

The Miserable Adventures of Burt Squire
Aboard the Horn High Yo

by Ben Bolea

Based on a true story

Jeff Portnoy/Bellevue Productions

A little context:

I met Burt Squire at Floater's Bar in Big Lake, Alaska. He heard what I do for work and said he had a story I would like. He was right. A week later I received a package containing a journal.

This screenplay is taken from those pages.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A VAST OCEAN spreads as far as the eye can see. A lone SAILBOAT is the only blip on the horizon. It looks like the peaceful type of white noise art you might see on the wall of a doctor's office... right before they tell you it's cancer.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

The boat known as the HORN HIGH YO is beat to shit. Literally held together with duct tape, it's a stiff breeze away from disintegrating but miraculously is still afloat.

Sitting under the flaccid sails is BURT SQUIRE (40): wildly unkempt beard, covered in scratches and bruises, wearing WEIRD PANTS he made himself out of ripped sails. Simply put, Burt is jacked up. Yet surprisingly Zen about things.

He opens his JOURNAL and begins an entry:

BURT (V.O.)
December 31st, 2015. This was a
terrible, terrible mistake.

KNUX (O.S.)
We are so fucked.

Pure hatred seeps from Burt as he looks to CAPT. VERNON J. KNUX (late 50s), DUCT-TAPED TO A CHAIR from head to toe, DRIED BLOOD all over his head and face. He condescendingly laughs in Burt's direction.

KNUX
You know you sailed us straight
into the Bermuda Triangle, right?

BURT
Yeah, I got it, thanks.

Burt turns his back to him and is immediately freaked out as he looks at the suddenly haunting waters all around him.

BURT (V.O.)
Yeah... I'm pretty sure we're going
to die.

A STARBUCKS GIFT CARD falls from the pages of his journal and hits the deck. Burt picks it up and clutches it to his chest. He stares longingly across the endless ocean...

FADE OUT.

THREE WEEKS EARLIER.

EXT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Heavy snowfall covers a small, rustic home expertly outlined in Christmas lights.

The garage door rumbles open to reveal a SNOW PLOW. The garage is immaculately organized with hockey gear, skis, etc.

Burt Squire (39 years, 355 days old) enters the garage from the house dressed in Carhartt overalls, a flannel shirt and flip-flops. No fashion sense, infinite swag. A man's man.

At the edge of the garage, where the door was previously closed, the snow forms an abrupt cliff. Burt picks up a yard stick and drops it into the snow. He winces at the result.

BURT

That sucks.

Burt grabs a winter coat and boots then hops in the truck. The engine starts and headlights illuminate the night.

INT/EXT. BURT'S PLOW - NIGHT

The CLOCK in the truck reads 1:45 A.M. Burt lets out a long, tired sigh. Another day begins.

He looks up at his visor where there's a PICTURE OF HIS FAMILY: his wife, MEL (30s), and sons, WYATT (17) and TREVOR (9), always there, smiling at him warmly.

But Burt doesn't have it in him to smile back. He instead flips the visor over to look at an old, faded PLANE TICKET.

PASSENGER: BURT SQUIRE.
DESTINATION: SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.
DATE: 12/22/1996.

Burt stares at the ticket for a beat then resolutely flips the visor over. He turns on the CD player:

"Treasure Island" by Robert Louis Stevenson. "To the Hesitating Purchaser--"

Burt recites the story from memory as goes to work:

AUDIOBOOK/BURT

*"If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons
And Buccaneers and buried gold..."*

Treasure Island jumps along as Burt plows through the night:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Burt plows snow from the grocery store parking lot. It's a massive area that he maneuvers around with familiarity.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL / INT. BURT'S PLOW - NIGHT

Burt does his routine outside a desolate high school.

EXT. HOSPITAL / INT. BURT'S PLOW - NIGHT

An ambulance flies past with the sirens on as Burt plows and Treasure Island comes to its epic conclusion.

"...or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of--"

The plow raises as Burt pulls away, but then SNAP! The huge, metal plow crashes back down to the ground!

BURT

Ahh shit!

He looks at the clock: 9:50 AM. He then angrily kicks off his flip flops, puts on his boots and steps out of the truck.

OUTSIDE, Burt sees his PLOW CHAIN HAS SNAPPED. He walks to the bed of the truck and opens a tool box. He searches inside and angrily slams the tool box closed.

BURT

No chains. Awesome.

Burt moves to Plan B and grabs a roll of DUCT TAPE. He rips off a couple long sheets and begins to roll them vertically to make long, skinny strands of tape.

He begins to WEAVE THE DUCT TAPE with the chain until he ties the broken ends together. He tests the plow with a switch on the outside. The plow motor whirs, the chain grows taut, it reaches the duct tape links and...

IT LIFTS! Burt pumps his fist in celebration then heads to the truck. He is stopped at the sight of--

AN OLD MAN in a wheelchair, breathing with the help of an oxygen tank stares at him from his hospital window.

Burt stares back as the old man weakly lifts an arm and flashes Burt a forboding THUMBS UP.

Burt quickly jumps back in the truck and drives off.

EXT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE / INT. BURT'S PLOW - DAY

Burt speeds down the driveway. It needs plowed again. He anxiously looks at the clock, in a hurry for something...

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - DAY

Burt charges in the quiet house. Traces of kids are all over; ARTWORK on the fridge, GLOVES drying on the heat-vents on the floor, and a big CHRISTMAS TREE in the living room.

BURT
Mel? Babes?

No answer. A BIG DOG excitedly lumbers over to him. Burt holds up a hand and the dog rears up and HIGH-FIVES him.

BURT
Good boy, Big Ricky. *Babes!*

INT. BURT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Burt bursts in. The SHOWER RUNS in the adjoining bathroom.

BURT
I'm here! I'm back!

MEL (O.S.)
You're too late...

He unfastens his overalls and they fall to the floor, revealing only boxer shorts underneath. He shuffles to the bathroom, tripping over the overalls and kicking them off.

BURT
No, no! Not too late! Tons of time!

MELINNA "MEL" SQUIRE (late 30s) is barely visible through the steamed-up door of the shower. She wipes the glass with her hand so he can see her shake her head.

MEL
I have to go to work now! What took you so long?

BURT
My chain snapped! Come on, we'll just bang it out real fast!

MEL
I didn't wait all week to "bang it out real fast."

BURT

So maybe we do it twice this week.
A banger now and good one tomorrow.

Mel rolls her eyes as she disappears in the steam. Burt can barely handle this devastating blow.

INT. BURT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Burt lays on the bed, still half-undressed, lost in thought as he stares out the window. It's started to snow again.

Mel slips into a pair of SCRUBS.

MEL

Your parents keep asking about your birthday. They want to know what day they should drive down.

BURT

Can we just tell them to stay home?

MEL

What would you say if Wyatt or Trevor told you to just stay home?

BURT

I'd say I get it. I felt the same way when I turned forty.

She grabs his big toe and shakes his foot to get his attention. He finally turns away from the window.

MEL

What's the matter with you?

BURT

Driveway needs plowed again.

Her look lets him know that answer won't do.

BURT

I don't know... is this what you thought it would be like?

Mel thinks for a second but can't come up with an answer.

MEL

Yeah... I mean, I don't know what I thought it would be like.

BURT

Yeah, me neither, I guess.

His melancholy is infectious. She checks her watch and doesn't have time to go down into the dumps with him.

MEL

I've got to go. Don't forget
Wyatt's game.

Burt nods. She heads for the door and pauses like they might keep talking, but there's no time. Burt watches her go.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT

A BLACK-TEAM HOCKEY PLAYER is checked into the boards hard!

IN THE STANDS, Burt is with his youngest, TREVOR SQUIRE (9) who prefers a NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC to his brother's game.

TREVOR

When can we see The Force Awakens?

BURT

When it comes out.

TREVOR

Ughhhh... I can't wait any longer!
I've waited my whole life already!

BURT

You're nine. Imagine how I feel.

A GREEN-TEAM PLAYER breaks away towards the Black team's goalie, WYATT SQUIRE (17). He shoots! Saved by Squire!

The CROWD CHEERS! Burt looks to a teenage girl in the front row, HEATHER (16), banging on the glass and screaming.

HEATHER

Awesome, baby! You rock!

As Burt looks around at all the excitement, he can't escape his own lack of it. Then he turns and sees...

An OLD MAN, in a wheelchair, with an oxygen tank, staring at him in the back of the stands! *Is that the same fucking guy?*

Burt instantly jumps up and fakes excitement/youthful cheer.

BURT

Alright! Let's go, Black!

He claps along and glances back-- *The old man is gone!*

No, wait, he's actually just moved. But still. Weird.

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

DISHES are in the sink. Big Ricky eats SCRAPS from his bowel.

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is completely decked out with ALL THINGS STAR WARS.

Trevor is asleep in bed, the National Geographic next to him. Burt takes the magazine, which is ADDRESSED TO BURT and crosses the room to a book shelf filled with YELLOW SPINES. Burt runs his fingers over the magazines.

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Burt leaves Trevor's room and notices the door at the end of the hall is CLOSED. He begrudgingly makes his way over to it.

He reaches for the handle then stops.

HEATHER (THRU THE DOOR)
I think it's cool they're so young.
My parents are so out of touch.

INT. WYATT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt lays on the floor with Heather. Totally innocent.

WYATT
I guess they're cool like that...

Something weighs on him and he decides to share with her.

WYATT
Honestly though, sometimes I feel bad for them. Like I came along and ruined their lives.

HEATHER
That's crazy, Wy.

WYATT
I dunno. My dad keeps this plane ticket in his truck, he thinks we don't know but we all do. He was supposed to go on this trip to Australia with his friends when they turned twenty-one--

Burt listens from outside, strangely embarrassed.

WYATT

But the day before he was supposed to leave my mom found out she was pregnant with me. And that was it. He never went. Anywhere. Now he just drifts along, never doing anything cool or fun. I really don't know how he isn't an alcoholic or suicidal or something.

HEATHER

I'm sure it's not as bad as that. He seems happy enough.

WYATT

That's the saddest part. Like I said, I feel bad, but also, I'm like please don't let me end up like my Dad. Is that messed up?

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yes. That's messed up and it's all Burt can stomach. He sneaks away from the door and takes a seat on the stairs. Big Ricky lumbers over and paws the air. Burt gives his dog a high-five, but his heart isn't in it.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Burt opens the garage door. He's in his same overalls and same flip-flops. And the same cliff of snow waits for him once the door is open. He hates it just the same.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL / INT. BURT'S PLOW - NIGHT

Burt's truck sits in the half-plowed lot, engine running.

Burt has taken down his ticket to Australia and holds it in his hands. A storm brews inside him. Just then, the CELL PHONE RINGS over the truck speakers: UNKNOWN NUMBER. Burt composes himself and answers.

BURT

This is Squire.

The VOICE OF CAPTAIN KNUX fills the truck, intense and loud, as if he doubts the capability of cellular technology.

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)

Congratulations, Burt Squire! You just won a trip to the Caribbean!

Burt hangs up the phone, frustrated. He's about to drive off when IT RINGS AGAIN. Again he answers, but now he's pissed:

BURT
Listen, man--

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
No, you listen, you rude-ass motherfucker! Hang up on me again and I will rescind the shit out of this offer and I promise you'll regret that for the rest of your natural life!

Taken aback, Burt listens closely as he pulls the truck over.

BURT
Who is this?

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
Vernon J. Knux, Captain of the Horn High Yo, based out of Providence, Rhode Island. Your boss gave me your number. Said you're a good worker and a better man. That true?

BURT
I guess, if Hank says so.

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
There can be no guessing on the water! I need a man of action! A decision-maker, goddammit! I got no use on my boat for a guesser!

BURT
Whoa, whoa, hold up, man. Is this about a job or what?

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
Jesus, I don't know about this kid.
We're setting sail, Squire! Are you in? Or would you rather stay up north, dick-deep in snow?

Burt smiles in disbelief. *Who is this guy?*

INT. HANK'S SNOW SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

HANK (60), a bigger guy with ONE PROSTHETIC LEG, hands Burt a cup of coffee. He looks around his desk for something else as he fills Burt in with the details.

HANK

Vern Knux. Craziest son of a bitch I ever knew. We worked the same crab boat for years in the nineties, got pretty close, then he just disappeared. Never heard from him again until I got that phone call asking if I wanted to sail to the Virgin Islands with him. A ha!

Hank finds A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY in a filing cabinet. He pours a shot in his coffee then offers it to Burt who waves it off.

HANK

Anyway, I tell Knux that I've, you know...

(taps his fake leg)

Shed some pounds since he last saw me and he asked if I knew anyone.

BURT

Hank, I've never sailed in my life.

HANK

Doesn't matter. He specifically said he'll take a good man more than a good sailor. Someone he can trust. He said it several times.

Burt takes a seat across from him. This is all so nuts.

HANK

You're going, right?

BURT

What? No, I can't. I don't know how I would even bring it up to Mel.

Hank reaches across and pours some whiskey into Burt's coffee, he doesn't even ask this time.

HANK

Burt, you've been working for me over ten years and for as long as I've known you you've talked about doing something like this. Mel has to have heard it a million times too. Give the woman some credit.

Burt sits down and takes a sip. It's true. He's waited his whole life for something like this to come along.

BURT

I don't know...

HANK

Listen to me, kid. I'm going to give you a piece of advice, the only piece of advice I'm qualified to give anyone: do shit while you can because you never know when you're going to lose a leg.

Maybe it's Hank's words or maybe it's the whiskey, but Burt can't help but get excited (scared).

BURT

I'll ask Mel. See what she thinks.

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mel sits on the counter in her scrubs, drinking a beer and digesting the news. Burt anxiously awaits her answer, dressed to go to work.

BURT

It's just two weeks. Ten days at sea plus a couple overnights down the Eastern Seaboard.

MEL

You'd be gone for your birthday. And Christmas...

BURT

I know, but--

MEL

You should do it.

Burt suddenly finds himself in an unexpected situation; the only thing holding him back is him.

BURT

What about my responsibilities?

MEL

What responsibilities?

BURT

I can't leave during peak season.

MEL

Your boss put you up for it!

BURT

Oh and he knows best? He's got one leg!

(MORE)

BURT (CONT'D)

You want me to trust his decision making? And what about my family? I can't leave you guys.

MEL

We aren't going anywhere.

BURT

I'm forty years old, Mel! I can't just go play Bartholomew Roberts in the Atlantic Ocean for two weeks!

MEL

Who's Bartholomew Roberts?

BURT

Black Bart? He's like the most famous pirate ever.

She's heard enough and is too tired for whatever is going on.

MEL

Okay, Burt. Your call. Just don't pass this up because you think you're doing us a favor. I don't want to add another ticket to your visor of regrets.

She drops that bomb as she heads upstairs. Burt is understandably riled up.

BURT

Everyone stay out of my truck!

INT. BURT'S PLOW / EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Burt is in his plow, phone in hand, freaking out over the decision at hand.

An AMBULANCE pulls up outside and paramedics jump out. They unload a DEAD BODY on a gurney, covered in a sheet.

An OLD WOMAN walks behind, pushing an EMPTY WHEEL CHAIR and OXYGEN TANK.

That's it. With a burst of energy, Burt makes the call.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - DAY

A run-down New England motel room. NAUTICAL CHARTS rolled out on the bed. EMPTY BEER BOTTLES scattered all over. BLINDS pulled shut. The place has seen much better days. A PHONE RINGS and is answered:

 KNUX (O.S.)
Go for Captain.

A TELEPHONE CABLE is pulled taut across the floor.

 KNUX (O.S.)
I had a feeling about you, Squire.
A damn good one. We set sail in
three days. I need you here in two.

The cable leads out the door.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN KNUX stands on the balcony in short-shorts, an unbuttoned shirt, no shoes and a three-day beard. In December. In New England. Old salt, sea dog, whatever you call it, Knux is the real deal.

The old motel phone hangs from one hand while he holds the receiver to his ear with the other.

 KNUX
Here, listen to this:

Knux holds the phone away from his head towards the ocean for several seconds, then pulls it back in to his ear.

 KNUX
That's the Atlantic, Squire. She's
calling our names. Listen again.

He holds the phone out again.

 KNUX
Squiiiiiiiiire. Squiiiiiiiiire. You
hear it that time? I'll see you on
the dock in forty-eight hours.

He hangs up the phone, closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. His tranquil moment is interrupted by a BEEPING from his TIMEX. Knux silences the alarm and heads back inside.

As he closes the door, he gives a last look down each end of the hallway. Coast is clear. The door closes behind him.

INT. LUCKY WISHBONE DINER - NIGHT

Burt and Trevor sit in a booth at the Anchorage institution.

TREVOR

Star Wars is playing at midnight,
dad! We can go after dinner!

BURT

Trev. I'm getting on a plane. We'll
go as soon as I get back.

TREVOR

The second you get back. Like, the
exact moment. Promise?

Trevor holds out his pinkie and they shake on it. As they do,
Wyatt and Heather come in and cram in the booth with Trevor.

HEATHER

Happy Birthday, Burt!

Burt's confused.

TREVOR

He doesn't know about that!

WYATT

Chill out, turd!

HEATHER

Oh no. I ruined the surprise.

WYATT

Baby, no, it wasn't a surprise.

BURT

What's going on?

WYATT

See? He still has no idea.

Mel walks in, still in her scrubs, carrying a BIRTHDAY CAKE.

MEL

Hi, my guys. And Heather.

BURT

What's all this about?

MEL

Since you'll be gone for your
actual birthday, we're celebrating
tonight. Did you order?

BURT

Yeah.

MEL

Awesome. I'm starving.

Mel slides in next to Burt, who struggles to keep up with this very chaotic birthday dinner.

Trevor holds out a messily wrapped GIFT.

TREVOR

Here you go, Dad.

Burt opens it: AN OLD IPOD.

BURT

My old iPod that I gave you.
Trevor, you shouldn't have.

TREVOR

I deleted all my music and loaded
your book CDs on there.

BURT

Thanks, pal. Great idea.

Wyatt holds out a STARBUCKS GIFT CARD.

WYATT

This is from Heather and I.

HEATHER

Wy said you like coffee.

BURT

Yep, I sure do. Thanks.

Lastly, Mel sets a small, nicely wrapped box in front of him.

MEL

Happy birthday, Squire.

He unwraps the gift: A SMALL NOTEBOOK with an engraving on the cover: **"THE ADVENTURES OF BURT SQUIRE."**

He runs his finger over the engraving, avoiding eye contact with his family as he's a little emotionally compromised.

BURT

Thank you.

An OLD WAITER comes over and sets down a tray full of food.

BUD
Happy Birthday, Burt!

BURT
Thanks, Bud.

The Squire family each grab a basket of food.

HEATHER
Can we say Grace?

Mel and Burt look to each other, deer in headlights.

MEL
That's not really our thing-- But
yeah, of course we can. Good idea.

Heather takes Wyatt and Trevor's hands and lowers her head.

HEATHER
Dear Lord. Thank you for bringing
us to the Lucky Wishbone tonight.
Thank you for these burgers and
chicken. Thank you for my Wy-guy.

Trevor GAGS. Wyatt elbows him.

HEATHER
And please watch over Burt Squire
on his upcoming journey. Make sure
he is brought home safely to his
family that loves him. Amen.

BURT/MEL/WYATT/TREVOR
Okay./Thanks./Amen./Cool.

Even if it isn't their thing, it is nice to have it said.
They dig in.

EXT. TED STEVENS AIRPORT / INT. BURT'S PLOW - NIGHT

The truck pulls up to the airport but this time it's Mel
behind the wheel. She puts it in park and exhales.

MEL
Got your boarding pass?

BURT
Got it.

MEL
Passport?

He looks around for second, then remembers it's in his breast pocket and pulls it out. Phew.

MEL

Okay then. This is it.

These two aren't used to saying goodbye to each other.

BURT

You know... I... you know.

MEL

Yeah... me too. Stay safe, Squire.

He nods and finally hops out of the truck. Mel pulls away and Burt suddenly gets kind of nervous/emotional.

A BURLY DUDE walks next to him and Burt quickly sucks it up.

BURT

Damn, that's a good looking truck.

Nailed it.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

As the plane rumbles away, Burt opens his journal to the first page and thinks about how best to put this moment into words:

BURT (V.O.)

December 18th 2015. Plane left on time. Excited.

He closes the journal and grabs his ipod. He presses play on one of his old classics and closes his eyes.

"The Call of the Wild" by Jack London. Chapter One: Into the Primitive..."

FADE TO:

EXT. PORT OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND - DAY

A SEAGULL cuts through the sunny sky then dive bombs a half-eaten Subway sandwich on the pier, right at the feet of...

Burt Squire, sailor-for-hire, who steps out of a taxi and takes a deep breath. The smell tells him he's made it.

Burt walks to the docks, passing boats of all sizes and OLD FISHERMEN waiting patiently for the big one. He looks down the row of boats and tries to pick out which one is his.

KNUX (O.S.)
Get your fascist fucking fists off
my yacht, you goddamn narc!

That voice. Burt turns to see Captain Knux toss a duffle bag over the edge of the HORN HIGH YO, a 55 foot luxury sailing yacht and the most pristine ship in Providence.

ALLAN (late 20s) is the subject of Knux's ire. He jumps off the boat and picks up his bag.

ALLAN
You're a madman, Knux! I'm telling everyone! You'll never anchor in this town again!

KNUX
They could turn this place into a penal colony for Nordic strippers that lactate single-malt scotch and I still wouldn't come back here! Make sure you tell them that too!

ALLAN
You owe me a day's wages!

Knux makes a LOUD FART NOISE.

KNUX
Check's in the mail!

Furious, Allan storms off straight towards Burt.

ALLAN
You the other guy?

BURT
Burt Squire.

Burt extends a hand. Allan leaves him hanging.

ALLAN
That's fifty-five feet of ship. It would take four men to sail that thing this time of year, three if they all knew what they were doing and didn't sleep. If I were you, and I was about five minutes ago, my ass wouldn't leave dry land.

With that Allan storms off. Burt has a choice to make.

KNUX
Squire?

He turns around to see Knux hop down to the dock. He now seems completely calm and friendly.

BURT
Yes, sir.

Captain Knux raises a hand like a Native American chieftain.

KNUX
What cheer, Netop?

BURT
Come again?

KNUX
What cheer, Netop?! When the pilgrims landed on this woeful dump they were met by the local Narragansett Indians who greeted them with the phrase, "what cheer, Netop?" It then became the official motto of Providence. It's like a New England-jag-off way of saying "howdy neighbor."

BURT
Oh. Gotcha.

Burt raises his hand tentatively.

BURT
What cheer, Netop?

Knux laughs loudly and embraces Burt in a hug.

KNUX
We are going to get along. I can tell. You ready to hit the water?

BURT
Right now?

KNUX
Rule Number One: if you got wind, fucking sail, brother! With a good break we can make Chesapeake Bay in three days. We'll restock there.

Burt tries to match Knux's enthusiasm but can't forget the warning that was just delivered to him.

BURT
Is it just you and me?

Knux nods emphatically. His Timex ALARM goes off. He silences the watch and carries on like it didn't happen.

BURT

That guy said we need four men to--

KNUX

That guy was a limp-dick, pencil-pushing, nonbeliever. He only knows what the book says, but there's no book out there. Just this...

He points to his head.

KNUX

And these.

And holds out his hands.

KNUX

Besides, I'm worth five seamen combined. Plus you and by my count we got a crew of six. We'll stay a couple miles off shore and take it easy all the way down the coast. Sound good?

Burt doesn't know any better, so yeah.

BURT

Sounds great.

KNUX

That's the attitude. Now go to the general store and buy twenty gallons of water. I'll have us ready to go when you get back.

Knux takes Burt's backpack from him and climbs aboard the Horn High Yo. Burt starts to walk away--

KNUX

And Squire, if anyone asks, don't tell them you're on the Yo. That's important. Make something up, okay?

With that, he disappears into the cabin.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Burt carries FOUR FIVE-GALLON WATERS to the front of the store. The LOCAL behind the register rings him up. Burt sees a box of beef jerky on the counter.

BURT
And this.

LOCAL
How many?

BURT
The whole box.

LOCAL
Anything else?

Burt looks around the store, completely unprepared but doing his best. He spots a MULTI-PACK OF DUCT TAPE.

BURT
Yeah, the duct-tape.

LOCAL
You setting sail with Knux?

Burt freezes. He was given specific instruction for this. In a panic he looks around for inspiration and sees SUNBLOCK.

BURT
No. Nope. I'm with Captain...
Sun... Jones.

LOCAL
Captain Sun-Jones?

Burt commits.

BURT
Yep. Know him?

LOCAL
Can't say I do. Which boat is his?

Again, Burt scans the inventory for ideas. Cigarettes!

BURT
The... Camels... Toe.

LOCAL
The Camel's Toe? With Captain Sun-Jones?

This is not going well yet Burt nods like an idiot.

BURT
Yep. Just passing through town.

LOCAL
 Sure. Well, good luck, sailor.

There's something very unnerving about the look in his eye.
 Burt nods as he fishes out his wallet.

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - DAY

The phone RINGS, but no one is there to answer. Just Big
 Ricky who lumbers over when he hears BURT'S VOICE.

BURT'S ANSWERING MACHINE
 Hey, you missed us.

BEEP.

BURT (ANSWERING MACHINE)
 Anybody there? I'm in Rhode Island,
 just got here. Looks like we're
 taking off sooner than I thought--

EXT. DOCKS / HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Burt stands on his cell phone.

BURT
 I won't have reception out there,
 but I'll check in with you a few
 days from now at the next stop.
 Love you guys.

Burt carries the last two water jugs down to the Horn High
 Yo. There's no sign of Knux so he hoists them one by one onto
 the boat then climbs aboard himself.

As he steps on the Horn High Yo for the first time, Burt is
 hit with a charge of energy and excitement. He made it. He
 runs his hand over the BOOM, the MAST, the WHEEL.

Knux emerges from below the deck, looking flustered.

KNUX
 There you are, Squire. Jesus, I'm
 starving. Let's go get a beer.

BURT
 I thought we were setting sail?

KNUX
 Winds changed. I don't like it.
 We'll hit it first light.

Burt's confused. He can't tell the difference at all.

KNUX

Stop slap-dicking! Happy hour ends
at sundown.

INT. WHAT CHEER SALOON - SUNSET

Mildew and fish. That's the vibe of this place. Every corner bears relics from a century's worth of squalls. And the SCATTERED PATRONS are just as weathered as the saloon.

Burt watches Knux finish a huge swig of beer.

KNUX

Tell me a story.

Not really Burt's strong suit. He fumbles over his words.

BURT

A story? Okay. Let me think...

KNUX

Jesus Christ. A man needs to have a story, Squire! A go-to. How else do you get chicks to fuck you?

Burt holds up his hand to show his wedding ring.

KNUX

I don't get it. You got sexy-dick fingers or something?

BURT

What? No. I'm married.

KNUX

And chicks go for that? People make me sick.

BURT

So what's your story then, Knux?

Knux feigns modest surprise while he settles into story-time.

KNUX

Me? Worked on boats since I was a kid, the whole time saving up to one day buy a vessel just like the Yo. But three years ago, I'm on a job in Mexico and you know what I found out?

BURT

What?

KNUX

The world was about to fucking end.

Burt is hooked. *This is a good story.*

KNUX

December 21st, 2012. The Mayan Apocalypse. They've known about it for years down there and people are living like it's their last days, drinking wine and screwing after every meal. That's when it hits me: I have all this money in a bank account collecting digital dust, meanwhile, I'm about to go the way of the dinosaur and what was it all for? Jack-shit. So I get back home, liquidate my net worth into a duffle bag and hit Atlantic City.

BURT

No way.

KNUX

Yeah, buddy. I'm having a top-shelf weekend, inching closer to Armageddon every second, and end up at a craps table with my life's work on the line...

Knux blows on imaginary dice in his hand and throws them. Burt watches the invisible roll.

KNUX

Yo Eleven.

He smiles, reliving the moment. Burt's right there with him.

KNUX

I wake up December 22nd and it's the greatest day of my life; the Mayans are full of shit, Earth is still here, and I send a million bucks to France so they can build me the greatest fucking ship in the Atlantic - the Horn High Yo.

BURT

Wow. That story must get you laid all the time.

Knux will drink to that.

BURT
And why the Virgin Islands? Besides
the obvious, I mean.

KNUX
My boy.

BURT
You have a son?

KNUX
Joaquin.

BURT
Got two myself. Wyatt and Trevor.

KNUX
You a good dad?

BURT
Try to be.

KNUX
That's real good because the other
thing the Almost-End of Days made
me confront was I've been a shitty
dad and it's too late to change
that. But there is still time for
me to be a shitty dad that did one
good thing. So, I'm sailing down
there and giving Joaquin the Yo.

BURT
Really?

KNUX
Yep. That boat is my whole life.
And I want him to have it.

Burt feels for the guy and raises his glass.

BURT
To our boys.

They CHEERS and drink. The moment is interrupted when a cold
wind blows through the open door: Allan, the former crewman,
steps in with TWO GOONS in tow. It's clear why they came.

ALLAN
You're gonna pay what you owe me,
Knux. One way or another.

KNUX

You quit, sailor. I don't pay quitters. It ain't personal, it's policy.

ALLAN

You sure about that?

KNUX

Policy is always positive. Otherwise it ain't policy.

ALLAN

You've been at it too long, old man. Got water on the brain.

Burt tenses up as the trio steps towards them, bracing for a fight. Knux doesn't seem concerned in the slightest.

KNUX

Yeah maybe. But first, I have to ask you something.

ALLAN

And what's that?

KNUX

Do they make tampons that fit cunts as big as you?

Allan LUNGES! In one fluid motion, Knux leaps to his feet and SWINGS HIS CHAIR up from the ground and CRACKS IT OVER ALLAN'S HEAD. He hits the ground hard.

The two goons dive at Knux and PUNCH him so hard he topples over the table.

Burt instinctively jumps in and PUNCHES one. The goon turns to him. It's on. He TACKLES BURT to the ground. FISTS FLY as they roll around exchanging blows.

Knux THROWS BEER CANS at the other goon then jumps on him and rocks him with a HEAD-BUTT!

Allan gets back to his feet and joins in. It's now a FULL BLOWN MELEE.

Burt gets the upper hand on his guy with several punches to the face. He staggers to his feet.

Knux is in the fetal position getting kicked by the other two. Burt grabs a meathead and throws him into the bar. The guy turns around and like a charging rhino, bulldozes Burt into the wall. He gets his hands on Burt's neck.

Knux grabs Allan's leg and BITES him. Allan SCREAMS and grabs his leg. Knux then grabs his one good leg and rips it out from under him! Allan hits the deck.

Burt is being choked out by the lug when a GLASS SHATTERS over the big bastard's head. His grip loosens and the guy falls to the floor.

Knux stands behind him, catching his breath, then laughs and throws his arm around Burt, leading him to the bar.

KNUX

I knew we'd get along, Squire!
 Barkeep! Two whiskeys, two beers
 and two hookers, if you got them.
 (to Burt)
 I'll share everything but the
 women, Comrade.

He claps Burt on the back as the BARKEEP pours two shots of whiskey and cracks two more beers. Knux hands one of each to Burt who suddenly feels as alive as he's felt in years.

BURT

You know my birthday is December
 22nd.

KNUX

Bullshit.

BURT

I swear.

KNUX

How old are you?

BURT

Turning forty.

Knux laughs as he holds up a shot glass.

KNUX

Yikes. Let me be the first to tell
 you, it's all downhill from here.

They cheers, tap their glasses on the bar and down the shots.

CUT TO:

INT. HORN HIGH YO - BURT'S CABIN - MORNING

Burt wakes slowly and groggily. He has no idea where he is, but it doesn't take long to piece together.

It's the first time he remembers seeing the inside of the boat: small but comfortable, nothing to complain about.

He sees his journal open on the bed and lifts it up. There's a MESSILY SCRIBBLED ENTRY:

BURT (V.O.)
December 19th. Yo ho ho, it's a
pirate's life for me.

Burt then notices a GLASS OF WATER by his bed. The water gently ROCKS BACK AND FORTH in the glass... THEY'RE MOVING.

Burt jumps out of bed and runs out of his room, through the LUXURIOUS MAIN CABIN and up the narrow stairs.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - MORNING

THE NEWPORT BRIDGE towers over the boat as they cruise down the PROVIDENCE RIVER towards the Atlantic. The Horn High Yo is in full effect and Burt is in total awe.

KNUX
Top o' the morning, Squire.

Burt turns to see Knux at the helm.

KNUX
Take the wheel, I'm about to piss
my pants.

Burt walks over and grabs the wheel. He notices the TWO LCD DISPLAYS by the wheel are OFF, but doesn't think much of it.

Knux certainly isn't concerned as he casually walks to the edge of the boat, whips his dick out and starts peeing.

KNUX
But sometimes at sea you have to
piss your pants. No shame there.
Rule Number One: someone at the
helm at all times.

Knux shakes his dick then puts it away. A FAMILY on a leisurely sail look away. Knux is oblivious.

KNUX
There's always new pants, never a
new boat. Now quickly relay your
past sailing experiences.

BURT
This is it.

KNUX

What do you mean this is it?

BURT

This is my first time.

KNUX

Ever?! Pretty late in the game to share that vital piece of intel, don't you think?!

Knux is genuinely surprised. Burt panics.

BURT

I told you that days ago when you called! Remember? You'd rather have a good man than a good sailor?

KNUX

Yeah I said that, but I thought you at least knew *some* shit! Why else would Hank recommend you?

BURT

I don't know!

KNUX

Can you read charts even?

BURT

Of course not!

KNUX

Fuck! This sucks.

Knux takes an uncomfortable amount of time to think.

KNUX

Alright, shit, well, look out yonder. You see where the chunks of land end on either side.

BURT

Yeah.

KNUX

That's the Atlantic Ocean. You need to know how to sail before we're in that motherfucker, so listen closely. This is a fancy-ass boat that is damn near idiot-proof, but so is a vacuum cleaner yet the occasional retard still gets one stuck up his ass.

Burt tries to look not-freaked-out as he listens.

KNUX

Sailing is essentially an epic threesome between you, the wind and the water. Like all threesomes, one person ends up doing most of the work: that's you. You'll constantly be getting fucked from above and fucked from below, sometimes it will be soft and gentle, maybe even boring, sometimes it will be intense and violent.

Knux completes the visual by jerking off imaginary dicks around him. He goes from lackadaisical to hyper, disjointed to smooth. Burt tries to not lose sight of the point.

KNUX

The key is to always stay in control of the situation, but at the same time go with the flow. Be open to new things but don't get bullied anywhere you aren't comfortable. Find that sweet spot and remember, it should be fun.

Knux takes a deep breath of sea air and exhales.

KNUX

How do you feel?

BURT

Weirdly horny.

KNUX

Me too. That's sailing, baby.

Knux points to the front of the boat.

KNUX

That's the bow. To the right of it is starboard. To the left is port. Behind you is the stern.

BURT

Should I be taking notes?

KNUX

Yeah, with your fucking mind. This here is the mast.

He puts his hand against the SIXTY-FIVE FOOT ALUMINUM MAST.

KNUX

The big sheet hanging from it is our mainsail. The smaller one in front is the jib. They're our cock and balls. Technically the big one does all the work, but the little guy is still important and we would look weird without it.

Knux runs his hand over the front of the sail.

KNUX

This front edge of the sail is called the luff. When that starts flapping it's time to either turn or trim.

BURT

How do I do that?

KNUX

Rotate the big wheel in your hands!

BURT

I meant--

KNUX

Jesus, Squire, that was a joke! Lighten up, that lead in your ass might capsize us. Anyway, when you trim the sails, what are you doing? Harnessing the wind, right?

Burt nods, of course he knew that. Knux walks over to a WINCH and grabs the LINE wrapped around it.

KNUX

This is a line. This is a winch. Turn the winch this way, line pulls, sail tightens. Turn that way, opposite shit happens. Play around with it. Just note the loose ends and always watch the boom.

Knux puts his hand on the BOOM.

KNUX

This motherfucker is coming for you at all times. Stay on your toes. You don't want to be that retard with the vacuum in his ass, right?

BURT

No.

KNUX

Say it. Say I'm not the retard with
the vacuum in his ass.

BURT

I get it--

KNUX

Say it!

BURT

I'm not the retard with the vacuum
in my ass.

KNUX

Say it with some goddamn gumption!

BURT

I'm not the retard with the vacuum
in my ass!

KNUX

Louder! Let the whole ocean know!

BURT

I'M NOT THE RETARD WITH THE VACUUM
IN MY ASS!

Other SAILORS look at the floating boot camp as it passes by. Knux claps Burt on the back. They've almost reached the end of the channel where the horizon of water spans forever.

KNUX

Good. Next lesson: that thing
rotating in front of you with all
the numbers and letters inside--

BURT

The compass?

KNUX

Well, excuse me, Black Bart! When
we hit the ocean, point us south.
I'm hungover as shit and need a
power-nap before I murder-suicide
the whole crew.

BURT

You're leaving?

KNUX

Do you feel like there's anything
we haven't covered?

BURT

Yes.

KNUX

Okay well, there's a whistle around here somewhere. If it gets hairy, blow it and I'll come up.

With that, Knux retires to his chamber. Burt is alone behind the wheel, cruising towards the Atlantic.

It gets noticeably rougher when he passes into open water. The wheel rocks in his hands but Burt's got it.

BURT

Control the threesome, Squire. Find the sweet-spot. Have fun.

Burt turns the wheel and watches the compass begin to rotate due south. The winds change and the mainsail reacts--

The BOOM SWINGS and BURT DUCKS at the last second! He laughs nervously and exhales a sigh of relief.

The boat successfully completes the turn and they are now headed south, but the sail begins to LUFF SLIGHTLY.

Burt follows the line from the MAINSAIL to the WINCH and tepidly TURNS THE CRANK CLOCKWISE. The sail tightens and no longer luffs. He did it.

Burt's nerves settle as the Horn High Yo pushes on. *That was easy.* It suddenly all hits him at once; the sun, the breeze, the waves, and of course the amazing boat he's steering--

This is awesome.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DUSK

It's overcast, the sun almost gone, and Burt has been out here all day, by himself, not really knowing what he was doing. The wind slowed and the boat isn't moving. He's cold, tired, hungry, and has to pee like he's never had to before.

He crosses his legs. This is bad. He's at crisis point. He looks down into the cabin, but there's no activity at all. He then looks at his pants. He was given very specific instruction for this situation. He closes his eyes...

BURT

Nope. Can't do it.

He lets go of the wheel and runs to the side of the boat. Immediate relief washes over him as he pees.

BEEP BEEP BEEP. The alarm alerts Burt to how busted he is.

Knux silences his watch and glares at Burt. He's got a UKULELE in his hand, yet somehow, isn't having fun.

BURT

Knux--

Knux holds up a hand to silence him. Burt runs to the wheel.

BURT

I'm sorry--

KNUX

Don't.

Knux takes a seat and shakes his head. His feelings are really hurt. Burt notices the ukulele in his hand.

KNUX

I was going to see if you wanted to hear a song, but now...

BURT

Yes! I've been up here alone all day. Some music would be great.

KNUX

I don't know. It would be weird now. Tainted.

BURT

It won't be tainted! Not at all. And next time I'll piss my pants, I really will.

KNUX

You promise? Because I'm not just saying shit to say it, Squire. I'm trying to keep us alive out here.

BURT

I understand that now. I promise, it won't happen again.

Knux considers and ultimately smiles.

KNUX

You're lucky I like you. Okay, remember it's a work in progress.

Knux lifts the ukulele and carefully finds his place on the frets. He takes a couple warm-up strums while running through his vocal exercises.

KNUX

Alright, here we go.

He starts to strum and with a slow, surprisingly sweet voice begins to sing "Blank Space" by Taylor Swift.

KNUX

Nice to meet you, where you been? I can show you incredible things. Magic, madness, heaven, sin. Saw you there and I thought, oh my God, look at that face. You look like my next mistake. Love's a game, wanna play?

The ukulele is really heating up now. Burt kind of feels like he's heard this song before but can't place it.

KNUX

So it's gonna be forever, or it's gonna go down in flames. You can tell me when it's over, if the high was worth the pain. Got a long list of ex-lovers, they'll tell you I'm insane, 'cause you know I love the players and you love the game...

Burt is about to APPLAUD but the song keeps going.

KNUX

'Cause we're young and we're reckless, we'll take this way too far. It'll leave you breathless, or with a nasty scar. Got a long list of ex-lovers, they'll tell you I'm insane, but I've got a blank space, baby. And I'll write your name.

SOLO. Knux is way better than he let on and shreds the ukulele. He suddenly slows it way down. It gets serious.

KNUX

So it's gonna be forever, or it's gonna go down in flames. You can tell me when it's over, if the high was worth the pain. Got a long list of ex-lovers (your mother), and she told you I'm insane, but I've got a sweet boat, Joaquin, where I'll write your name.

Burt APPLAUDS enthusiastically.

BURT

Rock on! That was incredible! What song was that?

KNUX

Just something I wrote for Joaquin. I call it "Your Mother's a Bitch, Don't Listen to Her Bullshit Lies."

Burt isn't going to touch that.

BURT

It's great, man. Maybe a shorter, less hateful title would be good, but it's really awesome.

Knux's confidence is through the roof. He's in a great mood now and leaps to his feet.

KNUX

You should take a break. Grab some soup, close your eyes. You had a big first day.

He takes the wheel from Burt who heads below deck.

KNUX

And Squire...

Burt turns back.

KNUX

Ignore my instructions again and I will throw you overboard.

This is not a joke. Burt tenses up.

BURT

Copy that.

Knux's eyes stay locked in and Burt backs down. An uncertain feeling in his gut, he heads below deck.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Burt enters the main cabin and looks around the place, really taking it in for the first time:

NAVIGATION EQUIPMENT in one corner; RADIO, ANTENNA, GPS, etc.

A TV/VCR and VHS tapes are scattered in the other.

KNUX'S CABIN is on the far end, which is a complete disaster from what Burt can see.

A CRAMPED BATHROOM is in the corner next to Knux's cabin.

And across from that is the KITCHENETTE, with a REFRIGERATOR and MICROWAVE. Burt walks over and pours himself a glass of water from the jugs he bought. He then opens the fridge:

Nothing but CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP. Wall to wall. It's the only thing in there.

Burt shakes his head, more confused than anything. He takes a can out, opens it and plops the soggy blob in a bowl. He adds a little water on top then sticks it in the microwave.

But it won't start. The microwave is completely dead. Burt reaches for the POWER CORD and realizes it's unplugged, so he looks for a wall outlet and tries to plug it in--

But it won't fit. THE WALL PLUGS ARE FRENCH. The microwave plug is American.

BURT

You've got to be kidding me.

He then looks to the refrigerator and finds it's plug: UNPLUGGED, AMERICAN. Burt can't believe it. Then something dawns on him and he moves over to the navigational gear...

Same shit. They have no navigation. He then tries the TV...

VIKING PORNOGRAPHY comes to life, mid sex-scene. The grunts and moans are very loud. Burt fumbles to quickly turn it off.

Burt looks back at all the dead appliances.

BURT

Whatever.

He grabs his bowl of cold, mushroom soup-like product and, with zero enthusiasm, takes a bite. It's disgusting. He tosses it and finds the BEEF JERKY he bought at the store.

BURT

Jerky it is then.

Burt walks to his room and with a last, confused look over the main cabin, closes the door.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - BURT'S CABIN - NIGHT

Burt sleeps like the dead.

Out of nowhere, he FARTS VERY LOUDLY and startles himself awake. He looks around, unsure of what just woke him up. Now that he's awake, he realizes he has to go to the bathroom.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

He shuffles through the main cabin en route to the head.

It's amazing how quiet it is out here.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - BATHROOM

Burt drops trou and takes a seat, still half in dream-land...

Suddenly A HUGE BLOW THROWS HIM TO THE SIDE and his body slams the wall. He's now very awake, alarmed and confused.

ANOTHER HUGE BLOW SHAKES the cabin like an earthquake and he falls off the toilet.

A DEAFENING CHURN vibrates through the whole boat. Things fall off shelves. Glass breaks. It's chaos. Burt fights to get to his feet, pulls up his pants and runs out.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Burt fights upstairs while the boat rocks from side to side.

The "BONNIE CELESTE," a MASSIVE TANKER, just passed by only a few yards away from totally destroying the Yo. The GARGANTUAN WAKE the culprit in rocking their world.

Burt sees Knux holding tight on a line, eyes closed, bathed in the moonlight, completely calm.

BURT

That guy almost creamed us! What happened? Did you not see them?

Burt looks closer and sees what are either tears or ocean spray streaming down Knux's face. A sniffle settles it.

BURT

You good, Knux?

Knux opens his eyes and looks to the almost invisible tanker, chugging off into the night.

KNUX

Sometimes I wish it had all ended.

FROM OVERHEAD, the boat turns in a TIGHT CIRCLE making very little forward progress.

BURT (V.O.)

As for Knux, I kind of like him.
But also I don't really. He
disappears below deck for long
stretches of time. I don't know
what he does down there...

Burt looks down into the dark mystery below deck.

BURT (V.O.)

Then when he comes back up, he is
just weird. Like, really weird.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - SUNSET

As beautiful as the sunrise was, the SUNSET is even more epic. Burt tries to appreciate it, but sadly can't as:

Knux does YOGA on the deck. COMPLETELY NAKED. Burt is mortified. Knux calls back to him from plank position.

KNUX

You sure you don't want to join?

He goes up to Downward Dog which gives Burt a view that definitely counts as sexual harassment in the workplace.

BURT

Not really a yoga guy.

KNUX

How do you center yourself?

BURT

Maybe a beer at the end of the day.

Downward Dog to Warrior One.

KNUX

You can't center yourself with
chemicals. That shit only disrupts.
That's why I gave it up.

Burt thinks back to the night of binge-drinking. This man is confused. But centered apparently.

KNUX

Know your body. That's the secret
to a happy life. Tune in. Listen to
it. Be one with yourself.

(MORE)

KNUX (CONT'D)

It sounds so easy, but somehow we can become so disconnected.

Knux goes from Warrior One to Warrior Two, as he does, his body turns and Burt recoils:

KNUX'S SHADOW on the deck clearly displays HIS ERECTION.

BURT

Uh, Knux, you might want to...

Knux looks down and shrugs it off.

KNUX

It's a yoga boner, Squire. It happens. It'll reabsorb somewhere in the vinyasa.

Burt looks away.

KNUX

Eyes forward, sailor! Would you take your eyes off the road behind the wheel of a car? Rule number one: be alert at all times. Stay vigilant. Things change in an instant out here.

Burt reluctantly looks forward. Warrior two to Warrior Three. Knux actually has incredible balance, but the SHADOW OF THE YOGA BONER is very alarming. Burt does his best to ignore it.

BURT

So that ship that almost hit us. Seems like that shouldn't happen. Does that have something to do with the fact that none of our radios or navigational stuff are plugged in?

KNUX

Sure, if that shit was on we would have blipped their radar and they probably would have steered clear.

BURT

But you don't think we need that?

KNUX

Columbus didn't have that shit and he discovered America. Imagine what we can discover?

Is that an answer? Knux begins the whole sequence in reverse.

KNUX

You really should join me, Squire.
It feels so good to harness your
own energy for a change.

BURT

I bet. Sadly, one of us has to be
at the wheel at all times.

KNUX

I mean, for the sake of yoga, you
can just flip it to auto-pilot.

BURT

There's an auto-pilot?

KNUX

Of course! Better be an auto-pilot
for a million bucks!

Burt watches in wonder as the naked man finishes his routine,
then proceeds to RINSE HIS BODY with *one of the jugs of water
Burt bought*. Their drinking water. Burt is speechless.

BURT (V.O.)

He is either testing me or
completely insane.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Burt rips up some beef jerky and sprinkles it over a bowl of
cold mush soup. Tentatively, he takes a bite. Surprisingly
it's only half-gross. He goes back for more.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

The bowl is empty, but Burt looks pretty rough. His stomach
GURGLES with immediate regret.

Clutching his stomach, he heads for the bathroom, but when he
pushes open the door he is met by... PILLOWS?

They are shoved in the toilet. Cut up and crammed in every
cubic inch the plumbing offers. Burt pulls out the top pillow
and sees more. They go all the way down, through the pipes,
into the tank. The toilet is no longer an option.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

There's a nice wind and the Yo is clipping along.

Burt steps on deck, hand over his stomach still. The Captain has his feet up as he plucks away at his ukulele.

BURT

What happened to the toilet?

KNUX

I didn't trust it.

GURGLE. Knux is oblivious to Burt's panic. He doesn't even look up from his book.

BURT

What do you mean, you didn't trust it? It's a toilet. What is there to not trust about a toilet?

KNUX

Not the toilet, smart-guy, it's what's inside that I don't trust.

Burt can't believe he is actually saying this.

BURT

Poop? You don't trust poop?

GURGLE. Exaggerating his annoyance, Knux puts down his book.

KNUX

Chemicals! When you flush that toilet, there are chemicals that break down the waste then shoot it into the ocean. Think about that! Your DNA being compromised and sent out there for whoever comes across it to analyze! What if that toilet was tampered with back at port? What if they put some sort of monitoring agent in the one place they knew we wouldn't look? I mean, fuck, thank me later, I guess!

Burt is lost and desperately needs to shit.

BURT

Whatever. Just tell me your plan for replacing the toilet.

Knux's reaction is predictably blase.

KNUX

Man. I have to remind myself you've never done this before. Probably never even seen a crap rope.

BURT
Crap rope?

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - MOMENTS LATER

The CRAP ROPE is exactly what it sounds like. A KNOTTED ROPE, eight feet long, tied off the side of the Yo and dropped down to the water. Burt wants nothing to do with the crap rope.

BURT
This is a joke, right?

KNUX
It's just like spelunking. You ever been spelunking?

BURT
No!

KNUX
Oh, Squire, you got to go. It's a total thrill.

BURT
I don't care! I don't want to spelunk! I want to take a dump!

KNUX
What are you yelling at me for? The crap rope is right there! Grab on, place your feet on the outer wall and shimmy down to a comfortable height. When you're done, give your exhaust pipe an ocean dip and climb back up.

Burt hangs his head.

BURT
Jesus. Okay.

Here he goes. He takes hold of the crap rope and steps on the edge of the Yo. Mission Impossible-style, he takes one step and then another, until he's fully suspended from the crap rope over the Atlantic Ocean. Another step. Another.

The boat BUMPS on a wave and Burt's ass touches saltwater. He figures this is probably far enough. He holds the crap rope in one hand and uses the other to pull down his pants. He then looks up and sees Knux watching from above.

BURT
A little privacy?

KNUX

Yep. Sure. User's choice.

Knux disappears over the edge. Burt finishes getting his pants around his ankles and tries to relax... But nothing is happening. Stage-fright. Can't imagine why as he looks down at the wake, churning beneath his bare ass.

KNUX

Remember to relax and not push too hard. Nothing worse than hemorrhoids on the high seas!

BURT

Got it. Please leave me alone.

He hears the UKULELE STRUM from above.

BURT

What is happening...

KNUX

Ooooooooo-oooooooo-ohohohoo...

Yep. "Somewhere Over The Rainbow," God's reason for creating the ukulele, is now Knux's soundtrack to a dump.

KNUX (O.S.)

*Somewhere over the rainbow,
Way up high,
And the dreams that you dreamed of,
Once in a lullaby.*

Burt closes his eyes. It's actually working. As he listens to Knux, he relaxes and finally, you know.

KNUX (O.S.)

*Somewhere over the rainbow,
Blue birds fly,
And the dreams that you dreamed of,
Dreams really do come true ooo-oo.*

Time to dip the exhaust pipe. Burt takes baby steps down further to the water. Giving himself a silent countdown he dips his ass into the ocean. The startling rinse causes him to shoot up. It was actually kind of nice. He goes again.

KNUX

*Someday I'll wish upon a star,
Wake up where the clouds are far
behind me.*

Burt climbs a couple steps up and reaches for his trousers.

KNUX

*Where trouble melts like lemon
drops, High above the chimney top,
That's where you'll find me--*

TEEEEEAAAAAR. Burt fearfully looks up:

The crap rope has been compromised.

He takes another step. TEAR. Thread by thread, it's going. Burt doesn't have much time.

BURT

Knux!

Like a gopher, Knux pops over the edge and sees Burt, pants around his ankles, hanging from a frayed crap rope.

KNUX

Jesus God Almighty, hold on,
Squire! I'm coming!

Knux springs to action and like an Everest Sherpa is over the side of the boat, inching his way to Burt's rescue. Burt tries to climb again. TEAR!

KNUX

Don't move, Sailor. We've only got
one shot at this...

Knux makes it to the fraying stretch of crap rope and pauses. He grabs firmly with one hand and stretches the other down to Burt... just out of reach.

KNUX

If I come any further we're both in
the drink! Climb to me!

The couple feet of fraying rope looks like an ocean to cross, but Burt doesn't have a choice. He climbs. Hand. TEAR. Over hand. TEAR. It's just a couple threads left...

Burt reaches for Knux again. Their fingertips graze each other. He's not going to make it. They both know it.

KNUX

I'll come back and find you. *Trust
me.*

Fear takes over Burt. If there's one thing he does not do, it is trust Captain Knux.

BURT

WAIT!

Knux reaches out for him again and Burt gives it one last pull with all of his strength! The CRAP ROPE SNAPS! Burt throws his arm up and GRABS WRISTS with Knux!

Both men YELL as it takes all their strength to get back up to the edge of the boat. Burt climbs up Knux's arm until he can grab on to the same piece of rope as him. They finally make it and roll over the stern back on to the Yo.

They struggle to catch their breath.

KNUX

And that is a crap rope.

He laughs hysterically. Just then, Knux's WATCH ALARM goes off. He promptly silences it as usual. Burt watches the routine and finally pulls his pants back up.

BURT

What is the story with the alarm?
It goes off all the time, but you don't do anything when it does.

KNUX

It used to mean it was time for my pills. But I stopped taking them days ago. I just can't figure out how to turn off the goddamn alarm!

He laughs to himself. Burt ain't laughing.

BURT

What kind of pills?

KNUX

Just pills. Pills, pills, pills.
They're all the same. Chemicals.
Fuck that. I'm clear now, Kimosabe.

Knux finds his book on the deck and walks back to his seat. Burt looks at him, peaceful, like nothing just happened.

BURT (V.O.)

December 21st. I have to get off
this boat.

The MASTHEAD FLY, an instrument on top of the mast to gauge wind begins to whip wildly as the wind picks up.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

EXTREMELY HIGH WINDS and HIGH SEAS.

WAVES crash over the side of the boat.

The BOOM swings wildly from side to side with the HARSH BURSTS OF WIND that come from all sides.

The boat HEELS OVER A DANGEROUS AMOUNT.

And Burt is ALONE on deck, SOAKING WET.

He ducks the boom but gets hit by a WAVE and WASHES ACROSS the deck with the water! He fights to get back to the wheel. The look on his face could best be described as extremely fucking flabbergasted.

BURT
KNUX! HELP!

No sign of him.

The compass ROTATES constantly, never landing on a direction.

Burt is so over his head it's staggering.

A LOUD SNAP causes him to look up. A CABLE FALLS from the mast. Burt doesn't know much, but he knows that can't be good. There's too much pressure. He has to lower the sail.

BURT
KNUX!!

SNAP. Another CABLE FALLS. He has to do this now. Burt lets go of the wheel and things get worse real fast. He fights his way to the MAINSHEET and the WINCH it's attached to. It's LOCKED IN PLACE and won't budge.

Another huge wave levels Burt. He crawls back to the winch and BANGS ON IT til it comes free and all hell breaks loose:

The line whips around and WRAPS UP BURT'S LEG. He gets yanked to the deck and dragged from STERN TO BOW.

The mainsail FLAPS THUNDEROUSLY in the gale-force winds.

Burt tries to untangle the rope around his ankle but it's soaking wet and tightens as it's pulled.

A BRUTAL GUST HITS THE MAINSAIL. The BOOM SWINGS and the line hooked to Burt quickly LOOSES SLACK.

He watches it happen and tries desperately to get unhooked in time... NOPE. He is DRAGGED BACK DOWN THE BOAT and CRASHES HARD against the stern! The force of the collision is *this close* to sending him overboard.

It's not getting any better. The boat heels over again and Burt gets caught in the tide again. He finally LOOSENS The line on his ankle and uses it to pull himself back upright.

Like a mountain-climber he pulls his way back to the winch and muscles the line back under control.

RIIIIIIIIP!

The JIB SAIL, which faced the full force of the wind with the mainsail down, suffers a LARGE TEAR. Again, even with Burt's limited knowledge, he knows when he's fucked. He struggles to fathom the vast number of fires he has to put out.

BURT

Control the threesome, Squire.

RIIIP! The tear grows. That sail has to come down.

Burt does a controlled slide from starboard to port and gets to the JIBSHEET. He loosens the line so that he can lower the sail. It FLAILS in the wind. He crawls to the other side and loosens another line. The JIB SAIL falls down.

He locks the lines so the sail doesn't blow away, now he just has to roll it somehow. He climbs up to the jib so he can unhook it.

THE WIND DIES SUDDENLY and the sail sags, lifeless. Burt rushes up to it to seize the opportunity. He's right there...

A HURRICANE BURST OF WIND flash-fills the sail in an instant and like a giant boxing glove, PUNCHES BURT'S WHOLE BODY!

He's airborne and GOES OVER THE EDGE! He grasps at the side of the boat and miraculously grabs the TORN CRAP ROPE!

BURT

KNUX?! WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?!

The Yo heels over on the side Burt hangs from. His feet touch the water and he desperately lifts them.

He has officially lost control of the threesome.

Thankfully, a HUGE BLOW comes from the other direction and the boat ROCKS TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

Burt SLING-SHOTS into the air and lands flat on his back on deck. He GASPS for air, not really sure if he's dead or not.

Before he can get too comfortable, the LOOSE JIBSAIL SMACKS ON TOP OF HIM like a sheet over a dead body. He tries to push it off, but A WAVE CRUSHES on top of it.

Punching at his death-sheet, he finds the tear and climbs through the HOLE IN THE SAIL. More wind hits and the sail finally RIPS ALL THE WAY and BLOWS AWAY.

That's it. He throws in the towel and desperately crawls back to the helm. When he gets there, he finally sees it:

"The Perfect Storm," "Poseidon," spoiled-in-the trailer, absolute motherfucker of a WAVE is headed straight at them.

BURT

Knux...

Here it comes. Burt HUGS THE CAPTAIN'S SEAT as it's the only thing securely fastened.

The Yo drops into the crest of the wave. The moonlight disappears as a shadow falls over them...

The seat that is normally vertical turns horizontal and Burt HANGS, COMPLETELY SUSPENDED IN THE AIR!

He SCREAMS HIS VOICE RAW as WATER CRASHES DOWN on all sides.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY / ON-CALL LOUNGE - DAY

Comparatively, the EMERGENCY ROOM is peaceful.

MEL emerges from an operating room and walks down the hallway to the ON-CALL LOUNGE. She looks nervous.

She enters the lounge and heads straight to her locker where she pulls out a cell phone: no missed calls. She then dials a number and anxiously waits an answer...

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - DAY

Trevor sits at the computer and reads the headline "EVERYONE IN THE WORLD HAS SEEN STAR WARS." The phone RINGS AND RINGS.

TREVOR
Wyatt! Wyatt! Answer the phone!

He angrily gets up and walks to the phone. He passes the living room where Wyatt and Heather make-out on the couch, completely oblivious to the rings.

Trevor raises his hand to shield his vision from their gross love-nest as he answers the phone:

TREVOR
Squire Residence, Trevor speaking.

INTERCUT WITH MEL.

MEL
Trevor! What is going on?

TREVOR
Oh hi Mom.

Wyatt points to him and mimes slitting his throat.

MEL
Why didn't you answer? Where's your brother?

TREVOR
We were outside playing.

MEL
I told you to stay by the phone!
What if your dad called?

TREVOR
I know. Sorry.

MEL
Has he left a message?

TREVOR
No.

MEL
What the hell. He should have called by now.

Trevor picks up on his mom's concern.

TREVOR
Is he okay?

Mel doesn't want to alarm him. She's probably over-reacting.

MEL

Of course. He's fine. They must have just been delayed a bit. It's not like a plane with a schedule. Boats are unpredictable. I think. Just do me a favor and actually stay by the phone this time, okay?

Mel hangs up and chews on her nails by her locker.

MEL

Come on, Squire. Where are you?

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - EARLY MORNING

Burt lays flat on the deck, covered in cuts and bruises, eyes wide open, but quite possibly sleeping. Or dead.

The storm has passed and the Yo has made it. Barely.

The jib-sail is half gone. The mast is short a couple CABLES and the boat as a whole is battered and broken all over. But she's still afloat and that's all that matters for now.

KNUX (O.S.)

Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you...

Knux's voice brings Burt back from the dead. He rolls over to see him walking up the stairs, a BOWL OF COLD CREAM OF MUSHROOM, complete with a TEA-LIGHT CANDLE, in his hands.

KNUX

Happy birthday, Dear Squire, happy birthday to you!

The Captain's face drops as he takes stock of the boat.

KNUX

What in the name of sweet dick happened to the Yo?!?

In a fit of rage, Burt springs to his feet and SLAPS THE SOUP out of Knux's hand!

BURT

I almost died, man! That's what happened! I was this close.

He holds his fingers millimeters apart right in Knux's face.

BURT
Hurricane winds! Tidal waves! I
think I broke a rib!

KNUX
Which one?

BURT
I don't know! I'm not a doctor!
Just like I'm not a sailor! How
could you leave me up here? What
possibly could you have been doing?

Time for Knux to fess up.

KNUX
Alright, fuck, truth is I popped a
quaalude I found in an old fanny
pack downstairs. I was damn near
comatose up until about ten minutes
ago. Woke up in a puddle of piss,
no idea where I was, saw shit
destroyed and figured it was me. I
was actually coming up here to
apologize to you...

(laughs)
I'm kind of relieved to find out it
was a squall. I was like, "Damn,
Vern, you really overdid it this
time!" Kind of funny, when you
think about it.

Burt doesn't think so. Burt thinks it's fucking infuriating.

BURT
A *quaalude*? I thought you were
clean! No chemicals, remember?!

KNUX
Yeah, I relapsed! I guess I'm human
after-all! What kind of man are you
to rub my affliction in my face?!

So. Frustrated. Can't. Function. Burt just starts flailing
and punching the air. He SCREAMS at nothing.

KNUX
Jesus. Pull it together, man. Rule
number one: never lose your cool.

Burt calms down. It's all just too insane to stay mad at.

BURT
Moving on. The jib ripped last night. Where's the backup?

Uh-oh.

BURT
You have replacement sails, right? Surely that's rule number two?

KNUX
I sold them.

BURT
Why would you do that?

KNUX
I needed the money, didn't I? Why else do people sell things? You don't really need them anyway. Columbus didn't have them.

BURT
I bet he did, man!

KNUX
Who's to say though?

Burt regroups again. Knux quiets down.

BURT
Moving on! We lost a couple cables. Small ones. How bad is that?

KNUX
Not great. But as long as the main cable is still there we'll limp into port-- *MOTHERFUCKING SHIT!*

BURT
What?! What is it?

KNUX
I left my yoga mat up here. Fuck! It probably washed away. You didn't save it, did you?

As Burt watches Knux look around for the yoga mat, it fully dawns on him: of his vast array of problems, this might be his biggest one of all. He approaches Knux calmly.

BURT
Knux. Captain. Vern.

That gets him to focus. Burt tries his best to capitalize on the moment of seeming clarity.

BURT

There's one other thing I need to show you.

He pulls Knux to the other side of the boat and turns him to face the mast. Knux's face drops.

KNUX

Oh my God...

The mast has a LARGE STRESS FRACTURE travelling vertically down the side. Knux stares in disbelief.

KNUX

I stashed a backup yoga mat in the storage room!

Knux claps Burt on the back and runs to the stairs. Burt is very, very fucked. In a move of final desperation, he yells:

BURT

Think about your son!

Knux looks back.

BURT

Joaquin. You want him to get his boat, right?

KNUX

Of course I do. That's why we're out here.

BURT

Right. But he will never get the Yo if we don't figure out a way to sail it. I don't know what I'm doing and we are in trouble out here. I want to help you give your son his boat. I really do. So tell me what to do. How can I help you?

Knux looks around him at the crippled boat and the vast ocean. He becomes visibly sharper than he was moments ago.

KNUX

Go down to my cabin and grab the charts above my bed. Quickly.

Burt smiles, massively relieved. He hurries below deck to retrieve the charts.

BURT (V.O.)
I think I did it. I finally got
through to Captain Knux.

Knux watches him go then looks back to the Yo. He puts his hand against the fractured mast, as if he could feel it's pain... but then he SMILES. A dark, eerily-excited smile.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - KNUX'S CABIN - DAY

Burt pushes open the door to Knux's cabin, completely unprepared for what he would see on the other side:

A SPIDER-WEB OF STRING is suspended from the ceiling. It's intricate and dense with WORDS WRITTEN ON PIECES OF PAPER clipped to it. They say things like, "DRONES," "HIGH-FREQUENCY WAVES," and of course, "CHEMICALS???"

It's exactly how Burt imagines the inside of Knux's head looks. Scary, deranged, and impossible to decipher.

BURT
Moving on.

He sees the chart above the bed and grabs it.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

The NAUTICAL CHART is unrolled on a table. Knux traces his finger over their intended course.

KNUX
I reckon we're somewhere between the 38th and 37th parallel. Problem now is we're fighting the Gulf Stream, North-East. If we get pushed to the 40th parallel we'll get caught in either the North Atlantic Drift to Ireland or the Canary Current to Africa. Beautiful piece of planet Africa, you ever been? It's worth checking out.

BURT
I can't go to Africa, Knux.

KNUX
Of course, yeah, another time. Now, we don't have the sail strength to battle the current. If we raise the main that mast is coming down, so we really only have one option:

BURT
Get out of the Gulf Stream.

KNUX
Me and you. There's a connection
there, Squire. I know you feel it.

Burt most certainly does not.

KNUX
I say we fire up the engine and
blast our way straight west. Let's
make it back to land--

BURT
I completely agree.

KNUX
--then we'll fix the Yo and push
off again to the Caribbean.

Once Burt gets off this ship there's no fucking way he'll
ever get back on. But Knux doesn't need to know that.

BURT
Sounds like a plan.

KNUX
Gentleman, start your engine.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

The ENGINE KICKS ON strong and mighty... until it SPUTTERS,
KICKS SMOKE and dies with an EXPLOSIVE POP.

Burt and Knux stand over it with varying degrees of concern.

KNUX
Huh. What a day.

Burt kneels down, wipes some fluid off a valve and smells it.

BURT
Anti-freeze?

KNUX
Ohhhh. I know what happened. Tank A
ran dry and it switched to the two
hundred gallon reserve.

Knux points to a 200 GALLON INFLATABLE BLADDER by the engine, which looks completely full. Burt doesn't get it.

BURT

Okay. Where's the problem in that?

KNUX

It's full of anti-freeze obviously.
I thought you were a motor-guy!

Burt can't believe that. He crawls over to the reserve tank and unscrews a valve. The smell is overwhelming. It's true. His gasoline reserve is full of anti-freeze.

BURT

Knux... why?

KNUX

Everyone does it when you sail to the VI. Anti-freeze is like gold down there. The resale market is bananas! But it's not technically on the level so it's got to be, you know, smuggled.

He gestures to the 200 gallon bladder.

BURT

Brilliant. God knows the emergency gas tank shouldn't be filled with gas in case of a fucking emergency!

KNUX

Sarcasm is repulsive, Squire, and you're better than that. Now I know there's gas around here somewhere. I sent what's-his-name out for it.

BURT

Allan? Who you called a cunt and hit in the head with a chair?

KNUX

Yeah. Allan.

BURT

Did he do it before you fired him?

Knux thinks real hard.

KNUX

Yeah, that time-line does get jumbled.

Burt SCREAMS.

KNUX

Come on, sailor. You're forgetting rule number one: focus on the most pressing problem first.

BURT

We're stranded in the Atlantic Ocean! We've got no radio! We've got no gas! We've got no sails! What could possibly be a more pressing problem?

Knux points out to the horizon.

KNUX

That storm is circling back.

DARK CLOUDS far out on the horizon build slowly. A faint FLASH OF LIGHTNING lights up the dense, grey fog.

Fear strikes in the heart of Squire.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

A VIOLENT HIT sends mayhem through the cabin of the boat. The refrigerator door pops open and the CANS OF SOUP spill out.

WATER pours down the steps.

Knux stands in the doorway of his bunk, bracing himself against the frame. It seems like the argument he and Burt had upstairs has only gotten more heated down below.

KNUX

I don't know what you want me to do! I can't have all the answers all the time. Where's your accountability in all this? Huh? Why do you get to just shirk all the blame and pin it on Crazy Old Captain Knux?

Another BLOW. The water in the cabin reaches his feet. He shakes his head.

KNUX

Jesus. You better hope we sink, my friend, because if we don't, I'll fucking kill you for this. And don't think I'm joking.

(MORE)

KNUX (CONT'D)

If I were you, I would start coming up with a plan real quick. You hear me? I said, do you hear me?!

BURT (O.S.)

KNUX! PLEASE! NOT AGAIN!

Knux looks over his shoulder to the upper-deck, from where Burt calls for help.

KNUX

I should help him. That's enough.

He looks back to his room. There's no one there. Knux is speaking to the spider-web of string in his room.

KNUX

No, no, no. I'm the captain and I say when enough is enough!

Knux listens to the invisible counter-argument. He finds it very alarming.

KNUX

What do you mean you don't trust him?

BURT (O.S.)

OH GOD! HELP ME! SOMEONE HELP ME!

KNUX

I need to think. If what you say is true... he could ruin everything.

A can of soup rolls over to his feet and he picks it up before he heads in his bunk and closes the door behind him.

EXT. HANK'S SNOW SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

Mel pulls up to a SMALL OFFICE with ASSORTED PLOWS and PARTS scattered around. The lot is noticeably not plowed. She steps out and trudges through the snow up to the door.

INT. HANK'S SNOW SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

Hank has a beer in his hand and desperately searches for a bottle opener. He smiles at Mel when she walks in.

HANK

There she is, Mrs. Jack Sparrow!

MEL

Hey, Hank.

HANK

You got a bottle-opener on you? I think the kid that does my taxes stole mine.

Mel takes the beer from him and effortlessly pops the top on the edge of his desk. Hank is grateful.

HANK

You want a beer?

MEL

No, I have to get back to work pretty quick here.

HANK

Sure. Well, how can I help?

MEL

Burt was supposed to check in a few days ago and we haven't heard anything. I'm getting worried.

HANK

I'm sure he's fine, Mel. Maybe they caught a good wind and want to keep riding it, maybe they caught a bad wind and are trying to make up time, stuff happens all the time.

MEL

I know, I know. I've been reading up and that's what everything says. But I just have this bad feeling. I found this thing online, a boat locator thing, and I typed in the "Horn High Yo" and nothing came up. Nothing at all. After that I called and spoke to someone. There is no boat registered under that name.

HANK

Knux must not have registered it.

MEL

Which is weird, right? That means there's no insurance, he can't legally hire crew, he can't even get in a lot of ports.

HANK

Shit, Mel. You have been reading.

Hank thinks it through. That is odd.

HANK

I don't know what to tell you. I haven't seen Knux in years, not since he left town. Really don't know much about him anymore.

Hank shrugs and lets out a clueless laugh. Mel is unable to mask her concern.

HANK

Everything is fine. I know it is. Knux knows his shit. Burt is in the best hands possible.

Mel nods. She feels slightly better.

MEL

He used to live up here?

Hank nods.

MEL

Where?

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

The boat is in *bad* shape. Burt SEWS PIECES OF SAIL TOGETHER.

BURT (V.O.)

December 23rd. Haven't seen Knux in over twenty-four hours. The storm sucked again, but the boat was already messed up so it doesn't seem to have gotten much worse. Funny thing about sailing, and this could just be my experience, but there's always too little wind or way too much. Still have no idea where we are, and to top it off, I lost my pants.

Reveal Burt is just in boxer shorts.

BURT (V.O.)

They ripped on a cleat and blew away. They were my only waterproof pair, so, I've had to improvise.

Burt holds up the sail he was sewing to reveal it has been shaped into REALLY BAD PANTS. He slides into them and DUCT-TAPES the baggy areas tight around his body.

KNUX

You better have a damn good reason for defacing my boat, Squire.

Burt spins around. Knux looks as rough as the boat.

BURT

Captain! I was starting to wonder if you were still alive down there.

KNUX

Yeah, you seem real concerned.

BURT

What is that supposed to mean?

KNUX

Nothing.

Knux holds up a piece of paper with some scrawl on it.

KNUX

My son needs his boat. This is how we're going to get it to him.

Burt sashays over to him in his sail-pants. Knux hands him the piece of paper and watches, suspicion high, as Burt scans the DIAGRAM of the boat with insane doodles all over it.

BURT

I have no idea what I'm looking at.

KNUX

Jesus. Lesson learned. Love with a lover, fight next to fighters, and always sail with goddamn sailors!

Despite Burt agreeing with the sentiment, it still hurts.

KNUX

We need to drop the mainsail or we'll never leave this ocean. In it's current state, the mast will snap as soon as the wind hits so we need to strengthen it. We can re-purpose the jib materials, fix the lines to ease pressure and reinforce the mast with strips of ripped sail. Unless of course you want to craft a whole wardrobe.

Despite the attitude, Burt is happy to see Knux addressing the situation and is careful not to mess with that.

BURT
I'm in. What should I do?

CUT TO:

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DUSK

Burt is three-quarters of the way up the mast of the boat, bear-hugging it as he shimmies further, inch by inch. The FRACTURE running down the side stares him in the face. It's as nerve-racking as it gets.

Knux yells from the deck.

KNUX
There! Put one there!

Burt stops, grabs a LONG STRAND OF SAIL stuffed in his sail-pants and, in an incredibly difficult maneuver, ties the sail around the mast.

KNUX
You're doing the knot I showed you, right? It has to hold!

BURT
I'm doing exactly what you said!

Burt finishes and pauses to catch his breath. There's a trail of SAIL BAND-AIDS climbing up the mast below him.

KNUX
All the way up! Don't go pussy on me now, Squire!

Burt shimmies further up. Things get hairier the higher he goes. A light wind does a lot up here. He's really high now. The mast sways and groans.

He reaches the top and looks out at the SUNSET. It's a powerful sight that takes his breath away. Just maybe, all this bullshit might have actually been worth it--

KNUX
You're not having a stroke are you?

Burt snaps out of it.

BURT
I don't think so.

KNUX

You better not. At least not until we're in the Caribbean, then you can have all the strokes you want.

Burt grabs his last SAIL-STRAND and knots it around the mast.

BURT

Alright! I'm coming down!

KNUX

Wait a second. You need to do one more thing while you're up there...

BURT

What?

Knux steps behind the wheel with a righteous smile.

KNUX

Test to see if it holds.

Burt's confused... then he sees Knux CRANK THE WHEEL ALL THE WAY TO THE SIDE then CRANK IT ALL THE WAY BACK!

The boat starts to rock lightly at the base, but it's a hell of a lot more intense seventy feet up with Burt. He screams!

Knux keeps going. All the way to one side then all the way to the other. Burt looks like a pole vaulter on top of the swaying mast. Then the unthinkable happens.

His sail-pants CATCH THE WIND. They create an immense force on Burt and he doesn't know if he can hold any longer.

BURT

Stop! Knux, my pants! Stop!

But Knux keeps going. Harder and harder. Burt's legs give way and peel off. He's now holding on with just his hands, STRETCHED OUT LIKE A FLAG as the boat rocks back and forth.

Knux is crazed as he watches him way up in the air. He's got him right where he wants him AND CRANKS IT AGAIN!

Burt's fingers are slipping. He won't make another swing...

The boat leans way over, Burt's directly over water.

Fuck it. He lets go.

And drops the seventy feet and crashes down to the water! He hits with a giant splash and is engulfed by the Atlantic.

The frigid water is a shock to his system. He immediately begins to fight to the surface, struggling mightily against the cold. He punches through the surface with a gasp!

He looks to the Yo, where Knux calmly stands at the side.

BURT
Help! Throw me a line!

But Knux just watches him thrash in the water.

KNUX
Who sent you?

As the cold starts to tense up his body, Burt now also has a debilitating case of confusion.

BURT
What?!?

KNUX
Now is not the time to fuck with me, Squire. Who sent you and what did they want?

Fear envelops Burt as he realizes this guy may just kill him.

BURT
Knux, I don't know what you're talking about! No one sent me! You called me, remember? *You called me!*

Knux considers. Burt's teeth chatter, the icy water taking over. He doesn't have much time. Without saying anything else, Knux turns away.

That's it. Burt's dead. All he can do now is enjoy the show while his life flashes before his eyes...

Then a LIFE-RING is thrown over-board. With what little strength he has left, Burt swims to it and grabs hold.

As Burt feels the relief of cheating death for today, he is hit with another haunting revelation:

"THE PLACEBO."

That's the NAME ON THE LIFE-RING. Not the Horn High Yo.

Burt is pulled back in to... whatever ship this is.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Burt and Knux are inside the cabin at the same time. Burt is wrapped in blankets, still freezing from his plunge. He watches Knux's every move with new levels of terror.

The captain is totally casual as he prepares two bowls of soup. Burt notices over his head, the SPIDER-WEB OF STRING has crawled out of just Knux's room and has spread through the roof of the cabin.

KNUX

That mast might just be strong
enough. We'll find out first light.

Burt nods nervously. Knux sets two bowls down at the table and sits across from him. Burt doesn't touch it.

Knux fidgets in his seat, exhausted. He leans back in his chair and lets out a long, tired sigh. He closes his eyes.

KNUX

Tell me a story.

Burt has no idea what's going on. But to his surprise, he actually does have a story at the forefront of his mind, a remnant of his life flashing before his eyes.

BURT

Mel and I once took the boys to an ice-fishing derby out on this frozen lake. Wyatt was eleven or twelve so Trev was like three. Anyway, there's probably five hundred kids out there dropping lines through the ice. Hours pass and we haven't even got a nibble, then finally, ten minutes before the tournament closes, Wyatt gets a bite. A big one. He battles this thing with all he's got and reels up this fifteen inch pike.

Burt pauses. It's a weird, tense moment, somewhere between friends bull-shitting and a hostage telling his captor about his family so he'll have mercy. Knux gives him no reaction.

BURT

We look at the leaderboard and Wyatt's pike isn't even big enough to place in his age group. Then Mel notices it would be first place in Trev's bracket and the winner gets a three-hundred dollar gift card.

Finally, Knux chuckles, but his eyes remain closed as he sinks further into his seat. Burt continues.

BURT

Only problem is, Trevor has been asleep for hours and when that kid is asleep, nothing can wake him up. But we go for it anyway. The judge's station is all the way across the lake, so we pile in the truck and gun it. We need to get there before the timer runs out, Mel is trying to wake up Trev and I'm prepping Wyatt to lie and say he didn't catch this fish he's got clutched to his chest like it's his best friend. Then out of nowhere the damn fish comes back to life and starts flapping all over the place! It bursts out of Wyatt's grasp and is just flailing around the back of the truck!

Knux laughs hard.

BURT

I was in such a rush, I forgot to whack the thing and it must have been in shock or something. And now, Mel is screaming, Wyatt's laughing his ass off, Trev is still passed out and I slam on the brakes on a giant sheet of ice. We go into this tail spin, probably for a hundred yards, and slide to a stop right next to the judge's table. Mel jumps out, grabs Trevor, I grab the fish by it's tail while it's still wriggling around and Wyatt yells, "let me carry it! It's mine!" I give him the fish to shut him up and we stroll up to the judge's table, acting like this is all normal. Mel's holding Trev's limp body in her hands and says to the guy, "Your Honor, my son caught the winning fish." The guy looks at us and says, "well, where is it?" I look around and see Wyatt behind us, standing over a fishing hole waving goodbye, screaming, "I love you, fish! Say hi to your family!"

Knux laughs so hard he has to wipe tears from his eyes. Burt lingers in the glow of the memory.

 KNUX
That's a good one. I like that.

 BURT
Thanks.

Knux finally opens his eyes and looks to Squire, confused.

 KNUX
I wasn't talking to you.

Burt doesn't get it. Then Knux looks up at the spider-web.

 KNUX
You got any more of those?

Burt watches Knux nod like he's listening to something. The full extent of Knux's insanity has revealed itself to Burt.

 BURT (V.O.)
December 24th. Miss you guys.
Really, really miss you guys.

INT. ALASKA COAST GUARD OFFICE - DAY

Mel sits in a waiting area, growing more impatient by the second. Finally, PETTY OFFICER HOUSTON approaches.

 P.O. HOUSTON
Mrs. Squire?

His emotionless look gives away more than he realizes.

INT. P.O. HOUSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mel sits across Houston's desk as he looks over his reports.

 P.O. HOUSTON
When was the last time you spoke
with your husband?

 MEL
A week ago.

He takes a note.

 P.O. HOUSTON
And you're sure he was with Captain
Vernon Knux?

MEL

I'm positive. Will you please tell me what the hell is going on?

P.O. HOUSTON

Captain Knux was hired weeks ago to deliver a ship called "The Placebo" to Florida. Last week, it was reported as stolen by the owner. Apparently, Captain Knux has a history of mental illness. Paranoid delusions, auditory hallucinations, violent outbursts.

Mel is speechless. It just keeps getting worse.

P.O. HOUSTON

That said, his record shows he's quite the sailor when he's on his medication.

MEL

And what about when he's off his medication?

Houston thinks of the best way to answer.

P.O. HOUSTON

Mrs. Squire, I'm obligated to inform you that this is potentially a very dangerous situation.

MEL

No shit!

She gets up from her chair and marches to the door.

P.O. HOUSTON

Please, ma'am, I recommend you stay calm during this--

MEL

I recommend you get off your asses and find my husband!

She slams the door behind her.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Burt holds a line jury-rigged to the mainsail and watches wide-eyed as Knux takes the helm and raises his arms in a dramatic display to the heavens. He yells out:

KNUX

Born from the fires of the
apocalypse, the Horn High Yo has
always been a vessel of destiny!
Fate, the ocean, God himself has
singled us out for greatness! We
stand before you to answer that
call! Now, Squire! Now!

Burt unfastens the line and allows it to reel out. The sail unfurls and immediately catches the wind. The pressure hits the mast and all the band-aids.

KNUX

Yes! Yes, it's working!

Knux turns the wheel, the compass begins to rotate in front of him. The Horn High Yo does a mighty turn against the wind.

Burt can't help but get swept up in the excitement. It's actually working!

Then CRAAAAAACK. A horrible BELLOW emits from the mast as the stress overwhelms it...

And it ALL CRASHES DOWN.

The loose boom SWINGS RADICALLY and SMACKS KNUX IN THE HEAD.

Burt sees the whole thing happen and rushes to Knux. Blood seeps from his head. Burt pulls debris from on top of him.

BURT

Knux! Wake up, Captain! Wake up!

The WATCH ALARM goes off. Knux's groggy eyes flutter open. His pupils are the size of dimes, completely concussed. He silences the alarm and looks around.

BURT

Are you okay? How badly are you
hurt? Talk to me, man!

It takes a second for Knux to process everything, but when he does, he gets a big, exuberant smile. In a flash, he sits up and throws his arms around Burt.

Face pinned to Burt's chest, the Captain begins to weep. The weep turns to laughter. He is crying tears of joy. Burt can only hold the man as he has no idea what to do. Finally, Knux looks to Burt with tear-soaked eyes.

KNUX

You're here. I can't believe you're here. *I'll never leave you again, Joaquin. Never again.*

He pulls Burt into another embrace. Burt's eyes go wide.

BURT (V.O.)

December 25th. Merry Christmas Burt. Just when you thought things could not get any weirder, things got a whole hell of a lot weirder.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Knux has a BANDAGE WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD while he messily eats a bowl of mush and watches his PORNO, which is in a rare, non-sex scene. Knux looks truly insane.

Burt stands by the refrigerator taking inventory of soup cans they have left. Knux spins around to him.

KNUX

Hey Joaquin, why don't you sit down and watch a film with your old man?

BURT

I'm good. Kind of preoccupied trying to keep us alive right now.

KNUX

Suit yourself. This is the best part though.

Spoiler alert: the best part is when they start having sex. Burt goes back the fridge.

BURT (V.O.)

The beef jerky is gone so we're down to a dozen or so cans of mush. The more pressing problem is probably water.

He moves to the jugs. They only have one and a half left.

BURT (V.O.)

Seven gallons is not a lot out here. The salt in the air dries you out quick. Plus, anytime Knux does yoga is a substantial blow.

He looks over at the happy idiot watching TV.

BURT (V.O.)
But I'm not overly worried about
him doing yoga anytime soon.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Burt stands next to the MAST STUMP which is about a third of
it's original height. The fallen mast, sail and rigging have
been cleaned up and organized off to the side.

BURT (V.O.)
I have no idea what to do with this
stuff. I have to hoist a sail in
some way, but every attempt at that
so far has been a disaster.

He wracks his brain.

BURT
Think, Squire, think.

Then out of nowhere something HITS HIM ON THE HEAD and he
COLLAPSES TO THE DECK!

Dazed, he looks over at a FLYING FISH flopping around on the
deck. As he watches the helpless thing, stuck on this boat
with no way to get home, he can't help but feel a special
bond between them... Then he gets an idea.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Burt takes a bite of RAW FISH and it might be the single best
thing he has ever eaten. He sits in front of the RADIO/GPS.

Bandaged Knux is still in his chair in front of the TV. It's
a different type of porno now. This one involving PIRATES.

BURT (V.O.)
In order to get out of here, I need
to know where here is.

Burt turns to the INSTRUCTION MANUAL for the boat. It's
entirely in FRENCH.

BURT
Why couldn't you buy an American
boat?

KNUX
Frogs do it better. They've been
sailing for centuries. These guys
are probably French.

He indicates the porn-star pirates on-screen. Burt looks.

BURT
Oh yeah. They're definitely French.

Then something catches Burt's eye.

BURT
Pause it.

KNUX
Gross, son. Wait til I'm asleep.

BURT
No. Pause it. Now.

Knux pauses the tape. Burt gets to his feet and walks to it.

BURT
Go back.

Knux rewinds.

BURT
Stop. What is that?

He points to the PIRATE'S SKIFF on-screen. A very simple looking boat with shitty, cliched porno production value.

BURT
What kind of sail is that?

KNUX
Just like his old man. Looks straight past the titties to the nearest set a sails!

Knux laughs heartily. Burt plays along.

BURT
Ha ha, seriously. What is that?

KNUX
Lateen. Very simple, but hard to handle in ocean waves. Fucking movies. They never get it right.

The LATEEN is a SINGLE SAIL rigged to a SHORT MAST with a LONG YARD set at an angle. All stuff Burt has.

BURT
You know how to rig one?

KNUX
Son, I've been rigging lateens
since you were but a twinkle in my
testicle.

 BURT
Will you show me... dad?

The Captain's eyes light up. The madness has spread.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Burt and Knux reconfigure their broken materials into a workable lateen. It takes them all day, but feels good to be active. It's a fun crazy-father-fake-son bonding project.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DUSK

The makeshift lateen is built. All that's left to do is hoist sail. Burt stands by with the line. Knux is back at the helm.

 KNUX
You ready, son?

 BURT
Ready.

 KNUX
Pull her taut then.

Burt pulls the line and the sail comes down, there's a jolt as the wind takes hold and the boat pushes forward.

They CHEER! Knux looks to Burt with fatherly pride. Burt looks back with ticking time-bomb nerves.

 BURT (V.O.)
December 27th. We're moving again.
Now we just need a direction. Have
an idea, but it won't be popular.

The boat rocks from side to side and Knux actively has to control the wheel.

 BURT
Can you take first shift? I could
use a couple hours of shut-eye.

 KNUX
Of course. Get your rest, kid.
You've earned it.

He gives him a nod of approval. Burt heads downstairs.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Burt stands in front of the TV/VCR with a knife in his hand. He really has to work up the nerve for this one.

BURT
Sorry, Captain.

He unplugs the appliance and strips the PLUG down to just the wires. Using a Leatherman, he snips wires and frees the FRENCH ADAPTER from the end.

He moves to the GPS and does the same. Strips it, snips it, removes the AMERICAN ADAPTER so it's just EXPOSED WIRES.

He then takes the French plug from the TV and twists the wires to connect it to the GPS unit. When he's done he wraps the whole thing in duct tape.

Frankenstein plug in hand, he takes a deep breath and plugs into the wall. No fires, good start. Now, the moment of truth. He pauses, nervous.

BURT
Please work. Please. I want to go home. Show me the way home.

He flips the ON SWITCH...

AND THE GPS FLICKERS TO LIFE!

Burt takes a seat. The monitor runs through a SCROLL OF LOGOS AND TEXTS then finally lands on a MAP:

A SINGLE DOT amidst a VAST, BLUE SCREEN.

Just as he expected. He is in the middle of nowhere. He scrolls around for something, anything. And he finds it. An island, equally in the middle of nowhere, he looks closer.

BURT
Bermuda.

Burt writes the bearing and coordinates on his hand. He also scans through the GPS setting to get more info.

BURT
A hundred and fifty miles...

That seems like a lot.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Knux sits back at the wheel and maintains a leisurely cruise. The LCD MONITOR in front of him turns on and the MAP appears. His reaction is a rapid acceleration from surprise to anger.

 KNUX
 No... No, no, no, NO!

He jumps up and runs downstairs. The boat immediately jerks to the side--

INT. HORN HIGH YO - CONTINUOUS

Burt falls to his side as Knux busts in.

 KNUX
 What the fuck is going on?!

Burt turns around, busted. Knux surveys everything. He sees the GPS. Then he sees his mutilated TV. He turns to Burt, a full-blown rage case. Burt knows this is bad.

 BURT
 Knux, hear me out--

AHHH! Knux charges at him and TACKLES BURT TO THE GROUND. Burt hits his head and is slow to get up.

Knux jumps to his feet, grabs the GPS and rips it from the wall. He holds it high over his head...

 BURT
 No, don't do it--

And SMASHES IT ON THE GROUND! He turns to Burt, mad as hell.

 KNUX
 How could you? *They'll find us.*

 BURT
 I don't know who they are! But I want to be found! I have to get out of here, man. I have to go home!

 KNUX
 This is your home! Here with me!
 This is your home!

BURT

No it's not! Listen to me you ass-backwards son of a bitch! I'm not your son! My name is Burt Squire! My family is in Alaska! You hired me to sail with you to the Caribbean but it's been an epic parade of disasters from the second I stepped on this boat! Do you understand what I'm saying to you?! We will die out here if you don't pull your crazy fucking head out of your crazy fucking ass!

KNUX

Get out. Get out!

He kicks at Burt on the ground until he gets to his feet and crawls above deck.

KNUX

Get out! Get out! GET OUT!

Burt scrambles away. Knux begins to STOMP the broken GPS! He throws the TV! Anything that isn't bolted down gets thrown, smashed or over-turned. After his destruction melee, he stands, chest heaving, exhausted with rage.

Then something catches his attention from above.

KNUX

What?

The SPIDERWEB all over the ceiling. Knux stares up wide-eyed.

KNUX

There has to be another way. There must be...

But the invisible argument is too convincing.

KNUX

You're right. *This is home.*

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Burt sits at the wheel and bites his nails.

BURT (V.O.)

Bad, bad, bad, bad. This is so bad.

Then a smell hits him. Sniff, sniff. He looks to the cabin and his worst fears are realized: SMOKE.

He charges downstairs and is met with a bone-chilling sight:

Knux has built a FIRE IN THE SINK and has Burt's BACKPACK next to him, BURNING ALL HIS STUFF.

In his hand is BURT'S PASSPORT. He rips pages out and drops them on the GROWING FLAME.

He looks to Burt, bone-chillingly possessed.

KNUX

You left me no choice.

Burt runs and BODY-CHECKS him out of the way.

The passport falls from his hand into the fire.

The two men roll around on the ground, EXCHANGING BLOWS.

The flames grow and touch a LOOSE STRING suspended from the ceiling. It IGNITES and the fire SPREADS ACROSS THE CABIN.

Burt and Knux continue to wrestle. Burt finally gets him in a choke-hold and squeezes.

BURT

Give up?

KNUX

See you in Hell, Joaquin.

Burt TIGHTENS THE HOLD.

BURT

I am not your son!

Knux's eyes roll in the back of his head.

KNUX

Oh yeah. I forgot.
(losing consciousness)
I get so confused sometimes...

He finally passes out. Burt pushes his limp body aside and rises into the BUDDING INFERNO.

He frantically throws open every drawer and cabinet until he finds the FIRE-EXTINGUISHER. Burt blasts it as hard as it can go. Top to bottom, room to room. Burt PUTS OUT THE FLAMES.

When it's all done, he drops the extinguisher and picks up the remains of his passport: toast.

On the ground, one of Knux's eyes snaps open and quickly takes stock of things. With a guttural yell he springs to his feet and charges Burt!

Burt's eyes catch sight of the closest thing to him: the UKULELE. He grabs the tiny guitar and Barry Bonds-on-'roids swings that thing into Knux's face. It explodes into a million pieces as it levels him to the ground.

He looks at the charred disaster around him, the broken ukulele in his hand and the unconscious madman at his feet.

CUT TO BLACK:

BURT (V.O.)

Yeah... I'm pretty sure we're going to die.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Beautiful day. Nice wind. Calm water.

Burt looks like a serial-killer-hermit writing in his journal. Knux is imprisoned in his a duct tape cocoon.

KNUX

What are you scribbling over there?

BURT

Just some thoughts.

KNUX

Like a journal?

BURT

Yeah, exactly.

KNUX

Great idea. You want to remember these moments especially. Just you and the ocean... hey, how about you cut me loose? I am feeling better. Very clear-headed at the moment.

BURT

I don't think so. I can't trust you won't kill me or burn the ship down or some other horrible thing.

KNUX

Sure, I get it. But do you think you could at least scratch a little thing I got?

He moves his face around to show the itchy area. Burt sighs as he considers, and ultimately decides to take pity on him.

He walks over and begins to scratch his face. Knux reacts with orgasmic delight.

KNUX

Little lower. Little lower. There--

In a flash, Knux turns rabid and BITES at Burt's finger! Burt recoils. Knux snaps his teeth several more times then smiles wickedly at Burt, venom pumping in his system.

KNUX

You know why you're in this mess,
Squire?

BURT

Yeah. Because you're a lunatic. And
an asshole.

KNUX

No, nothing to do with me. It's
you. You're a floater. A ship
without a captain.

Burt stares back at him, hiding the sensitive area he struck.

BURT

You don't know me.

KNUX

Nothing to know. You're born. You
float. You die. Now or later,
what's the difference?

Burt shakes his head and takes a seat at the helm again. He checks his bearing on the compass and marks his progress on the NAUTICAL CHART set up in front of him. If you didn't know any better, you'd think he had done this before.

He looks back at Knux, eyes closed, completely at peace with his current situation. He mutters to himself.

KNUX

Ship without a captain...

FADE TO:

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY / NIGHT

DAYS stretch on and bleed together.

Punishing sun cooks them during the day.

Harsh cold chills them to the bone at night.

The whole time, the boat slowly floats on.

Burt MARKS PROGRESS on his chart. His concern is clear. He looks out to all horizons for something. Anything.

But there's nothing.

FADE TO:

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Knux is passed out.

Burt stares wistfully overboard as the boat silently cuts through the night. From the corner of his eye he sees a GLOW:

BIOLUMINESCENT ALGAE light up the dark water like a FIREWORK.

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Trevor sleeps next to Mel on the couch while they watch the ball drop in Times Square. Mel wipes a tear from her eye.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Wyatt is at a PARTY. A bunch of TEENAGERS drink and dance around a BONFIRE in the snow. They shoot off some FIREWORKS.

Heather waves him back to the group and the fire. He takes one last look up at the sky, past the fireworks to the STARS.

WYATT

Happy New Year, dad.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

BURT

Happy New Year, guys.

KNUX (O.S.)

Happy New Year, Squire.

The algae disappears. Knux gives Burt a weirdly warm smile and begins to hum AULD LANG SYNE.

Together they welcome the new year.

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - DAY

Trevor plays a Star Wars video game. Wyatt texts from the couch. Mel sits with Big Ricky, lost in her own concern.

The phone RINGS. Mel jumps up and hurries to it.

MEL

Hello?

Crushing disappointment.

MEL

Hi mom.

She walks the phone to the other room. Trevor looks back from his game and catches a glimpse of his mom trying not to cry.

TREVOR

Do you think Dad's okay?

WYATT

Totally.

TREVOR

You're not worried at all?

Wyatt finally looks up from his phone. His big-brother instincts kick in at the sight of Trevor upset.

WYATT

You're probably not old enough to understand this yet, but Dad is a total badass. I once saw him shoot a finishing nail through his hand and duct tape the hole like nothing happened. I watched him fix his snow-machine track with fishing line and a pair of pliers in the middle of a blizzard. He shot a moose and made jerky out of it! You remember that?

TREVOR

Yeah, it was good.

WYATT

Hell yeah, it was good. It was awesome. Badasses like him, they get into shit sometimes, but they always come back. So if you get freaked out, just remember, dad's a badass. Okay?

Trevor nods. Wyatt picks up the other controller and they start to play the video game together.

TREVOR
Total badass.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Burt, his appearance at peak haggard-ness, rummages around the cabin for anything that may be useful to him. He carries around a box of random junk he's found.

Knux speaks to him in a weird, raspy voice from off-screen.

KNUX (O.S.)
What do you think you're doing?

BURT
Looking for stuff that may help us
get out of here.

He opens a drawer and pulls out a shoehorn. What can he do with a shoehorn? Whatever, toss it in the box.

KNUX (O.S.)
Don't waste your energy. We're
dead. Just pull the plug and let's
end this misery.

BURT
Thanks for the pep talk.

Inside another drawer are some BINOCULARS. Sweet find.

KNUX (O.S.)
You're right. You need to get home.
You're too important. The grocery
store parking lot is *too snowy*.
Families are starving. It's chaos!

BURT
Alright, man, that's enough!

He spins around to face Knux-- BUT HE ISN'T THERE. Burt's alone. A look of profound concern takes over.

BURT (V.O.)
January 3rd. Nothing new to
report...

He slaps himself a couple times to stay sharp and continues to KNUX'S CABIN. He pauses as he really doesn't want to go in, but it has to happen.

As soon as he crosses in, a funky smell hits him. He ignores it and opens a drawer. Inside is a pack of FISHING HOOKS. He excitedly tosses them in the box.

Inside the next drawer is a BUNCH OF NEWSPAPER. Burt grabs at it and the newspaper unravels to reveal:

HUMAN SHIT. A bunch of it.

Burt GAGS and turns away. He SCREAMS:

BURT
Knux! Why is there poop in here!?

ABOVE DECK, Knux hears and sends the hostility right back:

KNUX
Who broke the crap rope?! Huh?!
Wasn't me! Get out of my cabin!

Burt slams the poop drawer closed and continues on. He tosses a few more random things in the box then gets to the desk.

He sees AN OLD LETTER, addressed to VERNON. After the poop incident, Burt has no more respect for privacy so he pulls out the note and reads:

BURT (V.O.)
Vernon, I'm so very sorry. I hope you know that. But I don't have a choice. You're sick. It's one thing for me to take on that burden, but I cannot force it upon our son. This last incident has made that very clear. As long as you're here, this house is not safe for us--

That's enough. As he sets it down, he sees PICTURES: A PRETTY WOMAN, A LITTLE BOY, and a YOUNGER KNUX. Smiling. Happy.

Burt experiences what he thought was impossible: a feeling other than hatred for Knux.

KNUX (O.S.)
Hey Squire!

Real or imaginary? Burt is hesitant.

KNUX (V.O.)
Stop stroking that itsy-bitsy-teenie-weenie and get the hell up here, Landlubber!

Real. He heads upstairs.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Burt emerges up top and looks to Knux.

BURT

What?

He nods up to the very top of the makeshift mass where the MASTHEAD FLY has once again come to life with the promise of incoming weather. Burt knows this part all too well.

BURT

Ah shit.

KNUX

You've got to cut me loose.

BURT

I can't do that.

KNUX

Why?

BURT

You're crazy.

Knux shrugs.

KNUX

Not all the time.

The wind continues to build. This storm is coming in fast.

KNUX

We've seen how you handle a storm by yourself, with a working boat mind you. You try to take this on alone and we're dead.

BURT

Knux, you're suicidal! You're the last person I can trust in a life or death situation!

KNUX

First off, I wasn't trying to kill myself, I was trying to kill you. Big difference there. Secondly, I told you, I feel better now.

A LIGHT RAIN begins to fall. He has to make the call.

KNUX

Listen to me, Squire. I've lost everything. Wives, jobs, sanity, hope. The only thing I've got left is what I can do at that helm and no force of nature, Poseidon, or God Almighty will take that from me. Now untie me and let's save each other's miserable lives.

BURT

I can't tell if you're making sense or if I'm going crazy.

KNUX

I know the feeling.

The chop builds and things start to get turbulent. Burt just doesn't know if he can trust him. But a look comes over Knux, a broken look, a man who has nothing left.

KNUX

Please, Squire.

Burt reaches into his box of junk and pulls out a knife. He walks over to Knux and holds it against him.

BURT

If I do this, I want your word that you won't try any of that crazy shit again.

KNUX

I swear I won't.

BURT

On Joaquin's life.

KNUX

I swear on my son's life.

BURT

I'm the Captain now.

Knux SCOFFS. Burt shrugs and steps back. It kills Knux but--

KNUX

Alright, fuck, you're Captain!
Captain Squire! Now cut me loose!

Burt smiles at the promotion. Feels good. Then he kneels down and starts to CUT THE TAPE. Knux stares past him at no one:

KNUX
I told you he'd do it.

Burt stops immediately. Knux laughs.

KNUX
That was a joke! Come on Squire,
rule number one: always have fun!

Burt shakes his head and goes back to cutting Knux free. Once he's looking away, Knux WINKS to his imaginary friend.

When the last of the tape is cut, Knux stretches out with a large groan of relief.

KNUX
Feels good to be back baby!

Knux attempts to stand but his legs give out and he crashes to the ground. Burt holds out a hand and helps him back to his feet.

KNUX
So what's the plan, Captain?

Burt walks over to his COMPASS and checks their bearing. He then checks the direction of the wind off the masthead fly. He nods as the plan starts to form.

BURT
The wind is coming off our stern,
blowing our direction. I'm done
with this floating bullshit. We're
going to use this wind to take us
all the way to Bermuda.

Knux looks at Burt like he's crazy.

KNUX
You want to try and run it off?

BURT
If run it off means what I just
said than yes.

KNUX
No way. We'll die. We need to heave
to and try to wait it out.

BURT
Sit still and get manhandled again?
Absolutely not. I've done it twice
now and that shit is awful. We're
running it off.

KNUX

The Yo can't make it like this. We don't have the steering control. If we broadside against one of these waves, we'll capsize. If we go too fast downwind, we'll pitch-pole.

BURT

What's pitch-pole?

KNUX

Ass over tits.

Burt visualizes it and he doesn't like it. His mind moves a million miles an hour. *Then it hits him.*

BURT

Gather up the ripped sail. We're going to weigh it down and tow it behind us like a parachute. That will slow us down and keep the stern from lifting.

Knux smiles in disbelief.

KNUX

You want to build a drogue. How did you come up with that?

BURT

It's in a Horatio Hornblower story.

KNUX

Who the fuck is Horatio Hornblower?

Burt is stunned.

BURT

Hornblower? The gentleman sailor? If we survive this, you need to read more. Now get to work. Time is a factor.

Knux does as he's told.

KNUX

Aye aye, Captain.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - LATER

The RAIN is really coming now and the WAVES have picked up. They've lowered sail but are still getting pushed along pretty fast.

Knux is at the wheel, fighting to keep them on course.

Burt is at the back with their HOME-MADE DROGUE: a hundred feet of line and a BALLED-UP SAIL ending with their ANCHOR.

Burt finishes securing it to either side of the stern.

They yell to each other to hear over the crashing waves.

BURT

Ready?

KNUX

Ready!

Burt lowers the anchor into the water and slowly feeds the sail and all the line into the ocean.

UNDERWATER, the anchor drags away from the boat and the ripped sail rushes through the water, but it doesn't deploy the way it's supposed to.

Burt watches the rest of the line reel out, nervous.

BURT

Did it work?

KNUX

No!

BURT

How can you tell?

UNDERWATER, the line maxes out and suddenly tugs against the anchor causing the sail to OPEN UP LIKE A PARACHUTE!

The boat JERKS BACK and Burt gets knocked off his feet.

KNUX

It worked!

Burt stands up and walks over to the wheel. Knux holds on with one hand and offers it up.

KNUX

She's all yours, Captain.

Burt looks at the waves coming their way and back to Knux.

BURT

You keep it.

KNUX

You sure?

BURT

When you got one bullet left, you
give it to your best shot.

Knux is so touched he could cry. He mumbles something that almost sounds like "I love you," but Burt can't hear him.

BURT

What?

KNUX

I said let's do it!

Burt nods and fights his way to the mast. He looks back at Knux to make sure he's ready. He gives him the go ahead.

Burt HOISTS THE SAIL and the Yo goes fucking WARP SPEED.

The WIND and RAIN are suddenly beating against them. The noise is deafening. All Burt can hear are KNUX'S EXUBERANT CACKLES. He looks back:

Knux expertly swings the wheel from side to side, keeping them in the sweet spot of the wind. He grins from ear to ear and yells out with the joy of a child. Knux is a fish returned to water, a man who has made it home.

WATER CRASHES over them and turns Burt's focus back to the storm ahead. They're coming up on a HUGE WAVE. He braces himself for impact...

But the wave doesn't break over them, instead the Yo climbs to the crest and BURSTS VICTORIOUSLY over the other side.

As they speed towards the trough, Burt howls with excitement. It's the most exhilarating experience of his life as they hurtle towards the next wave and do the same thing again and again. It's actually working!

The he sees it.

The MONSTER WAVE has returned from his nightmares.

He looks back at Knux whose own change in expression confirms this could be very bad.

KNUX

HOLD ON!

They sink into the base of the Widowmaker. The hull crashes violently against the front wall and the Yo begins its climb--

Knux SCREAMS as he fights to maintain control--

Burt holds on tighter as they go more and more vertical. He feels the force against them, slowing them down--

The peak is right there, always just out of reach--

Suddenly, it becomes clear. They're not going to make it.

 KNUX
CUT THE DROGUE!

 BURT
WHAT?!

 KNUX
CUT IT! CUT US LOOSE!

He motions to the back with his head and Burt finally understands. He squeezes his knife tightly in his hands and does his best controlled slide to the back of the boat.

The BOW STARTS TO LIFT OFF THE WATER! They're toppling backwards...

 KNUX
HURRY!

Burt saws at the line and gets one side free. He fights to the other.

THE BOW RAISES HIGHER.

 KNUX
NOW! NOW!

Burt CUTS THEM LOOSE! The drogue disappears in their wake.

The bow drops back down and they get that last boost of speed it takes to push them over the wave!

They experience a momentary pause, like being on a roller-coaster just before the drop. It's a surreal break in the action that Burt uses to claw his way up to Knux. They huddle together as they go over--

And SCREAM as the boat rips down the other side at G-force speeds, veering wildly from side to side. It's now the ass of the ship that's lifting, on the brink of a pitch-pole.

 KNUX
SQUIRE! HELP!

Knux is losing control. It's too much power. Burt grabs the other side of the wheel and together they manage to get it back under control.

The water at the bottom of the wave looks like a brick wall they're raising towards like crash test dummies.

 KNUX
 DON'T LET GO! JUST DON'T LET GO!
 WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT!

 BURT
 WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT!

They're willing it to happen at this point. Here it comes...

 BURT/KNUX
 WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT! WE'RE GOING
 TO MAKE IT! WE'RE GOING--

The Horn High Yo disappears at the base of the wave...

It feels like a lifetime passes...

THEN THE YO MIRACULOUSLY POPS UP, several hundred feet away, like it was shot out of a cannon!

The storm is less severe as soon as they're clear of the wave. The rain lets up and the waves calm.

Burt and Knux are still huddled together at the wheel, eyes squeezed shut, unsure if they're going to open them and see the afterlife.

Finally Burt peeks an eye open. He jumps up and looks around.

 BURT
 Knux! We made it!

Knux looks around and pulls Burt into a hug.

 BURT
 That is how you control a
 threesome!

 KNUX
 No, Captain. That is how you
 dominate a fucking orgy!

They laugh as the Horn High Yo charges onwards.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Trevor races his bike through the slushy-snow up to the movie theater. He hops off and walks it passed STAR WARS POSTERS on his way to the TICKET WINDOW.

He joins a LINE OF PEOPLE and grows anxious the closer he gets to the window. Before he knows it, it's his turn.

TICKET PERSON
Can I help you?

Trevor barely manages a whisper.

TREVOR
One for The Force Awakens.

TICKET PERSON
Nine fifty.

Trevor grabs a ten from his wallet and tentatively reaches it towards the window... but pulls it back at the last second.

TREVOR
I have to wait for my dad.

TICKET PERSON
What?

TREVOR
I have to wait for my dad! He's coming back!

He hops on his bike and speeds away.

TICKET PERSON
Next.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Burt and Knux sit next to EMPTY WATER JUGS and EMPTY MUSHROOM SOUP CANS. They're officially on their last legs.

KNUX
Okay, I'll ask him... Hey Captain, there's something we've been meaning to ask you.

Burt doesn't even acknowledge the crazy anymore.

BURT
Go for it.

KNUX
What do you do when the snow melts?

BURT
Run a back-hoe fixing water mains.

Knux musters whatever laugh he can.

 KNUX
Bullshit.

 BURT
Why's that funny?

 KNUX
You're telling me you plow all
winter and lay pipe all summer?
Sounds pretty good, Comrade.

Burt smiles painfully as his dry lips crack. He never thought about it like that.

 BURT
Yeah. It is pretty good.

Then Knux sees something that wakes him right up:

A SEAGULL.

 KNUX
Squire. Squire! Look!

Burt follows his gaze up then excitedly turns to the horizon:

 BURT (V.O.)
January 7th. Land ho.

BERMUDA.

EXT. BERMUDA HARBOR - DAY

The Horn High Yo limps through the harbor and comes to very relaxed stop against the dock.

Burt climbs out of the boat and immediately falls to his knees. He touches the dock like he expected a mirage then ecstatically kisses it several times in celebration.

Knux climbs out behind him and they try to walk off the dock, but their legs are weak and jelly-like so they veer drastically off course and fall over.

EXT. PORT OFFICER STATION - DAY

The two men drag themselves like sea-monsters up to a HUGE PORT OFFICER behind a desk.

Burt offers his best smile which just looks makes him look crazier. Keep in mind he still has dirty sail-pants on.

He looks at the Officer's name tag -- "BIG RED."

BURT
(raspy)
Excuse me, Big Red. Could we
trouble you for some water?

Big Red, stunned by Burt's appearance, reaches down and produces two small bottled waters. Burt and Knux drink it down, careful to get out every drop.

BURT
Thank you.

Big Red nods.

BIG RED
Passport?

They hand over Knux's normal passport and the SINGED, INDISTINGUISHABLE REMAINS OF BURT'S PASSPORT. The guard flips through a couple pages that blow away in the breeze. He raises an eyebrow to Burt.

Burt and Knux laugh like it's their little inside joke.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERMUDA DOCKS - DAY

Burt fights THREE OFFICERS who force him back to the boat.

BURT
No! Please, don't make me go back!

He FIGHTS and SQUIRMS, PUSHES and PUNCHES. He breaks free of their hold and runs. They catch up and TACKLE him to the ground. He's hysterical at this point, on the verge of tears.

BURT
I just need a phone! Please!

They pick Burt up by the arms and legs and carry him down to the dock. He yells the whole time. Knux trails behind trying to reason with them.

KNUX
Come on guys, it doesn't have to be
like this!

They get to the edge of the dock and swing Burt over the water. One, two...

KNUX

We have money! You guys like money?

The officers stop and look at each other.

BIG RED

How much?

KNUX

Squire, how much money you got?

Burt's look says it all. Knux hangs his head.

The guards throw Burt into the water!

KNUX

Nice. Real classy, guys!

Knux helps Burt out of the water and they stand up against the hulking Bermudan police. There's only one solution here...

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - DAY

Burt stands aboard the Horn High Yo and talks to Knux who's still on the dock. There's an uneasy tension between them.

BURT

You'll come back, right? You'll get help or a phone or something and you'll come right back.

KNUX

Squire, after all we've been through. Trust me.

Burt nods and watches Knux walk away. He reaches Big Red at security and hands over his passport. Before he disappears through the fence, he turns back to Burt and waves goodbye.

BURT

He'll come back. Definitely. He has to come back for his ship. Yeah. He loves this ship. He'll come back.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Burt lays flat on his back, having waited all day. He's got his ipod out and listens to an AUDIOBOOK of The Odyssey:

"...but Ulysses gave a great cry, and gathering himself together swooped down like a soaring eagle--"

The ipod cuts out. Burt looks at the screen: LOW BATT. He tosses it to the side. That's it. He can't take any more.

He looks toward the gate one last time to see if Knux is coming. He isn't. Burt seems more hurt than angry.

BURT (V.O.)

January 8th. I was an idiot to think that bat-shit dickhead would come back. Now I have a decision to make and it's the same one I've had to make everyday for three weeks.

INT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Burt wraps his journal in a PLASTIC BAG and TAPES it closed.

BURT (V.O.)

Will I die on this boat? Hell no.
In case of the worst, please return this journal to my wife, Melinna Squire of Anchorage, Alaska.

EXT. HORN HIGH YO - NIGHT

Burt looks through BINOCULARS at the Big Red on the shore.

BURT (V.O.)

Mel, I love you. Wyatt and Trevor, I love you. You guys have been the adventure of a lifetime. Yours sincerely, Captain Burt Squire.

Under the cover of night, Burt slips into the water and begins to swim. It's A COUPLE HUNDRED YARDS to get out of the port, but he has all the determination in the world.

He'll make it home or he'll die trying.

EXT. PORT OF BERMUDA - NIGHT

Off to the side of the port, where there are no lights or guards, Burt emerges from the water like a NAVY SEAL. His eyes scan the terrain before he commits to emerging.

DENSE BUSHES separate the port from a beach. That's the sweet spot. He wades in like a frog on the surface of the water.

Burt pulls himself out of the water and crawls into the bushes. He fights his way through to the other side and looks around: coast seems clear. He steps onto the road.

A FLASHLIGHT SHINES ON HIM.

He freezes. Big Red steps out of the shadows.

BIG RED

I knew you would try this. You had that look to you. That crazy look.

Burt slowly turns around to face Big Red.

BURT

You have no idea.

Burt DIVES at the cop and KNOCKS HIM TO THE GROUND.

The flashlight falls from his hand as he reaches for his gun-- Burt kicks it out of his hand into the bushes and takes off running.

The guard shines the flashlight into the bushes but can't see his gun. He then shines it out where Burt ran, but he's long gone. No choice left, he pulls out a WHISTLE and BLOWS.

EXT. STREETS OF BERMUDA - NIGHT

Burt runs as hard as he can. Behind him, the guard's whistle pierces through the night.

An ALARM then sounds from the port. Then HEADLIGHTS.

He ducks around a corner as a POLICE CAR emerges from the port and drives off in the direction he came from.

Burt frantically looks around, picks a direction and runs. He runs down a long stretch of road and rounds a corner...

He's FACE TO FACE with a COP.

He sighs and runs off in the opposite direction. The cop runs back to his car. Burt dives off the road.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Burt runs onto a golf course. It's the worst place to be. Wide open and nowhere to hide. He hears SIRENS and sprints off, frantically checking behind him.

Then the Earth swallows him and he DISAPPEARS IN THE GROUND.

AT THE BOTTOM OF A SAND BUNKER, Burt definitely hurt himself.

SPOTLIGHTS SHINE over the bunker and he lays perfectly still.

The lights turn off and he crawls out of the bunker like a swamp thing. He drags himself over to the bushes that separates two fairways and collapses.

TWO BOYS stand in the bushes right next to him, a bag of golf balls they've found between them. They look curiously at Burt and then to each other.

BURT

Do you know where the American
Consulate is?

The boys nod.

BURT

Will you take me there?

The boys look to each other again. One of them holds out a hand asking for money.

Burt rips open the duct-taped plastic bag and pulls out his wallet. He opens it, but there's no cash. He grabs the one thing he can afford to lose...

BURT

You have Starbucks here?

He holds out the STARBUCKS GIFT CARD. They shake their heads.

BURT

You can use it online. Please.

They consider.

EXT. AMERICAN CONSULATE - SUNRISE

Big Red drives past the AMERICAN CONSULATE slowly and scans the area for Squire. No sign of him. He moves on.

Burt pops out of the nearby bushes like a gopher. As quickly as he can, he hobbles to his sanctuary, having gone to Hell and back to get there.

INT. AMERICAN CONSULATE - MORNING

A SECURITY GUARD sits underneath the STARS AND STRIPES and plays a game on his phone. The front door opens.

Burt limps through the door: bruised, bloody, bearded and barefoot in home-made sail pants.

The guard rises to his feet, alarmed.

BURT

My name is Burt Squire. I am an American citizen. And I want to go home. Now.

The security guard stares at him. Then from nowhere--

Two Government agents in black suits, HALEN and HUDSON, emerge from behind him, HANDCUFF HIM and thrust his head against the desk.

HALEN

Burt Squire. You're under arrest for the crime of piracy.

Burt LAUGHS. And laughs and laughs. They lift him up and turn him. He's so fucking over it.

HUDSON

Jesus, man. What are you on?

BURT

Just give me my phone call.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Burt lays down in a holding cell by himself. It sucks, but given what he's been through, it could be a lot worse.

He hears A BEEPING from the other side of the wall. It's a beep he knows all too well. Sure enough it is silenced quick.

BURT

Knux?

Yep. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, in a holding cell that mirrors his own, is Captain Vernon J. Knux, FRESH CUTS and BRUISES all over his face. Someone kicked his ass.

KNUX

Hey Squire.

Next to Knux is a SINGLE PILL and a GLASS OF WATER. He takes the pill and swallows it. Upon closer inspection, he's lost the twinkle in his eye and seems older, wearier, like he's crashed hard back to Earth.

KNUX

I tried to come back for you. Got the shit beat out of me, but I tried, man. I hope you believe me.

Burt is too exhausted to care or get mad.

BURT

You turned me into a pirate.

KNUX

Doesn't sound so bad when you say it like that.

BURT

Whose boat was it?

KNUX

Just some rich guy.

It's still hard for Burt to believe.

BURT

Was any of it true?

KNUX

Your guess is as good as mine.

Burt can hear the change in his voice. This is not the guy he spent three weeks on the boat with. He barely recognizes him.

KNUX

Listen, Squire, I'm really sorry about all this. I uh... I'm unwell. Been that way for a long time.

Knux gets choked up. Burt hears it in his voice.

KNUX

I told them everything. You'll be back to your family soon. I hope that uh... that you can forgive me. Sometimes it's ugly, but I'm not a bad guy.

The DOOR UNLOCKS at the end of the hall. Halen walks up to Burt's cell and opens it up.

HALEN

Squire. Phone call. It's your wife.

On his way out of the cell, Burt pauses and thinks about the man next to him.

BURT
Thanks for the story, Captain.

Knux lifts his head with a faint, appreciative smile.

INT. PHONE ROOM - DAY

Burt walks into the room and takes a seat next to the phone.
He picks it up:

BURT
Mel?

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - DAY

Mel is huddled over the phone, tears of joy in her eyes.

MEL
Hey Squire.

They laugh, happy and relieved.

MEL
Come home now.

BURT
On my way, babes. I am on my way.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Burt sits on a plane as it takes off. He's showered, shaved and wears the only clothes they could give him at the consulate: an I HEART BERMUDA T-SHIRT and NEON SWIM TRUNKS.

He looks out the window:

Down below, getting smaller by the second, is Bermuda. The golf courses, the beaches, the harbor...

AND A BOAT, miraculously still afloat.

INT. TED STEVENS AIRPORT - NIGHT

Burt, dressed like he's been on the best vacation ever, emerges from the terminal amongst dozens of people.

Mel, Trevor, Wyatt, and Heather await him under "WELCOME HOME" banner. They rush to him as soon as they see him.

Mel kisses him over and over again.

Trevor hugs him around the waist really tight.

TREVOR
Wyatt said you'd come back. He said
badasses always come back.

Burt looks to Wyatt.

BURT
I'm a badass?

Wyatt gives him a little nod.

WYATT
Kind of a badass.

Burt laughs and pulls Wyatt into a hug. Heather then joins
in, BAWLING HER EYES OUT.

HEATHER
Oh Burt!

Burt hugs Heather with surprising affection.

BURT
I know, Heather. I know.

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Burt walks into his house with his family. Big Ricky the dog
runs to the door and immediately rears up for a high-five.
Burt high-fives his dog and suddenly breaks down in tears.

It's over. He's home.

FADE OUT.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The STAR WARS THEME blasts in the theater. Burt kisses Mel on
the cheek, passes the popcorn to Wyatt and Heather, then puts
his arm around a very excited Trevor.

BURT (V.O.)
January 11th. Finally saw Star Wars
today. So glad I didn't die at sea.

In a room full of smiles, Burt's is by far the biggest.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The family leaves the theater riding high. Burt, Mel and Trevor head towards the truck.

TREVOR

Dad, there's something I still don't get.

BURT

What's that, Trev?

TREVOR

Why did Captain Knux lie about all that stuff?

Burt definitely thought that was going to be Star Wars related. He does his best to answer.

BURT

Well, uh... I guess the best answer is he didn't really know he was lying. He wasn't trying to trick me or anything bad. He was just sick.

TREVOR

But how could he not know he was lying?

Burt's at a loss and looks to Mel for help.

MEL

Sometimes people get confused honey. And they need medicine to help them. But if they don't take their medicine the confusion gets worse and worse until they can't remember what's real. This man thought the boat was his, but it wasn't. He thought your dad was out to get him, but he wasn't. He thought his son was in the Caribbean, but he lives up here.

Burt nods along with what she says, right up to there--

BURT

Wait, who lives up here?

MEL

Joaquin. Lived here his whole life.

Burt falls behind. If Star Wars hadn't completely blown his mind, this information certainly did.

INT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - BURT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Burt lays awake in bed while Mel sleeps with her head on his chest. It's perfect but he's got no shot at falling asleep.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Burt drives up to a modest home and hops out of the plow. Feeling real weird, he walks up and RINGS THE BELL.

JOAQUIN, roughly Burt's age, opens the door. The resemblance between him and Knux takes Burt's breath away.

JOAQUIN

I plow my own driveway thanks.

BURT

Right, no, that's not actually why I'm here... Joaquin?

The name completely throws Joaquin off.

JOAQUIN

I go by Joe.

BURT

Right. I don't mean to bother you, Joe, but I'm a... friend, I guess, of your dad's.

Joaquin shows zero emotion.

JOAQUIN

I'm sorry to hear that.

BURT

Ha. Yeah. I'm sure you have all kinds of stuff with him, and God knows you're right about it all, but if you have a sec, I got a story I think you should hear.

Joaquin considers.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Knux lays on his bed, alone in his cell.

The DOOR UNLOCKS at the end of the hall and Halen walks in.

HALEN

Knux. Phone call. It's your son.

Knux sits up, bewildered. Of all the things that could have happened, he was not expecting that.

EXT. SQUIRE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The garage door opens to reveal Captain Burt Squire, ready for the world and his next adventure.

BURT (V.O.)
People keep asking me if I ever
heard from Knux again.

He hops in his truck and fires it up.

BURT (V.O.)
Of course I did. Like a week later.
Then a few days after that. There's
no escaping the crazy bastard.

INT. BURT'S PLOW - NIGHT

Burt has his old plane ticket in his hands... and finally rips it up. He pulls out of the garage and starts to plow.

His PHONE RINGS over the speakers: UNKNOWN NUMBER. Burt cautiously answers:

BURT
Hello?

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
Hank? That you?

BURT
Knux?

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
Yeah it's me! How the hell have you
been you salty old turd?

BURT
Knux, this isn't Hank. It's Squire.

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
Squire? What the hell have you got
Hank's phone for?

BURT
This isn't Hank's phone, man! You
called me!

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
Oh son of a bitch, confused my numbers. Just as well, I was calling Hank to get your number.

BURT
Why?

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
The guy dropped the charges!

BURT
Bullshit.

KNUX (SPEAKERPHONE)
I swear it! One condition: I pay for repairs and deliver the boat to Sarasota. Actually deliver it this time. I managed to trade all that anti-freeze to Big Red, really neat guy by the way, and he hooked me up with some boys who're doing a bang up job. The Yo is looking Born-again-virgin-cherry, Kimosabe. She's beautiful! *All she needs is a Captain...*

Burt smiles at the proposition. *Is he for real?*

THE END.

DECEMBER 11 2014 - RECEIVED A
PHONE CALL SAYING I HAD WON A TRIP
TO THE CARIBBEAN, DID NOT BELIEVE IT -
HUNG UP. THE MAN CALLED RIGHT BACK
AND SAID "DONT HANG UP" - HE INTRO-
DUCED HIMSELF AS HENRY MOX. HE
KNOWS VERN, MY BOSSES BROTHER. HE
SAID I COULD COME TO RHODE ISLAND
AND THEN SAIL WITH HIM TO THE
CARIBBEAN - "THIS IS A DREAM COME TRUE."

- the first entry in Burt Squire's journal from sea.