREET - NEW BEDFORD - DAY

Little two-family houses with vinyl-sided clapboards. Eldridge gets out of the El Camino, scans addresses, not quite comfortable with where he's at.

Spotting the house he's looking for, he crosses.

LITTLE PORCH

He steps up and rings the bell. A beat and the door opens to reveal a WOMAN about 30 in a nurse's uniform. This is KATHY. She's quite surprised to see him.

KATHY

Hi, Ray.

ELDRIDGE

How are you, Kathy?

KATHY

Today or this year? It's been a long time.

(suddenly)

Is Kyle okay?

ELDRIDGE

Yeah, yeah, he's good. Outward bound this morning on the Finestkind.

KATHY

(surprised)

You two are working together?

ELDRIDGE

Temporarily.

KATHY

That's great. What can I do for you?

ELDRIDGE

This isn't exactly what I'm good at.

Eldridge embarrassed. Kathy confused.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
I didn't know you two had broken up
until a couple days ago.

KATHY
Ahh, you and Kyle are as close as
ever I see.

Eldridge shrugs. She stays quiet, lets him suffer. Finally...

ELDRIDGE
Do you trust what you see, Kathy?
(she nods)
So do I. And when you two were
together, when I saw him, I saw him
happy. You looked happy too.

KATHY
(incredulous)
Are you asking me to move back in
with your son?

He is.

ELDRIDGE
I don't think he's seeing anyone.

KATHY
He was then actually. For a night
anyhow. That's why we split up.

He can't hold her look.

ELDRIDGE
I get it; I've been there.
(looks back over)
But it doesn't change the fact that
he loves you.

KATHY
You're sure about that?

ELDRIDGE
I saw it. I trust what I see.

KATHY
Well, get something straight. I
never loved him.
(the words land hard)
In the end I was looking for him to
fuck up. And he did.
(shrugs)
His one night stand was my ticket
out. Trust that.

He doesn't know what to say. She just raises her eyebrows at him and steps back inside. As the door shuts in his face...

CUT TO:

37 INT. WHEELHOUSE - TWILIGHT

37

The wheelhouse dark. Only the lights from the electronics illuminate. The sky is purple. Kyle sits in the center of it like some fishing sorcerer. The space almost breathes.

The spell broken as a hatch on the floor opens and light floods up from below. Kyle annoyed as Charlie comes up the ladder holding a BEER in one hand and another under his chin.

KYLE

Close the hatch. Kill that light.

Charlie does it as quick as he can. Darkness descends. Charlie holds out a can of beer. Peace offering.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Thanks. I'll have it when I get off watch.

He sets it aside. Charlie wanders around, looking at the equipment, the chart table.

CHARLIE

Sorry. I overslept.

KYLE

I hope so. If you said you just weren't paying attention, I'd throw you over the side.

Charlie nods, tries not to smile. They ride together in silence a beat. It's magic up here right now. Then:

KYLE (CONT'D)

There's whales out there.

Charlie lowers his beer, alertly scanning the horizon.

CHARLIE

Where?

Kyle points at his feet.

KYLE

About fifty feet below us.

Kyle leans forward, points at a series of GREEN BLOTCHES on the screen of the FISHFINDER. Charlie keen to learn this.

KYLR

You want to hear 'em?

CHARLIE

How?

Kyle turns on the stereo. Music starts, but when he flips a toggle overhead it goes to a sort of static. And then...

WHALE SONGS. Playing out all four speakers. Surrounding them. Spooky beautiful. Kyle listens for a beat and...

KYLE

Humpbacks.

CHARLIE

Where's it coming from?

KYLE

My old man installed a microphone,
wired it up. He won't admit it, but
he's a closet whale hugger.

(listens a beat)

I'm betting he likes them cause
they're the only thing out here that
can match him.

CHARLIE

How come you guys don't fish
together?

KYLE

I'm a captain; he's a captain. How's
that gonna work?

CHARLIE

What about before you were a
captain?

KYLE

(shrugs)

He broke me in, sure, but I couldn't
wait to get away from him. And he
couldn't wait to see the back of me
either.

CHARLIE

So why'd he ask you to take his boat
out?

KYLE

Your guess is as good as mine.

Kyle toggles off the speakers, doesn't want to listen or talk
about it anymore.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 You better turn in. Tomorrow's gonna
 be a bitch.

Charlie nods, moves for the hatch.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 Go around outside. Keep that light
 out of here.

Charlie heads for the door facing aft.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 And wake up, Costa, huh? Tell him
 it's his watch, okay?

CHARLIE
 Okay.

He's halfway through the door when...

KYLE
 Charlie!
 (Charlie looks back)
 Thank for the beer.

Charlie grins. That's all he wanted.

CHARLIE
 Finestkind.

CUT TO:

38 INT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

38

A claustrophobic space. Three sets of narrow bunks welded
 onto either side. Skeemo reading a book in his rack. Charlie
 climbing into his up above, pulling his blanket up.

Across from them, Nunes has a ORANGE NEOPRENE SURVIVAL SUIT
 spread across his rack. As he fusses over it...

SKEEMO
 Are you gonna fuck it when you're
 done fondling it?

NUNES
What? You gotta stow it just right.
 A little mildew on a seam, it
 splits, it's over.

CHARLIE
 What is it?

NUNES

Survival suit. We sink, I get in this, the Coast Guard finds me alive two days after Skeemo here has already drowned.

(pleased)

I got Barbosa down to a hundred ninety bucks.

SKEEMO

Biggest waste of money I ever saw.

NUNES

What the are you talking about? Boats do sink in case you forgot fucking last Tuesday.

SKEEMO

It's like this. Sure we're dory mates, but this ship starts going down and you march out on deck wearing that? You think we pat you on the back and say, 'good purchase, lucky for you, Nunesy?' No. One of us takes it away from you. Then whoever takes it has to fight Charlie for it. Huh, Charlie?

He slaps the backside of Charlie's rack.

NUNES

You don't think I didn't think of that?

A triumphant grin as Nunes snakes his arm down the right pant leg of the one piece survival suit. When he pulls it back out he'd holding a cheap .38 SPECIAL.

NUNES (CONT'D)

Six rounds says I wear this baby into the drink.

Nunes proud. Charlie and Skeemo are a bit shocked.

SKEEMO

You don't even know how fucked up what you just said is, do you?

NUNES

Hey, man, you're the one talking about killing me for it.

They both look to Charlie for support.

CHARLIE

(re: suit)

A least it's clarified our roles and given us all a goal. I think it's good team building.

CUT TO:

39A EXT. FINESTKIND - ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

39A

Silhouetted against the lightening sky, running lights twinkle. Postcard National Geographic perfect, idyllic until BLAZING DECK LIGHTS switch on and the dawn is split open by AC/DC: "Highway To Hell." Angus Young first and then...

BON SCOTT

"Living easy, loving free, season ticket on a one-way ride."

39B BIG DECK WINCHES

39B

Hauling back. Wet steel cable running back into huge spools.

39C HANGING BOLLARDS

39C

One in each corner of the stern. The tops of the dredges appear beneath each bollard.

Skeemo watching from behind a smaller winch as Charlie awkwardly jams a steel hook through the dredge's bull ring.

SKEEMO

That's it, Charlie! Now get back!

As he steps clear, Skeemo works the smaller winch to hoist the dredge high in the air.

39D SCALLOP DREDGE

39D

Slams down on the rails. Careful with those fingers. The 'V' frame dropping down over the bulging chain bag. Nunes over to show Charlie the DOG CHAIN, how to rehook to dump it. As they step back, Skeemo winches up and the chain bag dumps: Rocks, sand, scallops, cod fish, flat fish...

39E WHEELHOUSE

39E

Costa singing along as he swings the boat around.

COSTA

"No stop signs, speed limit, nobody's gonna slow me down."

39F DECK

39F

Picking the pile. Charlie and Skeemo attacking it from either end. Bent over, they toss the scallops back between their legs into trailing wire bushel baskets.

SKEEMO

It's assholes and elbows, baby!

The fish are tossed into a pen in the center where Nunes guts the cod, and cuts the heads off the monkfish.

39G WHEELHOUSE

39G

Kyle comes up looking bleary, just woke up, coffee in hand.

KYLE

How we doing?

COSTA

Four bushels a side.

Kyle looks down on deck where Charlie carries a bushel of scallops to the cutting box.

KYLE

How's the shacker doing?

COSTA

Gotta say, he's kind of a natural.

CUT TO:

39H SCALLOP DREDGE - ON DECK

39H

Kyle stands with Charlie. He holds a PELICAN HOOK at the end of a chain. It's a hinged hook that wraps around a bar of the dredge. Once it overlaps, Kyle locks it with a PIN.

KYLE

Like that.

Charlie nods. The chain from the pelican hook runs between his legs to where the opposite end is bolted to the deck.

KYLE (CONT'D)

See the chain? Never straddle it.

Charlie steps to one side. Kyle signals to Skeemo who hoists the dredge up. As the boat rolls to port, Skeemo sets the dredge on the rail, letting the heavy chain take the weight.

As the chain bag heaves over the side, the chain on the end of the pelican hooks SNAPS UP. Like a gunshot going off. If Charlie had been standing there, he wouldn't be anymore. And who knows where his balls would be.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'd like to get a nephew outta you.
Maybe a niece.

CUT AHEAD TO:

39i DECK

39i

Kyle stands alongside to Charlie who holds a heavy hammer.

KYLE (CONT'D)
On the down roll!

As the boat rolls to starboard, Charlie pulls the pin out of the pelican hook and strikes it with the hammer. It releases, the chain drops to the deck and the dredge splashes into the water. As the starboard wire SPOOLS OUT after it...

CUT TO:

40 INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

40

Costa's head is buried in the radar. Kyle looks forward with the binoculars, hands them to Charlie beside him.

KYLE
See that line of boats?

Charlie looks, a line of fishing boats, spaced about a quarter mile apart.

COSTA
Here they are on the radar. American
fishing boats.

The radar screen shows a line of blips. Costa's finger comes down on a LONE BLIP moving away, nearly off screen.

COSTA (CONT'D)
That's a Canadian Coast Guard
cutter. Headed away from us. Almost
twelve miles. When it disappears, we
go in.

CHARLIE
Go in where?

KYLE
Canadian water. There's a shit load
of scallops along the line. They
move back and forth. Depending on
currents, how they move themselves.
Where they seed.

COSTA
No passports though.

KYLE

When they're American the Canadians
poach. Right now they're Canadian so
we poach.

CHARLIE

What if we get caught?

KYLE

Getting caught is not an option.

The Coast Guard blip's gone.

COSTA

Here we go.

As the line of waiting blips move in...

CUT TO:

41 EXT. FINESTKIND DECK - DAY 41

As Charlie knocks out the pelican hook and the dredge drops
over the side. Charlie in a T-shirt and oiler bibs. He starts
picking the pile for scallops, tossing them into a basket.

CUT TO:

42 EXT/INT. CUTTING BOX - DAY 42

Skeemo and Charlie shuck scallops like mad. Skeemo's faster,
but Charlie does okay.

SKEEMO

That's it. You got the rhythm now.

CUT TO:

43 INT. GALLEY - DAY 43

Kyle and Charlie wolfing breakfast. Charlie looks beat.

KYLE

Tired?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Scalloping's way more work
than towing a net. But I like it.

KYLE

Be sure to sleep. You're all over
the boat when your watch is done.

CHARLIE

I want to learn everything I can.

KYLE

You will, but we're going short a man right now. You don't get the usual rest so you gotta grab every wink you can.

Charlie nods. As Kyle stands, walks his plate to the sink --

SKREECH! The boat takes an impossible jerk. Kyle grabs a BAR POLE over the counter. Charlie hangs onto the table --

CUT TO:

44 INT. THE WHEELHOUSE - DAY

44

Costa looks back over his shoulder...

Down at the white water churning at the stern.

As Costa eases off on the throttle, Kyle is banging up through the hatch in the floor.

COSTA

We're hung up!

Costa's finger stabs down on the bottom plotter. It shows relatively flat bottom.

COSTA (CONT'D)

But no peaks. Nothing.

KYLE

Swing her around.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. THE FINESTKIND - DAY

45

The deck winch winds steel in as the Finestkind doubles back on her own cable. Nunes, Skeemo and Charlie on deck.

The cable jerks to a stop. Charlie looks over the side.

CHARLIE

It's going straight down.

CUT TO:

46 INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

46

Kyle gives it some power. The stern dips, more white water churns. The cable 'sings' with tension.

KYLE

Son of a bitch...

Costa checks the radar screen. A blip on the edge.

COSTA
Canadians coming.

KYLE
How much time?

COSTA
Five minutes and we gotta cut loose.

Kyle grabs the radio mic, switches on the deck PA.

KYLE
(over speaker)
I'm gonna try from the south. And we
got killer tomatoes on the way.

Costa checks the radar. The blip's made a lot of progress.

COSTA
Fuck. That's not a boat.

47 EXT. DECK - DAY

47

Skeemo and Charlie by the winch.

CHARLIE
What are killer tomatoes?

SKEEMO
Canadian Coast Guard. Cuz their
boats are red.

As he says it, Kyle leaps down from above.

KYLE
Charlie, give me a hand!

Charlie follows him to the deck locker, helps him drag the
ACETYLENE TANKS over. A couple of flicks and it fires up.
Sparks fly as Kyle cuts the cable.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Say goodbye to ten grand!

Charlie steps back as the cable cuts. The ends whips up,
snaps through the bollard and disappears into the ocean.

48 INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

48

As the boat lurches free, Costa throws it full steam ahead.
Then he sees something to port.

COSTA
Fuck.

49 EXT. DECK - DAY (SAME)

49

All eyes to port as a plane bears down 100 meters over the surface: a red Canadian Coast Guard SPOTTER PLANE.

SKEEMO

How close are we from the line?

KYLE

(hopeless)

Not close enough.

As the plane ROARS right overhead, Kyle gives it THE FINGER.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. FINESTKIND - NEW BEDFORD OUTER HARBOR - NIGHT

50

Creeping home. 3 AM. Approaching the HURRICANE DIKE. The lights of the city twinkle.

WHEELHOUSE

Charlie up here looking at a CHART of the harbor. Pleasing himself looking from left to right, finding the landmarks with his finger. Kyle stands by the radio, watching glumly.

CHARLIE

You think we'll get busted?

KYLE

Depends on what the Canadians did. Maybe they were happy to just chase us off. I don't think we'll know till the fish auction tomorrow. When we're officially back in port.

(re: charts)

Put that stuff away. It's not --

His annoyance interrupted by the marine radio.

VOICE

Hey, Kyle. You out there?

Kyle forgets Charlie, grabs the handset.

KYLE

Yeah, Mikey. We got about two thousand pounds. Mostly monk fish. Some flats.

VOICE

(radio)

It's all good. Meet me at that low dock down by Northern. You know the one?

KYLE

Yeah. Five minutes. I'm coming through the dike now.

CHARLIE

Where we going?

KYLE

Selling the fish. Get some tax free cash money. What Uncle Sam doesn't know, well, we still spend every fucking cent of it. Now put those charts away.

CHARLIE

Okay, okay.

Charlie stuffing away charts, Kyle really annoyed.

KYLE

Not all of 'em, just the ones you took out.

Charlie down to the table, having pulled the last chart out from under its bands.

CHARLIE

Hey. Look at this.

Taped to the corner of the table is a PHOTO: Maybe two years ago. Kyle and a WOMAN, her arm around his waist. It's KATHY, the girl Eldridge went to see. It stops Kyle in his tracks.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Who's the girl?

KYLE

That's Kathy. She was a friend of mine. What the hell's Ray doing with this?

CHARLIE

You look happy.

KYLE

Yeah? I'll be a lot happier if you go tell the guys to get ready to handle the lines... Go.

Charlie goes. Only now does Kyle really look at the photo.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Fuck happy...

CUT AHEAD TO:

51A EXT. FINESTKIND - INNER HARBOR - NIGHT 51A

A flashlight flicks on and off from shore. Signalling.

A FISH TRUCK which is backed onto the dock. The back door rolls up. A portable SCALE is rolled out. Plastic bins.

LINES are thrown to the NIGHT RIDERS onshore.

51B WHEELHOUSE 51B

Kyle backs the props, brings the stern snug to the pilings.

51C FISH HOLD 51C

Charlie and Skeemo finish filling a CANVAS BUSHEL with FLOUNDER. Skeemo calls up to the open deck hatch.

SKEEMO

Up!

As the basket is taken up...

51D DECK 51D

Costa works the winch, lifting the basket as Nunes swings it to the dock. Two LUMPERS catch it, dump it on a sorting table where Kyle stands with MIKEY keeping track of the scales.

KYLE

You look nervous, Mikey. What are you so nervous about?

MIKEY

I ain't nervous.

Suddenly, LIGHTS FLASH from all directions. Hand held spots. The Finestkind bathed in white. Hands shields eyes...

As representatives of the POLICE, COAST GUARD, NATIONAL MARINE FISHERIES SERVICE descend from Northern Seafood.

KYLE

(to Mikey)

Cocksucker.

Mikey shrugging helplessly. What could he do?

51E DECK HATCH 51E

Skeemo emerging followed by Charlie. There are even two Zodiacs in the water, pouring in light from that side.

Charlie scans the scene, looking up at his brother. Kyle looks back at him, embarrassed almost.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

52

Kyle stands fuming under the lights at a makeshift table as he's questioned by Fisheries officials.

Charlie, Skeemo, Costa and Nunes stand nearby.

The Coastguardsman whose buddy Kyle punched at the beginning calls up from the deck of the *Finestkind*.

GUARDSMAN

They only got one dredge aboard!

COSTA

Maybe look up your ass for the other one.

OFFICIAL ONE

(to Kyle)

How do you explain that?

Kyle shrugs, tired of this.

KYLE

Just get it over with, huh?

A PHOTO is set out. It has a printed line representing the border. GPS coordinates. A top view of the *FINESTKIND* is grainy, small, but clearly on the Canadian side.

OFFICIAL ONE

The Canadians aren't fooling around anymore. That's a satellite photo. That's their border. That's an American fishing vessel.

Kyle sees some hope.

KYLE

So? Which vessel? You can't tell.

They put down one more. The spotter plane's POV: Kyle giving 'the finger', Finestkind seen clearly across the bow.

GUARDSMAN

We'll get you a copy. You can send it out as your Christmas card.

KYLE

Next time I run into you, so help me Christ.

The Guardsman smirks, waggles his fingers like 'bring it'.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(to Official)
Can we go now?

OFFICIAL ONE
Yes. There'll be a hearing, but as
of right now consider your vessel
seized and your catch forfeited.

Kyle feels Charlie's eyes on him. Finally...

KYLE
(to Official)
You know why I do this? Why I fish?
Cause when I'm out there guys like
you disappear! All of you, every
asshole from the bank on down.

Kyle jabs a finger out toward the sea, the darkness.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Cuz I got that fucker out there
waiting for me. And you clowns are
nothing compared to that..

Kyle marches out past his boys. A beat before they follow.

53 OMITTED 53

54 EXT/INT. NOVA - NEW BEDFORD'S SOUTH END - DAWN 54

The Nova coming around a corner like a predator. Goes right
with the neighborhood. Kyle and Charlie alone.

KYLE
What do you think of fishing now?

CHARLIE
I'd go back out with you in a
heartbeat.

KYLE
Fish through the winter and then
tell me that.

CHARLIE
Okay.

KYLE
Okay? This isn't your life; it's my
life. You're just a tourist.
(as Charlie reacts)
Don't get me wrong, you're a helluva
kid.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

You could be in some air conditioned office with your dad, but you're out humpin' it with us. Anyhow I always thought you were a helluva kid.

Kyle stops in front of a small two-story clapboarded house. He looks up at it, leveled, defeated.

CHARLIE

Are they going to take the boat?

KYLE

They're not gonna give it back. They're gonna fine us. Too much to pay and the boat'll sit. No one working her. The interest will pile up and they'll finally auction her off. Mr. White'll probably fucking end up with her.

(a beat)

You wait here.

As Kyle starts to get out of the car...

CHARLIE

Hey...

(Kyle looks back)

I'm gonna get you through this.

KYLE

What are you talking about?

Charlie looks at his brother, takes his measure.

CHARLIE

I'm gonna get you through this.

KYLE

You're gonna get me through this?

Charlie nods. Kyle shakes his head, doesn't know what to make of him. He finally gets out of the car.

KYLE

Heads up the walkway to a door, starts KNOCKING on it. Nothing. Kyle KNOCKS again. An OLDER WOMAN appears in the kitchen window of the house next door. The houses are close.

OLDER WOMAN

Mr. Eldridge isn't home.

KYLE

Do you know where he is?

OLDER WOMAN

Who are you?

"Who are you?" Kyle looks back at Charlie.

KYLE

That tells the story right there.

(to older woman)

I'm his son.

She obviously surprised to hear this.

OLDER WOMAN

Ray's in Boston.

KYLE

(baffled)

What's he doing in Boston?

CUT TO:

55 OMITTED

55

56A INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MASS GENERAL - DAY

56A

Charlie and Kyle walk the hall, stop at the room they're after. Looking in they see Ray Eldridge. His back to them as he sits on the edge of the bed looking out the window.

56B HOSPITAL ROOM

56B

Kyle enters, Charlie hangs back in the doorway.

KYLE

Hey, Pops...

Eldridge turns, takes a moment to register it's Kyle.

ELDRIDGE

How'd you know I was here?

KYLE

Your old lady neighbor.

Eldridge nods, that makes sense. Then he sees Charlie.

ELDRIDGE

Hey, is that Charlie?

CHARLIE

(steps in)

Mr. Eldridge.

KYLE

Charlie's been fishing with me for the summer.

Eldridge reacts to this, looks back and forth between them.
Strangely affected by the news.

ELDRIDGE
Good. Brothers should be together.
(to Charlie)
How's your mom doing?

CHARLIE
She's fine.

ELDRIDGE
You're not here because you ate some
of her meatloaf, are you?

Charlie laughs. Eldridge smiles.

KYLE
What's up? What are you doing here?

A beat and then bombs away...

ELDRIDGE
I got cancer. In my stomach.

Kyle stunned. Charlie, too.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Same thing my father died from. I'm
gonna go just like him.

KYLE
Whoa, wait. What can they do?

ELDRIDGE
Nothing. It's over, I waited too
long. Thought I had an ulcer. I can
quit chewing Tums at least.

Even as Kyle absorbs this, it gets worse.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
They were in here an hour ago
talking about hospices. I told them
to fuck off. I'm going out fishing.
That boat's my hospice

Charlie looks at Kyle, How the hell is he going to tell him?
It finally dawns on Eldridge, too.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
What are you guys doing here? You
should be at sea.

KYLE

We were fishing the line. Dredge got hung up. Canadian spotter plane got us on film. They impounded the boat.

ELDRIDGE

In Canada?

KYLE

New Bedford. When we came in. They're working together now I guess.

ELDRIDGE

The dredge hung up on what?

KYLE

Don't know. No peaks on the plotter. It was flat bottom.

ELDRIDGE

Fuck. You should have --

KYLE

(heating up)
Should have what, Ray? What should I have done?

ELDRIDGE

Big picture or small? I don't understand the way you're built, Kyle.

KYLE

You built me.

ELDRIDGE

I did not. You can't work with anyone. You can't get along. On the edge of saying fuck it all the time.

KYLE

I'm there right now.

ELDRIDGE

No allegiance, No commitment to anyone but yourself.

The room ready to go white hot.

CHARLIE

That's not true, Mr. Eldridge. You're wrong.

The words flatten things out. Eldridge sags. Looking down, he rubs the edge of his hospital gown between his fingers.

ELDRIDGE
Unbelievable, huh? The shit they
make you wear. The shit they stick
into you.

Finally he looks up at Kyle, swallows hard.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Take me home, huh? Get me the fuck
outta here.

CUT TO:

57 INT. CHEVY NOVA - ROUTE 140 MERGE - DAY 57

Charlie in the back listening to the silence up front between
Kyle and Eldridge. The traffic as grim as the mood.

They pass a SIGN directing them toward: New Bedford. Then:

ELDRIDGE
What's your dad think, Charlie?
About you fishing?

CHARLIE
Honestly, Mr. Eldridge? Not too
much.

ELDRIDGE
Well, he's a smart man.

CHARLIE
I think it might be the best thing I
ever did.

ELDRIDGE
Well, see how you feel about it in
January.

As the silence returns...

CUT TO:

58 INT. STREETS OF NEW BEDFORD'S SOUTH END - DAY 58

Silence as they're getting close to Eldridge's house. As they
finally pull up, everyone just sits there. Until...

ELDRIDGE
Look, Kyle. It's not your fault.
I've been chased off the line a
bunch of times. Could've been me.
The dredge? Bad luck is all. It's
running in the family this month.

KYLE

I'll get your boat back. That's a promise.

Eldridge laughs. They're all missing the point.

ELDRIDGE

You need to get your boat back.

KYLE

My boat?

ELDRIDGE

You're my son. I die, the boat goes to you. The headaches, too.

KYLE

It's not my boat. Maybe if we had worked it together, if I had gone mate for you. But I got nothing to do with it. Give it to your crew. Hell, give it to Charlie. I don't want it.

ELDRIDGE

You want the boat, Charlie?

CHARLIE

No. Stop it.

ELDRIDGE

Smart kid. My house is mortgaged against it, the fine'll be a hundred grand easy. I don't have a boat to give away.

The silence full of tension. Charlie feels it the worst.

CHARLIE

You guys need to talk.

ELDRIDGE

What's there to talk about? He won't change; I won't change. Let that be a lesson.

(looks back)

You live, Charlie, and you die. It's in-between that counts.

Kyle shakes his head. He's heard that before.

KYLE

I'll tell you this much, Ray. There's not going to be some last minute bullshit reconciliation.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

You'll close your eyes knowing it's
bullshit and I'll spend the rest of
my life knowing it too.

It's goodbye and fuck off. A bitter moment. Finally...

ELDRIDGE

Finestkind.

That said, Eldridge gets out of the car, slams the door
behind him. As Charlie watches him stalk up his walkway, Kyle
hits the gas and they burn out of there.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. PACKAGE STORE - DAY

59

Charlie sits in the front passenger seat of the Nova, watches
as Kyle exits drinking a beer and holding five more by the
empty ring. He comes to Charlie's side of the car.

KYLE

Slide over.

CUT TO:

60 INT./EXT. NOVA - ROUTE 6 - MATTAPOISETT - DAY

60

Two lanes in either way separated by double-yellows. Almost
pastoral, property values increasing. Charlie drives. Kyle
tosses an empty in the back, pops another. Grim and quiet.

The Nova's like being in the belly of some beast. *Guns &
Roses* on the stereo, but turned down. Charlie heaves a sigh.

CHARLIE

Fuck off, Kyle...

Kyle snaps out of it a beat. Looks at Charlie, mystified.

KYLE

What?

CHARLIE

When did you get so fucking silent?

KYLE

You want get home or not? Cuz you
can stop and hop out right here.

They roll. Charlie stares ahead, muses.

CHARLIE

When I was little, when you still
lived with us, everything you did
was noisy.

Kyle shakes his head. Does he really have to listen to this?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The way you used to slam doors. The Led Zeppelin up in the attic. Remember when you moved up there? It was angry noise. Exciting, too, you know? I remember watching from behind the sofa when you and my dad would scream at each other. It was awesome. Or standing on the porch while you revved the piss out of that Yamaha 175 you had...

Charlie trails off. Kyle picks up the thread.

KYLE

You would always put your hands on top of your head.

(Charlie looks over)

Not covering your ears, but on top of your head. Every time I looked you were standing there with your damned hands on top of your head.

CHARLIE

You used to ask me if I was trying to hold it on.

(grins)

Mom screaming. You screaming. Everybody screaming. Then one day the noise was gone. The house got real quiet after you left... So did you I guess.

Charlie stops as a light ahead goes red. Kyle considers his brother's words, not sure how to answer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I love you, Kyle.

Kyle has to look away. Softly:

KYLE

Where the fuck did you come from?

As if in answer a BMW 5-SERIES pulls up alongside. TWO PREPPIES inside. They actually REV their engine. VROOM! VROOM! The driver looks at them: *Let's go.*

KYLE (CONT'D)

Idiots...

Kyle not interested, but Charlie shouts out the window.

CHARLIE

What do you got in there!?

The BMW passenger side window rolls down.

PREPPIE DRIVER

An engine!

CHARLIE

No shit, man. You got specifics?

PREPPIE DRIVER

I don't know. A fast one.

(playing along)

What do you got?

CHARLIE

Three-hundred-ninety-six cubic
inches of Detroit testicle!

Charlie looks to Kyle who shakes his head: "No." No racing.

The light turns green. The BMW rips off the line and... They let him go. Charlie bummed out. Until... The driver sticks his arm out the window, MIDDLE FINGER raised.

KYLE

Fuck that fucker.

Torque is a magnificent thing. Smoke pinwheels off the tires. The Nova drifts left before they catch. And they're off! Screaming along the asphalt. Charlie is all business.

The BMW weaving around a car. The Nova catching up.

The Nova comes up hard to pass, braking as the BMW cuts into its lane. The same the other side.

Then Charlie fakes comes up even on the inside. The guys in the BMW look nervous now.

Far ahead: the light turns YELLOW. Charlie keeps his foot to the floor. The BMW with him for a beat until -- The BMW brakes hard, shuddering to a beaten stop as the Nova sails through the RED LIGHT.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

All the wrong things feel good, huh?

Charlie easing off the gas, but still flying. Ahead the two lanes merge into one. A MERCEDES ahead of them with the complete right of way.

Charlie squeezes alongside, forcing the Mercedes onto the shoulder. The guy leaning on his horn.

CHARLIE
 (into rearview)
 And fuck you, too.

VROOM! As they continue, leaving the Mercedes behind as well, Charlie realizes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Shit, Kyle. That was my dad.

CUT TO:

61 OMITTED 61

62A EXT. SYKES HOUSE - DAY 62A

The Mercedes parked in the drive. Charlie getting out of the Nova down the street, waving good bye to Kyle who throttles away. As Charlie considers the house...

62B THE BACK DOOR 62B

Into the mud room, can hear his Dad talking.

MR. SYKES'S VOICE
 Like a maniac. Eighty miles an hour
 down Route 6. These jokers should
 stay in New Bedford.

Charlie grimaces, continues into...

62C THE KITCHEN 62C

Where his Mom is preparing dinner and his Dad is pouring a vodka on the rocks. Big reactions as they see him.

DONNA
 Charlie!

She's over to kiss him. His dad happy too.

MR. SYKES
 When did you get home?

CHARLIE
 A few hours ago. Is something wrong?

MR. SYKES
 No, just some crazy joy rider.

DONNA
 Is Kyle with you?

CHARLIE
 No, no, one of the guys dropped me
 off. What's for dinner?

DONNA
Meatloaf.

CUT TO:

63 INT. DINING ROOM - SYKES' HOUSE - EVENING 63

Charlie is eating like a guy who hasn't eaten in a couple of days, which is basically true. Talking between mouthfuls.

CHARLIE
You knock the dredge out on the roll
or else it'll flip -- then it'll
come up empty.

Charlie's excited and trying to convey it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
So then we tow them. Fifteen minutes
if we're in rocky bottom, maybe
twenty if it's soft.

MR. SYKES
What do you mean by soft?

Charlie, with his mouth full, can't answer.

DONNA
He means sand.

Mr. Sykes looks at his wife, annoyed.

CHARLIE
Yeah, sand. Then we stop and haul
them back.

MR. SYKES
(confused)
Haul what back?

CHARLIE
The dredges.

DONNA
Do you hook up or run the winch?

She knows. She once was a fisherman's wife.

CHARLIE
I hook up. I'm just the shacker.
Skeemo or Nunesy run the winch.

MR. SYKES
(sarcastic)
Shacker, Nunesy and Skeemo. Sounds
like a helluva law firm.

Donna frowns, doesn't like him acting that way about something Charlie is so clearly excited about. But Charlie's cool, still trying to win his father over.

MR. SYKES (CONT'D)

How long until this is out of your system?

CHARLIE

It might take awhile. I'm thinking of fishing for a year, deferring, you know, law school.

Stunned, Mr. Sykes looks at his son a beat.

MR. SYKES

Charlie, don't screw round. Boston College Law. That'll open doors for you the rest of your life.

CHARLIE

(gently)

I don't want doors opened for me.

MR. SYKES

(to his wife)

Christ.

(to Charlie)

You're better than this, Charlie.
Better than your brother ever was.

Mr. Sykes gets up, leaves. Charlie calls after him.

CHARLIE

I'm just thinking about it!

(to her)

He's disappointed.

DONNA

Take all of this slow. Talk to him.
Don't surprise him.

Charlie nods, goes back to his meatloaf. Remembers:

CHARLIE

Oh yeah, Mom. There's something else. Mr. Eldridge has cancer.

She nearly drops her fork onto her plate.

DONNA

What?

CHARLIE

Me and Kyle just drove him home from
Mass General. He's got stomach
cancer.

Charlie eating, doesn't register, but Donna looks stricken.

DONNA

What did Kyle say?

CHARLIE

They got into it in the car. Kyle
saying he didn't want Mr. Eldridge's
boat. Mr. Eldridge getting that
screw you attitude. It wasn't good.

DONNA

It's that bad? Ray was giving up the
boat?

CHARLIE

(nods)

He said he waited too long. It
sounded bad.

As this settles. The PHONE RINGING from another room.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Him and Kyle, they gotta find a way
to figure things out.

DONNA

They're too much the same.

Mr. Sykes enters with the PHONE, holds it out to Charlie.

MR. SYKES

Some girl, Charlie. Named Mabel.

As he hands the phone to Charlie, he looks to Donna, clueless
to what he just walked in on.

MR. SYKES (CONT'D)

I didn't think they named girls
Mabel anymore.

CUT TO:

64 INT. FAMILY ROOM - SYKES HOUSE - EVENING

64

Charlie ducked around a corner, out of earshot of his
parents. He raises the phone.

CHARLIE
Hey it's me.

CUT TO:

65 INT. 280Z - PARKED - EVENING

65

Mabel sitting in her parked car, on her cell.

MABEL
I heard you were home, white boy.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:

CHARLIE
Who told you? Skeemo?

MABEL
Uh huh.

Charlie a bit self-righteous.

CHARLIE
Was it when you were...
(lowers voice)
Bringing him his drugs?

She just laughs.

MABEL
I want to see you.

CHARLIE
Maybe when you turn eighteen.

MABEL
(laughs again)
Where are you, at confession?

CHARLIE
I don't think this is gonna work
out, Mabel.

MABEL
Does the priest have his hand on
your knee? I'll fuck him up.

Now Charlie laughs. She can get right through him.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Hey.

CHARLIE
What?

MABEL
You got a girlfriend?

CHARLIE
No.

MABEL
You want one?

Charlie starts to answer, stops. Finally, crumbling...

CHARLIE
Maybe.

MABEL
You better decide, Mr. Maybe. Cuz
I'm parked outside your house.

Charlie parts a curtain. There's a 280Z out there.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. MOBY DICK MOTEL - ROUTE 6 - NIGHT 66

A Datsun 280Z in the parking lot. Charlie trying to unlock the door to room 14. It's tricky because Mabel is pressed behind him, one hand up the front of his shirt and the other working its way down inside his pants.

The door bursts open and they practically fall inside...

ROOM 14

He shuts the door. She pulling her top off, he kicking his way out of his jeans and they tumble onto a bed. Smothering each other with their mouths. Somehow, through it all...

CHARLIE
This has to be, the last time.

MABEL
Last time, I promise, I swear to
God.

We love these two together. So do they.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. U.S. CUSTOMS HOUSE - NEW BEDFORD - DAY 67

Granite Greek Revival. Built in 1836, just a taste of the faded grandeur of the old Whaling City. Charlie, Costa, Skeemo and Nunes cool their heels on the sidewalk outside.

COSTA
Haven't told my wife I'm unemployed
yet. She's got enough on her mind.

SKEEMO
And in her stomach.

COSTA
Yeah, not for long.

NUNES
You mean in her womb. Not in her
stomach.

SKEEMO
(looks over)
What's wrong with you? Did Barbosa
sell you his IQ, too.

Costa looks over as Kyle bangs through the entrance. Wearing
a SUIT from Sears. Costa registers his expression at once.

COSTA
Oh shit, we're dead.

Kyle plants himself before them, announces:

KYLE
A one hundred thousand dollar fine.
Plus we lost the catch, of course.

CHARLIE
I thought it was just a preliminary
hearing.

KYLE
They had their minds made up. Why
see me twice?

COSTA
Especially in that suit, man. I
would'a fined you a hundred grand.

Kyle looks him off; it's not joke time. Charlie interrupts.

CHARLIE
How are we gonna get the money?

KYLE
We?

Charlie nods. He's irrepressible.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Well, Ray's house is against it, so
we're fucked at the bank.
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

We can't fish it off because the boat's impounded till the fine's paid. We could work McDonald's. You flip burgers; I'll salt the fries.

CHARLIE

You know what? Whatever it takes.

KYLE

When did you get to be this goddamn Zen master, Charlie?

(Charlie shrugs)

I'm the older brother. I give the advice. I say shit like 'hang in there', not you. Okay?

CHARLIE

Aye aye, Captain Brother.

Kyle takes a breath, looks back at the building he just left.

KYLE

I'll be goddamned if I'm going to lose my father's boat.

CUT TO:

68 INT. MR. WHITE'S OFFICE - NORTHERN SEA FOOD - DAY 68

Mr. White sits behind his desk. He glances through the glass wall looking on the outer office. Kyle sits out there, planted in a chair, his hat literally in his hand. White looks over at the wall clock. As the minute hand clicks over to two o'clock, he buzzes his secretary.

MR. WHITE

Send him in.

He watches as his secretary says something to Kyle. Kyle stands and enters Mr. White's office.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Sorry for the wait, Kyle. We're busy as hell the last few days.

KYLE

I won't take up any more of your time than I have to.

As Mr. White looks about as patronizing as possible...

CUT TO:

69 EXT. NORTHERN SEA FOOD - DAY

69

White's Porsche is here. Top up. Charlie and Costa wait by the loading dock.

CHARLIE

Been in there a long time. That's a good sign, right?

COSTA

Just means they're making him wait. They want you on your knees, Charlie. Everybody wants you on your knees.

CUT TO:

70 INT. MR. WHITE'S OFFICE - NORTHERN SEA FOOD - DAY

70

Mr. White still sitting across from Kyle.

MR. WHITE

I still don't see what's in it for Northern Seafood.

KYLE

You front us the money to pay the fine and we fish for Northern exclusively till you recoup the hundred plus another fifty.

MR. WHITE

Fifty per cent return on my dollar. I wish life were that simple.

Mr. White just stares at him after that. Kyle is defeated.

KYLE

I can't let my dad die with his boat tied up. Name your terms. You got a deal.

MR. WHITE

Finestkind's a highliner. Your dad running it would be a great investment. But you? You are bad news. And I'm not interested.

White looks to the door. Kyle stands, heads out.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

The way you're feeling right now? Never forget it. Then maybe you'll learn something.

CUT TO:

71 INT. THE CAP LOG - DAY

71

Ray Eldridge staring gloomily at the selections on the JUKE BOX. Flips through them, feeds in a dollar. Presses F-9.

CUT AHEAD TO:

72 THE BAR - CAP LOG

72

Eldridge sitting gloomily over a beer. It's glum and settled in here. Like dust. Over the jukebox:

MERLE HAGGARD

*Rolling with the flow, going where
the lonely go.*

As Merle sings, Donna Sykes enters the joint. Eyes adjusting from the outside, she spots Eldridge at the bar. Coming up behind him, she looks at him a beat before joining in with Merle. She knows the song well.

DONNA/MERLE

*Making up things to do. Not running
all directions trying to find you.*

He looks back, is very surprised. As Merle continues...

ELDRIDGE

Donna...

DONNA

Hey, Ray. How are you?

ELDRIDGE

(smiles)

Never better.

DONNA

Charlie told me.

ELDRIDGE

Did he?

(she nods)

You come to say goodbye?

Donna tries to answer. As her tears fall, he takes her hand.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)

Sit down.

She takes the stool beside him. He considers her, smiles as he recalls something about her. To the bartender:

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)

Rocky. You got a nice white wine
hiding back there?

ROCKY
Chardonnay or Pinot Grigio?

That does it. Now she's laughing.

DONNA
Chardonnay.

As Rocky goes about his business.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Only you could ever do this to me.

ELDRIDGE
What's that?

DONNA
Make me laugh and make me cry at the
same time.

As he squeezes her hand, knows what she means...

DONNA (CONT'D)
Does it hurt?

ELDRIDGE
I can handle it.

DONNA
That's not what I asked.

Eldridge shrugs, stoic to the end. Rocky sets the wine down.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Thank you.
(to Eldridge)
How did Kyle take it?

Eldridge just shakes his head: *Not well*. They sit a beat.

DONNA (CONT'D)
It's not too late.

ELDRIDGE
No. Me and Kyle said goodbye a long
time ago. There's not much point in
saying it again.

As Donna absorbs this...

CUT TO:

73 EXT. COSTA'S BACKYARD - DAY

73

Meat on the grill. Kyle sits on one side of a PICNIC TABLE, Costa, Skeemo and Nunes on the other. Kyle has just received a proposal. He looks the boys over.

KYLE

You guys are serious about this?
(they are)
Heroin?

COSTA

(grins)
You go bad, you may as well go bad
to the bone.

Kyle doesn't think it's funny.

KYLE

And what if we get caught?

NUNES

We go to fucking Walpole.

COSTA

But we're not gonna get caught.
Ninety miles offshore. We pick up
the drop. We deliver it. Done.

KYLE

It's heroin.

SKEEMO

What it is is a hundred grand.

COSTA

And it all goes to the boat. We all
buy your dad's boat back for him.

As Kyle hesitates...

COSTA (CONT'D)

We don't gotta stick with the cards
we got dealt. Fuck the cards.

(a beat)

We deal ourselves a new hand.

SKEEMO

I don't want to live my life in the
food chain.

KYLE

You guys don't have to do this.

NUNES

No shit we don't. We do this, we own a piece with you. Half the boat's yours, other half's ours.

COSTA

So?

Kyle looks them over, doesn't know what to make of it all.

KYLE

What am I gonna tell Charlie?

COSTA

(laughing)

Tell Charlie?

KYLE

He's part of the crew. He's got a right to know.

Almost on cue... Charlie and Mabel arrive, head across the yard to join them.

COSTA

Fucking Charlie, man, he's the one who set this all up.

CHARLIE

Hey, sorry we're late.

Charlie catches the look in his brother's eye.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

They told you?

Kyle nods, turns his look to Mabel.

KYLE

You've met these guys?

MABEL

Yeah. My mom knows them.

Kyle looks past them, like someone else is coming.

KYLE

Am I missing something? Where's she?

MABEL

In Framingham. Till next year.

Kyle looks back at Charlie: *Framingham?*

CHARLIE

She says it's cool.

KYLE

Your girlfriend's incarcerated mother has cleared it. I feel so much fucking better now.

(to Mabel)

What do you know about them?

MABEL

They're from Boston.

KYLE

Italian or Irish? Or Puerto Rican?

MABEL

Irish. Just trying to do some business. If you're not interested, they'll find someone else.

Kyle looks to Charlie, can't believe what he's hearing.

KYLE

My brother the drug smuggler. You're a goddamn Jonah. Nothing but bad luck since you showed up.

(grim laugh)

And they thought I was a bad influence on you. I might've been a fuck-up on dry land, but out to sea I had it going on. Now I'm fucked either way.

CHARLIE

(softly)

It's for a good reason.

KYLE

You know what, Charlie? There's right and then there's wrong. This is wrong. Don't kid yourself because you're the one doin' it.

CHARLIE

You wanna get the boat back or don't you?

Kyle looks at his brother. Something goes grim inside him.

KYLE

(re: Mabel)

I hope you're using a fucking rubber.

CHARLIE

Hey --

MABEL

Fuck you.

KYLE

Fuck all of us.

(stands)

Okay, Charlie, let's do it.

CUT TO:

74 INT. DUNKIN' DONUTS - COGGESHALL STREET - NIGHT

74

Where South Boston gangster PETE WEEKS sits in the corner sipping coffee. A member of his crew, MARK, steps over with a donut, hands it to him.

MARK

There you go.

WEEKS

Markie, I said a cruller. Does this look like a cruller to you?

MARK

It's an old fashioned.

WEEKS

Which is a fucking doughnut. A cruller is --

Kyle, Charlie, Costa, Mabel, Nunes and Skeemo arrive.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Fuck it, they're here.

(to the boys)

Hey, hey...

They all quickly spot each other. Kyle leads the way.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

What is this, Mabel, a fucking convention?

(to Kyle)

Name's Weeks. You Eldridge?

Kyle nods. Weeks' picked up the alpha dog scent.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Pull up a chair. You guys want coffee?

NUNES

Yeah. Cream and sugar.

WEEKS
(grinning)
Counter's over there, mutherfucker.

Nunes tries to grin back, just looks pissed. Skeemo pulls another table over. They all sit down.

We realize another guy (PAUL) is keeping watch from a table ten feet to the right. Same litter as Weeks and Mark.

Weeks slides an ENVELOPE over to Kyle.

WEEKS (CONT'D)
Twenty grand. Eighty more when you hand it over.

Kyle takes a look around, palms the envelope. Below the table, he ruffles through the stack of 100's.

WEEKS (CONT'D)
Mabel says you guys are one timing it, but if things work out...

Kyle gives him a very definitive look.

KYLE
No. This is it. One time only.

WEEKS
Short of cash, huh?

SKEEMO
We've been saving up for costectomies.

WEEKS
(looking over)
Yeah? What's that?

SKEEMO
It's an operation. They take out your bottom ribs so you can bend over and blow yourself.

Weeks looks at Skeemo a dead beat, decides to let it go.

It's at about this time Costa clocks Paul at the other table.

COSTA
He with you?

WEEKS
(nods)
He's too good for us so he sits by himself.

Weeks looks back to Kyle, gestures toward Mabel.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Your girl Mabel here has the time
and the directions. Longitude and
attitude and all that shit.

He looks to Mabel. All attitude now, Mabel hands Kyle a paper
napkin with coordinates scribbled on it.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

We were gonna write it on her
panties, but she wasn't wearing any.

Laughs from his boys. As Charlie's eyes flash, Weeks points a
'finger gun' at him.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Got'cha. Let me guess, you're the
one with his brain in his dick.

(at Costa)

You I'm not sure I like.

(at Nunes)

You're the dumb ass.

(at Skeemo)

And you? I've seen those eyes a
thousand times. Those eyes keep guys
like me in business.

He finally considers Kyle.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

And you're the fucking righteously
pissed off one. You I can deal with.
Even if you are a fucking mute.

Kyle looking at Charlie, drawing equanimity off him.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Be out there on time. You'll hear it
before you see it. No second chance
if you fuck up.

Weeks stands up. Meeting over.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

(to Mabel)

You got my number?

Mabel nods. Weeks starts out with Mark. On his way out...

WEEKS (CONT'D)

See you promptly after the fact.

It's only after Weeks is gone, that Paul leaves as well.

CHARLIE
I thought that went pretty good.

Kyle ignores his brother, looks to Costa.

KYLE
We're gonna need a boat.

COSTA
My brother-in-law owes me a favor.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. KELLEY'S WHARF - FAIRHAVEN - DAY

75

Across the harbor from New Bedford's smokestacks. Skeemo, Kyle, Costa, Nunes, Mabel and Charlie make their way down. There's something almost noble about the group of them.

They head toward a 50 foot Eastern rigged DRAGGER: "The Maria & Maria." About half the size of the 'Finestkind'.

KYLE
Let's take her to the ice house.

COSTA
What do we need ice for?

KYLE
We should have some fish in the hold, don't you think? Coast Guard boards us, wants to know what we're doing out there empty.

Costa taps Kyle on his forehead. Kyle bats his hand away.

COSTA
That's why you're captain.

They all start climbing aboard till it's just Kyle and Charlie. Kyle wants a word alone.

KYLE
Just so you know, Charlie, this is it. After this we go separate ways.

CHARLIE
Hey, come on, Kyle --

KYLE
(wheels on him)
You can step off right now you don't like it!

A beat. As Charlie backs off, raises his hands.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Get up on that fucking bow line.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. MARIA & MARIA - THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY 76

The net doors come up in the bollards. Skeemo and Nunes work the gear, dump the net on the deck.

Kyle comes out of the pilot house, looks down at Costa.

COSTA
Not much. A hundred fifty pounds,
maybe one sixty.

KYLE
Enough to say we broke down on our
first tow.

COSTA
(nods; looks at sky)
We better get moving.

Kyle nods reluctantly, heads back in the pilot house. Costa looks at Skeemo and Charlie.

COSTA (CONT'D)
Gut 'em and ice 'em down.

CUT TO:

77A INT./EXT. PILOT HOUSE - MARIA & MARIA - DAY 77A

Kyle's at the wheel. Costa over by the GPS. Neither man says a word. Kyle sniffs the air, catches something.

77B PORT SIDE RAIL 77B

Kyle steps over and sniff the air again.

KYLE
Mackerel...

77C PILOT HOUSE 77C

Ducking back inside, Kyle flicks on the fish finder: a GREEN CLOUD ahead.

KYLE
Set out the net.

COSTA
We got two hours to go; we don't
have time for bullshit.

KYLE
(checks watch)
We got time for one tow.

CUT TO:

78 INT. GALLEY - MARIA & MARIA - DAY 78

Charlie, Nunes and Skeemo at the table. Nervous, no one saying a word. The LOUDSPEAKER hanging over the stove crackles to life.

COSTA'S VOICE
We're setting out, boys.

SKEEMO
Setting out? What the hell are we setting out for?

CUT TO:

79 EXT. DECK - MARIA & MARIA - DAY 79

The sun getting low. The net's in the water. As the doors splash, fan out ahead of it, Charlie looks at Skeemo, gets a big shrug. As they all look up toward the pilot house. All the answers are up there.

CUT TO:

80 INT. PILOT HOUSE - MARIA & MARIA - SUNSET 80

Kyle at the wheel. As the boat gives a little lurch, he and Costa both feel it. As Kyle eases off the throttle.

COSTA
Fuck me. Those are some fish.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. STERN RAMP - MARIA & MARIA - SUNSET 81

The bulging net is dumped. Costa and Charlie are up to their hips in MACKEREL as they pour past flopping, scales glinting.

SKEEMO
It's mackerel! Holy shit.

Costa looks at Charlie.

COSTA
Nobody catches mackerel anymore.

They both look up to Kyle at the rail. He looks messianic.

KYLE
How much!? Three thousand?

Costa looks at the fish flopping all around him. He looks back at Kyle, holds up four fingers.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Let's go again! Set it out!

COSTA
Kyle, we can't!

As Kyle realizes, he wheels, heads back inside. The boat surges forward as Kyle guns it. And Costa's just angry about the whole situation. He looks at the others.

COSTA (CONT'D)
Okay. Get 'em in the hold!

And off Charlie's ache for his brother...

CUT TO:

82A EXT. GEORGE'S BANKS - NIGHT

82A

A million stars in the sky and the Maria & Maria lit up, deck lights blazing. Kyle standing out on the rail. Costa in the pilot house. Then the hum of an approaching JET ENGINE.

KYLE
Costa!

Costa joins him on the rail, the boys on deck below. They can't see anything, but a plane is flying toward them.

COSTA
(points)
There!

KYLE
I see it.

A small TURBO JET. Running dark, gleaming in the moonlight. Flying low and as slow as it can. As it nears, a STROBING FLASH plummets toward the water.

And as the jet roars over the boat...

CUT TO:

82B A NEON PINK LONGLINE FLOAT

82B

Bobs in the water. A pole rising off it with a BEACON on top. The jet long gone as the Maria & Maria approaches. Skeemo leans from the bow, snags it with a gaff pole. Nunes helps haul it up.

They grab the line it holds, pull hand over hand till they have a suitcase-sized PACKAGE on board. It's heavily wrapped in black plastic.

CUT TO:

83 INT. GALLEY TABLE - NIGHT

83

There they are on the table. Plastic unwrapped. Ten bricks of HEROIN. Nobody says a word until.

SKEEMO

Fuck. We should be getting a lot more than a hundred grand for this.

Kyle just stares. He looks up at Charlie who holds his gaze.

KYLE

Like my old man says, you live, you die. It's in-between that counts, right?

(sighs)

Right... Let's go home.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. KELLEY'S WHARF - FAIRHAVEN - EARLY MORNING

84

The Maria & Maria tied up safe and sound. The boys meeting on deck. A DUFFEL BAG resting ominously on the hatch cover.

NUNES

Do we make the drop now? How does it work?

KYLE

We go to auction. We sell the fish. Just like we always do. If someone asks why we're in so early, we say the winch seized up.

SKEEMO

I'll siphon off the hydraulics.

KYLE

Then we make the drop, get the rest of the money.

COSTA

(grinning)

Damn, we should even share out a grand apiece for the fish.

CUT TO:

85 INT. FISH AUCTION HOUSE - NEW BEDFORD - DAY

85

A SIGN: Captains, Owners & Mates Only. Being scribbled on the big board: Maria & Maria, 90 Cod, 40 Sand Dabs, 420 Mackerel. No wait. Another 0 is added. 4200. A MURMUR goes up at that.

A few skippers seek out Kyle with their eyes, nod approval. Kyle just scowls, looks to Costa.

KYLE

First time I ever been in this room
that I felt ashamed.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. PIER FOUR PARKING GARAGE - DAY

86

Charlie, Costa, Kyle, Skeemo, Nunes and Mabel by the Nova. Everybody waiting. A cell phone rings. Mabel answers.

MABEL

Yeah? Course we got it... Course we
know where it is...

She hangs up, looks at Kyle.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Parking lot at Dunkin' Donuts. Ten
minutes. He said he only wants to
see two of you.

COSTA

Shotgun!

Costa starts climbing into the Nova. Kyle gets behind the wheel. Suddenly, Charlie reaches through the window, grabs Kyle's hand as he tries to start the engine.

CHARLIE

I'm coming with, Kyle.

COSTA

Let him hide in the back. Dunkin'
Donuts? 10AM? It'll be full of cops.
You couldn't find a safer place to
do a drug deal.

Kyle just staring at his brother, finally looks to Costa.

KYLE

Get out.

COSTA

You serious?

Kyle nods, looks at Charlie.

KYLE
 You wanna act like a man? I'll act
 like I'm treating you like one.

As Charlie and Costa switch places, Kyle looks to the others.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 Meet you at the Cap Log in an hour.
 Then we'll each get ourselves a
 cashier's check for twenty grand.
 Then we get the boat.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. PURCHASE STREET - NEW BEDFORD - DAY 87
 The Nova rolling exactly the speed limit.

CUT TO:

88A INT. NOVA - ROLLING - DAY 88A
 Kyle, nervous, checking his mirrors.

CHARLIE
 What is it?

KYLE
 Don't know.

Charlie looks back through the rear windshield. A brown CROWN VIC SEDAN behind them. It looks very much like an unmarked police car.

They're so busy looking back, they don't see the SECOND CAR ahead till it's too late. It swerves around the corner, slides to a blockading stop in front of them.

Kyle slams on the brakes as the Crown Vic roars up right behind them, dashboard CHERRY LIGHT blazing. TWO NARCS jump out, GUNS aimed. Badges hanging around their necks.

NARC ONE
 Police! Hands up

TWO MORE from the car up front. More guns.

NARC THREE
 Out of the car, you fucking mutts!

Hands up, Kyle looks over at his brother. An awful moment.
 And then:

KYLE
It's mine. You don't know about it,
you never saw it, you're fucking
horrified.

CHARLIE
Kyle...

KYLE
(fierce)
Tell me yes. Tell me you goddamn
understand.

CHARLIE
(all is lost)
Yes.

88B STREET

88B

Hands over their heads Charlie and Kyle get out.

NARC ONE
Hands on the hood!

They do as they're told. Their feet kicked wide from behind.
Narc One sets a gun barrel at the nape of Kyle's neck.

NARC ONE (CONT'D)
You dumb bastards.

Narc Three grabs the keys from the ignition, opens...

88C THE TRUNK

88C

Two boxes marked FRESH FISH. Narc Three tears off the
cardboard top of one to reveal iced mackerel. He digs inside,
starts pulling out bricks of HEROIN.

He pulls out a trash bag, starts stuffing them in.

88D STREET

88D

Narc Three comes around from the trunk with the loaded trash
bag in hand.

NARC THREE
Got it!

Kyle frowns as Narcs Three and Four hurry back to their car.
Three pausing to throw Kyle's car keys over someone's
sideyard fence before jamming inside the car.

Narc One still has the gun at his neck.

KYLE
You're not fucking cops.

NARC ONE
We protect and serve. Just not you,
mutherfucker.

That said, he PISTOL WHIPS Kyle behind the ear. Kyle drops,
banging off the hood of the Nova to the ground.

Narcs One and Two get in the Crown Vic and tear away.

As Charlie kneels down alongside his brother.

CHARLIE
Kyle, you okay?

Groggy, but still conscious. He retches. Then...

KYLE
Get the keys. Get us outta here.

CUT TO:

89A INT. NOVA - PURCHASE STREET - FURTHER DOWN - DAY 89A

Charlie driving now. Kyle beside him rubbing the back of his
bloody head.

CHARLIE
You gotta get to the hospital.

KYLE
No. We gotta deal with these guys.
They'll think we ripped 'em off.

CHARLIE
Your skull could be cracked.

KYLE
Just shut up and get there, okay?

CUT TO:

90 EXT. DUNKIN' DONUTS - COGGESHALL STREET - DAY 90

The Nova parked out front. Kyle sits in the passenger seat
holding his head, door open, feet on the pavement.

Charlie exits the store, heads for the Nova.

CHARLIE
No one's here. Counter lady said
they split five minutes ago.

As Kyle reacts...

KYLE
Charlie, we're in fucking trouble.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. CAP LOG - DAY 91

Ray Eldridge gets out of his El Camino heads inside.

92A INT. CAP LOG - DAY 92A

FOLLOW Eldridge to the bar where Nunes stands.

ELDRIDGE
Hey, Nunesy.

NUNES
Oh, hey, Mr. Eldridge.

As Eldridge takes a stool at the bar.

ELDRIDGE
Seven and seven, Rocky.

Rocky grunting from over by the ice machine.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Donny Isaksen told me Kyle put forty-
two-hundred pounds of mackerel on
the board this morning.

NUNES
Uh huh.

ELDRIDGE
What boat were you on?

NUNES
(nervous)
Maria & Maria. But we broke down
after a couple of tows. Some luck,
huh?

Rocky hands him a big Ziploc bag full of ice.

ROCKY
There you go.

Eldridge watches as Nunes walks the ICE over to a corner
table. Costa takes it, sets it on the back of Kyle's head.
Skeemo and Charlie here as well.

92B CORNER TABLE 92B

Voices low as Charlie explains.

CHARLIE

It was on Purchase Street. One car tailed us, another pulled out front. They had badges, police lights, they looked like undercover cops.

(a beat)

We went to see Weeks to tell him what happened. We were late. He'd already left.

SKEEMO

Maybe Weeks sent those guys.

CHARLIE

Why would he do that?

SKEEMO

So he wouldn't have to pay us.

KYLE

No. He'd be taking a chance a real cop could show up during all of it.

And then Mabel's arriving, headed urgently over.

92C MR. ELDRIDGE

92C

Watching, curious as hell. He looks to Rocky.

ELDRIDGE

What's going on over there, Rock?

ROCKY

Dunno. Kyle came in like that.

92D CORNER TABLE

92D

MABEL

What the fuck happened? Weeks just called me and said you guys didn't show. He's crazy mad.

CHARLIE

We got robbed.

MABEL

What?

CHARLIE

Some guys acting like cops.

Kyle drills her with a look.

KYLE

Who were they?

MABEL
Who was who?

KYLE
(livid)
The guys who fucking japped us!

MABEL
How should I know?

NUNES
Kyle, your dad's watching.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You set us up, you fucking --

Kyle goes after her. The table flips. The pitcher crashes, beer splashed. Mabel knocked sprawling to the floor.

Costa and Nunes grabbing Kyle, pulling him back. Charlie stepping between.

CHARLIE
Fucking stop!

92E SEEN FROM ELDRIDGE'S PERSPECTIVE AS... 92E

KYLE
She set us up.
(to Mabel)
Didn't you?!

MABEL
Fuck you I did! Fuck you! How can
you talk shit like that?!

92F CORNER TABLE 92F

He makes another grab for her, almost gets past Charlie. Costa and Nunes shoving him back against the wall.

COSTA
Get her outta here, Charlie.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. THE CAP LOG - DAY 93

Mabel exits, starts away. Fast. Charlie follows.

Hey!

CHARLIE

MABEL
(in tears)
I didn't fuck you guys. I like you
guys.

CHARLIE
(catching up)
We like you, too.

MABEL
Let me alone, Charlie.

He gets around in front of her.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Please.

She fights her way around him, continues.

CHARLIE
I believe you!

As Charlie watches her go...

CUT TO:

94 INT. CAP LOG - DAY (SAME)

94

Kyle looking over as Eldridge approaches.

KYLE
Oh fucking priceless...

ELDRIDGE
What's going on?

KYLE
Nothing, Ray. Misunderstanding.

ELDRIDGE
You sure?

KYLE
Your problems are bigger than mine I
guarantee it.

It's as close to 'fuck off' as Kyle can say it. A beat
between the two and as Eldridge heads back to the bar...

CUT TO:

95A EXT./INT. COSTA'S TENEMENT - DAY

95A

Coming up the stairs, Costa leads the way. Kyle follows,
Charlie bringing up the rear.

COSTA
I'm gonna make some food; we're
gonna eat and figure something out.

They enter the FIRST FLOOR HALL. A door to Costa's place and then stairs turning up to the other apartment.

As they get to the door, a figure joins them on the landing from the steps leading up to the attic. It's Paul from the Weeks' crew at Dunkin' Donuts. Levels a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN.

PAUL
How you doin'?

They just stare back at him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Keep goin' where you were goin'.

Charlie opens the door for Costa who leads the way into...

95B COSTA'S KITCHEN

95B

...and a very bad situation. Sitting at the kitchen table is Weeks. He's got Costa's 3-year-old son sitting in his lap. He looks up from his coloring.

3-YEAR-OLD
Daddy!

Costa's wife Anne Marie and Weeks' boy Mark sit across from them. As Costa steps forward --

Paul points a 9mm and Mark racks the shotgun.

Everyone freezes.

Anne Marie resumes crying. It looks like she's been doing a lot of it. The 3-year-old starts CRYING, too.

ANNE-MARIE
Tony, please...

COSTA
They got nothing to do with this.

WEEKS
Did I say they do? Little man was crying so I got him coloring. Now you got him crying again.

COSTA
Get out of my house. We'll talk outside.

WEEKS
No, this ain't no front porch conversation. Kitchen's where the real family business gets done.

Weeks hands the boy across the small table to Anne Marie.

WEEKS (CONT'D)
Take your little brat.

Both of them crying together. Weeks grim.

WEEKS (CONT'D)
You guys got something of mine.

KYLE
It got taken.

Weeks focuses on Kyle.

WEEKS
That's right, you're the boss. I
should deal with you. Just so you
know, I run a tight shop.

And Anne Marie arches in pain, stifles a scream.

COSTA
Baby!

He goes to her. Mark pushing back from the table, gun on
Costa. Weeks now points his own 9mm at Kyle and Charlie.

WEEKS
Chill!

ANNE MARIE
The baby! The baby's coming!

COSTA
(as he takes his son)
What?!

WEEKS
Yeah, that's a problem we been
having. How far are the pains apart
now, Markie?

Mark glances at his wristwatch.

MARK
About three minutes.

WEEKS
The point being the quicker you boys
deal with my problem, the quicker
you can deal with your own.

Costa wipes a strand of sweat drenched hair from her eyes.

COSTA
It's okay, baby. It's okay.

WEEKS
(to Kyle)
Deal's a deal, boss, right?

KYLE
Yeah, but --

WEEKS
No, no. No buts. This is life in the food chain. I got someone above me, too. He's going to be asking me the same question I'm asking you now. Where's my heroin?

KYLE
Why don't you ask your girl Mabel?

WEEKS
Oh we saw her before we came here, didn't we, Paulie?

PAUL
Oh yeah.

Charlie reacting. Weeks clocks it

WEEKS
Your girlfriend said fake cops took it. You think I haven't heard that story before?

KYLE
She set us up.

WEEKS
No. If you got a snitch, I'd look a little more internally. Mabel don't know squat and believe me we asked her hard.

CHARLIE
You fucker! What did you do?

Weeks points the .38 square in Charlie's face.

WEEKS
Call me that again.
(cocks hammer)
Call me a fucker again.

Charlie declines. Weeks uncocks, lowers, looks to Kyle.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Your brother, huh? Markie over there, he's mine. We're ten months apart, Irish twins. You guys look a little further apart than that.

KYLE

Eight years.

WEEKS

Oh, Protestant twins. Either way brothers are a pain in the ass.

Anne-Marie braces against the pain again, grabs Costa by the arm, her nails digging in. As she gasps.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Pipe your bitch down. They're not coming that close.

(to Kyle)

Unless you took it, someone in your crew blew up this deal.

KYLE

No. Snitch must've been on your end.

WEEKS

Doubt it. Paulie here's my cousin. Your family'll fuck you, but not like that. Any other bright ideas?

CHARLIE

It could've been the guys on the plane, the guys who made the drop.

Weeks points the gun at each in turn as he says:

WEEKS

Coulda. Woulda. Shoulda. Your story stinks.

(to Kyle)

But truth is, Cochise, it does not fucking matter. This kind of shit happens. It's the price of doing business. Some fish you catch and some get away, right?

Anne-Marie contracting again, real panic on her face.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Truth is you can not have 'em laughing at you. Where I come from you are only as good as your hard earned reputation.

(MORE)

WEEKS (CONT'D)

I would very much like to get my
dope back, but right now my
reputation is more important than
anything else.

Costa reaching up under his wife's maternity dress,
discovering by feel that:

COSTA

She having the baby right now!

And he doesn't ask for permission to take her to the floor.
Paulie and Weeks standing, guns aimed.

KYLE

You gotta believe me --

WEEKS

No! Believing don't matter. Only
thing that matters is this gets
resolved by tomorrow. That's how it
works in the shop! You get short
notice when someone ain't happy!

COSTA

Charlie, hold her head.

Charlie looks to Weeks who nods. Charlie sits on the floor by
Anne Marie. Costa starts taking off her underwear.

Kyle and Weeks only have eyes for each other.

WEEKS

Tomorrow morning, Kyle. 10AM. You
get my dope and you bring it to the
donut shop.

(smiles)

Look at the upside. By tomorrow your
troubles with me are gonna be over,
one way or another. Understand?

KYLE

Yeah...

WEEKS

Do you?! Because I'm not talking
about breaking your legs here!

KYLE

I understand!

WEEKS

Just so we're clear...

Weeks steps over, sets the barrel to Costa's shoulder and --
BAM! Shoots Costa.

As Costa drops, Kyle rushing to him.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Tomorrow.

Weeks out the door. Paul and Mark back their way out behind him. Kyle cradling Costa now. Shoving a dish rag into the wound on the front side. Costa stifling a scream.

KYLE

I think it went right through.

COSTA

Even in high school we never did anything this fucked up.

Anne Marie screaming.

ANNE MARIE

It's here! It's here!

Charlie scoots around as she grabs the table leg, nearly pulls it over. And another SCREAM and Charlie's got a BABY in his hands. The baby wailing now, too.

COSTA

(to Kyle)

I'm okay. Help her.

Kyle leaves him propped against the sink cabinet. He helps her sit as Charlie presents the baby.

CHARLIE

It's a girl.

CUT TO:

96 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - HOUSING AUTHORITY BUILDING - DAY 96

Charlie knocks on the door. Finally...

MABEL'S VOICE

Who is it?

CHARLIE

Charlie.

The door opens. Mabel's standing there holding a kitchen knife. She's been beat-up something awful. Black eye, split lip, bruises on her throat, her arms. Swollen cheekbone. Dried blood on her. Charlie is taken aback.

As they stand there, Mabel's eyes well up.

MABEL

It's so ugly...

She sounds like she's ten years old.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Don't look at me.

Charlie takes her in his arms. Ready to cry himself.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

MABEL

Let's go somewhere. Huh? I got
cousins down in Florida. Okay?

CHARLIE

I can't. My brother. I can't.

CUT TO:

97 INT. COUNTER - WALMART - DAY

97

The CLERK steps over to where Charlie stands looking at the
GUNS for sale.

CLERK

Can I help you, Sir?

CHARLIE

Yes.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. KYLE'S TRAILER - TWILIGHT

98

The El Camino parked here. Ray Eldridge sitting on the little
porch smoking a cigarette, waiting. He's a guy who knows how
to be still.

In the distance somewhere, the RASPY CALL of a bird. Then
tires on gravel, headlights flashing through the trees.

Eldridge 'field strips' the ember, tosses the butt aside and
continues to wait as the Nova rumbles up and to a stop. But
it's Charlie behind the wheel, not Kyle. Charlie kills the
engine, gets out.

Mr. Eldridge watches as he starts for the trailer. Charlie
doesn't see Eldridge until...

MR. ELDRIDGE

Hey, Charlie.

Surprised, Charlie jumps a mile, pulls a REVOLVER from his
belt. He realizes before he points it.

CHARLIE
(realizing)
Mr. Eldridge.

Eldridge's eyes flick from the gun, back to Charlie. Charlie sticks it back in his belt.

ELDRIDGE
Why you carrying a gun?

Charlie sticks it in his belt, shakes his head, not saying.

The raspy call again in the gloom.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
You hear that? An Osprey. It's late
for it to be calling. Maybe its mate
hasn't come back to the nest yet.
Out fishing probably.

CHARLIE
We should all be doing that, right?

Eldridge nods his head solemnly.

ELDRIDGE
Why do you have Kyle's car?

CHARLIE
It's a long story. You know Anne
Marie Costa?

ELDRIDGE
I know who she is.

CHARLIE
(stepping over)
She had a baby today. I had to drive
her to the hospital. Kyle gave me
his car, but I haven't seen him
since.

ELDRIDGE
Why the gun? Come on.

CHARLIE
It's messed up. Her husband, Costa,
he got shot. There was a burglar in
their house.

ELDRIDGE
A burglar?

Charlie nods. Eldridge does not believe him in the slightest.
Charlie tries to change the subject.

CHARLIE
How're you feeling, Mr. Eldridge?

ELDRIDGE
Me? I'm getting a rash from all your bullshit. You want to hear what I know?

CHARLIE
(wary)
Sure.

ELDRIDGE
You guys go out fishing. You break down after one day. Or at least you're home after one day. I see Kyle beat up, screaming about being set up. Hmm?

Charlie looks away.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Now you tell me Costa caught a burglar in his house and got shot. You, the college kid, running around with a gun in your belt.
(a beat)
Even a rocket scientist could figure this one out.

CHARLIE
We're grown-ups, you know? We can't go running to our dads anymore when things go wrong.

ELDRIDGE
I'm not your father, Charlie. I'm that son of a bitch Ray Eldridge everyone tries to steer clear of.
(a beat)
Does your father love you, Charlie?

Charlie nods, no doubt.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Well, I love my son, too.

Charlie considers him. It's with relief he confesses:

CHARLIE
We're in trouble, Mr. Eldridge.

ELDRIDGE
Why don't you tell me about it?

CUT TO:

98B MABEL

98B

Sitting on the edge of her bed, looking desolate, watching the sun come up. The black cardboard off the windows. As dawn's early light hits her, she closes her eyes, hoping it'll wash her clean.

CUT TO:

98C COSTA

98C

In a hospital gown, surreptitiously creeping down a hospital hallway. His right arm in a sling, looking like he's been through the wringer, he stops to look through the window at the BABIES in the MATERNITY WARD.

CUT TO:

98D NUNES' LIVING ROOM

98D

Kyle watching as Nunes unrolls his survival suit. A beat later and he's fished the .38 out from one of the legs.

As he hands it over to Kyle....

CUT TO:

98E CHEVY NOVA - COUNTY STREET

98E

RUMBLING along, Kyle grim behind the wheel.

CUT TO:

99A EXT. DUNKIN' DONUTS - MORNING

99A

Open for business. If a feeling of dread can hang over a donut shop, it has camped out here. An approaching RUMBLE...

And the El Camino pulls up. Eldridge gets out, a PAPER BAG in hand. We follow him in, push through the front door with him.

DUNKIN' DONUTS

MOVE WITH Eldridge over to where Weeks and Mark have coffee, laughing as Weeks holds up a cruller.

WEEKS

Now that right there, Markie, that's a goddamn righteous cruller.

Eldridge stops across from them. He's unaware of Paul who sits in his old spot BEHIND Eldridge. But Paul is most certainly aware of him. Weeks finally takes Eldridge in.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

Let me guess? Will work for food.

Mark cracks up.

ELDRIDGE
I'm Ray Eldridge. Kyle Eldridge's
father.

WEEKS
So what?

ELDRIDGE
I want you to leave my son alone.

Weeks looks at Mark.

WEEKS
You believe this shit?
(to Eldridge)
You still hold his hand when he
crosses the street? Wipe his nose?

Mark laughs it up. Eldridge just stands there. It's sad.
Weeks eyes the paper bag, continues.

WEEKS (CONT'D)
No, I got it. When it snows, you
clip his mittens to his jacket so he
don't lose 'em.

ELDRIDGE
(quietly)
I want you to call it a day.

WEEKS
I can't. Your son owes me big time
on something.

Eldridge gives the crumpled paper bag a little heft.

Paul watching closely behind him, his hand in his lap.

ELDRIDGE
I got about fifteen thousand dollars
in here. I'll give it to you.

WEEKS
Appreciate it, but you'd need about
another, I don't know, about 250
more bags. Does that help you
understand the scope of my issue?

ELDRIDGE
I need you to leave him alone.
Please.

WEEKS

I wish I could. I got boys myself. Wouldn't want to see 'em in a jam like this one. Maybe you shouldn't have raised him up to get involved with people like me. Maybe you should'a doubled up the belt on him, you know? Hey, maybe you could'a been a better role model, huh? Shoulda, woulda, coulda.

Weeks' running out of patience in general and with Eldridge specifically. Eldridge looking raw and desolate.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what, pops. Go down to the funeral home, yeah? Get yourself a head start on things.

Eldridge points vaguely to his right.

ELDRIDGE

On-ramp for Route 140's just up there. You be in Boston in an hour.

WEEKS

You're not listening. Go pick out a box for your fucking kid cuz he's gonna need one.

Eldridge finally defeated. We see the life go out of him. He turns and starts out.

But as he nears Paul he suddenly raises the paper bag, changes his grip on it and BOOM!

FLAMES blow out the end of it and Paul slams against the wall SHOT in the chest.

Eldridge wheels, SHOOTS Weeks in the stomach. Weeks tumbles over the back of his chair.

Mark finds his own gun. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! They trade shots until a round catches Mark in the shoulder.

PEOPLE SCREAMING, some in shock, some hiding behind the counter, some charging the door.

Eldridge shakes the BURNING PAPER BAG off his hand, steps up over Mark, aims his 45. BOOM!

Weeks meanwhile is crawling on all fours for the back of the place. Leaving a lot of blood behind him.

Eldridge turns, walks calmly after him.

Weeks looks over his shoulder. It's like a guy out of the Bible is coming after him. Weeks heaves back against a wall.

WEEKS (CONT'D)

I'll leave him alone! I'll fucking
leave him a --

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Weeks is going to be leaving everyone alone from now on.

Screams, whimpers and cries. All around. More people exiting.

Eldridge drops the gun to the floor, moves blindly till he stumbles against a chair. He sits down heavily.

It's a beat before he notices Paul still sitting in his chair looking at him, his own GUN held loosely in his lap.

They consider each other a beat. Finally, Paul's eyes close.

CUT TO:

99B NOVA

99B

Pulling up out front. Kyle gets out. It's obvious something has happened. MOVE WITH him as he heads inside.

The place empty now except for the dead and Eldridge still in the chair. Eldridge looks up, registers him.

ELDRIDGE

You hear the scallop price this morning?

KYLE

(lost)

What?

ELDRIDGE

Nine twenty-five. The Endeavor
landed 18,000 pounds. Jeez...

Kyle steps over, kneels to get eye level with him.

KYLE

What'd you do, pop?

Eldridge shrugs, tries to find words.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Why?

A long beat. Eldridge puts his hand on him.

ELDRIDGE

Someday you might have a son. When you look at him the first time, you'll get a feeling all at once, that you'd die for him. This little thing you never saw before and you'd stone cold die for him.

Tear run down Kyle's cheeks.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)

That feeling doesn't go away. You might forget, but it's there. We've been apart from each other and nothing can change that. And I don't have long; so whatever's between us isn't gonna change either... But you can change. You can change.

Kyle studies Eldridge a moment. Neither man flinches. Finally Kyle wraps his arms around his father.

KYLE

You gave me all you could. I got no complaints.

CUT TO:

99C NUNES'S LIVING ROOM

99C

Beer in hand, Nunes watches TV, a LOCAL REPORTER on screen.

LOCAL REPORTER

...reports of at least three fatalities at this point.

POUNDING on the door. Nunes steps over warily.

NUNES

Who is it?

CHARLIE'S VOICE

It's me Charlie.

Nunes opens the door to reveal a distressed Charlie

CHARLIE

Is Kyle here?

NUNES

Was. Was here this morning and back again about ten minutes ago.

(re: TV)

This is fucked up.

CHARLIE
Do you know where he was going?

NUNES
He was going to see Skeemo.

Charlie starts to go; Nunes grabs him by the arm.

NUNES (CONT'D)
He's out of his mind, Charlie. Asked me if I was the snitch. I thought he was gonna kill me if I said the wrong thing. With my own gun.

CUT TO:

100A INT. HALLWAY - TENEMENT - DAY 100A

Kyle bangs on a door.

KYLE
Skeemo, it's Kyle!

No answer. Kyle tries the door. It's open. Kyle goes in.

100B KITCHEN 100B

Filthy. Kyle passing through, headed for the sound of a TV.

100C LIVING ROOM 100C

Skeemo sitting in a beanbag chair. High. A dreamy smile.

SKEEMO
Hey, big K. How's it goin'?

Kyle doesn't answer. He looks around, spots the coffee table where Skeemo cooked up last. A bindle, some heroin on a plate. Six more fat balloons.

SKEEMO (CONT'D)
Want some pizza?

KYLE
(re: heroin)
Where'd you get all the dope? Looks like a lot.

SKEEMO
From the mackerel, man. Bought it off your big tow.

KYLE
Those checks don't come out till this afternoon.
(Skeemo sobers a bit)
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Where'd the money come from? Winning
bar bets off Budweiser bottles?

Skeemo shrugs. Kyle moves, hauls Skeemo up, then belts him, sends him ass over end into the corner. Grabbing a balloon, he looms over Skeemo, holds it out.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Swallow it.

SKEEMO

What?

Kyle climbs on top of him, tries to shove it down Skeemo's throat. Finally, Skeemo jerks his head aside, spits it out.

SKEEMO (CONT'D)

This is fucked up.

Kyle draws Nunes' .38. Skeemo's sobriety growing.

KYLE

Tell me what's up.

SKEEMO

I don't know what you think I did --

And then Charlie is there, behind them.

CHARLIE

Kyle...

Kyle pissed at the interruption, pissed that it's Charlie.

KYLE

Skeemo sold us out.

Kyle cocks the trigger.

SKEEMO

Come on, man...

CHARLIE

Kyle, no.

KYLE

Get out of here, Charlie, go home.

Kyle shoves the gun against Skeemo's head. He breaks down.

SKEEMO

I couldn't stop. You can't trust a
junkie. I can't trust the junkie
inside me. You understand?

KYLE

My dad dies in a hole cuz of you.

SKEEMO

You put him there, too.

Wrong thing to say. Kyle about to shoot him.

CHARLIE

Kyle...

KYLE

Get out!

CHARLIE

You live, you die --

KYLE

Shut the fuck up.

CHARLIE

It's in-between that's important.

(a beat)

This is the in-between part.

Kyle looks back at him. Without being aware, Charlie puts his hands on his head, almost in despair.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Kyle, please.

Just like he did when he was a kid. Kyle realizes even if Charlie doesn't. Kyle finally breaks.

KYLE

I can't catch a break. I just want to be a fisherman, you know?

(Charlie nods)

It's like I'm losing something. I don't know how to get it back.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I know. Because I found it. I got it right here. It's you. I got you.

Kyle stands there, halfway between relief and desolation. Then he just leaves -- walks past Charlie and leaves.

Charlie looks down at Skeemo who's wiping his nose.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You dumb sonuvabitch...

CUT TO:

101 INT. CELL - THE ASH STREET JAIL & LOCK-UP - DAY 101

Eldridge sits in a sparse, small cell in jailhouse coveralls. He looks up as a JAIL OFFICER appears at the bars.

JAIL OFFICER
You got a visitor.

CUT TO:

101A INT. THE ASH STREET JAIL & LOCK-UP - DAY 101A

The jail officer accompanies Eldridge down the prisoner side of a VISITING AREA. There are cubicles with glass partitions. The officer gestures to one.

Eldridge continues alone - slowly - wondering who it is.

The angle starts to reveal Kyle. Eldridge smiles, but as he takes the chair, it's revealed someone sits besides Kyle...

It's Kathy. Looking good. Smiling at Eldridge.

They each pick up a phone (two on Kyle's side).

ELDRIDGE
Hey.

KYLE KATHY
Hey. Hi Ray.

They all sit there a beat, looking back and forth.

ELDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Never spent a day in jail in my life until this. Unless school counts.

KYLE
It does. School counts.

ELDRIDGE
They're moving me to Boston next week. Prison hospital there.
(a beat)
What are you two doing together?

KATHY
Kyle asked me out. I said yes.
(then...)
This isn't the date. We went to Freestone's last night.

Eldridge studies her. She looks genuinely happy.

ELDRIDGE
I knew it. I knew you were lying.

KYLE
Lying about what?

KATHY
About you.

Confused, Kyle looks back and forth between them.

KYLE
Someone's gonna have to start at the beginning.

Eldridge smiles. For the first time. He wears it well.

ELDRIDGE
I wish I could.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. THE SYKES' HOUSE - MATTAPOISETT - DAY

102

Charlie and Mabel sit in the 280Z outside. She looks pensively toward the house. The swelling's gone from her lip. Her black eye has gone yellow.

MABEL
Are they gonna give me a hard time?

CHARLIE
No.

MABEL
Cuz I'd really like it if today
wasn't just one more day I gotta get
through.
(looks to him)
You know?

He nods, smiles at her.

CHARLIE
Come on.

They get out of the car, start up the walk. Charlie rings the bell. Mabel takes a deep breath.

MABEL
How do I look?

CHARLIE
Like a real live girl.

She smiles. The door opens. It's Mr. Sykes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Dad, this is Mabel, my friend I told
you about.

Mr. Sykes looks at her just a beat before he shakes her hand.

MR. SYKES
It's nice to meet you Mabel. We
talked on the phone once I think.
Come inside.

As they head in...

CUT TO:

103 INT. SYKES' KITCHEN - DAY

103

Mabel leans against the counter drinking a beer. She watches
as Donna checks the oven.

DONNA
(closing it)
Almost ready.

She smiles at Mabel. Mabel smiles back. They don't know what
to say to each other.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Another ten minutes.

Donna looks out the french doors into the backyard. Charlie
and Mr. Sykes are out there. Mabel steps up beside her.

MABEL
Charlie looks nervous.

Donna nods. He does to her, too.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Are him and his dad close?

DONNA
Almost all the time... Have you ever
dated a fisherman before?

MABEL
No.

DONNA
Well, it's an experience.

Mabel starts to laugh. Donna does too.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(re: beer)
May I?

Mabel hands her the beer. As Donna takes a sip...

CUT TO:

104 EXT. BACKYARD - SYKES' HOUSE - DAY

104

Also drinking beer, Charlie and Mr. Sykes in the backyard.

MR. SYKES

After everything that's happened,
all that's gone so horribly wrong,
you still want to go fishing?

CHARLIE

I do. I do. No question.

MR. SYKES

Your mom says I'm taking something
personally that I shouldn't. She's
right. Just because I'm a lawyer
doesn't mean you have to be one.

CHARLIE

You're a great man, dad; I'd be
proud to be like you.

Mr. Sykes touched, tries not to show it.

MR. SYKES

Thank you. But just be yourself.

CHARLIE

For the first time it feels like
that's what I'm doing. When I'm at
sea I feel like I'm getting closer
to who I am.

MR. SYKES

I did hard work when I was young.
It's, it's satisfying. There's a
result. But this is dangerous, too.

CHARLIE

That's no reason to stay onshore. I
love it, Dad. I feel connected to
it. It makes me feel alive.

Mr. Sykes looks him over. That's hard to argue against.

MR. SYKES

If you stuck with it, how long till
you'd be a captain?

CHARLIE

I'm not sure I want to be a captain.

MR. SYKES

Why not?

CHARLIE

I couldn't be with Kyle then.

MR. SYKES

To be honest, Charlie, it's Kyle I'm worried about. Since the first day I laid eyes on him he's been trouble.

CHARLIE

He needs me. And being out to sea you realize you don't need much. But I need Kyle, too.

MR. SYKES

Charlie...

CHARLIE

No, listen. The day I asked him to take me fishing, I hadn't seen him in a year. I was in downtown New Bedford thinking about him and then boom there he was out of the blue. He didn't see me and I didn't know what to say to him so I followed him. All the way down to his boat. It was like he was calling me. Something told me to be with him. So I asked for a job.

Mr. Sykes moved by the story.

MR. SYKES

And what are the prospects now?
There's no boat, right?

CHARLIE

Right. We gotta figure that out.

MR. SYKES

I'd like to figure it out with you.

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

MR. SYKES

Tell Kyle to come see me tomorrow. I'll help with the legal work and I'll -- I'll pay the fine on the boat.

Charlie stunned, he doesn't know what to say.

MR. SYKES (CONT'D)
It's not a gift.

CHARLIE
Of course! We'll pay you back.

MR. SYKES
It's not a loan either. I'm your partner; I want in. But I don't want to catch it; I just want to eat it. Deal?

Mr. Sykes hold out his hand: *You wanna shake on it?*

CHARLIE
It's a deal.

Charlie steps forward and hugs his father. As Mr. Sykes hugs him back, he spots Donna and Mabel in the kitchen window, watching. He smiles at them.

MR. SYKES
I must be out of my mind.

CHARLIE
It's great, isn't it?

CUT TO:

105 EXT. THE FINESTKIND - INNER HARBOR - DAY 105

Fleet highliner. Away from the dock, floating in place.

WHEELHOUSE

Using his left hand, Costa looks through binoculars. Toward the FAIRHAVEN BRIDGE. Sees what he's looking for.

COSTA
Here he comes.

Kyle keys the radio mic.

KYLE
Finestkind ready to rumble.

CUT TO:

106A INT. BRIDGE KEEPER'S BOOTH - DAY 106A

Literally welded to the side of the bridge. We see the traffic passing below. The BRIDGE KEEPER looks across at Mabel who holds two \$100 BILLS, raises her eyebrows.

BRIDGE KEEPER
 (into mic)
 Give me a second, Finestkind.

He plucks the bills from Mabel's fingers, hits a button.

106B EAST END OF THE BRIDGE 106B

Red lights start to flash. Traffic arms come down. Cars approaching the bridge start to brake. Including...

106C A BRISTOL COUNTY JAIL VAN 106C

For transporting prisoners. Ray Eldridge is handcuffed inside, along with TWO GUARDS and a DRIVER.

DRIVER
 Hope no one's in a hurry.

106D FAIRHAVEN BRIDGE 106D

As the center of the bridge begins to pivot, the mechanism grinding and turning. Just like life. Finally it's open for marine traffic.

106E THE FINESTKIND 106E

Starting forward. Nunes and Charlie on the rail.

106F WHEELHOUSE 106F

Kyle watching. They're going to pass right in front of the van. Costa pulls down on the AIR HORN.

106G RAY ELDRIDGE 106G

Straightening, disbelief and then pure pride in his eyes as he sees his boat pass by. On her way out.

The Crew cheering him, waving. Kyle stands in the wheel-house door, holding up a fist.

DRIVER
 Crazy fucking fishermen.

Eldridge holds his own fist back as high as the shackle chain will go. Makes a sound that's practically a ROAR. You'd almost think he could snap the chain if he wanted to.

GUARD
 Hey, what the hell!?

Eldridge gleaming, ferocious.

ELDRIDGE
 God damn. Outward bound.

122.

106H BRIDGE KEEPER'S BOOTH 106H

Mabel leans out the window, waves goodbye to Charlie.

106i WHEELHOUSE 106i

A last blast on the horn. Kyle looks back over his shoulder.

106J ELDRIDGE 106J

Watching them go. Looking as alive as a man can be.

CUT TO:

107 INT. WHEELHOUSE - FINESTKIND - DAY 107

Charlie joins Costa and Kyle. They all feel free.

KYLE

You wanna learn how to steer?

CHARLIE

Hell yeah.

As Charlie steps up, Costa laughs.

COSTA

Life's never gonna be the same.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. FINESTKIND - OUTER HARBOR - DAY 108

On her way out to sea. Where the in-between waits.

FADE TO BLACK.

The End