

SEASON'S CATCH

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. MARINA. WINTERPORT, MAINE. MIDMORNING. 1

Seagulls squawk and swarm above a fishing trawler as it putts it's way back through the harbor on a crisp, sunny, winter day. Men in bright yellow slickers battle mountains of cod that overflow from the fish holds on deck.

Like a finely oiled machine, the crew uncoils ropes encrusted in salt stains, as they move through choreographed motions that they've performed hundreds of times before. After a week at sea, finally they're almost home, and it's almost Christmas.

2 INT. THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS HOME. NIGHT. 2

A Douglas Fur is impeccably decorated - not a bristle out of place. A fire gently cackles. Mulled wine is poured with a SIZZLE over "The Christmas Song" as we pan through a spotless, modern kitchen.

Just as we begin to suspect that nothing has ever been cooked on this stove top, a scratch-less pan is placed on the fire and drizzled, carefully, with no more than a spoonful of olive oil.

Seasoned hands score the skin of a cod filet. It's delicately dusted with flakes of salt and thyme flowers, before being drizzled with just a dash more oil - I won't tell, if you won't.

3 EXT. MARINA. WINTERPORT, MAINE. MIDMORNING. 3

As the calm crew casually prepares to dock, we begin to realize that this clunky trawler is intended to fit in that narrow slip. It gets small fast and just like the helm, we begin to sweat...

But that's when we notice her. The very thing that makes The Guppy different from all the other fishing vessels in Winterport. Behind the wheel is none other than CAL (30s), her messy braids are the only thing out of control in her life.

4 INT. THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS HOME. NIGHT. 4

As the sauce pan starts to smoke, the fish is placed into the center of the teflon by JACK (30s).

While it's true that he's just as posh as his cooking suggests, he's also got a mischievous side that rarely makes it to the plate but often sneaks that extra sprinkle of salt on the stove top.

Using the patience and precision of a pro, he presses his fingers into the fish, searing the skin.

5 EXT. DOCKS. WINTERPORT, MAINE. MIDMORNING.

5

Speaking of pros, seated beside Cal is, GEORGE (70s) he's as salty they come and he never lets her see his hands shake. But here, now, they're in a stand off. The Guppy vs. The Dock. Cal's coming in hot, there's no doubt about it... this is the ultimate game of chicken.

And George can't help but sneak a several-second sip from his mug. If that's coffee in there, it's strongest brew I've ever smelt. Taking a swig is the only way to silence his urge to side seat drive. "Watch that approach, neutral. Wheel to port. Neutral, neutral, reverse! REVERSE!"

His eyes pin, scared to blink. Yet as she hones in on her target Cal's calm, cool, collected. Like an expert marksman. She lightly grips the throttles, delicately dancing them in and out of gear. Breathing silently, methodically. Clicking the port side into reverse for just a moment...

Before The Guppy gracefully slides into its end slip, pivoting easily on the water as if it wasn't fighting even an ounce of current, or the slightest gust of wind. The crew tosses carefree lines round cleats, and in an instant the pressure is lifted. The boat is safely in harbor, and we never doubted her for a second.

GEORGE

Look at you kiddo. Finally.

They're back, and now, he can exhale.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But, I guess I should be callin' you Captain, now? Shouldn't I?

Captain?

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And just in time these old bones are creaking more than this ol' boat everyday.

After struggling to climb out of his chair, he squeezes Cal's shoulder. She sits and stares. Captain? Her? Finally.

6

INT. THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS HOME. NIGHT.

6

JACK

The only thing more magical than Christmas, is getting a nice, crispy sear on a perfectly cooked piece of fish.

Then, to camera -

JACK (CONT'D)

The key is to relax and let it sizzle. Put those happy hands to work pouring yourself another glass of mulled wine and let the pan do it all. Then, we flip it once, and...

The filet is scooped by a fish slice and delicately placed on a bed of fennel floating in clear consommé.

JACK (CONT'D)

There it is. So go on and worry about what stocking stuffers you're getting him. This is that last bit of magic you need for your feast of seven fishes. I guarantee if you follow these recipes you'll get your Christmas menu on the nice list. And I do mean your mother-in-law's.

He slurps a bit of broth...

JACK (CONT'D)

Mmm. And at only 30 calories, this tomato water is that little something extra to smile about this season. But now, there's just one thing left in our holiday survival guide, and that's to wish you a Merry, magical Christmas, from all of us here at Jack's Kitchen. We'll see you in the New Year.

He dives into a delicate fork-full of fish and -

DIRECTOR

And cut! That's a wrap everyone, We'll see you next year.

YUCK. SPIT. Jack folds the bite into a napkin. Cueing, ALANA (30s). Now she has no choice but to strut her Louboutins on set. They perfectly match her red, plastic, lips.

ALANA

Babe! That looks sooo good!

She dips the fork in and takes an exaggerated bite. It's the first piece of food she's had today, and the fresh sparkle off her engagement ring tells us why.

ALANA (CONT'D)

Oh my God! YUMMY!

Then, with a mouth now half-empty and a firm whisper.

ALANA (CONT'D)

If you keep spitting your food out in front of the crew rumors are going to spread that the only reason your diet food makes you the "skinny chef" is because you can't keep it down.

As the set's being struck, Jack grabs her hand. He gently pulls her through the stage. He's gotta get outta here.

JACK

Babe, I don't *always* spit out my food, I just hate fish. I wanted to top the fennel with grilled calamari but network thought squid would be alienating. Wait, you liked it? You never like my cooking...

He picks their coats up off two director's chairs. As they pull them on, Jack glances down at an empty home screen. Nothing new. He pockets his phone and straightens his lapel.

ALANA

It wasn't for me...

JACK

You little liar!

He laces his fingers between hers. Holding for moment before they're back on the move.

ALANA

Shhh! Jack! Keep it down. We're going to be married in a little over a week. You'll have forever to call me out for lying about how much I love your food. But right now, you're a celebrity, and we're in public.

(MORE)

ALANA (CONT'D)

You have to start acting like everyone is always watching you, because they are. And I worked for these thighs. I won't stand for anyone saying that I didn't.

He waves to the crew that they pass during their escape.

JACK

Speaking of our very sparkly, Christmas Eve wedding -

HOLD UP. She stops, dead. Just before the door that leads back into the real world. They're soooo close.

ALANA

It's disco themed. If you keep saying "sparkly" people will think it's Winter Wonderland. It's disco.

JACK

Well, I know that there's lots to do, but I did promise my mom that we'd come by tonight, for her Pre-Christmas Christmas.

ALANA

I thought the perk of having a Christmas Eve wedding was skipping the holiday.

Jack knots his scarf round his neck.

JACK

You've met my mom, right? Did you really think that was gonna happen?

Big breath.

7 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET. DAY.

7

He pushes through the revolving door into the busy world of New York City. Yellow cabs beep and sidewalks steam. In the hustle bustle, you'd think they'd slide away, undetected. But, paparazzi flood in from all sides. They're surrounded.

PAPARAZZI

Chef Jack, are you looking forward to the big day?

Jack pops his collar and keeps his head down. He walks straight to his town car as the door's opened for him.

## PAPARAZZI 2

Alana, Alana, can you give us any hints on the dress?

Alana shines in the lights of the camera flashes. What can I say, opposites attract... right?

## ALANA

I'll tell you this - there'll be bling and LOTS of it.

She bites her lip as if to say, that's all you're getting, but everyone knows if they kept prying she'd give it all away. Yet by some miracle, she resists, and silently slides into the sedan beside Jack.

8 INT. TOWN CAR. JUST AFTER.

8

## ALANA

Babe! If you want them to stay interested, you have to give them just a little something.

Jack leans his head against the street side window. He closes his eyes for just a moment, as if it were the only way to catch his breath.

9 EXT. DOCKS. WINTERPORT, MAINE. LATE AFTERNOON.

9

George sits on the docks in a collapsible lawn chair beside a cooler that hardly seems necessary in these temps. He fiddles with a card-stock disco-ball. He spins it round and round. We check the RSVP box... still blank. Aboard the boat, ED (late 40s) coils Christmas lights.

## GEORGE

Ever heard of a "disco" wedding Ed?  
On Christmas Eve no less?

Squeak, squeak - their attention's been caught. It's the unmistakable sound of fishing slickers on the move.

## GEORGE (CONT'D)

You best stow those before Cal sees.

## ED

I could say the same to you, sir.

## CAL (O.S.)

Before I see what?

Cal trots her sea legs towards the boat.

ED  
Nothing Captain.

Captain. That has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?

CAL  
You better not have fireworks on my  
boat Ed.

GEORGE  
No. He's got fireworks on *my* boat.

CAL  
Sorry sir. I just, I worry.

GEORGE  
Oh Cal, come on. That's why we keep  
you around.

CAL  
Really? I thought it was because  
I'm the best.

GEORGE  
No dummy. That's why I hired you.  
Keep you around to worry about us.

Cal tries to shrug off the sentiment, but it sticks.

CAL  
We really loaded the boat this  
round.

GEORGE  
Fish or fireworks?

CAL  
I know it's technically still your  
boat, but we are skipping the  
fireworks. Harbor Patrol was real  
spicy -

GEORGE  
Am I mistaken Ed? Or was it Cal,  
who told me to change our 4th of  
July Bonanza to a Christmas  
Spectacular?

Ed grunts. He's not picking sides, but he's definitely  
lighting firecrackers off tonight.



CAL  
Fireworks aren't even Christmassy!

GEORGE  
They are when they're Santa shaped!  
Now stop being such a worry wort  
and get over here and hand me  
another brewski. While you're at,  
hand yourself one too.

10 INT. JACK'S SKYRISE APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON. 10

Standing by the elevator, Jack calls out into his cold, empty apartment. From the right angle, I'd bet you'd hear an echo.

JACK  
Babe? You almost ready?

ALANA (O.S.)  
I just - I'll meet you there.

No argument here. She always takes FOR-EV-ER. Jack presses the up button and - DING! The elevator instantly arrives.

11 INT. ELEVATOR. JACK'S SKYRISE APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON. 11

Inside, Jack pokes floor 23. The elevator screen ticks from 22 to 23. One floor. That's it. That's all it takes.

12 INT. NANCY'S SKYRISE APARTMENT. 20 SECONDS LATER. 12

From the moment the doors gently part, Jack's immersed in a full Winter Wonderland. Glitter sparkles on every inch, as if it's been sprinkled by a snowfall. Suddenly we understand Alana harping on the word "disco".

JACK  
Mom? MOM! Let's get this oven pre-heateddddddd -

As we walk into the kitchen, platters are strewn across the counters. The pre-Christmas, Christmas isn't just under way, it's getting the final seasonings from NANCY (60s) sweeter than sugar, but wound tighter than Jack is around her finger.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Mom, you, you did everything?

NANCY

I know! I even took a crack at your famous cranberry sauce, but instead of cranberries I used strawberries.

JACK

Aren't cranberries the point of cranberry sauce?

Speaking of point, he dips his pointer into the bowl.

NANCY

We have spoons for that!

She swats Jack's hand out of his mouth.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oh, give me a hug.

It's like she's fragile, like a bomb.

JACK

If you were going to make me attend the pre-Christmas Christmas, the least you could've done was let me cook for you.

NANCY

Honey, you cook all day, everyday. Besides, I owe you. Cynthia called. She just watched the episode of Jack's Kitchen, where you make your non-fat nog. She practically lost her mind when she realized her daughter's been buying store-bought all these years!! Showed her.

JACK

Ahh, that's the Christmas Spirit.

NANCY

And what would you know about Christmas spirit? I seem to recall someone planning a certain wedding on a certain date. I'm not saying when, or who but...

Ding! Then, the, clank, clank, clank of Alana's heels.

NANCY (CONT'D)

There's my new daughter-in-law!!

ALANA

Nancy!

Muah, muah. Let the pecking begin.

NANCY

Have you changed your mind about having a Christmas Eve Disco yet?

ALANA

You mean our Disco Eve? Why would we do that? It's not like we're skipping Christmas. We're just celebrating early. Today. Here, with you.

NANCY

Well, there's a grinch in every family. What can you do? We still love you. Or, at least we try.

JACK

MOM!

13

EXT. THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS HOME. DAY.

13

A Santa-hat-wearing Jack tongs at a charcoal grill.

JACK

(to camera)

Now I know that grills go with Christmas like snowmen go with chestnuts on an open fire, but trust me, once you taste the magic of fire roasted Brussel sprouts...

Zoom out to see -

14

EXT. DOCKS. WINTERPORT, MAINE. LATER.

14

Jack's grilling on a small TV, balanced precariously on the rail of The Guppy. Beside his own charcoal grill, George mirrors the motions, building a briquet pyramid.

CAL

How those turkey sausages comin'?

You mean those, the ones still in the package...

GEORGE

They'd be better if they were pork.

That, too.

CAL  
What? You don't have high  
cholesterol?

GEORGE  
You can't rush perfection kiddo.  
Ain't you learn anything from  
watching Jack's Kitchen?

Cal glances at the TV. She skips a beat.

CAL  
Put a move on it. Guys'll be back  
soon.

GEORGE  
Just cause I made you the Captain  
of the Guppy don't mean I made you  
Captain of the grill. Shit you burn  
cereal.

Smh. Leave it to George.

CAL  
Ed and I are pullin' the  
transmission. Holler if you need  
me.

GEORGE  
I need you!

CAL  
You do not!

GEORGE  
I know. But half the fun is making  
you do this with me. Now get over  
here and hand me another beer.  
While you're at it, hand yourself  
one too.

15 EXT. DOCKS. WINTERPORT, MAINE. NIGHT.

15

The crew gathers round with their half-eaten turkey hot dogs  
and half-drunk cans of beer.

GEORGE  
Now, before we start blowin' shit  
up, we got one final piece of  
business. Cal? Everyone here knows  
that I ain't really run The Guppy  
for years.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But this trip, you proved just how useless I really am. I mean have I ever brought y'all back with fish holds that full? And I know what yer thinkin' and yes, it's true. This may just be our first, and our last Christmas Spectacular, because word on the street is that our new Captain's a hard ass who don't much like fireworks on her boat. Hell, she runs a tight ship. And I can't think of anyone who deserves to more. To Captain Cal!

ALL

Captain Cal!

GEORGE

Now, let's light off these dam firecrackers while I still got some say in the matter! Ed!

The crew oos and aws, as Ed lights off snowman after candy cane, after Santa shaped firework. Some hold their kids on their shoulders, other's hold hands with their wives. Cal holds a fire extinguisher.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Get over here Kiddo...

CAL

I'm too scared.

GEORGE

Get over here.

She gets.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You're the Captain now. They can't ever see you sweat. So sit yer ass down and enjoy these dam firecrackers. If somethin' happens, good view will help as much as anythin'.

EYE ROLL. But she can't resist. She plops on the dock beside his lawn-chair. Firecrackers screech. She covers her eyes. He pops the top of a cold one and nudges it at her. Take it?

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you Kiddo.

She recoils, and waits for the zinger, but he's... sincere?

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I mean it. You've been like a daughter to me. Shit, you've been better. I'm honored you're the captain of my boat.

CAL

I'm honored too.

Cheers. Cal leans her head against his arm rest. As the fireworks crack, George gently closes his eyes.

16

INT. NANCY'S SKYRISE APARTMENT. NIGHT.

16

SALUT! Three glasses of red are raised atop a crumb-covered table.

JACK

To you mom. For making sure we celebrate Christmas...

Crickets. Crickets. No but actually, crickets.

JACK (CONT'D)

What is that?

Nancy pulls out her phone.

NANCY

Sorry darling, it's supposed to be calming. I'm sure Martha just saw the fire roasted Brussel sprout episode. Give me just one -

DON'T YOU DARE NANCY - ooo she did it. She answered it.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Hello. Yes this is she. Well, I haven't been married to George Callaghan for 28 years. But who's counting? Oh. Oh no. Is... I see.

She hangs up and regurgitates the information.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Your father's just had a heart attack...

JACK

Is he alright?

Nancy swallows. She shakes her head. No.

17 INT. PICK UP TRUCK. PARKING LOT. WINTERPORT, MAINE. NIGHT. 17

Cal sits, hugging her knees, shotgun in the pick up. Ed opens the cab door and gets in. He says something to her but we can't hear it. All we see is the back of his head as we watch Cal's face. It's expressionless, until...

She unhinges. She kicks the dash, screams and sobs tearlessly. It's deafening, the silence of a heart breaking. Ed tries to hold her pieces together. But no matter how tightly he squeezes, she's imploding.

18 INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT. 18

A silver tea infuser bounces in a chalky, teal mug.

NANCY

Memorial should be nice. At least it's not on a boat. I always assumed George would want to be... well...

Alana carries the camomile over to Jack. He stares blankly.

ALANA

How long will you be in Winterport for? The wedding's in 8 days.

JACK

You're coming with us, right?

Ummm... seriously?

JACK (CONT'D)

My dad just died.

ALANA

Ya, but, it's not like you were... "close". Of course. Of course I'll be there.

19 INT. CAR. FOREST ROAD. THE NEXT DAY. EARLY AFTERNOON. 19

For a family en-route to a funeral, we'd think the car'd be more somber. In the backseat, Alana's acrylics tap her iPad, she won't waste a minute more than she has to on this, "inconvenience."

ALANA

Well at least we don't have to worry about your dad's RSVP any more. That takes a lot of question marks off the seating chart.

Jack's ears begin to ring.

NANCY

Yes, where are we with that? I was hoping that Mrs. Mayfarer would move to table 11.

ALANA

How many times do I have to tell you Nancy? Table 11 is for press, only.

NANCY

Oh, so the *press* is more important than your neighbor...

As the two hens cluck, the ringing intensifies. Jack's vision tunnels. It's as if everything in the world falls away, except for the Evergreen-lined highway. He's alone. Brutally, relentlessly, drowning in that high-pitched squeal.

ALANA

Jack. Jack! JACK!!!

What?

ALANA (CONT'D)

You missed the exit.

U-IE!

20

EXT. WINTERPORT, MAINE. JUST AFTER.

20

Jack flips a bitch. As the car pulls off, we're welcomed to Winterport by the roadside sign. We cruise along the coast. At the sight of boats in the marina, Jack flinches. Reflex.

ALANA

Turn here, on Main Street.

They hang a left into the heart of Winterport. Unlit string lights dangle between the telephone poles wrapped in garland. Trees are tied on car rooftops with twine, as bundled children sip hot coco. Santas ring bells on street corners, and snow gently blankets the rooftops like frosting.



NANCY

When was the last time we were here Jack? It's had to have been almost 20 years. And still, it's exactly as I remember it.

JACK

Ugh, we're gonna be late.

21

INT. FUNERAL HALL. WINTERPORT, MAINE. AFTERNOON.

21

The funeral hall may be decked, but it's filled with a sea of black. Jack, Alana and Nancy click in, fashionably late, to their reserved front row. All eyes glue to them, except for Cal's - hers stick to her sneakers.

PASTOR

Dearly beloved -

As he drones on, Ed whispers to her from the row behind.

ED

Sara wants me to tell you the dress looks good.

The "dress" is a little black one, more fun than funeral.

Next to Ed, his very pregnant wife, SARA (30s) flashes her a double thumbs up complimented by a sympathetic smile.

CAL

(whispers back)

The dress looks like a shirt.

ED

It's better than what you showed up to the house in. Black's not black when it's bleach stained, Cal.

PASTOR

The sum of a life -

Nancy eyeballs Cal. She whispers her notes to Jack.

NANCY

It seems like your father had no trouble moving on. It's only been 28 years...

JACK

How do you know he was seeing someone?

NANCY

Who else would show up in a dress like THAT? to a funeral!

PASTOR

And now we would like to invite Caroline up to speak.

Cal gets up, tugging down Sara's shirt. I mean dress. Nancy kicks Jack. Told you so.

ALANA

(whispering to Jack)  
Did they have to make it so Christmassy in here? It's creepy.

JACK

It's Winterport. Everything's Christmassy.

ALANA

Do we have to stay for like the whole thing?

JACK

If by "thing" you mean my dad's funeral, then yes.

CAL

You know I'm not one for words and you all know how much George meant to me. He meant so much that Sara convinced me to - dress my best.

Cal toes her sneaker into the ground. Sara beams, unaware that club cocktail dresses have their own place and time.

CAL (CONT'D)

I know George always joked about goin' down with his ship or ahh, it being a shark attack that'd do him in... but uh I have to say, being there with his crew, sippin' on a few cold ones, under the fireworks... it was so perfect, peaceful and uneventful, that I, I almost can't believe that's how George left us. Everything was a story for him. God knows he loved telling stories. Over and over.

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

And when I'd listen I'd wish something, anything would save me from hearing about how that marlin almost got away for the hundred and twelfth time, but now, now I'm praying that I can remember each word. Because I'll never get to hear him tell it again.

Cal breathes a heavy breath, it's echoed throughout the hall. She's careful to not shed a single tear. After all, a Captain must be strong for her crew.

CAL (CONT'D)

And I know I'll never be able to tell it as good. So I guess all we can do, is keep living our own stories, so that when we do see George on the other side, we've got something good to say.

Heartbreaks ripple through the crowd. Cal steps out from the cover of the podium. She looks up, and that's when she sees it. Him. George. Standing in the back. He smiles at her, as if to say, "you did good."

She freezes. It looks like she's just seen a ghost, because... well, she has... or at least she thinks she has.

She blinks away the trick. He's not really there. He's in that urn, to her left. She's just still in denial. Phase 1.

The whole room stares at her, but Jack's the only one who can actually see her. A deer in headlights. Some how she catches his gaze. Or maybe, just maybe she's caught in it. Like it's gravitational, a force of nature.

He nods at her. Yes you can.

And she gulps down the courage to move her feet again.

NANCY

(to Jack)

I hated that Marlin story.

22 INT. FUNERAL HALL. WINTERPORT, MAINE. AFTER THE SERVICE. 22

As the service dwindles, Cal clocks Jack. She's got him in her sights. They're being drawn to each other, like two objects in orbit. But before they can collide, Cal's surrounded by flocks of mourners. All itching to pay her their respects. And she - makes a break for it.

Side door. 11 O'clock. She swings it out, into the light.

For a moment, Jack, considers going after her. That is until HUBERT (50s) Winterport's only lawyer, interrupts.

HUBERT  
My condolences, my condolences.

JACK  
Thank you.

HUBERT  
You must be George's son, Jack. I'm Hubert Hopper the executor of your father's estate. We're set to review the conditions tomorrow morning in the marina. Does 8am work for you?

JACK  
No.

HUBERT  
Oh. Um, 9?

Seriously...??? Uhhh...

HUBERT (CONT'D)  
Excellent! 9 sharp.

Hubert skips out. The lawyer of few words.

ALANA  
Isn't it weird that not one other person recognized you?

JACK  
I mean I didn't know the man.

ALANA  
No I mean from your show.

JACK  
Crusty fisherman aren't exactly my demographic.

24 EXT. DOCKS. WINTERPORT, MAINE. DECEMBER 18TH. 9AM SHARP. 24

Sea gulls squawk. Jack takes a sharp breath. How is he going to stomach being here? Only one way to move, forward. He pulls himself together and marches down that gangway. Nancy follows. Alana wobbles behind in her heels.

In the background, a dock worker hangs garland. It's a brutal reminder that Christmas is just around the corner.

NANCY

I've always hated boats. Your father is the reason why.

Hubert paces in a Christmas sweater.

JACK

Bit early?

HUBERT

9 sharp!

No. For that green thing hugging your body.

HUBERT (CONT'D)

Ah, this. Well I've got 25 of them. Didn't get to wear yesterday's on account of, well not really appropriate to wear the Grinch to a funeral. So I'm making up for it with two today. You should see the one I'm wearing to dinner tonight. It's got Rudolph on ice skates.

JACK

You actually thought that was appropriate for an estate hearing?

HUBERT

Depends on the hearing. We just need Captain Cal and we can begin.

JACK

Captain who?

Then, like he's calling her -

HUBERT

Captain Cal!

Ed pops his head up from below deck. Groundhog style.

HUBERT (CONT'D)

We're ready.

Jack extends his hand. The first olive branch, if you will.

JACK

Pleasure to meet you Captain Cal. Jack, George's son.

ED  
Oh, I'm not... I'm Ed.

JACK  
Then who is -

From beneath a shroud of clanks, Cal appears on deck. Jack's jaw drops, he's realizes that this is club-dress "Caroline".

CAL  
Let's get this over with.

JACK  
This is ridiculous, my father didn't actually leave anything to this, to this...

CAL  
To this what?

JACK  
Stranger.

CAL  
Who you calling stranger, stranger?

HUBERT  
Let's get started shall we. Your father wrote a letter. Ehhmm.

He clears his throat, but it doesn't clear the tension.

HUBERT (CONT'D)  
(he reads...)  
Though I haven't done my best in this life, I think in death, I've got a pretty good idea of what I can do to set a few things right. But I'd like to start with what I want.

As Hubert reads George's words, Cal gently closes her eyes. She hears George's voice. And just for a moment, it's like he's there, talking to her. It's like he's not really gone.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
I want my ashes scattered in the middle of the longest night of the year. Yehup, you heard me, Winter Solstice. For me, every time I thought life couldn't get any harder, that's when day always seemed to break.  
(MORE)

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So if you lay me to rest on this dark night, you'll know that only brighter horizons lie ahead, and every time things get heavy for ya, you'll think of me and remember that rough waters always lead to calm seas.

Cal flips her sunglasses down. And inhales, painfully.

GEORGE (V.O.)

As for where, well I don't to care too much except that I want it to be on my dam boat. It's gotta be at least 12 miles offshore, and don't you dare give Hubert those eyes Cal, be grateful I'm not makin' you go the full 200. There ain't no way I'm gonna be laid to rest in some sea controlled by the dam capitalists plundering the ocean for all she's got. No sir. You gotta to get out of the contiguous zone, alright? Now. Time for the good bit. What's everyone gettin'?

Ehmm. Hubert clears his throat... and Cal's head.

HUBERT

Ed, to you I leave my jacket. We've weathered many a storm together and I know she'll get you through just as many.

Ed takes the jacket meaningfully.

HUBERT (CONT'D)

To the keeper of my legacy, kiddo, I leave you my home in Winterport, that good-for-nothin' property in New York, and all the money in the bank...

JACK

What property in New York?

NANCY

He means *my* apartment.

JACK

He never even lived there.

NANCY

Well, when you moved into that building I couldn't stand being all the way out in the Hamptons, *alone*. I wanted to sell the house, but... it was in your father's name. So he arranged the sale and the purchase of my new apartment. You know how I am with "business".

JACK

Why didn't you put it in your name the second time? And why is *this* the first that I'm hearing of it?

NANCY

I seem to remember you being less than keen on me buying the apartment above yours Jackson.

CAL

What about the boat? And the fishing quota?

Hubert continues reading, like everything's fine. It's fine.

HUBERT

Now Cal, I know you're gonna be dam pissed about this... but I'm leaving you everything, everything except my trusty trawler, and the rights to fish it. While I'm sure that by now you'll be dockin' her like a bad ass and I'll 've made you cap'n four times over... I can't stand the thought of you makin' my same mistakes. It gets lonely out there, kiddo. You know it does. So I'm leaving her to Jack. Sell her for scraps, I don't care. Just get out to sea one last and lay me to rest. If you're onboard when Cal scatter's my ashes, you get The Guppy, son. If not, shit I'll understand. You do well enough, whatchya need a rust bucket for?

JACK

I'm sorry, I think I just blacked out.

CAL

He got the boat?



HUBERT

Yes and Cal, you got the rest of  
the estate.

WTF!

Jack fumes. Spicy and sizzling. Like nothing he ever cooks.

JACK

Look I don't know what kind of  
scam...

CAL

Scam?

JACK

You heard me.

CAL

You wanna talk scam? I've never  
even seen you around these parts.  
Why should you get everything I've  
ever worked for? You're just  
conveniently showing up for George  
after he's gone? You're not his  
family, you're a vulture. And  
everyone knows it.

ED

That's enough Cal.

CAL

You just want to pretend that  
that's not what we think?

ED

THAT'S ENOUGH CAL.

Cal is put in her place.

JACK

I'm amazed my dad even liked you.  
You're a full tilt, bitch.

EXCUSE ME?

NANCY

Jackson! This is not the man I  
raised you to be. She's grieving.

CAL

That's alright, I got thicker skin  
than that...

NANCY

I don't care. That's not how we speak to people. Especially those in pain.

JACK

You're taking her side? Are you kidding?! She's... She's...

NANCY

You're no cup of sugar right now either. Simmer.

CAL

I think I like you.

NANCY

I think I like you too.

HUBERT

As much as we're all enjoying this. As the executor...

CAL

I'll trade you your mom's house for the boat. Right now.

Nancy smiles. She likes her. She really likes her.

JACK

Her apartment is worth 3 times -

NANCY

Who taught you to negotiate?

CAL

Then it should be a no-brainer. Offer expires in 10, 9, 8...

JACK

What is wrong with you?

CAL

You. 7, 6...

JACK

FINE. Ok. Fine. Everything I inherited for everything you inherited.

BEAT. Is he... for real?

HUBERT

Son, she inherited the over six hundred thousand dollars that your dad has in his bank account...

ALANA

Wait, how much? I thought your dad was some stinky fisherman...

JACK

He was...

ALANA

Fish make that much money?

JACK

He patented some invention for some boat motor. Speaking of, who gets to take over the rights to that... invention?

CAL

Oh my God. You don't even know what it was. Do you? Do you?

JACK

He was *my* dad. I don't need to prove anything to you. And I'm gettin' that patent. It's my family's legacy.

CAL

Really cause last I checked he left everything to me.

JACK

Everything except the one thing that really matters.

He's got all the cards.

JACK (CONT'D)

My offer expires in 10, 9...

CAL

Oh aren't you cute.

JACK

8, 7...

ED

Cal, that's a lot of money.

CAL  
It's not that much money... a year  
of paying the crew, maybe two.

JACK  
What's it gonna be?

CAL  
I'm thinking.

JACK  
Better think faster you've got 6, 5

ED  
We both know the Guppy's shot.

JACK  
4, 3...

ED  
We can get another boat.

CAL  
You got a deal.

Then, to Ed -

CAL (CONT'D)  
Another boat's not George's boat,  
and we can't afford to lose that  
quota.

Ed grunts.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Everything I got for everything you  
got.

She stretches her hand out. A new olive branch. Jack shakes  
it. There's something at the touch. Relief? Anger? Happiness?  
Or maybe, just maybe, it's chemistry.

HUBERT  
Technically, no one has gotten  
anything yet. Except for you Ed,  
that jacket is for you.

CAL  
What are you talkin' bout Hubie?

HUBERT

Your father had all of his assets in a corporation, including The Guppy, and in order for the estate to be settled, the vessel needs to be appraised in the state in which it's registered.

CAL

Which is what?

HUBERT

Where he bought it. New York.

CAL

That ain't that far. 3, 4 days tops.

HUBERT

Yes, well, umm if you don't settle the estate by year end, the fishing quota... Cal I'm sorry but you'll be forfeiting your rights to it.

CAL

That can't happen. I got men to look out for. Families to feed.

HUBERT

I did call in a favor. Friend of mine said he could rush the appraisal through, but The Guppy would need to arrive in New York by the 23rd.

ED

That's in five days Cal. We just pulled the transmission.

CAL

We can make that work.

HUBERT

Excellent and since Winter Solstice is on the 22nd this year, you can scatter the ashes en route, and the estate can officially close!

JACK

Oh, no I can't be on board then. We're getting married, on Christmas Eve.

CAL

So you're the disco wedding... it all makes sense now. Let me guess you had to be more important than everything... than Christmas?

NANCY

I told you the theme needed to be something seasonal... it's ridiculous to just ignore the fact that it's on a holiday.

ALANA

For the millionth time Nancy, Christmas is tacky.

NANCY

Really? What's disco?

JACK

Hey, we're the ones getting married here. And I really don't care what the two of you think. I'm not getting on that boat. Not six days before the ceremony.

HUBERT

Well that certainly makes the paperwork easier. Cal you make it to New York by the 23rd and you get it all.

JACK

I didn't agree to that!

HUBERT

Your father was very explicit. You must be aboard during the scattering of his ashes to claim your stake in the estate. And seeing as how you just manipulated Cal into giving up *everything*, I doubt she'd be willing to bend through hoops for you.

BOOM. Lawyered.

JACK

You can't settle the estate without me.

CAL

Watch me.

JACK

You really expect me to get on that boat with you and sail from here to New York. My wedding is in six days! How do I know you're even qualified to get us there?

NANCY

Jackson. It's your father's ashes. You need to be there. Move the ceremony...

ALANA

We are getting married on December 24th. Nothing is going to change that Nancy.

JACK

Can't you pick me up en route?

CAL

I gotta be 12 miles offshore. I ain't got the time to be ferrying you back and forth.

JACK

So I'm just supposed to trust you?  
AT SEA?

NANCY

Your father did. Apparently.

Touché.

JACK

This is insane. We're going to sail into New York the night before our wedding?

ALANA

WE? I'm definitely not going. I'm the bride. The bride who's interviewing with Vanity Fair tomorrow about her Disco Eve!!! I have to get back to New York, I'm not -

NANCY

Alana. If you won't do it to honor your late father-in-law, do it for the experience. Think of it like a pre-wedding honeymoon.

ALANA

We already did a pre-Christmas Christmas. I'm over the "pres". I want my honeymoon after my wedding, and I want it to be in Bora Bora. Not Maine.

JACK

Alana, it's up to you. If you want me to give up six hundred thousand dollars, plus the properties, I will. We don't need this. We've got the show...

ALANA

I mean, I do love the idea of being at sea, together... but, ugh. It's just really close to the wedding. Can you just go with out me? I can stay back and take care of all the last minute -

NANCY

Alana, I know we don't always see eye to eye. But believe me, in five years you won't care if the florist adds chrysanthemums to your centerpieces. Life's messy; it throws curve balls, that are sometimes on fire. But when you're drowning in the flames, and he's still standing there, holding a fire extinguisher, ready to go through Hell and back with you, that's when you'll realize that it was more than walking down an aisle. It was promising to always be there for each other. So what does it matter if you make that promise today, or in six days? Forever has to start sometime.

Alana grabs his hand. He smiles at her.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I know there's tons to do, but I'll take care of everything. He needs you. Besides, I heard the ocean's amazing for stress acne.

ALANA

I have stress acne?!?

That's what you got from that? You kiddin' me bish?



JACK  
How soon can we leave?

Cal and Ed exchange shrugs, glances, grunts, nods...

CAL  
One, two, three days. Tops.

JACK  
We don't have that kind of time.

CAL  
Then stop yapping at me. Come on Ed, we got an engine to put back together.

25 INT. ENGINE ROOM. JUST AFTER.

25

It's tight, it's hot, it's messy... and not in the fun way. Jack walks in, like he owns the place, and rolls the sleeves to his button up.

CAL  
What are you doing here?

JACK  
The sooner we can leave, the sooner I can get back to my wedding.

CAL  
You're just going to slow us down.

JACK  
Until the estate closes, it's my boat, now hand me a screwdriver.

What the hell are you gonna do with that? No. Absolutely not.

CAL  
Stay out of our way.

He doesn't. He's everywhere that Cal needs to go at the exact moment that she needs to be there. He's not just stepping on her toes, he's driving her up the wall.

26 INT. KITCHEN. WINTERPORT. THE NEXT MORNING. DECEMBER 19TH. 26

Cast iron skillets and tin mugs hang off the walls. On the worn, wood countertop, Jack cracks eggs into a large green bowl. He fluffs and folds them with a fork, beating the yoke. He sprinkles in cinnamon spices, and pours the concoction into a Pyrex lined with slices of brioche.

NANCY  
Smells good.

Nancy sips her coffee, Jack scoops a slice of butter, and plops it into the skillet. It melts round the edges.

As the bread sponges in the sauce he forks them and let's them drip over the counter before settling them in to sizzle in the pan. This is messy, real, food. It's unedited. And, it's dam delicious.

JACK  
When I saw this kitchen, online, I just knew we had to book this place. You can just tell, good food's been cooked here.

He flips the slices, in the spattering butter. He spatulas them, onto sixties floral-print plates. He pours maple syrup on top, then sprinkles with crushed candy cane.

In a white robe and towel turban, Alana emerges in a charcoal face-mask.

ALANA  
Did anyone see a blowdryer? The B&B listing says that they have one?!

JACK  
WHAT THE HELL IS ON YOUR FACE!

ALANA  
It's charcoal! It's good for the pores, and it's part of my "countdown to the alter" skin routine. Just because I had to cancel my bachelorette party to go on a boat, does not mean I will show up to my wedding with a pizza face! And apparently I already have stress acne.

JACK  
I never said thank you, did I? Look, I know you're under a lot of stress and I know this day has to be perfect and I know changing plans like this can't be easy for you...

ALANA  
It's not.

JACK

Well thank you. Thank you for doing this for me. Thanks for being here. It means, everything.

ALANA

I will always be here for you Jack.

He offers up the plate. Her eyes widen. The creature from the charcoal lagoon likes....

JACK

Eggnog french toast?

A new style of smile fills her cheeks. It's one we haven't seen from her before. She teary-eyed takes in the plate. Is it out of starvation or sincerity?

ALANA

Remember the first Christmas you made this for me? Years ago when you were still living in that 1 bedroom in Brooklyn? I thought there was no way to do it with the non-fat-nog.

JACK

There's not. It doesn't caramelize the same. But, I thought we could all use a little extra sugar today.

ALANA

I'm sorry, you want me to cheat on my wedding diet now?! Sequins show everything!

JACK

Alana, babe...

ALANA

You need to leave. I'm serious. I'm hopping on with Vanity Fair in an hour and this energy is just not doing it for me.

JACK

Where do you expect me to go?

ALANA

I don't care!

She huffs away, leaving the toast to get soggy and Jack to crumble.

NANCY  
I know a place...

27 INT. ENGINE ROOM. MARINA. DAY. LATER. 27

A grease covered Cal and Ed fit a hose clamp onto the engine.

ED  
Don't drop that screw.

CAL  
I'm not going to drop the screw

ED  
I'm just saying, you drop it and we  
have to take everything apart.  
Again.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
He's right, butter fingers.

CAL  
I'm not gonna drop it.

Suddenly...

JACK (O.S.)  
Cal? CAL!

Cal drops the screw.

CAL  
Ahh!!

Ed grunts. Now, she drops everything and runs on deck.

28 EXT. DECK. WINTERPORT, MAINE. JUST AFTER. 28

CAL  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

JACK  
What's on your face?

Cal's embarrassed. She wipes her cheek with the back of her  
sleeve, but it only causes the smudge to grow bigger.

CAL  
How the hell should I know? What  
the do you want?

Oh... not charcoal. Right.

JACK

I uh - I was wondering if I could...

CAL

Absolutely not, no. No. NO. You are not coming back in my engine room.

ED

What is going on up here?

CAL

Ed tell Jack that he needs to leave.

JACK

Are you always this unreasonable?

ED

We don't have time to be on opposite teams right now. And since he's here Cal, he's gonna pitch in.

Told ya.

CAL

He is not coming back in my engine room.

ED

CAN IT CAL! Get back down there, and start looking for that screw. You're the only one with hands tiny enough to fit that bit on, so get to work!

Ed shoves her off to sulk down below. Jack starts to follow.

ED (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're goin? She may be hot-headed, but she's right. You got no business being here again today. Pop down to the grocery store and go buy supplies for four days. Five to be safe. And don't be skimpy now, you're rich.

JACK

I can do that. Anyone got any dietary restrictions, or...?

Oh... GAWD....

ED

Don't make it fancy, just make it filling. Frozen burritos that kind of stuff. Feel free to look around first, we probably have some cup of noodles or somethin' left over.

He slides open the galley door. Ed pokes his head below.

29 INT. ENGINE ROOM. JUST AFTER.

29

As Cal tinkers, she looks up at Ed hanging through the hatch.

ED

Just the clamps?

CAL

May as well get a back up hose while you're there.

ED

Nah, just replaced that one yesterday, we'll be good.

CAL

You're the mechanic.

ED

Just the clamps then. Be back in an hour.

30 INT. SALON. JUST AFTER.

30

As Jack walks through the boat, he sinks. His fingers trace every inch of varnished wood, desperate to feel what it's like.

Off-kilter photos are nailed to the wall crookedly. Each, a story that Jack will never hear. But nothing stings worse than the black and white photograph of George with his infamous marlin. The tale told a thousands times, just never once to him.

31 INT. ENGINE ROOM.

31

Cal lays on her back staring up at the engine. She's plucked the screw. YES! Pocketed. She stands up for a stretch. She peeks back over her shoulder. Silence. Solitude. She eyes the boom box on top of the Craftsman tool chest.

She walks over to it, spinning her crescent wrench in circles. She steals a look back over her shoulder. She's alone. She opens the tray. She pulls a cassette out from her coverall pocket. She looks back just once more, third time's the charm. She really is alone, perfect.

32 INT. GALLEY. JUST AFTER. 32

By the time Jack walks into the galley, he's desperate to take his place on board. He pops open the latched cabinets to find nothing but Top Ramen crumbs and a half eaten cookies.

He lifts the latch on the fridge and sees condiments - soy sauce, wasabi, rice vinegar - here, they eat fish raw.

The icicle-lined freezer's packed with snow-covered burritos. Eww. Seriously?

Kitchen assessment: it's like a frat house, but worse. Onboard, there's fish guts, regularly.

33 INT. ENGINE ROOM. JUST AFTER. 33

Cal's grease-stained fingernails push the tray close. They click the play button down. "I Like the Way..." by the Bodyrockers bumps through the speakers.

She starts bobbing her head and bouncing her hips back and forth. This is her jam.

34 EXT. DECK. WINTERPORT, MAINE. JUST AFTER. 34

Jack jots down the last item on his list, when he spies another cooler on deck. He opens it up. Inside is a Ziploc full of squid. Freshly caught. His eyes light up like it's Christmas morning. It's his chance to be him.

But then something else catches his... ear. Where's that music coming from?

35 INT. ENGINE ROOM. JUST AFTER. 35

Cal struts around the room in time with the beat. Then, as the vocals sound she straight-leg circles her hips, and lip syncs into her crescent wrench.

It's like she's channeling Elvis... or maybe the fat Elvis. She's got nowhere near the swagger, nor the sex appeal. But she's got the sequins cape kind of confidence. At least, it seems like she does, here, alone, in her coveralls.

She flips her Ray Bans down and windmills her arm. Next, she tosses the wrench to the side. Now she's singing for real. As the beat builds to the chorus, Cal completely lets loose. She throws her hands up in the air, and dam straight she shakes her hair. She's free, if but just for this one moment, in private.

Only, it's not so private... behind her, poking his head in through the hatch, Jack gawks. Totally enamored.

Buh, buh, buh... the chorus hits. Cal is going, going, going - gone for it. She's jumping up and down. Her lip syncing has turned to full on scream singing. We've gone from showman to punk show in just a few bars...

And Jack... well, he likes the way she moves.

She high kicks, she spins, she catches Jack, catching her.

CAL  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Busted.

Cal looks round for ammo, something, anything not your phone Cal... oh no.

CAL (CONT'D)  
GET OUT.

She hucks it straight at his head. Lucky for him, she's got terrible aim. It ricochets off the wall before shattering.

She clicks STOP on the boom box. Jack, unafraid and unembarrassed, hands her back the now unusable hunk of junk that was once her cellphone.

JACK  
Sweet moves, terrible aim.

CAL  
Get. Out.

JACK  
Any special requests from the store? Coconut flour tortillas?

CAL  
OUT.



36

EXT. DOCKS. WINTERPORT, MAINE. MORNING. DECEMBER 20TH. 36

Jack pack-mules groceries down a dock lined with red ribbon wrapped pilings and wreath adorned bows. It looks a lot like Christmas.

Alana tows her wheelie bag toward the boat before teetering on the safety steps in her platformed snow boots.

CAL

What are you doing?

Cal pulls the nozzle out of a green garden hose from a hole on the rail. She screws in the lid.

ALANA

Coming aboard... Captain?

CAL

In those?

ALANA

They're trending. I wouldn't expect you to understand.

CAL

Take them off.

ALANA

These are the only shoes I have.

CAL

ED!

Ed hands her a pair of deck boots and starts assembly-line loading the groceries on board with Jack.

ALANA

But these are so... authentic?

CAL

It's deck boots or no boots.

ALANA

Let's lose the attitude when I go Live on Insta, k? I don't want to look ridiculous.

Then deck boots, babe! FINE. Alana sheds her shoes and slips into the Xtratufs. She forces a smile.

Then she fingers her countdown: 3, 2, 1 and begins selfie-ing

ALANA (CONT'D)

What's up InstaFam?! Chef Jack and I are out here about to set sail on our pre-wedding honeymoon. All the wedding stress was just getting to our heads and we needed an escape. Let me give you the tour...

She climbs aboard, selfie-ing all the way. Jack picks up the boots. You can just tell, he's definitely used to holding Alana's purse for her.

JACK

Hey. Look, I know this isn't easy for you. And I know you're going through a lot right now. I understand. I am too. He was *my* dad. And it hurts that I don't know anything about... this. I'm trying Cal. I'm really trying. You know, I, I want to learn.

Cal is genuinely moved. Jack's put the first crack in her shell. But if we leave it up to her, she'll never show it.

CAL

No time like the present. ED! Have him help you cast off.

Cal climbs into the pilothouse. Ed and Jack stand dockside. Jack drops the boots onboard, over the rail.

ED

Untie these lines like this... and yes! Now 1, 2, 3... jump!

They leap aboard as Cal pulls away.

37

EXT. DECK. MID-MARINA. WINTERPORT, MAINE. JUST AFTER.

37

ED

Someone may have sea legs after all. Coil and stow these. I'll do the bow.

Ed plops lines in his arms. As he turns, Jack drops the pile. A line falls, innocently, slyly off the stern.

ALANA

Babe!

JACK

Babe! Did you see that? How I just like jumped aboard like that?

ALANA

Not only did I see it, but so did our whole InstaNation. Say whaddup!

JACK

Hey everyone. Merry Christmas!

They wave to the camera as - clunk, clunk, clunk, stop. The engine completely dies.

ED

No, no, no! Jack. Tell me you got those lines up out of the water.

ALANA

(to her phone)

GTG InstaFam.

Alana throws a peace sign, while Cal yells down from the pilothouse, channeling something quite different. WAR.

CAL

I can already tell you he didn't! Get up here Ed!

JACK

What is she yelling about now?

ED

We wrapped a prop.

We whaaaaa???

JACK

Ok, I'll unwrap it...

ED

No. You don't understand. The line's caught in the engine. If we don't get it out, we could wreck.

SPLASH! The anchor falls from the bow, tugging it's chain down with it.

Cal strips to her underwear. Jack stares. What? She looks GOOD. She pulls up a dry suit, buckles on a weight belt, stretches on a mask. You wanna talk ready for battle? Girl is gnarly.

CAL

I just dropped the anchor, but it's barely set. This current's gonna push us into the breakwall if we can't help it. Get Vessel Assist on standby. We'll be lucky if we didn't spin the head.

Cal swan dives into the drink. Even her splash seems EXTRA.

JACK

Oh what a hero.

ED

Just wait til she saves us.

Just then Jack notices the rock wall. The waves violently break against it, spitting spray. Oh. This IS serious...

ED (CONT'D)

Alana, get below and pop a cup of water into the microwave. She's gonna need something to warm up.

Ed's on the move. Firing off instructions as he climbs.

ED (CONT'D)

Jack. Stand by the rail and watch for her. If she pushes too hard, she could get trapped under the boat.

Speak of the devil, just then Cal breaks through the surface, GASping. She takes several deep breaths before diving down.

38 EXT. UNDERWATER. UNDER THE BOAT. CONTINUOUS. 38

UNDERWATER, we see the line wrapped around the prop. Cal slowly begins to unravel it, one sketchy twist at a time.

39 EXT. DECK. MID-MARINA. WINTERPORT, MAINE. CONTINUOUS. 39

ED

(into the radio)

This is The Guppy to Vessel Assist.  
Over.

VESSEL ASSIST RADIO OPERATOR

Vessel Assist, is this an  
emergency?

ED

Howie? Hey man it's Ed. We wrapped a prop about twenty five yards off the breakwall. Cal's in the water.

VESSEL ASSIST RADIO OPERATOR

What you callin' me for? I ain't ever heard a problem Cal can't fix.

ED

Ya well standby for me will ya? Don't look like the anchor's holdin' much.

WOOSH! Another wave smashes the jetty. Jack's heart is pounding on his sleeve. Buh-bump. Buh-bump.

VESSEL ASSIST RADIO OPERATOR

Standing by.

JACK

They're not coming for us?

Buh-bump. Buh-bump.

ED

We've got time.

JACK

Do we? Because I won't do well as a shipwreck survivor.

ED

Not everyone survives a wreck.

Oh?! Thanks for that. Buh-bump.

ED (CONT'D)

You let me worry about the boat.  
You worry about Cal.

Just then, she surfaces with an intense GASP. It's nearly mimicked by Jack's too-soon relief. She sips in air.

JACK

You ok?

She holds her breath and then dives back down. After a beat, she bursts through the surface again exhaling. She's tired and panting now. For the first time, in a long time Jack's worried about someone other than himself.

JACK (CONT'D)

This is not worth it. No boat is worth this. Get up here. We can get professional help. I can call somebody.

CAL

I've got this.

And after sipping in more air, she dives back beneath the surface. BOOM. A giant set breaks on the rocks.

ED

How's she doing Jack?

JACK

I, I, don't know. She hasn't come up in a while.

ED

Got on eyes on her?

JACK

Uhhh... oh no.

ED

"Oh no" what?

JACK

I don't see her! I don't see her!

ED

Take the helm. I'm going to get her.

JACK

I can't boat! But. I can swim.

Jack gulps down courage, then pulls off his shirt.

ED

Your body's gonna go into shock the minute you hit the water. It's December in Maine. Take the helm. NOW!

JACK

No, I can do this. I can do this.

He's down to his boxers, rail-side, ready to jump, when suddenly - GASP. Cal breaks through the water's surface.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're ok! You're ok!

CAL  
Throw me a line?

Cal climbs back aboard, clutching the unwrapped stern line.  
Ed fires up the engines.

ED  
(from the pilothouse)  
We're up and running again Captain.  
(then, into the radio)  
Vessel Assist, this is The Guppy,  
we're all good here.

VESSEL ASSIST RADIO  
Copy that.

Ed hangs the receiver.

JACK  
I was so worried about you.

You were?

CAL  
Aww, were you coming to save me?

Despite the tone, she can't help but notice him. Then she starts stripping off the dry suit. The feeling is mutual.

JACK  
Ya.

Ya?

CAL  
You were going to jump in after me?  
Do you know what happens when you  
trunk it in water that cold? First  
it's so sharp that you feel like  
you can't breathe. Then your  
fingers start to tingle. Before you  
know it, your lips are blue, and  
you can barely move your arms let  
alone swim. You wouldn't last two  
minutes in there.

JACK  
I think you'd be surprised how long  
I can last.

Reallllllly?

They eyeball the works. Not-so-secretively.

It's a MOOD, until Alana walks on deck holding a melted party cup. Who's the hero now? Like always, it's all about her. She doesn't even notice them, noticing each other.

ALANA

Here! Hot water.

Is a melted party cup carcinogenic? DON'T BE RUDE CAL.

CAL

Thank you. Can we raise anchor?

ED

On it Capt. Go get warm.

40 INT. PILOTHOUSE. AT SEA. SUNSET.

40

Ed drives solemnly into the horizon. Finally, Jack can't take it any more. He can't get her out of his head.

JACK

She always like that?

ED

Fearless? Pretty much.

JACK

So what now... I guess I'm done, pulling up lines.

ED

Until there's another one that needs to be pulled up. It's not about the mistakes, it's how you fix em. Don't you always say there ain't nothin' that can't be fixed?

JACK

Except a shipwreck. Wait, you watch my show?

ED

Wife loves it. Even made your low-calorie colada cupcakes for your dad's Fourth of July bar'beh'g.

JACK

Oh. How were they? Did, did he like them? I mean, did you like them?

ED

Not my cup of tea. Let's see if you can't do better for dinner.

(MORE)



ED (CONT'D)

We got a grill in the cockpit and a microwave that cooks up a mean frozen burrito.

JACK

I got just the thing.

41 INT. GALLEY. NIGHT.

41

Cal sips a coffee to find her peace. Alana scrolls for it.

ALANA

Cal, let me get your opinion. I subbed Jack's wedding suit for this tux, he doesn't know yet, so shh! But I can't decide which shoes match better, the white leather or the grey suede?

Sitting, shining on the screen is a sequins covered tuxedo.

CAL

Oh, WOW...

ALANA

Amazing, right?

CAL

I-uh... I can't believe you're getting service out here.

ALANA

We're going to not have service? I'm planning a wedding.

CAL

You were planning on doing that from the boat? Look, staring at that screen's gonna get you sick. Especially if we hit this weather that's on the forecast.

ALANA

Weather? Like a storm?

CAL

We'll either run into it tonight or tomorrow. Take a break, alright?

42 INT. PILOTHOUSE. AT SEA. NIGHT.

42

Cal climbs up to take Ed's place.

CAL  
Ready to switch?

ED  
Yes m'am. How they doin down there?

CAL  
We're about to have a seasick bride  
on our hands.

Ew. Ed stretches into the seat...

ED  
You sure you want to drive I was  
just gettin comfy....

CAL  
Scoot.

43 EXT. DECK. AT SEA. NIGHT. 43

The grill balances in a rod holder on the rail. Jack twists crisped calamari tentacles over the uneven fire spouting from the grease-globed burner.

44 INT. GALLEY. NIGHT. JUST AFTER. 44

Then, he walks the cutting board full of squid into the galley. He slices wedges off a blackened lemon.

ALANA  
Mmm. What is that?

JACK  
Finally got a chance to try out  
that grilled calamari recipe.

He delicately places six blooms of tentacles around a bed of fennel in a paper bowl. He tops with charred lemon slices and a twist. Despite being disposable, it's a Michelin quality plate... or bowl...

ALANA  
Isn't calamari squid?

JACK  
Just try it.

He offers her the bowl. Ooooo, no.

ALANA

I'm fasting tonight. I still have to lose 3 pounds.

JACK

You sure? It's in the wedding diet? Ok... well, I'm not going to pressure you, but, you should know, I think you're beautiful just as you are. And with an extra 3 or 33 pounds, I can't wait to marry you.

AWW! Alana melts. He walks out the sliding door. As it falls closed, she gets up and plucks a bite off the cutting board. Her eyes widen, THAT IS GOOD.

45

INT. PILOTHOUSE. NIGHT.

45

Jack struggles to climb the ladder with the paper bowl in one hand. He blushes at Cal, he's not ready for this critic.

ED

Is that for me? Give it to Cal will ya? It'll save me from fixin' Miss Picky's plate. I'll go help myself.

Grrreeaaattt. Just what he hoped for. Jack offers up the bowl. A sacrificial token. A beautifully plated, sacrificial token.

JACK

I wouldn't call it a breakthrough in the culinary arts but...

CAL

I'm starving.

She snatches it, then eyes it, suspiciously.

JACK

It's grilled calamari over fennel with a charred lemon vinaigrette.

CAL

Calamari? Isn't that squid?

JACK

Even you. I gotta say I did not peg you as the kind that scares easy.

CAL

Where'd you get the squid Jack?

JACK  
From the cooler on deck.

Cal laughs. And laughs. Never in all her years at sea -

CAL  
Oh, shit. This is fish food.

JACK  
What?

CAL  
Yehup, you cooked our bait.

JACK  
Oh my god. You try to do one nice  
thing on this God forsaken boat...

He eeyores down the ladder. Cal chews a fearless fork-full  
anyway.

CAL  
(yelling after him)  
Hey it's actually pretty good!

JACK (O.S.)  
It's bait!

She kicks her feet up and takes bite after surprising bite.  
She stops eating just long enough to admire the plating. It's  
the prettiest paper bowl full of food she's ever seen.

All is calm, until... Buh, Buh, Buh... the Bridezilla storms  
the pilothouse, interrupting every ounce of calamari-induced  
pleasure.

ALANA  
You have to get me off this boat.

CAL  
No one's keeping you. It's 'bout a  
10 mile swim to shore though.

ALANA  
You don't understand. I'm getting  
married in four days. And I haven't  
even decided on my nail color or  
any of my photo poses. I don't even  
know if my great aunt Ida wants a  
dairy-free dinner because she  
didn't check the box on her RSVP!

CAL  
Look I'm -

ALANA

Girl to girl. It's 600k? I mean I can have a second wedding. But this boat... no. I can't. I can't.

CAL

You're gonna have to.

ALANA

I don't think you understand. I can't even InstaStory how romantic it is to be off sailing days before your wedding as a care-free bride, because, I DON'T HAVE SERVICE.

CAL

You do realize that we don't have sails, right?

ALANA

Level with me. What's it going to take to stop this boat?

CAL

I feel for you. I do. But we're on a deadline. The only way I'm stopping is if we sink or if we run out of water. I filled the tanks myself. We got more than enough to get us to New York. I'm sorry, but you're stuck out here.

ALANA

Uhhhhh!!!!!!

Alana dramatically storms off.

Cal looks to the empty co-captains chair on her right. Only it's not so empty. George is sitting right there with her. Laughing. It's not funny. Ok, it is.

46

INT. SALON. NIGHT.

46

Alana barges in, serving a 'tude with extra drama.

ALANA

I'm going to be sick. It was the SQUID.

She runs into the bathroom and SLAMS the door.

ED

That's my cue. Night Jack.

47 INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE BATHROOM DOOR. JUST AFTER. 47

Knock, knock. No answer.

JACK  
Alana? Baby? You ok?

A horrible retching spews from the other side of the door.

ALANA  
Go away.

It sounds like there's vomit. And LOTS of it.

JACK  
Ok, but only because you know how  
that makes me - BLUGH!

ALANA  
I'm fine.

JACK  
(mid-breakaway)  
Let me know if you need me.

48 INT. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS. 48

In the bathroom we see Alana is *actually* fine. FAKER! She turns on the water in the sink. Then she sticks the shower head out the window. Both fully cranked.

49 INT. HALLWAY. CRACK OF DAWN. THE NEXT DAY. 49

CAL  
UP! UP! Everybody up!

They sleepy-eye congregate in the narrow hallway.

ED  
What's going on?

CAL  
Can someone here, please explain  
what in the hell happened to all  
our water?

ED  
*All* our water?

CAL  
Yehup. Port tank is bone dry,  
starboard's half way there...  
(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

water maker 'll never gonna catch us up. We gonna have to pull into Boston.

ALANA

Oh! Yes!

ED

I'll start looking for the leak.

CAL

Mmm... already found it. Sink and the shower, both cranked, all night. Wonder how that happened?

JACK

Are you accusing -

CAL

Faucets don't turn themselves on.

JACK

Look Alana was -

CAL

Dumping out all our water? Do you have any idea how wasteful that is? We could've sank! What if the drain failed, huh? Our holding tanks are filled to the brim! At least you had some brains to stick the shower out the goddam window!

JACK

I know Alana and she didn't -

ALANA

I did. Look I'm sorry but I'm a bride. I'm crazy with wedding fever. I have to get off this boat.

Cal pokes Jack in the chest. Hard.

CAL

You owe me for the extra fuel this little endeavor is causing.

ED

Captain you want to switch shifts?

CAL

NO!

Cal storms off.

JACK  
What time is it anyway?

ED  
5:15. We'll be in the harbor in an hour. I suggest you try to sleep off this headache.

Ed grunts back to his room. Jack and Alana are left alone.

JACK  
Babe, how could you?

ALANA  
I'm sorry ok. But did you see that right before we lost service the florist sent pics of a gold disco ball? Who has gold disco ball?

JACK  
I get it. It's a lot. I just wish you would have told me. We could've worked something out. Could you imagine if we sunk?

ALANA  
Everybody hates me!

JACK  
No, no. You didn't know better. Just promise that next time you'll talk to me before you make another crazy decision, ok? We're a team.

ALANA  
Ok. You're right. I swapped the suit you ordered for a sequins tux.

JACK  
WHAT!

ALANA  
It's gonna be great.

50 INT. PILOTHOUSE. AT SEA. DAY BREAK.

50

Cal stress sips from her mug - right caffeine is great for that, soothing stress. Jack sheepishly sits beside her.

CAL  
Can't sleep knowing your wife-to-be nearly made us all shark bait?



JACK  
Hey, it's better than cooking  
actual bait.

CAL  
No. It's not. Besides, the calamari  
wasn't that bad.

JACK  
You don't have to lie.

CAL  
I don't lie. I liked it.

She's the first one to genuinely like his cooking in a while.  
And it was bait.

JACK  
Wow. Did the infamous Captain Cal  
actually just give me a compliment?

CAL  
Don't push it.

Beat.

CAL (CONT'D)  
So what's with the disco wedding?  
You just love the BeeGees...?

JACK  
Alana, she... her publicist told  
her that the only way to guarantee  
that no other celebrity got married  
on our wedding day was to pick a  
holiday, like Christmas... and she  
didn't want to make it Christmas  
themed or Winter Wonderland,  
because obviously the day had to be  
all about her... I mean, us...

CAL  
Well that and "Christmas is tacky".

JACK  
Ya, so you know she had to go with  
something even more outrageous.  
Sparkle the holiday right out of  
her night.

Cal nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look I know that my dad never RSVPed. I know that the two of you must have laughed about it... here in your own little world but, the wedding's not important to me, Alana is. If it makes her happy, I'm fine to wear sequins and platform boots... but, if I was actually planning it, we'd just have a small ceremony on the beach, go down to this little Cuban restaurant, dance the night away...

For a moment she can see his fantasy, until her eyes actually catch something on the horizon.

CAL

What... what is that?

JACK

What? I can't like dancing?

CAL

No. That. At the entrance of the harbor.

The sea is filled with red creatures. Splashing vigorously. Cal slows the engines.

CAL (CONT'D)

Hand me the binoculars.

He hands them over. She scans the horizon.

CAL (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I've never seen anything like this before.

JACK

What? What is it?

CAL

You have to see for yourself.

She hands them over. As he looks through the binoculars we zoom in on the strange splashes. It's a sea of Santas!

JACK

Are those Santa's?!

CAL

How could I be so stupid? Boston does a polar bear race every year!

JACK  
It's kinda awesome.

CAL  
It's gonna take us over an hour to  
get into the harbor at this rate!

JACK  
Better enjoy it.

CAL  
Enjoy it? We're on a schedule!

JACK  
Things happen. There's nothing we  
can do. Come on. No part of you  
thinks this is even a little bit  
fun? Not even a little bit?  
Oh...ok, I see...

While she simmers, he casually clicks on "You're a Mean One,  
Mr. Grinch" from his phone.

CAL  
Turn that off.

JACK  
You're just jealous because my  
phone's in one piece.

She'll leave that comment on read. But the Santa's aren't the  
only thing that Cal's seeing. George is there. Smiling,  
laughing, shaking his head.

JACK (CONT'D)  
PICK IT UP SANTA'S!!! THAT MRS.  
CLAUS IS ABOUT TO LAP YOU!

Jack looks to Cal to share a snicker, and that's when he  
realizes that the Santas are not the only waterworks. Her  
eyes flood.

CAL  
George would've loved this.  
Everything about it.

JACK  
It's not too late for you to love  
it too.

She looks up and lets her eyes dry out. Then she see it. She  
unclips a mouthpiece, and flips a switch - it's on.

CAL  
 (into the mouthpiece)  
 Move it Mrs. Claus. Women  
 everywhere are counting on you!

JACK  
 WE HAVE A LOUDSPEAKER. Give me  
 that.

He grabs it from her. Rips it right out of her hands.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 If the reindeer could see how fast  
 you Santa's swim, they'd unionize  
 and the rate for sleigh travel  
 would skyrocket. PICK IT UP CLAUS.

Now, there's nothin' but Santas, smiles and heckles...

51 EXT. DOCKS. BOSTON MARINA. MORNING OF DECEMBER 21. 51

Alana stands on a fully decked out dock. She taps her high-heeled boots. Her suitcase ready to wheel on out.

ALANA  
 Ok babe. Enjoy your time at sea,  
 and I will see you on our wedding  
 day. UH! You are going to look so  
 good in sequins! EEE!! Oh Cal! Cal!

Alana waves her over. Cal inches closer. Closer, closer, closer until... she pecks her on both cheeks. Muah, muah.

ALANA (CONT'D)  
 Bye now.

She can't get away fast enough and Jack... lets her go.

JACK  
 One day and she quits on me.

CAL  
 Ya, doesn't exactly bode well for  
 the in sickness and for poorer  
 parts does it?

JACK  
 She's supposed to be here for me.

Cal's at a loss... she reaches for something, anything... she pats his shoulder. Exhales.

CAL  
At least the wedding will be really  
sparkly.

52 INT. PILOTHOUSE. AT SEA. AFTERNOON.

52

Ed's on the wheel. Cal writes Christmas cards, she's already  
completed quite a stack.

JACK  
Mind if I join ya?

CAL  
Just the man I was looking for.

JACK  
Didn't think I was your type.

CAL  
You're not. But, it's time you  
learn to drive. Get over here.

JACK  
You think I can?

CAL  
Sure. We're gonna teach you.

He tiptoes to the wheel.

CAL (CONT'D)  
This is your compass, keep it on a  
heading of about 180, that's due  
south. Small adjustments are key.  
It's just like a car, but the  
road's moving. Keep your heading  
steady. Good. Good!

ED  
You ready to turn off the  
autopilot?

JACK  
There's an autopilot?

ED  
Just like a plane. Only need a  
captain for take off, landing and  
to make sure you don't hit nothing.

CAL  
Way to make me look good Ed.

JACK  
You really have to worry about  
hitting things out here?

ED  
You'd be surprised. Oceans a big  
place in a small world.

CAL  
Well, now that helm's covered.  
How's about we go get some shuteye?

They yawn their way out when -

JACK  
Wait! You're not just going to  
leave me up here are you?

ED  
Course we are.

They walk out on him. To Jack he's all alone in the world. To us, we see their heads poke back through the door.

53 EXT. PILOTHOUSE. AT SEA. CONTINUOUS.

53

They watch Jack at the helm.

ED  
'Member when it was you up there?  
Most people give up in few minutes  
but not you... You stood there  
white knuckling it for hours. Shit,  
you were at it so long, George took  
a nap right here in this stoop.  
First time he ever slept soundly  
while someone else drove... I knew  
right then that The Guppy would be  
yours. You were a natural.

JACK (O.S.)  
Cal! Cal!

CAL  
You should really get some rest.  
Storm's coming. I got this.

Ed grunts down the ladder, Cal walks back to him.

54 INT. PILOTHOUSE. AT SEA. CONTINUOUS.

54

CAL  
What's wrong?

JACK  
You've been here the whole time?

CAL  
Yehup. Just like your dad was when  
he taught me to drive. Course I  
lasted 4 hours before I yelled for  
help. Not 4 seconds. You sir fell  
for the oldest trick in the book.

JACK  
Can you take the wheel now please?  
I can't do this.

CAL  
Why?

JACK  
I'm scared.

CAL  
You're scared?

JACK  
Yes ok. What, I can't be scared?

CAL  
Course you can be. But you don't  
need to be. I'm here.

JACK  
I can't....

CAL  
Sure you can. There's nothin' even  
around for you hit right now.

The horizon is filled with only blue seas and skies.

JACK  
Don't leave.

CAL  
I got Christmas cards to write.

Beat.

JACK

You write your own Christmas cards?  
Just to send to your family? Or...?

CAL

Umm, no. I never knew my family.  
But I got a string of foster  
parents that I like to reach out to  
and the families of the best crew a  
girl could have. They all get them.

Cal shuffles through the envelopes, until George's lands on  
top. She quickly buries it. Jack pretends he didn't see.

JACK

Old school. Christmas could use  
more old school. Now it's all about  
decorating the most Instagrammable  
tree, and proving to your friends  
that your couples' onesies are  
cuter than theirs.

CAL

Onesies? Maybe in your world. But  
not mine.

JACK

I'll have to come visit sometime.  
Your world sounds nice.

CAL

It is.

It's just a silence. It's not awkward, right? Quick -

JACK

So did you just always love fish  
guts or...?

CAL

No! I still don't love fish guts.  
But I love being a captain.

JACK

How'd you... get into it?

CAL

Uhhm, it's actually kind of a  
Christmas miracle. Which is ironic  
because at the time I hated  
Christmas. I was alone, like I was  
every year. Went down to the liquor  
store. Tried to sneak a tall boy  
out, under my sweatshirt.

(MORE)



CAL (CONT'D)

The cashier was pissed, screaming, spitting everywhere, threatenin' to call the cops and... that's when George walked up. Sweet talked him, said I was just bringing up his second can. He got 'em both put in paper bags. Walked out, and handed me mine. We sat right there in the parking lot and had a drink. He was pissed as hell when he found out he had bought me a light beer. Said it may as well be piss water. Eventually, he asked what I had goin' on, and... I, had nothing. He offered me job cutting bait on The Guppy and come New Years, I still had nothing. Never looked back. When I was here, finally I wasn't alone. I had a family, a crew. A season or two in and he moved me up the ranks, eventually taught me to drive the night shift while he ran in the day. That's why I still love driving at night. I knew he was gettin' old, ocean's no place for an old man. No one knows this but, I spent the last year or so, pretending that I couldn't dock the boat. Even let us tap the piling once when I thought George was catchin' on. Figured if he thought I still needed him, he wouldn't leave me.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Oh Cal. You know I couldn't help growin' old.

Cal blinks away her wet eyes.

CAL

What about you huh? What happened with you two?

JACK

It was all him. He didn't think it was fair to raise a son knowing he'd be out on the water for the better part of my childhood. Didn't want me to be left alone. Didn't want to worry about never coming back. So he let that fear of being gone stop him from ever really showing up.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I think I visited once, maybe twice. He took me fishing... I must've been 10? 11? Umm, it rained, and I was freezing and seasick and I didn't catch anything, still never have... but when I wanted to go in uhmm he told me I couldn't. Not until I caught us dinner and uhmm I hate fish so it wasn't much motivation. And then when I finally quit and stormed away he told me that we just weren't cut from the same cloth. And that I was my "momma's son" and uhhh, and I could never forgive him. And the more time that passed the harder it became to swallow my pride. And even as an adult when I knew that we were just tired and cold, I couldn't... I couldn't. You must think -

CAL

I'm not gonna judge you Jack.

Beat.

JACK

What was he like?

CAL

What was he like? Funny. He was so funny. But ran a tight ship. He uh, he loved listening to Chuck Berry, hated relish, always insisted on changing his own oil. Thought snow chains were for scaredy cats, weirdly he loved slippers. You know the kind with the fur in them...

From a drawer in the dash Cal pulls out the card-stock disco ball. She hands it to Jack.

CAL (CONT'D)

And, uhh he was gonna come to your wedding. He just didn't trust the Post Office. Thought he'd hand deliver the invite.

JACK

Apparently he never heard of a seating chart.

CAL  
He was proud of you.

He was?

CAL (CONT'D)  
We used to watch your show  
together. Whole crew did. Even made  
up a drinking game to it.

JACK  
What was it?

CAL  
Oh like I'd give you that power.

55 INT. GALLEY. NIGHT.

55

Jack's makes dinner. Ed ties knots. Both, in their element.

ED  
I have to say, I could get used to  
having a chef on board.

JACK  
I'm literally microwaving you a  
quesadilla.

ED  
Better than havin' to do it myself.

Suddenly, they ROLL, and Cal bursts in, on the intercom.

CAL (O.S.)  
We've got weather.

Ed push buttons back.

ED  
Want me to batten down?

CAL (O.S.)  
Take the helm. Jack's gotta learn  
sometime, right?

ED  
Yes, m'am.

Ed pulls out two pair of slickers. Hands one to Jack.

JACK  
What are these?

ED  
Foulies.

JACK  
What?

ED  
Foul weather gear.

56 EXT. DECK. AT SEA. NIGHT.

56

Head-to-toe in yellow, rubber, slickers, Cal meets Jack in the cockpit, ready to batten down.

CAL  
It's victory at sea out here! We got green water comin up over the bow and we gotta secure this boom.

She grabs his wrist. Buh-bump. She meets him with a smile.

Jack stumbles behind, trailing Cal through the hammering rain. Knocked left and right.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Grab this line. When I say so, throw it.

Cal begins climbing the crane. Ed yells down from the top.

ED  
Get your life jacket on and make sure you keep eyes on Cal! If there's a man overboard, we only have minutes before hypothermia sets in.

Jack fumbles into his life jacket. WTF IS HAPPENING!!

CAL  
Jack the line!

Jack throws the line and misses. A huge wave rolls the boat.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Pick it up!

He throws a second time, and misses. Green water swamps the deck.

JACK  
Cal, I can't. I can't do it.

CAL  
Yes you can. Throw me the line!

He does and this time, he makes it! Cal battens down!

JACK  
I'm gonna be sick.

57 INT. BOAT. NIGHT.

57

Jack wobbles through the boat barely making it to hug the toilet, when he's pulled back.

CAL  
Better to wait in the flybridge.

JACK  
No. It's better if I wait by the toilet.

CAL  
In case she breaks up.

JACK  
YOU MEAN SINKS?

CRACK. Did you hear that thunder?

58 INT. PILOTHOUSE. AT SEA. NIGHT.

58

CAL  
Sit here.

JACK  
HOLY SHIT.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
The pretzels kiddo.

Cal scrounges in a drawer. Victoriously she pulls out a bag of pretzels, tosses them to Jack, and takes the helm.

CAL  
OOOO! Look at that wave.

Cal spins the steering-wheel. Pumped full of adrenaline.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Eat a pretzel Jack. Not all at once. Bite it into a shape. Like a bell or a...

JACK  
It's not the time for pretzels!

ED  
Wave three clicks to port.

Cal spins the wheel.

CAL  
You're not eating it. You're making art. Pretzel art.

ED  
It'll get your mind off things.

Then to Cal -

ED (CONT'D)  
There's four more behind it.

Jack nibbles. Not buying it...

JACK  
Look, it's a... triangle

Even Cal is starting to sweat.

CAL  
Shit, I thought you were more creative than that...

Jack curls up. He nibbles at another.

JACK  
How about this? It's a circle...

Ed exhales.

ED  
We're through that set.

CAL  
A circle, that's the best you got?  
You're not even gonna say it's a planet or an eye...

Jack nibbles at his wit's end. It's too much for him.

JACK  
You know what, it's a ring. For you.

Cal holds out her hand, he slips the pretzel on her finger.

ED  
BIG. Wave. 5 clicks to starboard.

CAL  
GET DOWN! GET DOWN!

Cal and Ed duck as they burst through the wave. Once they're on the other side of it, they stand, noticeably shaken.

JACK  
I'm gonna close my eyes now.

59 INT. PILOTHOUSE. AT SEA. 3 AM.

59

Cal sits in the co-captain's chair, feet extended, snoring, pretzel ring still on. Ed's at the wheel.

Jack slowly comes to.

JACK  
Did we die?

Ed grunts.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Wow, look at that.

Snow gently flutters down on the boat. Jack walks over and touches Cal's arm, gently waking her.

JACK (CONT'D)  
It's snowing.

Who cares?

JACK (CONT'D)  
I've never been at sea when it  
snows.

As he climbs down the ladder, Cal looks at Ed. He shrugs.

60 EXT. DECK. AT SEA. NIGHT.

60

The sea is calm. Everything is shushed in the silent snowfall. There's no other word for it, it's magic.

CAL  
What are we doin down here Jack?

Suddenly, a ball of fluff hits Cal in the face.

CAL (CONT'D)  
 Oh, that's cute. You've never been  
 in a snowball fight with me. You  
 really think you can win.

As she packs her punch in the form of a fluffy ball, Jack runs across the deck - but SLIPS! He laughs belly up.

CAL (CONT'D)  
 You alright?

Cal runs to him, but she too SLIPS! and falls, hard.

CAL (CONT'D)  
 It's not funny.

His laugh says otherwise. He stretches out his arms, wide.

JACK  
 You ever made a snow angel on a  
 boat before?

CAL  
 I, I can't say that I have.

JACK  
 First time for everything.

She gives in and lays back. She starts flapping her wings. It's all smiles and snowflakes.

61 INT. GALLEY. MORNING. DECEMBER 22ND. WINTER SOLSTICE. 61

Ed is making a cup of coffee. Jack slowly moseys up.

ED  
 Morning.

JACK  
 Cal at the helm?

ED  
 Sleeping. She was up til dawn.

Jack nods it off like oh, duh.

ED (CONT'D)  
 You two have fun last night? It's  
 been awhile since she's had fun.

JACK  
 Grief's a hard mountain to climb.



ED

It ain't the grief. It's ever since she started runnin' the boat. We all knew George had a little more than coffee in his cup. And Cal, she never could *really* trust him at the helm...

JACK

How long's it been?

ED

3, 4, 5 years?

JACK

5 years!?!

ED

I don't blame her. One mistake and 10 men don't come home. Families lose fathers, brothers.

Dam.

ED (CONT'D)

And on topa all that, if she don't catch fish, those same men don't get paid. If they don't get paid, their families don't get fed.

JACK

That's why she's so desperate for that quota. I thought she just lived to fish.

ED

Speaking of, Captain told me to set you set you up to troll. Seems someone used all our bait.

JACK

On a what?

ED

Come on.

They walk on out...

62 EXT. DECK. AT SEA. JUST AFTER.

62

ED

We're looking for mackerel. Let the line out like this, then slowly reel in. When you get a fish on, reel er up quick and put er in the bucket.

JACK

I never catch anything, so... where are you going?

ED

Someone's got to watch the helm.

JACK

I can't fish.

ED

Cal thinks you can.

JACK

I can't...

ED

You got somethin' better to do today than try?

Jack looks at the endless blue. He takes the rod and dips it in the water.

JACK

Am I doin' this right?

Ed grunts.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh my god! I've got something! I've got something.

ED

(Yelling from above)  
Reel er up and put er in the bucket!

JACK

Ok. A little congratulations may be in order.

63 EXT. DECK. AT SEA. MIDMORNING.

63

Jack's reel's still out when Cal comes on deck. Mug in hand.

JACK

Cal! I caught a fish!

Jack holds up a 6 inch mackerel. Who says sizes matters?

CAL

Just one?

JACK

No. I got a bucket full. Too bad I hate fish. This is as fresh as it gets.

CAL

It's alright. You'll like what we're really fishing for.

JACK

Oh. I'm not really fishing?

CAL

You're fishing! You're catching fish! Makin' bait.

JACK

Bait for what?

CAL

You'll see.

64 INT. PILOTHOUSE. JUST AFTER.

64

Cal climbs into the pilothouse. Ed's relieved to be relieved.

ED

Perfect timing. Starboard engine seems like it's running a bit hot.

CAL

Scout.

He moves and she eyeballs the gage.

ED

It's probably nothing, but just to safe I'll get eyes on er.

Good thinking.

Cal sits staring at the water. We see George sitting next to her. He smiles. She stares out at the horizon. All is calm as the waves gently lap against the hull... for now...

ED (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Cal! Kill the engines! I need you  
 down here. We're taking on water  
 like a mother!

Cal shuts her eyes. Deep breath. Then runs down the ladder.

65 EXT. DECK. AT SEA. JUST AFTER. 65

CAL  
 Jack grab the pump out from that  
 hatch and bring it into the engine  
 room. NOW.

66 INT. ENGINE ROOM. JUST AFTER. 66

Water sloshes as the boat rolls. Cal assesses the scene.

ED  
 It's gotta be that dam hose again,  
 but I can't get my hands in that  
 heat exchanger.

CAL  
 Move.

Jack fumbles in with the pump pieces overwhelmed by the ankle-deep water.

JACK  
 WHY IS THERE WATER IN THE BOAT?!?!

Ed snatches the pump, attaches the long tube and hucks it up on deck. He's pumping, pumping, pumping...

Cal lays down in the oily swamp, it's that hose alright.

CAL  
 Ed.

ED  
 Not now Cap. I gotta get this water  
 outta here. I don't want to  
 overwhelm the bilge.

CAL  
 Jack. I need you to listen very  
 carefully. Diesel engines have a  
 salt water heat exchanger.  
 Basically, ocean water's pumped in  
 and out so the engine can keep  
 cool.

(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

One of our clamps snapped so the hose is filling the boat instead of the heat exchanger. Holy shit, we're so lucky we didn't blow the starboard side.

JACK

WHAT!? What kind of genius thought it was a good idea to pump the ocean into the boat?

CAL

George. This was his big invention.

Oh.

CAL (CONT'D)

Go in the tool chest, top drawer and hand me a hose clamp. A little metal circle. Smallest one we got.

He digs through the Craftsman tool chest. Pulls one out, hands it to her. She plugs in the hose and tightens the clamp down, same screw, no butter fingers this time.

It's on! But, oh no...

CAL (CONT'D)

No, no, no! The hose is cracked! I knew we needed a spare onboard Ed!

ED

Now is not the time for "told ya sos" Cap'n.

CAL

Jack, go in George's tool box, the red, rusty one, and get me something to seal it.

JACK

Like what?

Jack jiggles open the crusty latch...

CAL

What do we got?

JACK

Umm, ok uhh...

CAL

Talk to me Jack. I need you to talk to me.

JACK  
Uhm... WD-40. A marble, rubber  
bands, chewing gum, tin foil...  
silicone, a plastic fork.

CAL  
Silicone spray or caulk?

JACK  
Caulk.

CAL  
Bring it here. And I need your  
shirt.

JACK  
Why?

CAL  
It's the only thing in this room  
that's dry.

Jack takes his shirt off and hands it to her. As he dangles  
it in front of her face she can't help but... check him out.

JACK  
What?

CAL  
So that whole diet chef thing  
really works huh?

ED  
Cal. We're sinking!

Right. She dries off the fitting with the shirt. She throws  
the sippy rag back at him. Thanks for that. She liberally  
applies caulk to the hose.

CAL  
Hand me the foil. And the gum.

POP! Chomp, chomp, chomp... and rip. She covers the sealant  
with a strip of foil. Then plucks the chewed gum from her  
lips and presses it between the two ends.

Suddenly it all seems quiet...

JACK  
What was that MacGyver?

CAL  
Tryna make sure the seal stays dry  
long enough to set.

They wait. The seconds are audible.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Wanna fire her up Ed?

Everyone holds their breath. The engines RUMBLE to a start. It's hot, it's loud... it's dry. They all exhale.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Good job boys. Ed, we'll watch it,  
ya?

He nods, and Cal's off. Jack finally stops sweating.

67

EXT. DECK. AT SEA. NIGHT.

67

Jack walks out as Ed is ties knots on hoop nets. Each attached to a buoy with a blinking light. Red and Green. Red and Green.

ED  
Nice of you to join us.

Cal pops out over the pilothouse, yelling from above.

CAL  
Jack! Just in time. We've hit  
structure!

JACK  
We hit something? ARE WE  
SINKING?... again?

CAL  
Depth finder pulled up a reef out  
here. 60 feet below. Slickers! Now.

She drops the Grundens down onto his head. He climbs into the foulies before Ed shoves his bucket of bait at him.

ED  
Get that mackerel cut and shove  
them in these tubes.

JACK  
Like how... like filet?

Ed grabs the knife and cuts off a head.

ED  
Like fast.

Jack fumbles to fill a bait can.

For the remainder of the scene, Cal speaks via loud speaker.

CAL  
Let's get these pots in the water  
boys!

JACK  
I'm not ready.

CAL  
You're ready enough.

ED  
Pick it up Jack. Up, up!

They toss the net into the water. It sinks and the buoy floats up flashing. They repeat the process again and again until they look back and there's a string of flashing lights, bobbing on the surface.

JACK  
It looks like Christmas.

ED  
It's better than Christmas.

Cal maneuvers the boat back around to their first set. Ed hooks the buoy and hoists the cage out of the water. Inside are two beautiful lobsters.

Ed holds two fingers up as he yells to Cal.

ED (CONT'D)  
2! 2 big ones!

CAL  
That's no good! There are three of us! Jack's gotta hook the next one or it's frozen burritos for him.

ED  
Alright Jack, you're up.

JACK  
I can't - what if I miss?

ED  
Then you're not havin' any lobster.

The boat comes around. All the pressure's on...

ED (CONT'D)  
Do it Jack!



He tosses the hook and boom. He's got the pot.

JACK  
I got it! I got it!

ED  
Now hoist!

They pull up the pot and there's a lobster!

ED (CONT'D)  
YEWV!!!!

JACK  
I caught a lobster!

Jack looks up at her. Proud. Their eyes hold each other.

This happens again and again. With each lobster Jack catches, he glows brighter and brighter. Until the final pot has been collected.

ED  
You ready to get cooking?

JACK  
We're gonna eat these tonight? It's nearly midnight.

CAL  
Ain't nothing better than a fresh out the water midnight lobster.

68 INT. GALLEY. NIGHT.

68

Jack's set a beautiful table. Cal takes a seat beside Ed.

JACK  
Who the hell is driving?

CAL  
Can't you hear how quite it is? The engine are off. We're drifting.

JACK  
Is that safe?

CAL  
Safe this far offshore. We'll burn a little more fuel gettin in to New York tomorrow but it's worth it.

Jack sets the platter of lobsters on the table and pops the top of a can of beer.

JACK

While this may be my first nearly midnight lobster, it certainly will not be my last. To new friends and new Christmas traditions filled magic...

At the word magic both Cal and Ed instinctively drink.

JACK (CONT'D)

What was that?

ED

Uh, what was what?

JACK

Why'd you both drink?

CAL

We're thirsty.

JACK

Well as I was saying to traditions filled with magic and -

They drink again.

JACK (CONT'D)

You just did it again. Magic.

They drink again.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's the drinking game? Every time I say magic.

They drink again.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh just wait to see how magical my next segment is!

CAL

To George!

To George.

69 INT. GALLEY. NIGHT. AFTER DINNER.

69

Cal and Ed suds, soap, and soak the mountain of dishes, until Jack pulls a firework out from a hatch.

JACK  
Is this a Firey Santa?

CAL  
NO!

ED  
Oh ya it is.

CAL  
No. No fireworks at sea, it's too dangerous.

JACK  
Oh Cal, come on. If it's so dangerous why do you got 'em onboard?

Ed grunts. Cal needs something, anything. Too late.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Meet me on deck in 5!

70 EXT. DECK. NIGHT. IN 5.

70

Jack's set up his launch station. Cal hides behind the door.

JACK  
Get out here Cal.

CAL  
I can see from here.

JACK  
Oh come on.

He walks over and grabs her hand. Buh-bump. Goosebumps.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Ms. Fearless is finally afraid of something?

CAL  
I just don't like to take unnecessary risks.

JACK  
I'm sorry, did we *have* to just fish  
for lobsters? You know, we coulda  
wrapped a prop.

Look who's learning...

CAL  
Catchin' bugs is fun.

JACK  
Are you insinuating that  
firecrackers aren't? Just for that,  
you get to do the honors.

A lighter, extended. From the corner, George smiles. He's  
more like him, than he thought.

She doesn't even bother arguing. She approaches the firey  
Santa. Buh-bump. She winces and leans back, as far away from  
the lighter as possible. Click. She ignites the fuse and  
RUNS.

WOOSH! The firework whistles before BANG! Exploding overhead  
and lighting up the water. Cal's smile is even brighter than  
the Santa-shaped pyrotechnics.

JACK (CONT'D)  
WOOOOO! We got any more?!

CAL  
I'll go check.

She dips inside. Jack looks at Ed. He shrugs.

JACK  
I don't know what you're talking  
about. She seems like a lot of fun.

ED  
When you're around. You get the fun  
to come out.

JACK  
Thanks for letting me hook the  
pots.

ED  
Thanks for cooking. It was all  
time.

71 INT. SALON. JUST AFTER. 71

Cal digs in a cupboard for any left over explosives.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
It's time kiddo.

Cal shakes her head no.

But she knows he's right.

72 EXT. DECK. JUST AFTER. 72

She comes back on deck, holding the urn. A wave's washed over her. Beat. Right. That's why we're all here. She hands it to Jack.

CAL  
For that, you get to do the honors.

Jack thoughtfully accepts. He walks to the rail, removes the lid, and sprinkles in some ashes.

JACK  
Dad -

Jack's head floods with hundreds of things that he wants to say. But he settles on the only one that matters.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I forgive you.

His weight's been lifted. He walks back. Hands the urn to Ed.

JACK (CONT'D)  
We should all do it. I think we  
should all do it.

Ed takes the urn, walks to the rail and sprinkles in some ashes. He takes a swig of canned beer and pours the rest overboard.

ED  
To warm seas and cold cans. Now and  
forever, Captain.

He hands the urn to Cal. She walks to the rail. She scatters the remaining ashes. She sets the urn between her Xtratufs. She pulls out George's Christmas card from her pocket. It gently falls from her hands overboard. She closes her eyes.

CAL  
Goodbye George.

Tears flow down her face towards the ocean. It's the first time we actually see her cry. Ed and Jack approach the rail. They stand beside her. With her.

73 INT. PILOTHOUSE. AT SEA. MORNING OF DECEMBER 23RD. 73

Cal settles into the Captain's chair. And that's when it hits her. She's alone and that second seat's been empty for while.

She stares at the monotonous horizon as time slowly creeps on. The sun travels across the sky, until eventually we start to see land again. It gets bigger and bigger, as the day grows darker and darker.

JACK (O.S.)  
Cal!? Get down here! QUICK!

74 EXT. DECK. AT SEA. SUNSET. 74

CAL  
Jack! Jack what is it?

Jack plugs in an extension chord. The boat glows. Christmas lights are strung everywhere.

JACK  
Merry Christmas, Cal.

CAL  
You did this?

JACK  
Ed may have helped some.

Ed grunts and climbs up to take the helm.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I may have helped Ed. He told me that you and my dad used to decorate the Guppy every year for the Winterport boat parade. And I know this is the first year you're going to miss it. But, coincidentally, this is the first year you will be attending the one in New York.

CAL  
How did -

JACK

Call it fate. Or Christmas magic. I personally think he's up there looking down on you, because I didn't do anything, it just so happens to be tonight.

CAL

Thank you. This is the nicest thing anyone's ever done for me.

As they enter the marina, boats parade flaunting their colorful strings and strings of lights. Some have Santas positioned on their bows. Other's are nautical themed.

Cal and Jack sip in the sights. Enjoying every moment. A sailboat floats by, its mast lit up to look like a giant marlin. Jack wraps his arm around Cal and points at it.

JACK

Check it out. You know I think I'm the only one that never heard him tell that marlin story.

Cal looks at him like, "do you feel it too?" He smiles, knowing that he does. For moment, they're together... until she notices that his arm has stayed wrapped around her for a little bit longer than it should.

CAL

I, uh. I should go dock the boat.

It's like she's called his bluff. He folds his hand, she cashes out.

75

EXT. DECK. DOCKS OF THE NEW YORK MARINA. NIGHT.

75

Awaiting their arrival on the dock, is the APPRAISER.

CAL

You must be the appraiser! Thank you so much for meeting us. Captain Cal, please come aboard.

APPRAISER

Judging from the exterior, this shouldn't take long.

He walks 'round with his clipboard. Cal looks at Ed.

CAL

I'm so nervous. Should I show him the tin foil patch?

ED  
Absolutely not.

CAL  
He's going to find it.

ED  
He's not going to find it.

CAL  
What about the crack in the  
steering consul?

ED  
You need to get out of here. Go get  
some food or something. I got this.

JACK  
What'd I hear about food?

ED  
Jack! Thank God. Get Cal outta  
here. Otherwise she's gonna walk  
the appraiser through every nook  
and cranny, it's gonna take  
forever, and he's not gonna finish  
tonight. We've got too much riding  
on this. Cal, do what's best for  
the boat and leave. NOW.

CAL  
FINE. But don't worry Jack, I know  
you want to get home to Alana. I  
can figure out how to kill some  
time. It is New York City.

JACK  
Actually I'm not allowed to see her  
tonight. Night before the wedding  
superstitions and all. And, uh, I  
do know a pretty good place, if  
you're hungry...

CAL  
I'll get changed.

And just like that, she's all in again. She dips below.

Ed mad-dogs Jack.

ED  
You're getting married tomorrow.



JACK

Yehup...

ED

For a second almost thought you forgot.

Nope...

ED (CONT'D)

Don't. She's had enough heartbreak this Christmas.

76 EXT. NEW YORK CITY. NIGHT

76

We follow Cal and Jack as they hop through closing subway doors, get offered "Prado" bags from curbside vendors and snack their way through street markets, until... they arrive.

77 INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

77

Jack sambas through the lively Cuban restaurant decorated with mini Christmas trees, as Cal flows just behind. The chili pepper string-lights perfectly match her lipstick. That's right, she's wearing lipstick. Chili-pepper-red, lipstick, and we can't believe its the first time we've noticed.

But Cal's not sambaing fast enough, she's drifting away...

Come on! Jack wouldn't let that happen. He grabs her hand, it's electric. He pulls her close and leads her through the rest of the dance floor... to the kitchen...?

78 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

78

The white sterile lights instantly sober us.

COOK

Ay! Jack como está man?

JACK

Manuel! You got some of Abuelita's tamales for me? Wouldn't be Christmas without 'em.

COOK

I was wondering when you were gonna show up. I got your bag in the back. Hang on.

The Cook heads off into the walk in.

CAL  
What are we doing in here?

JACK  
I just trusted you at sea for the last four days. The least you can do is trust me in a restaurant.

The Cook comes back with a knotted plastic bag in hand. He eyes Cal.

COOK  
You hangin' out?

JACK  
Not tonight. Give Abuelita my love, ya?

Jack grabs the goods and hands him a twenty. Then walks away.

CAL  
We're not eating here?

JACK  
Please. These are grandma made. They deserve better than to be eaten in a restaurant.

79 EXT. PARK BENCH. NIGHT.

79

Couples twirl on an ice skating rink. Cal and Jack cozy up with their tamales. They can't help but stare... at each other.

CAL  
Oh my God. I can't believe that this is the first tamale I've ever had.

JACK  
Well I can't believe that you're the first person to feed me midnight lobster.

They swim in each other's eyes.

CAL  
Technically, you're the one who fed me midnight lobster. And I gotta say, it was the best I ever had.  
(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)

You should do it on Jack's Kitchen  
sometime. Maybe then I'll get to  
know your secret.

JACK

Oh, you want to know my secret?  
I'll give you a hint. It's not that  
secret...

CAL

Love? You cook with love?

JACK

No. Butter.

Then... Bzzt. Bzzt. Bzzz-Buzz kill.

Jack pulls his phone out.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's Ed. You know if you didn't  
huck your phone at me he'd probably  
be texting you right now.

Cal snatches it, scans it... EYE ROLL. Scoff.

JACK (CONT'D)

What?

CAL

Well, they finished the inspection,  
and they were gonna have the  
finalized appraisal messengered  
over first thing tomorrow, but  
apparently the guest dock doesn't  
qualify as a "permanent enough  
address"... goddam New York  
bullshit. I guess I could...

He grabs his phone back. Then twiddles his thumbs.

JACK

I'll have it sent it to my moms.  
That way you can grab it whenever.

Woosh. And just like that...

JACK (CONT'D)

So that's it? The estates basically  
all settled. Just a few pieces of  
paper and you'll never have to see  
me again.

Beat.

CAL  
 Mmm. We still don't where that patent is. I'm sure when it turns up you'll come back around.

JACK  
 Maybe then you'll take me out fishing for some more midnight lobster, Captain.

Ya. Maybe.

CAL  
 Holy shit! The estate's gonna close! I'm gonna get to keep the quota! We have to celebrate.

Cal looks left, right...

JACK  
 No.

CAL  
 YES!

80 EXT. ICE RINK. JUST AFTER.

80

Cal may have sea legs, but she doesn't have ice legs.

JACK  
 I thought you'd be better at this.

CAL  
 I did too.

Beat.

JACK  
 Here.

He holds out his arm.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Come on, before you break yours.

Ok. Beat. Beat. Or is it Buh-bump?

JACK (CONT'D)  
 You ever think you'd ever want to be anything other than "Captain Cal"?

CAL

No. But, I'd like to do charters. You know, take tourists out for the day: whale watching, rock fishing. Work all summer when the water's nice. Keep my guys home and safe all winter. Tourists don't pay as well as big fish, but they're a lot easier to catch. What about you? You ever want to be more than "Jack from Jack's kitchen"?

JACK

I love Jack's Kitchen. I do. I just, I wish I was cooking real food.

CAL

Oh ya? And what exactly is "real food"?

JACK

You know... it's midnight lobster. And deck-side calamari if the calamari isn't actually bait belonging to some cranky captain...

Oh, oh no. Cal's slips. She brings Jack down with her.

They sit in the middle of the ice rink as skaters twirl by.

JACK (CONT'D)

That makes it four times now. Four times that you've almost killed me. And guess what, I did not make it off the boat for you to murder me in Central Park.

CAL

It's only been four times?

He helps her back up.

JACK

Before you, I don't think that I would have even noticed almost dying. Or at least, I don't think I would've minded so much. But now, now that I know what it's like to actually feel alive...

Cal steals a kiss. And Jack... lets her.

wait. WHAT. WAS. THAT.

CAL  
I'm sorry.

JACK  
Don't be sorry.

The longest beat of your life.

CAL  
This can't happen, can it?

Jack shakes his head. They're skating, slowly... resisting every urge to run for it. The question is: do they want to run away? Or run away together?

Cut the tension with a knife. She can't take it any more...

CAL (CONT'D)  
You wanna hear that marlin story?

Jack nods. What could be less steamy?

CAL (CONT'D)  
So, he's down in Baja and, the  
boat's rollin', green water  
everywhere -

As she starts talking, no matter how hard he tries, he can't help but be lost in her.

They cling to each other and a moment that they both know can't last.

81 EXT. DECK. DOCKS, NEW YORK MARINA. MORNING. CHRISTMAS EVE. 81

Ed is up and about as Cal rushes off onto the dock.

ED  
Merry Christmas Eve Cal.

CAL  
Merry Christmas Eve Ed.

The significance of the day seems to wash right over her. Ed thinks about saying something, instead -

ED  
We still leaving today?

CAL  
Of course, why wouldn't we be. It's  
not like anything's changed...

Ok...

CAL (CONT'D)  
Get the boat prepped.

82 INT. NANCY'S SKYRISE APARTMENT. MID-MORNING. 82

The elevator doors open. Cal timidly creeps in to the winter wonderland. Until...

NANCY  
Caroline! The appraisal's just arrived, it's in the kitchen.

83 INT. NANCY'S KITCHEN. JUST AFTER. 83

NANCY  
Can I offer you coffee? Eggnog latte perhaps?

CAL  
Actually I'd love an eggnog latte, thanks.

You mean she didn't protest the calories - Nancy is thrilled.

NANCY  
Have a seat. The files just there, if you'd like to go over it.

Cal sets a Christmas card on the counter. Then, she begins mindlessly flipping through the appraised pages.

JACK (O.S.)  
Jesus Christ. What the - she expects, I can't - is she?

That doesn't sound like it's going well. Cal looks back as Jack walks in, fully sparkling in his sequins tux.

NANCY  
Insane?

JACK  
Cal. Hi.

Suddenly it all hits her. He's getting married.

CAL  
Hi. uhh. You look...

JACK

And you...

CAL

I'm so sorry, I uh. I have to go.  
We're leaving. Today. Now.

Cal gets up and knocks over a vase of ornaments. They boing, boing, boing, in a thousand different directions. A diversion

JACK

Cal. Cal!

The elevator can't come fast enough.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cal wait! Cal!

84

INT. ELEVATOR. JACK'S SKYRISE APARTMENT. JUST AFTER.

84

Cal hops in. Door close. Door close. But they don't close fast enough. Jack's slipped in. He blocks the buttons.

CAL

What are you doing in here Jack?

JACK

It's not me. None of this -

CAL

I don't care.

JACK

Yes you do.

CAL

What? Four days on a boat and suddenly you expect me to believe that you're something more than this fake -

JACK

What? What do you want to say? Because last I checked, it's me who's running after you. And there's nothing fake about that.

CAL

Oh ya? Well why exactly are you here Jack? In a sequins tuxedo that you're supposed to be wearing to your wedding in three hours.



JACK  
I just thought...

CAL  
Thought what? You should feel alive  
everyday...

JACK  
Most people settle Cal, it's called  
security. It's called a safety net.

CAL  
No. It's called being a sellout.  
And I guess that's why you're  
marrying someone you don't even  
love.

Just then, the elevator begins to move, only it doesn't get  
very far... floor 22.

JACK  
You think you know so much about me  
but you don't even know yourself.  
You think what we have, you think  
that's love? You're grieving Cal.  
None of this was real. You're an  
emotional wreck that everyone  
thinks is no fun.

Cal winds up to put the final crack in the shatter, just as  
the elevator doors begin to crack open.

CAL  
I'm the wreck? Ya, ok, I kissed  
you, but I'm not the one getting  
married. And guess what, you kissed  
me back. You - kissed me - back!

85 INT. JACK'S SKYRISE APARTMENT. JUST AFTER.

85

Alana and her bridal party sip mimosas and stare into the  
elevator...

ALANA  
You KISSED her? "Back"?

The bridesmaid who's pushed the call button steps to the  
side.

BRIDESMAID  
I'll take the stairs.

She runs to the left, as Jack walks out.

JACK  
Alana... no. It wasn't like that,  
it was, Cal -

Jack looks back at Cal. Even now, here, in front of his wife-to-be, he needs her. Back me up?

CAL  
Goodbye Jack.

The doors close.

86 INT. ELEVATOR. JACK'S SKYRISE PENTHOUSE. JUST AFTER. 86

Cal pushes L - but she's already as low as she can get.

87 INT. JACK'S SKYRISE APARTMENT. JUST AFTER. 87

Alana is shellshocked. What was that?

ALANA  
Ladies. Give us just -

One pointer. Exactly. The bridesmaids scurry.

JACK  
I was going to tell you...

ALANA  
When?

JACK  
Last night, we were in Central  
Park...

ALANA  
I meant when were you going to tell  
me. What the hell were you doing  
with her in CENTRAL PARK?

JACK  
We were just -

ALANA  
Jack I was at my bachelorette party  
last night. Do you know where that  
was? It was in *my* apartment. That  
way, if anything happened, I didn't  
have to worry about things...  
getting out. You went and let her  
kiss you in CENTRAL PARK. What if  
someone took a photo?

JACK

You're not mad that I kissed her?  
You're mad that I kissed her in  
public?

ALANA

I thought she kissed she you?

JACK

She did.

ALANA

Alright well be more discrete in  
the future. Could you imagine if  
this got out? The night before our  
wedding?

JACK

That's it? "Be more discrete in the  
future"?

ALANA

What did you expect?

JACK

A fight or tears, or...

ALANA

Tears? Jack, really? I'm in my  
wedding makeup.

JACK

I just thought you'd be more upset.

ALANA

I mean, I guess I hoped that we'd  
get at least a few years into the  
marriage before we started cheating  
on each other but, I understand  
wedding jitters. And at least we  
can trust Cal, she's not exactly  
the celebrity type. Next time just,  
get a hotel.

JACK

Next time? Alana, I don't want  
that. I don't want a marriage like  
that.

ALANA

What do you want?

JACK

I want you to be mad that I even thought about her for a second. I want you to fight for me.

ALANA

Jack, we're about to get married. We don't have time to fight about the inevitable.

JACK

"Inevitable?" That's not how this should feel...

ALANA

What? You want me to scream? You want me to make you promise that nothing else was going on? That it won't happen again? Guess what, I don't care. Because, you're here, aren't you? You already chose me. What else do you need?

JACK

I need someone who hurls their phone at me just because I caught them dancing, not someone who can't be bothered to shed a tear. Someone who is going to stand by me when it feels like we're drowning, not someone who quits on me after one day. I need someone who believes that I can throw them the line, and I need someone who's going to be there to catch it. I need someone who thinks our relationship is worth screaming for, Alana!

ALANA

Jack. I'm doing this for you. All of this, the wedding, the lifestyle. It's all to help you build your image, as the Sugar-Free Chef.

JACK

I don't want to be the Sugar-Free Chef. And I don't want a disco wedding. I want to be me. I like sugar.

ALANA

Then be you. Cook whatever you want, eat whatever you want, be with who ever you want. Just do it in private. It's not like it's that hard.

JACK

That's all this is to you. An image. Do you even still love me?

Beat. Beat? WTF... there should not be a beat...

JACK (CONT'D)

Alana, I can't marry you.

ALANA

Excuse me?

JACK

This is over.

ALANA

Are you kidding me right now? What are we going to tell the press?

JACK

Honestly, I don't even think they'll notice. I'm not that big of a celebrity.

ALANA

You never appreciate what you have.

JACK

You're right. But I'm about to start.

DING! The elevator opens. Is it Cal? Did she come back for him??????

No. She didn't. It's our BRIDESMAID, holding a carton of OJ like a trophy.

BRIDESMAID

The day is saved!

88

EXT. DECK. DOCKS, NEW YORK MARINA. MID-DAY.

88

Ed is sitting on deck with his feet on the rail and a line in the water. It's the "Merry Kalikimaka" version of the day, until Cal storms aboard, fueled by her cloud of rage.

CAL

How soon can we cast off?

ED

Soon as we get fuel.

CAL

That's gonna take hours! Why didn't you do that when I was gone?

ED

You've got the credit cards. I can't afford this fill up. She takes 46,000 gallons of diesel Cal.

CAL

Get us to the fuel dock. NOW.

89 INT. NANCY'S SKYRISE APARTMENT. JUST AFTER.

89

Nancy twists open the cork cage on a bottle of champagne.

NANCY

She's just not the same girl you fell in love with in Brooklyn. She's changed. You made the right choice.

POP! The champs is poured into two coups.

NANCY (CONT'D)

To dodging the biggest, sparkliest bullet of your life!

But as she blabs, Jack spies the Christmas card are the counter. He walks over and rips it open, like a bandaid.

It reads:

"Jack, George gave me a lot of things in life. My career, a family, shit he even left me 600 grand. But the best thing he ever gave me, was a chance to spend those last few days with you. You changed everything for me. Congratulations on your first season's catch and here's to many more nights filled with midnight lobster. I hope now you realize that you, can do anything. Merry Christmas."

The words sink off the page and into Jack.

JACK

How could she do this? She knew I was getting married. Why would she say all this? Now?

NANCY

Because maybe, like the rest of us,  
somewhere deep down, she hoped you  
wouldn't.

Beat.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Jack, I know you don't always want  
to listen to my suggestions, so  
I'll give you an observation. Even  
when you fight with Cal, you look  
at her like the she's the only  
other person in the world. So what  
the hell are you still doing here?  
Go fight for her.

90 EXT. DECK. FUEL DOCK, NEW YORK MARINA. MID-DAY. 90

Cal anxiously taps her foot as the pump slowly fills The  
Guppy.

GAS DOCK GUY

Won't be much longer. Another, 30,  
50 minutes til you hit your mark.

EYE ROLL.

As we leave them, we see Ed's phone vibrating in the  
pilothouse. Jack's calling. Called. 11 times.

91 EXT. NEW YORK CITY. CONTINUOUS. 91

Jack races through crowds of people with shopping bags piled  
up to their elbows. He's running through the city, against  
the Christmas current. Sequins and all.

92 EXT. DECK. FUEL DOCK, NEW YORK MARINA. CONTINUOUS. 92

Clouds roll in. Cal impatiently eats a bag of pretzels.  
Bored, she makes pretzel art, she nibbles, and nibbles and  
nibbles, until... until she's left with a circle. I mean a  
ring. Gross. She's lost her appetite. She drops it back in  
the bag, disgusted.

93 EXT. NEW YORK CITY. CONTINUOUS. 93

Jack tries to hail a cab, but somehow, in his sequins, he's  
invisible. He keeps on runnin'...

94 EXT. DECK. FUEL DOCK, NEW YORK MARINA. CONTINUOUS.

94

The clouds turn grey, and heavy.

GAS DOCK GUY  
Looks like some weather's comin'  
in...

ED  
Sure does.

Ed pulls on the jacket.

CAL  
Is that George's jacket?

Ed grunts.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Looks good.

He sticks his hands in the pockets, shrugs his shoulders.

ED  
Feels good. What... what's this?

He fishes out a note. "ED" is underlined on the front fold.  
He delicately opens it.

GAS DOCK GUY  
Just a bit more.

ED  
Cal?

He turns the paper towards her.

ED (CONT'D)  
Guess I could've afforded to fill  
her up after all...

CAL  
The patent!

ED  
I can't keep this.

CAL  
Sure you can.

ED  
You gonna tell him?

And let him back in?



CAL  
George wanted you to have it. I  
guess this means...

It means she's said goodbye. For real.

ED  
It means that when my baby finally  
comes, I'm gonna get to be there  
for her.

Cal squeezes him, like she's hugging him for the last time.

CAL  
I'm so happy for you.

ED  
But... what is it?

Nothing. Cal...

ED (CONT'D)  
He's not married yet.

GAS DOCK GUY  
Ok that there's you're mark. You  
want me to keep goin'?

CAL  
If that wasn't a sign that we  
really should be on our way... cast  
us off, will ya?

He keys in the gas tank lid. Cal climbs up to the pilothouse  
as Ed takes the lines.

What the hell is happening on the docks? What is he wearing?  
That guy. There. Running... sparkling....

OMG it's JACK!! He sprints down the gangway, still in his  
sequins. He probably should've changed. Are you kidding?  
There was NO TIME!

Cal sees him running towards her. But, she can't run away  
fast enough.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Pull those lines in Ed.

JACK  
CAL! CAL!

Cal's not waiting. They've cast off.

JACK (CONT'D)

No. No. It's not supposed to happen like this.

Jack looks down at the water, he doesn't even hesitate. He dives in, sequins and all.

Ed looks back and sees Jack, splashing on the surface.

ED

Cal!

But Cal keeps driving.

ED (CONT'D)

CAL! We got a man in the water!

Click. The gears are centered, back to neutral. Buh-bump. Jack's in the water. He's not gonna make. He's never gonna make it.

CAL

Take the helm.

Cal pulls off her sweatshirt, kicks off her boots.

ED

Cal, NO! It's too dangerous.

But Cal doesn't listen. She dives off the pilothouse

ED (CONT'D)

(to himself, hopelessly)

Awesome. I'll just get ya a towel.

SPLASH! Cal's, sprint swimming towards Jack, her eyes never leaving him. She's not gonna make it. But she's kicking, splashing, fighting her way towards him.

Each breath is a sharp, frigid, reality check. Jack's now barely staying afloat. He pulls at the water, his head drooping closer and closer to the surface.

Ed's at the helm, he clicks the throttles in gear putting towards the sequin splashes.

On the bridge above, a crowd begins to form. Tourists point with cameras. Snapchats are zoomed all the way in. At the fuel dock, men in slickers cock an eyebrow. What the hell were these two thinking? Other boats slow to neutral. Sails luff. Things are getting serious. And it is quite the scene.

Cal's crawling towards him now, her sights never wavering. As she's about to reach him, Jack's head falls just underwater.

She pulls him up, spins him round, and begins clawing her way back to the boat. She's giving it all she's got.

Just a moment more, just a moment. They swim up beside the hull, and Ed tosses lines over. Shaking the two of the climb aboard, gasping, just as snow begins to fall.

ED (CONT'D)

Great, that's great for hypothermia.

Then, as if we needed more sparkle, they're wrapped up in reflective emergency blankets.

CAL

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

JACK

You weren't turning around...

CAL

Aren't you supposed to be getting married right now?

There's a shivering, sparkling beat.

JACK

No. I'm supposed to be right here.

Jack desperately digs for the courage to say what he's gotta say. But while he searches, Cal fumes. Steam practically streams out of her ears.

JACK (CONT'D)

Holy shit, you're scary.

And this... this is scary.

CAL

I'M SCARY? WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

Exactly. It's *all* scary.

JACK

That was me, diving in.

CAL

Ya, no shit.

JACK

Cal, I was ready to dive in after you the first day on The Guppy.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I was down to my boxers ready to swim for you. There is no one else in the world that I would do that for.

CAL

Ed! Get him back to the dock.

Ya right.

JACK

I'm not leaving.

CAL

Ya, you are. ED!

JACK

No, Cal. I'm not. And if I have to jump in The Hudson a hundred more times, just to make you realize that this, this is real, well get ready to start swimming.

EYE ROLL.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't know what it's gonna be like tomorrow or the next day. I just know that I want it to be me, cooking you midnight lobster.

CAL

And I'm just supposed to believe that tomorrow's gonna be ok? That everything's changed? Four days ago we HATED each other. Now you expect me to just TRUST you?

JACK

Everything HAS changed. When I first met you I thought you were cold and unforgiving, like that dark, storming night at sea. But now, now I know I was wrong. You're not the night, Cal. You're the fireworks. You're all fireworks.

Cal drops her emergency blanket. She steps closer to Jack. He doesn't wait. He grabs her, and this time it's him, kissing her... and it's FIREWORKS.

CAL

Next time you dive in, do it in warmer seas.

JACK  
Whatever you say, Captain.

Captain?

CAL  
I like the sound of that.

COME HERE.

The crowds of onlookers gasp, cheer, and snap shots. It's a scene, but to them, they're the only two people in the world.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.