

SEA DOGS

by

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*May you have the hindsight to know where you've been,  
the foresight to know where you're going,  
and the insight to know when you've gone too far.*

- Irish proverb

**EXT. GULF OF MAINE - NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY**

A dense autumn fog hangs low over the cold, dark waters, the vast silence broken only by the periodic call of a seagull.

Until -- a FLOATING COLOSSUS comes ROARING from the gray.

A 1,000-foot, Panamax-class CONTAINER SHIP. Plunging into the sea at 20 knots. Its 80,000 deadweight tons of cargo stacked on its deck in a rainbow of corrugated steel.

High above the waterline, the ship's name is emblazoned in rust brown across the forward gunwales:

*M/V BAFFIN  
Copenhagen*

**INT. BRIDGE - M/V BAFFIN - DAY**

The WATCH OFFICER -- ANTON SOREN, late 30s, shaggy -- sits by the port windows, his face buried in a thick hardcover.

Nearby, a PILOT monitors a navigation console. A GPS CHART tracks the ship's course -- a refuel in Halifax followed by a winding path through the Northwest Passage towards China.

A high-pitched *ping* emanates from another console, as a BLIP appears within the concentric circles of the ship's RADAR.

Soren hears the ping but doesn't look up from his book:

SOREN  
(in Danish)  
*Another humpback?*

The Pilot leans over for a closer look at the radar, but something in the mist up ahead of the ship catches his eye --

-- a TINY, FLICKERING LIGHT, drifting in the haze, smoke trailing behind it -- *a signal flare?*

PILOT  
*Look.*

Soren squints through the forward windows. He stands, grabs a pair of binoculars and walks out to the port bridge wing.

He raises the binoculars and makes out the faint outline of a YELLOW INFLATABLE LIFE RAFT bobbing a hundred yards or so off the port bow -- and TWO MEN in bright orange survival suits frantically shouting and waving their arms.

PILOT (CONT'D)  
*Maintain heading?*

**INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - M/V BAFFIN - MOMENTS LATER**

The CAPTAIN -- VIC STAUSHOLM, late 60s, bearded and barrel-chested -- works his way through a thick stack of paperwork. A photo of his family -- a wife and two grown daughters -- is thumb-tacked to a corkboard over his desk.

His phone rings. He finishes what he's writing, then answers:

STAUSHOLM  
(into phone)  
Stausholm.

He listens. Puts his pen down.

**INT. BRIDGE - M/V BAFFIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Stausholm stands on the bridge with Soren and the Pilot. Peers through the binoculars.

STAUSHOLM  
(in Danish)  
*Dead slow ahead.*

PILOT  
(repeats)  
*Dead slow ahead.*

STAUSHOLM  
*Sound the all hands alarm.*

Soren opens a switch cover adorned with black and yellow "caution" colors and flips the switch. An ALARM sounds.

STAUSHOLM (CONT'D)  
*Ready a recovery ladder. Port shell door.*

Soren picks up a phone. Gives the order.

Stausholm raises the binoculars again. The men in the raft paddle towards the ship with two short, plastic oars.

STAUSHOLM (CONT'D)  
*All stop.*

PILOT  
(repeats)  
*All stop.*

The Pilot enters the order into the engine telegraph. The deep rumble of the massive ship's engines slowly fade.

STAUSHOLM  
*And call the Coast Guard.*

SOREN  
*Which one?*

Stausholm thinks. Good question.

STAUSHOLM  
*Use the general distress channel.  
 Announce we are rendering  
 assistance in accordance with Good  
 Sam protocol. Let them figure out  
 who to send.*

Stausholm walks out onto the port bridge wing and looks down over the rail. A bright yellow nylon ladder is THROWN from an open STEEL HATCH close to the waterline.

**INT. BELOW DECK - M/V BAFFIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Stausholm makes his way through the claustrophobic bowels of the massive ship, until eventually emerging into a cavernous open space full of gears and pistons the size of houses.

He makes his way down one more passageway -- daylight GLOWING at the end of it -- and, finally, he rounds one last corner --

-- where he spots TWO ENGINEERS, their faces pressed against the wall. One of them makes eye contact with Stausholm, his face not right -- confused, afraid.

Stausholm looks to the opposite wall, where the TWO MEN from the life raft stand in their survival suits, hoods up with balaclavas and dark ski goggles covering their faces --

-- and TWO HANDGUNS drawn, trained on the Engineers. One of the Gunmen notices Stausholm. Aims at him.

GUNMAN  
 You the Captain? Speak English?

Stausholm puts his hands up, and nods.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)  
 Bridge. Now.

The Gunman beckons the Engineers, too:

GUNMAN (CONT'D)  
 Everyone.

**EXT. NANTUCKET SOUND - DAY - 7 DAYS EARLIER**

A flock of hungry terns circle a LOBSTER BOAT -- a 44' Cape Islander, battered by a lifetime of waves and weather -- as it pitches and rolls in a heavy sea.

Partially obscured by wafting black smoke, the boat's name is stenciled across the transom in faded block letters:

*EDNA ROSE  
Hyannis, MA*

At the helm is the CAPTAIN -- DENNIS KELLY, early 40s, hacksaw-sharp features concealed by a few days of coarse scruff, graying at the chin.

Steadying himself at the starboard rail is the DECKHAND -- NICK SILVA, early 30s, lean and muscular with greasy black hair tucked beneath a frayed, backwards Sox hat.

Dennis's eyes dart back and forth between the churning sea and his various instrumentation as he steers toward a BLACK AND BLUE STYROFOAM BUOY, tumbling in the swells up ahead.

Powerful gusts sail across the water, sending the terns retreating for cover. A steady rain begins to drum the deck.

Like a whaler thrusting a harpoon, Nick heaves a gaff over the rail, HOOKS the buoy. He threads it into a hydraulic crane which cranks the seaweed-wrapped line from the sea.

Soon, a STEEL LOBSTER TRAP (known as a POT) erupts from under the dark surface. Huddled inside, terrified from the violent journey up from the bottom, are TWO LIVE LOBSTERS.

Dennis reaches inside and grabs one of the wriggling crustaceans by the carapace. It splays and thrashes in his hand as he measures it and promptly TOSSES it back. It squirms as it free falls back down into the deep.

Dennis measures the second lobster. A keeper. He bands the claws and drops it into a blue bin at his feet.

Dennis yanks out the used bait bag and passes the now-empty pot to Nick, who adds it to a neat grid of empty pots wedged against the transom -- tattered by years on the ocean floor.

The next pot on the trawl line breaks the surface -- empty except for a fiddler crab and a Sam Adams bottle. Dennis sighs, cleans it out. Next one comes in. Empty. Next. Empty.

Thunder GROWLS overhead. Nick's face darkens at the sight of the storm clouds closing in on their small boat.

When the final empty pot breaks the surface, Dennis lifts it and HURLS it across the deck. The pot HURDLES past Nick and crashes into the neat stack, collapsing it like bowling pins.

Dennis removes his gloves and leans against the port rail, the rain (now torrential) surrounding him and Nick in nature's furious indifference. To the east, far beyond the storm front, CONTAINER SHIPS dot the distant horizon.

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR - AFTERNOON**

The clouds have broken and the afternoon sun spills orange across the harbor, which bustles with tourists and activity. Restaurants and souvenir shops circle the wharf. Cars line up to board the Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket ferries.

Nestled into a corner of the harbor, away from the yachts and oceanfront summer homes, stand two gray-shingled shacks. One is LOUGHRIDGE'S FISH & LOBSTER, a seafood market and bait freezer with its own dock, and next door is THE RUSTY HOOK, a local dive that the tourists know to steer clear of.

TIM SHAW, late 20s, babyfaced and awkwardly lanky, pilots a PATROL BOAT -- a 15' Boston Whaler -- through the marina. He slows every so often to check a boat against a list he carries on a clipboard.

He spots the *Edna Rose* as it plows past the breakwater at headway speed toward Loughridge's. He gives Dennis and Nick a polite wave, then checks his list, finds the *Edna Rose* -- "OVERDUE" is printed next to it in bold, red letters.

Tim reaches for the throttle, but he's distracted by LOUD MUSIC elsewhere in the marina.

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Tim's patrol boat idles next to a yacht full of partying COLLEGE KIDS. A PARTY GUY leans over from the fore deck:

PARTY GUY  
(shouting over the music)  
It's a rental.

TIM  
Who's the owner?

PARTY GUY  
Uh...  
(off Tim's uniform)  
Are you... some kind of cop?

TIM  
No --

PARTY GUY  
Coast Guard?

Tim points down to the word written across his patrol boat.

PARTY GUY (CONT'D)  
(squinting)  
The fuck is a... *Harbormaster*?

The PARTY GIRLS aboard the yacht hear this and giggle.

TIM  
We oversee the rules and  
regulations of the port, which  
includes noise --

PARTY GUY  
So you're like, what, a water RA?

More giggles from the girls. Egging on Party Guy.

TIM  
I need you to turn the music down.

PARTY GUY  
Or what? You gonna arrest me?

TIM  
No... like I said, I'm not a...  
(not worth explaining  
again)  
You'll be fined if you don't --

PARTY GUY  
How much?

TIM  
A first-time offense could be as  
high as two hundred and fifty --

Party Guy reaches into his board shorts, pulls out some cash.  
He counts a few bills and flings them at Tim one at the time.

PARTY GUY  
There ya go. We good?

The bills land in the water by Tim's boat. The girls lose  
their minds. Tim watches the money drift away.

TIM  
(still looking down, jaw  
clenched)  
Just keep the music down. Please.

He motors away. Tail between his legs.

**EXT. LOUGHRIDGE'S FISH & LOBSTER - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis ties off at the dock behind Loughridge's while Nick unloads the catch -- just one paltry bin.

MEL LOUGHRIDGE, early 70s with kind eyes and long white hair tied back in a ponytail, comes down the dock to greet them.

MEL

You guys are crazy to go out in --  
 (off the one bin)  
 Is this it?

NICK

That's it.

MEL

Jesus.  
 (to Dennis)  
 How much gear you haul today?

NICK

Two hund --

MEL

(to Nick)  
 Am I talking to you?

Nick puts his hands up and backs off. He goes to work spraying down the deck as Dennis climbs onto the dock, pulls some paperwork from inside his jacket and hands it to Mel.

DENNIS

It's all there.

Mel looks it over. Shakes his head:

MEL

We should'a been farmers.

DENNIS

Then they'd just put an interstate through our cornfields instead.

Mel folds up the paperwork, stuffs it into his back pocket.

MEL

We'll get 'em weighed and processed. Have your check ready by close.

DENNIS  
Take out my buy-in.

Overhearing, Nick glances up at Dennis, which Mel notices:

MEL  
(to Nick)  
You need something?

Nick looks away, focuses back on his work.

MEL (CONT'D)  
(to Dennis)  
You sure about that?

DENNIS  
I'm sure.

Mel nudges the bin at his feet:

MEL  
Not sure this'll cover it.

Mel chuckles, but Dennis doesn't find it funny.

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR - LATER**

The *Edna Rose* tied off for the night, Dennis and Nick climb onto the dock and cross the parking lot toward their cars.

NICK  
Mel pay you for the catch?

DENNIS  
Wasn't much. But, yeah.

NICK  
Cool. So...  
(gingerly)  
You got my check for last couple weeks?

Dennis stops in his tracks. Thinks quickly:

DENNIS  
Not yet. Gotta go to the bank. I'll have it for you at the meeting tomorrow.

NICK  
(nods)  
Right. *The bank.*

Dennis reaches for the handle of his pickup truck, but stops:

DENNIS  
What'd you say?

But he knows exactly what Nick said. The men stare at each other for a moment, then:

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
You got something you want to say  
to me, you better say it.

Nick considers it for a moment, but lets it go.

**INT. BRIDGE - M/V BAFFIN - DAY**

Stausholm and the rest of the crew -- some half-dressed -- are crowded on the bridge.

One of the Gunmen steps forward. We now recognize his voice:

NICK  
(to Stausholm)  
Everybody here?

Stausholm nods.

NICK (CONT'D)  
They speak English?

STAUSHOLM  
(heavy Danish accent)  
Most of them.

NICK  
Translate for anyone who doesn't  
understand.  
(addresses the crew)  
We don't want to hurt you. We work  
the sea, just like you. But ships  
like this one are fucking us, so  
we're here to take back what's  
ours. Stay out of our way and don't  
be stupid.

While Stausholm translates, the second Gunman inches over to Nick, gives him a fist bump. We now recognize his voice, too:

DENNIS  
(whispers)  
Fuck yeah.

Stausholm finishes translating, then:

STAUSHOLM  
What now?

Nick points the gun in Stausholm's face.

NICK  
What now? Don't talk to me like  
that.

Stausholm puts his hands up, signaling he meant no offense  
(most likely his intent was lost in translation).

NICK (CONT'D)  
What now is you are gonna get your  
boss on the phone.

STAUSHOLM  
My boss?

NICK  
Whoever runs shit. Call 'em. Now.

Stausholm approaches a desk. Picks up a phone and dials a  
number. Speaks to someone in Danish.

The conversation goes on a little too long for Dennis. He  
nudges Nick to say something.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(to Stausholm)  
Hey.

Stausholm finishes the conversation, hangs up the phone.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

STAUSHOLM  
They're going to call back in just  
a moment.

NICK  
What? No. You call them back now. I  
want to talk to them.

STAUSHOLM  
I understand. You will have the  
opportunity to speak with them when  
they call back.

NICK  
The *opportunity*?

Another poor choice of words.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 (waving the gun)  
 Do you see this? This is a gun. You  
 see it? You know what guns do?

STAUSHOLM  
 Yes. I do.

NICK  
 Call them back now. I don't have  
 time for this.

**EXT. KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT - 7 DAYS EARLIER**

Backpack slung over his shoulder, Dennis walks up the driveway toward a modest Cape cottage.

He stops at the mailbox, opens it and thumbs through the envelopes -- many are stamped "overdue" or "final notice."

He doubles back to his truck, tucks the mail into the glove (which is already overflowing with other envelopes).

**INT. BATHROOM - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

LAUREL KELLY, mid 30s and petite, is down on all fours on the tile, her face buried in the toilet.

She hears Dennis enter the house and quickly flushes and composes herself. Takes a long look at herself in the mirror.

DENNIS  
 (muffled, through the  
 door)  
 Laur?

LAUREL  
 Be right out.

**INT. CAPE & ISLANDS FITNESS - NIGHT**

The gym is crowded and filled with the cacophony of workout machines and heavy breathing.

Nick lays flat on a benchpress where he free lifts a loaded barbell. He struggles with every lift, but he keeps going.

After several painful reps, he sets the bar down. Sits up and looks at his arms. Flexes. He stands, loads more weight.

**INT. KITCHEN - KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dennis and Laurel pick at leftovers at the kitchen table, a few empty beer bottles already accumulated before Dennis.

Laurel pushes the food around her plate. Dennis notices:

DENNIS  
What's up?

LAUREL  
Nothing. I'm fine.  
(quickly changes the  
subject)  
How was the catch today?

DENNIS  
(shakes his head)  
Same as it always is.

Laurel nods. Takes a deep breath:

LAUREL  
So... I got an email from Karen  
Benjamin the other day. You  
remember her? She taught in the  
classroom next to mine back at  
Beachmont.

Dennis puts his fork down. He knows where this is going.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
She told me there's been some  
turnover and, if we wanted to, I  
could probably --

DENNIS  
No.

LAUREL  
We can't even talk about it?

DENNIS  
We did talk about it. And we made a  
decision.

LAUREL  
I don't recall there being much of  
a choice. You lost your job and --

DENNIS  
Laurel.

LAUREL  
And I think we both know this  
isn't...  
(searches for the words)  
...what we thought it would be.

DENNIS  
(offended)  
What do you mean?

LAUREL  
You know. This business... it's not the same as it was when you were a kid. I'm starting to get really worried about --

DENNIS  
They can't turn the entire ocean into a shipping lane. We'll get our water back.

LAUREL  
You say that, but... it all seems very *David and Goliath*. I really think if I could find a better --

DENNIS  
You have a good job.

LAUREL  
You know it's not the same.

DENNIS  
You'll find something.

LAUREL  
Do you know how long you've been saying that?

DENNIS  
(losing his patience)  
Then you need to find something else that will make you happy. I don't know what else to tell you.  
(beat)  
We came here so that I could take care of us. Of you. And if you had any idea how hard I work --

LAUREL  
It's not about that. It's about accepting that there are some things you can't control --

DENNIS  
*Do not* lecture me about --

LAUREL

-- and that's okay! You tried. We tried. And I just think that if I could make more --

DENNIS

(end of his rope)

I don't need you to take care of us.

LAUREL

That's not what I meant.

DENNIS

We're gonna be fine. I'm gonna handle this. Trust me.

He looks at his watch. Throws back the last of his beer, stands and crosses to the side door.

LAUREL

Where are you going?

DENNIS

Injection nozzle flooded today. Need to get a new one from Verne's.

LAUREL

In Wellfleet? Now?

He grabs his jacket off the hook.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Should you be driving --

But he's already out the door. SLAMS it behind him.

**EXT. ROWBOAT - GREAT ISLAND BAY - NIGHT**

Nick and JULIE CARDOSO, mid 30s, fierce and tattooed, lay in the boat under a blanket. They pass a cigarette back and forth as they drift gently under the stars.

NICK

Promise someday I'll buy you a real boat.

JULIE

This *is* a real boat.

NICK

(shakes his head)

Real boats have sails.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Real boats you can take all the way  
to the horizon. Somewhere warm.  
Tropical.

JULIE

This one floats. That's good enough  
for me. But this...

(holds up the cigarette)

I wish *this* was real. Then we'd  
*really* be floating.

She takes a drag, then turns toward Nick and blows SMOKE in  
his face. He doesn't cough or react at all. Julie laughs.

NICK

What?

JULIE

You know you can't fool me with  
that tough guy bullshit.

NICK

Who says I'm trying to fool anyone?

JULIE

(laughs again)

Exactly.

She flicks away the cigarette and cuddles up closer to him.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I know who you really are.

She leans in to kiss him, but recoils:

JULIE (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

You taste like chum. You think at  
all about what we talked about? I  
really wish you would do something  
about --

But he buries her with a (very French) kiss:

JULIE (CONT'D)

(playful)

Ah! No!

**INT. BACK ROOM - LOUGHRIDGE'S FISH & LOBSTER - NIGHT**

Dennis sits with Mel and a few other crusty mariners at a  
folding table scattered with cards and poker chips. The  
steady hum of a nearby walk-in freezer hangs in the air.

Dennis looks down at his cards, then FLINGS the hand across the table, prompting dirty looks from the other players. Mel collects the cards, shuffles them.

Dennis opens his wallet. He's got just a few singles left. He removes an old Timex from his wrist, places it on the table.

**INT. BACK ROOM - LOUGHRIDGE'S FISH & LOBSTER - LATER**

As the other players put on their jackets and head for the door, Mel approaches Dennis and hands him his shitty watch.

MEL

Pawn shop's on Old Colony. You know this ain't that kind'a game.

(beat)

Listen. I can't have you back here till you settle up.

Dennis looks at the floor.

MEL (CONT'D)

Hey... you okay?

DENNIS

(deep breath)

How much you think she's worth?

MEL

What?

(beat)

That's your pop's boat.

DENNIS

You wanna buy her, then? If she's so important to you.

MEL

I just don't think your old man would --

DENNIS

My *old man* isn't here. I am.

MEL

That boat's named after --

DENNIS

(finally looks up)

I know who it's named after.

(beat)

Are you gonna help me or not?

MEL

I do nothing but help you. Maybe someday you'll listen to me.

DENNIS

I do listen to you.

MEL

Yeah? Then why you still got that punk kid working for you? Gotta be out of your mind having an ex-con on your --

DENNIS

He shows up on time and doesn't complain.

MEL

Because no other boat will have him. Least his dumb ass is smart enough to know that. That kid is trouble and one day I'm gonna tell you I told you --

DENNIS

He's the least of my problems.

(beat)

*How much?*

Mel sighs. He's not going to win this.

MEL

I'll ask around, but not a lot'a guys looking to get in these days. Most of 'em are trying to get out.

DENNIS

Tell me about it.

MEL

I'm worried about you.

DENNIS

Don't worry. I'll be fine.

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR - NIGHT**

Tim sits on the edge of a dock, watching the PARTY GUY and his friends across the harbor, music still blasting.

He notices Dennis leaving Loughridge's. Watches him get in his truck and drive away.

**INT. BRIDGE - M/V BAFFIN - DAY**

Nick holds the phone to his ear:

COMPANY MAN  
(Danish accent, through  
phone)  
Good day. Who am I speaking with?

NICK  
(into phone)  
This is the man who is in control  
of your ship. Listen to me very  
carefully --

COMPANY MAN  
Sir, may I just --

NICK  
No. This is the part where you let  
me speak. This is the part where I  
list my demands and you shut the  
fuck up and listen. Do you  
understand?

COMPANY MAN  
Yes, I understand.

Nick glances at Dennis, who gives him a *go ahead* nod. Nick  
takes a deep breath:

NICK  
We want twenty-five million  
dollars.

Stausholm's eyes widen, which Dennis notices:

DENNIS  
(to Stausholm)  
You got a problem?

Stausholm looks down at the floor. Shakes his head *no*.

NICK  
(into phone)  
Did you hear me?

COMPANY MAN  
Yes, I heard you.

NICK  
Good. How soon?

COMPANY MAN

It's going to take some time. There are several steps we need to --

NICK

I don't need to hear any of that. What I need to hear is *when*.

COMPANY MAN

I can't answer that at the moment, but I assure we will do everything in our power --

NICK

I have your crew at gunpoint. *Gunpoint*. Their lives depend on you telling me right now what I want to hear.

(beat)

I'll make it easy for you: *Yes, we are loading your money onto a plane as we speak --*

COMPANY MAN

Sir --

NICK

If that's going to be a problem for you, tell me right now, because I'm not fucking around.

COMPANY MAN

Yes. That's going to be a problem.

NICK

(taken aback)

And why is that?

COMPANY MAN

This sort of thing takes time.

NICK

How much time?

COMPANY MAN

24 hours. Minimum. Probably longer.

NICK

24 hours?!

Dennis and Nick make eye contact.

DENNIS  
 (under his breath)  
 Fuck.

After a long pause:

COMPANY MAN  
 Are you still there, sir?

At a loss for words, Nick panics and SLAMS the phone down.

NICK  
 Uh... okay... uh...  
 (whispers to Dennis)  
 The fuck do we do now?

DENNIS  
 I... I don't know. Let me think.

NICK  
 We don't have that kind'a time.

DENNIS  
 I know. Shut the fuck up and *let me think*.

Dennis looks out the forward windows at the hundreds, *thousands* of steel containers stacked on the ship.

He turns to Stausholm and aims his gun at him:

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
 (gestures toward the  
 containers)  
 What's in them?

STAUSHOLM  
 Coal, mostly. Crude oil. Petroleum.

DENNIS  
 Fuck.  
 (gets an idea, addresses  
 the crew)  
 Okay. Everyone. Empty your fucking  
 wallets.

The crew all look at each other.

NICK  
 (whispers to Dennis)  
 Really?

DENNIS  
 (whispers to Nick)  
 I said *shut the fuck up!* You got a  
 better idea?  
 (to Stausholm)  
 Do they understand? Tell them to  
 empty their fucking wallets!

Stausholm steps in to the middle of the room, positioning himself protectively between Dennis and the crew.

STAUSHOLM  
 There's a safe on the ship. It has  
 some money in it.

DENNIS  
 (perks up)  
 A safe?

STAUSHOLM  
 (nods)  
 Every ship carries a slush.

DENNIS  
 Okay... a safe... good...

The phone rings -- *ring-ring, ring-ring*. Nick reaches to answer it, but Dennis blocks him.

NICK  
 (whispers)  
 Maybe we should just --

DENNIS  
 I'm not gonna tell you again.

Dennis picks up the phone and SLAMS it back down.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
 (to Stausholm)  
 Where is it?

STAUSHOLM  
 I can take you there.

DENNIS  
 Good. Let's go. Now.

Stausholm heads for the exit. Dennis follows, keeping his gun leveled at Stausholm's back. Nick steps into his path --

NICK  
 Hey --

-- but Dennis SHOVES him out of the way.

The phone rings again. *Ring-ring, ring-ring.*

DENNIS  
(to Nick)  
*Do not answer that. I'll be back.*

NICK  
(loud whisper)  
You're gonna fucking leave me here  
with *all them?*

But Dennis and Stausholm are already gone.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
Fuck.

The phone continues to *ring-ring, ring-ring.*

**INT. DRUG STORE - MORNING - 6 DAYS EARLIER**

Laurel stands in an empty aisle, staring at a rack of items. The *ring-ring* is now the *buzz-buzz* of her phone vibrating.

She pulls it out, sees a text from Dennis: "Going fishing."

She writes back: "On a Sunday?"

He responds: "Gotta put in some OT."

She ends it with: "Don't forget about the meeting tonight."

She looks up from her phone. Before her is a rack of PREGNANCY TESTS. Overwhelmed with the options, she grabs a random one and heads to the checkout line.

**INT. CAPE & ISLANDS FITNESS - DAY**

Nick stands in front of a mirror, shirtless, dumbbells in his hands. He watches his arms and chest as he alternates lifts.

**EXT. EDNA ROSE DECK - NANTUCKET SOUND - DAY**

Dennis pilots the boat on his own. He pulls up alongside a RED AND YELLOW BUOY -- not one of his.

He gives the buoy a long look. He picks up the gaff, but he's stopped by the sound of another boat -- approaching FAST.

He spots the COLLEGE KIDS, speeding directly towards him. Dennis waves his arms but they show no sign of slowing down.

Dennis scrambles to the helm and SMACKS the throttle. He steers out of the way as quickly as he can.

The yacht BARRELS past, missing the *Edna Rose* by just a few feet and rocking the boat forcefully in its wake.

As the yacht motors away, the PARTY GUY, at the wheel, looks back and gives Dennis the finger as he laughs with the girls.

**INT. EDNA ROSE CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Dennis rushes inside and opens the berth compartment. He furiously digs out an old, rusty SPEARGUN.

**EXT. EDNA ROSE DECK - CONTINUOUS**

By the time he's back on deck, the yacht is a distant speck.

Dennis takes a deep breath. He looks down at the speargun in his hands, up at the yacht off in the distance, and back down at the speargun -- the wheels in his mind starting to turn.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - M/V BAFFIN - DAY**

Stausholm struggles to keep his hands steady as works the combo on a small SAFE that is bolted into a cabinet. Dennis stands behind him, the gun pressed up against his head.

After a few spins, Stausholm pulls down on the handle, but it doesn't budge.

DENNIS

Do it again.

Stausholm closes his eyes, inhales deeply.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Is there a problem?

Stausholm opens his eyes and steals a glance at the photo of his family. Dennis notices, yanks the photo off the wall.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

If you want to see them again, you will open this safe.

**INT. BRIDGE - M/V BAFFIN - SAME**

Nick watches over the rest of the crew. The phone continues to *ring-ring, ring-ring*.

Unable to listen to it anymore, Nick picks it up:

NICK  
 (into phone)  
 What?

COMPANY MAN  
 Is this the gentleman in charge?

NICK  
 What do you want?

COMPANY MAN  
 Is the Captain available?

NICK  
 No. Why?

COMPANY MAN  
 We must know if the crew is safe.

NICK  
 They are. They're all here.

COMPANY MAN  
 The International Maritime Bureau  
 in Kuala Lumpur is monitoring the  
 situation and they have mandated we  
 speak with the Captain right away.  
 Otherwise, they may... *step in*.

Nick looks around, panicked. The crewmen just stand silently,  
 watching him -- which makes him even more nervous.

Nick slams the phone down. Points the gun at the crew.

NICK  
 Who knows where they went?

A DECKHAND steps forward.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 (picks up the phone)  
 How do I call them?

**INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - M/V BAFFIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Stausholm's desk phone RINGS.

DENNIS  
 (irritated)  
 What's that?

STAUSHOLM  
 (looks at the phone)  
 The bridge.

**INT. BRIDGE - M/V BAFFIN - SAME**

Nobody's answering. Nick hangs up, turns to the Deckhand:

NICK  
Go get them.

The Deckhand gives him a blank stare.

NICK (CONT'D)  
You know where they are? Go get  
them. Now. Go straight there. Come  
straight back.

Nick raises his gun. With fear in his eyes, the Deckhand turns toward the door, but SOREN steps in front of him:

SOREN  
I'll go.

**INT. GYM - BARNSTABLE HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT - 6 DAYS EARLIER**

Packed beyond capacity with FISHERMEN and their families. The crowd is heated -- they SHOUT over each other, point fingers.

Nick sits amid the throng with Julie, who holds his hand. Laurel sits a few rows back, alone. Every few seconds she looks back toward the gym doors, searching for Dennis.

At the head of the room is a podium and a posterboard propped up on a stand: "CAPE COD COMMERCIAL FISHERMEN'S ALLIANCE."

Behind the podium stands a MAN IN A RUMPLED SUIT, late 50's with a comb-over that resembles a wilted houseplant.

He speaks into a mic and does his best to calm the crowd:

RUMPLED SUIT  
Folks, I know this isn't what we  
wanted to hear today, but this is  
an ongoing process --

ANGRY FISHERMAN  
My fucking foreclosure is an  
*ongoing process*, too!

RUMPLED SUIT  
Folks, please, if I could just  
finish --

Dennis appears at the back of the gym. Laurel spots him, tries to wave him down.

RUMPLED SUIT (CONT'D)

As soon we can reopen discussions  
with the IMO, I assure you --

ANOTHER ANGRY FISHERMAN

What'll that take, another six  
months!?

**EXT. PARKING LOT - BARNSTABLE HIGH SCHOOL - LATER**

Dennis stands with Mel as the crowd files out.

HANDOUTS from the meeting -- a MAP marked up with color-coded  
lines and arrows leading up the eastern seaboard -- are  
strewn all over the ground, trampled on.

MEL

I know a guy in New Bedford. Runs a  
salvage yard. Said he'll take her  
for five grand, as-is.

Dennis's face falls.

DENNIS

That's it?

MEL

It's a good offer. Considering.

DENNIS

That's bullshit. She's worth at  
least --

MEL

You wanted me to ask around, I  
asked around. You wanna comparison  
shop, be my guest, but you're not  
gonna do any better. Times are shit  
and, frankly, so is your boat.

Dennis spots Laurel, walking out with Nick and Julie.

MEL (CONT'D)

You fix her up, give her a fresh  
coat of paint, do a little dance...  
who knows, maybe you'll get six.

Dennis looks down at one of the HANDOUTS on the ground. His  
eyes drift across the map -- New England, Canada, and the  
vast, open ocean beyond.

**INT. THE RUSTY HOOK - LATER**

FISHERMEN and their significant others are packed inside, all doing their best to forget the meeting.

Dennis sits alone at the bar, an empty pitcher in front of him, his head bowed forward.

A rambunctious few MEN OF THE SEA, including Nick and Mel, sit together at a long table. The loudest -- and drunkest -- man at the table is GIL TOBIN, 50's, beard down to his chest.

GIL  
 (to nobody in particular)  
 Who the fuck they think they are?  
 Think they can just show up and  
 tell us where the fuck we can fish.

At the bar, Dennis lifts his head, his eyes barely open. He reaches for his back pocket but instead KNOCKS OVER his glass. It falls and SHATTERS on the floor near Gil's feet.

GIL (CONT'D)  
 (startled)  
 Fuck!  
 (to Dennis)  
 Watch it, asshole!

Dennis teeters on the barstool. Mel stands from the table and SCAMPERS over to catch him from falling.

GIL (CONT'D)  
 (to Mel)  
 Get his ugly ass outta here.

MEL  
 Take it easy.

GIL  
 You can go with him. You're his  
 bitch, just like you were his old  
 man's bitch.

Steadying Dennis with one hand, Mel turns to face Gil.

GIL (CONT'D)  
 (taunting)  
 What are you gonna do?

MEL  
 Just back off, all right? We've all  
 had a bad day.

GIL  
 Every fucking day is bad.  
 Especially with pieces of shit like  
 him crowding our water.

Dennis pushes Mel aside and takes a SWING at Gil, but he misses and collapses onto the floor. Gil laughs hysterically.

Dennis gets up and tries to CHARGE at Gil, but Mel holds him back and drags him towards Nick, kicking and screaming.

MEL  
 (to Nick)  
 Take his ass home.

**INT. NICK'S CAR - STREETS OF HYANNIS - NIGHT**

Nick drives. Dennis lays in the back seat, passed out.

The car hits a speed bump. Dennis stirs.

NICK  
 You go to the bank yet?

DENNIS  
 (under his breath,  
 slurring)  
 Fucker.

NICK  
 What?

DENNIS  
 (sighs)  
 Nothing... not you.

Dennis starts hiccuping. Nick rolls down his window.

NICK  
 Don't you fucking hurl in my car,  
 man.  
 (beat)  
 Ignore that guy. He's a dick.  
 Always looking for trouble.

DENNIS  
 (to himself)  
 Trouble...

Dennis opens his eyes, sits up, remembering something:

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
 Hey... What were you in for?

NICK  
 (thrown off)  
 What?  
 (beat)  
 You're drunk.

DENNIS  
 So what? Come on. What'd you do?  
 Was it drugs?

Nick ignores him. Focuses on the road.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
 You never talk about it.

NICK  
 I know. And I got reasons for that.

DENNIS  
 I won't tell anyone.

Nick's eyes stay on the road. Dennis reaches from the back seat JERKS the steering wheel hard to the left.

The car LURCHES out of its lane -- toward an ONCOMING CAR --

NICK  
 Fuck!

Nick SWERVES back, fishtailing and sending Dennis FLYING.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 Are you fucking insane?!

Dennis sits up again, rubbing his shoulder.

DENNIS  
 Answer me or I do it again!

NICK  
 (blows his fuse)  
 Fucking armed robbery!

DENNIS  
 Like a liquor store?

TIM  
 A truck. Okay?!

DENNIS  
 Really?  
 (impressed)  
 Like... an armored car?

NICK

Couple of us got picked up. We made  
a deal. Short turn in Walpole.  
That's it. Any more questions?

They turn onto Dennis's street.

DENNIS

Ever do it again?

Nick stops in front of Dennis's house. Taps his fingers on  
the steering wheel.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I'm not getting out until you --

Desperate to be rid of him, Nick relents:

NICK

Trucks go down easier than banks.

DENNIS

Holy shit. You robbed banks, too?

(beat)

Ever shoot anyone?

Nick gets out. Opens the back door. He reaches for Dennis's  
arm, but Dennis pulls away:

DENNIS (CONT'D)

All right! All right!

Dennis climbs out and stumbles toward his house. He notices  
that only Laurel's car is in the driveway. Realizes why:

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Shit.

(to Nick)

Can you come get me in the morning?

But Nick is already speeding away.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - M/V BAFFIN - DAY**

Dennis watched as Stausholm enters the last number into the  
safe, reaches for the handle --

DENNIS

(to Stausholm)

Stop.

Stausholm grips the handle, but doesn't move. For a moment,  
the two men can only hear the sound of each other breathing --

-- and FOOTSTEPS in the passageway, slowly approaching.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

The fuck?

Dennis tucks the photo of Stausholm's family into his pocket. Grasps his gun with both hands and crosses to the door.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(to Stausholm)

Don't fucking move.

Dennis presses his ear against the door. Listens. He reaches for the doorknob, quietly turns it. Opens the door just slightly and peers out.

He raises his gun. Aims it through the crack.

**INT. BRIDGE - M/V BAFFIN - SAME**

The phone rings again -- *ring-ring, ring-ring* -- but Nick ignores it. Instead he focuses on the door, anxiously waiting for Soren to come back with Dennis and Stausholm.

*Ring-ring, ring-ring.*

It starts to get difficult for him to ignore. It's inescapable. Incessant.

*Ring-ring, ring-ring.*

He can't think. Can't concentrate. Falls into a trance.

*Ring-ring, ring-ring.*

Then --

*BANG-BANG, BANG-BANG!* Muffled, from somewhere below deck.

Nick snaps out of it. *What the fuck was that?* Did he imagine it, or were those... *gunshots?*

He glances at the crew. The looks on their faces are the only confirmation he needs.

NICK

Fuck.

**EXT. EDNA ROSE DECK - NANTUCKET SOUND - DAY - 5 DAYS EARLIER**

Mid-trawl. Dennis and Nick haul up nothing but empty pots.

Dennis, fighting a hangover, seems more focused on the ubiquitous container ships on the horizon, which seem to multiply by the day.

DENNIS

Listen --

NICK

Don't worry about it. We've all been there. One time, I did ten shots of Cuervo and told this random girl that I --

DENNIS

No, listen... when you drove me home --

NICK

You're welcome. You almost killed us both, but no big deal --

DENNIS

Will you *shut the fuck up*?

**EXT. EDNA ROSE DECK - NANTUCKET SOUND - MOMENTS LATER**

The engine is quiet. The boat drifts free in the current. The men lean against the gunwales opposite each other.

NICK

This is a joke, right?

DENNIS

You know how much ransom's been paid to the Somalis over the last few years? I looked it up. Two hundred and sixty million.

Nick looks down at his feet, shaking his head.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(motions to the sky)

They fly a plane overhead and drop the money in bags.

NICK

No. No way.

DENNIS

All of our problems are solved and we fuck *them* --

(points to the ships in the distance)

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

-- at the same time. Two birds with one stone. Robin Hood shit. And nobody gets hurt.

NICK

You're out of your mind. We can't --

DENNIS

If a bunch of kids with flies on their faces can do it, so can we. It'll be easy. Especially for you.

NICK

This is very different than --

DENNIS

It's not. It's actually *less* risky. Think about it. We're not talking about whipping it out in the middle of Comm Ave here. Look around.

Dennis gestures to the wide open emptiness all around them.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

And get this -- nobody's expecting it! Triple-E's in the Gulf of Aden, they have armed guards. But not here. Look at this.

Dennis pulls a piece of paper from his back pocket, unfolds it: the HANDOUT from the previous night's meeting.

He points to the far north section of the map -- the narrow waters that snake through Canada towards the Arctic Ocean.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

The fucking Chugs and Russkis can't even agree on who's got jurisdiction over these guys. They turn a blue whale into road kill and nobody can do shit. It's the wild west. Fuckers are probably making a fortune just smuggling.

Dennis thrusts the handout in Nick's face. Nick snatches it, crumples it into a ball, and chucks it into the ocean.

Dennis throws up his hands. He turns back to the helm and restarts the motor.

Nick watches the balled-up handout float away in the current.

**EXT. EDNA ROSE DECK - HYANNIS HARBOR - AFTERNOON**

Dennis closes up the boat for the night while Nick sits on a lobster pot and lights up a smoke.

NICK

You know there are easier ways to get money.

DENNIS

It's not just about money.

NICK

Sure it is. You've been gambling away every dollar we make out here.

DENNIS

Weren't you listening? We're talking *millions*. That's not just money. That's *fuck-you* money. That's *go-anywhere-the-hell-you-want-and-start-a-new-life* money.

NICK

So... what, you're gonna leave? What about Laurel?

DENNIS

She hates this place, too. She never wanted to come here.

NICK

So why did you? If you both hate it so much.

Dennis walks to the bucket of used bait bags. Pulls one out.

DENNIS

When I was a kid, no matter what he did, my dad smelled like this.

He holds up the bag: rotten herring, dripping with slime.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You always knew he was coming long before he walked in the room. Made me sick. Told myself that was never gonna be me. Told him, too. And that was the last time we spoke.

He drops the bag. It splatters on the deck.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Twenty years later, I got the call.  
All he left me was this boat. My  
career was a disaster and I told  
Laurel I could make this work.  
Convinced her I could dig us out.  
Wish I'd known at the time what the  
fuck *else* he'd left me with.

(beat)

We do this, we can go anywhere we  
want, do what we want, *be* who we  
want.

Nick looks out at the water. Takes a long drag.

NICK

How many crew?

DENNIS

Eight, nine at the most. Not a  
single one of 'em gonna stick their  
neck out.

NICK

Nobody gets hurt?

DENNIS

Only some rich asshole's Swiss bank  
account.

Dennis climbs onto the dock.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Listen. Either we sit back and let  
life continue to fuck us, or we *do*  
*something* about it.

(beat)

Up to you.

Dennis heads for his car. Nick sits alone and finishes his  
cigarette in the long shadows cast by the afternoon sun.

**INT. BELOW DECK - M/V BAFFIN - DAY**

Nick runs through passageways, searching frantically for  
wherever the shots came from.

He rounds a corner and his eyes fall on SOREN -- spread-eagle  
on the floor by the Captain's Quarters. A puddle of BLOOD  
around him undulates with the movement of the ship.

Horrified, Nick steps over Soren and aims his gun inside the  
cabin -- empty. And no safe -- just a SMASHED CABINET.

**EXT. BOAT DECK - M/V BAFFIN - SAME**

Dennis beckons Stausholm into a bright orange, fully enclosed LIFEBOAT suspended high over the sea by two powerful davits.

DENNIS

Now.

Stausholm obeys and climbs inside. Dennis follows close behind, the ship's safe tucked under his arm.

**INT. BELOW DECK - M/V BAFFIN - SAME**

An ALARM sounds throughout the ship, scaring the shit out of Nick. RED LIGHTS flash in the passageway.

**INT. BRIDGE - M/V BAFFIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Nick stumbles in. The phone continues to ring even as the ALARM sounds. It's chaos. He points his gun at the crew:

NICK

(shouting)

Who speaks English? The fuck is that alarm?

A CREWMAN steps forward:

CREWMAN

(Danish accent)

Muster stations.

Nick processes. *Muster stations?*

Then, the Crewman points out a window. Off the port beam.

Through the window Nick sees something racing away across the waves. He runs outside to the bridge wing just in time to see it before it disappears into the fog -- the ship's LIFEBOAT.

NICK

HEY!

But the lifeboat is way beyond earshot. Nick SLAMS his hand down on the rail:

NICK (CONT'D)

That motherfucker!

He runs back inside and heads for the door. He pauses on the way and, finally, answers the ringing phone:

Nick mouths the words, but the voice is JULIE'S:

JULIE (V.O.)

Send help.

**INT. BEDROOM - NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 5 DAYS EARLIER**

NICK

What?

JULIE

I said... you need some help?

Nick and Julie lay in bed together, mid-makeout.

Nick glances down at Julie's hand, working under the covers. Realizes what she's getting at:

JULIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

NICK

Yeah... Fine.

She pulls the covers aside and moves down the bed.

Nick closes his eyes, tries his best to concentrate. But there's no emotion, no pleasure whatsoever on his face.

He opens his eyes and stares up at the ceiling. Julie sees him, abruptly stops what she's doing:

JULIE

What the fuck, Nick?

NICK

I'm sorry, I --

JULIE

(gestures toward herself)

What, am I not hot enough for you anymore?

NICK

No, no... I just... I'm sorry... just a little... distracted, I guess.

JULIE

*Distracted, I guess?* Jesus Christ.

NICK

What?

JULIE

We talked about this, Nick. We *keep* talking about it. Again and again. I go to work. I come home. I cook. I clean. I get the groceries. And you? You're never here. Even when you're here, you're not *here*. I'm over it.

NICK

Jules, I'm *trying* --

JULIE

I know, I know, Nick. You're *trying*. You try *so* hard. You're out there day and night *trying*, doing who-knows-what --

NICK

*Who-knows-what?* I'm working.

JULIE

That's funny, because usually when people work, they come home with *money* --

NICK

Wait a second --

JULIE

But who's been writing the rent checks, Nick? Huh? What are you, stashing the cash away for your fucking sailboat?

NICK

Come on. You know this isn't my --

JULIE

Nothing's ever *your* fault, Nick.

She climbs out of bed and heads toward the bathroom. Nick slides to the edge of the bed and pulls on his pants.

NICK

That's not fair, Jules. You know what's going on --

She stops. Turns back to face him.

JULIE

I know what's going on. Everyone does. But how long are you gonna keep playing the victim?

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

You talk this big game but when it comes time to get your hands dirty, you just sit back and wait for someone to rescue you.

NICK

Jules --

JULIE

What do I keep saying? Find another job. Sell fucking lemonade. I don't care what you do. Just take some fucking responsibility. Be a man.

Do *something!*

(steels herself for the gut-punch)

I'm not gonna be a housewife to some fucking limp-dick deadbeat.

Nick stands, GRABS her by the wrist --

-- but she doesn't resist. Doesn't struggle. She barely reacts at all. She just looks him in the eye. And waits.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You're not gonna do shit. You don't have it in you.

After a tense moment, he lets go of her. Grabs his shirt off the floor and leaves the room.

Seconds later, the front door of the apartment opens and --

**INT. BELOW DECK - M/V BAFFIN - DAY**

-- Nick SLAMS a door shut behind him.

He's in a long passageway deep in the belly of the ship.

He runs, desperately looking every which way for something, *anything* remotely familiar.

He finds a directional sign on the wall. It's in Danish, but he's able to decipher the word he needs: "MOTORRUM."

**INT./EXT. SHELL DOOR ACCESS - M/V BAFFIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Nick climbs down to the life raft, still tied off at the base of the recovery ladder. He jumps the last few feet.

He grabs a paddle and pushes off -- breathless, determined.

**INT. CAPE & ISLANDS FITNESS - NIGHT - 5 DAYS EARLIER**

Nick's face still POUNDS with breathless determination, but now he's back on the benchpress, gripping a barbell loaded with far too much weight.

His arms RATTLE and veins POP from his temples as he lowers the bar to hover just above his chest. He heaves back up, STRAINS with everything he has, but it's not enough --

-- his arms BUCKLE and the full weight of the barbell FALLS squarely onto his sternum. He opens his mouth to scream but no sound comes out.

**INT. BEDROOM - KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Laurel sleeps. The bed is empty next to her.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - KELLY HOUSE - SAME**

Dennis sits at a computer. Plays online poker.

There's a KNOCK on the front door. Dennis looks at the time in the corner of the computer screen: 2:30 AM.

**INT. FOYER - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis opens the door and finds Nick standing on the front stoop. Still in his sweat-stained workout clothes.

It's obvious from the look on Nick's face: confident, committed. *He's in.*

**EXT. LIFE RAFT - GULF OF MAINE - DAY**

The confidence and commitment on Nick's face is now TERROR and PANIC. He's out in the middle of the ocean -- the *Baffin* far behind him -- and paddling with unimaginable fury.

In the distance ahead of him, the LIFEBOAT speeds toward a rocky coastline, barely visible in the fog.

As he paddles, he repeatedly looks back at the ship -- just to be certain he's not being followed.

**INT. SHED - NIGHT - 4 DAYS EARLIER**

Dennis and Nick huddle in the cramped, dank space, lit by a single lightbulb and surrounded by power tools.

They look over a floor plan for a large ship. It's low res and hard to read -- obviously something they found online.

DENNIS

You're the pro, so you'll do the talking. Nobody's gonna give us any shit.

Nick appears calm and collected, but his pulse races.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

There's a few other supplies we're gonna need.

Nick nods.

**EXT. SAGAMORE BRIDGE - DAY**

Nick drives across the Depression-era steel bridge high above a canal that separates Cape Cod from the mainland.

Once on the other side, he passes under a sign:

*ROUTE 3 NORTH  
BOSTON - 50 MILES*

**EXT. EAGLE HILL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Nick walks up a driveway (where a BLACKED-OUT SUV is parked) and knocks on the screen door of a faded yellow three-decker.

DUGAN, mid 50s, answers the door, cigarette dangling from his mouth and four little dogs yapping at his feet.

DUGAN

(to his dogs)

Shut up!

He looks Nick over.

DUGAN (CONT'D)

(impressed)

Someone's been working out.

**EXT. EAST BOSTON GREENWAY - DAY**

Nick and Dugan sit on a park bench. Dugan's little yappers are at his feet, their leashes wrapped around his hand.

Across from them, Dugan's two kids -- ANNABELLE, 8, and CONNOR, 10 -- chase each other around a playground. A 737 flies low over their heads on approach to Logan.

NICK

I need a couple guns.

DUGAN

I'm doing great, thanks for asking. Got a big remodel out in Marblehead that's keeping the crew busy, so that's good. Oh, and get this, the Chevelle is giving me problems still. You remember how the fucking thing would always stall anytime it rained? Turns out the carburetor --

NICK

(puts his hands up)  
Okay, okay, I got it. I'm an asshole.

DUGAN

What do you need guns for?

NICK

A job.

DUGAN

Thought you had a job. What was it... fishing?

NICK

Lobstering.

DUGAN

'Scuse me. *Lobstering*. So, what, that don't pay the bills?

NICK

There's been some problems.

DUGAN

(nods)  
I've been hearing some things. On the news. Some kind'a... feud?

NICK

It's complicated.

DUGAN

This got anything to do with that?

NICK

That's complicated, too.

DUGAN

I'm not playing games, Nicky. You gotta give me *something* here. When you left, you told me --

NICK

Never mind what I told you. That was then.

DUGAN

You know I love you like a brother. But we've been down this road before. Too many times. You're not cut out for this life. It just -- *ain't in you.*

NICK

I didn't come here for your opinion.

DENNIS

I just don't wanna see you get hurt. All I'm asking is that you think long and hard before you --

NICK

I have.

In the playground, Connor runs after Annabelle with a stick:

DUGAN

(to the kids)

Connor! Put that fucking thing down before I come over there and break it over your head!

Connor drops the stick. A few other parents in the park flash dirty looks at Dugan. Like he gives a shit.

DUGAN (CONT'D)

My fucking blood pressure, man. I waited way too long to have kids  
(beat)

This job... whatever it is... you doing it alone, or what?

NICK

One other guy.

DUGAN

You tell him the only thing you ever stole is my time?

NICK

He knows what he needs to know.

(beat)

Nobody's gonna get hurt. And I'll make it worth your while.

Dugan collects himself. Turns it all over in head.

DUGAN

One thing.

(beat)

You get in trouble... and I mean  
*really bad* trouble... you stay  
where you are, and you pull the  
fucking ripcord. You got it?

**INT. NICK'S CAR - SAGAMORE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON**

Nick drives back across the bridge. A small, brown paper bag is nestled next to him on the passenger seat.

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR - EARLY MORNING**

Dawn breaks over the harbor. The *Edna Rose* is tied off at the fuel dock, where Nick tops off several plastic gas cans.

He finishes and cruises a few docks down to where Dennis waits by his pickup truck.

Dennis grabs a handful of items from the bed -- including a pair of black ski goggles and two rolled up, bright orange survival suits -- and tosses them down to Nick.

**INT. CLASSROOM - SUNRISE DAY CARE - DAY**

Laurel reads a book to a circle of restless toddlers:

LAUREL

(reading)

The ducklings liked the new island  
so much that they decided to live  
there. All day long they follow the  
swan boats and eat peanuts.

(turns the page)

And when night falls, they swim to  
their little island and go to  
sleep. The end.

She closes the book and sets it down in her lap.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Does everyone know what time it is?

KIDS

(in unison)

Lunch-time!

Her phone buzzes in her pocket, but she ignores it.

LAUREL

Everyone go wash your hands and get  
your lunch boxes from your cubbies.  
I'll meet you at the big table.

The kids all run off. Laurel puts the book away on a shelf.  
She pulls out her phone and reads the top notification:  
"BREAKING NEWS: FREIGHTER HIJACKED OFF NEW ENGLAND COAST."

**EXT. HARBORMASTER PATROL BOAT - HYANNIS HARBOR - DAY**

Tim is on patrol when suddenly a COAST GUARD JAYHAWK flies  
directly overhead, low enough for the rotor downwash to send  
ripples across the water that rock Tim's boat.

He reaches for his CB and tunes it to the emergency dispatch  
channel, but the chatter is too distorted.

**INT. HARBORMASTER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Tim flips on an industrial-looking police scanner. He  
searches the channels, keeping the volume low.

Across the room sits his supervisor, DEBBIE BLYTHE, 60's, no-  
nonsense. She looks up from her mountain of paperwork.

DEBBIE

Got something for me?

TIM

(perks up)

Yes!

(remembers)

Oh... I'm not quite, uh...

DEBBIE

I need that permit report. I needed  
it yesterday.

TIM

Yeah... I'm still... sorry.

DEBBIE

What are you doing?

TIM

Nothing...

DEBBIE

Finish the report. Now. And make  
whatever calls you need to make.  
Tomorrow's d-day.

**EXT. KELLY HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Laurel pulls into the driveway. Dennis's truck isn't there.

**INT. KITCHEN - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Laurel puts her things down. On a wall-mounted cordless phone, a red light glows next to the word "VOICEMAIL."

She picks up the phone and puts the receiver to her ear.

## VOICEMAIL

You have 1 new message. New messages:

(Tim's voice)

Hello, this is a message for Mr. Dennis Kelly. Mr. Kelly, this is Timothy Shaw from the Hyannis Marina Office of the Harbormaster. We've left several messages on your cell, but I'm calling today regarding a slip and mooring fee for the...

(beat)

...Edna Rose.

As she listens, her eyes fall on the side of the fridge, covered in photos of her and Dennis. At a Sox game at Fenway. An anniversary dinner in the North End. Happier times.

## VOICEMAIL (CONT'D)

(Tim's voice)

According to our records, the permit is over 30 days delinquent. I need to inform you, Mr. Kelly, that we are within our rights to dock and impound the vessel within 24 hours should we not receive that fee plus the late charges. Please do give us a call or come by the office. Thanks very much and have a great day, sir.

(end of message)

Press "D" to delete, "S" to save --

She hangs up the phone and stares at it for a moment, confused. She dials another number.

**EXT. EDNA ROSE DECK - GULF OF MAINE / INT. KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis stands in the wheelhouse, cell phone to his ear, his breath visible in the cold evening air.

DENNIS

(chipper)

I'm sorry, honey, I forgot to tell you we decided to stay out one more night. We'll be back early tomorrow.

LAUREL

Oh, okay... must be a good catch.

DENNIS

What?

LAUREL

If you're staying out... that must mean it's a good catch?

DENNIS

Oh, yeah... great catch. Best in weeks.

LAUREL

That's great.

(to the point)

There's a voicemail here from someone at the harbor... something about an overdue fee?

Dennis's face darkens. He thinks quickly:

DENNIS

Oh, really? That's weird. I definitely paid that.

LAUREL

Are you sure? He said they're going to ---

DENNIS

Yeah... I'm sure. Trust me. They're mistaken. I'll stop by there when I get back and handle it.

LAUREL

(not entirely convinced)

Okay.

After an awkward pause:

DENNIS

Anything... anything else?

LAUREL

That's it. Be safe out there.

Dennis hangs up. He places the phone down on the helm and reaches for the throttle when, suddenly --

-- his body **RETCHES** and he stumbles to the edge of the boat, dry-heaving over the side.

He spits a few times into the sea. Wipes his mouth with his sleeve. **SLAMS** a gloved hand down on the rail.

DENNIS

FUCK!

He collapses onto the cold deck. Stares through the cabin doorway where, atop the berth, sits the safe. Still unopened.

**EXT. LIFE RAFT - MAINE COAST - NIGHT**

Nick continues to paddle. The sea is pitch black and he's cold and exhausted, but he keeps pushing.

His raft bumps into something. He prods it with his oar -- solid and jagged. He switches on a light that's built in to his survival suit: a **ROCK**, shimmering with seawater.

He pulls his raft along the rock. In the moonlight he's able to see that it's part of a much larger outcrop that juts out from steep coastal cliffs. *He made it.*

He rounds a point into an open, rugged inlet, flooded by the faint glow of a red, blinking light ahead -- a mooring buoy?

Nick pushes off from the rocks and paddles toward the light, adrenaline coursing through him.

When he's close enough, he points his own light at the mysterious floating object, and realizes what it is --

THE LIFEBOAT -- Quiet. Dark. Drifting free in the current.

NICK

Hello?

Nick paddles up alongside the lifeboat. He grabs a handle and pulls himself up onto the roof of the enclosure.

NICK (CONT'D)

Dennis?

He finds the top access hatch, already ajar. He pulls it open and points his light inside.

**INT. LIFEBOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Huddled on a bench seat is STAUSHOLM -- shivering, his hands and feet bound with safety rope, his eyes blindfolded and mouth gagged with strips of torn nylon.

Sensing someone there, Stausholm tries to speak.

NICK

Fuck.

Nick drops in. He clambers to the wheel and checks the fuel gauge -- empty. He slides over to Stausholm and reaches for his hands, STARTLING him.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's okay.

He unties Stausholm's hands, then his feet. He removes the gag from his mouth, but leaves the blindfold.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Nick climbs the ladder back to the roof. Dives into the water and swims after his raft.

**EXT. HARBORMASTER PATROL BOAT - HYANNIS HARBOR - MORNING**

Tim is back on his rounds. He continues to listen to the chatter on his CB as he chips away at his inspection list.

As he cruises past the breakwater, he recognizes a lobster boat -- the *Edna Rose* -- on its way in from the sea.

As the boat passes into the harbor, Tim makes eye contact with the driver -- DENNIS -- a deer in the headlights.

After a quick glance at his clipboard, Tim spins the wheel and maneuvers into the inner harbor after the *Edna Rose*.

Dennis looks back at him. Realizes he's being followed.

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Tim's patrol boat idles alongside the *Edna Rose*. Dennis stands in the wheelhouse, leaning casually on the pot hauler.

TIM

Coming back from an overnight?

DENNIS

(cheerful)

That's right.

TIM  
Where to?

DENNIS  
Sorry?

TIM  
Where'd you head out to?

DENNIS  
Oh... uh... Georges Bank.

TIM  
Long haul.

DENNIS  
Gotta go where the fish are.

TIM  
(looks around the boat)  
Just you, then?

DENNIS  
Sorry?

TIM  
No crew? You went all the way out  
there alone?

DENNIS  
Oh... uh, yeah... just me. My  
deckhand got the flu. You believe  
that? Good thing I didn't catch it.  
Someone's gotta do the work.

TIM  
Good thing.  
(looks around the boat  
again)  
Where's your catch?

DENNIS  
(cheerfulness starting to  
fade)  
I'm sorry, is there... something I  
can do for you? I have a lot of  
work...

Tim notices that he avoided the question, but moves on:

TIM  
We've left you a few messages,  
about your --

DENNIS

I paid that.

Tim glances down at his clipboard, thinking for a second perhaps he made a mistake.

TIM

No... not according to my list.

DENNIS

Gotta be some mistake, then.

TIM

No, I don't think so. I'm afraid we'll have to dock and impound your vessel if we don't --

DENNIS

You got a supervisor?

TIM

Yes. Debbie --

DENNIS

She in the office now?

TIM

She should be.

DENNIS

I'm gonna tie off and go see her.

TIM

Mr. Kelly --

DENNIS

This is a mistake. I'll talk to her and figure it out.

Dennis taps his hand on the wheel.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Anything else?

TIM

By end of day. Then that's it.

Dennis gives him a thumbs up.

**EXT. BEACH - MAINE COAST - MORNING**

Nick climbs out from underneath the overturned raft -- his makeshift campsite for the night.

He searches the cliffs for a route he could climb. Spots a gap in the rocks which leads up to a dense tree line.

He opens a valve on the life raft. Strips off his survival suit. As air hisses from the raft, he rolls it and the suit together tightly and wedges them between two rocks. He covers them as best he can with sand and seaweed.

Once satisfied, he starts toward the breach and the wilderness beyond.

**INT. HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Done for the day, Tim stops at Debbie's desk on his way out:

TIM

Did anyone come by to see you  
today? About an overdue permit?

Debbie thinks. Shakes her head.

**INT. EDNA ROSE CABIN - HYANNIS HARBOR - NIGHT**

Dennis sits alone in the berth, staring at the safe. Waves lap against the outside of the hull.

In one hand he holds the photo of Stausholm's family. There appears to have once been something written on the back of it, but the ink has run and it's now illegible.

Dennis squints at the back of the photo, trying to make out what it used to say. He tries some different number combinations on the safe, but nothing works.

He pulls out a toolbox, removes a hammer and a flathead screwdriver and goes to work trying to chisel the safe open.

**INT. LOUGHRIDGE'S FISH & LOBSTER - NIGHT**

Mel sits at the front counter, balancing the day's books.

There's a soft *tap-tap* on the front door. He looks up. Dennis waves from outside.

Mel circles to the door. He unlocks it, cracks it open.

DENNIS

Five grand?

**INT. BACK ROOM - LOUGHRIDGE'S FISH & LOBSTER - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis and Mel sit at the folding table where they were playing cards just a few nights earlier.

DENNIS

I don't wanna hear anything else about him. I just wanna be done with it.

MEL

This is what I'm talking about. You don't listen.

DENNIS

I listen when --

MEL

-- when it's what you wanna hear. Rest of the time, I think you just listen to yourself.

DENNIS

What are you, a shrink now?

MEL

What I am is the only friend you got left in this place. And the only reason we're friends is because of your father. So maybe you wanna show him some respect.

(beat)

For years -- years -- I've been there for you. Bailed you out more times than I can count.

DENNIS

You want a medal?

MEL

(losing his patience)

You ungrateful son of a bitch. What's the matter with you? It's a *salvage yard*. Does that mean anything to you?

DENNIS

It means I get paid.

MEL

(shakes his head)

I'm done. I can't do this anymore. After this, we're through.

DENNIS

(stands)

How soon?

MEL  
I'll call him first thing.

Dennis turns and heads for the door.

MEL (CONT'D)  
Dennis.  
(beat)  
You gotta settle up with me as part  
of this deal.

DENNIS  
(stops, turns back)  
Wait a second --

MEL  
No discussion.

DENNIS  
Give me the guy's number. I'll call  
him myself.

MEL  
He don't know you. Without me  
there's no deal.

DENNIS  
Please... I'll pay you back... I  
swear... *please* don't fuck me like  
this...

MEL  
Nobody's fucking you. Man's gotta  
pay his debts.

DENNIS  
What's that leave me?

Mel turns in his chair to face the safe. He spins the dial,  
opens the door (revealing stacks of cash inside, which Dennis  
clocks). He pulls out a ledger, thumbs through it.

MEL  
We'll call it an even two-fifty.

DENNIS  
*Two hundred and fifty dollars?!*

MEL  
(shrugs)  
It's that or nothing.

About to erupt, Dennis's eyes go again to the cash stacked in the safe. He reaches around to the back of his pants, grips the handle of his gun.

Mel notices, watches carefully for Dennis's next move. After a tense moment, Dennis collects himself. Lets go of the gun.

DENNIS  
(sheepish)  
Any chance I could get an advance  
on that two-fifty?

**EXT. LOUGHRIDGE'S FISH & LOBSTER - NIGHT**

Dennis shuffles to his truck across the parking lot. He climbs in. Presses his face against the steering wheel.

When he looks up, his eyes fall on THE RUSTY HOOK next door.

He stuffs the gun into the glove compartment. Climbs out of the truck and heads to the bar.

**EXT. RURAL ROAD - MAINE - NIGHT**

Nick breaks from the trees and onto a two-lane forest road. He looks both ways, picks a direction that looks like south.

Soon, a car approaches from behind him. He flags it down. It comes to a stop and he walks around to the driver's window.

Behind the wheel is a YOUNG WOMAN, late 20s. She rolls down the window halfway.

NICK  
I broke down a few miles back. Can  
I get a ride to a gas station or  
something?

YOUNG WOMAN  
(points in the direction  
she came)  
Back that way?

NICK  
Yeah.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I didn't see a broken down car  
anywhere.

NICK  
(thinks fast)  
Uh... yeah... it was off the main  
road.

Nick smiles, trying to put on the friendliest, most innocent-looking face that he can.

The Young Woman grabs her phone from the center console.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Why don't I call you a tow truck?

NICK  
I don't need a tow truck, I just  
need to get to... I need... uh...

Sensing trouble, Young Woman starts to roll her window up:

YOUNG WOMAN  
Next gas station I see, I'll tell  
them to --

NICK  
No, no... please. Can I please just  
get a ride?

YOUNG WOMAN  
(shakes her head)  
I'm sorry.

Before the window closes, Nick pulls out his gun and sticks his whole hand through the opening, aiming at her head.

The Young Woman SCREAMS and shields her face, dropping her phone in her lap. Her foot comes off the brake and the car -- still in gear -- starts to roll forward, pulling Nick along.

NICK  
Stop the car!

The Young Woman panics and starts to cry hysterically while the car continues to roll forward.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Stop the car now or I'll fucking  
shoot you!

YOUNG WOMAN  
(crying)  
Please! No!

NICK  
STOP THE FUCKING CAR!

She hits the brakes.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Now get out!

She opens the door, but as soon as her foot comes off the brake, the car rolls forward again.

She tumbles out, hands still up by her face. Her phone falls off her lap and onto the road. The car continues to roll.

Nick reaches around the door and presses the window button, rolling it back down and releasing his hand.

He gets in the car, slams the door, and speeds away.

**INT. BEDROOM - KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Laurel sleeps alone. The phone rings in the kitchen.

She stirs. Sits up, groggy. Looks at her bedside clock: 2 AM.

**INT. KITCHEN - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Still half asleep, Laurel answers the phone.

LAUREL  
(into phone)  
Hello?

As she listens, she looks down at the floor and sighs.

**INT. LAUREL'S CAR - STREETS OF HYANNIS - NIGHT**

Laurel, still in her pajamas, drives the empty streets.

In the passenger seat is DENNIS, passed out drunk.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Laurel walks Dennis into the room, doing her best to steer him as he struggles to walk. She's just barely able to get him to the couch before he collapses.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - KELLY HOUSE - MORNING**

There's a KNOCK at the front door. Dennis is still passed out on the couch.

**INT. BATHROOM - KELLY HOUSE - SAME**

Laurel showers. She can't hear the knocking.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - KELLY HOUSE - SAME**

Another KNOCK.

Dennis jolts awake from his alcohol-induced slumber. His eyes slowly open, the daylight stabbing them like daggers.

He struggles to sit up. His muscles ache. His head throbs. He looks around the room. Processes where he is.

There's another KNOCK on the door. Harder, more incessant.

DENNIS

Shit...

(looks around the room)

Laur? Could you...

Another KNOCK, this time on the window. Dennis turns and sees JULIE looking at him through the glass.

He stands up unsteadily. Makes his way to the front door and opens it. Julie stands before him, her face bent with worry.

JULIE

There you are.

(beat)

I've been calling.

DENNIS

(rubs his eyes)

Sorry, I was, uh --

JULIE

You seen Nicky? He didn't come home last night.

Dennis processes. Tries to remember himself what happened.

DENNIS

(feigning surprise)

Oh... Oh no! Really?

JULIE

You seen him?

DENNIS

No, no... not since yesterday. You try calling?

JULIE

Of course I did. Where'd you see him yesterday?

DENNIS

Just... we got back from fishing... uh, so, no answer when you called?

JULIE

No, Dennis. He say anything when you guys got back? Mention where he might've gone?

DENNIS  
(thinks)  
Uh, no... no.  
(shrugs)  
We just, uh, ya know, got back, and  
went home. Just like usual.

JULIE  
(looks him over)  
Went home, huh?

**INT. BATHROOM - KELLY HOUSE - SAME**

Laurel shuts off the shower. She hears a muffled conversation from the living room. She listens but can't make it out.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - KELLY HOUSE - SAME**

JULIE  
I'm calling the police.

DENNIS  
(eyes bulge)  
Whoa... the police?

JULIE  
This is really unlike him. What if  
he's hurt?

DENNIS  
Oh... no. I'm sure he's fine. He'll  
turn up.  
(puts his hands up)  
You got me. We went out for a few  
drinks.

JULIE  
(looks him over, again)  
A few drinks?

DENNIS  
I'm telling you. He's fine.  
Probably his phone died and he  
slept in his car or something.  
Don't worry.

Julie searches Dennis's face for answers.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Trust me. Just give it some time,  
you know, before you call anyone.

JULIE

I'm gonna kill him. Call me right away if you hear from him.

DENNIS

Yes yes, of course.  
(anything else?)  
Okay?

JULIE

Yeah. Okay.

Dennis shuts the door. He collapses back onto the couch and rubs his forehead.

A moment passes and Laurel enters, in sweatpants, drying her hair with a towel.

LAUREL

Who was that?

She looks out the window but only sees tail lights. She turns back to Dennis, but he's already passed out again. She puts her hand on his shoulder and tries to wake him.

DENNIS

(jolts awake)  
WHAT?!

She backs away, startled. He opens his eyes, squints at her.

LAUREL

Good morning to you, too.  
(beat)  
Who was that at the door?

He doesn't answer. Only moans and continues to rub his forehead. Laurel goes to the kitchen and comes back with a glass of water. He takes the water and chugs it.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Getting late. Fishing today?

DENNIS

(mouth full of water)  
Mm-hm.

LAUREL

Did you handle that permit?

DENNIS

(spits the water out)  
Fuck!

He runs to the kitchen, grabs a roll of paper towels.

LAUREL  
Are you okay?

DENNIS  
Yeah, I just... I forgot I need to pick up a new gear housing. Can't go out without it.

He comes back into the living room. Hands her the roll.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Can you...? I really need to...

She takes the paper towels from him and he heads to the door. He pulls his shoes on and heads outside without tying them.

After a moment, he comes back in.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Where's my truck?

**EXT. LAUNCH RAMP - HYANNIS HARBOR - DAY**

Under Tim's supervision, a big rig pulls the trailered *Edna Rose* from the water.

Dennis approaches. Rage in his eyes. He SLAPS the clipboard out of Tim's hands.

DENNIS  
What the fuck is this?

TIM  
Dennis... Mr. Kelly --

DENNIS  
What the fuck are you doing?

TIM  
We told you, you were warned --

DENNIS  
I need that boat, I need to go to work. Put it back in the water. Now. Tell him to back up.

Dennis starts toward the truck, shouting --

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
(to the driver)  
Back up!

Dennis reaches for the driver's door, but Tim blocks him.

TIM

Dennis, you can't --  
(beat)

Can we talk? Please? Can you come  
over to the office?

DENNIS

I'm not going to the office! I need  
to go to WORK!

At the top of the launch, the commotion has attracted a small crowd. They look on with curiosity. Dennis notices:

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

Mind your own fucking business!

Dennis keels over. His head spins. Tries to catch his breath.

TIM

You were warned about this. Several  
times. Your fee. Remember?

Dennis stands. Reaches into his pocket and pulls out what's left of the cash that he got from Mel. He holds it out.

DENNIS

I just need to get something off  
the boat. Can you ask him to stop  
for just a minute? Let me aboard?

TIM

Mr. Kelly, until you clear up the  
permit, the boat is municipal  
property. I'm sorry, but I can't.

Enraged, Dennis THRUSTS the money in Tim's face, sending bills flying in every direction.

The boat clears the water and the truck pulls the trailer up to the road, dripping with sea water. The crowd clears a path for it to pull out onto the street.

Dennis inhales deeply, tries to calm himself. He watches the truck drive away with his boat.

TIM (CONT'D)

She'll be at an impound lot, few  
miles away. I'll give you their  
card. The county will send you a  
bill. Your insurance might cover  
it.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

(then, quietly)

Are you okay? Do you need... some kind of help?

Dennis doesn't answer him. He just looks down at the ground and the cash fluttering across the pavement like tumbleweeds.

**INT. HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Debbie sits at her desk and fills out an incident report. Tim sits across from her.

DEBBIE

You... *chased* him?

It's unclear what's more surprising to her: that there was a chase, or that *he* was involved in it.

TIM

I followed him while he circled a couple'a times. He stayed below the speed limit.

DEBBIE

(takes notes)

Uh-huh.

TIM

When I caught up with him, I ask him again about the permit, he says there was some mistake and he would come see you. Which he didn't.

Debbie nods. Takes down some more notes.

TIM (CONT'D)

So, this morning, while we're docking it, he shows up. Makes a huge scene.

DEBBIE

Would you say he was violent?

TIM

He was aggressive. Yelled at me, grabbed me, threw some cash in my face. He tried to get in the truck. Kinda shoved me a couple times. I asked him if everything was okay. He looked like he was about to cry.

Debbie finishes her notes. Looks over the report.

DEBBIE

Think I have what I need. I'll file it with the county. Up to them if they want to pursue anything.

Tim remains sitting.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Anything else?

TIM

Yeah. This is the second time this week someone has thrown cash at me.

DEBBIE

Sounds like you're in the wrong line of work.

They laugh, but it fades quickly. There *is* something else, but Tim struggles to find the words:

TIM

There was just -- something about him. Something not right. He seemed so desperate, so -- *scared*.

DEBBIE

This is a really tough time for these guys. They're losing their businesses, their homes.

(beat)

You and I have no idea what it's like for them. It's a shame we had to do this, but it's our job. You can't get emotional about it.

**EXT. GULF OF MAINE - DAY**

The *Baffin* is surrounded by other boats -- US Coast Guard, Canadian Coast Guard, even a US Navy patrol boat.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - M/V BAFFIN - DAY**

Stausholm sits on the edge of his bed across from the smashed cabinet. Sitting at his desk is the COMPANY MAN -- 40s, in a flight suit with a shirt and tie visible underneath. We recognize his voice from the phone calls:

COMPANY MAN

(in Danish)

*That's all they took?*

STAUSHOLM

*Yes.*

Stausholm tries to focus, but his eyes fixate on the blood-stained floor in the hallway just outside the cabin door.

COMPANY MAN  
*Anything else inside?*

STAUSHOLM  
*Just paperwork. Manifests, logs.*

COMPANY MAN  
*Think you might recognize these men if you saw them?*

STAUSHOLM  
*Their faces were covered.*

COMPANY MAN  
*Their voices?*

STAUSHOLM  
*Maybe.*  
(beat)  
*Has anyone notified his family?*

COMPANY MAN  
*Not yet.*

STAUSHOLM  
*I'd like to call them.*

COMPANY MAN  
*Of course.*  
(beat)  
*Anything else you can think of?  
Anything that stood out?*

STAUSHOLM  
*They'd never done this before.*

COMPANY MAN  
*How do you know?*

STAUSHOLM  
*Wasn't my first time.*

COMPANY MAN  
*Really?*

STAUSHOLM  
(nods)  
*Strait of Malacca, a couple years ago. They were organized. Methodical. Patient. And... they got paid.*

(MORE)

STAUSHOLM (CONT'D)

(beat)

*Strange part is, I transferred to this route to get away from all that.*

The men can't help but laugh.

STAUSHOLM (CONT'D)

*But... these guys. Once they were on board, they had no idea what they were doing. They panicked. Argued with each other. And --*

Stausholm snuffles. Looks at the floor. He's said all he can.

From outside, the sound of a HELICOPTER circling.

COMPANY MAN

*That must be the relief crew. Let's get you home.*

Stausholm nods. Wipes a tear from his eye. The Company Man reaches out and puts his hand on Stausholm's shoulder.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Julie paces, phone in hand. Repeatedly looks out the window.

She finds Nick's number in her phone, dials it for (probably) the thousandth time. Straight to voicemail.

**INT. BULLPEN - BARNSTABLE POLICE DEPT - DAY**

Julie sits by the desk of DETECTIVE BARBARA CULLINANE, late 50s, a battering ram with a badge and a gun.

CULLINANE

Got a recent photo of him?

Julie pulls out her phone, scrolls through her pictures. While she searches, Cullinane notices TRACK MARKS on Julie's arms.

Julie finds a photo and hands the phone to Cullinane.

CULLINANE (CONT'D)

Gonna email this to myself if that's okay.

Julie nods. Cullinane sends herself the photo and hands the phone back to Julie.

CULLINANE (CONT'D)

When did you last see him?

JULIE

When he left for work. On Thursday.

CULLINANE

What time did he leave?

JULIE

I don't know exactly. He usually leaves around 4 AM. I remember him kissing me goodbye.

CULLINANE

When was he due back?

JULIE

It was an overnight, so the next morning. But he never came home.

CULLINANE

Any known associates? Co-workers?

JULIE

One. He works on a lobster boat. It's him and the captain.

CULLINANE

You speak with him?

JULIE

(nods)

He said they went out drinking when they got back. But I went to the bar and nobody there saw Nicky.

Cullinane pauses to take down some notes.

CULLINANE

Has he ever been in any trouble in the past?

JULIE

Some. I know he's got a record but I don't know a lot about any of it. He doesn't really talk about it.

CULLINANE

Can you think of anyone else he might have been in contact with? Anyone who might have seen him?

JULIE

No.

CULLINANE

How long have you and him been together?

JULIE

Three years, on and off.

CULLINANE

And what do you do for work?

JULIE

Stop & Shop.

CULLINANE

And what about you, you ever been in trouble?

Julie is thrown off by the question. Cullinane glances down at the track marks, which Julie crosses her arms to cover up.

JULIE

Probation. Couple years back.

(beat)

I'm thirteen months sober.

Cullinane nods. Moves on:

CULLINANE

You got contact info for his co-worker? The captain?

**EXT. KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Tim sits in his car outside Dennis and Laurel's house. He watches them through a window. They argue about something.

**INT. BEDROOM - KELLY HOUSE - MORNING**

Laurel wakes up. The bed is empty next to her.

She looks out the front window. Dennis's truck is gone.

**INT. DENNIS'S TRUCK - IMPOUND LOT - DAY**

Dennis scopes out the impound lot. It's surrounded by a tall chain-link fence and barbed wire. There are cameras and a guard house at the front gate.

**INT. BULLPEN - BARNSTABLE POLICE DEPT - DAY**

Cullinane types her notes into a report on her computer.

She minimizes the report and opens the criminal record database. Types in Nick's name.

**EXT. KELLY HOUSE - DAY**

An unmarked Crown Vic pulls up. Cullinane climbs out and walks up to the front door. Knocks.

CULLINANE  
Barnstable Police! Anybody home?  
Mr. Kelly? Mrs. Kelly?

But there's no answer.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA - SUNRISE DAY CARE - DAY**

Cullinane flashes her badge at the Receptionist.

CULLINANE  
Is Laurel Kelly here?

**INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - SUNRISE DAY CARE - DAY**

Laurel and Cullinane sit in kid's chairs across from each other. Arts and crafts projects cover the walls.

CULLINANE  
Any idea where I might find him?

LAUREL  
He's... at sea. Working.

CULLINANE  
When does he normally come home?

LAUREL  
When he's not on an overnight, late afternoon. What's this about?

CULLINANE  
Do you know if his deckhand is with him? Nicholas Silva?

LAUREL  
I... believe so.

CULLINANE  
Have you seen Mr. Silva recently?

LAUREL  
(thinks back)  
Not since... early last week.

CULLINANE  
Nothing since then?

LAUREL

No.

CULLINANE

Spoken to him on the phone? Or maybe your husband's been in contact?

LAUREL

I really don't know. What's going on?

CULLINANE

Have you noticed anything strange in the past week? About your husband's behavior, his routine, anything?

LAUREL

I don't know. It's been a stressful time for us.

CULLINANE

How so?

LAUREL

(searches for the words)  
Just... marriage stuff.

CULLINANE

Can you elaborate on that at all?

LAUREL

I'd really like to know what's going on.

CULLINANE

Nicholas Silva's been reported missing.

LAUREL

(genuine shock)  
Oh my God.

CULLINANE

Do you have any reason to believe he's not with your husband now?

LAUREL

No, not that I can --

CULLINANE

I'd really like to speak with your husband. Would you have him call me?

She slides her business card across the table.

CULLINANE (CONT'D)

And if you see or hear from Mr. Silva, please let me know as soon as possible.

LAUREL

Of course.

Cullinane stands and leaves the classroom, leaving Laurel alone, staring at the business card.

Laurel pulls her cell phone out her pocket and dials a number -- Dennis -- but the call goes straight to voicemail.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - HYANNIS HARBOR - DAY**

Laurel parks her car by the dock where the *Edna Rose* is usually tied off.

She climbs out and searches for Dennis's truck. She doesn't see it anywhere... but Nick's car is there.

She walks to the end of a dock, looks out at the moorings. The *Edna Rose* is nowhere in sight.

ACROSS THE HARBOR -- Tim cruises by in his patrol boat. He spots Laurel on the dock. Recognizes her.

**EXT. DOCK - HYANNIS HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Tim idles by the dock where Laurel stands.

TIM

(thinks)

No... I'm sorry... I haven't seen him today. Last I saw him was yesterday. When we towed the boat.

LAUREL

(her face hardens)

You *what*?

TIM

We... uh... towed the boat. Due to the delinquent slip permit.

(off her surprise)

You... weren't aware of this?

LAUREL

No. I wasn't. A cop came to my work this morning asking if I'd seen his deckhand.

TIM

Nick.

LAUREL

Yeah. Said he's been missing since they got in on Saturday.

TIM

He didn't go.

LAUREL

I'm sorry?

TIM

Nick didn't go out on that trip. I saw Dennis pull in... stopped him, you know, about that permit... and he was alone. Said his deckhand was sick or something.

LAUREL

That doesn't make sense.  
(beat)  
Where's the boat?

**EXT. IMPOUND LOT - DAY**

Tim's Harbormaster vehicle pulls up to the gate. Laurel follows behind in her car.

Tim climbs out and walks over to the Lot Attendant. After a short conversation, the Lot Attendant opens the gate.

Tim gets back in his vehicle and Laurel follows him through rows of cars, RVs and other boats.

They pull up in front of the trailered *Edna Rose*, partially covered by a tarp. They park and get out of their cars.

TIM

Anyone asks, I didn't bring you here.

Laurel nods. Tim pulls the tarp off and helps Laurel aboard.

**EXT. EDNA ROSE DECK - IMPOUND LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Laurel searches the deck and the wheelhouse. Seems normal.

She climbs down into the cabin.

**INT. EDNA ROSE CABIN - IMPOUND LOT - CONTINUOUS**

The cabin's a mess, but at first nothing seems out of place.

Atop the galley counter she spots a photo of a middle-aged woman and two younger women. She's about to reach for it when something else catches her eye: the corner of a PIECE OF PAPER sticking out of one of the cabinets at her feet.

She opens it -- and a HUGE STACK of papers and envelopes that had been stuffed inside spill out onto the floor.

She kneels down, picks up one of the pieces of paper and smooths it out: a utility bill. Picks up another one: mortgage. Another one: credit card.

LAUREL  
(face darkens)  
Oh my God.

She moves further into the cabin, toward the berth. Lifts the cushions and opens the compartment underneath.

Inside, there's a STEEL BOX with a combination lock -- similar to a hotel safe -- its hinges dented, paint chipped.

**INT. KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dennis enters and finds Laurel waiting for him in the kitchen, her arms crossed.

DENNIS  
Hi.  
(off her ominous  
appearance)  
Everything... okay?

LAUREL  
Where've you been all day?

DENNIS  
Working. Where do you think?

LAUREL  
Come with me.

She walks into the adjacent dining room. Dennis follows.

She turns the light on -- revealing all the UNPAID BILLS spread out on the table.

DENNIS  
What's all this?

LAUREL  
You tell me.

DENNIS  
Where did you find this?

LAUREL  
There's bills here dating back six months. I'm surprised our power is still on.

DENNIS  
I asked you a question.

Laurel tries to stay calm, but her voice shakes:

LAUREL  
You took out a second mortgage on our house without telling me. Do you realize we're going to be foreclosed? And that we have no health insurance?

DENNIS  
I'm not gonna ask you again.

LAUREL  
I found it on the boat, Dennis. Where you've been hiding it from me.

That shuts him up.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
What else are you lying to me about?

DENNIS  
I'm working on getting the boat back.

LAUREL  
How?

DENNIS  
I have a plan.

LAUREL  
Okay. What is it? What's your plan?

He doesn't answer.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

I knew our finances were tight,  
but... this? You've been telling me  
for months that we were okay.

She starts to lose it. Her eyes well with tears.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

We're not okay, Dennis.

DENNIS

We'll be fine. Don't worry.

LAUREL

Don't worry? How can you say that?  
Have you seen these credit card  
statements? Do know how much debt  
we're in?

DENNIS

I'm taking care of it.

LAUREL

That's what you always say, Dennis.  
*I'm working on it. I have a plan.*  
*I'll figure it out. Trust me.* And I  
always trust you. I always believe  
you. How could you lie to me like  
this?

DENNIS

You need to stay out of this. I'm  
handling it.

LAUREL

You convinced me to come here. You  
told me things would be different.  
I sacrificed everything... my  
career, my friends.

DENNIS

Sacrifice? You want to talk about  
sacrifice? You have no idea what  
I've done for you. For us.

LAUREL

What have you done, Dennis? Tell  
me! What is going on with you?!

(beat)

A fucking cop came to the day care  
today, looking for me. Looking for  
you.

She pulls Cullinane's business card out of her pocket and SLAMS it down the table. Dennis picks it up, looks at it.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

What's going on?

(beat)

*Where's Nick?*

Dennis rips up the business card. He throws it on the floor and storms out of the room.

Laurel collapses to the floor and breaks down.

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Nick parks in front of a pump. He spots a PAY PHONE by the entrance to a convenience store.

Nick searches the car for change, but all he finds is a \$5 bill in the Young Woman's wallet.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Nick looks around nervously. He walks up to the CLERK, who sits behind the counter and reads a magazine.

Nick slides him the \$5 bill.

NICK

Can you break this, please?

CLERK

No change.

NICK

Then can I use your phone?

The Clerk points to the pay phone outside.

NICK (CONT'D)

This is all the money I have.  
Either give me some change or let  
me use your phone. Please? It's an  
emergency.

The Clerk sighs. Grabs a cordless phone from its charging base and hands it to Nick.

Nick turns his back to the Clerk and dials a number.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - KELLY HOUSE - SAME**

Dennis sits on the couch, nursing a beer. His phone rings. He clocks the Caller ID: a New Hampshire number. He silences it.

A few seconds later, it rings again. Same number.

He looks to the dining room where Laurel, her face swollen from crying, sits at the table and sorts through the bills.

Dennis stands and heads for the front door.

**EXT. KELLY HOUSE / INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis stands in the yard, phone to his ear:

DENNIS  
Holy shit. What the fuck are you  
doing calling me?

NICK  
(whispers)  
What? Are you fucking serious?

DENNIS  
How fucking stupid are you?

NICK  
You fucking *killed a guy*. And you  
*left me!*

DENNIS  
All you had to do was stay put and  
keep everyone calm, like I told you  
to.

NICK  
This is *not* my fault.

DENNIS  
I can't be talking to you. The cops  
are looking for you.

NICK  
What? Why?

DENNIS  
Because your dumb bitch girlfriend  
reported you missing.

NICK  
Shit.  
(desperate)  
We're so fucked. What do we do?

While they talk, Dennis notices A CAR parked across the street. Someone sits in the driver's seat, watching him.

DENNIS  
Where are you?

NICK  
I don't know. Somewhere in New  
Hampshire.

DENNIS  
How'd you get there?

NICK  
I got a car.

DENNIS  
Fuck... you mean you stole a car?  
Did anyone see you?

NICK  
(duh)  
Uh, yeah... the fucking driver.

DENNIS  
You *carjacked* somebody? Holy  
fucking shit.

NICK  
What was I supposed to do? First I  
had to paddle to shore, then I was  
out in the fucking woods.

DENNIS  
You are such a stupid piece of  
shit.  
(beat)  
Whatever you do, do not come back  
here. Do you understand?

NICK  
But shouldn't I --

DENNIS  
Did you hear what I said?

NICK  
Then where am I supposed to go?

DENNIS  
I don't care. Disappear.

NICK  
You're not gonna help me at all?

DENNIS  
You're a big boy. You'll figure  
something out.

Nick looks around the store. Realizes he's being watched by a  
SECURITY CAMERA on the ceiling.

NICK  
Fuck.

Nick hangs up.

DENNIS  
Hello?

The line is dead.

Dennis tucks the phone in his pocket and starts across the  
yard toward the parked car.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - GAS STATION - SAME**

Nick pulls his gun out and points it at the Clerk, who drops  
the magazine and puts up his hands.

NICK  
Where's the tape?

CLERK  
Tape?

NICK  
For the camera. Where is it?

CLERK  
(points at the sky)  
In the cloud.

NICK  
Fuck. How do you delete it?

CLERK  
I don't have the password. Only my  
boss.

NICK  
FUCK!  
(beat)  
All right... everything in the  
register. Now.

The Clerk nods. He empties the cash drawer and slides the  
money across the counter to Nick.

Nick grabs an armful of Slim Jims and Twinkies from the counter and runs out the front door.

**EXT. KELLY HOUSE - SAME**

Dennis POUNDS on the driver's window. Huddled inside is TIM.

DENNIS

What the fuck are you doing here?

Tim starts the engine, but Dennis runs around and stands in front of the car, blocking his exit.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Get out of the car!

**INT. DINING ROOM - KELLY HOUSE - SAME**

Laurel hears shouting outside. She looks out the window.

**EXT. KELLY HOUSE - SAME**

Dennis pulls Tim from the car.

DENNIS

Answer me, God damnit! The fuck are you doing parked outside my house!

Laurel runs outside.

LAUREL

Stop!

Dennis pushes Tim to the ground and KICKS him in the stomach.

DENNIS

Answer me, asshole!

He kneels down, grabs Tim by the collar, and PUNCHES him in the face -- AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN --

LAUREL

Stop it!

Laurel tries to pull Dennis off of Tim, but he pushes her away. She stumbles backward and lands hard on the ground.

Dennis pummels Tim a couple more times before letting go. Tim falls to the ground, bloody and barely conscious.

**INT. STOLEN CAR - I-95 - NIGHT**

Nick speeds down the highway, his gun and empty food wrappers on the seat next to him.

He passes a sign adorned with birds and flowers:

*MASSACHUSETTS WELCOMES YOU*

**INT. HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Tim, in a hat and sunglasses, sits in front of Debbie's desk.

Debbie taps her pen on the desk and gestures for him to take the hat and glasses off. He does, revealing his red and swollen face. He can barely open his right eye.

DEBBIE

Gonna tell me what happened?

He looks at the floor.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You know I have enough on my plate without having to worry about you, right?

(beat)

I need you to do your job. Something going on, something on your mind, you better tell me.

Tim opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. He's visibly conflicted over what to say (if anything at all).

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Come on.

Finally:

TIM

Dennis Kelly.

DEBBIE

Oh, Jesus.

TIM

I think he... and Nick, his deckhand... I think they did... something.

DEBBIE

(processes)

You're not talking about what I think you're talking about, right?

TIM

Think about it. Two armed men. From everything they're saying on the news, these guys weren't criminals.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Nick was reported missing *the next day*, and ever since then Dennis has been lying about everything, to everyone... to me, to his wife.

DEBBIE

*His wife?*

TIM

And obviously he's having money issues, so --

DEBBIE

Stop. You are way out of line.

TIM

But --

DEBBIE

But nothing. This isn't a joke. This is some serious shit that you're saying.

TIM

I know --

DEBBIE

I don't think you do. Why do I have to keep telling you this? We're not cops. You wanna bust caps and be a hero, go join the Coast Guard.

TIM

I tried.

DEBBIE

I'm sorry?

TIM

Nothing. I know it sounds crazy. But... Nick is still missing --

DEBBIE

Police matter. And I'm sure they're on it like flies on shit. Probably thrilled to have a break from busting coke dealers.

(beat)

Look. Times are bad. People are desperate. But I've been working here since before you were born and I've seen it all... and I'm telling you, nobody -- *nobody* -- from around here is a pirate.

(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Take the rest of the day to straighten yourself up. And for God's sake, get some ice on your face.

**INT. STOLEN CAR - SAGAMORE BRIDGE - DAY**

Nick crosses the bridge.

**EXT. HYANNIS BACK ROAD - DAY**

Nick pulls into a heavily wooded area. He parks the car and uses his sleeve to wipe down the steering wheel and handles.

**INT. DENNIS'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT**

As Dennis pulls into his driveway, the shine of his headlights fall on NICK, huddled in the dark.

**EXT. SIDE YARD - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis stands over Nick, who is doubled over on the ground and clutching his stomach. He spits BLOOD onto the grass.

DENNIS

What the fuck are you doing here?!  
What did I tell you?!

Nick tries to stand, but Dennis KICKS him again --

NICK

Fuck!

DENNIS

You need to go. Right now.

NICK

Where?!

DENNIS

Anywhere but here. You understand?

NICK

I don't know what to do, man! This is so fucked!

DENNIS

All you had to do was listen to me. None of this would have happened if you'd just *listened*.

NICK

This was *your* idea!

DENNIS

Wasn't my idea to steal a car! What else did you fucking do?

Finally able to sit up, Nick looks Dennis in the eye.

NICK

Why'd you have to kill him?

Dennis covers his face with his hands. Paces the side yard.

NICK (CONT'D)

(on the verge of tears)  
What the fuck do we do?

DENNIS

(calming down)  
All right, all right. Just keep your voice down. The person you carjacked, can they identify you?

NICK

I don't think so. It was dark.

DENNIS

Did anyone else see you? Anyone at all?

NICK

How about the hostage you took? Think he can identify you?

DENNIS

Shut the fuck up. I did what I had to do.

NICK

Well. So did I.  
(beat)  
So what now?

DENNIS

You're gonna go home.

NICK

What?

DENNIS

Just go home.

NICK

What do I tell Jules?

DENNIS

Make something up. Just try to act normal. We should be okay long as you don't fuck up anything else.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Julie grabs clothes from a laundry basket and THROWS them across the room at Nick:

JULIE

Do you know how fucking worried I've been? I've been out looking for you! Asking all over town! I went to the police!

NICK

I said I'm sorry!

JULIE

Where were you?!

NICK

We went for some drinks and it got a little crazy.

JULIE

*A little crazy?*

NICK

I can't remember everything... but I woke up in the woods and I'd lost my phone. I didn't know where the fuck I was!

JULIE

You've been gone for *days*. You're telling me you've been lost in the woods?

NICK

Yes!

JULIE

What... did you eat?

NICK

Berries and shit. I paid attention in the Boy Scouts. Eventually I found a road and got my bearings.

None of it makes sense to her, but she moves on:

JULIE

I went to the bar. Nobody saw you there that night. Just Dennis.

NICK

Well. I was there. So... they're just wrong, aren't they?

Julie searches his face. Tries to understand.

She sits down on the couch. In front of her on the coffee table is a spoon, a lighter and a syringe.

She covers her face and cries -- overwhelmed by the grief, the confusion, all the emotions colliding all at once.

Nick sits down next to her. Sees the drugs on the table. Tries to comfort her:

NICK (CONT'D)

It's okay. I'm home now. I'm okay.

JULIE

(through tears)

I was so fucking scared.

NICK

I know.

Julie reaches for her phone. Scrolls her recent calls.

NICK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JULIE

I need to call the police --

NICK

Hang on.

Nick takes the phone from her.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's late. First thing in the morning, I'm gonna go to the station myself. Explain everything to them. This is my fault. I wanna clear the air.

JULIE

(confused)

But --

NICK

I also think you should maybe... ya know, take it easy. Lay low.

JULIE

Lay low?

He tips his head toward the drugs on the table.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't take it anymore. I thought you were dead.

Nick puts his arm around her. She turns to face him. Nick leans in to kiss her, but:

JULIE (CONT'D)

You need a shower.

**INT. BREAK ROOM - BARNSTABLE POLICE DEPT - MORNING**

Cullinane sips coffee from a paper cup and reads a magazine. In the corner of the room, on a countertop next to a microwave, a small TV broadcasts the local news:

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

State Police are searching for a man they believe to be connected to the recent deadly freighter hijacking off the coast of Maine. A car that was stolen not far from where one of the freighter's lifeboats was found has turned up in the woods near the Cape Cod Mall. Police obtained security footage of the suspect from a gas station --

Cullinane looks up from her magazine.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

(on TV)

-- and are asking the public to call the State Police tip line with any information.

Cullinane squints at the security footage on the screen --

-- and abruptly STANDS UP, spilling her coffee on the table and knocking her chair over. She scrambles across the room to get a closer look at the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

(on TV)

The suspect is considered armed and dangerous.

Cullinane gets up close to the TV. The security footage is freeze-framed and zoomed in tight on a MAN's pixelated face.

**INT. BULLPEN - BARNSTABLE POLICE DEPT - MOMENTS LATER**

Cullinane rushes to her desk. Sits and searches her computer screen for a folder. She finds it and scans through its contents until she lands on the file that she's looking for.

She clicks, opens it: the PHOTO OF NICK that Julie gave her.

CULLINANE

Holy shit.

She reaches for her desk phone.

**EXT. EMPTY BEACH - DAY**

Dennis and Nick sit atop an old lifeguard tower. They have to practically shout over the wind and crashing waves:

DENNIS

You told her you were lost in the woods this whole time?

NICK

What would you have said? You told her I was at the bar with you. I had to go with that.

DENNIS

Yeah... but... *lost in the woods?*

NICK

You gonna give me shit about everything I do?

DENNIS

If you're gonna keep being stupid, yeah, I'm gonna give you shit.

NICK

Funny how you keep calling *me* stupid. After what you did.

DENNIS

Are you gonna fucking move on from that?

NICK

Are you gonna apologize? Show any kind of sympathy for killing a guy? For fucking *leaving* me out there?

DENNIS

You want my sympathy?

NICK

I don't know. Yeah. Maybe I do.

DENNIS

(baby voice)

You poor thing. Want me to kiss it and make it all better?

NICK

Fuck you.

DENNIS

No, fuck you. You know why? Because you sit there and talk about knocking over trucks, doing time, all your hardass shit.

NICK

I tried to tell you --

DENNIS

What would have been more helpful would have been: *Hey, Dennis, just so you know, I'm a colossal pussy. You put me on that bridge and I'm just gonna melt into a fucking puddle.*

NICK

That's not what happened... but you know what? Fuck it. I don't care anymore.

DENNIS

Good.

NICK

Good!

(beat)

Please tell me you at least have the fucking money.

**EXT. NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

A swarm of POLICE CRUISERS descend upon the building.

**INT. HALLWAY - NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Cops line the hallway outside Nick and Julie's front door.

Cullinane approaches, followed by an OFFICER carrying a handheld battering ram.

She BANGS on the door.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT - SAME**

CULLINANE  
 (through the door)  
 Nicholas Silva! Barnstable Police!  
 We have a warrant for your arrest!

Panicked, Julie gathers the drugs from the coffee table and frantically looks for a place to hide them. She runs to the kitchen where her eyes fall on the GARBAGE DISPOSAL.

Another BANG on the door:

CULLINANE (CONT'D)  
 (through the door)  
 Open the door now!

She dumps the drugs into the disposal and runs to the front door. She flings it open and is PUSHED aside as Officers spill into the apartment and spread out.

JULIE  
 What is this?!

Cullinane enters. Hands a piece of paper to Julie. Her whole body stiffens as she reads it: an ARREST WARRANT.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 I don't... understand.

The Officers clear every corner of the apartment and circle back to the living room.

Cullinane's got nothing but daggers for Julie:

CULLINANE  
 Where is he?

**EXT. WOODS - IMPOUND LOT - DAY**

Dennis and Nick crouch down in a heavily wooded area, the impound lot's front gate visible through the brush.

DENNIS

There's usually only one guy  
manning the place at a time.

NICK

(looks around)  
You think there are deer ticks in  
here?

DENNIS

You tell me. You're the one with  
the wilderness survival merit  
badge.

(beat)

Did you hear what I said?

NICK

Calm down. I heard you.

(beat)

I can't believe you let them tow  
the --

DENNIS

I didn't *let them* do anything.

NICK

(tired of arguing)

All right, all right. So we find  
another way in. Crawl under the  
fence or something.

DENNIS

I checked out the whole perimeter.  
There are cameras, barbed wire.  
This gate's the only way in or out.

NICK

How much is the fee to get it out?  
Couldn't we just pay it?

DENNIS

See, this is what I'm talking  
about. You just say one fucking  
idiotic thing after another.

NICK

You got a better idea?

DENNIS

Fucking boat can rot here forever  
for all I care. We just need what's  
onboard.

**INT. DENNIS'S PICKUP TRUCK - NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT  
BUILDING - DAY**

As Dennis and Nick approach the apartment building, they spot three POLICE CRUISERS parked outside. Several COPS casually mill around the sidewalk.

DENNIS  
What the fuck?

NICK  
Shit.

Dennis accelerates past the building.

DENNIS  
(mind racing)  
Did she call them?

NICK  
No... I don't know...

DENNIS  
Which is it?

NICK  
I told her not to!

DENNIS  
Fuck.

Dennis presses harder on the gas.

NICK  
Slow down.

DENNIS  
Shut up.

NICK  
(panic rising)  
Where are we going?

DENNIS  
I said shut the fuck up!

NICK  
(loses it)  
Fuck you, man! Maybe you should  
shut the fuck up! This was your  
idea! You fucking took the money.  
You killed that guy. You took the  
fucking hostage. This was all you.  
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

So you shut the fuck up! Or I'm gonna fucking turn your ass in!

Dennis SLAMS on the brakes. The tires SCREECH.

DENNIS

What the fuck did you say?

Nick buries his face in his hands.

NICK

Please just drive.

DENNIS

I wanna know what the fuck you said.

The cars lined up behind them start to HONK.

NICK

You're drawing attention.

DENNIS

I'm not gonna ask you again.

NICK

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. Can we just get off the road please? Go somewhere and figure this out?

Dennis gives Nick a long, hard stare, his blood boiling.

**INT. FOYER - KELLY HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Laurel stands at the front door with Cullinane. A few POLICE CRUISERS are parked out on the street.

CULLINANE

Any idea where he might be?

LAUREL

I don't know. I haven't seen him all day. What's going on?

CULLINANE

I suggest you turn on the news. We really need to speak with Dennis. Please call us as soon as he surfaces.

Laurel nods. She watches as Cullinane heads back to her car.

The police cruisers pull away -- revealing TIM, watching from his own car on the street. Laurel makes eye contact with him.

**INT. KITCHEN - KELLY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Tim sits at the table, a steaming cup of coffee in front of him. His face is still badly bruised.

Laurel walks in from the bedroom, rolling a packed suitcase behind her. She grimaces at the sight of Tim's face:

LAUREL

I'm sorry he did that to you.

TIM

It's okay. Think I deserved it.

She props up the suitcase and leans against the counter.

LAUREL

Why were you out there, anyway? Why have you been doing this?

TIM

I don't know. Looking for something, I guess.

LAUREL

Looking for what?

TIM

I just... I noticed some things. And I had a feeling that Dennis... your husband... was *maybe*... involved... in something.

LAUREL

So you came here looking for... what, proof?

TIM

I don't know. I'm sorry. It was wrong.

She sits at the table with him.

LAUREL

Don't be sorry. There *is* something going on. What exactly, I don't know... and I'm not sure I want to.

TIM

What are you going to do?

She looks at the suitcase.

LAUREL  
Something I should have done a long  
time ago.

Her eyes well up with tears. Tim reaches out, takes her hand.

**INT. DENNIS'S PICKUP TRUCK - KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Dennis and Nick pull into the driveway. Laurel's car is there, but the house looks dark.

DENNIS  
Let's go. Quietly.

Nick nods. He climbs out of the truck and quietly shuts the door behind him.

Once Nick's door is closed, Dennis pulls his GUN from the glove compartment. He grabs a SWEATER from the backseat and tightly wraps the gun in it. Tucks it under his arm.

He climbs out of the truck, leaving the keys in the ignition and his cell phone in the center console.

**EXT. BACKYARD - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Nick quietly follows Dennis across the yard toward the shed.

NICK  
What are we doing here?

DENNIS  
You're gonna stay here until we  
figure this out.

NICK  
(points to the shed)  
In there?

DENNIS  
(soothing, reassuring)  
Don't worry. You'll be safe.

He shows the Nick the rolled-up sweater:

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Brought you this to keep you warm.

Dennis unlatches the shed, opens it. Beckons Nick inside.

Nick walks past Dennis and into the darkness. Dennis follows.

**INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS**

Nick walks in. Dennis follows right behind him.

Dennis stops just short of the doorframe. Keeping his eyes on Nick, he reaches his hand into the rolled up sweater. Raises it and aims directly at the back of Nick's head.

Nick stops. It's suddenly quiet -- *too* quiet. All he can hear is the sound of his own breathing, and Dennis's breathing just a few steps behind him.

Dennis steels himself to pull the trigger, but then --

-- out of the corner of his eye --

-- he senses MOTION in the direction of the house.

He turns to face the house and sees one -- no, *two* figures in the windows. He squints, tries to make out who it is.

DENNIS

What the... fuck?

Nick turns around. Dennis drops his arm down, but he's not fast enough -- Nick notices his sweater-wrapped hand just before he tucks it behind his back:

NICK

(off the sweater)

What is that?

Dennis doesn't answer, but it doesn't matter -- Nick knows exactly what he saw.

Dennis fixates on the house. The figures move past the windows again. He recognizes Laurel, and -- *Tim?*

DENNIS

(under his breath)

Fucking asshole.

NICK

Dennis. I said I was sorry --

DENNIS

Stay here.

NICK

Wait --

DENNIS

I said fucking stay here.

Dennis backs out and slams the door shut. Latches it.

**EXT. BACKYARD - KELLY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

NICK  
(muffled, from inside)  
Hey!

Ignoring Nick, Dennis unwraps the gun, throws the sweater aside and BOLTS across the yard toward the house.

**INT. KITCHEN - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis KICKS the door open and approaches Tim, gun to his face. Laurel grabs a parer from the knife block.

DENNIS  
(to Tim)  
What the fuck are you doing here?

LAUREL  
Leave him alone!

Dennis presses his gun hard against Tim's forehead.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
Stop!

DENNIS  
(to Laurel)  
Shut up. What is this, the two of you?  
(to Tim)  
You her guardian angel or some shit?

Laurel takes a step toward Dennis but, realizing she brought a knife to a gunfight, doesn't go any further.

LAUREL  
(begging)  
Dennis. Please.

DENNIS  
(to Laurel)  
Let the man speak for himself.  
(to Tim)  
How 'bout it? You wanna tell me why the fuck you're here? Wanna tell me what the fuck you're doing here with *my wife*?

Tim tries to speak, but he hyperventilates.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
You got ten seconds.

TIM  
(puts his hands up, gasps  
for air)  
Just... put the gun down... okay?

Dennis presses the gun even harder into Tim's forehead. Tim shuts his eyes. So does Laurel.

Dennis's finger eases back on the trigger, but then --

-- there's a NOISE from the backyard. A loud BUZZ.

Dennis's finger comes off the trigger. He looks toward the back window, but it's too dark outside to see anything.

More buzzing. Sounds like... *a power tool.*

Tim and Laurel open their eyes.

DENNIS  
Go get in the car, Laurel.

LAUREL  
What?

DENNIS  
We're leaving.

LAUREL  
I'm not going anywhere with you.

DENNIS  
What?

Tim steps forward. His fear and panic overtaken by something else:

TIM  
She said she's not going anywhere  
with you.

Dennis glares at Tim. Shocked to hear him open his mouth.

TIM (CONT'D)  
It's over, Dennis.

DENNIS  
*It's over?*

TIM  
The cops were just here. Looking  
for you.

Tim approaches Dennis, fearless:

TIM (CONT'D)  
I know what you've done. And it's  
only a matter of time before they  
figure it out, too. There's nowhere  
you can go where they won't find  
you.

Dennis looks him up and down. In disbelief.

TIM (CONT'D)  
So... yeah. *It's over.*

Tim reaches his hand out.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Give me the gun.

LAUREL  
Give him the gun, Dennis.  
(beat)  
And then go. I don't ever want to  
see you again.

Dennis looks back and forth between them, incredulous.

DENNIS  
Fuck you both.

**EXT. BACKYARD - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis races across the backyard. He gets to the shed --  
-- and finds the door WIDE OPEN and the latch broken. Nick is  
nowhere to be seen.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis sprints around to the front of the house. Stops short  
at the top of the driveway --

-- *his truck is gone.*

**EXT. STREETS OF HYANNIS - NIGHT**

Dennis's truck CAREENS around a corner. Nick at the wheel.

**INT. DENNIS'S PICKUP TRUCK - STREETS OF HYANNIS - CONTINUOUS**

As he drives, Nick picks up Dennis's phone from the center console. He dials a number and puts the phone to his ear.

NICK

Please answer... please.

After a few rings, a MAN answers:

MAN

(through phone)

Ripcord.

**INT. NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Julie runs down the hallway and into the bathroom, where Nick squeezes in feet-first through a window over the toilet.

JULIE

Nick... holy shit!

They kiss. It's passionate, but brief:

NICK

I don't have any time. I'm in big  
fucking trouble and I gotta go.

He runs into the bedroom. Julie follows. He pulls down an empty backpack from the closet and starts packing it.

JULIE

Where are you going?

NICK

I don't know yet.

He goes to the side of the bed and pulls out his gun from under the mattress. Throws it in the bag.

JULIE

(voice shaking)

Will I see you again?

He stops packing. Holds her face in his hands.

NICK

I'm gonna get you a real boat,  
remember?

They kiss again.

NICK (CONT'D)

You gotta leave town for a while.

JULIE

Why?

NICK

Please just do it.

JULIE

I'm not going anywhere.

Knowing he won't win this, he pulls the gun out of the bag and hands it to her:

NICK

Then take this.

JULIE

No --

NICK

Yes. Just take it.

She takes it from him. Gives it a long look in her hands.

NICK (CONT'D)

Don't worry.

He zips the backpack and throws it over his shoulder. He heads back to the bathroom. Julie follows.

He turns to give her one last kiss.

NICK (CONT'D)

I love you, Jules.

JULIE

I love you, Nicky.

He gives her a smile and climbs up onto the toilet. He tosses the bag out the window first, then climbs out after it.

**INT. DENNIS'S TRUCK - IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT**

Nick, back at the wheel, idles on the lot's long dirt driveway. Up ahead is the guard shack and the front gate.

Deep breath. He flips on the high beams and SLAMS on the gas.

**EXT. IMPOUND LOT - CONTINUOUS**

The truck's back wheels spray dirt and gravel as the vehicle accelerates toward the gate -- and BLOWS right through them.

The LOT ATTENDANT staggers out from the guard shack.

LOT ATTENDANT

Hey!

The Lot Attendant RUNS after the truck as fast as he can.

**INT. DENNIS'S PICKUP TRUCK - IMPOUND LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Nick rounds a couple corners. Frantically searches the rows and rows of cars and boats and other vehicles.

Finally, his eyes land on it -- the *EDNA ROSE* -- in a far corner of the lot. He floors the gas, speeds toward it.

**EXT. IMPOUND LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Nick BRAKES HARD in front of the boat. Climbs out.

The Lot Attendant, out of breath, runs down the row of vehicles toward Nick:

LOT ATTENDANT

Hey you!

Nick steps up onto one of the trailer wheels and hoists himself over the starboard gunwale. Tumbles onto the deck.

He grabs whatever's within immediate reach -- a bucket, a pair of pliers -- and HURLS them down at the Lot Attendant.

The flying objects are enough to stop the Lot Attendant from approaching any closer. He ducks behind a car.

Back on the boat, Nick searches the deck and wheelhouse from top to bottom, then disappears into the cabin.

The Lot Attendant, still with his head down, retreats back to the guard shack. He picks up a phone and makes a call.

**INT. EDNA ROSE CABIN - IMPOUND LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Nick scours the cabin. He opens every cabinet and empties the contents onto the floor. Nothing. His eyes fall on the one place left to search: *the berth compartment*.

He's about to reach for the cushions when the faint sound of approaching SIRENS begin to fill the cabin:

NICK

Shit.

He abandons the search and climbs back to the deck.

**EXT. IMPOUND LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Nick hops the starboard rail and leaps to the ground. It's a longer way down than he expected and he lands hard.

**EXT. IMPOUND LOT - FRONT GATES - NIGHT**

Two POLICE CRUISERS, sirens flashing, pull up to the open gate. The Lot Attendant comes running out of the guard shack.

LOT ATTENDANT  
He's in there!

The cruisers are about to head in, when, suddenly --

-- Dennis's pickup truck BARRELS around the corner, the trailered *Edna Rose* now HITCHED to it. The truck SPEEDS straight toward the gate -- and the police cruisers.

A Police Officer shouts through his cruiser's megaphone --

POLICE OFFICER  
Stop the truck! Now!

-- but it's futile.

The Lot Attendant stumbles out of the way as the truck TEARS past the guard shack --

-- and RIPS through the narrow gap between the two cruisers, viciously SIDE-SWIPING them in the process.

The Officers inside the cruisers turn around as fast as possible as the truck (and boat) propels on ahead down the dirt driveway, leaving a cloud of dust in its wake.

**EXT. NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

A lone POLICE CRUISER is still parked outside, keeping watch.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS**

A LONE OFFICER is behind the wheel. His CB crackles to life:

DISPATCH  
All units. 10-80 in progress.  
Eastbound on 28 approaching  
Yarmouth.

The Lone Officer reaches for the ignition when he notices a DARK FIGURE prowling down the sidewalk, approaching the entrance to the apartment building.

The Lone Officer tries to get a look at the figure's face, but the figure disappears inside before he has a chance.

**INT. NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

DENNIS kicks open the front door and charges in. Gun drawn.

Julie RUSHES in from the bedroom. Dennis aims at her.

DENNIS  
Where the fuck is he?

He pushes her aside and makes his way down the hallway. Looks in every room. Julie follows.

JULIE  
He's not here!

Dennis turns around and SLAMS Julie against the hallway wall. Presses the gun against her temple.

DENNIS  
Where is he?!

JULIE  
I don't know!

Dennis PUNCHES the wall inches from her face. Then --

LONE OFFICER (O.S.)  
Drop the weapon!

The LONE OFFICER stands at the end of the hall, his gun trained on Dennis.

LONE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Drop it! Now!

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR / INT. DENNIS'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

The pickup truck -- with the *Edna Rose* still hitched to the back -- comes ROARING across the empty parking lot towards the launch ramp. A throng of police cruisers follow.

Nick floors it and BLAZES straight toward the water. He rolls down his window. Tightens his seatbelt. Shuts his eyes -- *and PLOWS the truck into the harbor.*

Nick's airbag deploys. As the cab fills with water, he continues to press on the gas, "driving" as far down the ramp and into the water as he can.

The police cruisers come to a stop on the ramp, just short of the water's edge. Officers emerge, guns drawn.

With the truck almost submerged, Nick unbuckles his seatbelt, takes the keys and swims out through the open window.

When he surfaces, both the truck and trailer are completely underwater -- and the *Edna Rose* drifts free.

The police officers SHOUT at him as he swims to the stern and pulls himself aboard:

POLICE OFFICERS  
Get out of the water now!

Nick tumbles onto the deck. Dripping wet, he crawls across to the helm and uses Dennis's keys to start the motor. Black smoke SHOTS from the engine hatch.

Nick reaches behind the wheel and SLAMS the throttle as the police officers OPEN FIRE.

Bullets STRIKE the transom, the gunwales, the hull, the wheelhouse. Windows shatter. Leaks spring inside the cabin.

The dramatic acceleration pitches the bow HIGH up out of the water. It lands with a heavy splash.

Nick lays flat on his stomach, doing his best to steer. Bullets ricochet all around him.

The *Edna Rose* carves through the harbor, leaving behind a towering wake that jostles every other boat that it passes.

Once safely out of firing range, Nick stands, gets his sea legs about him. The high speed rains ocean spray through the (now open) wheelhouse windows and into his face. He wipes it away, cleansed by the sea.

The police cruisers get smaller with every passing second. The blue and red glow of their sirens fade, leaving just the gentle gleam of Lewis Bay Light revolving in the night.

Nick looks forward, the salt water still burning his eyes. Nothing but darkness and the heaving ocean ahead of him. He rounds the bluff and breaks for open water.

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - BARNSTABLE POLICE DEPT - MORNING**

Dennis, hands cuffed, sits at a table in the windowless room.

Cullinane walks in. A UNIFORMED OFFICER follows. The Officer approaches Dennis and, to his surprise, removes the cuffs.

Cullinane takes a seat across from Dennis. She opens a notebook and clicks her pen. The Uniformed Officer leaves.

CULLINANE

Where'd you get the gun?

DENNIS

Do I need a lawyer?

CULLINANE

If you want. But it won't do you much good. You're not being charged with anything. Not yet, anyway.

DENNIS

(confused)

What?

CULLINANE

The Officer entered the residence without a warrant.

DENNIS

(perks up)

Can I go, then?

CULLINANE

There was a ballistics match between your gun and one that was used to kill a man last week on a hijacked freighter.

(beat)

He was shot four times. And it seems there were four rounds missing from your mag.

(beat)

Care to explain?

DENNIS

It's not mine.

CULLINANE

Then whose is it?

DENNIS

Can't you figure that out?

CULLINANE

Serial number was filed off.

Dennis looks around the room. Considers his options.

DENNIS

It's my deckhand's.

CULLINANE

Your deckhand got a name?

DENNIS  
Nick. Nick Silva.

CULLINANE  
Nick Silva. That rings a bell. It was his residence where we finally found you, wasn't it?

DENNIS  
You would know better than me.

CULLINANE  
Can you tell me what you were doing there?

DENNIS  
Just talking.

CULLINANE  
To...  
(looks at her notes)  
...Julianne Cardoso? She would be Nick's girlfriend?

DENNIS  
If you say so.

CULLINANE  
What were you talking about?

Dennis stares at the wall. She moves on:

CULLINANE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Silva's been busy this last week or so. You know anything about that?

DENNIS  
(shrugs)  
I know he was missing. And then he wasn't.

CULLINANE  
Any idea where he was?

DENNIS  
Nope.

CULLINANE  
Seems you might have been the last to see him before he disappeared. We've tried repeatedly to get in touch with you.

DENNIS  
Is that a question?

CULLINANE  
Weren't you at all concerned? Isn't he your friend?

DENNIS  
He worked for me.

CULLINANE  
Did you see him or talk to him once he resurfaced?

DENNIS  
Nope.

CULLINANE  
How'd you get his gun, then?

DENNIS  
I found it.  
(beat)  
Am I gonna get it back?

CULLINANE  
(shakes her head)  
It's been turned over to the Coast Guard and the IMB. It's potential evidence in their investigation.  
(beat)  
Before Nick's disappearance, did he ever mention anything he might have been planning to do? Was his behavior out of the ordinary in any way?

DENNIS  
He's always acting funny. Always saying stuff. He's been in trouble before, so anything he's done now shouldn't be a shock to anyone.

CULLINANE  
What do you mean?

DENNIS  
He's a criminal. Banks. Armored cars. He's done time. Go look at his record.

CULLINANE  
I did. It's clean.

Dennis's face contorts -- *what?*

CULLINANE (CONT'D)

No priors. No outstanding. He's never been arrested. Never been charged with a crime in his life. Nothing. Not even a speeding ticket.

Dennis shifts in his seat as he processes this.

DENNIS

(disbelief)

Why would he lie to me?

CULLINANE

People lie for all sorts of reasons.

DENNIS

What do you want from me?

CULLINANE

I want to get to the bottom of all this. I want to know what you know.

DENNIS

I've told you all I know.

CULLINANE

I don't think you have.

DENNIS

(shrugs)

I don't know anything about any shooting or hijacking or whatever it is you're getting at. I'm just a lobsterman.

CULLINANE

*Just a lobsterman...*

Cullinane puts her pen down. Closes her notebook.

CULLINANE (CONT'D)

You know, there's something that's always confused me. Every time I go out to eat, there's this *one thing* that's always more expensive than anything else on the menu.

DENNIS

(doesn't care)

And what's confusing to you about that?

CULLINANE

(leans in)

It confuses me because... they're bottom feeders. Scavengers. They eat garbage, whatever everybody else left behind, whatever shit floats down from the top.

Her gaze pierces Dennis's soul. He shifts in his seat again.

CULLINANE (CONT'D)

I hear they'll even eat each other without a moment's hesitation. Isn't that why you put those rubber bands around the claws? They walk right into that trap you set and proceed to do whatever they need to do, even tear their own friends apart limb from limb, just to survive.

(leans back in her chair)

Little do they know they're gonna be boiled alive and served on a fucking platter no matter what they do.

DENNIS

Something tells me you're a vegetarian.

(beat)

Can I go now?

She gives Dennis one final once-over, then stands and walks to the door. Opens it and beckons for him to go.

Dennis stands and looks Cullinane in the eye as he crosses to the door, not quite believing he's free to just walk out. As he passes her, he puts his hands in his pockets and starts to whistle a song -- *Row, Row, Row Your Boat*.

Cullinane stands in the doorframe and watches him saunter away through the rows of cubicles.

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR - DAY**

Tim is back on his rounds. The bruises on his face are, finally, just about gone.

He rounds the bluff and looks out toward the breakwater. A COAST GUARD CUTTER plows in to the bay toward the harbor.

Alongside the cutter, a TOW BOAT pulls something big and lopsided. As it approaches, Tim recognizes it -- the *EDNA ROSE*, waterlogged, riddled with bullet holes.

Tim watches as the tow reverses the wreck toward the launch ramp, where a waiting truck backs a trailer into the water, ready to pull the *Edna Rose* from the sea for the last time.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

Julie sits on the couch, sobbing uncontrollably. On the coffee table, her phone displays a news headline: "HIJACKING SUSPECT PRESUMED DEAD AFTER HARBOR SHOOTOUT."

She wipes away her tears and picks up the phone. Dials a number. Through the phone, she hears:

CULLINANE  
(voicemail)  
You've reached the desk of  
Detective Barbara Cullinane with  
the Barnstable County Police. I'm  
currently away from --

Julie hangs up the phone. Stands and heads for the door.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA - BARNSTABLE POLICE DEPT - DAY**

Julie stands at the Reception desk.

JULIE  
When will she be back?

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm afraid I don't know. You're  
welcome to leave a message.

JULIE  
I need to talk to her. Now.

RECEPTIONIST  
I understand, ma'am, and I assure  
you someone will get back --

Julie's eyes well up with tears.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Ma'am, are you okay?

JULIE  
No.

**INT. KITCHEN - KELLY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Dennis enters the dark, empty house through the side door.

He flicks a light switch, but nothing happens. Tries a different one. Nothing.

He opens the fridge. It's full of rotting food and warm beer.

He finds a glass and goes to the sink. He puts the glass under the faucet and turns the handle, but nothing comes out.

Enraged, he THROWS the glass against the wall, shattering it.

**INT. BEDROOM - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis tears the room apart. He empties the closet and dresser of Laurel's clothes and shoes, the vanity of her jewelry and skin products -- any belongings at all that she left behind. He piles it all on the bed.

He goes to her nightstand and pulls out the top drawer. He's about to dump its contents onto the bed when something in the drawer catches his eye -- a white, plastic object, about the size of a marker.

He grabs it. Turns it over in his hands.

**INT. KITCHEN - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dennis returns to the kitchen, gripping the plastic object in a tight fist. He opens the fridge. Eyes the warm beers.

He gets a better idea. Closes the fridge and reaches for a high cabinet nearby. Pulls a bottle of whiskey from it.

He takes a seat at the kitchen table. Cracks the bottle and drinks from it directly.

**EXT. KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Julie pulls up in her car. The house looks dark.

She climbs out and approaches the front door. Tries looking in the windows. Looking for anyone, any motion at all --

-- when, suddenly, the front door SWINGS OPEN and Julie finds herself face-to-face with Dennis.

He holds the (now mostly empty) whiskey bottle in one hand. He leans against the doorframe for support.

DENNIS

(slurring)

Well this is a surprise. The fuck  
do you want?

JULIE

(steels herself)

I need to know what happened. I  
need to know what you did.

DENNIS

What *I* did?

JULIE

Yes. *You*.

DENNIS

I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

JULIE

Yes, you do. You know.

DENNIS

What I know is you should get the  
fuck outta here before you get  
hurt. *Again*.

JULIE

(fighting back tears)

He's dead because of you.

Dennis takes a long pull from the bottle, then bows his head:

DENNIS

Eternal Father, strong to save.  
Whose arm hath bound the restless  
wave.

Tears roll down Julie's cheeks:

JULIE

You're a monster.

He turns away and SLAMS the door in her face. Deadbolts it.

Julie stands there for a moment. Listens through the door to  
Dennis stumbling around inside, crashing into furniture.

Julie walks back to her car, drying her tears. She doesn't  
notice, but there's a BLACKED-OUT SUV parked a short ways  
down the road, bathed in the gentle gleam of a streetlight.

**INT. NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Julie approaches the kitchen sink. Reaches her hand into the garbage disposal. Pulls out the syringe, spoon and lighter that she hid there days earlier.

She sits on the couch and places the drugs next to Nick's gun on the coffee table. She takes a long, hard look at all that's before her.

She picks up the spoon and the lighter. She's about to light it up, but something stops her. Something deep inside -- too powerful for her to run away from any longer.

She places the drugs back down on the table and her hand moves to the gun. Her fingers curl around the handle. She lifts it. Feels its weight.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

The room is pitch black except for the soft glow of the moonlight through one of the windows.

Dennis, his face in shadow, lies unconscious on the couch. In one of his hands is the bottle, tipped to its side, slowly dripping the last of the whiskey to the floor.

**EXT. KELLY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Julie approaches the front door. She grips Nick's gun in her hand, her knuckles white.

She's surprised to find the door ajar. She quietly and gently nudges it open and notices the deadbolt has been KICKED IN.

Down the street, the BLACKED-OUT SUV is gone.

**INT. KITCHEN / LIVING ROOM - KELLY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Julie tiptoes into the kitchen. BROKEN GLASS crackles under her feet. She stops. Looks and listens for any movement, any sound at all. But there's nothing.

She notices a white, plastic object on the kitchen table. She picks it up -- a pregnancy test. A POSITIVE pregnancy test.

She puts it back on the table and moves into the living room. Some of the furniture has been knocked over. Her eyes move to the back of the couch. She can just barely make out the shape of a FIGURE lying on it.

Her grip on the gun tightens as she slowly approaches, but she sees something that stops her -- next to the figure's head, a glint of something SHINY and RED in the moonlight.

She moves a little closer. Realizes -- it's BLOOD. Pooled on the couch cushion.

She takes a few steps around to the front of the couch. Looks closely at the figure's face, but it's in shadow. She pulls out her phone, uses the glowing screen to get a better look --

-- at DENNIS. Face pale. Eyes locked agape in terror.

JULIE  
(startled)  
Shit!

She recoils. Drops her phone and covers her mouth.

Baffled, she looks around the house again. But there's no time to question it. She grabs her phone off the floor and sprints back to the front door, leaving Dennis alone to rot in his cold, dark, empty house.

**EXT. BACKYARD - MASSACHUSETTS SUBURB - DAY**

Laurel sits in an Adirondack chair. She rests a gentle hand on her belly and watches the clouds drift across the sky, framed by the BOSTON SKYLINE in the distance. Across the yard, two KIDS play on a swing set.

The tranquil scene is interrupted by the *buzz-buzz* of her cell phone on the side table next to her. She answers:

LAUREL  
(into phone)  
Hello?  
(listens)  
This is she.

**EXT. SAGAMORE BRIDGE - DAY**

Laurel drives over the bridge.

**INT. BULLPEN - BARNSTABLE POLICE DEPT - DAY**

Cullinane fills out paperwork at her desk. She looks up, notices LAUREL approaching.

Cullinane stands and pulls over a chair from a neighboring desk. Laurel sits. Cullinane hands her a manila envelope.

CULLINANE  
This is all he had in his pockets.

Laurel takes the envelope and lays it in her lap. She closes her eyes as a tear rolls down her cheek.

CULLINANE (CONT'D)

Is there anything we can do?

Laurel shakes her head. Cullinane reaches out and takes Laurel's hand.

CULLINANE (CONT'D)

I'm so very sorry. I wish things could have been different.

LAUREL

Me too.

**EXT. WEST BARNSTABLE CEMETERY - MORNING**

Laurel and Mel stand alone at an open grave while two CARETAKERS prep a casket to be lowered. A PRIEST stands at the headstone and reads aloud:

PRIEST

The Lord is my Pilot, I shall not drift. He guides me across the dark waters.

The Caretakers lower the casket into the grave. For a moment, everything around Laurel fades to silence.

The casket gently lands at the bottom -- its final resting place -- and all the noises of the world return.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

...surely sunlight and starlight shall favor me on my voyages and I will rest in the Port of our Lord forever.

The Priest steps away.

Laurel stands there for a moment, still and quiet. She stares down at the casket at the bottom of the grave. Mel puts his hand on her shoulder. She turns and hugs him.

As the Caretakers shovel dirt into the grave, Mel puts his arm around Laurel and they walk away together.

Alongside Dennis's headstone are two others:

*WILLIAM LLOYD KELLY*

*1932 - 2018*

*EDNA ROSE KELLY*

*1929 - 1995*

**EXT. ROWBOAT - LEWIS BAY - DAY**

Alone in the boat, Julie rows along the breakwater.

She stops. Looks around. There are no other boats nearby.

She reaches down into the boat and picks up something wrapped in a plastic shopping bag. She unwraps the bag and peers inside -- it's NICK'S GUN, along with her heroin paraphernalia. She quickly rewraps the bag.

She stands up in the boat and FLINGS the bag out to sea. It lands with a SPLASH and sinks straight to the bottom.

She sits. Reaches for the oars and rows toward the harbor.

She doesn't see it, but wedged among the concrete slabs at the base of the breakwater, covered in kelp -- is the SAFE.

From inside, a BLUE CRAB nudges the door open and clambers out. There's nothing inside except for seawater and darkness.

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR - AFTERNOON**

Tim, at the helm of his patrol boat, idles alongside PARTY GUY'S yacht. Party Guy sits on the edge of the bow with one of the GIRLS, his arm around her.

PARTY GUY

I thought you said you're not a cop.

TIM

I'm not.

PARTY GUY

Then fuck off. I'm not showing you my ID.

TIM

(shrugs)

Okay.

Tim reaches into a storage compartment along his port rail and pulls out a chunky orange LIFE JACKET. He TOSSES it to Party Guy, who catches it.

PARTY GUY

The fuck is this?

TIM

Any person under the age of 12 is required to wear a Coast Guard-approved PFD at all times.

PARTY GUY  
 (laughs)  
*Obviously I'm not --*

TIM  
 Prove it.

Party Guy looks at the girl, then back at the life jacket.

PARTY GUY  
 Really, bro?

Tim taps his finger on his steering wheel. Party Guy sighs and squeezes the life jacket over his head. It barely fits him and he looks ridiculous. The girl laughs her ass off.

TIM  
 I better not see you without it.  
 Safety first.

**EXT. HYANNIS HARBOR - LATER**

His patrol boat tied off for the night, Tim walks to the end of the pier and finds LAUREL sitting on a bench outside the Harbormaster's Office. Waiting for him.

Surprised -- but also happy -- to see her, he sits down on the bench. Searches for the right words:

TIM  
 I heard what happened. I'm so  
 sorry.

She looks away, and nods. Holding back tears.

Once she composes herself:

LAUREL  
 I never had a chance to thank you.

TIM  
 For what?

LAUREL  
 For caring. For doing... *something*.

TIM  
 (brushes it off)  
 I didn't --

Laurel takes his hand, which stops him. He looks into her eyes, realizes what he's supposed to say:

TIM (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

They sit together and watch the autumn sun as it dips behind the marina's forest of masts.

**INT. HALLWAY - NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON**

Julie comes down the hall and finds a small, brown package outside her front door. She picks it up. Turns it over in her hands. There's no address or postage on it. Whatever it is, it was hand-delivered.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NICK & JULIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Julie sits down on the couch. Rips open the package.

Inside is a lopsided manila envelope. She opens it and pours out the contents -- CASH. Banded stacks of 100's, wrinkled and faded (as if they were once wet... and then later dried).

A FOLDED NOTE falls out, which she unfolds and reads.

As she reads, her face slowly breaks into a SMILE, bright as a new day. When she finishes, she runs into the bedroom, pulls a suitcase from the closet, and starts packing.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY**

A beautiful SAILBOAT -- a 43' Catalina 425 -- slices through turquoise water, her name freshly painted across the stern:

*JULES  
Solomon Islands*

CUT TO BLACK.