

'A SPECK IN THE SEA'

A Screenplay  
By  
Jeff Pope

Draft  
February 19th 2015

Agents Natasha Galloway, United Agents (+44 203 214 0800)  
Philip D'Amecourt, WME (PdAmecourt@wmeentertainment.com)

BLACK.

FADE UP:

**Caption**

**All of this happened.**

Under this we FADE UP SFX of a boat chugging through the ocean swell, music playing from the wheel house - Simple Minds' *'Don't You Forget about Me'*. And we...

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK POINT - DUSK**

LOW ANGLE: the fishing vessel Anna Mary, a 42ft lobster trawler, kicks up some spray as she pushes six knots, heading due south from Montauk Point lighthouse out into the Atlantic Ocean, music blaring. It's a beautiful day, very little wind, the sun just starting to dip.

As she passes we see, incongruously, two large 'Space-Hopper' type inflated rubber balls are strapped to her bows, painted to look like tits.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DUSK**

JOHNNY ALDRIDGE is on deck. He's 44 years old, slim, athletic, with short dark hair and a neatly trimmed goatee beard. Wearing just a t-shirt and shorts in the warm weather, he's busy baiting several hundred lobster traps stacked up on deck, reaching into a barrel and hanging putrid, stinking fish heads and guts on a hook inside. As soon as he's done one he moves onto the next straight away - quickly, conscientiously. There is no tailgate on the boat, the deck is an open, flat bed the better for sliding lobster pots off it into the sea. The engine churns up a foamy wake that snakes away from the stern into the distance.

CUT TO:

**INT. CABIN, ANNA MARY - DUSK**

Below deck Johnny's partner and closest friend ANTHONY SOSINSKI is, by contrast, fast asleep. Lithe, muscled body honed from years at sea, ANTHONY is the same age as Johnny but looks like some surfer dude with long, blonde hair, tanned weathered face with three days' stubble and an Hawaiian shirt and garland of paper flowers round his neck from a party the night before.

He is in a deep, drunken sleep. We notice, pinned above his bunk, a photo of two little girls with blonde hair.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DUSK**

JOHNNY slams the lid back on the bait barrel, glad for some relief from the stench. An Anthony favourite - *'Livin' On A Prayer'* - is playing as he pulls his rubber gloves off and makes his way into the wheel house. He abruptly turns the music off. He prefers quiet, and savours the peace for a moment. He checks there are no other ships on the horizon then leaves the boat on auto-pilot and clambers downstairs.

CUT TO:

**INT. GALLEY/CABIN/ENGINE ROOM, ANNA MARY - DUSK**

JOHNNY glances over at ANTHONY, asleep in his bunk, as he crosses to the engine compartment. Unable to conceal his irritation, he opens the compartment door and holds it open, releasing choking fumes and the bellow of the diesel engine into the confined space. But ANTHONY doesn't stir. JOHNNY grabs a rag and enters the engine compartment, deliberately slamming the door with a loud thump against the bulk head. He scans the gauges, checks the oil level.

CUT TO:

**INT WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - NIGHT**

Later. JOHNNY eats cold baked beans from a tin, just the hum of the engine and the gentle swish of the bow cutting through the ocean for company. It's mostly black out there, what moonlight there is glinting on the glassy surface of the water. He studies an opened letter in an envelope pinned to a little notice board in the wheel-house and a sudden thought occurs to him. He reaches for it, but then spots some lights up ahead. It's a yacht, a rich man's play-thing on it's way back to Montauk. He leaves the envelope, switches off auto-pilot, throttles back and changes course to avoid it.

He passes the yacht about six hundred yards to starboard - JOHNNY looks over but it's too far away to make out anyone on board. Once he is satisfied the way ahead is clear again, he resumes his original speed and course and switches auto-pilot back on. He then takes a pen and circles the post-mark on the envelope he was looking at a few moments earlier. He studies it, his expression intense - it's obviously important somehow. Then he picks up his tin of beans again and eats.

CUT TO:

**INT. GALLEY, ANNA MARY - NIGHT**

Down below ANTHONY gropes, eyes still shut, for a Gatorade bottle beside his bunk. Drowsily, he glugs it down and puts the empty bottle back on the side - the whole thing apparently happening without him waking up.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - NIGHT**

Much later. The Anna Mary continues her steady progress out to sea. JOHNNY, back on deck, turns on the deck lights and then - after first checking the time on his watch - the boat's refrigeration system. Using a spanner he undoes the starboard deck hatch, lifts it up, reaches down into the water inside and closes a valve.

JOHNNY moves on to the port side and frowns when he sees that two large plastic cooler chests, full of ice ready for the lobster they hope to catch, have been carelessly left on top of the other hatch preventing him from lifting it. Sighing heavily in frustration he tries to move them with his foot. No luck. So he crouches, grabs a handle on the end of the cooler and starts to pull. The cooler moves a little; encouraged, he pulls harder... harder... until he's pulling with all his might. And then...

*SNAP!*

The handle breaks, and JOHNNY is thrown violently backwards. His momentum is such that he can't stop himself; he trips, slides and tumbles off the open back of the boat straight into the black ocean just a few inches below.

JOHNNY ducks under, rolling head over heels, and pops up like a cork, coughing and spluttering. We are with him as he orientates himself and sees the Anna Mary is already five, ten yards away. He tries swimming after it, thrashing as fast as he can and shouting out frantically:

JOHNNY  
Anthony! Hey! Anthony!

He gives up, he has no chance of catching it.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
(Screaming)  
Anthony!

But Anthony is sound asleep, and not about to wake up. The gap between JOHNNY and the boat widens remorselessly.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Anthony! Help!

The Anna Mary is on auto-pilot and it continues on its course, oblivious. Already the lights on deck are starting to twinkle into the distance. JOHNNY struggles to comprehend what has happened... This makes no sense. This makes no fucking sense at all. *This is how he dies? Today? Like this?* He bellows one last:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Anthony!

And we...

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - DAWN**

JOHNNY knocks on the front door to Anthony's house and calls out in a harsh whisper:

JOHNNY

Anthony!

**Caption**

**One month earlier**

ANTHONY lives in a pre-fab house in a street just a couple of hundred yards back from the sea. The front yard is full of junk - old lobster pots, cars, a couple of canoes, bikes, driftwood - it's as chaotic (*as we shall discover*) as Anthony. JOHNNY, dressed formally in a dark suit and black tie, knocks again. It's early, so again he keeps his voice low - impatient, frustrated that Anthony doesn't answer.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Come on...

JOHNNY steps back, tries to see if he can see a light on anywhere. He checks his watch. He pulls his cell out, goes to dial, and then ANTHONY finally opens the door, bleary-eyed, naked, hand between his legs covering his modesty. He sees JOHNNY'S dark suit, seems confused for a moment, then:

ANTHONY

Shit.

JOHNNY

You forgot.

ANTHONY

Gimme two minutes.

ANTHONY disappears back inside the house. JOHNNY turns and walks angrily back towards his truck.

CUT TO:

**INT. JOHNNY'S TRUCK, OUTSIDE ANTHONY'S HOUSE - DAWN**

JOHNNY sits at the wheel of his truck, dark expression. ANTHONY emerges from the house wearing dark trousers and a white shirt. He's clutching shoes, tie and jacket in one hand and a unicycle in the other - which JOHNNY notes with a frown. ANTHONY scampers up the drive, throws the unicycle in the back and jumps in as JOHNNY pulls away, wheels spinning on the gravel. ANTHONY almost tumbles out, but manages to grab the swinging door and slam it shut. They both sit staring ahead as JOHNNY picks up speed.

JOHNNY

What did you bring that for?

ANTHONY

Just in case.

JOHNNY sighs, shakes his head.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HARBOUR - DAWN**

Their route takes them past Montauk harbour, a place of wild contrasts. On one side, working fishing vessels are docked ready to go to sea; on the other, rich men's motor cruisers gleam idly in the sunshine. The working side is already busy and noisy even this early in the day as FISHERMEN take on fuel and bait and prepare the nets on their trawlers and draggers. ANTHONY smiles as they pass a bar named 'The Dock', a favourite haunt of Montauk fishermen (*shut at this hour*).

ANTHONY

I would fuckin' love to be there  
when George opens up this morning.

He waits for JOHNNY to ask him why, but when JOHNNY doesn't he continues anyway:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

So Paulie comes back from a three  
day trip, and we're buyin' drinks  
for these girls, and I get my hula  
hoop out... And then Paulie says  
he's got this huge-

JOHNNY

(Cutting across him)  
We're gonna be late. We're gonna be  
late and his mother and father will  
think we don't care.

His quiet anger silences ANTHONY.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGH STREET MONTAUK - DAWN**

JOHNNY drives along Montauk High Street, a collection of bars, bait and tackle shops, restaurants and grocery stores.

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
*I lost my cell Johnny, I'm sorry. I  
 didn't get my alarm call.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HIGHWAY - DAY**

JOHNNY pulls onto the Montauk Highway and heads up-island toward their destination - a little town called *Wading River*. They pass at speed a row of telegraph poles lining the road-side, leaning at crazy angles.

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
*Relax. We'll make it...*

CUT TO:

**EXT. HAMPTONS - DAY**

Soon enough the road starts to become lined by multi-million dollar holiday homes overlooking the sea, with sculptured, landscaped gardens and grounds. *We dwell as much as possible on the brilliantly green lawns.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. EAST HAMPTON - DAY**

The Highway takes them through the centre of East Hampton and Johnny's beat up truck suddenly looks out of place amongst the Porsches and Mercedes and designer shops.

CUT TO:

**INT. JOHNNY'S TRUCK - DAY**

Traffic is heavy and JOHNNY impatiently bangs his steering wheel as he's forced to stop his truck in a line of traffic which is letting a blonde WOMAN in a brand new white Porsche reverse out of a parking bay outside a Gucci store.

JOHNNY  
 Fuckin' Cidiots...

A cell phone rings. ANTHONY fumbles, pulls it out.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 I thought you'd lost it?

ANTHONY  
 (Answers it)  
 Hello?

The call is from Liz, Anthony's estranged wife. We only hear Anthony's end of the conversation.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
 It's a half seven in the morning,  
 you're calling me now about this?  
 (Listens)  
 Liz-  
 (Interrupted)  
 Liz-  
 (Interrupted)  
 Liz I told you I can't pick the  
 girls up today, I told you that - I  
 got Chubs' funeral.  
 (Listens)  
 Chubs.  
 (Listens)  
 I'm on my way there now with  
 Johnny...  
 (Listens)  
 Johnny.  
 (Listens)  
 I told you on Tuesday.  
 (Listens)  
 Tuesday - what am I an echo? I told  
 you the same day Emma brought home  
 the picture of the witch she  
 painted at school. It was a  
 portrait of you...  
 (Listens)  
 Of course you don't remember  
 because you don't remember anything-  
 (Interrupted)  
 -because you're high the whole  
 time! You're high now, I can tell-  
 (Listens)  
 How? Because of-  
 (Interrupted)  
 -I'll tell you how. Because of  
 agitation-

ANTHONY hears the line go dead. Kills the call his end too,  
 looks at the screen for a few moments. JOHNNY doesn't  
 comment, just stares ahead at the road.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SCHOOL HALL, WADING RIVER - DAY**

JOHNNY pulls up in the crowded parking lot of a high school  
 gymnasium in the rural community of Wading River, on the  
 southern shore of the Sound.

Wreaths and flowers are laid outside, and there is a hearse and two other funeral limousines, the DRIVERS leaning against them smoking cigarettes. JOHNNY and ANTHONY hurry from the truck to the gymnasium, ANTHONY adjusting his tie as he goes.

CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, WADING RIVER - DAY**

The funeral service is in progress as JOHNNY and ANTHONY enter, embarrassed. They ease past half a row of people before reaching some empty chairs. There is no coffin, but a large photo of Chubs Gray, mid-20s, a Montauk fisherman, displayed in the centre of the gymnasium on a stand, decked in wreaths. Chubs' father WALLACE, 60s, is speaking.

WALLACE GRAY

... my son was a good boy, the best any father could wish for...

We see Wallace's wife MARIE, haunted expression.

WALLACE GRAY (CONT'D)

The best husband. The best brother.  
The best father.

We see Chub's distraught widow SUZIE, 20s, and uncomprehending three year old son RICKY, surrounded by family - including Chubs' cousin AMY, early 30s, dressed formally in black but with ear, eyebrow and nose piercings and some tattoos peeking out of the sleeves of her dress.

WALLACE GRAY (CONT'D)

He was also the finest fisherman I knew. Hardworking. Careful. By the book. Even in his short life it got harder and harder to fish out of Montauk, but Chubs knew where the catch was, but he would never take unnecessary risks.

During this a few dark glances are cast in the direction of a well dressed (*and therefore slightly out of place*) couple in their early 40s - TOM and DYAN HORN. Unlike everybody else they are obviously not from a fishing family. They ignore the looks they get, keeping their attention on WALLACE.

WALLACE GRAY (CONT'D)

The worst part is we still don't know what happened to him. They found his boat, out there on the fifty fathom line. But they never found Chubs', or his two crew mates. Three more lives lost to the sea...

During this we see, etched on the faces of everyone there, how this hits home. We establish the sombre faces of - amongst others - fishermen like DONNIE ALVERSA, 30s, RICK, mid-40s and NED, 60s, a red-faced guy with a big whiskery moustache. A whole fishing community come together to mourn one of their own, everybody in the connected directly or indirectly to someone claimed by the sea. JOHNNY looks on, deep in thought. ANTHONY'S expression is sombre as he looks around, trying to spot people he knows. He notices AMY and studies her with interest for a few moments.

CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM, WADING RIVER - DAY**

The ceremony is over; the GUESTS form a line to pay their respects to WALLACE and his family. JOHNNY and ANTHONY are behind TOM and DYAN HORN, who shake hands with WALLACE:

TOM HORN

-we're so sorry for your loss.

WALLACE GRAY

Will you be comin' back to the house Tom? You're very welcome.

TOM is aware of a big fisherman in an ill-fitting suit, RICK, 40s, glowering at them.

TOM HORN

We won't thank you Wally, but thanks for inviting us.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WALLACE GRAY'S HOUSE - DAY**

To establish a modest, gently dilapidated ranch-style house surrounded by woods; Long Island Sound in the background. Black ribbons are tied to the door; cars are stacked up on the road outside. From inside:

RICK (V.O.)

*Can you believe that? Tom Horn and his old lady sittin' there with everybody else...*

CUT TO:

**INT. GARAGE, WALLACE GRAY'S HOUSE - DAY**

JOHNNY sits with WALLACE and a dozen other FISHERMEN around a wood burning stove in the garage. Deck chairs and crates have been pressed into service as the men sit around the stove drinking beer. RICK is in mid-flow.

RICK

-just like they're part of it?  
'Sorry for your fuckin loss?'

WALLACE GRAY

Chubs skippered Tom's yacht a  
coupla times last summer. It was  
nice of 'em to come.

NED

Only reason they came Wally was to  
feel better about themselves - and  
that's the truth.

Those around him nod in solemn agreement.

NED (CONT'D)

Seems to me people like them, fancy  
houses, fancy yachts - they're the  
reason we keep on losin' good men  
like Chubs.

JOHNNY is getting irritated.

RICK

Amen to that. Fuckin' Cidiots ain't  
got no right to be here today.

JOHNNY

Come on guys - Wally don't wanna  
hear this.

WALLACE GRAY

That's okay, ain't nothin' nobody  
can say can hurt me any more today.

But JOHNNY is angry with their tactlessness. He goes over to  
the cooler, takes out another beer. Takes a deep draught.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, WALLACE GRAY'S HOUSE - DAY**

ANTHONY is in the main house. The kitchen is full of mostly  
women - which is why he's there and not in the garage.  
ANTHONY brings over beers for himself and AMY. ANTHONY, big  
smile on his face, touches bottles with her:

ANTHONY

Salut.

AMY

What are you so happy about?

ANTHONY

I'm sorry, I'm not being  
disrespectful.

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
It's just that right about now this  
guy I know's gonna get a big shock.

They both take a drink of their beers, AMY looks intrigued.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE DOCK, MONTAUK HARBOUR - DAY**

To establish the bar we saw earlier.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE DOCK - DAY**

GEORGE, early 60s, the acerbic Jewish bar owner, heads from out the back for the main door, a big bunch of keys jangling in his hand. He selects a key and opens the inner door, which leads to a porch area. As he opens it a dead 200lb shark falls on him, knocking him to the floor. He cries out in fright, frantically disentangling himself from the huge carcass. After a few moments he comes to his senses:

GEORGE  
Fuck you Anthony!

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, WALLACE GRAY'S HOUSE - DAY**

ANTHONY checks his watch, chuckles quietly.

ANTHONY  
Two hundred pound shark. Got caught  
up in Paulie's nets. Took both of  
us to get it into the doorway...

AMY  
How d'you know Chubs?

ANTHONY  
Everyone knows everyone in Montauk.  
Chubs and Wally used to fish  
inshore for lobster, before it all  
got fucked up with the weedkiller  
and the insecticides from the  
holidays homes. Now we have to fish  
50 miles out to sea - but least  
everybody's lawn looks great.

AMY

(Beat)

Is it right that you can ride a unicycle?

CUT TO:

**INT. GARAGE, WALLACGE GRAY'S HOUSE - DAY**

WALLACE and DONNIE have joined JOHNNY by the cooler. JOHNNY nods over to RICK and NED.

JOHNNY

I'm sorry you had to hear that bullshit Wally. I guess when something like this happens people look around for someone to blame. Don't rally matter what.

WALLACE GRAY

(Beat)

You know boys, all the joy of havin' my boy feels kinda... snuffed out. His mother begged him not to go to sea but it was in his blood.

JOHNNY

Yeh, well I guess my bloodline ends with me.

A beat as they both take a drink.

DONNIE

How are you and Anthony doin'?

JOHNNY

We're payin' more for fuel, boat needs work... we're bein' undercut by guys from Maine and Rhode Island. My knee's in bits, shoulder's fucked... We're keepin' the lights on, but that's all.

WALLACE GRAY

You're the only two left. The only two guys fishing for lobster out of Montauk.

DONNIE

Only two stupid enough to take a little boat like that out into the Atlantic.

JOHNNY smiles. WALLACE nods, thoughtfully, takes a drink.

WALLACE GRAY  
How's Anthony?

JOHNNY  
Ah, you know him. 'Everything'll  
work out okay in the end' - all  
that shit...

WALLACE has his back to the garage window but through it  
JOHNNY can see ANTHONY come out of the house with AMY and  
head for his truck.

WALLACE GRAY  
Where is he, by the way?

ANTHONY and AMY disappear from view for a moment...

JOHNNY  
Oh he's...

... then suddenly JOHNNY sees ANTHONY speed in front of the  
window on his unicycle. AMY follows him, laughing. ANTHONY  
pirouettes, circles her and generally shows off.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I think he's back at the house.

JOHNNY starts to steer WALLACE and DONNIE back to the others -  
away from the window.

WALLACE GRAY  
(Sudden thought)  
You tell him to keep away from my  
nieces, yeh..?

CUT TO:

**INT. JOHNNY'S TRUCK - DAY**

JOHNNY and ANTHONY drive back towards Montauk.

JOHNNY  
I can't believe you'd do that. At a  
funeral! His fuckin' cousin!

ANTHONY  
Hey - no foul. Nothing happened.

JOHNNY  
Only 'cos *she* had some fuckin'  
decency.

ANTHONY  
Oh I was practically begging. As  
you know, I don't have a problem  
begging.

Up ahead are the familiar telegraph poles at crazy angles.

JOHNNY  
This is not funny.

ANTHONY checks the latest weather bulletin on his cellphone. Almost on the last leg of their journey now, he looks up as they pass Montauk Manor, a 1920s Mock-Tudor hotel off Edgemere Street. He points to it:

ANTHONY  
Montauk Manor - built by Carl G. Fisher in 1926. He built a whole bunch of Tudor buildings round here before he lost all his money.

JOHNNY ignores him. They pass the tennis club, built in the same style.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Look Johnny - see that Tudor building. Carl G. Fisher.  
(Beat, then adds)  
Same guy built Indianapolis racetrack.

But JOHNNY doesn't look at that either; he nods to Anthony's cellphone.

JOHNNY  
What's the weather doin'?

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HARBOUR - DUSK**

As the sun starts to fall JOHNNY and ANTHONY, now dressed in working shorts and t-shirts, walk up the jetty to the 'Anna Mary' carrying lobster pots. Just as JOHNNY goes to step on board he sees that the entire deck is covered with sand, and that two deck chairs have been set out in the middle with a parasol, a bucket and spade and some sandcastles.

JOHNNY  
Awww - come on!

ANTHONY turns and sees GEORGE standing on the front deck of 'The Dock' smoking a big cigar, smiling and waving to them. ANTHONY bows to him.

ANTHONY  
Touché.

JOHNNY  
 (To ANTHONY)  
 Will you stop fuckin' with him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DUSK**

The Anna Mary is headed out to sea. Shawn Mullins' 'Rock-A-Bye' plays over the speaker, JOHNNY is sweeping the last of the sand off the deck. ANTHONY emerges from down below with some hot food - burgers, egg and cheese - and hands one to JOHNNY. They both eat hungrily.

ANTHONY  
 What the fuck are they?

He nods to a pair of rubber boots JOHNNY is wearing - with extremely thick soles.

JOHNNY  
 What?

ANTHONY  
 They're like, Frankenstein's boots.

JOHNNY  
 They're cushioned. For my knee.  
 (Bite of his burger)  
 You see Liz?

ANTHONY  
 I spoke to her again on the phone.  
 Couldn't face goin' round there.  
 It's crazy, so angry all the time.  
 Full of agitation. Fuckin' coke,  
 crack - anything she can get her  
 hands on.

JOHNNY  
 I thought she got clean?

ANTHONY  
 I gotta go for custody Johnny, I  
 gotta get the girls outta there.

JOHNNY nods, takes a mouthful of burger.

JOHNNY  
 How are you gonna look after them  
 when we're at sea? You thought  
 about that?

ANTHONY  
 Guess I'll have to hire someone.

JOHNNY

(Beat)

I can ask my mom. Maybe she can help you out sometimes?

ANTHONY

I gotta do something Johnny, it ain't safe for the girls to be around her.

JOHNNY

(Finishing his burger)

I'll take first watch.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT**

The Anna Mary ploughs on through the night, headed for the lobster beds far out to sea.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - NIGHT**

JOHNNY is on watch. He finishes a cup of coffee, pours the dregs over the side and goes downstairs.

CUT TO:

**INT. ANN MARY - NIGHT**

JOHNNY shakes the sleeping ANTHONY awake. ANTHONY takes a few moments, then hauls himself up out of the bunk. As he pulls his boots on JOHNNY takes his off and dumps himself onto the still-warm bunk. ANTHONY picks up a history book about Montauk he was reading earlier from the side of the bunk.

ANTHONY

Carl G Fisher - it says in here he wanted to turn Montauk into the 'Miami of the North'. Lost all his money in the 1929 crash.

JOHNNY

What is all this? When did you become interested in Carl G fuckin' Fisher?

ANTHONY

(Pulling his oilskin on)

When I have the girls I take Melanie to the library to do her homework while we're waitin' for Emma to finish hockey practice.

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I picked up a book one day and started to read it. I never really read a book before - they got some great books in there.

JOHNNY

(Turning over)

It's a library.

ANTHONY looks at him for a few moments, he's already almost asleep. Just as he goes to leave, clutching his book, JOHNNY mumbles after him:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Turn the coolers on.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAWN/DAY**

A MONTAGE of shots of the boys working from first light, now with oilskin dungarees on. We see how hard their life is, hauling pots hour after hour without a break. The setting is savage but beautiful: heavy seas, big swells, baking hot sun then, in an instant, torrential rain. It makes no difference to them, they work through it all, music pumping out of the little speaker (*Anthony's - mostly 80s - playlist*). We see the inherent danger - the sea ready to pluck them from the deck if they don't have their wits about them at all times.

\* Strings of pots are hauled up from the ocean floor by a winch - which ANTHONY operates.

\* The pots are slid along a rail on the side of the boat and they both pull crabs and lobsters out. Those big enough are dropped down a chute into the tanks below; females with eggs or those too small are tossed back in the sea.

\* Empty pots are re-baited and stacked up on deck - which is JOHNNY'S end of the operation.

\* JOHNNY throws in a marker buoy, and the re-baited pots then slide off the back of the boat after it to settle on the bottom again ready for the next trip.

\* Late afternoon a school of curious dolphins swim alongside the boat; flashes of silver and white riding the boat's wake. ANTHONY reaches down and can almost touch them as he trails his hand through the water.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

The boys head for another string of pots, but as ANTHONY grabs the marker buoy all that is on the end is a frayed rope - no lobster pots. He is dismayed:

ANTHONY  
You're kiddin' me!

JOHNNY grabs the frayed rope, inspects how the end was cut.

JOHNNY  
There been any draggers this way?

ANTHONY  
(Thinks)  
Hannen-

JOHNNY  
(Says it with him)  
-Hannen.  
(Beat)  
Why does he fuckin' do that -  
there's scallop beds for miles in  
every direction. Why does he have  
to go draggin' over our pots?

JOHNNY hurls the buoy into a pile of traps in frustration.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HARBOUR - DAWN**

The 'Anna Mary' chugs gently back into harbour. The boys look beat as JOHNNY throws a mooring rope round a cleat and ANTHONY kills the engine. Two KOREAN GUYS, mid-30s, wait for them on the dock with a refrigerated truck.

KOREAN GUY  
How many pieces?

JOHNNY  
Sixteen, maybe eighteen hundred.

KOREAN GUY  
Lobster?

JOHNNY  
Yeh we got some lobster. More crab  
though this time.

KOREAN GUY  
Okay, that's good. We take all of  
it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAWN**

Surrounded by empty crates ready to be loaded up, JOHNNY starts to unbolt the starboard deck hatch as ANTHONY drinks from a carton of orange juice. When JOHNNY'S finished with the spanner ANTHONY takes it from him, walks over to the port hatch and starts to unbolt that. As JOHNNY reaches in and starts to pull out some of the crabs stored in his tank, his expression drops. The water feels suspiciously warm. As he pulls out the first of the crabs he holds it up and sees it if lifeless.

JOHNNY

(Low voice)

Did you turn the cooler on?

He knows from ANTHONY'S sudden, guilty expression that he didn't.

ANTHONY

Uh, yeh. I think I did.

JOHNNY

(Hisses under his breath)

What do you mean, you *think*?

JOHNNY pulls out more crabs. Also dead. He has to dig down to find one still moving. He catches the eye of the KOREAN GUYS, watching him intently, and tries to smile, embarrassed.

KOREAN GUY

We only take live.

JOHNNY looks across to ANTHONY, who has also now felt how warm the water in his tank is.

ANTHONY

I could have sworn I turned it on...

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

Later. Of the twenty crates they were hoping to fill, only eight have been packed with lobster and crab. A huge pile of dead shell-fish litters the deck. One of the KOREAN GUYS finishes packing the crates into their truck, the other peels off notes from a huge roll of cash to pay ANTHONY. JOHNNY watches, dark, angry expression.

KOREAN GUY

... eleven, eleven fifty, twelve hundred. We need more than this next time, we don't come all this way for little catch.

ANTHONY

It won't happen again.

ANTHONY takes the money and pockets it. He and the KOREAN GUY shake hands and they drive off. ANTHONY turns to face JOHNNY.

JOHNNY

You fuckin' idiot.

ANTHONY feels terrible, but hates being told off like this.

ANTHONY

I'm sorry Johnny. But you could have checked the cooler too you know, any time you wanted.

JOHNNY

I asked you to do it! Two hours before we reached the lobster bed it needed to be turned on - that was your watch. The one fuckin' thing I ask you to do.

ANTHONY

I thought I did!

From behind them:

*HANNEN (OOV)*

*Hey guys, how's it goin'?*

They turn to see HANNEN, a burly guy with stubbly beard, early 50s, hands in his pockets, cocky expression, looking down on them from the dock-side.

HANNEN (CONT'D)

(Looking at the dead shellfish)

Ah, that's too bad.

ANTHONY

How come you weren't at Chubs' funeral Hannen?

HANNEN

I was out fishin'. Wally understands.

JOHNNY

(Unable to restrain himself)

Yeh well next time you're out fishin', we'd appreciate it if you didn't drag across our pots.

HANNEN

Who says it was me?

ANTHONY

The rope was sheared, it was cut by a dragger.

JOHNNY

You just said yourself you were out fishin' yesterday.

HANNEN

Listen, if you lay your pots near my scallop beds that's your problem, I'm just tryin' to earn a livin' here.

JOHNNY

We been fishin' there for years - you got hundreds of square miles to drag for scallops. Why you gotta drag there?

HANNEN

Hey, my licence says I can drag where I like. Freedom boys, that's what makes this country so great.

HANNEN chuckles as he walks away, happy to have got under their skin.

HANNEN (CONT'D)

Got yourself a whole lot of dead shellfish there boys...

JOHNNY turns to ANTHONY, picks up a dead lobster and angrily throws it at him. He gestures to the dead shell-fish all around them.

JOHNNY

Look at this shit.

ANTHONY

Why do you always take the moral high ground?

JOHNNY

Because... what are you talkin' about? I'm not takin' any ground.

ANTHONY

Feels to me like you are.

JOHNNY

You have no fuckin' ground Anthony, okay. I'm already on my ground, you have no ground.

(Really irritated)

And that is a complete misunderstanding of the phrase 'takin' the moral high ground'.

ANTHONY

I told you I'm sorry. I've apologized... I don't know what more to say.

JOHNNY

What the fuck are we doin' here. Three days out, and all we've done is cover our fuel costs. Whole trip for nothin' - and two grand's worth of lobster pots on the bottom...

(Beat)

You know what this is? This is just... wastin' time.

OUT on JOHNNY.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT**

JOHNNY coughs out seawater, kicking, panicking, desperately trying to keep above the night swell. He can see the lights of the 'Anna Mary' still, but they are twinkling now in the distance. He looks above him - a few stars, a dark sky. He looks below, and the inky blackness causes him to shudder involuntarily.

**Caption**

**3:32am Wednesday July 24th 2013**

He treads water, turning all around through 360 degrees. He sees nothing. In these early moments he still doesn't quite compute what has happened. Surely Anthony will wake up? Surely someone will come along in a few moments and pick him up? He says out loud to himself:

JOHNNY

This is how I'm gonna fuckin' die?  
Tonight? Like this?

Now, in a rush, blind fury takes over. He bangs his fist onto the water. A howl of sudden grief, the sound almost animal-like.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Anthony!

CUT TO:

**INT. CABIN, ANNA MARY - NIGHT**

Back on the boat, Anthony stirs - he needs a piss and pulls himself up. He rubs his eyes, vaguely aware of how quiet it is - just the steady hum of the engine, no sound of anyone on deck. He swings his legs over the edge of his bunk...

then sees the empty Gatorade bottle. He grabs it and starts to take a leak into it. He fills it, puts it back on the side and rolls back into his bunk. *An opportunity missed.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT**

JOHNNY floats with his head back against the water, eyes shut. He speaks more quietly, to himself:

JOHNNY  
No fuckin' way...

He stays like this for a while, bobbing about in the swell, totally alone in the ocean.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

To establish Johnny's place, on the top floor of a modest two storey block, wooden balcony outside piled with fishing gear. Sitting by the steps on the ground floor is DEADWEIGHT, an ancient old ex Montauk fisherman, stick thin, lined, weathered face, who sits in a canvas chair smoking a cigarette. From this vantage point he can look out to sea, watching all the ships coming into and out of Montauk harbour. JOHNNY pulls up in his truck in the bay outside and gets out, totally beat.

DEADWEIGHT  
Hey Johnny.

JOHNNY groans inwardly - he's too tired for Deadweight.

DEADWEIGHT (CONT'D)  
You and Anthony go to Chubs' funeral?

JOHNNY  
Shitty day, he was too fuckin' young.

DEADWEIGHT  
I knew his father Wally when he was a young man. Hard worker.  
(JOHNNY starts to climb the stairs)  
Haven't had a drink now in four and a half days Johnny.

JOHNNY  
That's good Deadweight.

DEADWEIGHT

Four and a half days. But I didn't have any money left over to buy any food. I was wonderin' if you could lend me fifty and I can pay you back on Tuesday when I get my welfare check.

JOHNNY puts his hand in his pocket and fishes out two tens.

JOHNNY

Deadweight, here's twenty. That's a gift, you don't have to pay me back, okay.

DEADWEIGHT

God bless you Johnny.

JOHNNY

But if I see you drunk again that's it, no more. Finito.

DEADWEIGHT

You won't Johnny, I'm done with drink, it's cursed my life. Four and a half days now - I'm done with drink.

CUT TO:

**INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

JOHNNY lets himself in and is immediately attacked by his huge old Bulldog 'Boss'. The two of them roll around the floor, JOHNNY scratching his belly and play-fighting, BOSS licking JOHNNY all over his face.

JOHNNY

You're such a good boy aren't ya...  
such a good boy...

CUT TO:

A little later. JOHNNY flicks through some mail as he forks some dog food into a bowl for BOSS; from the way he tosses the letters aside we guess they are bills.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM, ANTHONY'S HOUSE - DAY**

ANTHONY helps his elderly, naked father VINCENT into the shower. VINNIE, mid-70s, a small man but heavy built, is disabled from the effects of a stroke. He has no movement in his left arm and only limited mobility, his face dropped on one side and his speech slurred.

The bathroom has been done out like a wet room and there's a stool under the shower. ANTHONY - who only wears briefs himself - lowers VINNIE onto it.

VINNIE  
(Overlaps)  
You have a good trip?

ANTHONY  
(Overlaps)  
That's it dad, come on - Jeez you don't get lighter.  
(Beat)  
It was okay. Problem with the cooler, lost some pieces. Water on - watch out it's cold at first.

VINNIE leans to one side as ANTHONY turns the shower on and picks up a facecloth and soap.

VINNIE  
How's Johnny?

He knows his father will fret if he tells him what really happened, so he ducks it.

ANTHONY  
Yeh he's fine.

VINNIE  
You gonna go see the girls?

ANTHONY  
Yeh, soon as I've fixed you some food I'll go over.

VINNIE  
That's good. That's good...

ANTHONY soaps up the facecloth and starts to wash his father's back for him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JANICE'S HOUSE - DAY**

JOHNNY, showered and changed, pulls up outside and walks up to the front door of a modest detached house in Holbrook. He rings the doorbell. A few moments, then JANICE answers. Late 30s, dyed-blond hair, dressed nice, she's pretty but wears a lot of make up which seems to make her features harsher. Her false nails are long and patterned with diamantes.

JANICE  
Hey.

He leans forward, gives her a kiss.

JOHNNY

Hey.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOUNGE, JANICE'S HOUSE - DAY**

JANICE leads the way, JOHNNY follows her and flops down on the sofa. The TV is on.

JANICE

You want some pasta?

JOHNNY

The boys home?

JANICE

They're with their father. I can do you some pasta?

JOHNNY

Nah, I'm not hungry.

JANICE

So you wanna beer? Soda?

Their eyes meet for a moment. Nothing is said.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM, JANICE'S HOUSE - DAY**

JOHNNY and JANICE have sex in her bedroom. Sex rather than making love. JANICE'S nails dig into his back.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, JANICE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Now JOHNNY eats pasta. He wolfs it down hungrily; JANICE doesn't eat, just drinks a vodka and Coke and smokes.

JANICE

(Mid-conversation)

-they just opened this new place in East Hampton and Barbara said the steaks were an inch thick. And the fries were like, really really thin and curly - we should go there.

JOHNNY indicates the huge bowl of pasta he's demolishing.

JOHNNY

I'm not gonna be hungry 'til November.

JANICE

She said it's very expensive, but really classy.

(Beat, no response)

How'd the fishing go?

JOHNNY

We had a... kinda problem.

JANICE

What did he do this time?

He doesn't reply, just keeps on eating. JANICE'S disgusted expression says it all. She opens a bottle and pours a little more vodka in her glass.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LIZ'S APPARTMENT - DAY**

ANTHONY has driven over to the apartment he has rented for his wife and girls in Middle Island. He bounds up the outside staircase and approaches the door, knocks. As he waits for a reply he turns and looks down at the road below, cars passing, pedestrians, people taking their lunch break. People, like him, enjoying the hot weather in shorts, T-shirt and thongs. He turns back to the door, there's been no reply, and knocks again. He waits. Nothing.

ANTHONY

(Calls out)

Come on Liz it's me, I wanna see the girls.

An OLD LADY two doors along empties a dustpan over the balcony. There's something about the look she gives him that makes him figure she knows something. He bends down and pushes open the letter box to peer through:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Liz!

What he sees worries him. Most significantly, there is no TV in the corner - just an aerial lead hanging out of the wall. Now he panics. He stands up and, ignoring the look from the OLD LADY, thumps his foot into the door by the lock. It takes him two more goes before the door flies open. He enters-

CUT TO:

**INT. LIZ'S APPARTMENT - DAY**

ANTHONY strides in and it is clear that nobody is there. A single small, white sock lies on the floor. He enters the bedroom - the wardrobe doors are open and everything has been cleared out - even the bedding. Next bedroom - the same.

Liz and the girls have gone. His breath comes short and fast, he picks up the sock, stares at it...

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, JANICE'S HOUSE - DAY**

JOHNNY is seated at the table but JANICE stands between his legs, stroking his hair.

JANICE

I wanna go out Johnny, 'cos I wanna show you how nice I can look.

JOHNNY isn't really listening, he's kissing her cleavage above her top. She's kind of protesting but loving it really.

JANICE (CONT'D)

We only just did it. Why d'you let me get dressed again?

JOHNNY

I can't control these things...

A car pulls up outside. JANICE looks out onto the drive and sees a pick-up pull up on the drive.

JANICE

It's Frank and the boys - they're early...

JOHNNY quickly pulls his head out of her boobs. JANICE goes to the door and opens it. She exchanges a hostile look with her ex-husband FRANK, a shaven-headed body-builder type.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(To DAVE)

What's the matter - you get bored?

FRANK gives her the finger. Sons RICKY, 12 and CHASE, 15, enter, and she closes the door. JOHNNY tries a smile with RICKY and CHASE but they don't really acknowledge him as they pass through into the lounge. JANICE calls after them:

JANICE (CONT'D)

And don't just play those stupid computer games in there, do something useful.

CHASE

Like what?

JANICE

(Irritated)

I don't know? Watch Discovery Channel or somethin'.

They both look at her as if she's mad. She shuts the door on them, turns back to JOHNNY.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
So, we goin' out?

Before he can answer a cellphone rings. It's Johnny's - next to Janice's on the table. She picks it and reads the display.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
Anthony. You wanna let it go to message?

He takes it from her - she sighs, annoyed.

JOHNNY  
He wouldn't call me unless it was serious.  
(Answers)  
Anthony?  
(Listens)  
When?  
(Listens)  
Hold on, hold on. Where are you now?  
(Listens)  
Okay stay there I'll come over.

He hangs up, gets up.

JANICE  
What are you doin'?

JOHNNY  
I gotta go see him.

JANICE  
You just been tellin' me what a jerk he is. Why can't he deal with it himself?

JOHNNY pulls a wad of notes from his pocket - his half of the catch money - and starts to count out \$200.

JOHNNY  
Here, for you and the boys.

JANICE  
I been waitin' three days for you.  
This is my time.

JOHNNY puts an empty glass on the money to pin it down.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
You don't have to do that.

JOHNNY  
I know, but I want to. I'm sorry  
it's not more, we had a bad trip.

He can see she's upset. He kisses her and leaves. OUT on  
JANICE, unhappy. Mixed up.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LIZ'S APPARTMENT - DAY**

JOHNNY climbs the stairs and walks towards the apartment.  
The door is open, he sees the OLD LADY watching him. He gives  
her a nod and goes inside.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIZ'S APPARTMENT - DAY**

JOHNNY sees the apartment has been cleaned out. He goes into  
the bedroom, finds ANTHONY sitting on the floor, propped up  
against the bed, smoking a big spliff.

ANTHONY  
I got no idea where they are  
Johnny.

JOHNNY  
You tried callin' her?

ANTHONY  
Phone's dead.  
(Beat)  
She knew I was goin' for custody.

JOHNNY  
You called the police?

ANTHONY  
She's their mother. She ain't  
breakin' any law I know.

He takes another puff on the spliff, passes it to JOHNNY who -  
without really thinking about it - takes a drag

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
(Beat)  
I don't hate her. I know you said I  
never should have married her, but  
I loved her. I really did.

JOHNNY  
She was doin' coke on your wedding  
day.

ANTHONY

(Thinks about this)

So was I.

(Beat)

We made those babies out of love  
Johnny, they was made out of love.

JOHNNY

There must be something we can do.  
What about her friends?

ANTHONY

She's flown. It's too late. I  
should have seen it comin'.

JOHNNY

Maybe she's called one of them  
already? Come on let's make a  
list...

ANTHONY gets up.

ANTHONY

What the fuck. Rock-a-bye.

JOHNNY

Rock-a-bye?

ANTHONY walks out of the room, JOHNNY follows him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LIZ'S APPARTMENT - DAY**

ANTHONY goes out onto the balcony, grips the rail, looks out.  
JOHNNY follows him.

JOHNNY

Rock-a-bye? What does that-  
(Seeing the OLD LADY)  
-could we have some privacy please?

He realises he still has the spliff in his mouth and quickly  
hides it in his hand. The OLD LADY looks at both of them,  
then - a touch reluctantly - goes back inside her appartment.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What does that mean?

ANTHONY

It means everything's gonna be all  
right. Rock-a-bye.

JOHNNY looks at him, can't quite get his head round his  
friend's attitude.

JOHNNY

How Anthony? How is it gonna be all right?

He stands alongside ANTHONY for a few moments, also looking out at nothing in particular.

ANTHONY

Just out there is Fort Pond Bay. War Of Independence, the British army was gonna land there, but this guy John Dayton tricked them...

On JOHNNY - what the fuck is ANTHONY talking about?

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Only had a few troops but he got 'em to run all over the fort, make it look like there was hundreds, and the British bought it. They never landed. John Dayton, 1775.

(Beat)

It'll work itself out Johnny. I have faith.

JOHNNY has seen ANTHONY in this mood many times before, and there's no reasoning with him. JOHNNY brings the spliff back up to his mouth, takes a deep drag on it...

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT**

JOHNNY has decided to shake himself into action. He treads water, attempting to clear his thoughts. Is there anything he can do to help himself?

**Caption**

**4:45am. One hour and twelve minutes in the water.**

A few moments as he turns over an idea in his mind, then he dives under the surface - we are not sure what he's doing? He's down for a few seconds then bursts up again with his rubber boots in his hands. He empties them of water, one at a time, then carefully pushes back under the surface upside down, trapping air in them. He positions one under each armpit, then stops kicking with his feet. He doesn't sink! He's buoyant! A tiny triumph.

Next he needs to find out where he is. Now able to float effortlessly, he lies back and stares up at the night sky. He frowns, trying to work out the location of the North Star.

JOHNNY

(To himself)

Handle of the Big Dipper...

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 find the handle, brightest star at  
 the end, North Star.  
 (Searching the night sky)  
 North Star...

He stares some more, but he is having no luck finding it.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 Is that the Dipper?

He turns his head to a different angle - but is still unsure.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 Where's the fuckin' handle..?

Suddenly, he bumps into something floating in the sea. He jolts, not expecting anything to touch him, and cries out in panic as his face is enveloped in something wet and soft. He instinctively shoves it away and it takes him a few seconds before he realises it is a rotting seal carcass.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck..?

He pushes it away, revolted. But it has unnerved him. He looks about warily for a few moments, but all seems quiet. He tries to focus again on the night sky, and his search for the North Star.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 (Murmuring to himself)  
 ...one, two, three... that must be  
 it. One, two, three - end of the  
 handle-

Suddenly, with a loud 'SPLASH', something takes the carcass and - in one go - disappears underwater with it. JOHNNY jolts round to look at where the carcass was - all that is left are ripples of disturbed water on the surface. *What the fuck was that?* We see the fear - he looks around wildly. What is below him? He looks down but can't see anything, just a black, terrifying void. Anything could be down there.

He pulls his legs up under him, trying to make himself into a ball, so he is less of a target. He knows just before dawn is prime feeding time for the ocean's predators.

A sound to his right, he turns, and catches something breaking the surface about thirty feet away. An unmistakably shaped fin. He figures it's a blue shark, judging by the size of it about three hundred pounds. It keeps its distance, seems to be just circling. Then it disappears.

*Fuck! Is this it?*

JOHNNY reaches for a knife in his pocket, opens the blade - though it's only about four inches long - and holds it ready. He looks below him but he can't see anything. He tenses.

Nothing... nothing... Then he feels something brush against his feet - and he immediately kicks out.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

He stabs out wildly with the blade but doesn't hit anything. His heart is pounding in his chest.

CUT TO:

**EXT. RESTAURANT, EAST HAMPTON - NIGHT**

A fancy new steak restaurant in East Hampton. The wealthy and the glamorous have come to check it out - we FIND JOHNNY and JANICE at a table. She's really made an effort - big showy dress, hair up, dangly earrings - but inevitably she's tried too hard. JOHNNY looks uncomfortable - he's most definitely not the 'showy' type.

JANICE

You don't think I look too brassy?

JOHNNY

You look great.

JANICE

I feel like they're lookin' at me.

JOHNNY

Relax will you. Nobody's lookin' at you.

JANICE

You know, like 'hey, look what the cat just dragged in'.

JANICE eats some of her meal - steak and curly fries.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I just want you to be proud of me.

JOHNNY

Be proud of yourself.

JANICE

I love these fries. Don't you love these fries Johnny?

JOHNNY

I love 'em.

JANICE

(Beat, sip of wine)

You don't have to be sarcastic all the time.

JOHNNY

I'm sorry, I'm on edge. I need to go fishin', I need to earn some money.

JANICE

It's okay I won't have dessert.

JOHNNY

I got ten more bucks for a dessert for Christ's sake!

JANICE

It's twenty and I need to lose weight.

JOHNNY

(Beat)

Anthony always has dessert first.

(JANICE rolls her eyes)

He sits down and gets them to serve him some ice cream or fuckin' cake before his main course, 'cos he's too impatient to wait for his food to be cooked. Says he's gonna have it anyway.

(Beat)

That's fucked up...

JANICE

You are happy aren't you Johnny?

JOHNNY

Am I happy? What does that mean?

JANICE

It's just, sometimes I feel like you don't wanna be with me.

JOHNNY

Oh come on, I thought we talked about this.

JANICE

I've got the boys... I told myself I had to be careful with who I chose next. I don't want them to have to see me with a whole load of different guys.

He looks at her. Softens. Takes her hand.

JOHNNY

I'm sorry. I'm happy you chose me Janice, truly I am. Now have some fuckin' dessert.

He manages to pull a smile out of her.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE DOCK - NIGHT**

A riotous night - lots of FISHERMEN and GIRLS getting drunk. In the middle of everything we find ANTHONY, being clapped on by DONNIE and another buddy PAULIE, mid-40s. He's doing the Hula-Hoop surrounded by GIRLS - including MARY, late 20s. He's good, keeping it up as the GIRLS clap and cheer. We see HANNEN looking on, sour-faced, with a couple of his CREW. GEORGE, the owner of The Dock, calls over to him:

GEORGE

Hey keep it up Anthony, I'll throw you a fish.

ANTHONY gives GEORGE the finger as he continues.

HANNEN

(Loudly, to his CREW)  
I thought he was supposed to be lookin' for his kids.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM, ANTHONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

ANTHONY is fast asleep in bed. With a lot of puffing and panting, his FATHER enters the bedroom on his frame, very slowly, tiny steps at a time costing him a lot of effort and pain. He manages to edge over to the bed.

FATHER

Anthony.  
(Louder)  
Anthony.

ANTHONY stirs, opens his eyes, see his FATHER.

ANTHONY

Dad? How d'you get in here?

FATHER

Aren't you supposed to be goin' fishin'?

ANTHONY

Sit down dad before you fall.

FATHER

Fishin' Anthony.

A few moments, then ANTHONY checks his watch.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
You can't treat Johnny like this.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HARBOUR - DAY**

Early morning, the 'Anna Mary is in her usual berth, a pair of Space-Hoppers strapped to her bow made to look like tits. JOHNNY is on deck busily preparing to go to sea.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

An hour later and JOHNNY sits gloomily on an upturned lobster pot. He watches a gleaming white motor cruiser, a typical 'fun palace' from the wealthy side of Montauk harbour, glide out to sea. He looks along the jetty: still no Anthony. He checks his watch, then looks up and sees MARY who we can tell, from her uniform, works in a pizza parlour. She hurries up to the boat.

MARY  
Hi Johnny is Anthony there?

JOHNNY  
No Mary. He is not.

MARY  
Oh. I saw him in The Dock last night. He asked if any of us heard from Liz to let him know.

She pulls a letter out of her handbag and gives it to him.

MARY (CONT'D)  
My friend Cherry got this from her this morning. But she doesn't say where she is. I'm sorry.

JOHNNY  
That's okay. I'll give it to him.

MARY leaves. JOHNNY takes the letter from the envelope and reads it. *Over this we hear from the incoming scene:*

DONNIE (V.O.)  
*Have you rung him?*

CUT TO:

**EXT. GARDEN, DONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

ANTHONY sits in the garden of Donnie's house in Amagansett, the two of them drinking a beer. Donnie's two young CHILDREN, aged four and two, play in front of them.

DONNIE

Come on Anthony, you can't just leave him hangin'.

ANTHONY

I know what he'll say. It'll be that high ground thing he does, where he makes me feel like a piece of shit. And I feel shitty enough already.

DONNIE

He's your partner? You two have known each other since fuckin' kindergarten.

ANTHONY

(Beat)

Donnie I can't face goin' fishin' right now...

He looks at Donnie's KIDS.

CUT TO:

**EXT ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN**

Just before dawn. The 'Anna Mary' steams south, like a ghost ship with all the lights on but nobody on deck. As the shot WIDENS we see the first fingers of light creep above the horizon.

CUT TO:

**INT. CABIN, ANNA MARY - DAWN**

A ray of sunlight streams through a porthole. ANTHONY stirs, his mouth dry and parched with thirst. He reaches for the Gatorade bottle on the side and picks it up. At the last moment - though befuddled with sleep - he remembers that it does not contain Gatorade. He puts it back down, thinks for a few seconds, then yawns massively, and sits up.

**Caption**

**6:06am. Two hours thirty four minutes in the water.**

He scratches his head, scratches his balls, then looks at his watch. It's after 6am - *why didn't Johnny wake him up?* Finally, he gets up.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY finally sees the sun climb above the horizon, and for the first time since he went in his face cracks into something resembling a smile. At last, he can gauge his position. Energized, he stops treading water and starts to swim towards what he now knows to be the east. He tries a few different strokes before settling on a sideways doggy-paddle, which allows him to keep his boots under his arms. He feels much better doing something, taking control of the situation.

CUT TO:

**INT. GALLEY, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY wanders into the galley in his shorts and looks around. No sign of JOHNNY, he must be up on deck. He goes into the head and takes an endless leak.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY/EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY emerges from down below into the wheel-house. Still no sign of Johnny, he must be on deck. He carries on out onto the deck and calls out:

ANTHONY

Johnny - why didn't you wake me?

He sees there is nobody on the back of the boat and the first signs of panic start to gnaw at him. He turns and runs to the bow, calling out:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Johnny!

He's not at the front of the boat either. Where is he? He dives back into the wheel house...

CUT TO:

**INT. GALLEY, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY bursts into the galley calling out wildly

ANTHONY

Johnny!

He opens the door to the engine compartment. Is he in there?

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Johnny!

No. He's not in there either.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY runs out onto the deck.

ANTHONY

Oh Jeez...

He sees a hatch to one of the tanks lying upside down on the deck and an awful thought occurs to him - has he fallen in there? Johnny would never have purposely left it lying there like that because it is a sign of bad luck to a fisherman (*signifying that the boat will also end up upside down*). He ducks his head down into the tank and looks around - he's not in there either. He pulls himself up, head drenched.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

(Huge shout)

Johnny!

Shit! Johnny is definitely not on board. He looks at the open back of the boat, the wake snaking off into the distance. Oh shit...

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COAST GUARD - DAY**

Petty Officer Sean DAVIS, burly, mid-30s, is the radio operator on watch. He has speakers from four different channels aimed at him from different angles (*so he knows by direction where the radio traffic is from*). He sits at a big screen showing the New Haven sector (*basically the whole of Long Island Sound and the Atlantic Ocean due south from there*) and has a microphone on a stand in front of him. A message comes in on Channel 16, the distress channel. We hear ANTHONY'S voice, nervous and faltering:

ANTHONY (V.O.)

*US Coast Guard, US Coast Guard this  
is fishing vessel Anna Mary  
standing by on sixteen, over.*

DAVIS  
 (Flicks microphone open)  
 Anna Mary this is the Coast Guard  
 on sixteen go ahead.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY holds his radio as he stands at the wheel, looking more dazed and disbelieving, than panicky:

ANTHONY  
 Anna Mary, uh, I just woke up, I  
 lost a crew member overboard... um,  
 I'm missin' my crew member John  
 Aldridge... Um...  
 (Big sigh)  
 I don't know what to say?  
 (Small nervous laugh)  
 Um, I'm in shock.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COAST GUARD - DAY**

Pete WINTERS, mid 50s, a veteran US Coast Guard Petty Officer with a laid back, easy-going style, looks up from his desk, coffee in hand, as he hears the message. He wanders over the short distance until he's standing behind DAVIS.

DAVIS  
 Anna Mary US Coast Guard, what is  
 your position right now?

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY scribbles down some numbers as he looks at his GPS display:

ANTHONY  
 Um, okay, GPS: I'm forty degrees by  
 ten point zero two zero north. Zero  
 seven one degrees by thirty two  
 zero thirty five three west. Over.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COAST GUARD - DAY**

WINTERS listens intently.

DAVIS

Roger cap'n, have you got a time  
for when he went in the water?

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY replies:

ANTHONY

He took watch after uh... he got on  
watch last night approximately five  
miles south of Montauk Point, at  
about nine o'clock. I went to bed  
um, and I never got woken up for my  
watch. He was supposed to wake me  
around eleven thirty, but I woke up  
at about six this morning and he's  
not on board.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COAST GUARD - DAY**

ANTHONY'S voice echoes over the speaker:

ANTHONY (V.O.)

*I have no clue whatsoever of where  
he fell overboard or how many hours  
ago he fell overboard. I know we  
were going due south from Montauk  
Point on the fourteen bearing, and  
right now I'm on the 450 line,  
maybe thirty micro-seconds west  
from our starting position.*

DAVIS

(To WINTERS, mystified)  
What kind of numbers are they?

WINTERS

Loran - system they used before  
GPS. Old school guys still use it.

WINTERS flips the transmit switch on Davis' microphone:

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Cap'n, can you give me some more  
information about your partner?

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY

Er... his name is Johnny Aldridge. He's forty five years old, an experienced fisherman, he's a great guy. I mean, what can I say, he's my partner - I'm freakin' out here. You gotta get some helicopters up here or somethin'.

WINTERS (V.O.)

*Okay cap'n, what is your course right now?*

ANTHONY

I'm headed south. I'm broken up at this time right now, I can't believe I just lost him. I mean, what can I do...

WINTERS (V.O.)

*Suggest you turn around and head back the way you were coming. Can you give me a weather check cap'n.*

ANTHONY immediately sees the logic of this, disengages the auto-pilot and spins the wheel, taking the boat through a 360 degree turn until it is headed back the way it came.

ANTHONY

Okay I'm turning around.

(Beat)

Okay, um... we got a south westerly, about five, maybe ten knots, visibility is perfect, maybe... er, a three, four foot swell.

WINTERS (V.O.)

*That's good copy cap'n. Request to know what speed you were doing last night?*

ANTHONY

When I woke up we were doing six and a half knots - the ship was on auto. I assume we were doin' that all night.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COAST GUARD - DAY**

*[Note: intercut between both scenes]*

WINTERS

What was your 'way' point last night?

ANTHONY

Our pots are on the 14515 where it crosses with 43510 - I'm sorry I know these are Loran numbers but my head isn't too clear right now.

WINTERS scribbles this down quickly.

WINTERS

It's okay I used to do some fishing myself, this is good copy.

WINTERS grabs a paper chart and starts to sketch a route on it with his pen. He speaks to ANTHONY as he does so:

WINTERS (CONT'D)

So you're saying he could have gone over any time between nine last night, when you went to sleep, and six this morning, when you woke up?

ANTHONY

That's correct.

WINTERS exchanges a look with DAVIS. This is bad. A nine hour window.

WINTERS

Cap'n, was John wearing a life jacket?

ANTHONY

(Beat)

That's a negative sir.

DAVIS gives WINTERS a *'what the fuck?'* look.

WINTERS

(To DAVIS)

None of 'em do.

(Transmits to ANTHONY)

No emergency position indicator?

ANTHONY

Negative.

WINTERS

(To DAVIS)

It's six hundred dollars plus subscription. Way they look at it, that's fifty lobsters.

(Back to radio)

Is he a good swimmer Anthony?

ANTHONY

Yes, he is. He's in exceptionally good shape. Um...

(Sudden thought)

He's very resourceful, also.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY is swimming hard, all the time trying to lift his head, looking for something. He thinks he sees something but with the swell he's not sure. Then, for a moment, as the waves part, he sees them - a line of fishing buoys he knew would be there about half a mile away - and we realize what he was headed for. Excited, he strikes out for them - but is now suddenly overcome by an agonizing attack of cramp in his calf. He has to stop and grab his muscle, trying to massage it back to life. It takes a good ten seconds for the pain to pass... then he realises his boots have gone. He looks about, panicking, and sees they have floated twenty feet away.

He swims after them but they seem to be getting further away. Panicking, JOHNNY digs in hard and swims as fast as he can, a mad, wild front crawl, until finally he grabs them, overwhelmed with relief but having used up precious reserves of energy. He lays on his back for a few moments, exhausted. Then he turns on his front, looks for the line of buoys again. He spots them blinking up and down through the swell a half mile away. He empties the water out of the boots, carefully puts them under each arm and resumes swimming.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHEEL HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is up on the wheel house roof, desperately scanning the sea for any sign of Johnny. He has the radio mic, stretched tight on its cord in his hand, and strains to listen to any traffic. On this we...

CUT TO:

... a wide shot of the 'Anna Mary', ploughing back towards Montauk - some sixty miles to the north. And over this we play the coastguard's official distress broadcast:

DAVIS (V.O.)

*Pan-pan. Pan-pan. Pan-pan. This is the United States Coast Guard, Sector Long Island Sound. The Coast Guard has received a report of a man overboard from the fishing vessel 'Anna Mary'...*

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE/EXT. 'TREMAYNE' - DAY**

WALLACE GRAY is at the wheel of his ship the 'Tremayne', a small dragger with which he fishes for squid. He hears the broadcast over Channel 16:

DAVIS (V.O.)

*Search area is due south of Montauk Point New York, between five and sixty miles offshore.*

WALLACE GRAY

(To himself)

Five and sixty?

WALLACE knows that's a potentially huge search area. He steps out of the wheel house and shouts to his two CREW MEMBERS, preparing to cast their squid net.

WALLACE GRAY (CONT'D)

Boys! Forget it - we're turnin' around.

The CREW MEMBERS look mystified.

WALLACE GRAY (CONT'D)

There's a man in the water.

Without another word they start to stow the nets. WALLACE goes back into the wheel house and sets a new course.

CUT TO:

**EXT. 'LAST MANGO' - DAY**

Singer JIMMY BUFFETT, (Mr. 'Margaritaville'), now in his 70s, casts out a line from the back of his luxury fishing yacht the 'Last Mango', and sits in a chair ready for some sport fishing. PAULIE, (Anthony's friend from 'The Dock'), the boat's skipper, approaches him.

PAULIE

I'm real sorry Mr. Buffett, but would you mind if we went fishin' another day?

(BUFFETT looks at him, incredulous)

We got a man in the water and I'd like to go help find him.

A beat, then JIMMY starts to reel his line in.

JIMMY BUFFETT

Sure. Is it someone you know?

PAULIE

Thank you sir - yeh he's an experienced guy, last person you'd imagine goin' over the side...

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, 'PENSACOLA' - DAY**

HANNEN is at the wheel of his scallop dredger, far out to sea. He listens intently to the end of the Coast Guard emergency broadcast.

DAVIS (V.O.)

*... search area is due south of Montauk Point New York, between five and sixty miles offshore. All mariners are requested to keep a sharp lookout. This is the United States Coast Guard, Sector Long Island Sound, out.*

On HANNEN, grave expression. A beat, then he opens the door to the wheel house and calls out to his CREW.

HANNEN

Reel 'em back in.

A CREW MEMBERS shouts back:

CREW MEMBER

We only just lowered 'em?

HANNEN

There's a man in the water.

CREW MEMBER

What boat?

HANNEN

Anna Mary.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is still on the roof of the 'Anna Mary', radio cable stretched tight, scanning the sea for Johnny as he speaks to DONNIE:

ANTHONY

The Coast Guard are on it, they got helicopters and stuff and they're gonna take care of the whole thing. We'll find him Donnie.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, THE 'LOTUS' - DAY**

DONNIE is at the wheel of his dredger, on the radio to ANTHONY:

DONNIE

Once I dump this gear I'm gonna be pretty close so I can start searchin' with ya.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

*Thank you Donnie, thank you thank you.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

Another call comes straight through for ANTHONY:

PAULIE (V.O.)

*Hey Anthony it's Paulie, give me that bottom line again on the fourteen bearing.*

ANTHONY

Paulie we were headed to the 43510. But I was maybe ten miles past that before I woke up...

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, PENSACOLA - DAY**

HANNEN is listening in to the radio traffic. His BUDDY, (*who we saw with him in 'The Dock'*), is with him.

PAULIE (V.O.)

*Okay well I'm about an hour away from there, on my way.*

ANTHONY (V.O.)

*God bless you Paulie.*

HANNEN  
 (Reacting to ANTHONY'S  
 voice)  
 How about that..?

CUT TO:

**EXT. 'THE DOCK' - DAY**

GEORGE carries two bin-bags of garbage out to the bins at the side of The Dock. He sees RICK, (*the fisherman from Chubs Gray's funeral*), hurrying about his dredger the 'Islamorada', in preparation for putting to sea.

GEORGE  
 What - the cops after you? Why the hurry?

RICK  
 You heard about the 'Anna Mary'?  
 (GEORGE shakes his head)  
 Johnny's in the water, Anthony's tryin' to find him.

GEORGE  
 Anthony's tryin' to find Johnny?  
 (RICK nods)  
 Oh shit...

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY'S eyes and tongue are puffy and swollen from the salt water, but he's within striking distance of the line of buoys he's been trying so hard to reach.

**Caption**

**7:40am. Four hours, eight minutes in the water.**

His precious boots under his arms, kicking and swimming with one hand, JOHNNY starts to near the first buoy. But, as he gets to within twenty yards, he realises to his horror that the current is going too fast. He tries to swim against it at the last moment, but it's too strong and it sweeps him by the buoys - missing by just a few yards. He has exhausted himself with the effort, and lets out an anguished roar of frustration as he drifts helplessly away from the buoys.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GARDEN, ALDRIDGE FAMILY HOME - DAY**

JOHNNY walks through to the back yard of his parents' place. JOHN ALDRIDGE Snr., mid 70s, a retired car dealer, sits on the deck in his back yard enjoying the sunshine and eating a sandwich. His wife ADDY follows JOHNNY out.

ADDY  
You got a visitor.

JOHNNY  
Hey dad.

JOHN SNR.  
Johnny!

JOHNNY sits next to his dad.

JOHN SNR. (CONT'D)  
You want a sandwich?

ADDY  
I just asked him.

JOHNNY  
I already ate.

JOHN Snr pushes his plate, with the other half of his sandwich on it, over to him.

JOHN SNR.  
Here have half of mine.

ADDY  
I already asked him.

JOHNNY  
(To keep the peace)  
Okay I'll have some.

He picks the sandwich up and takes a bite. JOHN Snr gives his wife a triumphant nod.

ADDY  
If you want anything just call.

JOHNNY  
Okay - but I don't.

JOHN SNR.  
He's got a sandwich he's okay!

She bustles off. Both men take a bite of their sandwiches.

JOHN SNR. (CONT'D)  
I thought you were goin' fishin'  
today?

JOHNNY

So did I.

A beat. JOHN Snr knows exactly what this means. He knows how unhappy JOHNNY is with things at the moment.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

No message. No text. Just another no show.

JOHN SNR.

Anthony's goin' through a bad time Johnny.

JOHNNY

He's out every night gettin' wasted! Fuckin' riding his unicycle and Hula-Hoopin'.

JOHN SNR.

He's lost his family. The only way you'll understand what he's goin' through is when you have your own.

JOHNNY

I could have a family right now - a ready-made one. But you all got this thing about Janice.

JOHN SNR.

That's your mother and Cathy, don't pay any attention to them. Maybe they're jealous 'cos you buy her nice things. I like her. All we want is for you to be happy son. And if that's with Janice that's fine by me.

He takes a sip of iced tea. JOHNNY broods for a few moments.

JOHNNY

Just a coupla days he says. That becomes five, becomes six, seven - and three weeks later we still haven't gone fishin'. I need to work dad.

JOHN Snr looks at his son.

JOHN SNR.

You got the bank on you?

JOHNNY

Yeh I got the bank... Finance company, credit card company - we just paid out for a whole load of work on the boat - I need to work.

JOHN SNR.

Tell Anthony how you feel.

JOHNNY

How I feel is... how did my life get to be so shitty? He's got this... spastic, fucked up, car crash life - and I'm bein' forced to live it with him. It feels like the end dad.

JOHN SNR.

(Beat)

Remember when I got you your first car?

JOHNNY

Yeh I remember. Anthony said 'great, we've got a car'.

JOHN SNR.

He was always the one gettin' the girls to go for a ride in it. Never you. But you did okay ridin' shotgun if I remember right.

JOHNNY

He was my friend. My best friend.

(Beat)

But we grew up...

CUT TO:

**EXT. NEW HAVEN COAST GUARD STATION - DAY**

To establish the station, a collection of low rise concrete buildings by the water's edge, Coast Guard cutters ready to go, moored to jetties. From inside:

*WINTERS (V.O.)*

*Anthony said Johnny was supposed to wake him for his watch at eleven thirty, right?*

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS is at his computer screen, attempting to input data, but - from his laborious, one-finger style - we can see that it's not something that comes easy to him. DAVIS checks his hand written notes in front of him.

DAVIS

Uh... yeh. Eleven thirty. That's what he said.

WINTERS

Okay. So the most likely time he went in was between nine and eleven thirty - which would explain why he didn't wake Anthony up?

DAVIS

(Thinks)

Yeh. But we can't rule out he went in later.

WINTERS

Sure. So how the fuck do we load that into SAROPS? We want a total search area and a specific search area at the same time.

WINTERS stares at the screen for a few moments.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Who's that new kid breakin' in this week? The one who won't eat burgers?

DAVIS

Rodocker?

He gets up and quickly heads for the exit.

CUT TO:

**INT. CANTEEN, NEW HAVEN COAST GUARD CENTRE - DAY**

RODOCKER, mid-20s, a quiet, studious-looking guy, sits at a table, glass of water in front of him, sending messages on his cell phone; there are a couple of other CREW MEMBERS in there eating their breakfasts. WINTERS pushes through the door and calls across to him.

WINTERS

Hey Rodocker. You're a geek, right?

RODOCKER

(Embarrassed)

Sorry?

WINTERS

You're a computer geek, right?

RODOCKER

I really don't know what you mean sir.

WINTERS

You don't eat burgers do you?

RODOCKER

No sir.

WINTERS

Okay get over here before I throw a one at you.

RODOCKER gets up, a little hesitantly.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

RODOCKER is installed at a computer terminal, WINTERS hovers over him.

RODOCKER

(Staring at screen)

So you want a general search area, but you also want an area of higher probability within the same search pattern?

WINTERS

Yeh. Can you do that?

RODOCKER

Yes sir.

WINTERS is about to launch into some expletives.

RODOCKER (CONT'D)

I can do that.

WINTERS

Okay... Good. Thank you.

As RODOCKER starts to tap in data, DAVIS gets a call on Channel Sixteen.

*ANTHONY (V.O.)*

*Coast Guard this is the Anna Mary standing by on sixteen.*

DAVIS calls over to WINTERS.

DAVIS

Sir!

WINTERS hurries over to DAVIS as ANTHONY speaks:

*ANTHONY (V.O.)*

*Coast Guard I got a whole load of guys out of Montauk who want to help look for Johnny. Uh... I'm not sure what to say to them. Over.*

WINTERS

(Transmits)

Cap'n we'll work somethin' out for them. But in the meantime we have to try and narrow down this search area. If we take it from nine pm to six am that's a sixty, seventy mile track line. By the time we factor in drift we're talkin' about...

(Calculates)

... maybe two thousand square miles. When Johnny didn't wake you up for your watch at eleven thirty, I'm guessing it could have been because he was in the water. Do you copy that?

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY, on top of the wheel house, considers his reply.

ANTHONY

I guess so. I mean, he could have taken a longer watch for some reason, but I don't... I wouldn't understand why he would have.

WINTERS (V.O.)

Okay, good copy there.

OUT on ANTHONY, mind turning. The row with Johnny the night before weighing heavily on him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HARBOUR - DAY**

Early evening. ANTHONY screeches to a halt in his truck and jumps out - still wearing the same clothes he wore the night before (*an Hawaiian shirt with a paper garland of flowers round his neck*). He grabs a battered rucksack and walks along the quay, wondering if Johnny will be there. As he reaches the boat, there is JOHNNY on deck, mending some pots with a pair of pliers. JOHNNY stops what he's doing, looks at him.

ANTHONY

I... gotta apologize. I know I ain't been around for the last couple of weeks, but I've been struggling without the girls and... well I'm here.

JOHNNY

(Beat)

I been here waitin' for you all day  
Anthony. Again.

ANTHONY

Yeh I'm sorry about that too. I  
just thought when I didn't show  
this morning you'd guess I was-

JOHNNY

(Cuts across him)

I don't wanna hear any more of your  
bullshit. I just wanna go fishin'  
and get this over with.

He walks into the wheel-house.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

The sun is starting to set as the 'Anna Mary' finally puts to  
sea. ANTHONY fiddles with the music system and '*Don't You  
Forget About Me*' starts to play.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK POINT - DAY**

LOW ANGLE (*as before*) as the boat passes, music playing, the  
'tits' still strapped to it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is at the wheel, sipping a cup of coffee. He sees the  
letter from Mary that Johnny has pinned to the notice board  
in the wheel-house and takes it down.

ANTHONY

What's this?

JOHNNY

Mary dropped it off this morning.

ANTHONY

It's from Liz?

JOHNNY

There's no address.

ANTHONY

When were you gonna tell me about  
it?

JOHNNY

Fuck you. How about this mornin'?

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DUSK**

The boat is now out to sea. Both men are on deck moving stuff around to make space. ANTHONY heaves a large cooler chest aside, which knocks some pots, which topple and fall off the back of the boat. As JOHNNY tries to grab them, a loop of rope coils round his foot, tightens, and drags him towards the water. He cries out and manages to jam his other foot against the back of the boat. ANTHONY dives over and grabs him under his armpits, pulling him back as hard as he can. For a moment it looks as if the rope will pull JOHNNY off the back and down into the depths with the pots, but at the last moment the rope slides off his foot, releasing him. He and ANTHONY both fall back on the deck.

JOHNNY

Jesus I almost got killed there!

ANTHONY

I'm sorry Johnny, I was just movin'  
the cooler and...

They both lie on the deck panting.

JOHNNY

I could have been dragged under!  
You don't take any of this shit  
seriously.

ANTHONY

It was an accident.

JOHNNY gets up and angrily walks away from him.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DUSK**

JOHNNY is at the wheel, staring out to sea. ANTHONY enters.

JOHNNY

I can't do this any more.

ANTHONY

What does that mean?

JOHNNY

It means we can't go on like this. I'm sorry for your shit with Liz and the girls, but I'm fuckin' broke.

ANTHONY

*I'm fuckin' broke.* So what, we'll turn it around. We been in scrapes before.

JOHNNY

You know what. This whole, relentless, 'everything'll be okay' thing you do, just makes me want to puke. All we ever do is catch up from mistakes. Life doesn't just happen, you have to go out and make it happen...

They look at each other, eyes blazing, angry.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM, JANICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

JOHNNY lies in bed having just had sex. The bathroom flushes and JANICE pads back into the room, naked except for panties, and gets back in bed.

JANICE

Why don't you go without him?

He looks at her puzzled for a moment.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Hire some guy, pay him a couple of hundred for the trip and keep the rest. I don't know why you split everything fifty-fifty with Anthony anyway when you do all the work.

JOHNNY shrugs, frustrated, doesn't want to talk about it.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You'd make more money. Nothing would go wrong... You'd keep to schedule...

She lets this hang, waiting for a response. But JOHNNY is just looking at her boobs. She covers them with the sheet.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You're not listening to me. I'm trying to help you. I love you Johnny.

JOHNNY

And I'm enormously fond of you.

He smiles '*I'm joking*' (though he has avoided a direct answer). She gives him a playful shove.

JANICE

I just see you being dragged down the whole time. Anthony is why you never get ahead in life.

He looks at her, annoyed. But he also knows she's right. She drops the sheet.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Okay, now you can look.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DUSK**

JOHNNY paces about on deck, trying to speak quietly to Janice on his cellphone.

JOHNNY

I'm talking to him right now.

(Listens)

I know what to say. Okay. I can find my own words. Jesus! Now will you just leave me to do it in my own way?

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY is swimming aimlessly on his side.

**Caption**

**9:04am. Five hours thirty two minutes in the water.**

He stops for a moment and lifts his head. He's pretty sure he can hear... yes, he *can* hear an aircraft. He searches the sky and there it is, a small dot around ten, fifteen miles away, but he figures it must be looking for him. He's momentarily lifted by the thought as the plane turns in a lazy circle and disappears. But then, as he treads water, he suffers another attack of cramp in his other calf. Again, it's agony, and he's forced to try and massage his muscle to ease the pain. He knows he didn't eat much last night, he was too angry - which is why he's cramping. What to do? He looks around and sees some seaweed floating by. He grabs it and forces himself to eat it. He gags - it tastes disgusting - but he has to get some salt and some energy into his body somehow.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

A fixed wing Coast Guard plane flies low. As it passes we see a Datum Marker Buoy dropped from it into the water. The buoy will now start to transmit data about water temperature, currents and wind back to Coast Guard command.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

Commander Jonathan THEEL, early 40s, military buzz-cut, stands with WINTERS behind RODOCKER, as he continues to input data into the SAROPS programme.

RODOCKER

What probability to you want to input?

WINTERS

(To THEEL)

It's got to be high - why else wouldn't he have woken Anthony?

THEEL

(To RODOCKER)

Seventy-thirty.

RODOCKER enters the probabilities.

WINTERS

(To THEEL)

We got a lot of Montauk guys wanting to help sir.

THEEL

How many?

WINTERS

Maybe fifteen, twenty boats - and climbing.

THEEL

Fishermen?

WINTERS

Fishermen and pleasure vessels. Shall we ask them to clear the area?

THEEL

(Thinks)

No.

WINTERS

That many boats so close together it's who hits who first.

THEEL

They need to feel they're helping - we shut them out and we'll have a riot on our hands. Just put them somewhere where they can't do too much harm.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

Two red and white Jayhawk Coast Guard helicopters fly in close formation heading south west.

CUT TO:

**INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY**

Pilot Mike DEAL and copilot Ray JAMROS are at the controls of one of them. In front of them are a total of seven screens showing live maps, radar images and search patterns. They get a lock on a search pattern from New Haven.

DEAL

Coast Guard Sector Long Island Sound, this is Coast Guard helicopter 6037. We have a lock on that search pattern...

Out of his window he sees the other helicopter peel away to fly a different search pattern. He acknowledges the other pilot with a wave as he sets a new course. Now that he has a lock DEAL engages auto-pilot, so that he and JAMROS leave the helicopter to fly itself while they stare at the water below. In the back of the craft flight mechanic Ethan HILL looks down at the sea through the open door on the right side of the aircraft; rescue swimmer Bob HOVEY stares at yet another screen, this one displaying the output from an infrared camera mounted on the bottom of the helicopter. The helicopter begins a series of parallel sweeps of a search box given to them by New Haven.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

The Coast Guard cutter Tiger Shark, an 87ft long vessel, steams at full speed east from it's New Jersey base. We hear radio traffic from the skipper:

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

*Coast Guard Long Island Sound this is the Coast Guard Cutter Tiger Shark, estimate arrival at search area in approximately two hours thirty minutes. Over.*

DAVIS (V.O.)

*Coast Guard Cutter Tiger Shark this is Coast Guard Long Island Sound, good copy on that.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

A WIDE, AERIAL VIEW, in which we can see, spread out across the ocean, a dozen assorted vessels underway from the direction of Montauk Harbour, an inspiring mixture of fishing vessels and millionaire's yachts - all headed out as fast as they can to join the search. We find the 'Anna Mary' amongst this flotilla, ANTHONY standing on top of the wheel-house, scanning the sea.

Over this we hear radio traffic:

PAULIE (V.O.)

*Hey Anthony you got a start point for me yet?*

WALLACE GRAY (V.O.)

*Anthony you got any figures from the Coast Guard on how far he could have drifted?*

DONNIE (V.O.)

*Anthony I got a problem with my motor so, uh, I can only do four knots and I may be late joinin' you...*

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, CHIMERA - DAY**

TOM HORN is on the radio, standing on the bridge of 'Chimera', his huge, shiny motor cruiser. Next to him are a couple of wealthy FRIENDS and a uniformed CREW MAN at the wheel, surrounded by state of the art guidance systems.

TOM HORN

'Anna Mary' this is Tom Horn from the 'Chimera', we're about twelve miles due north of your current position, closing at fifteen knots...

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HIGH STREET - DAY**

To establish the centre of Montauk. We pick out 'Herb's Market', a grocery store selling 'Prime Meats & Groceries'. From inside:

SUSAN (V.O.)

*So many boats have put out to sea to try and find him...*

CUT TO:

**INT. HERB'S MARKET, MONTAUK - DAY**

SUSAN, an elegant school mom, chats with BETTY, an older lady from a working fishing family. NED, (*who we saw at Chubs Gray's funeral*) is listening to their conversation.

SUSAN

Jimmy Buffett's boat is out there, and Dick Clayton's - and my husband turned up at the golf club this morning and they cancelled their game and went out on Tom Horn's yacht to go searching.

BETTY

My husband and his crew were due back today after three days catching squid - and they've gone straight back out to see if they can help. It's a terrible thought, poor Johnny out there in the water. What must be going through his mind?

NED

(As he passes them)  
I wouldn't get your hopes up ladies. Johnny and Anthony have to fish fifty miles out to sea 'cos of all the city folk pollutin' inshore...

He directs this, pointedly, at SUSAN-

NED (CONT'D)

-once they fall in that far out,  
only way they come out is cold and  
gray.

BETTY

Well I'll thank you to keep your  
opinions to yourself Ned Harper -  
ignore him Susan.

NED

It's the truth, that's all I'm  
tellin' ya...

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, ISLAMORADA - DAY**

RICK is on the radio.

RICK

Hey Anthony I don't think we should  
have any leisure craft out here.  
Johnny's one of ours, it should  
just be fishermen out here.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY listens to the end of Rick's message:

*RICK (V.O.)*

*We don't want no Cidiots gettin' in  
our way.*

ANTHONY leaves it for a few moments, then replies, a  
determined look on his face.

ANTHONY

This is Anthony - I want everybody  
to listen to me, listen up good. If  
somebody is decent enough to offer  
their help, then I'll gladly take  
it. I need all the help I can get.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, CHIMERA - DAY**

On TOM HORN and his FRIENDS as they listen.

*ANTHONY (V.O.)*

*Tom, thank you for what you're  
doing, God bless you.*

(MORE)

ANTHONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Thank you everybody who's out here,  
 each and everyone of you. Thank you  
 thank you thank you.*

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ISLAMORADA - DAY**

RICK feel embarrassed in front of his crew, who heard what ANTHONY had to say. He tries to save a little face.

RICK  
 Just so long as they keep outta my  
 way, that's all I'm sayin'.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS is on the radio, a laminated chart in front of him with a search pattern drawn on it in marker pen:

WINTERS  
 Anthony I want you to line your  
 guys up to the north east of the  
 forty fathom curve and the fourteen  
 line...

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is at the wheel, also with a laminated sea chart spread out in front of him. He marks in the rough area given to him by WINTERS with a marker pen.

WINTERS (V.O.)  
*We want each boat to run a two mile  
 track, north to south across the  
 box. But it's important they stay  
 one mile apart.*

ANTHONY  
 Okay copy that.

We can see something is troubling him as he looks at the map. He hesitates, then forces himself to say what's on his mind:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
 Hey I'm just a bit... I'm kinda  
 worried we're concentratin' too far  
 north. I mean, what if he went in  
 later?

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS

Anthony we have to go with what we know. We got too big an area to cover. You said yourself there was no reason why he wouldn't have woken you up for your watch at eleven thirty?

*[Intercut with this and previous scene]*

ANTHONY

That's right... But I been thinking it through... and... it's kinda Johnny's thing. He sometimes likes to let me know he has bigger balls than me. He's done it before, worked through the night. And we had this kind of... thing last night...

WINTERS

What thing?

ANTHONY

(Guilt in his voice)  
We sort of... had an argument.

CUT TO:

**INT. CABIN, ANNA MARY - DUSK**

ANTHONY is flopped on a bunk, already half asleep. JOHNNY comes down and leans into the cabin.

JOHNNY

So I'm first watch, yeh? That's great the way you consulted me.

ANTHONY

You were bitchin' on the phone to Janice about me, I didn't want to interrupt you. You looked like you were enjoyin' it.

JOHNNY

You know, the only place you sleep is on this fuckin' boat, when I need you to be awake.

ANTHONY

How is Janice, still spendin' your money?

JOHNNY

What money? I ain't makin' any 'cos your junkie wife took your kids - which of course means you spend every night gettin' smashed and chasin' after sluts and smokin' dope and doin' every fuckin' thing except fuckin' goin' fishin'!

ANTHONY props himself up on his elbows.

ANTHONY

You know what, you're right. I think it's best we split Johnny.

JOHNNY

Great. We finally found somethin' we agree on.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

On ANTHONY as he reflects on this.

*WINTERS (V.O.)*

*Anthony, you have to approach this like it's like a police investigation. We can't go on hunches or guesses, we need hard evidence before we can change tactics...*

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS is on the radio:

WINTERS

Okay, maybe Johnny was trying to prove something? But all we know for sure is that he didn't wake you up.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

On ANTHONY, troubled, unhappy. Not at all convinced.

WINTERS (V.O.)  
*And the most obvious reason for  
 that is he wasn't on the boat.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY is still swimming, but the stroke is weaker. His eyes are almost shut from the salt. He is already way beyond most expectations for survival in the North Atlantic.

**Caption**

**11:22am. Seven hours fifty minutes in the water.**

JOHNNY has been awake now for more than forty hours. Although the sea is relatively warm at seventy two degrees, it is still well below his body temperature and is slowly, relentlessly sapping his body heat. But still he refuses to give in. He sights a second string of buoys, and this time he uses the tide rather than fights it. He is at right angles to the string, kicking hard. He drifts agonisingly close, looks like he might miss it again for a moment, but then reaches out and manages to grab a buoy. At last! He's made it! He shouts out in pure joy... Finally, he has the situation a little more under his control. He can stop swimming and just hold on - he's master of his own destiny again.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOUNGE, ALDRIDGE FAMILY HOME - DAY**

John ALDRIDGE Snr and his wife ADDY sit in their recliner chairs watching a re-run of the quiz show *'Who Wants To Be A Millionaire'*.

JOHN SNR.  
 Richard Kiel.

ADDY  
 I don't think Jaws was a man.

JOHN SNR.  
 Not the shark - the guy from James  
 Bond, with the silver teeth.  
 (Shouts at TV)  
 Richard Kiel - 'D'! Come on! 'D'!

Their daughter CATHY, slim, late 30s, enters from the kitchen.

CATHY  
 I put some meatballs in the freezer  
 for you-

JOHN SNR.  
 We can't eat any more, your mother  
 bakes 24/7!

The phone rings. CATHY ignores it, sits on the arm of her  
 mother's chair.

CATHY  
 Hey look at this picture of Jake...

JOHN SNR.  
 Is nobody gonna get that?

They ignore him; CATHY shows her mother a picture of her five  
 year old son, Jake, in the garden holding a huge toad.

ADDY  
 Oh my goodness! And he wasn't  
 frightened? That's so good to have  
 no fear at that age...

With a big sigh JOHN Snr gets up and walks over to the  
 sideboard where the phone has been left.

JOHN SNR.  
 Hello.

CUT TO:

**INT. THEEL'S OFFICE, NEW HAVEN COAST GUARD HQ - DAY**

THEEL is on the other end of the call.

THEEL  
 Is this Mr. John Aldridge Senior?

*[Intercut between both scenes]*

JOHN SNR.  
 It is.

THEEL  
 Good morning sir, this is Commander  
 Jonathan Theel from Sector Long  
 Island sound Coast Guard. I'm  
 calling you now because we're  
 engaged in a search for your son  
 John, who is at this time missing  
 at sea.

JOHN Snr's legs seem to sag as he receives this news.

JOHN SNR.  
 No...

ADDY sees something is wrong.

ADDY  
What is it John?

JOHN Snr steadies himself with a hand on the sideboard.

ADDY (CONT'D)  
What is it?

CATHY  
Dad - sit down.

JOHN SNR.  
(Into phone)  
Is he dead?

ADDY  
(Panicky)  
Is who dead?

JOHN Snr turns to his wife and daughter.

JOHN SNR.  
They're saying Johnny's missing.

ADDY clasps her hands to her face.

ADDY  
Oh my God...

THEEL  
Sir if you have your family with  
you perhaps you could put me on  
speakerphone?

JOHN SNR.  
Okay, just a minute...  
(To CATHY)  
He says put it on speakerphone.

CUT TO:

**INT. JANICE'S KITCHEN/EXT. FRONT DRIVE - DAY**

JANICE has her white coat on and is about to leave the house (*she works in a beauty salon*). Son RICKY is at the table eating from a large bowl of nachos as he watches TV. As she reaches the door her cellphone rings. She answers:

JANICE  
Hello?  
(Listens)  
Yes this is Mrs. Arrigoni.

JANICE listens as she locks the front door behind her and walks towards her parked car, (a tatty saloon). THEEL fills her in and she stops, face dark as thunder.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
Well I can tell you now that you  
can lay the blame for this at  
Anthony's door...

CUT TO:

**INT. LOUNGE, ALDRIDGE FAMILY HOME - DAY**

JOHN Snr, ADDY and CATHY listen on the speakerphone:

*THEEL (V.O.)*  
*(Over speakerphone)*  
*... we have a number of vessels and*  
*aircraft deployed at this moment*  
*and we are conducting an extensive*  
*search and rescue mission.*

JOHN SNR.  
Nine o'clock last night...  
(Checks watch)  
... so he could have been in the  
water... fifteen hours already?

ADDY  
With nothing to eat.

JOHN SNR.  
Why say that? Where's he gonna eat  
out there - Burger King?

*THEEL (V.O.)*  
*Please be assured we are doing*  
*everything in our power to find*  
*him...*

CUT TO:

**EXT. DRIVE, JANICE'S HOUSE - DAY**

JANICE'S voice breaks with anger and emotion as she continues  
the conversation:

JANICE  
The reason he's in the water is  
Anthony. Mr. Anthony Sosinski...

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is in the wheel house, straining his eyes, scanning  
the sea, the boat on auto-pilot headed back the way he came.  
He gets a call over the radio.

MIKE REILLY (V.O.)  
*Anthony this is Mike Reilly from  
 the Viking on twenty two.*

ANTHONY switches to that channel, grabs up the radio handset and replies.

ANTHONY  
 Hi Mike this is Anthony.

MIKE REILLY (V.O.)  
*Hey I think I passed you guys last  
 night.*

ANTHONY  
 When?

MIKE REILLY (V.O.)  
*Maybe, around four in the mornin'.  
 We were on our way back in and we  
 saw you comin' out.*

ANTHONY  
 Did you see Johnny on deck?

MIKE REILLY (V.O.)  
*Deck lights were on, but we didn't  
 see nobody. I radioed you couple of  
 times to say hello but didn't get  
 an answer.*

ANTHONY  
 About four?

MIKE REILLY (V.O.)  
*That's right.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY goes back out on deck. He looks at the open back of the boat, deep in thought. He has lots of stuff whirling around inside his head and he knows he has to try and get things clear. He's beginning to have seconds thoughts about his original strategy of just leaving it all to the Coast Guard... he realises that he might have to take control of the situation. The first thing he needs to do is to try and work out what happened last night...

He spots a spanner lying by the edge of the deck - he hadn't spotted it before. He turns to look at the starboard deck hatch, lying on the deck. Again the thought hits him - *'that's bad luck, Johnny would never have left it like that'*. He looks to the port hatch, and sees now that two big coolers are stacked on it. He walks over and sees that it would be impossible to lift it up without first moving the coolers.

And now he sees it, a strip of white plastic lying by a coil of rope. He walks over and picks it up, touches it, feels the sharp edges. He realises what it is - the sheared-off handle from the bottom cooler. It fits the broken handle still left on the cooler like a piece from a jigsaw puzzle. And suddenly it becomes clear to him what has happened. He dives back into the wheel-house.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY grabs up the radio transmitter.

ANTHONY  
US Coast Guard this is the Anna  
Mary on sixteen.

He waits a few moments then again, impatiently:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
US Coast Guard this is the Anna  
Mary on sixteen.

DAVIS (V.O.)  
*Anna Mary this is US Coast Guard  
Long Island Sound.*

ANTHONY  
I think I know what maybe happened  
here...

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY clings on to his buoy, picking little bits of seaweed from it and the rope securing it to the bottom, stuffing them in his mouth and forcing himself to chew and swallow.

**Caption**

**12:45pm. Nine hours and thirteen minutes in the water.**

He sees a helicopter - but it's far off to the north east, way too far away to see him. His head drops.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS is behind DAVIS, listening to ANTHONY:

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
*... and then I think the handle  
 broke and he went flying off the  
 back of the boat.*

WINTERS  
 Roger on that, good copy Anthony.  
 So he did this just before he was  
 due to wake you up to relieve him?

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
*Well that's the thing, I don't  
 think he would have been doin' this  
 'til we got nearer to our lobster  
 pots. We're supposed to turn the  
 cooler on two hours before we reach  
 our first pots.*

WINTERS  
 Are you sure of that?

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

*[Note: intercut between both scenes]*

ANTHONY  
 I can't think of any other reason  
 he'd be opening those hatches. I  
 think he went in much further south  
 than where we're looking right now.

WINTERS  
 (Thinks this over)  
 Okay that's good copy.  
 (Beat, takes a breath)  
 Anthony, I have to ask you  
 something now that's kind of  
 required of us. I need to know if  
 Johnny left a note?

ANTHONY  
 A note? What kind of note?  
 (Realises)  
 You mean a suicide note?

WINTERS  
 I'm sorry. We have to ask.

ANTHONY  
 Shit... I mean, you're asking if he  
 took his own life?

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, JANICE'S HOUSE - DAY**

JANICE is in the kitchen watching the TV with RICKY, still in her white coat. The news is on:

*NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)*  
*... this just in, we're getting reports of a Coast Guard rescue operation underway for a Montauk fisherman lost at sea-*

RICKY  
 This is it!

JANICE  
 Ssshhh!

*NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)*  
*... forty five year old John Aldridge was reported lost at sea overnight from his fishing vessel the Anna Mary. Coast Guard ships and helicopters are leading the search for the native Long Islander - we'll have more as that story unfolds...*

The CO-ANCHOR begins another item about traffic problems. RICKY looks at his mother, who has tears streaming down her cheeks. She searches in her bag for a tissue...

RICKY  
 Why are you cryin' - you already knew all that?

JANICE  
 (Between sobs)  
 I know but now it's on the TV it's real...

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is searching through the accumulated junk in the wheel house, looking for a possible note. He sees the letter delivered earlier by Mary pinned to the notice board - and now sees that the post mark has been ringed by Johnny. He studies it, sees the letter was posted in Laguna Beach, Ca. and realises the significance. He can't help a little smile.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is back on the radio:

ANTHONY

Hey look, I found a note. The note was a cooler chest moved out of position, a hatch upside down on the deck, a spanner and a broken cooler handle. The note says he fell off the back by accident, okay? He's out there and I know he ain't dead.

CUT TO:

**INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY**

Pilot Mike DEAL is carrying out another search pattern; he and his team scan the water below. In the back of the craft flight mechanic Ethan HILL looks down through an open door - and sees a large dark shadow just under the water - he realises it's a shark.

HILL

(Into headset)

Jeez... anybody else see that shark?

He sees from HOVEY'S face that he saw it too.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK COASTGUARD STATION - DAY**

CATHY (driving) and JANICE pull up by the gate to Coast Guard station Montauk, *(a much smaller station than New Haven, on the edge of Montauk Harbour)*. A GUARD emerges from a Guard House and CATHY collects Janice's driver's licence, puts it with her and hands it to the GUARD.

CATHY

Hello I'm Cathy Patterson and this is Mrs. Arrigoni, we were told we could come here - John Aldridge the fisherman in the water? I'm his sister and this is his fiancée.

GUARD

Okay we've been expecting you.

He looks in the back of the car.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Could you flip the trunk please?

CATHY gets out and opens the trunk. There's the usual clutter in there - coats, boxes - and a large plastic container containing three dozen corn dogs. The GUARD picks it up.

CATHY

I'm sorry that's my mother, she  
always thinks everyone's hungry.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

ANTHONY has managed to roughly line up twenty of the Montauk vessels in a line - it's an inspiring mixture of working fishing boats and sleek yachts alongside, one alongside the other, all headed in the same direction. We hear ANTHONY'S voice over the radio:

*ANTHONY (V.O.)*

*Remember he's not wearing a life  
jacket, he won't be easy to spot...*

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is at the wheel:

ANTHONY

Out there his head's gonna be no  
bigger than a basketball. You gotta  
spot a basketball in the water at  
maybe half a mile...

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK COASTGUARD STATION - DAY**

CATHY and JANICE sit on a bench overlooking the harbour.

JANICE

If he'd have broken off with  
Anthony like he should have, none  
of this would have happened.

CATHY

I don't think that's helpful  
talking that way Janice.

An OFFICER brings them some coffees.

OFFICER

Here we are, one with sugar one  
with sweeteners.

They both thank him as he hands them to them.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Are you hungry? We got some corn dogs from somewhere.

CATHY

Oh, no they're...  
(Embarrassed)  
It's okay, I'm not hungry.

JANICE

No thank you.

OFFICER

Okay well I'll come get you as soon as we hear anything.

CATHY

Thank you.

JANICE

(Straight back to conversation)  
Anthony has cost Johnny thousands and thousands of dollars over the years.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY, back up on the wheel house roof, radio mouth piece cable stretched taught, gets a call on the radio.

*GREG BAKER (V.O.)*

*Anthony this is Greg Baker from the Javelin on twenty two.*

ANTHONY

Go ahead Greg.

*GREG BAKER (V.O.)*

*Anthony I don't know if this is of any use but we passed you last night.*

ANTHONY

When Greg?

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, JAVELIN - DAY**

GREG, late 30s, an investment banker, is at the wheel of his impressive yacht.

GREG BAKER

This would have been about two o'clock in the mornin' - we were on our way back in from some shark fishing.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY immediately realises the significance of this.

ANTHONY

Did you see Johnny on deck?

GREG BAKER (V.O.)

*No, your deck lights were out. But we were headed for each other and you moved out of our way. We passed about five hundred metres apart, then you resumed your course.*

ANTHONY

Thanks Greg that's great. Thank you so much.

ANTHONY draws in a position on his map.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS listens with DAVIS to ANTHONY on the radio:

ANTHONY (V.O.)

*... I've now had two sightings of my vessel last night, one at two o'clock when Johnny was still on the boat, and another at four o'clock when he wasn't.*

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is pumped up:

ANTHONY

I know he fell in right around the fifty fathom line - you gotta stop talking about a search area between five and sixty. It's between forty and sixty - and I'm telling you right now he fell in on the fifty fathom line.

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Right were Chubs Gray went in.

There's a long, silent crackle on the radio. Then:

WINTERS (V.O.)

*Okay Anthony good copy. We'll process this and get back to you.*

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS takes a deep breath then walks over to RODOCKER.

RODOCKER

I've finally managed to input all the data, and with the wind and the current, search pattern looks like this...

A map/image comes up on screen showing a line from Montauk Point headed south for sixty miles. Two drift patterns are imposed on it, one assuming he fell in between nine and eleven thirty pm (i.e. spreading out from the top half of the line); the other showing a general pattern assuming he fell in anywhere south of there. Different colours indicate greater probability from blue (lowest) through green and yellow to red (highest)

WINTERS

Yeh. We're... gonna have to start again.

RODOCKER looks at him, puzzled.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY holds on to his buoy, but the swell means that he is regularly dunked under the water.

**Caption**

**2:02pm. Ten hours and thirty minutes in the water.**

The sun beats down and he is starting to get a little delirious from exposure and dehydration. He can see tiny specks on the horizon - boats far to the north east. He shouts out in frustration:

JOHNNY

Hey I'm over here! I did what I'm supposed to do!

But he realises it's utterly hopeless.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 (Lowers voice to normal)  
 I got some flotation, I stayed in  
 one place...

He's so tired. His eyes shut, and we realise he is on the verge of drifting off to sleep. Then, something pecks at his arm underwater. It takes him a moment then he suddenly shakes himself fully awake. Something huge has come close up to him to take a look - it's nearly ten feet long and a fin sticks out of the water. For a moment he thinks it's a shark then, as he pushes himself away from it in terror, he realises it is a Sunfish which, in spite of its size, is totally harmless. He is now very awake, watching as the Sunfish swims off.

He looks to the east again, at those dots on the horizon - he can see a tiny helicopter too. He stares at them, and he knows if he stays here the chances are they won't find him. A few more moments then, with a sinking expression, he knows what he has to do:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 Oh fuck...

He reaches into his pocket and takes out his knife. He opens the blade, and then... cuts himself free. He's tried doing it his way, taking control of the situation. And now, even though it's alien to his nature, he knows his only chance is to surrender himself to fate. He holds onto his buoy and drifts. Just drifts now, wherever the current takes him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is on top of the wheel-house; he looks to his right and he can see other Montauk boats stretched out over the grid pattern.

ANTHONY  
 Coast Guard this is 'Anna Mary' on  
 sixteen: have you got those new  
 search coordinates for me?

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS is with DAVIS.

WINTERS

Negative on that cap'n, we have to feed all the new information into our computer system.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY snaps back, frustrated.

ANTHONY

Come on - we're too far north!  
We're wastin' time here. My partner is dependin' on me.

WINTERS (V.O.)

*Copy that. We're goin' as fast as we can Anthony.*

On ANTHONY. He knows the time has come now for *him* to do something. He can't just trust it to other people any more.

ANTHONY

(Softly to himself)  
Fuck...

CUT TO:

**INT. THE DOCK - DAY**

The bar is packed, groups of people gathered round watching the news. GEORGE taps a knife into a bottle to grab everybody's attention.

GEORGE

Okay listen up. Our friend Johnny is lost at sea.  
(Sombre faces all round)  
And our other friend Anthony... is leading the search to find him. And if that isn't a good enough reason for a drink, I don't know what is. Please make your way to the bar and have one on the house. And God bless the two of 'em.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

RODOCKER looks at his screen - it's jammed. He turns, calls over to WINTERS:

RODOCKER  
Sir it's crashed.

WINTERS  
What?

RODOCKER  
SAROPS. I tried to input the new data but there was too much for the system to handle. It's frozen.

He taps a few keys on his keyboard to no effect illustrate.

WINTERS  
You're kiddin' me. Can you get it back?

RODOCKER  
Maybe. But it'll take time.

OUT on WINTERS' expression.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY finishes making some calculations on his laminated sea chart and picks up his radio transmitter.

ANTHONY  
Okay listen up this is Anthony on channel twenty two.  
(Waits a few moments)  
I wanna thank you all for what you've been doin', but we're lookin' in the wrong place. Johnny is much further south than our current position. I think he went in on the fourteen bearing, around the fifty fathom line.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, TREMAYNE**

On WALLACE GRAY as he listens.

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
*We all know that's where Chubs was lost. And I know Wally feels the same way I do - we ain't losin' another fisherman there.*

WALLACE nods silently in agreement.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY continues.

ANTHONY

I want you all to head there and  
I'll give you some new search  
grids. You got that?

HANNEN (V.O.)

*Is this comin' from the Coast Guard  
Anthony?*

ANTHONY

No this is from me. As far as  
you're concerned Hannen, I'm in  
charge. Okay?

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE**

HANNEN turns to look at his BUDDY, shrugs, then changes  
course.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, ALDRIDGE FAMILY HOME - DAY**

ADDY is in the kitchen mixing together some dough. JOHN Snr  
comes out, sits at the table.

JOHN SNR.

(Gently)

Addy we don't need-

ADDY

(Cuts across him)

I know we don't. But I have to be  
busy John.

JOHN SNR.

(Beat)

I just think we should be  
realistic. Johnny always says that  
when guys go in they hardly ever  
come out.

ADDY turns to him, angrily.

ADDY

Well I'm not going to give up hope,  
and neither will you. And neither  
will Anthony.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHEEL HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is back up on the roof of the wheel house, leading the charge south. He turns and looks behind him - it's like some wartime convoy with a line now of twenty five Montauk vessels behind him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY has stopped at another line of buoys that he's crossed. He picks off some more seaweed from them and stuffs it in his mouth before cutting one free and tying it to his one. He hauls himself up so he's sitting - hammock style - with a leg either side of a rope between the two buoys. Under his armpits the rubber boots still do their job, holding him upright in the water. Once more, he drifts with the current.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK COAST GUARD STATION - DAY**

JANICE is giving an interview as CATHY looks on.

JANICE

... we're all devastated. Johnny is usually a very careful guy, always checking and double checking everything. We're just hoping and praying he'll come back to us.

INTERVIEWER

How long have you known Mr. Aldridge?

JANICE

Just over a year. We're not engaged but my two sons and me, and all Johnny's family, our lives are on hold until he's back home safe.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY back at his chart. Checking that he is now where he wants to be, he slows his engine, speaks into the radio:

ANTHONY

Donnie, I'm at the western edge of the box, you're next, then everybody else lines up east of Donnie in the order I said, one mile apart.

*DONNIE (V.O.)*

*Got that Anthony, I'll be in position in about ten minutes. Some of the others are still on their way, may take some time before they're in the line.*

ANTHONY

Please, everybody, get here as fast as you can. I don't wanna think about the light goin' on us.

He turns his eyes again to the sea, in front and to either side.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY'S eyes are bloodshot and puffy - almost completely shut with the salt in them. He is still - feebly now - paddling with his hands, but he's not really sure where he's headed for. He stops for a little rest, lays his head back in the water. He can hear a rhythmic switching through the water, at first finding it a soothing sound.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE - DAY**

ANTHONY is at the wheel, carefully watching his course, at the same time searching the water.

CUT TO:

**INT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY'S eyes are still shut. That swishing sound is getting closer... but it's not until the last moment that he regains consciousness, opens his eyes, and see the 'Anna Mary' barely five hundred yards away, steaming right past him. He is so stunned he doesn't say anything for a few moments, then:

JOHNNY

Anthony! Hey Anthony - I'm over here!

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

At this precise moment ANTHONY has decided to leave the wheel house and climb up on the roof.

We can see, to his left, JOHNNY - with his two buoys either side - waving and shouting. But the sound of the wind and the engine drowns him out. By the time ANTHONY gets on deck - ironically for a better view - JOHNNY is behind him. He has a good look round, but he misses him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY still waves and shouts in the water:

JOHNNY  
Anthony! Anthony!

But the boat keeps on going, without slowing.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Anthony you fuckin' numb nuts...

This agonising near-miss hits harder than anything. JOHNNY feels all the hope sucked out of him. That Anthony came so close and still missed him is so hard to swallow. Tears fall down JOHNNY'S cheeks:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
How the fuck did you find me? I mean, that's...  
(Beat, considers this)  
Fuckin' surprisin'.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is up on the wheel house scanning the sea. He looks anxiously at his watch.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

THEEL enters, heads for WINTERS and RODOCKER. The younger man is desperately trying to reload the data into SAROPS.

THEEL  
No luck?

RODOCKER shakes his head.

WINTERS  
We had to put everything in from scratch.

THEEL

Keep everything going as best you can 'til sunset, then start standing assets down.

THEEL turns, starts to walk off.

THEEL (CONT'D)

I want to be in Montauk with the family before that happens.

THEEL leaves. WINTERS puffs out his cheeks, looks at his watch.

CUT TO:

**INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY**

DEAL checks his watch, then speaks into his helmet mic.

DEAL

Coastguard sector Long Island Sound this is Coast Guard helicopter 6037. We are completing the last search pattern, can you give us new coordinates.

We see JAMROS, HILL and HOVEY still searching the ocean surface and listening in to the radio conversation.

DAVIS (V.O.)

*6037 that is a negative at this time, SAROPS is down and we are currently unable to produce new search patterns. Suggest you return to Cape Cod to refuel.*

DEAL

Sector Long Island Sound if we return to refuel we will be bagged out, repeat bagged out. While we still have some flying time available can you at least give us a track line?

There is a fairly long silence before:

DAVIS (V.O.)

*6037 we'll get back to you on that.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY is still alive, still (however feebly) swimming, but hypothermia is now starting to claim him.

He feels strangely warm and light-headed. In an effort to keep himself awake he starts to babble... Anthony is on his mind...

JOHNNY  
 Fisher... Fisher.  
 (Frowns slightly, then remembers the name)  
 Carl Fisher.  
 (Beat)  
 Carl G. Fisher. Tudor buildings.  
 Miami of the north. Lost all his money, 1929 crash...

He nearly drifts off again then jolts himself awake:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 Indianapolis race track. Lost all his money...  
 (Suddenly smiles)  
 Must have known Anthony...

CUT TO:

**INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY**

DEAL is getting anxious.

DEAL  
 Sector Long Island Sound we are approaching bingo fuel, request a tracking line. Just give us one final pass while we still got some juice...

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS is on the radio:

WINTERS  
 Copy that, please hold your present position and await a new search pattern.

WINTERS walks over to RODOCKER.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
 Rodocker, where do we have our assets? Forget the fuckin' computer and look at this map with me.

WINTERS spreads out his laminated chart of the search area.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
 Here's the fifty fathom line,  
 here's the fourteen bearing.  
 Anthony says he's somewhere near  
 here.

He draws a position on the map.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
 Coast Guard assets?

RODOCKER  
 North of that, helos here... and  
 here...  
 (Points out two positions)  
 The cutters we've had looking in  
 this area here...  
 (Points, WINTERS draws in  
 a box)  
 ... and here.

He points again, WINTERS draws another box.

WINTERS  
 Anthony and the Montauk boats?

RODOCKER  
 Their last recorded positions were  
 south of that line, to the east of  
 the fourteen bearing.

WINTERS draws another box in. We can see the area left is a  
 box to the south west of the fifty fathom line and fourteen  
 bearing.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY'S head is slipping quite frequently now, still jolting  
 him awake, but he knows that some time soon he won't jolt any  
 more.

**Caption**

**2:32pm. Eleven hours in the water.**

His mind fixes on something. And we see:

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

*The envelope is pinned on the notice board, with the Laguna  
 Beach postmark circled.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY worries that ANTHONY won't realise the significance. Just one more little spur to stay awake, to stay alive - so he can tell him about it.

JOHNNY

She's in Laguna Beach Anthony,  
that's where she is...

But he's so tired... He kicks hard with his feet, carries on trying to swim. And then something makes him look down, at the dark depths below. He is dehydrated and hallucinating, not sure what he's seeing. A large, dark shadow underneath? It passes. Then another. He realises this is real, looks up and sees two fins break the surface only a dozen yards away. The sharks have returned, attracted by his erratic movements.

He reaches again for his knife and holds it in readiness, pulling his legs up under him so they don't dangle. One of the sharks swims by not three feet away, the pressure from it bobbing him up slightly out of the water.

He lashes out with the blade - but he sees how small the blade is, and how large the sharks are. He laughs at how puny it is, and puts it away. Another fin breaks the surface - that's three now. This is it. No chance.

He waits for the first strike, strangely calm. He lays his head back, lowers his legs, shuts his eyes, resigned. Then, a smile comes over his face, and... he starts to sing through swollen and cracked lips. Why not?

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

*(Singing softly)*

*Everything's gonna be all right  
Rockabye, rockabye  
Everything's gonna be all right  
Rockabye, rockabye  
Rockabye...*

It's Anthony's favourite song and he's always secretly loved it too. He opens his eyes and looks at the blue sky - the sharks can go fuck themselves. He ain't got no time for them. He sings some more.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is on the wheel house, radio in hand waiting for any messages, scanning the sea, manic expression. Suddenly, a roar overhead and he sees a Coast Guard helicopter flying over him, just a hundred feet or so above the sea. He roars with relief:

ANTHONY

That's what I been fuckin' tellin'  
you all along!

(Watching it go)

Go! Go!

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY has stopped singing. He opens his eyes, looks around. He's still alive. He sees the sharks - still circling, but not coming in close.

**Caption**

**2:58pm. Eleven hours twenty six minutes in the water.**

He seems confused. What are they doing?

*(In fact what has happened is he has relaxed; his heart rate has come down and, no longer sensing thrashing panic, the sharks seem confused, and leave him alone).*

He looks at his feet, dangling, still, in the water, and decides to keep them like that.

CUT TO:

**INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY**

The crew have been searching for six hours straight. They are tired, and they have become mesmerized by looking at the bobbing surface to the point where they have almost lost all sense of perspective and depth. A million dark shadows and shapes - could that be him? Could that? And then JAMROS thinks he sees something. He looks again, attracted to the colours of the buoys.

JAMROS

Hey... I think that might be something. I got a mark.

He hits the 'MARK' button in the cockpit, alerting the others with a high pitched tone.

JAMROS (CONT'D)

Starboard. Four hundred yards out.

DEAL slows and turns for a closer view... and there it is. A body. A speck in the sea, floating between two fishing buoys.

JAMROS (CONT'D)

Mark!

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS and DAVIS listen to the radio traffic:

*DEAL (V.O.)*  
*Station Long Island Sound we got a*  
*mark, PIW... he's between some*  
*buoys...*

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY hears the message - it's like a jolt of electricity:

*DEAL (V.O.)*  
*... he's just floating in the*  
*water.*

He gets on the radio in a panic:

ANTHONY  
 Have you got him? Is it Johnny?

CUT TO:

**INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY**

DEAL makes an aggressive turn back towards JOHNNY, no time for a gentle turn, fuel is critically low. Now they can see him waving, feebly - there is no doubt that he is alive. They can also see the three sharks, circling close by him. HOVEY, the swimmer, unstraps himself from his seat and grabs for his wet suit. HILL shouts to him:

HILL  
 No time - we're too low on fuel.

HOVEY quickly just kicks off his boots and pulls on his mask and flippers. HILL takes a rifle from the side of the craft and stands at the open bay door, taking aim at the sharks to keep them away if necessary. HOVEY - still in his flight overall - jumps in the water.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY laughs - after so long in the water, salvation so close at hand seems surreal. He sees HOVEY grab the rescue cradle dropped in after him and swim towards him with it. He sees the shark fins, still close by, attracted by the new activity in the water. HOVEY reaches him:

HOVEY

You're one tough motherfucker.  
We've been looking for you for  
eight hours.

JOHNNY

I've been looking for you for  
twelve.

Two shots from above fizz into the water - warning shots to keep the sharks away. HOVEY starts to help him into the rescue basket.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Laguna Beach... I gotta tell him  
about Laguna Beach...

HOVEY assumes he's delirious - but then JOHNNY, seeing his precious rubber boots floating away - suddenly plunges back in the water and swims after one of them.

HOVEY

Hey there's sharks - we gotta go!

JOHNNY

These boots saved my life!

Left with no alternative, HOVEY swims for the other one.

CUT TO:

**INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY**

DEAL looks at his fuel gauge - now on red. He holds his position.

DEAL

We gotta go!

CUT TO:

**INT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

JOHNNY grabs one boot, HOVEY the other, and they both get back to the basket. JOHNNY climbs in and HOVEY puts the boots on top of him. He then clings to the side of the basket and they are both winched up.

CUT TO:

**INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY**

HILL helps the basket in and throws a blanket over JOHNNY.  
DEAL sets off for shore - the fuel situation desperate.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is almost frantic on the radio:

ANTHONY  
Is it Johnny? Is he alive?

A few moments, then DEAL'S voice comes over the radio:

DEAL 9 (V.O.)  
'Anna Mary' this is Coast Guard  
Coast helicopter 6037...

CUT TO:

**INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY**

DEAL turns over his shoulder and looks at his crew attending to JOHNNY.

DEAL  
We have at this time got your crew  
mate John Aldridge on board the  
aircraft...

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY looks up as the helicopter flies overhead.

DEAL (V.O.)  
He's tired and cold, but he's  
alive.

ANTHONY lets out a long, shrieking howl.

ANTHONY  
Oh God, thank you thank you thank  
you...

And that's all he can manage before dropping to his knees in tears as he watches the helicopter fly back to shore.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMAND CENTRE, NEW HAVEN COASTGUARD - DAY**

WINTERS, RODOCKER and DAVIS high five and hug each other.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

The Montauk ships spread out across the sea sound their sirens and hooters, GUYS stand on their wheel house waving their arms to each other - fisherman and Wall Street trader alike.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HIGH STREET - DAY**

Cars and trucks also toot their horns in joy.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK COAST GUARD STATION - DAY**

JANICE and CATHY hug each other tight, tears flowing, having just been told the good news by a Coast Guard OFFICER.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE DOCK, MONTAUK HARBOUR - DAY**

The entire bar erupts as confirmation comes through on the TV that Johnny has been found alive and well. Everybody grabs somebody - tears, shrieks, shouts, bellows of pure joy. GEORGE hugs an ELDERLY WAITRESS next to him.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOUNGE, ALDRIDGE FAMILY HOME - DAY**

JOHN Snr is on the phone, ADDY behind him.

JOHN SNR.  
They found him - he's alive.

ADDY bursts into tears.

JOHN SNR. (CONT'D)  
It's a miracle-  
(Into phone)  
-my wife is crying, just a  
minute...

He puts the phone down and hugs ADDY tightly.

CUT TO:

**EXT. VARIOUS BOATS - DAY**

An intercut sequence of the guys on the boats celebrating as they get the good news - DONNIE, RICK, HANNEN, TOM HORN, GREG BAKER, PAULIE and JIMMY BUFFET embracing each other - and finishing with...

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL HOUSE, TREMAYNE - DAY**

Amidst all the wild celebrations on his ship, WALLACE GRAY sheds a quiet tear by himself in his wheel house, shaking his head gently, delighted that Johnny has been found but remembering his own son who never came back home.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CAPE COD COAST GUARD STATION - DAY**

The Coast Guard Helicopter has landed and HOVEY and HILL help JOHNNY, who - although unsteady on his feet - can walk to the waiting ambulance.

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
*I wanna thank everyone who came out  
to help look for Johnny today...*

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL-HOUSE, ANNA MARY - DAY**

ANTHONY is on the radio as he plots a course back home.

ANTHONY  
All of you guys are amazing. Just  
hearin' your voices, knowin' you  
were out there, kept me believing.  
Thank you thank you thank you...

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DUSK**

ANTHONY is out on deck as the sun starts to dip. He has a huge smile on his face as he looks at the sea, the wind in his face. He enjoys the feeling of pure relief.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE DOCK - DUSK**

GEORGE is giving an interview to a NEWS CREW outside the bar; REGULARS gathered around him.

GEORGE

To begin with I did wonder if it was just an elaborate attempt by Johnny to get away from Anthony...

(Laughter)

But we're delighted that he's coming back home.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT**

JOHNNY is in bed hooked up to a drip. He looks very tired, has blisters on his forehead and his eyes and mouth are puffy and swollen - but otherwise seems okay. He sips some special protein drink through a straw. He sees JANICE, CATHY, his MUM and DAD enter the ward looking for him. He waves weakly, then they spot him and rush up to him. He's pleased to see them, but he hates any kind of fuss. ADDY gets there first and smothers him in kisses.

JOHN SNR.

Come on Addy...

ADDY

I don't care - I thought I'd lost him!

CATHY gives him a hug.

CATHY

We were with the Coast Guard - they were so great Johnny.

Finally, there's JANICE. He looks at her. Smiles.

JOHNNY

Hey.

JANICE

Hey. How do you feel?

JOHNNY

Okay. Tired, and my face is fried, but... I guess I'm still here.

JOHN SNR.

They said on the TV that Anthony was fantastic - he helped them find you Johnny.

JANICE

Anthony knew if he came home and Johnny didn't he'd never be able to show his face in Montauk again.

JOHN SNR.

I'm just sayin' what they said.

ADDY

(Trying to change the subject)

So when can you come home?

JOHNNY

I feel like I could walk out of here right now, but they say they want to keep me in overnight for observation.

ADDY pulls a plastic container from her bag.

ADDY

You hungry? I brought some blueberry muffins. I thought they'd be good if you've just been for a long swim.

JOHN SNR.

It wasn't a swim - he was fightin' for his life!

ADDY

You know what I mean.

JOHNNY

It's okay ma leave them on the side I'll have one later.

He subtly rolls his eyes at JANICE, she stifles a smile. ADDY puts the container down, gives JOHNNY another kiss.

ADDY

I could just eat you all up.

JOHNNY

The sharks tried that too...

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HARBOUR - NIGHT**

It's nearly ten o'clock as ANTHONY gently steers the 'Anna Mary' into her berth and turns the engine off - but there are dozens of people lining the quay, cheering and clapping him. Other boats sound off their ship's horns in salute. As ANTHONY steps onto shore they crowd round, slapping him on the back, shaking his hand.

Further along the quay RICK has also docked the 'Islamorada'. As he steps ashore he runs into TOM HORN and his four well-dressed FRIENDS, all making their way round from the expensive half of the harbour to join the celebrations. There's a brief moment as they face each other, then RICK offers his hand and he and TOM shake.

ANTHONY makes his way through the throng until he stops in front of GEORGE, who is waiting for him.

GEORGE

Anthony I prayed so hard. I prayed so hard that it was you fell in and I wouldn't have to do this.

They look at each other for a few moments, then he takes ANTHONY'S head in his hands and kisses him on the mouth. He pulls back, wiping his mouth with his hand and pretending to spit in disgust.

ANTHONY

George, I actually liked it.

He makes a grab for GEORGE and to laughter plants a smacker on his lips in return - GEORGE trying to pull away.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT**

JOHNNY and JANICE are alone together. She sits by his bedside, they hold hands.

JANICE

When something like this happens, things become... simpler. In your mind.

(Beat)

I know I want to be with you Johnny.

JOHNNY hesitates for just a moment.

JOHNNY

I want to be with you too.

JANICE

I mean properly.

JOHNNY

Properly?

JANICE

We move in together, and we're a family. You, me and the boys.

He looks at her.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
I think you'd make a great dad.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HARBOUR - NIGHT**

An open-air party on the quay is in full swing - barbecues have been set up, music is playing and the drink is flowing. But even though the party is in his honour - and even though he is the ultimate party animal - ANTHONY is in the process of trying to slip away. He's with DONNIE, PAULIE and a whole load of GIRLS.

GIRL  
Oh come on Anthony - we haven't seen you ride your unicycle yet.

ANTHONY  
Maybe tomorrow - I'm sorry.

PAULIE  
Anthony, are you really gonna leave us here with all these beautiful girls?

ANTHONY  
I gotta go.

He gets in his battered jeep and drives off. DONNIE, PAULIE and the GIRLS watch him go. At the last moment he opens his door and rolls a hula hoop back to them as he drives off.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT**

ANTHONY - still in his shorts and t-shirt, enters the ward - which is now mostly quiet with everybody asleep. He sees, at the end of the ward, JANICE cuddled up to JOHNNY on his bed - though they don't see him. He thinks about things for a moment, then quietly turns and leaves without letting them know he was there.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Next morning. JOHNNY poses for photos with JANICE. CATHY, JOHN SNR and ADDY watch from the side. JOHNNY holds up his rubber boots to frenzied flashes and shutter clicks. JOHN Snr. calls over:

JOHN SNR.  
 Don't tell them the brand 'til we  
 get an endorsement deal!

Laughter. OUT on JOHNNY and JANICE holding hands. A couple.

CUT TO:

**INT. JOHNNY'S TRUCK, MONTAUK HARBOUR - DAY**

Caption  
**Two days later**

JOHNNY drives alone past the harbour, a place so familiar to him and yet somehow different today. He sees the fishing vessels and the motor cruisers - both halves of Montauk, both of which helped to find him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JOHNNY'S TRUCK, HIGH STREET MONTAUK - DAY**

JOHNNY drives along Montauk High Street, smiling as he passes the eclectic mixture of shops. He stops at some lights and sees NED in the truck next to him. They both wind down their windows.

NED  
 Thought you were gone there Johnny.  
 Once they go in, they never pull  
 'em out alive.

JOHNNY  
 They do sometimes Ned.

The lights change, he pulls away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JOHNNY'S TRUCK, MONTAUK HIGHWAY - DAY**

JOHNNY speeds along the Montauk Highway, thoughtful again as he passes those telegraph poles leaning at crazy angles.

CUT TO:

He goes past the millionaires' houses, with their beautiful green lawns.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - DAY**

JOHNNY pulls up in his truck outside Anthony's house, the front yard is, as usual, full of junk. He picks his way through to the front door and knocks. Nothing. He knocks again. He steps back - is there anybody in? Finally, the door opens and there is ANTHONY, just wearing briefs. They stare at each other.

ANTHONY

Where the fuck have you been? Did you get lost again?

JOHNNY

(Smiles)

Fuck you.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANTHONY'S GARDEN - DAY**

ANTHONY and JOHNNY sit in the little secret patch in his garden where he grows cannabis. They are surrounded by high plants on all side as they puff on a joint, passing it back and forth to each other.

ANTHONY

I fucked up. I know that.

JOHNNY

It wasn't your fault I fell in.

ANTHONY

I been behavin' like a douche bag the last coupla months, I'm sorry Johnny.

JOHNNY

Months? Try years.

ANTHONY

I thought I'd lost you.

A few moment's silence.

JOHNNY

Did you find the postmark?

ANTHONY

Laguna Beach, yeh. I discovered one of Liz's aunts lives there. I got a lawyer involved already. I'm goin' for access rights, the whole deal.

(Smiles)

She couldn't believe I found her.

JOHNNY

I couldn't believe you found me.

ANTHONY looks at him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You know you went past me in the water? You were no more than a coupla hundred yards away.

ANTHONY

No way!

JOHNNY

I shouted like fuck but you didn't see me - I mean that was no surprise.

ANTHONY

Fuck!

JOHNNY

How did you do that?

ANTHONY

(Beat, looks at him)

I just thought about you Johnny. About how you'd have handled it.

JOHNNY smiles, shakes his head.

JOHNNY

You know, I was hangin' on to this buoy out there - and I was thinkin' 'come on, I'm here - come and find me'. But nobody did. And I realised you weren't gonna find me there. And then I thought about you. And... I cut myself free and just drifted with the current. Felt fuckin' great actually, lettin' go like that.

(Beat)

Rock-a-bye...

Emotion passes between them, but they don't like overt displays of affection. JOHNNY punctures the moment:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

So who d'you bang when you got back? I mean, c'mon, you were the hero.

ANTHONY

Come on, do you think I could do something like that after thinking you were dead? After going through all those emotions?

JOHNNY looks at him.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
A nurse, at the hospital.

JOHNNY  
You came to the hospital?

ANTHONY  
Yeh.  
(Beat)  
You were with Janice, and you were lookin' kinda cosy together. I didn't want to interrupt... And this nurse was very sympathetic, and...

(Beat)  
So how's Janice?

JOHNNY  
(Uncomfortable)  
Yeh... that's the thing I wanted to tell you.

ANTHONY looks at him, knows what's coming.

ANTHONY  
It's okay Johnny, I understand. I really do. You got a relationship with her, and that's important. And that's a serious false nail habit you gotta fund.

JOHNNY  
I finished with her.

ANTHONY  
What?

JOHNNY  
She's a nice woman, a really nice woman. But the only thing we had in common was... you know... bangin'.

ANTHONY  
That's a terrific thing to have in common, by the way.

JOHNNY  
I didn't love her Anthony. And when you're with someone and you don't love them, you're just... wastin' their time.

He looks at JOHNNY for a few moments, stunned.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN, JANICE'S HOUSE - DAY**

JANICE sits with a cup of coffee in front of her, staring through the window, tears in her eyes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANTHONY'S GARDEN - DAY**

ANTHONY and JOHNNY look at each other. A beat. They both smile.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTAUK HARBOUR - DAY****Caption****Six weeks later**

ADDY holds Anthony's two daughters, EMMA, 8 and MELANIE, 12, by the hand as they approach the 'Anna Mary'. JOHNNY and ANTHONY are on deck salting bait, stacking pots, preparing to sail. But as ANTHONY spots them and waves - ADDY quickly covers their eyes:

ADDY  
Don't look girls!

On top of the wheel-house roof are two inflatable sex dolls, one with a shaggy blonde mop of hair (Anthony); the other with dark hair and a goatee beard inked in with a marker pen (Johnny). Needless to say 'Johnny' is shagging 'Anthony' from behind. ANTHONY realises what has caused the fuss.

ANTHONY  
Addy don't worry, that's just George messing with me.

ADDY  
It's disgusting.

JOHNNY  
He deserved it. Look what he did to George.

He nods to 'The Dock'; the front of it has been festooned with ladies' bras. ADDY covers their eyes again:

ADDY  
Don't look there either girls!

ANTHONY  
Had a lot of fun collecting them last night.

ANTHONY comes up to the bow, next to the quay, and reaches out for a cuddle with his GIRLS.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Come and give me a hug, I'll see  
you tomorrow night. And you be good  
for Auntie Addy.

He kisses each girl. JOHNNY unties the mooring rope.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Thanks Addy.

JOHNNY  
Bye ma.

As the 'Anna Mary' edges out of harbour the GIRLS and ADDY stand on the quay, waving.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
How long you got 'em for?

ANTHONY  
This week and next. And then every  
other weekend.

JOHNNY  
That's good.

He looks at the girls. Smiles.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
That's good.

CUT TO:

The 'Anna Mary' heads out to sea, the two inflatable dolls in their grotesque embrace flapping in the breeze.

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
*Let's go catch some lobster, I  
gotta lawyer's bills to pay...*

CUT TO:

**EXT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

DEADWEIGHT sits in his canvas chair, looking at the sea, watching the 'Anna Mary' head off into the sunset, bright blue eyes sunk deep into his crinkled, leathery face. He smiles, then puts a half bottle of whisky up to his lips and takes a drink. A contented sigh, then he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT: his POV of the 'Anna Mary' sailing into the distance.

OVER THIS:

**Caption**

Two months after John Aldridge was rescued he and Anthony Sosinski attended the funeral of their friend, Montauk fisherman Donald 'Donnie' Alversa, lost at sea.

FADE TO:

A shot of the REAL DONNIE.

OVER THIS:

**Caption**

Since the Second World War more than a hundred Montauk fishermen have lost their lives.

CUT TO:

**END TITLES.**

Interspersed with shots of the REAL ANTHONY and JOHNNY, and ACTUAL SOUND RECORDINGS from 24th July 2013, including:

- \* *Anthony's first Mayday Call.*
- \* *Anthony telling the Coast Guard he knows where Johnny is.*
- \* *Anthony directing other fishermen during the search.*
- \* *The moment the helicopter crew find Johnny and call 'Mark!'*
- \* *The moment Anthony is told Johnny is alive and well.*

**FINISH WITH:**

*Actual video footage of Johnny being plucked from the water by Coast Guard Diver Bob Hovey and winched into Helo 6037.*

The End