

SUMMER RENTAL

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11/15/84

FADE IN:

Philadelphia at dawn. The city is asleep.

The train yards lie silent...

The ships are moored...

Leaves are motionless on trees...

A bum slumbers on a park bench...

A pigeon sleeps with its head tucked under its wing...

A cop snoozes in his patrol car...

Now we MOVE through the silence toward an apartment building, through a window, into a bedroom...

There, in bed, is JACK CHASE -- wide awake -- staring at the ceiling.

Next to him is his wife SANDY, sound asleep.

They are both thirty-five.

On Jack's lap are remnants of a sleepless night: an open book, half a stale donut, a homemade ship-in-a-bottle that's almost completed.

Suddenly the alarm BUZZES. Jack, startled, jumps and yelps as if goosed by a cattle prod.

Sandy, relaxed, yawns and reaches to turn it off. Then she glances at her husband, sees his condition, and frowns.

SANDY

(compassionately)

Oh, no. Again?

Jack nods mournfully.

SANDY

(stroking his hair)

What kept you up this time?

JACK

(pointing up)

That.

A beat.

SANDY
Our ceiling kept you up?

JACK
No. The smoke alarm did.

SANDY
(surprised)
It went off??

JACK
Not a sound.

SANDY
Our smoke alarm kept you up
because it was too quiet?

JACK
Exactly. How do we know it works?

SANDY
What's the difference? If it ever
goes off you'll be too tired to
run.

She gets up and puts on her robe.

SANDY
(compassionately)
Sweetheart...
(kisses him)
...tomorrow's the weekend. Please
try to relax and unwind.

Sandy goes into the bathroom, steps into the shower and starts singing.

The SOUNDS of the water and the singing begin to lull Jack. He turns on his pillow and within two seconds is deep into R.E.M.

Suddenly the startling sound of FOOTSTEPS thumping and a shriek jolt Jack awake with a fright. His five-year-old daughter, LAURIE, comes flying through the air with a gleeful leap onto his face. Jack grabs his boat out of the way in the nick of time.

LAURIE
Good morning, Daddy. I have to
pee.

She leaps off the bed and runs into the bathroom.

Jack, semi-recovered, rolls over to resume dozing.

Then he jumps with a scream of terror as his huge dog lands on him with a happy growl and a lick on the face.

JACK

Aah! Archie! Get off!

Archie glomps down Jack's half-donut with one gulp and leaps off bed, kicking the boat-in-a-bottle with his legs. Jack grabs it just as it's rolling off bed.

Archie races into the bathroom. We HEAR the giggles of the peeing Laurie, then the shrieks of the showering Sandy.

SANDY (O.S.)

(astonished)

Archie, get out of my shower!

Now Jack's ears warn him of yet another sound approaching: BOBBY, his ten-year-old, is dribbling a basketball down the hallway.

BOBBY (O.S.)

(shouting)

Doctor J dribbles around his man!

-- cuts through the lane! -- jumps!

-- shoots!!

A basketball flies over the open bedroom door toward the night table where Jack has placed the boat. Jack lunges and slaps it away in the nick of time. Bobby ENTERS, grabs ball and continues dribbling around bedroom.

JACK

(pleading)

Bobby, Bobby. Please, please.

BOBBY

Dad, camp starts in a week. I need all the practice I can get.

Laurie runs out of bathroom with the dripping wet Archie close behind.

LAURIE

Daddy, make me oatmeal!

BOBBY

I'll have French toast.

LAURIE

I want French toast!

BOBBY

You always want what I want.

LAURIE

Do not!

Laurie tries to grab his basketball. Bobby pulls it back and it flies across the room and knocks the boat-in-the-bottle off table, breaking the bottle.

Jack picks up the unbottled boat and looks at it sadly.

BOBBY

Sorry, Dad.

JACK

That's all right. It was only eight months out of my life.

The three of them leave the bedroom and go down the hall with Archie dripping behind them. Bobby points to closed door of hall bathroom.

BOBBY

Dad, get Jennifer out of there already. I have to pee.

LAURIE

(echoing Bobby)

Yeah, and I have to pee.

BOBBY

Stop copying me. You just peed.

LAURIE

(haughty)

But now I have to urinate.

Jack and Bobby look at Laurie puzzled. Jack knocks on door.

JACK

Jennifer, you almost finished?

CUT TO:

Inside the bathroom -- JENNIFER. She's fourteen, her body is nineteen. She is pampering herself: polishing fingernails, curling hair, moisturizing her face, and listening to "Huey Lewis And The News" on her miniblaster.

JACK (O.S.)
(repeating)
Jennifer? You almost finished?

JENNIFER
(dreamily)
Huh?

JACK (O.S.)
Will you be out soon?

JENNIFER
(flat effect)
Uh-huh.

CUT BACK TO JACK:

JACK
(to Laurie and Bobby)
That's a thirty minute uh-huh.
(wearily)
Come on, let's eat.

As they walk away, Jennifer's voice wafts through the door like the Queen of Sheba.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Dad, I'll have waffles.

JACK
(mumbling to himself)
I still have to shower and shave.
I can't afford to be late.

LAURIE
Daddy.

JACK
What?

LAURIE
I want waffles.

Sandy APPEARS behind them in the bedroom doorway, wrapped in a towel.

SANDY
(calls)
Jack, we just ran out of hot water again.

CUT TO:

Jack, shaving with an electric razor.

Suddenly he's jolted forward. WIDEN to REVEAL Jack shaving in his car in the middle of a traffic jam. A carpool of hardhats behind him has nudged his car to get him to move. He pulls forward, squinting through the fierce glare of the early morning sun, already perspiring from the heat.

CUT TO:

Five minutes later. Jack, in free flowing traffic, slowing in the right lane to turn off freeway.

Suddenly, a giant BLARE of a diesel horn terrifies him. In rear view mirror he sees a huge semi bearing down, blasting horn furiously.

Jack swings frightenedly off onto exit ramp, just as the semi roars past.

Jack drives slowly, trying to regain his composure, but is now assaulted by a new SOUND, growing louder and louder.

An enormous 747 is zooming down, out of the sky, straight toward Jack's car. It comes down very low and passes directly over him, smothering him in its huge shadow and thundering roar.

JACK

(shaken, shouts)

Bug off, Lufthansa!

Jack swings a left into an airport entrance. The sign reads, "Welcome to Philadelphia Airport."

CUT TO:

A corridor. Jack is approaching a door, his footsteps echoing. He takes a deep breath. He opens the door to a roar of voices. The SOUND jumps ten decibels as we...

CUT TO:

The interior of the room -- his place of work -- the Air Traffic Control Tower.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack's eyes, three hours later. They are red, nervous, and very large. We are looking at them through the front end of his binoculars.

CUT TO:

Jack scanning. He has acquired three empty coffee cups and four perspiration stains. The air traffic is still incessant and Jack is showing some strain. As he rattles off instructions, he sounds more and more flustered. Then...

JACK

(into headset)

Pan Am three -- descend one thousand and bank forty-five degrees!

PILOT

(V.O. speaker)

This is Pan Am three -- say again?

JACK

(into headset)

Descend one thousand and bank forty-five!

PILOT

(V.O. speaker)

Hey tower, wake up! There's an Air Lingus jumbo in that space. What are you trying to do, mate us!

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP Jack's face. It registers shock at his near fatal error.

JACK

(quickly)

Disregard! Disregard! Maintain at two thousand and proceed at air speed two-seventy.

CUT TO:

Hal, the supervisor. He's been watching this. Walks over to Jack.

HAL
(to Jack, as if
nothing's wrong)
How ya doin', buddy?

JACK
Fine. Fine.

HAL
(overly nonchalant)
Why don't you take your fifteen
minute break now.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Control Tower -- late afternoon.

A blanket of fog has descended on the airport. Through the window of the tower many lights can be seen twinkling in the gray mist -- the landing lights of a swarm of rush hour planes that are bearing down on the airport.

This is it. Fog and rush hour. Air control's gruesome twosome. The tower is a frenzy of motion and commotion -- a bee's nest that's been stepped on. The controllers are all functioning at high-voltage intensity, channeling inner anxieties into outer cool.

But Jack has lost it. He's on his feet, shouting, discom-bobulated, and frantic. He's snowed under.

Jack peers into his radar screen and shouts into his headset.

JACK
(hysterically)
United three-two -- pull up and go
around... American four-one,
you've got heavy turbulence,
proceed at air speed two-five-oh.
And you, whoever you are, what the
hell are you still doing in that
air space! Descend to two
thousand. I said descend to two
thousand. Acknowledge please. I
said acknowledge. Goddamit!

The control tower has quieted down, as they all observe the screaming Jack. Hal walks over and puts a comforting hand on Jack's shoulder.

HAL
(kindly)
It's okay, Jack.

JACK
(shouting)
No, it's not. I've got an unidentified plane here that won't move. Unless I bring him down, he's gonna collide with someone.

Hal walks to Jack's radar screen, swipes a smudge off the screen with his finger and holds it up to Jack.

HAL
Jack, you've been trying to land a piece of egg salad.

On Jack's reaction, we...

CUT TO:

A door marked, "Testing Unit." Out walks Hal followed by Jack, who looks like he's just lost the finals on "Star Search."

JACK
(depressed)
How do we know those tests are accurate?

HAL
Listen, Jack, you flunked everything -- from hand-eye coordination right down to your triglycerides. In your condition you couldn't land a horsefly on dogshit.

Hal turns on his heels and walks away. Jack chases after him.

CUT TO:

The sidewalk outside of the terminal buildings. Hal walks briskly, Jack barely keeping up.

JACK
Come on, Hal. Can't you pull a few strings for me?

Hal stops in his tracks.

HAL

I can't -- it's out of my hands.
You've been given a mandatory
leave. Look, Jack, you've been
landing planes for thirteen years.
Face it, you're burned out. It's
not a dirty word in our business.
I'm telling you this as a
friend...you need this rest.

CUT TO:

Inside a busy airline terminal. They're still walking.

JACK

What am I going to do for five
weeks?

HAL

Do something you haven't done
since I've known you.

JACK

What?

HAL

Take a vacation! It's the only
way you'll save your job.

JACK

Where am I going to go?

HAL

Do what the other guys do. Take
your family to the mountains, or
camping, or rent a beach house, or
go to a lake.

JACK

I can't. I don't have that type
of money lying around...my son's
going to camp this summer. And,
anyway, where would I find a place
this late, and...

HAL

(cutting him off)

The last time I heard those kinds
of arguments was from Frank
Malcovitch. Remember him?

JACK
Remember him? He trained me.

HAL
Good. He can train you again.

JACK
To do what?

HAL
Take a look. He's over there.

Hal points to the baggage claim area where we see Malcovitch in a gray uniform and hat catching speeding Samsonites coming down the ramp and throwing them onto the carousel.

JACK (O.S.)
(astonished)
Malcovitch became a bag smasher?

CUT TO:

Hal. Nodding with a wry smile. He pats Jack on the back, confident he's made his point.

HAL
Have a good vacation, Jack.

Hal walks away. Jack, overwhelmed by it all, sits down to collect his thoughts.

After a few moments, his eyes spot some travel posters on a wall: a wilderness lake scene, a Yosemite camping scene, and an ocean scene with five smiling Jamaican men exuberantly sailing a boat.

Jack, entranced, walks over to the sailing poster. Looking at it, he fantasizes his family aboard.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP on poster -- the FACES of his wife and children are SUPERIMPOSED on the bodies of the muscular ebony men.

CUT BACK TO:

Jack. He turns away from his idyllic reverie and gazes over at Malcovitch, who's tossing heavy luggage.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP on a heavy piece of luggage landing...

As CAMERA PULLS BACK, we discover that it is landing in a fully packed U-Haul. Jack is finishing packing for his trip to the beach. The U-Haul is loaded with many needless items -- overpacked with the insecurity of first time vacationers.

Jack takes the last huge carton from the curb and struggles it into the U-Haul with a grunt. He is perspiring heavily, but steps back, relieved that he is finished, and mops his brow.

He hears a thump, turns around, and is dismayed to find his wife and five year old, Laurie, depositing six more items on the sidewalk.

JACK

(to Sandy)

One more box and this qualifies as a move.

SANDY

(heads toward house)

Just a few more things Jack.

JACK

(shouts after her)

What's left? (thinks) You know, if you give it a good yank you could probably get the wallpaper.

CUT TO:

Jennifer, the fourteen year old. She's off to the side, too busy gabbing with her best friend, DEBBIE, to give the family a hand.

DEBBIE

God, Jennifer, I can't believe you're leaving here for the whole month. You're in the prime of your life.

JENNIFER

(staring off wistfully)

I know.

DEBBIE

It's a shame. I heard Tommy Honig likes you.

JENNIFER

(perking up)

Ooo -- he's a fox. Isn't he the one with the purple mohawk?

DEBBIE

That was last month. This month it's magenta.

CUT TO:

Jack, closing the gate of the U-Haul.

JACK

(shouts eagerly)

All right, the Jersey Shore Express is ready to leave. All passengers seeking the time of their lives, get board.

The family and dog get into the car. It pulls out from the curb, lurching from the weight of the U-Haul, then smoothes out and cruises down the block. Just as the car is rounding the corner, we HEAR five year old Laurie's voice.

LAURIE (V.O.)

I have to pee.

The car jolts to a stop.

CUT TO:

An overhead shot of the expressway. Jack's car comes INTO FRAME, swerving, the the U-Haul wobbling from left to right.

CUT TO:

Interior of the car. Jack is struggling with the wheel because the dog, Archie, has stood up in the back and is leaning over the front seat with his paws on Jack's shoulders.

JACK

(yells)

Archie, get out of my face.

(to Sandy)

Honey, how far are we from the kennel?

Sandy, tapping Jack and pointing to little Laurie in the back seat, answers.

SANDY

Oh, you mean the "doggie hotel"?

JACK

Right. Right.

LAURIE

(upset)

I don't want him to go there. I want him to stay with us.

JACK

Honey, I need my vacation and Archie needs a nice vacation of his own.

CUT TO:

Archie, behind bars. WIDEN to REVEAL he's in a room full of yelping dogs. Jack and Laurie are looking at Archie.

JACK

(to Laurie)

Now, isn't this nice?

LAURIE

No!

JACK

What do you mean? This is an international dog resort. Important pets travel to vacation here.

(he points to a German shepherd)

Look, there's a shepherd. He came all the way from Germany.

Laurie gives Jack a look.

CUT TO:

Interior of the moving car. It's quiet. Mom Sandy is reading in the front. Bobby and Jennifer are playing cards. Laurie is sitting quietly, directly behind Jack. Jack looks in rear view mirror -- cranes to see Laurie's face. He sees one silent tear on her cheek. He purses his lips and rolls his eyes upward in weary resignation.

CUT TO:

A rear view of the U-Haul, once again wobbling from left to right.

CUT TO:

Inside the car. Jack is struggling with the wheel again because the paroled Archie is hanging over his right shoulder, and Laurie over his left, both kissing him thankfully.

CUT TO:

A rustic country road. The car is pulled over to the side, idling. Sandy is standing outside the car, facing the road, with Laurie by her side.

Jack's voice is heard from behind some bushes.

JACK (O.S.)

(calls out, worried)

Sandy, are you absolutely positive
no one is coming?

SANDY

Jack -- how far in there did you
go?

JACK (O.S.)

Far enough not to be seen. Is it
OK?

Sandy uses her hands, mimicking binoculars.

SANDY

Coast is clear, Captain. Fire at
will.

Jennifer, in back seat, mortified, hunches down even
lower.

JENNIFER

This is so gross.

CUT TO:

Jack, peeing into some hedges. WIDEN to REVEAL Bobby
peeing next to him. WIDEN MORE to REVEAL Archie too, his
leg lifted.

MOVE THROUGH THE HEDGES to REVEAL on the other side a
large lawn, with an upper-crust wedding in progress.

A Unitarian preacher, with his back to the hedges, is administering the wedding vows to the couple facing him. Behind them is a large crowd, seated on bridge chairs.

PREACHER

...so if there is anyone among us
who has any objections...speak
now, or forever hold your peace.

Three golden streams suddenly arc through the hedges like a Roman fountain, spattering on the grass next to the minister. There is a gasp from the crowd, the preacher turns, is mortified, and pulls the hedges aside to investigate -- revealing Jack in mid-leak.

CUT TO:

Jack's POV. Two hundred elegant people gawking at him.

CUT TO:

Jack, wearing the darkest sunglasses money could buy. He drives along, while the travel-worn family dozes.

Trees flash past the windows. Suddenly, they're replaced by an endless, widening vista of blue ocean.

JACK

(exclaims)

Look!!

The family wakens and bursts into cheers.

CUT TO:

Exterior shot of car -- it leaps forward, accelerating. The horn starts beeping for joy as it zooms away.

CUT TO:

The car coming into town past sign that says, "Welcome to Shorehaven, New Jersey." It glides through the quaint village.

As the car disappears down main street, our eye is caught by a startling sight: three blocks away, protruding up over the building tops, is a huge sail, moving along.

CUT TO:

A residential street. A long, sleek sailboat is gliding slowly and somewhat ominously past little houses.

WIDEN to REVEAL, it's sitting on a flatbed trailer. The boat's nameplate reads "Incisor."

The "Incisor" is being towed by a big new Lincoln. The driver is an affluent looking, middle-aged man with steely eyes -- AL PELLET.

Looking annoyed, Pellet comes to a stop. In front of him, a stalled 1953 Rambler is being pushed from the back by a frail man.

Pellet sees this and starts beeping his horn impatiently at the straining old man. Then he rolls down his window and sticks his head out.

PELLET

(shouts)

C'mon -- put a little muscle into it.

CUT TO:

The Chases' car moving slowly down a street of beach houses. It slows momentarily at each house while Mom checks addresses.

SANDY

(pointing)

Here it is, Jack, four-nineteen.
Stop.

They all get out of the car and gaze at the house. It's a beauty: two stories, shining white stucco, panoramic windows.

SANDY

Oh, Jack, it looks very, very nice.

JACK

(happily approaches
mailbox)

The old man said he would leave
the keys in the mailbox, and...
(reaches in)
...here they are.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS AS...

The family discovers the house: lush carpeting, expansive living room facing the ocean, spacious modern kitchen, and roomy upstairs, with a complement of bedrooms.

CUT TO:

The master suite. Jack and Sandy stand next to each other admiring their room. Bobby sticks his head in the door.

BOBBY

(excited)

Hey, Dad, it's got a basketball hoop in front and volleyball off the back deck.

Jack smiles, Bobby disappears.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Dad, there's a great stereo down here. Would you get my box of tapes out of the U-Haul?

JACK

(shouts)

In just a minute.

Jack and Sandy open the sliding door of their bedroom to the SOUND of crashing surf and step out to admire the beautiful ocean view. Jack admires the sailboats, then looks at Sandy lovingly.

JACK

Honey, this place is terrific... we did great.

SANDY

What do you mean we? You're the one that found the ad in the newspaper and called the old man.

JACK

Yeah, but I was afraid to take it sight unseen. You weren't.

Sandy puts her arm around him.

SANDY

Jack, I want you to promise me something: from this moment on you're going to forget about work, and try to relax for once in your life. OK?

Jack gives her a kiss.

CUT TO:

Jack, grimacing. He's unloading the U-Haul, stumbling toward the front door of the house with a giant, heavy carton. He passes his new neighbors: four elderly brothers and sisters. They watch him curiously.

Jack's knees start to buckle. Looks like he'll lose it.

JACK

(to neighbors)

Excuse me...could you just grab...

He realizes who he's talking to. Frailty personified -- Arsenic and Old Legs. He gathers all his strength and stumbles toward the house.

Now he notices his neighbors on the other side: a family of four arriving for the summer. They slide up to the curb in a sleek new station wagon, get out unruffled from their trip, and glide into their beautiful house, carrying exquisite luggage. They are all crisply dressed with every hair in place, each a perfect specimen. This is the "ten" family. Things always go perfectly for them.

Jack struggles through the door. The stereo is blaring. As he agonizes up the stairs, Archie comes ripping down past him, barking. The children come out of the bedrooms arguing.

JENNIFER

Daddy, would you tell my brother the worm that I get the bedroom with the bathroom.

BOBBY

It's not fair. It also has a color TV. The others just have a black and white.

JACK

Ah, my ears. Remember our deal -- no shouting for a month.

JENNIFER

Sorry, Dad.

JACK

All right, now look. We'll just switch television sets.

(MORE)

JACK (Cont'd)

(to Jennifer)

You get the bathroom and the black and white...

(points to Bobby)

...and the worm gets the color.

Jack turns and sees little Laurie.

JACK

(to Laurie)

Any problems with your room?

LAURIE

None at all...

(beat)

...I'm staying with you and Mommy.

Jack winces at this news. He enters his bedroom. Sandy, who is lining shelves, has overheard.

SANDY

(whispers)

Don't worry, she'll change her mind.

JACK

Yeah, you said she'd change her mind about leaving Archie, too.

(beat)

I just hope she doesn't change her mind about going to day camp.

Jack puts down the big box and lies right over it, exhausted, and groaning from fatigue.

SANDY

Jack, why don't you finish emptying the U-Haul tomorrow.

JACK

No! I'd rather put all the suffering into one day. I don't wanna see that thing again for a month. You know they named it wrong. They shouldn't call it U-Haul, they should call it U-schmuck.

SANDY

Look, it's still early. When you finish unloading the car, why don't you take Bobby and Laurie out on the beach. I'll go with Jennifer into town to stock up the house.

JACK

(reviving)

Great idea.

Jack starts to get up off the heavy box.

SANDY

(eyeing box)

Jack, that one goes downstairs.

Jack collapses back onto box.

CUT TO:

Later on. Sandy leaning out of the car. She beeps the horn. Yells up to Jack.

SANDY

Jack!

Jack leans out of upstairs bathroom window.

JACK

(shouts)

Yeah?

SANDY

Don't forget to use suntan lotion.

Jack acknowledges as Sandy drives away with Jennifer.

CUT TO:

Inside the bathroom. Jack is in a bathing suit. He opens medicine cabinet to a full array of suntan lotions: strengths one through fifteen. He peruses them.

JACK

(to himself)

Let's see. First day out...so I'll use...

(reaches in)

...number one.

Jack takes out the suntan lotion marked number one. He should have taken number fifteen. Number one is for Paul Anka.

CUT TO:

A REAR SHOT of Jack, Bobby and Laurie walking away from the house toward the ocean, viewed through the living room window.

BOBBY

Hey, Dad, shouldn't we take Archie?

JACK

Not today. I just want to take it easy.

BOBBY

Maybe he'll be upset.

JACK

Naw...he'll be fine.

Their fading voices are drowned out by a loud crunching SOUND. We've been watching them through Archie's POV. We PULL BACK a bit to discover him gnawing feverishly on the ornate leg of an antique wooden table.

CUT TO:

A wave exploding on the shore. The racing foam glints in the bright sunlight. The sand is white, clean, and appealingly uncrowded. The people on it all reflect the affluence of a private beach: beautiful umbrellas, wicker lunch baskets, and attire worthy of a spread in Town and Country.

Jack arrives wearing a dumb hat, a JC Penney "La Costa" knockoff shirt, an unhip bathing suit, and boat shoes... with socks. Jack, Bobby and Laurie spread their blanket near a sign that says, "Private Beach: No Trespassing."

BOBBY

(pointing to sign)

Un-oh, Dad, this is private property. We better get off.

JACK
(proudly)
No no, Bobby. The beach comes
with the house. We paid for this
beach...it's ours.

Laurie goes over to a nearby couple sleeping on a blanket.

LAURIE
(loudly)
Excuse me.

They open their eyes.

WOMAN
Yes?

LAURIE
Please get off this beach. It's
ours.

MAN
(surprised)
What do you mean?

LAURIE
It's our private beach. My Daddy
bought it so he could get normal.
So leave.....get off...shoo.

JACK
(mortified)
Come on, Laurie. Let's go
swimming.

LAURIE
But, Dad...

Jack lifts her up and away. The three of them head for
the water, holding hands.

BOBBY
Hey, Dad, there's no one in the
water. Maybe there's a shark
alert.

JACK
Nonsense. Let's go. On three.
One...two...three...

They run, plunge in, and start to scream from the instant
shock of ice cold water. From the looks on their faces,
sharks would have been preferable. They run back to their
blanket.

LAURIE

Daddy, dry me! I'm freezing!

Jack throws one of the towels around her shoulders, but it barely covers her little back.

BOBBY

(trying to hunch up
under his tiny
towel)

Hey, Dad, you brought hand towels.

Jack dries them off with a flurry, as he shivers.

BOBBY

I have an idea, let's go
exploring.

JACK.

You two go. I want to get some
sun.

(to Bobby)

And be sure to hold your sister's
hand.

Bobby grimaces at the thought, but does it.

Jack confidently applies suntan lotion marked number one to his milk-white body which contrasts to the deep tanned couple nearby. He lies down under a fiercely radiant sun.

With his eyes closed, Jack relaxes for the first time on his vacation. A little smile of contentment appears on his face.

CUT TO:

The supermarket. Jennifer is placing four cans of dog food into a shopping cart. Sandy, noticing this, comes over.

SANDY

No, no, dear. Remember, we're
shopping for a month.

Sandy grabs a hundred pound sack of dog chow and Jennifer helps load it into the cart.

CUT TO:

The ocean. It washes soothingly and rhythmically against the sand.

CUT TO:

Jack, already dozing. The sound of an airplane engine is heard in the distance. Close by, a family with children are spreading a blanket and opening an umbrella. Far down the beach a small plane drones into view. Jack, in dreamland, hears the plane.

JACK

(to himself; mumbles)

Do not land. We're fogged in.

The couple seen earlier and the nearby family look over at Jack curiously. The plane gets louder and louder.

JACK

(to himself, louder)

Repeat, do not land...divert to
Dulles...repeat...do not land.

The family stops what they're doing. The father, who snapped open his umbrella, starts to close it.

CUT TO:

The plane, very loud, zooming close over the ocean, trailing an advertising banner (i.e., "RELAX, DON'T BURN WITH COPPERTONE").

CUT TO:

Jack. He jumps awake screaming, with a berserk look in his eyes.

JACK

(screaming)

Aahhh! Go around, go around.
Pull up! Pull up!

CUT TO:

The family, in full flight from this madman, dragging blanket, umbrella, and children away.

CUT TO:

The supermarket checkout counter. Sandy finishes unloading a cart onto the counter. She reaches for her next cart, which is loaded from top to bottom with only eggs.

Then, we discover, behind it is another wagon, loaded with meats. Then another wagon loaded with detergents and mops. Then Jennifer pushing six more full wagons. It looks like a food shop for the Ponderosa.

CUT TO:

Jack, sound asleep. His skin is reddish from the sun. He is awakened by the sound of Bobby's voice.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Look what we found, Dad.

Jack opens his eyes.

JACK

(screaming)

Aaaahhhh!

He is face to face with a large dead land crab which Bobby is dangling inches above him.

LAURIE

Hey, Daddy, can we eat over there tonight?

(points off)

JACK

(groggily)

Where?

BOBBY

Down there. We found a real pirate ship and it's a restaurant.

Bobby points down the beach to a distant dock. Jack looks and sees an old boat that looks as unappetizing as the dead land crab.

LAURIE

Can we, Dad? Can we eat on that pirate boat? Can we?

JACK

Maybe some other time.

BOBBY

Why not?

JACK

I never told you kids this, but I'm allergic to pirate food.

BOBBY
(noticing Jack's back)
Hey, Dad, you look kind of red.
Are you okay?

JACK
Naw, I'm fine. I used sun cream,
remember.

CUT TO:

Inside the car, early that evening. Jack is seated in the passenger seat with a bright red sunburned face and enough white Noxema on his nose to show up on a satellite photo. Sandy is at the wheel. Jack's eyes widen in fright as he sees a turn coming. He grabs the dashboard with his hands.

JACK
(shouts)
No, no, don't turn again! My
sunburn!

CUT CLOSE to his hands, fighting to hold onto the dashboard, but sliding along from the swerve.

CUT CLOSE to his back, sliding painfully along the seat.

JACK
(in agony)
Aaaaahhhheeeeeee!

SANDY
Sorry, Jack.

She straightens out the car and he slides back to upright with another scream.

JACK
(grimacing)
Please, no more turns. On the
next one, stop the car, I'll get
out, you make the turn, then I'll
get back in.

SANDY
Honey, are you sure you're up to
going out for dinner? We can turn
back.

JACK

Look, it's our first night of vacation. You're tired, I'm tired, we're all starved. And anyway, I heard the Yachthouse has the best lobster on the Jersey Shore. I'm not going to let a sunburn ruin our good time.

Bobby leans forward from the back seat, grabbing Jack's shoulders. Jack screams in pain.

BOBBY

Dad, couldn't we have brought Archie and left him in the car?

SANDY

(compassionately)

Don't worry about Archie. He's fine.

CUT TO:

Inside the house, a CLOSE SHOT of the top of the sofa. We can't see floor level, but we HEAR the SOUND of Archie gnawing away. Suddenly, the sofa clunks down on one side, having lost a leg.

CUT BACK TO:

The car. It pulls up in front of the Yachthouse, a large, elegant seaside restaurant.

SANDY

Here we are.

BOBBY

Yaaaay! I want lobster.

LAURIE

I want lobster, too.

BOBBY

You're just copying me. You don't even know what lobster is.

LAURIE

(sticking out tongue)

Do too.

JACK
(looking at watch)
Hey it's seven o'clock already?
No wonder we're so hungry.

CUT TO:

The wall clock inside the main dining room. It reads five minutes to eight.

PAN DOWN to a table. A waiter is putting down the last of five lobster dinners. WIDEN TO REVEAL the "ten" family sitting at the table, perfectly attired with pleasant little smiles on their faces. As always, things are going perfectly for them.

We MOVE through the full dining room, past the Maitre D's station, out into the front of the restaurant. It's packed to the rafters with a line of hungry, anxious people. Near the end of the line is Jack and the family, their faces haunted and hollow, their eyes sunken -- starvation is near.

JACK
(weak from hunger)
Bobby, you got any more gum?

BOBBY
Dad, I gave you my last three pieces. Where are they?

JACK
I swallowed them.

JENNIFER
(upset)
I'm tired, I'm starving, and I just broke a nail.

JACK
(licks his lips)
Can I have it?

JENNIFER
That's gross.

The line moves up. In the wall next to Jack and Bobby is a long trophy case lined with engraved cups.

BOBBY
Wow, look at all those trophies.
What are they for?

Jack reads from a plaque.

JACK
(explaining to Bobby)
It seems this town has an annual
regatta.

BOBBY
What's a regatta?

JACK
It's a sailing race that the town
holds every July fifteenth to
celebrate the birthday of Admiral
Burnbrill who landed here and
founded Shorehaven.

Bobby points to photographs of winners and their boats.

BOBBY
Look at this boat. It's in all
the pictures.

JACK
Yeah, it's a beauty.
(scans the cups)
It's won for the last seven years.
It's called the Incisor, captained
by Al Pellet.

BOBBY
Hey, Dad, didn't you once sail?

JACK
Sure did...and I'm going to take
you out real soon.

Bobby smiles. Laurie suddenly bursts out crying.

LAURIE
I'm hungry.

Sandy turns to the two people behind her on line who are
drinking Bloody Marys.

SANDY
Excuse me, are you planning to eat
your celery?

Surprised, they shake their heads no. Sandy lifts the
celery stalks out of their glasses and shakes them off.

SANDY

Thank you.
 (to Laurie)
 Here you are, sweetheart.

DISSOLVE TO:

A half hour later. They are at the front of the line, next to the Maitre d' station. The entire line is near collapse. We GO IN CLOSE to stomach level and PAN along the line as we HEAR the stomachs grumbling, each in its own tone. It turns into a cacophony of stomachs growling.

CUT TO:

Jack, eyeing the lobster tank, nervously, as a waiter removes two of only seven remaining lobsters.

LAURIE

(to Sandy, whines)
 I don't care about lobsters any more. I'm so hungry, I could even eat one of those slimy things.

Laurie points to the squirming lobsters in the waiter's hands.

SANDY

Sweetheart, those are lobsters.

Laurie's jaw drops.

LAURIE

They are? ...I'll have a steak.

MAITRE D'

(to family)
 It should only be a few more minutes, folks.

BOBBY/LAURIE

Yay!

CUT TO:

The front door of the restaurant. In walks Al Pellet, the seven-time regatta winner, accompanied by his wife and three other people. He leads his entourage through the restaurant like Sinatra striding through Caesar's.

As Pellet brushes past the people in line, he rubs against Jack's sunburn and Jack yelps in pain. Pellet turns, sees Jack's white nose.

PELLET

Excuse me, Rudolph.

He approaches the Maitre d'.

MAITRE D'

(deferentially)

Good evening, Mr. Pellet. How are you?

PELLET

Starved, Mike. We just tackled some pretty rough seas.

(in low voice)

Got anything for five?

MAITRE D'

Of course. Right this way, Mr. Pellet.

He signals for the head waiter and ushers them right into the dining room.

Jack's jaw drops.

JACK

(to Maitre d')

Excuse me. I thought we were the next party of five.

MAITRE D'

You are...and a table should be ready shortly.

JACK

What about the party that just went in?

MAITRE D'

That was Mr. Pellet.

(lying)

He had a reservation.

JACK

But I thought you don't take reservations.

MAITRE D'

We don't. Except for Mr. Pellet.
(changing subject)

Sir, I'm sure we'll have one for you in just a moment. Several tables are already on coffee.

Jack returns to the family.

SANDY
What happened?

JACK
(upset)
Some guy stole our table...but I
don't want to make a big deal out
of it, we're having too good a
time, right?

He looks at his family. Hemorrhoid sufferers look
happier.

CUT TO:

Pellet's table. The waiter approaches with leather bound
menus. Pellet waves them away.

PELLET
No need for those, Frankie.
(to table)
Whaddaya say everybody...how about
lobsters.

The table gleefully nods their heads in approval.

CUT BACK TO:

The lobster tank. Two waiters approach it. Jack notices
this like a startled deer. He's dismayed to see the
waiter reach in and take one of the precious four
lobsters. Then Jack gives an audible groan as the waiter
reaches in and takes a second one. The family whimpers as
the other waiter plunges both hands in to grab the last
two lobsters. The waiters head into the dining room.
Jack's mouth hangs open in disbelief.

SANDY
Maybe they're just taking them out
for a walk.

Jack's sorrowful eyes follow the lobsters to their
destination: Pellet's table. Jack, half-crazed, rushes
into the dining room to save his dinner.

JACK
(to waiters)
Hold it. Don't serve those.

The waiters stop.

PELLET

(to Jack)

What are you doing, Rudolph?

JACK

(starting to explain)

Those are my lobsters...

Everyone in the restaurant turns around.

PELLET

(cutting him off)

You're drunk, friend. You must be
shitfaced. Now go get some air.

JACK

I am not drunk. I don't even
drink. I just don't want you to
eat my dinner.

PELLET

(turning white)

Your lobsters? Your dinner? Hey,
pal, I'm entertaining my guests
here. Don't come over to my table
and disturb me. Now get lost.

JACK

(trying to explain)

That's another thing...it's not
really your table, it's mine.

Pellet now stands up, getting hotter by the second.

PELLET

So, I've got your lobsters, your
dinner, and your table. What else
of yours do I have?

(points to his own
wife, shouting)

Is this your wife?!

(points to his
own tie)

Is this your tie?!

(pulls at his
own shirt)

Is this your shirt??!!

Then Pellet lifts his shirt up, revealing an appendectomy
scar.

PELLET

(continuing)

This your scar??!!!!

(reaches for belt
buckle; starts
tugging it open)

These your balls too??!!!!

Pellet's wife reaches to pull him down.

WIFE

Al, please, don't!

JACK

Look, let me try to explain. My family and I just got to town this afternoon. It's been a long day. Then there was a long wait here...

PELLET

(cutting him off)

So you been in town for eight hours.

(shouts)

Well, I've been here thirty years! And every summer you goddamn renters come and think you can take over the town! Well, you can't!

Little Laurie suddenly runs up to Jack.

LAURIE

Daddy, I'm starved. How much longer are we going to have to wait to eat?

JACK

According to this guy...
(points to Pellet)
...thirty years.

All the patrons burst out laughing. Pellet, deeply embarrassed and enraged, turns crimson. Jack takes Laurie's hand, spins, and walks out.

JACK

(to Laurie)

Let's go.

Pellet sits down, eyes revolving.

PELLET
(to his group;
ominously)
That guy better not cross my path
again.

CUT TO:

Exterior of pirate ship restaurant. It's a large old boat moored next to a dock. A sign says, "Scully's Barnacle." This boat has seen better days...many, many years ago.

CUT TO:

Inside the pirate ship. Next to the bar, a trio is playing. It consists of three middle-aged men in disheveled pirate suits performing "Freakazoid"....poorly.

PAN the restaurant to see six empty tables. The one remaining table contains Jack and the family.

BOBBY
Boy, isn't this great!

Jack forces a smile and a nod.

JENNIFER
This place sucks.

Scully, the owner of the restaurant is approaching the table. He's sixty-five, wizened, grizzled, has an earring in one ear, and is wearing a pirate outfit. On his head is a distinctive old captain's hat that he never takes off. He also has a hook where his right hand used to be.

LAURIE
(loudly, pointing)
Look! An ugly old pirate.

SCULLY
(looking around)
Really?...Where?

Scully walks over.

JACK
(to Laurie, under his
breath)
Whatever you do, don't say any-
thing about his hook, all right?

LAURIE
(giving Jack an
insulted look)

I know.

SCULLY
Hello me buckeroos! My name's
Scully.
(to Laurie)
And what might your name be, my
lass.

LAURIE
My name is Laurie...and where's
your hand?

The family cringes with embarrassment.

SCULLY
(sagely)
Oh, I don't think you want to
know.

LAURIE
Why not? Where is it?

SCULLY
I ate it.

LAURIE
You ate your hand?..... Why?

SCULLY
'Cause it sure beat eatin' my
foot!

BOBBY
What happened?

SCULLY
I was marooned on a desert island
with nothing to eat. After a few
weeks my knuckles got to lookin'
real tasty.

JENNIFER
Uch...gross.

SCULLY
(agreeing)
Right... "to the max." That's why
when I got back to shore I built a
restaurant...right here where I
landed. Yup, the Barnacle.
(MORE)

SCULLY (Cont'd)

(slaps the wall
fondly)

This old lady is a good ship. She was the fastest boat in her day. But now she serves the best food on the beach. So what's it going to be?

Jack, exhausted, is gazing at Scully's hook.

JACK

I'll have a hand burger...

(flustered)

...I mean a hamburger.

SANDY

(embarrassed)

Can you recommend something?

SCULLY

Absolutely. You're in luck tonight. I have Scully's catch-of-the-day. It's fresh and delicious, lightly breaded and fried to a golden brown.

The family's mouths begin to water.

CUT TO:

Inside the kitchen. Scully walks in and shouts to his cook.

SCULLY

Hey, Cortez, give me five Scully's catch-of-the-day.

CORTEZ

Si, senor.

Cortez reaches into the freezer and takes out five boxes of Mrs. Paul's Fishsticks.

Scully is at a blender making mashed potatoes. When he drops in some whole potatoes, the blender gets stuck. He absentmindedly reaches in with his good hand to clear it, but jerks it back in the nick of time as the machine whirs to life. (We now have a good idea what really happened to his hand.)

CUT TO:

Jack and Sandy's bedroom, later that night. The moon illuminates the room. A gentle breeze lifts the curtain. The ocean waves lap the sand soothingly below their window. Sandy sleeps peacefully.

On the other side of the night table is an open jar of sunburn ointment and a torn packet of Alka-Seltzer next to an emptied glass.

Jack alternates between patting his indigested stomach and grimacing -- and dabbing his burnt face and wincing. He turns over with a grunt to get a more comfortable position. Suddenly, Laurie's head pops up from between Jack and Sandy.

LAURIE

(half asleep)

Daddy, stop moving so much.

She snuggles back to sleep.

Jack hears a NOISE from downstairs. His ears perk up like a Doberman. He hears the noise again and slides out of bed quietly to check it out.

CUT TO:

The living room. Jack is coming down the stairs. Archie, illuminated by a hallway nightlight, is sleeping next to the couch. Jack now hears a new NOISE.

CUT TO:

Jack's POV. CLOSE-UP on the front door -- someone is fiddling with the lock!

JACK

(whispering urgently)

Archie, wake up. Get up, boy.

He shakes Archie, who's dead to the world. After another tug Archie finally lifts his head and gets up. He trots to the front door and sniffs the bottom crack alertly. Suddenly his tail goes down, he turns around whining, and scoots across the living room and up the stairs to hide. Jack's face drops.

Then, the lock rattles again and the doorknob slowly begins to turn. Jack, frozen with fear, spots a standing lamp next to him and grabs it like a baseball bat.

At this moment, the door opens slightly, a hand reaches in and snaps on the light. As the door swings open fully, Jack raises the lamp to strike.

JACK
(affecting ferocious-
ness, screams)
Freeze, asshole!!

The door has opened to reveal a well-dressed family of five carrying luggage. Their faces register terror as the children cling to their parents.

CUT TO:

Their POV. Jack, with his white nose, red face, teeth bared, raging eyes, hair tousled, standing in pajamas, ready to kill them with a lamp.

CUT BACK TO:

The family.

FATHER
(petrified, pleads)
No, no. Please. Take anything
you want from the house. Just
don't harm the children.

Jack, dazed, puts down the lamp.

JACK
I won't.

MOTHER
Thank God.

At this moment the silhouettes of Bobby and Laurie are seen running along upstairs.

MOTHER
(to her husband,
amazed)
Look, Dan! He's working with
midgets!

Now, Sandy and Jennifer also appear on the landing upstairs and turn the light on.

SANDY
Jack, what's going on down there?

MAN IN DOORWAY

(astounded)

Who are you people and what are you doing here?

JACK

I'm Jack Chase. We rented this house for the summer. Who are you?

MAN IN DOORWAY

My name is Dan Chester and you couldn't have rented this house because I own it.

JACK

How can you own it? I rented it from the owner...Carl Haskell... for a month...415 Beach Road...

A beat. Chester and his wife look at each other and roll their eyes. Chester turns to Jack.

CHESTER

This is 415 Beach Lane.

There is total silence. Jack, stunned, turns around and looks at his family, who are also stunned. Then he turns back to Chester.

JACK

(his eyes darting
with the insight of
what an ass he has made
of himself)

Aah...ha!

CUT TO:

The living room, a few hours later. The Chester family is sitting there disgruntled. Two of the kids are sleeping, one is reading a book, the mother stares blankly ahead, and Mr. Chester taps his fingers on a coffee table, getting more impatient by the minute. You could cut the tension in the air with a chainsaw.

Down the stairs come: Jennifer carrying a giant pile of bedding -- Sandy, arms overflowing with clothes -- and Jack, straining under a heavy carton. All still in their pajamas.

SANDY

(to Mrs. Chester)

You have wonderful closet space.

MRS. CHESTER

(sleepily)

Isn't it marvelous. You know, it makes life so much easier.

SANDY

You don't get closets like those in Philadelphia.

MRS. CHESTER

Well, I find when it comes to closets...

Mr. Chester grunts impatiently and the whole room jumps to attention. The women stop talking and the move continues.

CUT TO:

Outside the house. Jack, Sandy, and Jennifer approach the U-Haul carrying their burdens. Too tired to care, they heave their belongings into the U-Haul, which contains a jumbled mess of groceries, clothes, and equipment. It looks like it's been packed by chimps.

In the back seat of the car, Laurie, Bobby, and Archie are sound asleep.

CUT TO:

Inside the house. Jack comes out of the kitchen, into the living room, carrying a carton overloaded with food. He approaches Mr. and Mrs. Chester who are seated in the living room.

JACK

Well, folks, I think this is the last of it.

The bag tilts, and six peaches roll out and go bouncing across the living room floor. Mr. and Mrs. Chester get down on hands and knees and retrieve peaches from under the furniture. Jack addresses the Chesters as they place the fruit back on top of the loaded box.

JACK

You know, we've just been through a calamity together -- the Chases and the Chesters. And sometimes situations like this bring people together. I feel a certain closeness with you people, so why don't we have dinner sometime...all of us...what do you say?

A dead silence. Mr. Chester stands stonefaced.

MRS. CHESTER

(unsurely)

You know...I think we're free...

Saturday night.

(to husband)

Aren't we, Dan?

Mr. Chester emits another unearthly sound of disgruntlement and glares at her. From upstairs, the Chester's teenage daughter yells out...

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

(shouting)

Hey, Dad, what happened to my color TV?

Mr. Chester doesn't know.

JACK

(remembering)

Oh.

(explaining, yells up)

We moved it because you have the bathroom.

The Chester's twelve-year-old son calls out.

SON (O.S.)

Hey, it's in my room...this is great!

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

(to brother)

Bring it back in here.

SON (O.S.)

I will not. That guys' right. You got the bathroom!

The bedroom doors slam loudly as their muffled screaming continues. Downstairs, Jack is beating a hasty retreat, wobbling out the front door with the heavy box.

JACK

I'm awfully sorry, but we didn't touch anything else. Believe me, everything's in perfect shape... bye...

He closes the front door with his knee.

Their ordeal over, the Chesters look at each other, heave a collective sigh and plop down onto their couch (the one Archie has been feasting on). It immediately falls over backwards as the Chesters' feet go flying up toward the ceiling and over.

CUT TO:

Outdoors -- pitch darkness. A match ignites and illuminates a bedraggled sorry sight -- the exhausted, pajama-clad Chase family. Sandy is holding sleeping Laurie. Jack has Bobby, who's sound asleep, flung over his shoulder. Disgruntled Jennifer has Archie on a leash. Jack, holding the match, is reaching into a mailbox.

JACK

(excited)

Here it is...

(holds up the key)

...This is the place!

JENNIFER

Dad, if it's not can we sleep in it anyway? I'm too tired to move again.

JACK

(opening the door)

Don't worry. This is it. This is definitely the house we rented.

He opens the door and snaps on a light. Their faces go blank. The other house was a "ten"...this house is a "three": Ugly and small, it looks like it was decorated by Henny Youngman.

CUT TO:

Early morning. Exterior of the house. It looks even worse in the daylight.

In front, the U-Haul stands abandoned, only one-third unpacked. A few pieces of clothing are on the ground.

CUT TO:

Upstairs bedroom. Jack and Sandy are dead asleep on a bare mattress.

Suddenly, the piercing SHRILL of a buzz saw blasts through the silence. Jack jumps awake screaming, runs to the window.

CUT TO:

Jack's POV. His beefy, shirtless neighbor is sawing boards. WIDEN to reveal he's working on the frame of an additional room to his house. It's only in the beginning stage. Jack is pained at this sight.

He puts on his robe, and hunches over, desperately needing to take his morning pee. He hurries out into the hallway to discover Jennifer, Laurie, and Sandy on line for the bathroom.

JENNIFER

(to Jack, disgruntledly)
There's only one.

Jack dances in discomfort. Bobby comes out of bathroom.

BOBBY

It's broken.

CUT TO:

The family eating breakfast in the kitchen, silent in their paltry new surroundings, accompanied by the SOUND of the buzz saw from next door. Sandy gets up, walks around the table carrying a bowl to Bobby's side, bends and yells into his ear.

SANDY

Bananas?!?!

Bobby shakes his head "no." Suddenly, the buzz saw stops... they smile, relieved. After a beat, it is replaced by the loud THUMP of a hammer.

All of a sudden, they sense they are being watched. They turn to the window right next to the table and discover a four year old boy's wide-eyed face staring at them. Then -- his finger goes into his nose. An adult reaches down, pulls the hand away, slaps it, and drags him away.

The family's forks tentatively reapproach their food.

CLUNK! Now, a humongous surfboard bumps against the window as it passes by, immediately followed by a few more. The family look at each other, puzzled. A steady stream of humanity starts flowing past the window. Jack goes out to investigate.

He sees a mob of people passing the side of his house. He stops a man, who's just popped open his breakfast... beer.

JACK

Where are you people going?

BURLY MAN WITH BEER

Ice skating.
(he burps)

Jack stops another man.

JACK

Why are you going through here?

Man points to a sign that reads, "Public Access." It's planted in the sand immediately adjacent to Jack's deck.

CUT BACK TO:

The breakfast table. The astonished family now watch a raging torrent of noisy beachgoers pass by their window. The family has stopped eating -- many of the passersby, in their beach regalia, are guaranteed appetite suppressants. It looks like a history of cellulite and sounds like the "march of the rubber thongs."

CUT TO:

Later. Jack is standing on the back deck in slacks, shirt, hat, and Noxema. Laurie is playing in the sand.

JACK

(shouts inside to
Sandy)

So long, dear. I'm taking Laurie to day camp now. See you on the beach.

Bobby, in bathing suit, comes out.

BOBBY

I thought she didn't want to go.

JACK

(whispering)

Quiet. Don't even bring it up. She's not arguing any more.

Jennifer comes out of house wearing a sexy bikini on her ripe little body.

JENNIFER

So long, Dad.

Jack takes a long look at Jennifer.

JACK

Jennifer, are you crazy...this
isn't a nude beach.

JENNIFER

Oh, Daddy.

At this moment, their neighbor from the other adjacent house comes out. He's a twenty year old blond lifeguard with a great build. He glances at Jennifer. His eyes widen with delight.

LIFEGUARD

Hi, I'm Russ.

JENNIFER

(dreamily)

I'm Jennifer.

LIFEGUARD

(walking over to
her)

You just move in?

JENNIFER

Uh-huh.

Sandy comes out of house wearing a beach robe.

SANDY

(to Jack)

Jack, don't forget to keep your
sunburn covered.

Jack looks at his long sleeve shirt.

JACK

I won't.

He sidles over to Sandy, his eyes still on Jennifer and the lifeguard.

JACK

(whispers)

Should Jennifer be talking to him?

SANDY

Oh, Jack, what are you worried
about?

JACK

Are you kidding? He's a life-guard. All those guys think about is sex. Right now, his gonads are each screaming, "Me first!"

SANDY

(reassuringly)

Jack, nothing's going to happen.

(kisses him)

I'm around to keep an eye on her, remember?

Jack smiles, then Sandy slips out of her robe, revealing her terrific body on which she's wearing a bikini half the size of Jennifer's. Jack is shocked.

SANDY

(to Bobby and Jennifer)

Okay...I'm ready.

The three of them leave. Bobby races out ahead. Sandy and Jennifer follow, wiggling the best rear ends in Shorehaven. Jack anxiously watches as his two luscious beauties walk away.

Russ, the lifeguard, yells into his house.

RUSS

Hey, isn't anyone else going to work today! Let's get to our stations!

Two lifeguards come out, one still eating his breakfast. Jack looks on, turning pale.

Then two more race out of the house...then another...and another...and another...each bigger and blonder than the last.

Jack's head turns from side to side, trying to keep count of this parade of more gonads.

JACK

(to himself; sadly)

...Seven!...eight!...nine...ten...

CUT TO:

The beach. Sandy and Jennifer walk along. Bobby lags behind. In contrast to yesterday's private beach, this one is definitely public: crowds, radios blaring, fris-bees flying in every direction, dogs running amok, constant grunts from two-man volleyball, and lots of oiled flesh.

As Sandy and Jennifer move along, they receive lascivious stares and adolescent wolf whistles. They pretend to be put off, but are secretly pleased, Jennifer feeling older -- Sandy feeling younger.

CUT TO:

Jack and Laurie in the car. It slows down.

JACK

Here we are.

(overly enthusiastic)

Mother Goose's Day Camp. Excited?

Laurie nods "yes." Jack pulls up to a house with a big sign that says, "Mother Goose Day Camp." He pulls in behind an Eldorado convertible loaded with playground equipment: a see-saw, swings, coloring books, and large plastic playground animals.

A stocky, middle-aged woman with narrow eyes is hurriedly loading more stuff into the car. Jack approaches her.

JACK

Do you know where I could find
Mother Goose?

WOMAN

(keeps packing)

I'm Goose.

JACK

(grandly)

Well, this is Laurie Chase.

MOTHER GOOSE

(years of pretense
finally dropped)

So?

JACK

(flustered, but
trying)

Laurie here is going to be one of
your little geese for the summer.

MOTHER GOOSE

(gruffly; still
loading)

No way...I'm out of business. I'm
heading for the sunbelt.

JACK

What do you mean? I spoke to you
on the phone a week ago.

MOTHER GOOSE

Sorry, mister, I got an offer I
couldn't refuse -- money.

She shoves a huge duck into the car and climbs in.

MOTHER GOOSE

(shouts)

Take care.

As she drives off we see her license plate... "cuddly."

JACK

(tenderly)

I'm sorry, Laurie, but I guess
mother goose is gone for the
summer.

Laurie starts to cry.

LAURIE

(sobbing)

Oh, Daddy, I loved her so much.

An architect and some hardhats carrying construction
equipment come out of the building.

JACK

(to architect)

Do you know if the new owner is
planning to keep this a day camp?

ARCHITECT

Nope. A car wash.

A loud voice is heard off screen.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't argue with me. You can
knock down this sucker in two
days.

The man talking comes around from the back of the house.
It's Al Pellet, the man with Jack's lobster in his
stomach. He is accompanied by the construction foreman.

AL

(continuing)

Let your men get off their ass and
work a little! I didn't buy this
thing for them to sit around in!

LAURIE
(to Jack, frightened)
Look, Dad...it's that mean man
again.

JACK
(lifts her up)
Let's go.

They head to the car.

CUT TO:

Deck of beach house. Jack and Laurie are getting ready to join the family on the beach. Jack, packing a large lunch cooler, finds he doesn't have enough ice. Goes inside.

CUT TO:

The kitchen. Jack at the freezer, scooping ice.

CUT BACK TO:

Deck. Archie has his nose nuzzling deep into the cooler. He pulls out a large salami, trots away like a beaver with a big log.

Jack comes out, pours ice cubes into the now lunchless cooler, and closes it.

JACK
(to himself)
Oh, I almost forgot.

He goes inside, comes out with bowl of dog food. Places it on deck.

JACK
(yells)
Here boy.

Ready to leave, he picks up a large beach umbrella and hoists the heavy cooler.

JACK
Okay, Laurie, let's go find
everybody.

CUT TO:

The packed beach, under a blazing sun. Jack and Laurie come trudging along, hot and weary, searching fruitlessly.

LAURIE
Daddy, I can't walk any more. My
feet are burning.

Jack lifts Laurie onto his shoulders and continues on.
He's perspiring heavily, especially since he's fully
dressed.

DISSOLVE TO:

The searching Jack, further down the beach, stumbling
around, kicking sand onto people who shout four letter
displeasures.

JACK
(wearily to himself)
We'll never find them.

Laurie, still up on his shoulders, starts to whimper
softly.

JACK
Oh, honey, don't cry... I didn't
mean that...of course we'll find
them.
(bellows)
Sandeeee...

MAN WITH BEARD
Yes?

Laurie starts to cry louder.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack, at another part of the beach, now near delirium,
carrying a wailing child, heavy umbrella, and a tilting
cooler, which is now leaking a steady stream of ice water.
He leaves a wake of shrieking people as the ice water hits
their backs. Meaner curses bounce off Jack's eardrums.

Suddenly, through a megaphone, he hears Jennifer's voice.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
(shouts)
Dad... Dad...

Jack looks around, spots Jennifer standing on a lifeguard
tower, waving to him. She points to where Sandy and Bobby
are. Jack walks to them, plops down on their blanket,
exhausted.

SANDY
Jack, what happened? Why is
Laurie here?

JACK
(sighs)
Mother Goose was bought..... by
an ass. Laurie is ours for the
summer.

Jack and Sandy look at each other. Then, Laurie hands
Jack an inflatable raft.

LAURIE
Daddy, blow this up.

Jack starts to blow up raft with great effort. He eyes
Jennifer on tower with lifeguard Russ.

JACK
(huffing and puffing)
What's Jennifer doing up there?
Isn't that the guy who lives next
door?

SANDY
I think she made a friend.

JACK
Is that something we want?

SANDY
Oh, Jack, what are you worried
about?

JACK
I'm worried that she and that
lifeguard will get too friendly
and in nine months have a little
mermaid.

Jack is now turning green from blowing up the raft. His
eyes are getting tiny, his cheeks bulge with air, and with
one final breath, he finishes it.

CUT TO:

Jack's POV. The beach is spinning. He has hyperventil-
ated.

Bobby approaches, sees Jack, and enthusiastically runs to
him.

BOBBY

Hi, Dad. Let's play frisbee.
C'mon, let's play...let's play...
c'mon...c'mon...let's play...

Bobby grabs a frisbee and runs down to the water line.
Jack wobbles after him as Bobby tosses the frisbee.

CUT TO:

Jack's dizzy POV. Five frisbees appear to be coming at him.

CUT TO:

Jack, his hand extended futilely, trying to make a catch. The frisbee sails in -- nowhere near his hands -- and whacks him in the mouth.

They now have a catch. Jack's errant throws go everywhere but to Bobby. The first one sails out over the crowd. It descends toward a fat man lying on his back, skims off his oiled belly and lands ten feet away in a family's bowl of dip.

DISSOLVE TO:

His next throw. It sails straight out to the ocean and caroms off the head of a windsurfer.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack, fading back for a catch, oafishly running backwards through a couple's lunch.

DISSOLVE TO:

His next catch. He reaches, misses, and it lands right next to a couple who are necking. As Jack goes to grab it, the woman's rear end rolls on top of it. Jack tries to ease it out.

JACK

Excuse me.

Hot and heavy, they are oblivious as Jack continues to gently pull frisbee from under her.

CUT CLOSE TO:

The couple's kissing faces. Woman, reacting to frisbee, thinking it's a hand, moans to boyfriend.

WOMAN

Mmmmmmm...you're the king.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack, running back and leaping for a catch. Suddenly, hurtling upwards into the frame comes a gigantic, snarling Doberman. His jaws snap shut with the force of a beartrap, the frisbee in his teeth. Jack shrieks in fright. The two of them land on the sand, face to face.

JACK

Good boy...nice catch...now give it here.

The dog snarls, bears his fangs, which are inch deep in frisbee. He bites down harder, and the frisbee curls up as if it's going into a garbage truck grinder.

A voluptuous woman in her thirties jogs past.

WOMAN

(whistles to dog)

C'mon Luther.

Luther drops the frisbee and trots away, docilely. Jack stares at frisbee, mangled beyond recognition.

CUT TO:

A volleyball net. Jack and Bobby watching a fierce two-man game.

BOBBY

(excited)

We're next -- we're next!

JACK

(already too tense)

Now remember, we've got to be careful -- don't punch the ball. And don't forget -- we're using a man-to-man defense. So be careful not to criss-cross.

CUT TO:

The game. Jack jumps at the net, and an opponent spikes the ball into the pit of Jack's stomach.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack again jumping at the net. A vicious spike bounces off his forehead, into the air and is immediately spiked again off his nose. He looks at the dismayed Bobby.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack, far back from the net, his eyes gleaming with ambition. He's about to impress his son. The ball rises high above the net. Jack hears "Chariots of Fire" music in his mind and we go to SLOW MOTION.

Jack strides toward the net, pumps his knees high, digs in for a jump, and lofts himself up for a mighty spike. His hand arcs in a powerful swing toward the ball -- missing it completely. His entire body flies into the net and keeps going, pulling the entire net and stanchions down. Game over.

CUT TO:

Jack, sitting with Sandy on the blanket. Bobby and Laurie are playing near the water.

JACK

I think I embarrassed our son.

SANDY

Don't be silly. I don't think he's serious about changing his last name.

JACK

I let him down. I just wasn't any good. I don't know anything about the beach.

SANDY

Jack, are you forgetting why we came here. You're exhausted. Anyone in your condition would have been that shitty.

Jack smarts. Sandy didn't mean to be so blunt.

A beat.

Jack glances over at his son. Bobby is sitting wanly, watching Laurie make a sandcastle. He seems disinterested and a little forlorn.

Beyond Bobby, at the water line, Jack's eye is caught by a man who runs and plunges into a wave. Jack's gaze moves out a little more...to a boy on a boogieboard. Now he gazes out further, to a jetskier swiftly cutting through the water.

Then...his gaze moves out onto the ocean...further and further...and there...leaning into the waves, gracefully rising and plunging, is a beautiful sailboat.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP, Jack's face. Something deep is in his eyes.

JACK
(to himself)
What am I waiting for.

SANDY
Huh?

JACK
(profoundly)
I'm going to take him sailing.

CUT TO:

Jack and Bobby walking away down the beach. Bobby has a little spring in his step...so does Jack.

CUT TO:

The Shorehaven Marina. The small figures of Jack and Bobby walking on the long dock. Bobby skips and jumps with excitement, racing over to various boats to look at them.

CUT TO:

A boat rental hut. Jack and Bobby are at the window. Bobby points and shouts.

BOBBY
Get one of those big ones, Dad.

MAN IN HUT
Those are privately owned, sonny.

JACK
Well, what do you have?

MAN
Nothing. Rented all of my boats for the next two weeks. People are already practicing for the regatta.

JACK
Do you know any other place that might have a boat left?

MAN
(thinks)
You might try Scully, over at the
Barnacle.

Jack cringes, his eyes roll up.

CUT TO:

Scully, standing on the dock, fifty feet past the
Barnacle.

SCULLY
(proudly)
Well boys, which vessel is it
going to be?

WIDEN TO REVEAL he's standing in front of his rental
"fleet": four small mangy sailboats that look like the
mongrel offspring of the Barnacle.

CUT TO:

Bobby and Jack's faces, reflecting the awfulness of the
boats.

SCULLY
Tough choice, isn't it mate?

JACK
Extremely.

CUT TO:

Jack and Scully, on the dock, untying a small skiff from
its mooring. Bobby, wearing a life vest, is sitting in
the boat.

JACK
(to Bobby)
Okay, ready to push off?

Bobby gleefully nods "yes."

SCULLY
Y'know, a free lesson comes with
each rental. Why don't I just hop
in and give you a few pointers.

Jack, having an aversion to the old coot, jumps in the
boat.

JACK
(stammering)
Oh, no... no... thanks anyway, but
I already know how to sail.

He pushes off as hard as he can to make his getaway.

CUT TO:

The boat, out on the water. Dad is having some difficulty controlling it. The nose is swinging one way, and the sail the other.

BOBBY
Where did you learn how to sail
anyway?

JACK
(proudly)
At Camp Weehonk. I was a natural.
I was so good I ended up teaching
it as a counselor.

DISSOLVE TO:

The boat -- going straight up against some waves, bouncing violently. Jack is trying to regain control of it. Bobby is a bit ashen.

BOBBY
(concerned)
Dad, when was the last time you
sailed?

JACK
(thinks)
Camp Weehonk.

Jack sees his son turning a little green. Summoning up some old skill, he pulls the tiller with one hand and the lines with the other, and deftly turns the boat out of the swell.

JACK
There.

CUT TO:

A seagull, gracefully swooping high in the sky.

CUT TO:

The boat, now making some shaky headway. Bobby presses his face against the wind with a grin of delight. Jack is happy for Bobby but is too rusty and tense to enjoy it himself.

BOBBY

(excited, points)

Hey, Dad, look!

In the distance are fifteen large sailboats, racing along.

JACK

Beautiful, aren't they. They must be practicing for the regatta.

BOBBY

C'mon, let's get closer.

JACK

Okay.

(confidently)

Here we go.

He turns the boat, but ends up facing the wrong way. The boat rocks a bit as he straightens it out.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack and Bobby, sailing parallel to several of the large craft. Then, out a bit further, Jack spots the most beautiful one of all, tacking forcefully through the water -- it's the Incisor.

JACK

Look! Now that's a boat.

(eyes it admiringly)

Let's get a good look at it.

Jack angles closer towards the path of the Incisor.

CUT TO:

The Incisor. Captain Al Pellet and his men sail it with the fierce determination of a U-boat crew. One crewman spots Jack's boat.

MAN

(calls to Pellet

at wheel)

Better veer off to the left, Al!
That skiff looks kinda close!

PELLET

(belligerent)

We've got the right of way.
They're crossing our path. Let
them move.

CUT TO:

Jack's boat.

JACK

(shaking head)

Look at that gorgeous ship. It's
a shame that big fart has to own
it.

At this moment, Pellet's ship horn blares loud and hard.

The razor sharp prow of the Incisor cuts menacingly
towards Jack's little boat.

Jack scrambles to turn, but ineptly steers into Pellet's
path.

CUT BACK TO:

Pellet's boat. He realizes a crash is imminent.

PELLET

(frantically, screams)

Asshole!!!

Swings his wheel to the right, narrowly missing Jack's
boat.

However, Jack, in his own frantic effort not to collide,
swings his boat incorrectly, just as Pellet passes, and
his prow crunches into the side of the Incisor, taking a
bite out of it.

At the moment of impact, we CUT quickly from Jack's knee
being wrenched to Pellet's nose being whacked by his own
spinning steering wheel.

Pellet, holding his nose in pain, runs to the front of his
boat. He looks down and sees that his hull is bashed in.
His eyes widen like a horse in a fire.

PELLET

(seeing damage)

Aaaaaahhhh!

(screams to Jack)

You idiot!

Pellet suddenly recognizes who he's talking to.

PELLET

(shouting)

It's you?! Again!? What the hell were you doing!!

Jack holds his knee in pain; yells through gritted teeth.

JACK

I was trying to steer clear. Why didn't you veer off sooner?

PELLET

You're telling me how to sail??!

(infuriated)

I had the right-of-way, you little city ratfuck!!!

JACK

That doesn't give you the right to run us over...

(bellows)

...shit for brains!

Pellet, hearing this, loses control and tries to leap off his boat to get at Jack. His men rush over and hold him back -- an enraged gorilla. Pellet's veins stick out of his purple neck.

PELLET

(snarls)

I'll get you for this, renter! I mean it!

(screams)

You're finished!!!

Jack blanches -- he believes Pellet.

At this moment Jack sees the "10" family come happily gliding past -- all waterskiing side by side, perfectly synchronized.

CUT TO:

Chicken sizzling on a barbecue. Sandy cooks while sipping a drink. Bobby, Jennifer and Laurie are eating ravenously.

SANDY

Who wants more?

WIDEN to reveal Jack feeding his chicken to Archie. He is morose, depressed, and in pain as he sits in a chair with his leg, wrapped in an Ace bandage, propped up.

Directly behind him, hordes of exiting beachgoers trudge past on the public access route. This passing crowd emitting a constant sound of squeaking sandals and squishing wet bathing suits, and droolingly watching the family eat.

Then, a chubby thirty year old simpleton stops and peers at Jack.

MAN

(lisps)

Hey, mister, did you hurt your leg?

Jack nods "yes."

MAN

(innocently)

Then can I borrow your thongs?

His mother leads him away.

Sandy walks over to Jack.

SANDY

(with great empathy)

C'mon, honey. Cheer up. The doctor said you only have to be off your feet for two days.

JACK

(disgruntled)

I'm supposed to be a vacationer and I look more like an outpatient.

SANDY

Your burn's almost gone. Tomorrow you can sit out here and get some sun.

CUT TO:

A bright moon over the peaceful ocean. A wisp of cloud passes over it. Then the moon disappears altogether behind a full cloud.

CUT TO:

Morning. Thunder BLASTS and a torrential rain pounds the sand.

CUT TO:

The living room. Jack and Bobby are playing Trivial Pursuit. The rain spatters loudly on the roof. Jack looks out the window, lost in thought, watching his day wash away.

BOBBY

(impatient)

Dad, c'mon already, pick a card.

Jack comes out of it -- reaches for a card, inadvertently bending his bad knee a bit.

JACK

(screams in agony)

Aaaarrr!!

Jack looks at card, reads it through pain.

JACK

On the television program, "The Jeffersons," what's George's nickname for his wife Louise?

BOBBY

(thinks hard)

Sneezy?

JACK

Close... Wheezy.

SANDY (O.S.)

(calls)

Ready?

JACK

For what?

Out walk Sandy, Jennifer, and Laurie all made up as punkers: black eyeliner, strawberry spiked hair, studded bracelets, and neon-colored stockings. They sashay around snapping gum and talking state-of-the-art new wave.

SANDY
(reads suspensefully)
Bobby said.... fifteen!

SANDY
(opens another paper)
Jack said... twenty!
(opens another)
Laurie said... eighty-five -- wow!
And I said... sixteen.
(to Jennifer)
Jennifer? Last chance.

Jennifer, on the sofa, reading local newspaper.

JENNIFER
(not looking up)
No, thanks.

SANDY
(heading toward
kitchen)
All right, let's see who is.....
the winner!

She walks into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator, pulls out ice cube bin and carries it into living room. This is the climax of the "thrilling game" she has thought up -- called "Guess The Ice Cubes." She dumps all them onto the dining room table, starts counting them.

SANDY
(trying to build
suspense)
One!... Two!... Three!... Four!...

Jack's eyes roll up in his head from the "suspense."

CUT TO:

Jennifer. She spots something in the paper.

JENNIFER
(matter-of-factly)
Look, they have a movie theater in
this town.

Sandy, Bobby and Laurie leap into the air -- saved from terminal tedium.

LAURIE
Let's go! Can we go? I want to
go! I want to go! I want to go!

BOBBY

Yeah, can we go? Can we go?

SANDY

Absolutely.

(a beat)

Oh, wait a minute. Kids, we
can't... Daddy can't go out with
his bad leg.

They all frown.

JACK

(cutting in)

No, no, don't be silly. You all
go and have a good time. I'll
stay home.

BOBBY/LAURIE

(leaping up and down)

Yaaaay! Yaaaay!

CUT TO:

Outside the house. Buckets of rain are pouring down on
the roof with a vengeance.

Through the streaked upstairs window, we see Jack sitting
on his bed.

CUT TO:

Inside. Jack painstakingly working on a boat-in-a-bottle.
He's in a bathrobe. A pillow is propped under his leg.

Suddenly -- BLIP, BLIP, BLIP. A leak starts hitting the
bed. Jack, annoyed, hobbles off bed, gets wastebasket,
places it on bed. He continues to work on his boat, but
is distracted by sound of water filling wastebasket --
TINK, TINK, TINK, TINK...

CUT TO:

Outside the local movie theater. Sandy and kids at the
end of a line of five hundred people who had the same
idea. The family is pressed against side of building,
trying to shield themselves from driving rain. Some late
arrivals get behind them, a man and a teenage girl.
Jennifer recognizes the girl.

JENNIFER

Hi, Cindy.

CINDY

Oh, hi, Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Mom, this is Cindy. We met on the beach.

CINDY

And, this is my Dad.

Cindy's father is a strapping, very nice looking man of forty.

MAN

(extends hand to
Sandy)

Hello, I'm Don.

SANDY

Nice to meet you, Don. I'm Sandy.

The line starts to move.

DON

Here we go.

LAURIE

(complaining)

I'm wet and I want to go home
right now.

Don swoops her up.

DON

(to Laurie)

How 'bout if I give you a ride to
the popcorn counter first?

LAURIE

(bubbling)

I want a large one....with butter.

Sandy, watching this, smiles.

JENNIFER

(looking at line
in front of them)

Gee, I hope there are some seats
left in the middle.

CUT BACK TO:

Jack, working on his boat. It sounds like there's a Trinidad steel band in his bedroom. WIDEN to reveal twelve pots, pans, glasses, and pails all around the room, catching drips.

Suddenly, Jack is jolted by a gigantic explosion of rock music. It sounds like the U.S. Festival moved next door. It is emanating from the lifeguard house next door.

CUT TO:

Jack, approaching lifeguard's front door on crutches. Rain is already starting to soak his robe. He knocks loudly on door. Russ, Jennifer's lifeguard friend, opens it revealing a full blown beach party in progress.

JACK

Russ, right?

RUSS

Yeah.

JACK

(friendly, shouting
over the din)

Could I ask you to make the music
a little lower. It's not for me.
I have a friend over who's trying
to split diamonds.

RUSS

(understanding)

Sure.

(a beat)

Hey, you wanna come in and have a
beer?

JACK

No, thanks. I'll uh....

(looks up)

...take a raincheck.

Russ looks at wet sky and chuckles.

Jack braves through rain again on crutches to his front door. Reaches into pants pocket for keys -- is stunned to realize he's wearing his robe -- he's locked himself out. He jiggles knob in desperation, but it's locked.

He hobbles to window, tries to lift it, but it doesn't budge. Through it, he sees Archie, cozily snuggled up on the couch, doing what Jack had hoped to -- rest.

Then, getting wetter, Jack looks over at lifeguard house and his eyes roll up in resigned desperation.

CUT TO:

The lifeguard party -- it's bigger and louder than before. They're packed in like sardines. The boys are wearing lifeguard trunks and the girls have on bikinis.

In the middle of all this sits a damp, dejected Jack, resigned to waiting it out.

Next to Jack is the ultimate party animal, who's downing one beer after the next.

PARTY ANIMAL

(blitzed, points to Jack's leg)

Hey, dude, what happened? Did you wipe out riding a curl?

JACK

Sort of.

PARTY ANIMAL

Ah, don't sweat it. Here, have some Cheese Whiz and pass me those Doritos.

(stares at the many girls in their bathing suits)

Wow, this place looks like a melon reunion.

(drunk, but sincere, whispers)

Don't turn around yet, but I think the chick at the end of the sofa digs you. She's been looking at you real hard, man.

Jack leans past the guy next to him and sees the "chick." It's a female C.P.R. dummy that lifeguards use to practice mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on.

Jack, incredulous, looks back at the party animal. The party animal is genuinely envious. He gives Jack the "high" sign and backs away into the crowd.

Next, a gorgeous eighteen-year-old girl with a generous body sits down next to Jack.

GIRL

Hi, I'm Nina.

JACK

(politely)

I'm Jack.

She is puzzled by his response, then turns to the guy on her left.

GIRL

Hi, I'm Nina.

GUY ON LEFT

Carl.

He takes her in a passionate embrace and they soul kiss. Jack looks on amazed, as their passion heightens to a frenzy.

CUT TO:

Inside the movie house. We MOVE DOWN the aisle of the packed theatre. In the very first row are Sandy, Don, and the kids, all looking straight up at the screen -- their eyes bulging. They hold the backs of their necks and roll their heads, trying to alleviate the throbbing pain.

CUT BACK TO:

The lifeguard party. More people are crammed in -- it's a rush hour subway car. Jack is crushed amidst a throng of lifeguards, groupies, townies, bikers, and other assorted dregs. Beer is being spritzed from cans and mouths.

Jack's leg is getting pushed and banged as he desperately fights his way toward the stairs. He claws his way up the stairs and into a bathroom. Next to the medicine cabinet, the lifeguards have installed a condom machine...and it's empty. Shaking his head in disbelief, Jack opens the medicine cabinet and takes some aspirin.

Jack needs refuge. He opens a bedroom door. Inside, a group of people are cheering on a muscular lifeguard who is hoisting a giant barbell. But added to the weight, on each side, are two girls.

Jack now elbows his way to another bedroom, opens it. Inside, he discovers the party animal, in bed, feverishly humping away. He turns and sees Jack.

PARTY ANIMAL

(soused)

Hey, man, didn't you ever hear of
privacy?

Jack, embarrassed, turns to leave, but suddenly sees who
the party animal is humping -- it's the C.P.R. dummy.

That's it -- Jack's had it.

CUT TO:

Jack's front door -- a crutch is smashing in the window
pane. WIDEN to reveal Jack, breaking into his house,
wielding his crutch with the determination of a lumber
jack on amphetamines.

Jack rushes in, heaving a sigh of relief, but stops in his
tracks. There, standing in the living room, staring at
him, are Sandy, Don, and the kids. They are a tableau of
disbelief, frozen in the midst of rubbing their aching
necks and removing their raincoats.

CUT TO:

The ocean, at dawn, the following morning. The sun is
just coming up.

CUT TO:

The public access road next to the Chase house. A hand
reaches INTO FRAME and places a cherry bomb on the ground.
Then another hand lights the fuse with a match.

CUT TO:

Three young local teenagers racing away across the beach.

CUT TO:

Jack sleeping. BOOM! The SOUND jolts Jack off the side
of the bed and onto the floor with a thump.

CUT TO:

The ocean. The sun is now fully above the horizon.

CUT TO:

Jack, once again asleep, but tossing from the staccato SOUND of distant firecrackers.

The, the SOUND of a sour tuba floats through the air.

CUT TO:

A streetcorner, a few blocks away. A parade is in the early stages of assembling. In addition to the fumbling tuba, other marching band musicians are tuning up. A banner is being hung announcing Shorehaven's Fourth of July Parade.

CUT TO:

The house. Jack limps out onto the rear deck, squinting from the bright light. The family is seated at a table.

JACK

(looks at watch)

Boy, it's boiling out...

(looks at watch)

...and it's only eight-thirty.

Then, Jack notices the family finishing up breakfast.

JACK

(continuing)

You people are up early.

BOBBY

(excited).

We're going to the Fourth of July parade with Don and Cindy.

JACK

(enthusiastic)

Oh, that's nice. Where's Don's wife?

BOBBY

She's in Ohio with a guy named Kyle.

SANDY

(explaining)

Don's been divorced for a few years.

JACK
(not so enthusiastic)

Oh.

CUT TO:

The beach. It's mobbed with Fourth of July crowds, packed blanket to blanket. Even the water is crowded. The noisy din is heightened by thousands of ghetto blasters. One of them blares the weather report.

VOICE ON RADIO
...and at noon, the temperature is
ninety-seven degrees and climbing.
Looks like we're going to have a
record Fourth...

CUT TO:

A WIDE SHOT of the beach. Thousands of people are prancing and high-stepping frantically as their bare feet hit the broiling sand. They look like Mexican jumping beans in swimwear.

CUT TO:

Jack, sunbathing on a chaise lounge on his rear deck. This time out, Jack is well protected from the sun -- so greased up it looks like someone just gave birth to him. The sun cream is melting like hot wax, dripping into his eyes. The SOUND of his next door neighbor's saw is wanging in his ears.

On the other side is the arriving public access crowd, pushing past as noisily as Detroit baseball fans.

And in front of him is the constant shouting from a volleyball game.

CUT TO:

CLOSE TO HIS FACE, dozing. A shadow moves across him. Jack's eyes open and he jumps in fright with a loud shriek.

JACK
Aaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

CUT TO:

Jack's POV: the upside-down face of Scully peering down at him.

SCULLY
(gleefully)
So, you remember me.

JACK
(recovering)
Hello, Scully.

SCULLY
(looks him over)
How's the leg? Better?

JACK
A little.
(a beat)
How's your boat?

SCULLY
The gunnel's cracked, but she
still sails.

JACK
I guess you have a bill for me?

SCULLY
Naw, she's fine. Gives her more
character.

JACK
(skeptical)
No really, how much do you want?

Scully ignores this -- he meant what he said.

SCULLY
Listen mate, something's been on
my mind. I shouldn't have let you
go out without the lesson.

JACK
No, no. Don't blame yourself. I
told you I knew how to sail.

SCULLY
(cuts Jack off)
So here's what you'll do. As soon
as that leg's better, come down to
the Barnacle and I'll give you
that lesson and a couple more to
boot.

JACK

That's very generous of you
Scully...

(searching for an
excuse)

...but I wouldn't want to take up
your time. Thanks anyway.

SCULLY

(undaunted)

See you there.

Scully turns and walks away.

JACK

(calls out)

But can't I pay you for the boat?

SCULLY

(without turning
back)

Sure -- buy me a beer.

He disappears into the crowd.

CUT TO:

The boat repair yard. Al Pellet, his nose bandaged, paces
back and forth, as workmen repair his damaged hull. He's
still plenty steamed.

Then, a car pulls up and out walks STAN GREENE -- Pellet's
attorney. He wears a suit and carries a briefcase.

STAN

(approaching Pellet)

Hi Al.

AL

(pointing to hull)

Look at this will ya. I'll never
be the same. That little renter
putz did this...

(shouts)

...and I want his ass.

STAN

Don't worry Al. I'm looking into
it.

A worker stops sanding to mop his brow.

PELLET

Hey, what are you stopping for.
Get back to work, jerk!

The worker resumes sanding and some sawdust blows in Pellet's direction. Pellet sneezes, then screams from the pain, holding his nose in agony.

CUT TO:

Jack lying on the deck, sweating.

A volleyball bounces off his deck and into the next door yard.

A JOCK

(yells to Jack)

Excuse me, a little help please.

Jack sits up, opens his eyes, and they start stinging as lotion drips in.

CUT TO:

Jack's POV of the jock pointing to where the ball landed. His vision is blurred from the cream in his eyes. Jack stands up and reaches over the fence for the ball.

Suddenly, a massive dog comes ripping around the corner of the house trailing a thick chain and barreling viciously towards Jack. Jack instantly pulls his hand away as the huge mongrel sinks his fangs into the volleyball. It's the same snarling Doberman that ate his frisbee on the beach.

His owner, the same voluptuous woman Jack had seen earlier on the beach, comes out of the house.

WOMAN

Luther, drop that.

Luther obliges and trots away.

JACK

(to woman)

Thanks.

Jack grabs the deflated ball and throws it back to the eagerly awaiting jock. The ex-volleyball sails through the air like a frisbee. The stunned jock walks away grasping it and shaking his head.

The woman stands in her yard, holding back the snarling Luther by his massive collar. She calls out to Jack.

WOMAN

(shouts)

How do you do? I'm Vicki
Donnatelli.

JACK

I'm Jack Chase.

VICKI

Welcome to Shorehaven.

Luther lunges at Jack but she holds him back.

JACK

Thanks.

Laurie and Bobby come running out onto the deck, followed
by Sandy.

BOBBY

Boy, Dad, you missed a great
parade.

VICKI

(pulling dog into
house; yells)

See you later.

Sandy sees Vicki -- takes it in.

LAURIE

(excited)

Look what Don bought me, Dad.

She points to her T-shirt that says, "Shorehaven Is For
Lovers."

JACK

Great.

(a beat)

So, what do you say we have a
barbecue?

BOBBY

Can't, Dad. We're going out on
Don's boat for the day.

JACK

(hiding his dis-
appointment)

Oh, that sounds like fun.

BOBBY
(to Laurie)
C'mon, let's get ready.

Bobby and Laurie race into house.

SANDY
It's perfect isn't it. They'll be
away from the mobs and the heat.
What do you think?

JACK
(faking; a good
sport)
Terrific.

She bends down and kisses top of his head.

SANDY
You okay here?

JACK
Sure.

SANDY
Relaxing?

JACK
Sure.

CUT TO:

Later. A scorching, midday sun.

CUT TO:

A sailboat, seen far out on the ocean. Then, our view
swings to another sailboat, then another.

Then, in the foreground, Don's thirty-foot cabin cruiser
comes speeding by -- the cool wind delighting his passen-
gers. Don is teaching Sandy how to steer as they sip
white wine. The kids are sitting, happily waving to
Bobby, who's exuberantly waterskiing off the back of the
boat.

The frame WIDENS a bit to reveal that this whole scene is
being watched through binoculars.

CUT CLOSE ON:

Jack, lowering a pair of binoculars. He's boiling from the heat. His eyes are red and blinky.

WIDEN to reveal that Jack is lying half submerged in his five year old's plastic kiddie pool. His bandaged knee is hanging over the side. Occasionally, he spritzes himself from a plastic bottle used to keep plants moist. He then throws his head back, surrendering to despair.

CUT TO:

Later. Don's boat, at anchor, bobbing gently in the ocean. Sandy, Don, and the kids are in the water, splashing each other, having a ball.

CUT TO:

The outdoor thermometer on Jack's deck. It reads 101° F. Jack stumbles past it, almost delirious, trying to maneuver a tray full of beverages while hobbling on a crutch. He takes a step, loses his balance, and tilts the tray. Everything on it crashes to the ground.

His neighbor Vicki, hearing this, gets out of her chaise lounge and comes over to the fence to investigate.

VICKI

Oh, what a shame.

Jack shakes his head in agreement.

VICKI

Listen, I just made some iced tea. Why don't you come over and have some?

Jack blushes at the sight of her terrific semi-clad body.

JACK

No, no. I couldn't. But thanks.

VICKI

Don't be silly. You look like you're boiling. C'mon, what are neighbors for?

Jack gives in, starts to approach fence, but remembers Luther, the Doberman.

VICKI

Don't worry about Luther. I'll
tie him up out here. We can have
our refreshments inside. C'mon.

Jack comes out of his yard to get to her house, but has to
maneuver over many beach-goers who are backed up all the
way to his yard.

DISSOLVE TO:

Later. Through the living room window, we see Jack and
Vicki inside, chatting and drinking iced tea.

PAN OVER TO Jack's house. A family is on his deck. The
woman is knocking tentatively on the open door.

MOTHER

Hello, anybody home?
(to daughter)
It looks like nobody's here.

TEN YEAR OLD

DAUGHTER

But Mom, I've got to go real bad.

Mother looks at daughter, then glances at the open door.

MOTHER

(surreptitiously)
Okay, go ahead. But hurry up.

Daughter rushes in, while mother stands lookout on the
deck.

Another man comes by.

MAN

(to mother)

Excuse me, I hate to bother you,
but I'm dying of thirst. Could I
trouble you for a glass of water?

WOMAN

It's no trouble. Help yourself.
(points in)

CUT TO:

Vicki's living room. The decor is eclectic, ranging from
Early Nouveau to Las Vegas Lounge. Vicki and Jack are on
the sofa, sipping their refreshments.

Jack is still uncomfortable being alone in a room with a sexy woman -- but is loosening up a little.

VICKI

Well, you couldn't have picked a nicer town for a rest. Ed and I love it down here. Tell me, how did you wind up with such an interesting job?

JACK

Actually, I had always hoped to become a pilot. But it takes time. And I had a family..... responsibilities.

VICKI

You and I have a lot in common. I wanted to be a stewardess, but Ed didn't want me away, so I became a manicurist.

Filling his ice tea glass, she leans in toward him.

VICKI

Would you mind if I asked you a question?

JACK

Not at all.

VICKI

You have good vision -- you've got to in your business -- right?

JACK

(proud)

Yup.

VICKI

And you're very observant, I can tell that. So can I get your honest opinion on something?

JACK

Sure.

VICKI

Are you sure you don't mind?

JACK

No, of course not.

She pulls off her bikini top, revealing two ample breasts.

VICKI
What do you think of these?

Jack is popeyed and speechless.

VICKI
Well? What do you think of them?

JACK
(dazed, in shock)
.....Of what?

VICKI
These.

JACK
(trying to recover)
Oh.....
(as if it's nothing)
....those.

VICKI
Yeah, how do they look?
Jack searches for an out. Thinks of one.

JACK
(brightly)
Similar!

VICKI
No, I mean do they look good? I
just got them.

JACK
Who had them before?

VICKI
Nobody, silly, I recently had them
enlarged.

JACK
I see...

VICKI
They cost two thousand bucks. It
was a choice between these or a
chain saw for Ed.

A beat.

JACK
(simply)
Good decision.

VICKI

You think so?

JACK

I definitely prefer those over a power tool.

VICKI

Do they look like real breasts to you?

JACK

They certainly don't look like arms.

Suddenly, Jack hears a loud bellowing groan from upstairs.

JACK

(anxious)

Who was that?

VICKI

That's just my husband. He's upstairs taking a nap.

Jack reaches for his crutches and frantically starts to hobble to the front door.

VICKI

Where are you going?

JACK

If your husband catches me, he's going to enlarge my face.

The brawny husband Ed appears on the upstairs landing, sees Jack headed for the door, and his wife with her top off.

HUSBAND

(coming down stairs,
shouting)

Goddamn it!

Jack, rattled to the core, loses a crutch, and starts to lunge for the front door on hands and knees.

HUSBAND

Again?

Jack desperately tries to pull himself toward the door.

HUSBAND

Vicki, when are you gonna stop this?

JACK

(pleading)

I didn't see that much. I swear.
I'm color blind.

He helps Jack up.

HUSBAND

I'm sorry mister. She keeps boring the whole world with her new knockers.

VICKI

Be quiet Ed. I want his opinion.

HUSBAND

She's so insecure. Last night she shoved them in the clerk's face at 7-11. Honey, relax already, will ya. They're beautiful. They look right and they feel right.

(to Jack)

Hey, mister, squeeze those things and tell her.

Jack realizes this couple must be sharing one brain.

HUSBAND

Go ahead.

Jack looks at the huge husband, then reaches for the breasts. He starts humming nonchalantly, while his hands assess the authenticity of the mammaries. As the husband nudges closer, Jack tries to do his best impersonation of a eunuch.

Jack soberly nods his head like a consulting physician.

JACK

Ah ha... ah ha... yes... yes... uh
huh, uh huh...

HUSBAND

Well, what do you think?

JACK

(trying to sound
clinical)

They're very lifelike. I think the four of you should be very happy.

HUSBAND
(to wife, proudly)
See, what do I keep telling you.

JACK
(near panic)
I've got to go home now.

CUT TO:

Jack hustling back toward his house as fast as his crutches will take him. He stops dead in his tracks. His deck is loaded with strangers sunning in chaise lounges, children playing with his kids' toys, and a man barbecuing.

JACK
(to himself, mumbles)
What's going on here?

He goes into house.

JACK
(calls out)
Sandy?

Inside, he sees that the public invasion is complete. An old man in a sports jacket is sitting on the sofa, reading the paper. Two naked four-year-olds are having a water-gun fight. Jack goes into the kitchen and sees a beefy guy with a cigar hanging from his mouth beating eggs.

MAN
(turning to crowd in kitchen)
Okay, who gets a cheese omelet?

Jack's eyes narrow, he spins out of the room to discover in the hallway is a line-up for the bathroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jack ushering everyone out of the house. Then he turns and surveys the house -- it looks like Tara, after the Civil War -- a wreck. He wearily goes up the stairs, enters his bedroom and finds a fat slob lying in his bed under the covers, in a wet bathing suit, drinking beer and watching television.

JACK
(shouts)
You, out!

GUY

(annoyed)

Bug off buddy, I was here first.

JACK

Get the hell out. Now!

GUY

You get out ironside. I'm trying to watch the Smurfs.

Jack's eyes ignite -- he's flipped. He pulls the rubber tip off the point of his crutch to make it a more effective weapon and raises it as if to strike. The guy in his bed eyes bulge and he darts out of the room.

Jack looks at the wet sandy sheets, a beer can spilled over on his dresser, cigarette butts on the rug. He plops down on a chair, totally defeated and gazes miserably out the window at the mobbed beach filled with all manner of unappetizing people and activities. Then, out past it all on the distant dock, his eyes land on Scully's Barnacle.

CUT TO:

The front door. Jack exits with determination.

CUT TO:

Inside the Barnacle. As usual it's empty except for the motley regulars who sit at the bar under the big ceiling fan. In contrast to the hectic Fourth of July outside, the Barnacle almost appears to be a haven. Scully, tending the bar, is regaling the group with a story. They burst out in laughter.

Jack hobbles in, goes to the bar and takes a seat. They fall silent. It's a rarity to see a new face at Scully's, especially at the bar.

SCULLY

Hello mate, nice to see you. What can I get you?

JACK

(looks at Scully
meaningfully)

Two beers.

Scully smiles, draws two beers and hands one to Jack. They clink glasses and drink. Scully takes a good sized gulp but Jack chugs his entire mug straight down. He slams it down and slides it over to Scully for another.

CUT TO:

Later. Once again the group of bar-flies are laughing at a Scully story, but now Jack is amongst them, laughing heartily too as he drinks another beer.

CUT TO:

Later. The group is laughing even louder, but now it's Jack who's holding court.

JACK

(a bit tipsy)

Okay... here's another. A bum walks up to me in the park and says, "Mister, I haven't eaten in days." I said to him, "You should force yourself."

Big laughter.

CUT TO:

Later. The setting sun is sending a golden light through the Barnacle. Jack and Scully are alone at the bar. Jack slides his empty beer glass to Scully.

JACK

Hit me.

SCULLY

Nope. You've had enough.

Jack gives him a puzzled look.

SCULLY

...beer, that is.

He reaches down deep into the innards of the bar.

SCULLY

Let's step up in class a bit, shall we?

He slams a dusty, fancy old bottle onto the counter.

SCULLY

There, that's fifty year old Port, me boy.

JACK

(amazed)

You're going to open that?

SCULLY

Nope.

But of course he does. With an impish grin, he plunges his hook into the cork and pops it out.

CUT TO:

Later. A close shot of Scully's wall clock. A wayward dart hits it smack in the face, cracking one of the hands. PAN ACROSS the wall to a dartboard four feet away. A few inches above the board is another dart, stuck in the wall. PAN UP THE WALL TOWARD THE CEILING to a decorative pirate hat. Suddenly, another dart emanating from a bad throw pierces it.

CUT TO:

Scully and Jack standing in the middle of the room swaying drunkenly. Jack goes into an elaborate wind-up and throws another dart toward the dartboard.

CUT TO:

A window. The dart goes through like a bullet, shattering the glass.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Not bad.

CUT TO:

Scully, stepping forward to assess the game. He looks at where their various darts have landed: in the cash register, in the ceiling, through the back of a bar stool, in the floor.

SCULLY

(excited)

I won.

Jack, sloshed, walks up to Scully and puts his arm around him.

JACK

You know what? You're okay Scunkie. Tell me something. You didn't really mean it about helping me with my sailing, did ya?

CUT TO:

Scully's face. His eyebrow raises four inches and his eyes flare.

CUT TO:

Jack and Scully riding the high seas in the darkness. The little sailboat bounces and rocks as water splashes onto Jack's seasick, drunken face.

SCULLY

(shouting)

Hold that tiller to starboard
mate. Hold it steady now.

Scully takes a swig from the bottle of port.

JACK

(shouts, drunk)

Hey Scully, I can't see anything.

SCULLY

That's right boy. That's why
we're out here. You're not
supposed to see, you're supposed
to feel. Feel the wind. Feel the
ocean. Feel the booze.

DISSOLVE TO:

A few minutes later. Jack is smoothly guiding the boat up and over the swells. Scully, exuberant, stands up and shouts.

SCULLY

Yaaaahooooo! Now you're getting
it.

JACK

How 'bout a song. You ocean
people always have a tune ready.

SCULLY

Let's see.

(thinks)

Okay, here's an old sea ditty.

Scully begins to sing the theme from Gilligan's Island.
Jack joins in.

CUT TO:

A long shot of the boat, barely visible in the darkness. The raucous singing echoes out over the ocean.

SCULLY & JACK (V.O.)

"The Movie Star...The Professor
and Ginger...Here on Gilligan's
Island..."

They are drowned out by a sudden ROAR that lights them up in a rainbow of colors as a gigantic panoply of fireworks explodes in the sky directly above them.

QUICK CUT TO:

The beach. As thousands of Fourth of July revelers look up at the sky in awe.

CUT BACK TO:

The boat. Jack and Scully scream with delight, as another brilliant firework display bursts above them in a shower of light. Then they continue singing gleefully under a night sky lighting up in colorful thunder.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP -- Jack's face. He's in heaven. His vacation has finally begun.

CUT TO:

Eleven o'clock the following morning. Jack in bed, unconscious and hung over, looks like a dead fish thrown into a barrel. He has a gold pirate earring in one ear. Jennifer, hurrying down the hallway, peeks in the room and shouts.

JENNIFER

Bye, Dad!

Jack doesn't budge.

CUT TO:

The front of the house. Jennifer comes out the door. Where the rest of the family is getting into Don's car.

SANDY
Okay, we're all here.

DON
(puzzled)
Isn't Jack going to join us today?

SANDY
He said he's not up to it. He's
not feeling very well.

LAURIE
Because he got shitfaced.

This isn't a pleasant subject for Sandy.

SANDY
Let's go.

CUT TO:

The upstairs bedroom. Jack is peeking out of the window watching Don's car drive away. He turns and eagerly starts out of the room, but holds his head, still feeling the effects of a hangover.

CUT TO:

The bathroom. Jack is wetting down his face to shave. Seeing himself in the mirror, he stops, looks and then pats the stubble admiringly. He takes the unused razor and returns it to the medicine cabinet. Then hurries out of the bathroom -- unshaven for the first time since college.

CUT TO:

Jack on his crutches, walking along the dock. He spots Scully on the far end, getting the skiff ready. Jack's eyes light up and he starts to move faster on his crutches, but can barely manage.

He stops, decides to try out his leg. He removes the crutches, tucks them under his arm, and limps a few steps gingerly. It feels okay. Delighted, he hustles toward Scully.

CUT TO:

Al Pellet's plush office. He sits behind a large desk, looking intently at some papers. Standing over him is his attorney, Stan Greene.

PELLET

Very, very interesting. This should take care of him. Good work Stan.

STAN

Thanks Al, but I can't take all the credit. It was a good break, wasn't it?

Pellet grins like a Cheshire cat.

CUT TO:

Jack and Scully sailing the little skiff. Scully shouts instructions and Jack heeds them happily.

CUT TO:

A deer park. Sandy, Don, and the children are having a wonderful time feeding the animals, while a Llama eats Don's sweater.

CUT TO:

Sunset on the ocean -- Jack and Scully still sailing in their boat, silhouetted against an orange sky.

CUT TO:

Morning, the deck of the beach house. Sandy and the kids are leaving for the beach. Jack leans on his crutches and waves goodbye.

SANDY

You sure you don't want to give it a try Jack? We'd love you to join us.

JACK

I'd better stay off the leg a few more days.

As soon as they are gone, he tosses the crutches aside and hustles into the house to get ready to leave.

CUT TO:

Scully and Jack sailing. Jack is tacking from left to right in a slalom type of exercise.

SCULLY

(shouting over the wind)

Very good, boy. You're starting to get the hang of it.

JACK

I told you I knew how to sail.

The boom suddenly makes a 360 degree turn and whacks Scully into the ocean like a whiffle ball.

CUT TO:

Don, Sandy and the kids frolicking in the ocean. They are in the middle of a chicken fight -- Cindy on Jennifer's shoulders, Laurie on Bobby's shoulders, and Sandy on Don's.

Sandy gets Cindy off balance and pushes her off Jennifer and into the water. As she laughs victoriously, Don suddenly flips Sandy off his shoulders and into the water. As Don laughs, Sandy comes behind him and dunks him.

SANDY

(looking at her wrist)

Oh no.

DON

What is it?

SANDY

I must have dropped my watch in the water.

DON

Was it expensive?

SANDY

No, but it meant a lot to me. It was from Jack.

CUT TO:

The Barnacle at night, under the stars. Jack and Scully are sitting on the deck, working by the light of a lantern. Scully is showing Jack wind charts and diagrams. Scully suddenly stops and just stares at Jack.

JACK

What's the matter?

SCULLY

I could teach you everything about winds -- but you know what your biggest problem is, don't ya?

JACK

No. What?

SCULLY

You approach sailing as if you're trying to land those airplanes.

JACK

(puzzled)

I don't understand.

SCULLY

You're trying to control everything and you can't control the ocean. There's tides, there's swells, there's currents -- and they do what they want to do. And when that happens you got to follow their lead. It's like dancing. Sometimes you can lead, but sometimes you got to follow. And, if you do it right, you're dancing with the ocean.

JACK

But how do I do it?

SCULLY

Improvise. Take a chance. Go with the flow. And for God's sake, boy, loosen up and let yourself enjoy it.

CLOSE ON Jack's eyes -- a note of inner understanding seems to strike. He looks at the skiff moored at the dock.

DISSOLVE TO:

The skiff in the bright daylight, skimming along in the water, piloted with great elan by Jack. Scully contentedly watches with a smile.

A large wave suddenly rolls menacingly toward the boat. Jack deftly rides it and feels the right moment to swing around and over the top. But as the skiff comes down the other side of the wave, it has transformed into Scully's next size boat -- Jack has moved up a level... and --

A MONTAGE has begun: Jack progressing at various times over the next three days. As he learns, the boat under him keeps transforming into a larger size. Until at last, he's sailing the largest of Scully's raggedy fleet.

The MONTAGE ENDS with a shot of Scully slapping Jack on the back and then putting his beloved hat on Jack's head -- it's a graduation present.....

....and then, CROSSFADING over this image, is a scene of Don and Bobby winning the final points of a two-man volleyball tournament -- and embracing each other joyfully.

CUT TO:

The family at the dinner table. Bobby, Sandy, Jennifer and Laurie are all engaged in animated conversation. But Jack seems like an outsider.

LAURIE

(holding Bobby's
volleyball trophy --
impressed)

Wow, it's really heavy.

BOBBY

Be careful, don't drop it.

PAN TO Sandy and Jennifer, in their own conversation.

JENNIFER

(excited)

Cindy said there's an uninhabited island near here. Can we go with them?

SANDY

Sounds great.

PAN to Jack -- the end of the table -- lost in his own world. He has a six-day-old beard, a ruddy sunsoaked face, Scully's hat on, and a bleached-out shirt. As he eats his dinner he tinkers with a boat-in-a-bottle and hums Gilligan's Island.

LAURIE

(to Sandy)

I can't eat my roll, it's too hard.

Jack stops what he's doing and looks up.

JACK

(a bit of a weird effect, as if imparting the wisdom of the ages)

You should feel fortunate. In the old days, sailors would often find boll weevils in their bread.

The family falls silent. They look at Jack the way Jack looked at Scully when they first met. After a beat, they go back to their conversations, and Laurie carefully inspects her roll for boll weevils.

Then a car horn HONKS twice.

JENNIFER

(getting up)

That must be Lonnie. I better get ready.

JACK

Where are you going?

JENNIFER

(leaving room)

I have a date.

(excited)

We're going to that rock club in town.

JACK

(concerned)

Where did you meet this boy?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

(from other room)

On the beach. Mom met him too.

SANDY

He seemed very nice Jack.

Doorbell RINGS. Jack gets up to open it just as Jennifer comes back into the room. Jack opens door. Standing there is the "Party Animal" whom Jack caught making love to the C.P.R. dummy. Jack's face registers horrified shock. He immediately slams the door shut.

CUT TO:

Jack in the upstairs hallway, outside of Jennifer's bedroom. Jennifer can be heard crying inside.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

(shouts)

I don't care. I don't want to talk to him. I don't ever want to talk to Daddy again.

Sandy comes out of Jennifer's bedroom.

JACK

I'd rather have her never speak to me again, than to go out with that little pervert.

SANDY

She's disappointed Jack. She had her heart set on going to that club. I also think she's disappointed she hasn't seen much of you. None of us have lately. What do you do all day at Scully's?

Before he can answer, the downstairs phone RINGS.

BOBBY (O.S.)

(shouting)

Dad, it's for you.

CUT TO:

Jack on phone.

JACK

(somberly)

...Right...Sure... All right, I understand.

Jack has been jotting on a piece of paper. He hangs up.

SANDY

(sensing something)

Jack, what is it?

JACK

No wonder we could never reach the old guy who owns this place. He died.

SANDY

(shocked)

Really? How old was he?

JACK

Eighty-eight.

SANDY

Who was that calling?

JACK

Tod Caldwell -- the real estate agent.. He wants me to meet him now in town to settle up business. We still owe two weeks rent, remember?

CUT TO:

Jack, checking addresses as he walks along Main Street. He gets to a building with the right number but checks his piece of paper again because he can't believe what it is: a funeral home.

CUT TO:

A large viewing room inside the funeral home. At the far end of the room, the nose of Elwin, the deceased, can be seen protruding from the open coffin. Many people are milling about.

Jack enters and is greeted by the REAL ESTATE AGENT.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Hi, I'm Tod Caldwell. Sorry to bring you out this late, but we wanted to wrap this up while all the principals were gathered together.

JACK

I understand.

An elderly man in white pants, white shoes, and a Hawaiian shirt walks by.

REAL ESTATE MAN

(to Jack)

Excuse me a moment.

(to old man)

Sorry Pete.

(puts hand on
his shoulder)

I heard you were on vacation with
Elwin when it happened.

PETE

Yup -- Club Med. He went belly up
in the middle of a luau. Damn
shame -- he never made it to Limbo
Night.

Pete shakes his head and walks away.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

(to Jack)

Come on, I'll introduce you to
your new landlord.

JACK

What do you mean?

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Didn't I tell you? Your house was
bought. Real fast, too.

He leads Jack across the room toward a group of men
talking near the casket.

CUT TO:

The group. Standing in the middle of them is Al Pellet.
Next to him is his attorney, Stan Greene. Pellet is
consoling Elwin's kid brother Floyd -- who's eighty-two.

PELLET

(too sincerely)

Your brother was a good man Floyd.
A great man.

They all glance over at Elwin in the casket. He's dressed
in a dark suit but is still wearing a Hawaiian shirt. And
around his neck is the Club Med bead necklace.

PELLET

(continuing)

He was a fine citizen, a beacon to
us all. He'll be sorely missed.
Sorely, sorely missed.

Floyd begins to weep loudly.

PELLET

(continuing)

Now -- let's sign the papers.

He takes the papers from Stan and looks around for something to lean on. He decides to use the edge of the open coffin, but can't write because a mourner is too close to his elbow.

PELLET

(to mourner, annoyed)

Hey -- could I get a little room here.

He still can't manage to write because the edge is too small a surface. Exasperated, he pulls the coffin lid shut so he can use the top as a desk.

At this point, Jack and the real estate agent are approaching.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Mr. Pellet?

PELLET

(turning)

Yes?

REAL ESTATE AGENT

This is Jack Chase -- the tenant.

Jack is speechless.

PELLET

(gloating)

Weeeeelll.....renter. I've been waiting for you to get here. Looks like your my renter now.

JACK

(trying to lighten it)

Did you know your roof leaks?

The others chuckle. Pellet joins in. But after they stop, he's still laughing -- too loudly.

PELLET

So -- are you enjoying Shorehaven?

JACK
(brightening)
Oh yes. We had our problems at first. But it's turning into a fantastic vacation.

Jack reaches into wallet and fumbles for a check.

JACK
I guess this goes to you. It's the rent for the final two weeks.

He hands Pellet the check.

PELLET
(taking check)
Thank you.

JACK
(nervously)
My pleasure. It was the best money I ever spent.

PELLET
Really.

Pellet slowly starts to tear the check into pieces.

JACK
What are you doing?

PELLET
(with icy
deliberateness)
I wouldn't take this check from you if my kids were starving in the street. I want you and your family out by midnight Saturday. Or I'll toss you out -- personally.
(putting his arm
around Floyd)
I would have paid this geezer any amount he wanted for that house. It was the best money I ever spent.
(to Stan Greene)
C'mon, let's go.

Jack just stands there dumbfounded -- his vacation in the same condition as Elwin.

CUT TO:

Jack, sitting in his car outside the house. The engine and lights are off as he stares morosely into the darkness. Through the living room window he can see his happy family playing and enjoying themselves.

CUT TO:

Later. The car is empty.

PAN TO THE HOUSE. Through the living room window, Jack can be seen talking to the family. Little Laurie is in her pajamas holding a toothbrush, sitting on Sandy's lap. Although we can't hear, it's clear that they're getting the bad news.

CUT TO:

Inside. The news has just landed. They sit there in silent shock -- their faces blank. Sandy finally speaks.

SANDY

I don't believe this. Maybe we could rent another house.

JACK

I was just with Tod Caldwell, the real estate agent. He said there's nothing left on the whole shore.

JENNIFER

(upset)

You mean that's it? We have to go home in four days?

Jack nods his head.

Laurie starts to cry. Bobby bites his lip but can't prevent a tear from running down his cheek. Jack and Sandy look at each other.

CUT TO:

Later. Bobby and Laurie asleep in their bedroom. WIDEN to reveal Jack, sitting in a chair in the darkness, staring at them.

Presently, he gets up, goes quietly into his room, and discovers Sandy is not in the bed. He spots her standing out on the terrace, a robe pulled around herself, staring off at the ocean.

CUT TO:

The following morning. The depressed family is having breakfast in the kitchen. Outside the window, we hear the happy burble of the passing public access crowd, many of whom are by now familiar with the family. They lean in to say hello. Included are a large biker with tattoo, an elderly man to whom Jack gives the sports section of his newspaper, and three plump ladies who admire Sandy's outfit, then bustle away.

JENNIFER

(indicating passing mob)

I never thought I'd miss them.

A beat. The family picks at their food dejectedly.

BOBBY

(upset, shouts)

I don't want to go home. I'm not leaving. I don't care.

He runs out of the house crying.

Jack's face falls.

CUT TO:

Late afternoon. Jack is sitting alone on the deck of Barnacle, disinterestedly sipping a beer. His eyes take in the whole spectrum of the beach life that he and the family are about to lose.

Many of the sailboats practicing for the regatta are now coming in for the day. Among them is Pellet's boat -- the Incisor.

Scully comes up from the kitchen, eagerly carrying a plate.

SCULLY

Hey Jack, try some of this. My new hors d'oeuvre for happy hour.

JACK
(looks askance at
the plate)
What is it?

SCULLY
Sushi!

Close on plate -- it's a potpourri of mangled gooey
fish -- looks like Shamu barfed.

JACK
(repulsed)
Maybe later.

Scully notices Pellet's boat out on the water.

SCULLY
Oh, so there's Pellet -- that
slime bucket! You shouldn't just
have rammed that bastard, you
should have sunk him. That man
has the heart of a tit mouse. You
know he even tried to buy me out
once. Got real tough about it
too. Boy I'd love to see someone
take something from him one day.
He's a squid's dick.

Scully's nose sniffs the air and wrinkles.

SCULLY
Oh no.

JACK
What's the matter?

SCULLY
(running to kitchen)
That crazy Cortez is cooking my
sushi.

Jack resumes watching Pellet's boat as it prepares to
dock.

Then his eyes fix on Scully's raggedy fleet of boats, the
ones Jack has mastered.

Suddenly the Barnacle creeks and sways. Its musty ropes
swing slightly in the breeze.

Jack looks at the mast. His eyes follow it to the top.
The crow's nest sways back and forth across the moon.

Jack looks back again at Scully's little boats, deep in thought.

Suddenly, right here, it all comes together for him. He gets up, gives the steering wheel on deck a tremendous spin, and stalks into the restaurant.

CUT TO:

Inside the restaurant. At the end of the bar Scully leans forward as Jack describes his plan. Scully's eyes widen with amazement.

CUT TO:

Jack, walking on the dock, heading toward the Yachthouse with purpose.

CUT TO:

Inside the Yachthouse.

Jack marches determinedly through the restaurant. The waiter from the other night is lifting two lobsters out of the tank. He spots Jack approaching, and quickly throws them back in the water.

Jack strides across the restaurant toward a large corner table where Pellet is carousing with a bunch of friends. Jack stops and points a finger at Pellet, who sits there dumbfounded.

JACK

Hey Pellet!

The whole place quiets down.

JACK

(continuing)

You took away my vacation. Now I'm going to take something from you!

PELLET

(loud and belligerent)

Yeah. What can you take from me?

JACK

That.

(points to trophy
case with regatta
cups)

This year I'm taking the cup.

A beat -- while this registers on Pellet. He bursts out laughing.

JACK

I hope you're still laughing when
I beat you in that regatta.

Pellet stops laughing.

PELLET

Now listen here you little punk.
Do you actually believe for one
second that you could outsail me?
You couldn't beat my dinghy!!

JACK

You sound pretty sure of yourself,
Pellet. Are you willing to bet on
it?

PELLET

(mockingly)

Sure renter. What do you have to
bet with -- pennies? peanuts?....

(loudly)

Reese's Pieces?

JACK

No. Fifteen hundred dollars.

(holds up check)

Here's the rent check for the
final two weeks. If I lose, you
get the check and we go home. If
I win, I keep the check -- and --
we stay for our last two weeks --
free.

(a beat)

So? Big shot? Is it a bet?

PELLET

(shaking his head)

You know, you're even stupider
than I thought.

Jack is thrilled -- he's got what he came for.

CUT TO:

Outside the house. Through the living room window, Jack can be seen talking to the family. Just like the other night, little Laurie is in her pajamas, sitting on Sandy's lap.

JACK

(enthusiastically)

So, what do you think of my plan?

WIDEN TO REVEAL the shocked faces of Sandy, Jennifer, Bobby, and Laurie; they've just heard the worst idea since the Bay of Pigs.

JENNIFER

(getting up)

Mom, where's my suitcase. I think I'll start packing.

Little Laurie starts to cry.

SANDY

(humoring Jack)

Jack, just suppose there was the slightest possibility that you might actually be able to...

(she can't get the word out)

...win...this race. Haven't you overlooked one thing? You don't even have a boat to sail.

JACK

Yes I do.

SANDY

What?

JACK

(proudly)

The Barnacle!

CUT TO:

The shocked faces of the family. Laurie starts to cry even louder.

CUT TO:

Morning. The Barnacle. A giant Scot with a flowing red mustache is walking the deck, looking over the boat and taking mental notes. He pauses intermittently, taking deep drags from his pipe, and shaking his head sorrowfully.

Behind him, like two hounds following their master on the moor, are Jack and Scully, eager and anxious.

SCULLY

So MacGloughlin, what do you make of my girl here?

MacGloughlin speaks in very thick Scottish accent as he walks along pointing to various decrepit aspects of the boat.

MacGLOUGHLIN

Well, yar gunnels are fraught t' thar pinions, and yar pipswain is wantin' sum crackin'. I na think ya'll crowdy yer dinpins -- but s'no worse than yer deck hoove t'gron.

SCULLY

That's easy for you to say, Angus. But what do we do about it?

MacGLOUGHLIN

Now that's hard to say 'cause yar fastions need a wont of brookin' and ya'll ne'er be gradin' a tow wind with yar barswain.

JACK

(cutting in)

Mr. MacGloughlin, overall, how bad is it?

MacGLOUGHLIN

(thinks it over)

She's a total pig.

SCULLY

(snapping defensively)

Are you trying to tell us she'll never sail?

MacGLOUGHLIN

Now hold your wind little
scullard -- I ne'er said that.
This tub will sail, but it will
take a high heap o' work. And a
good bit of luck, too, to find the
sail she'll need for that big old
mast of hers.

CUT TO:

Midday. Jack and Scully -- two sea rats with beards, hats
and shirtless -- work in the broiling heat, perspiring
heavily as they grunt and sweat, trying to maneuver a
cannon off the ship and onto the dock. With great effort,
they place it next to the other cannon they already
removed. They look pleased with this accomplishment.

At the other end of the boat, Angus, the giant Scot,
carries a cannon in his arms like a bag of groceries.
With little effort, he puts it down next to the other
seven he's already removed.

PAN OUT over the water. In the distance, Don's boat is
leaving for an excursion.

CUT TO:

Don's boat. The kids are all sitting quietly at the
front, lacking their usual verve. Don and Sandy, at the
wheel, are observing Jack and Scully at work on the
distant Barnacle.

SANDY

Poor Jack. I wish there was
something I could do for him.
He's setting himself up for such a
big letdown.

DON

Sure is.

SANDY

I mean, he couldn't possibly win,
could he? Maybe we should be
helping him or something. What do
you think Don -- you know about
boats. Has he got a chance?

DON

Well, let's see. He'll be racing against the best yachtsman in the area by sailing an eighty-year-old fish restaurant.

SANDY

(concerned)

I just haven't been able to reach him -- he's been in his own world.

DON

Sandy, from what you've told me I'm sure Jack's a great guy, but he's got one big problem -- he's a dreamer.

Sandy shakes her head dismayed.

CUT TO:

Sunset. Jack, work-weary, is walking slowly along the beach toward the house, aching and fatigued. As he approaches the deck he spots Jennifer, farther down the beach, sitting alone dejectedly. He stops and gazes at her.

Sandy comes out of house.

SANDY

(taking in his
appearance)

Hard day at the office, Popeye?

She kisses him.

JACK

What's the matter with Jennifer?

SANDY

She's taking it real hard that we're leaving.

Jack turns and looks again at Jennifer -- sitting there.

CUT TO:

Later. Sandy's in the kitchen, drying dishes.

SANDY
 (looking at watch,
 yells upstairs)
 Jennifer, it's almost eight
 o'clock. Are you dressed yet?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
 (shouts)
 Just a second.

She comes down the stairs, looking like a million bucks.

SANDY
 (admiring her daughter)
 Oh, you look gorgeous honey.

JENNIFER
 Thanks Mom, but I hate blind
 dates. I can't believe Daddy did
 this.

SANDY
 He meant well, dear. I'm sure
 he'll be a very nice boy. How bad
 can it be?

Jennifer gives Sandy a skeptical look.

The doorbell RINGS.

JENNIFER
 I'm too nervous. Why don't you
 go.

SANDY
 Go on. Maybe he's cute.

Jennifer takes a deep breath and opens the front door.

Standing there, in leather and streaked pomade hair, and
 eyeliner, is Jack. Totally punk. He looks like a cross
 between Prince and Mel Torme.

SANDY, JENNIFER,
 BOBBY, LAURIE
 (screaming)
 Aaaaahhhhhhh!

Archie charges toward Jack, snapping and growling -- Jack
 looks too threatening for even the cowardly Archie to
 ignore. Sandy, laughing, holds him back.

Jack saunters in.

JACK
(to Jennifer)
Hey girl, let's party.

JENNIFER
(glowing, loving it)
Daddy, you're ridiculous.

JACK
C'mon babe, grab your coat.

JENNIFER
(excited)
Really? Where are we going?

CUT TO:

A frantic, loud punk group, in the middle of a performance. The lead singer writhes on the floor of the stage as sweat pours off his body like a boiled chicken.

CUT TO:

Jennifer -- watching -- having the time of her life.

Close on Jack having the time of his life -- watching Jennifer.

The large room has a neon sign on the wall flashing the name of the club: "Pink's Palace." The place is packed with a full spectrum of screaming punkitude. Jack draws occasional stares from the surrounding crowd.

The performance is hitting a frenzied climax. Jennifer is eating it up.

JENNIFER
(ecstatic, turns to
Jack)
Thank you, Dad.

CUT TO:

An old-fashioned ice cream parlor. At the far end, in a booth, punk Jack and Jennifer can be seen in animated conversation, splitting a huge sundae. They burst out into loud laughter. It carries through the store and attracts additional disapproving stares from the conservative families in the parlor.

CUT TO:

Their table.

JENNIFER

Then the teacher asked the class
does anyone know what happens
after the egg gets fertilized.
And Jason yells out, "Yeah, you
smoke a cigarette!"

They laugh.

JACK

You like school don't you?

JENNIFER

Sometimes.

(a beat)

Hey Dad, how's the boat coming?

JACK

(thrown, covers)

Um..... Okay.

JENNIFER

Just okay? You were so
enthusiastic about it.

Jack hesitates, then respecting their new intimacy,
confides in her.

JACK

Well to tell you the truth, I
might have bitten off more than I
can chew.

JENNIFER

(surprised)

Really?

Jack nods.

JENNIFER

(disappointed for him)

I'm sorry.

JACK

How about another sundae?

Jennifer smiles and nods her head.

CUT TO:

Later. Jennifer and Jack approach, walking along the dark beach, near the water. They pass by and fade into the night -- silent, but together.

CUT TO:

The dock. Noon.

Now the Barnacle has been stripped down to its fighting weight. On the dock are mountains of extraneous equipment and decoration: artwork, lamps, anchors, a piano, plastic fish, french fryers, griddles, stoves, the restaurant's tables and chairs all stacked up, and, finally, at the end of the dock, the bar.

But the bar is not deserted. The familiar gaggle of geezers are still sitting at it, drinking as usual. Scully has not forgotten about his regulars -- they can now get bombed al fresco.

CUT TO:

The Barnacle. Jack is sanding the long decrepit deck. We PULL BACK and discover he's only an eighth of the way finished. Scully comes from below deck.

SCULLY

That was Angus calling. They don't have a big enough sail anywhere around here. He's going to have to drive down to Seaside.

DISSOLVE TO:

Later. Jack is toiling laboriously, still sanding the deck. Nearby, Scully hammers a rope brace.

Jack stops to wipe his brow. He has a look of deep discouragement on his face.

Suddenly, he spots some figures approaching from the end of the dock. He squints through the hazy heat.

They walk into focus..... It's Jennifer, Bobby and Laurie. Jack watches them coming closer. They march up to the boat and look up at him with smiling faces.

JACK

Hi gang. What are you doing here?
Where's Mommy?

BOBBY

She couldn't come. She had to get something in town. But we've made a decision.

JACK

Really? What?

LAURIE

We want to help you Daddy. We want to help you very much.

BOBBY

Yeah Dad, we thought we would give you a hand with the boat. Is is all right?

Jack is stunned. He can hardly say a word.

JACK

Yeah, it sure is all right.

He hoists Laurie onto the boat. Bobby climbs aboard.

And then... Jennifer. Jack looks at her. She meets his glance only for a moment and then looks away with a little smile.

CUT TO:

Jack's face. It tells the whole story.

CUT TO:

Sandy, at a pharmacy counter.

PHARMACIST

Here's the refill on that allergy prescription.

SANDY

Thanks.

She leaves the store.

CUT TO:

Don, waiting outside in his car for her.

DON

Any more stops?

SANDY

(getting into car)

Nope, that was the last one. You know, you didn't have to chauffeur me all over town.

DON

I wanted to.

SANDY

You're a good friend, Don.

A beat.

DON

I came for a reason. You're going to be leaving in a few days and I wanted to give you something.

He hands her a box.

SANDY

(puzzled)

What's this?

DON

Open it and find out.

She tears off the fancy gift wrapping and opens the box. It's a Piaget watch, glittering with diamonds.

SANDY

(stunned)

Don, what's this for?

DON

You lost your watch didn't you?

SANDY

I can't accept this from you.

DON

Don't tell me you were hoping for a Longines.

SANDY

You know what I mean.

DON

Please, I want you to have it. You deserve it more than any woman I've ever met. I don't know how to say this but...I...think...we...

He goes to kiss her.

SANDY

(leaning away)

Please, Don. Don't do anything
that's going to prevent me from
being your friend.

JACK

You mean you wouldn't respect me
in the morning?

SANDY

I might not respect you in five
more minutes.

JACK

(knowing when to
quit)

.....In other words, just good
friends, right?

SANDY

Right.

A beat.

DON

(sincerely)

You know, I've had a great time
with you and the kids.

SANDY

(warmly)

We did too, Don.

CUT TO:

Sandy, on the dock, approaching the Barnacle.

Getting closer, she is amazed at what she sees on the end
of the dock: a bar with a bunch of old codgers sitting at
it, hoisting glasses and singing her song: "I'd Love To
Teach The World To Sing."

Jack is hanging off the side of the Barnacle on a scaf-
folding, painting the side of the ship, and singing into
his paint brush as if it were Mr. Microphone. He keeps
changing his singing style from blues to Irish tenor to
grand opera.

The rest of his choir -- the family -- is happily working on the ship and singing in rounds.

Bobby is up at the top of the mast with Scully, tying ropes. Jennifer is painting the railings, dancing as she does it. Laurie is on Cortez' shoulders, painting a door, but spilling most of it onto his unaware head.

Sandy stands and takes it all in, shaking her head with delight.

BOBBY

(calls out)

Hi Mom.

Sandy waves to him and climbs aboard the ship. Jack turns and gets off the scaffold to greet her.

She gives him a huge, warm kiss.

JACK

What was that for?

SANDY

That's for being a dreamer.

CUT TO:

Later. Sandy is finishing painting the stairway leading up to the aft deck. She is completing the bottom step and admires her work. Without warning, the three kids come racing down from the top, screaming.

SANDY

(shouts)

No, no. Stop. Don't.

But it's too late. They've run down the entire flight -- ruining her work. Before she has a chance to admonish them, she discovers what they've been running from -- Archie, who comes trotting down the stairs covered with paint. He is now a blue dog. They all back away, knowing that at any second, he might "go off."

SANDY

(pleading)

Archie, sit.

Too late. Archie goes into a tremendous shake, splattering everybody like a paint grenade. They all shriek, as they get speckled blue, from head to toe.

CUT TO:

Sunset. A long shot of the boat. The sounds of the family, still working, can be heard, intermingled with occasional laughter.

CUT TO:

Daylight. Jack and Scully vigorously using a two-man saw on a thick plank. They perspire from the hot sun.

JACK

(concerned)

Hey Scully, where's Angus with that sail?

SCULLY

Don't worry. He said he'll comb the entire coast if he has to.

JACK

He'd better hurry. We've only got two days left.

Exhausted, Scully stops sawing.

SCULLY

We're never going to get it down this way.

(half-kidding)

You wouldn't happen to have a power saw, would you?

Jack thinks, then lights up.

CUT TO:

Close on a shrill buzz saw biting ferociously through a deck plank. WIDEN TO REVEAL Jack's neighbor, Ed, has joined the work crew. He's in his glory. Jack looks on approvingly.

CUT TO:

Below deck. Ed's wife Vicki is hammering in boards with Scully.

VICKI

So, you were a sailor, Mr. Scully.

(thinks)

Then you must have good vision --
you've got to in your business --
right?

SCULLY

(proud)

Yup.

VICKI

And you're very observant, I can
tell that. So I'd like to get
your honest opinion of something.

SCULLY

Sure.

VICKI

Are you sure you don't mind?

SCULLY

No, of course not.

She reaches toward her bikini top.

CUT TO:

Scully, running as fast as he can up the steps from below,
with a look of panic on his face.

CUT TO:

Late afternoon, a boat yard. Angus is seen at a distance,
animatedly describing the sail he needs to the proprietor,
who listens and then shakes his head "no."

CUT TO:

Early morning. Pellet's sleek boat is out on the ocean,
practicing. It slices swiftly through the water, as he
barks orders loudly to his crew, and checks his stopwatch.

CUT TO:

Later in the day. The family is happily putting the
finishing touches on the Barnacle, which is near comple-
tion. Bobby is hosing down the shining new deck.

Jennifer and Sandy, paint brushes in hand, are applying some finishing touches to an ornate design they have painted.

Jack comes up from below. He spots the women bent over with their backs to him and can't resist this chance. He quietly takes the hose from Bobby and sprays them. They scream as the cold water hits their rear ends. They retaliate, by throwing buckets of water at him. It escalates into a full-scale water fight, culminating with them cornering Jack and pushing him overboard into the water.

Close on Jack's face laughing happily in the water..... and then --

FADE TO:

Night.....

We move across the dark water toward a shadowy object. Closer.....

It's the Incisor.....moored.....a shark -- lying in wait.

CUT TO:

A champagne cork popping amidst a din of partying voices.

WIDEN TO REVEAL it's being opened at a large table at the Yachthouse Restaurant. All the top yachtsmen are gathered for their pre-regatta dinner. They are wearing their intimidating blue blazers emblazoned with the club emblem.

Pellet and Stan Greene are sitting next to each other. Skip, the club president, is holding up the regatta cup, preparing to make a toast.

HERB

(lifting glass)

Here's to the twenty-fifth
Shorehaven regatta and to our
founder, Admiral Burnbrill. May
the best Sailor win!

They all cheer.

MAN

Hey Al, you gonna make it eight in
a row?

PELLET

(smiling)

Not if you guys can help it.

SKIP

(pointing)

Stan's almost caught up to you the last few years. Maybe this is his year.

They all cheer and yell. "Get him, Stan."

STAN

(quietly)

So, Al, you think I could beat you?

PELLET

(under his breath)

You're welcome to try.

(ominously)

But remember, you just be there if I need you.

STAN

Don't worry Al. Aren't I always?

Pellet and Stan clink their glasses.

CUT TO:

The Barnacle in the darkness. A light is on inside.

In contrast to the raucous Yachthouse, all is quiet.

CUT TO:

Inside the Barnacle.

A pizza sits on a table, still in its box, untouched.

Sitting around are the family, Scully, and Cortez -- all too depressed to eat.

SANDY

Look, we can't give up yet. Angus could walk in any minute with that sail.

JENNIFER

(hopefully)

Scully, where was Angus the last time you spoke to him?

SCULLY

Florida.

The room deflates further.

BOBBY

(totally down)

We might as well give up.

CORTEZ

(compassionately)

You think so?

He slides his hand slowly toward the pizza -- which he's been dying to eat. He takes a piece and starts to eat it shamefully, his eyes darting sheepishly around.

SANDY

(standing up)

I have a toast to make.

She takes a can of coke, pours some into a paper cup and lifts it high.

SANDY

(addressing Scully
and Cortez)

To our new friends -- Scully and
Cortez. And to my best friends

(she turns to family)

.....Jennifer, Bobby, Laurie, and
Jack.... Thank you all -- for the
most wonderful four days of my
life. We've already won.

They stand up a few at a time, overcoming their reluctance, and hold their sodas aloft.

JENNIFER

Cheers.

LITTLE LAURIE

Yeah --

(lifts her glass)

Up our bottoms.

As they all laugh at Laurie's faux pas, the phone RINGS. They freeze. Cortez, who's right next to the phone, picks it up.

CORTEZ
(into phone)
Senor Angus? ... Presento? ... Si
... Si ... caliente pinero
nacimento porantay? ... aha ...
aha... si ... si ...

The others are dying.

CORTEZ
... no ciento todaro nunez somento
... si ... adios.

He hangs up and nods his head, thinking over what he's just heard.

SCULLY
(screams)
Cortez! What did he say?!

CORTEZ
He ees in Virgeenia Beach. He
weel be here in the morning.....
He says hello to everyone --

Scully starts to throttle Cortez.

SCULLY
(screaming)
HAS HE GOT THE SAIL!!!!

CORTEZ
(thinks it over)
.....Jes.

The room explodes with happiness.

Then Jack calls for attention.

JACK
Okay, now listen up. Since it
looks like I'll be sailing
tomorrow, I have an announcement
to make. I've conferred with my
crew here...
(points to Scully
and Cortez)
(MORE)

JACK (Cont'd)
...and by unanimous decision ...
the following sailors have been
added to the Barnacle: Sandra,
Jennifer, Robert and Lauren Chase.

They are shocked.

BOBBY
You mean we're gonna race with
you?

JACK
Yup.

LAURIE
Even me? I'm just a little kid?

JACK
And I'm the Captain. You're
coming. All of you..

They look at each other and as it lands on them, WE --

CUT TO:

The exterior of the Barnacle and hear the loud cheers from
within. The joint is jumping -- it's louder than the
Yachthouse.

CUT TO:

A full moon above the ocean.

CUT TO:

Scully's face -- asleep in his bed.

CUT TO:

Cortez -- asleep in his bed.

CUT TO:

Pellet -- asleep with his mouth hanging open.

CUT TO:

Jack, Sandy and the three children, all in one bed -- but with their eyes wide open.

CUT TO:

Early dawn. The boats sit motionless in the marina. The sun starts coming up.

CUT TO:

A deserted road. A pickup truck races along, kicking up red dust in the early light. Angus is at the wheel. The huge, rolled sail juts out the back.

CUT TO:

The ocean -- mid-morning. A large motor launch sits idling, as its crew hoists a brightly painted buoy over the side, and it plunges into the water. It's the regatta's turning point marker.

CUT TO:

The Barnacle. Jack and the family are nervously pacing -- peering down toward the foot of the dock for Angus to appear.

CUT TO:

The Shorehaven marina -- some of the sleek racing boats are already motoring out to sea.

CUT TO:

The pick-up truck, off the road. Angus is fixing a flat.

CUT TO:

The marina. Many more boats of all shapes and sizes are motoring out: And among them ... The Incisor.

CUT TO:

Main street, bumper-to-bumper with carloads full of arriving spectators.

Angus's truck is caught in the middle of the traffic -- he's frantically blowing his horn to no avail.

CUT TO:

The shoreline. All along the beach, throngs of spectators are setting up their chairs and blankets.

CUT TO:

Main street. Angus's pickup is still stuck in traffic, but without Angus.

CUT TO:

Big Angus, running through the middle of the traffic jam with the huge, rolled up sail flung over his shoulders.

A police car screeches up alongside of him.

BLACK COP

(to Angus)

Hey, Paul Bunyon, where do you think you're going?

ANGUS

(frantic, tries to explain)

I'm tryin' t'clow for a toppin -- but th'bin naught 'een a mon t'be tolin'!

BLACK COP

No shit.

He thinks Angus is on PCP and starts reaching for his nightstick. But just then his partner gets out of the other side of the car -- and we see he has red hair and mustache just like Angus. His face lights up at the sight of a fellow Highlander.

SCOTTISH COP

(to Angus, with warm enthusiasm)

Oh! So you're trowin' t'gaf wi' a swangle, are ya? Well capin' yar bonnie wee pinion!

They embrace.

CUT TO:

The ocean. Many boats are milling about as the crews on board scurry about preparing for the start of the race.

An official's voice comes booming out from one of the launches.

OFFICIAL
(over loudspeaker)
Attention all captains, please
move your boats into starting
positions.

CUT TO:

The Incisor. Pellet, getting ready at his wheel, turns to his crew with a sneer.

PELLET
So the little pecker didn't even
show up.
(coldly)
He just better cough up that
money.

CUT TO:

The police car, with its siren wailing, as it careens along the dock, with the sail bulging out from all windows.

CUT TO:

The Barnacle. The family is sitting on the dock glumly. They are startled as the police car screeches to a halt.

LITTLE LAURIE
(excited)
Look, there's anus!

The cops look at her amazed.

CUT TO:

The mobbed beach. Ed and Vicki are sitting on a blanket. Ed's looking through his binoculars.

VICKI

Why hasn't it started yet?

ED

A fishing trawler got in the way.

VICKI

(excited)

How's the Barnacle look?

ED

(searching with
binoculars)

I still can't find it.

CUT TO:

The fishing trawler passing in front of the sailboats. It gets some jeers and dirty looks from the crews.

CUT TO:

The official launch. The starting official talks to another official who's wearing a radio headset.

OFFICIAL #1

Is that trawler out of the lanes yet?

OFFICIAL #2

(listening to headset)

They just cleared him.

OFFICIAL #1

(calls out to starter)

All right, let's begin. Ready?...

(shouts)

Give them the flag!

Starter reaches for the flag. Suddenly --

OFFICIAL #2

(shouts)

Hold it!

OFFICIAL #1

What's wrong?

Official points into the distance.

OFFICIAL #2

Here comes another boat.
(squinting to see)
It's number twelve -- looks like
they made it.

CUT TO:

Pellet's boat.

PELLET

Jesus christ. What the hell are
they waiting for now?

One of his crew points off in the other direction.

CREWMAN

Look!

Pellet turns to look. His mouth falls open in shock.

CUT TO:

Pellet's POV.

Plunging through the waves coming straight towards him is the prow of a massive sailing ship. Its huge sails shine in the wind. One menacing cannon protrudes from its side. At the top of its mast flies a giant black flag -- the skull and crossbones grinning sardonically in the wind.

On its decks, staunchly manning its lines, are a crew of buccaneers: ranging in height from three and a half feet to six and a half feet -- all wearing a menacing array of eye patches, bandanas, and swords...

With fierce scowls they ride in with a vengeance... on the pirate ship -- BARNACLE!

CUT TO QUICK SHOTS:

Of astonishment -- Pellet, his crew, the other boats, the officials, thousands of spectators -- all getting to their feet for a better glimpse of this astounding dreadnought.

CUT TO:

Jack, wrestling with the wheel of the massive ship as it dips and sways in the powerful wind.

JACK
(panicked, shouts)
Scully, what do I do next?

SCULLY
Just keep it up boy. You'll get
the feel of her.

CUT TO:

A MOVING SHOT, as we pan past boat after boat, all lined
up ready to begin the race.

CUT TO:

Pellet, waiting for the signal with fierce determination
written all over him. He glances over at the boat next to
him. It's Stan Walters'. They give each other a knowing
nod.

CUT TO:

The starting flag. It drops.

CUT TO:

QUICK SHOTS OF various crews in a flurry of activity,
pulling lines.

CUT TO:

QUICK SHOTS OF sails going up and flaring open in the
wind.

CUT TO:

QUICK SHOTS OF prows lunging forward in the water.

The race is on.....

Pellet's Incisor jumps out to an early lead.

The Barnacle, with its bulky size, proves somewhat balky
to handle but with its huge sail manages enough headway to
stay in the middle of the pack.

Jack and his crew shout to each other, flushed with
excitement.

DISSOLVE...

Now, a strong wind catches the Barnacle off guard and pushes it sharply off course -- it's heading toward the beach. As the crew scrambles to straighten it out, Sandy runs over to Jack.

SANDY
(shouting over
the wind)
Jack, why are we heading toward
the beach?

JACK
(straining at the
wheel)
'Cause I'm in the mood for a
Sno-Cone.

Jack rights the boat.

The big sail pushes it with surging force -- this boat can
move.

The Barnacle starts to catch up and pass some of the many
boats in front of it.

SCULLY
(exhilarated)
Yaaaaaaaaa! She can fly, can't
she Jack! And you knew it!

Jack smiles and gives Scully a high five.

SCULLY
Jackie me boy, she's got the
straight away power to run these
bastards down.....
(darkening)
....but the turn, the turn --
she's way too big to make it
tight. So remember, don't give
her too much wind or we'll get
blown to Atlantic City.

DISSOLVE...

The turn. The Incisor is first, and deftly cuts around it
in a tight arc..... Now, having entered the downwind
portion of the race, it unleashes its spinnaker sail, which
flies out with a bang and thrusts the boat forward like a
turbo. It bounds away, stretching its already sizable
lead.....

.....Stan Green's boat -- the Barrister, rounds the turn in second place, whipping its spinaker open.....

.....The Barnacle, with its massive momentum, charges in to take the turn.

At the key moment, Jack signals to Angus and Cortez to slightly slacken the sail. But a gust of wind hits it and they lose control. The boom swings wildly and the boat spins out forty-five degrees. Jack strains to control it.

LAURIE

(comes up from below)

Daddy, I have to pee.

DISSOLVE...

Below deck, in the head, while the boat still flounders and lurches, Sandy helps Laurie while trying to keep her balance. Suddenly, through the porthole, she spots Bobby, out over the water, hanging onto the boom. She gasps at the sight.

On deck, the four men are straining with all their might to pull in the boom, from which Bobby dangles perilously. In the midst of this, Angus and Cortez are arguing -- blaming each other for this snafu.

ANGUS

Yar a freggin' harse's behohar ya schmuckface!

CORTEZ

Carramba proiento, shitbreath!

As Jack strains inch by inch to pull Bobby in, the "Ten" family, wearing matching sailing outfits, sail smoothly past in a tight turn.....with smiles of contentment on their faces.

DISSOLVE...

The Barnacle is finally completing the turn.

Jack's face is full of anxiety, watching the boats far in front of him with their spinakers already cut -- stretching their lead even more.

Scully is anxious too....

SCULLY

(shouts)

Now Jack?? Now??

Jack puts his hand out to feel the wind.

JACK

(shouts back)

Hold on Scully -- the wind's not directly behind us yet.

SCULLY

But they're losin' us. They're losin' us.

JACK

Stay cool Scully. Not yet.

Jack waits for his moment... It comes -- he releases his spinnaker. It explodes open and the boat lunges with an instant burst of acceleration. The whiplash knocks Scully and Cortez off their feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Barnacle, now racing along at great speed. Jack exults as his ship passes many others with great ease. He shouts to Scully, who's peering ahead through a long brass telescope.

JACK

(exuberantly)

Now we're doin' it, Scully! --
How far are we from Pellet?

Scully, looking ahead, purses his lips and shakes his head, then folds his telescope and makes his way back to Jack.

SCULLY

(to Jack, quietly)

Jack you're doin' great. But we won't catch Pellet. He's half a mile up and we're not closing fast enough.

Jack is rocked, sensing it all slipping away.

JACK

Scully, we've got to do something.

Scully puts his hand on Jack's shoulder.

SCULLY

We've done everything we can. You're sailing her beautifully boy, but she just hasn't got anything more to give us.

Jack senses Scully's certainty and at this moment knows it's all over. There is a long pause. Then, they give each other a smile that says -- "We tried."

At this moment, Bobby yells happily from the front of the boat as they pass another ship.

BOBBY

Boy, we're doing great, huh Dad?

JACK

(faking it)

Yeah Bobby. We sure are.

Scully, frustrated, slams his hook into the railing, imbedding it two inches into the wood. He curses and tries to pry it loose -- but he can't. He puts one foot on the wall for leverage and pulls with all his might, but the old railing gives way, and a seven foot section cracks loose, still attached to his hook. He now has a four-hundred pound piece of the Barnacle hanging on his arm.

Cortez rushes over to help, munching a huge sandwich.

SCULLY

(spotting the sandwich,
screams, shocked)

What the hell is that!

CORTEZ

Scrod.

SCULLY

Where did you get it?!

CORTEZ

From thee keetchen.

SCULLY

(thunderstruck)

There's food on board!!!!???

CORTEZ

Jes... ju hungry?

SCULLY

(roars)

Didn't I tell you to dump all the provisions????!!!?

CORTEZ

(humbled)

Oh..... Madre mia.... I forgot.
I promise to do it right after the
race.

Scully puts his hand behind Cortez's neck and pulls
Cortez's face right up to his own. Cortez is petrified,
near tears.....

Scully gives Cortez a big wet kiss.

SCULLY

(turns, shouts
optimistically)

Angus, Jack, quick -- let's get
below! We've got eighteen hundred
pounds of ballast slowing us up --
in the kitchen!

DISSOLVE TO:

QUICK CUTS:

The crew racing up and down from the kitchen getting all
the food and dumping it overboard.

Sacks of potatoes, sacks of flour, boxes and boxes of
Mrs. Paul's, crates of oranges, and armloads of hamburger
patties.....all go plunging into the ocean...

As the boat picks up speed, in its wake it leaves a
three-quarter-of-a-mile food slick.

DISSOLVE TO:

The prow of the Barnacle ripping furiously through the
water. On board, spirits are high as they zip past boat
after boat.

Now they fly past the "Ten" family's boat. A giant wave
from their powerful wake rolls over the side of the "Ten"
family's boat, half swamping it and soaking them. Our
final glimpse of the "Ten" family is of them bailing
furiously, bedraggled, and screaming at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

The shoreline. Excitement is mounting as Pellet's boat
passes a marker indicating the final two miles of the
race, with Stan's boat only a short distance behind.

All along the beach the crowds get to their feet and surge to the water line for a better view of the final stretch.

At this point the food slick is coming in on the tide. Food swirls in the rolling breakers. As they slam onto the shore, projectiles of soggy chopped meat fly into the crowds.

CUT TO:

The Incisor. Pellet, sensing victory, grins from ear to ear. He turns to check out Stan, who's trying to close the gap in vain, and he throws back his head and laughs.

It's cut short by what he suddenly sees..... The pirate ship..... distant..... but closing fast.

CUT TO:

The Barnacle. Scully jumps up and down, screaming.

SCULLY

(pointing)

There he is, mateys! There's the scurvy bastard!

They all cheer.

CUT TO:

The shore. The crowd goes into a mighty cheer as the Barnacle comes into view, giving chase.

CUT BACK TO:

The Barnacle. They are all loudly singing a rollicking pirate song as they now close in on the second place boat -- Stan Greene's Barrister.

CUT TO:

Pellet, frantic -- he sees doom coming. He grabs his megaphone, waves to Stan to get his attention, then bellows out.....

PELLET

Stan! Stan! Cut his wind! Cut his wind!!!

Stan waves back, acknowledging this order.

CUT TO:

The Barnacle. They suddenly see Stan's boat cut over into their path.

JACK

What the hell's he doing?

SCULLY

That vermin, he's going to cut our wind. He must be working with Pellet.

JACK

I'll pass right by him.

SCULLY

No! That's just what he wants! Swing wide! Don't get too close or his sail will take all the wind out of ours!

Jack determinedly arcs to the left, trying for a wide berth around the Barrister. But Stan Green is skillful enough to mimic Jack's maneuver exactly, forcing Jack to pass too close -- almost touching.

SCULLY

(hysterical)

Pull wider!! Pull wider!! He's going to cut our wind!!

JACK

I can't!

Jack's sail is now starting to come adjacent to the Barrister's sail. In another ten seconds, it's going to lose its wind. Jack, Angus and Scully all look on horrified as the sails move closer.

Scully suddenly shouts --

SCULLY

Angus! Cortez! Get ready to follow me!

Scully runs to the cannon and slams the firing level down..... BAVOOOM!!

The cannon blasts and envelopes the Barrister in a cloud of sooty black smoke.

SCULLY

Let's go boys!

Scully, Cortez and Angus leap from the Barnacle onto the Barrister.

SCULLY

Cortez, give me your knife, I'm going to cut their sail!

The crew of the Barrister starts scuffling with them as they try to fight their way toward the mast. Angus throws guys aside like cabbage patch dolls. Scully cuts the line and the Barrister's sail goes slack.

The Barrister immediately slows and the Barnacle moves swiftly past.

Scully, Angus and Cortez race toward the front of the Barrister, trying for a leap back onto the Barnacle. But it's too late -- they're left watching it sail away.

SANDY

(screams)

Jack! Jack! We've lost our crew!
Turn around!

Jack looks ahead at Pellet. Then he looks back at his crew, helplessly stranded on the fading Barrister. Then once again turns to look at Pellet.

SANDY

(shouts)

Jack, what are you waiting for --
we've got to turn!

Jack turns and looks into her eyes with quiet calmness.

JACK

No, Sandy -- we've got to win...

Jack starts barking instructions to his family....

They're terrified at first -- but he quickly calms them with tasks that can keep the boat at speed.

Pellet's agitation grows -- turning to rage -- as he watches Jack coming closer and closer.....relentlessly.

Finally, Pellet -- barking orders furiously and swinging his wheel frantically -- is caught.....

CUT TO:

PELLET'S POV: The entire family is mooning him.

CUT TO:

Pellet's face.

CUT TO:

The Barnacle -- sailing away....

MUSIC SWELLS UP

The final minute of the race -- it's all Jack surging toward victory -- widening his lead more and more.

The family all watch him, entranced by his swift, sure movements.

Finally, Sandy looks over and sees him standing tall at the wheel -- the sun and wind in his hair -- his eyes shining -- a man that even she had never quite dreamed he was.

And the boat crosses the line.....

CUT TO:

A newspaper picture of Jack, the family, Scully, Cortez and Angus receiving the regatta trophy.

WIDEN TO REVEAL it's in a frame on a wall.

WIDEN FURTHER TO REVEAL it's in Jack's bedroom in Philadelphia.

CUT TO:

Jack -- he sleeps as soundly as the city.

CUT TO:

Al Pellet -- his eyes wide open -- staring vacantly at the ceiling.

THE END