

FADE IN:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA-SUNSET

A resplendent sunset paints the horizon, silhouetting a YOUNG MAN fishing off the bow of a sailboat. He is alone, at ease, drinking a beer as he waits for a bite. His silhouette bounces over the horizon with every wave that curls beneath the boat.

CUT
TO:

INT. BEDROOM-SUNSET

In a different part of the world, an OLD MAN lays dying in his bed. He, too, is alone. Beside his bed stands an I.V. unit that plugs into his arm; on the bedside table is a phone, a heart rate monitor, and a PHOTO of the sailboat out at sea.

Soon, the BEEPING of the heart monitor drowns away under the soothing passage of WAVES he hears in his mind. A smile starts to surface and the old man suddenly appears alive again...

HIS POV: just beyond his bare feet at the end of the bed, the CARIBBEAN SEA stretches far and wide into the horizon.

The old man SIGHS as a tear wells in his eye...

Push in on his cheek as the TEAR slides past... His skin appears umber and grainy now in this CLOSE UP. In a moment, the sound of the WAVES becomes louder and a flush of sea water WASHES OVER the frame. *Pulling back*, this surface has become the shoreline of a distant island and the tide perpetuates a gentle welcome...

EXT. ISLAND-DAY

Two suntanned feet step *into frame* and sink into the wet sand. Crawling up the rest of this flaxen physique, our *camera* reveals the face of PERCY GRAHAM. 30-years-old, blonde and handsome, a slight veil of melancholy overcasting his sun-kissed features. He scans the island.

This is not the tropical paradise one might find on a post card. A handful of hurricane-damaged palm trees, ruptured bungalows, and a shipwrecked vessel are the only welcome Percy has. He takes in the tropical air and smiles. He turns back toward the sea...

HIS POV: about a hundred feet out, the Seaward 32RK bobs along the breath of the sea, it's sails tied down.

Percy turns back to the sand and staggers forward onto the island. He finds a shady spot just below a coconut tree and falls onto his back, heaving a sigh of relief.

Percy lays in the sand, exhausted. It's a serene moment--

A coconut FALLS from the tree and hits him right square in the nuts! He clutches himself and rolls away the pain.

CUT
TO:

(Jimmy Buffet's "Wonder Why We Ever Go Home" accompanies the opening credits...)

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

Percy steers his sailboat on a patient course toward a nearby HARBOR TOWN. He adjust his crotch, wincing from the coconut wound. He takes a sip off his beer to ease to the pain.

CUT
TO:

EXT. HARBOR-LATER

Some LOCALS assist Percy as he fumbles with his docking skills. After they are able to wrangle his sailboat, Percy tips them handsomely and scurries out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK-DAY

Percy saunters into the bright quarters of the bank, offers his casual "hellos" to a number of familiar faces and finds an open TELLER awaiting him with a smile. CARLY is emblazoned on her name plate and she is a fetching young American.

CARLY

Good morning, Mr. Graham. Back so soon?

PERCY

I am. Glad to see me?

CARLY

Of course. How much today?

PERCY

The standard.

CARLY

Must be having a good time out there,
huh?

Percy smiles, guilty.

CARLY

Did you make it back to Curacao?

PERCY

Haven't had the time.

CARLY

Haven't had the time? Who are you
kidding?

(laughs)

Whenever you find the time... bring
me somethin' back, will you, pretty
please...? I've never been there,
but everything I've read about it and
seen in pictures -- I'm in love.

PERCY

You don't have to ask "pretty
please." With you, it's already
there.

CARLY

You're too sweet, Mr. Graham.

PERCY

Please, please, pretty please, call
me Percy. Mr Graham reminds me of
someone I most certainly am not.

Carly gathers Percy's allowance. She finds his eyes again,
counts out his cash -- a stack of \$50's -- and flashes a
smile...

CARLY

Well, Percy...

PERCY

Better. Thank you.

CARLY

Anything else for you today?

Carly looks at Percy with all the obvious implications.

A beat.

PERCY

No, thanks.
(gathers his
pittance)
This is all I need.

Carly's aspiring smile is replaced by her standard all-business simper.

Percy turns away...

PERCY
I'll see you soon.
(taps his pocket)
Very soon, probably.

Carly watches him go, then looks over to the next person in line and waves them over.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BOAT-DAY

Percy's sailboat coasts along the ocean. A beautiful day out at sea.

He relaxes beneath the clew, writing in his Captain's Log. He flips the page to complete his entry and comes to the end of the journal. Percy tucks the pencil into the last page and closes it.

He sets his eyes out on the sea.

CUT
TO:

INT. OCEAN-DAY

Percy snorkels for hidden treasures amid schools of tropical fish. He gathers his findings in a small net as he glides from reef to reef.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT-LATER

Again, Percy's docking savvy causes a scare along the pier. More LOCALS scramble to tie the boat, narrowly escaping a disaster.

Percy steps onto the dock, blushing. He offers them all a gracious tip and a few jugs of rum before heading up the planks toward a mainland SUPPLY SHOP. As he makes his way, other BOATERS and DECK HANDS recognize Percy and all shout

their trademark salutations.

INT. SUPPLY SHOP--MOMENTS LATER

Percy steps in, zips through the aisles snagging a few select items (pens, pencils, fishing line, lures, limes, a six-pack), fumbling with each one as he goes, until finally making it up to the check-out counter where the owner, MR. MOKOMO, waits with a grin...

MOKOMO

Ah, Percy, welcome! I see you coming--

Mokomo holds 2 new Captain's Logs and hands them off to Percy in exchange for a wad of cash.

PERCY

A pleasure, Mr. Mokomo.

And just like that, the routine is completed and Percy is on his way...

EXT. DOCK--CONTINUOUS

Back down the planks he goes where the DOCK BOYS have the sailboat ready to cast off. They ALL wave good-bye as Percy takes command of the boat, steering back out into the harbor.

LOCAL BOY

(subtitled)

Jackass.

EXT. BOAT--CONTINUOUS

Percy steps away from the wheel, dumps his new beer into an awaiting cooler and keeps one for himself.

He cracks off the top and drops the cap into a collection of others in a fish bowl by his feet.

He stands back behind the wheel, takes a long sip of his beer and heaves an exhale into the air.

Percy drains his beer and goes for the wings: he works expertly, hoisting the sails, fastening the ropes, catching the wind. He cuts the engine and the boat picks up speed as the ocean opens her arms... and for the first time the NAME of Percy's vessel is unveiled from the rear: "PARIAH."

(Jimmy Buffett's song FADES with the credits...)

EXT. BEACH-DAY

POV: The burning SUN swings to and fro across the frame of a cloudless blue sky.

Percy swings in a hammock, staring up at the sun as he slowly stirs back into consciousness. He rubs his eyes, scratches his balls, turns onto his side and puts his feet in the sand--

He turns back to see the old man, MR. CASHMILLION, behind him -- PEEING ON A COCONUT TREE with a DRINK in his other hand...

PERCY

Jesus...

CASHMILLION

Hey, long time no pee.

(exhales)

Another beautiful fucking day, isn't it?

(shakes)

Boy, I gotta tell you... You made Ted Kennedy look like a social drinker last night.

PERCY

Mornin'.

CASHMILLION

Afternoon. What got into you?

PERCY

About four gallons of Sailor Jerry.

CASHMILLION

Well... you look fantastic!

Percy laughs through his hangover and rubs his face...

PERCY

That bad, huh? Perhaps I need a drink.

Mr. Cashmillion zips up and steps over to Percy as he drains his highball...

CASHMILLION

You need a fuckin' bath. Go see if Sir Matthew will let you use the shower in the Lounge. It's in the back where he keeps the tricycle with

the dildo seat--

PERCY

I know where it is. I'm pretty sure
I took a dump in there last night
before I wandered out here.

CASHMILLION

Lovely.

Mr. Cashmillion goes to drink, forgetting his glass is empty. He frowns. Well into his 70's, Cashmillion personifies cool in a Tommy Bahama button-down, white linen slacks, flip-flops and his trademark Captain's Hat.

CASHMILLION

Come on, kid. Let's get a drinkie.
Make you feel better.

PERCY

I'd love to, Mr. Cashmillion, but I
need to drift into the mainland,
ASAP.

CASHMILLION

Collect your pittance?

PERCY

Yep.

CASHMILLION

Christ, already?

PERCY

Been a long week.

CASHMILLION

You were just there on Tuesday.

Percy takes a moment to think...

PERCY

What day is it?

CASHMILLION

Fuckin' Thursday.

PERCY

No shit?

Mr. Cashmillion swirls the ice cubes in his glass and starts leaning up the beach, motioning with his head...

PERCY

Really, I need to drift. I'll be
back in a couple days.

CASHMILLION

You sure?

Percy stands out of the hammock and nearly crumbles under
the weight of his hangover. He looks back to Cashmillion,
who swirls his ice cubes even louder now.

PERCY

Maybe just a splash.

CASHMILLION

Atta' girl. I'm buyin'.

And with that, Percy follows Mr. Cashmillion up the beach...

They make their way toward a LARGE TIKI LOUNGE in the
distance. *Push in* on the hand-made sign hanging above the
door: "*The Prophet's Lounge.*"

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-LATER

This tropical bedlam is a Jimmy Buffett reverie come to
life, replete with bamboo stools, banana leaf fans, indoor
palm trees, a broken clock, a jukebox, blenders and salted
margaritas. The unmitigated serenity of an uncharted island
sanctuary.

Percy is up at the bar with a gaggle of REGULARS. By his
side is Mr. Cashmillion. They both have an obvious buzz
tied on as they drink and chit chat...

PERCY

So what, so what, am I just supposed
to give in and buy that asshole a
cocktail?

CASHMILLION

I think it's come to that, yes.

Percy looks over Cashmillion's shoulder and sees ROGER
BIRDSEX, 60, sitting across the bar with a striking glare.
He gives Percy THE FINGER.

PERCY

Come on, Birdsex! You can't still be
mad at me. She was fair game! You
blew it. You totally blew it!

BIRDSEX

Yeah, well, you can blow me.

(goes to drink)

Douche bag.

Birdsex, a gaunt fellow with a deep baritone, looks away and preys on his vodka-grapefruit. He is a handsome old fart with a thick pair of bifocals and a perma-tan.

Percy turns back to Cashmillion...

PERCY

Hey, ya see, I tried. He's still mad. He's always mad at me--

CASHMILLION

You didn't try hard enough.

PERCY

He's being a dick! Guy holds a grudge, what am I supposed to do?

CASHMILLION

Kid, you remember the first day your sorry ass washed up in here...? You came in all fat and feeble and feelin' sorry for yourself. You had a beard and a belly on you made you look like a real pathetic tree-huggin' pussy -- you remember? And when you came putzin' through here, no one wanted to buy you a drink because you brought the whole place down, all full of your runaway melancholy--

PERCY

I didn't run away--

CASHMILLION (CONT'D)

--And you hated yourself, and you hated your father and your family and whatever nobody still cares about, and you sat around here drinking happiness back into your system only because that skinny, annoying bastard over there took you under his wing and bought you your very first drink in here.

(goes to drink)

Am I wrong?

PERCY

No.

CASHMILLION

Rhetorical, Percy. Now go say you're sorry, mean it, and buy that asshole a cocktail so we can all get back to our normal routine of drinking ourselves interesting, mmkay?

PERCY

I still say she was anybody's catch. Nothing you'd mount on your wall, but... totally worth a poke.

From across the bar...

BIRDSEX

She was a gamey siren with a body like a Stradivarius!

PERCY

More like a Sagittarius.

A few REGULARS laugh, fueling Birdsex's fire.

CASHMILLION

Percy, you know what the worst part is about getting to be our age...? You have to start fucking grandmothers. Soon Birdsex's gonna be as old as me and he won't have any chances with some of the young fins that wash up here from time to time. Let him reel one in once in a while, you get me?

Percy relents. He takes a deep breath and looks back over at Birdsex...

PERCY

Birdsex? Birdie...? Pumpkin...?

Birdsex won't look at him. Percy notices this and gets up, moving in on his older friend with a jocular advance...

PERCY

Would a fresh vodka-grapefruit make you feel better?

BIRDSEX

A double vodka-grapefruit might.

Percy sidles up next to Birdsex and throws an arm around him...

PERCY

A double, huh?

Birdsex works his cocktail, pretending to stare off at something out the window.

PERCY

Tell you what, dickhead. One double vodka-grapefruit and a shot of Jerry and whatta' you say we put this whole ugly thing behind us...? Deal?

BIRDSEX

A shot of Jerry, really...? You'd do that for me?

PERCY

Hey, Birdsex, you did it for me, remember? Mr. Cashmillion's right, as always. Six years ago when I first walked in here and didn't know anybody or anything other than that I hated my sorry ass self... you stepped up and bought me my very first cocktail and introduced me to every cad in here in the Lounge. I owe you at least that much.

BIRDSEX

You know what, Percy? You're right, for once.

(finishes his drink)

A double and a shot it is.

PERCY

Sir Matthew!

SIR MATTHEW, the grandiose English bartender, steps up from his side of the bar. He huffs some steam into an empty snifter and wipes it clean, resetting it into its place. He slings the bar towel over his shoulder, CRACKS HIS KNUCKLES and leans in with his trademark simper...

SIR MATTHEW

Did I hear that right, Percy? A Nick Nolte and a shot of Jerry for you and Don Juan here?

PERCY

Indeed. And a shot for Mr.
Cashmillion over there.

Cashmillion raises his glass from across the bar.

PERCY

Hell, buy the entire bar a shot.

The REGULARS all chime in with a hardy APPLAUSE as Sir Matthew reaches for the top shelf bottle of Sailor Jerry. In a matter of seconds, the seasoned bartender pours and delivers the shots.

SIR MATTHEW

Rum up, fellas!

Everyone in the Lounge raises their glass--

PERCY

A pleasure to be in your company, gentlemen. This one's for Birdsex here. If it weren't for his kindness and compassion six years ago, I may have just turned right around, swam back out to my boat and kept sailing until I disappeared completely.

A REGULAR chimes in...

REGULAR

Damn you, Birdsex!

PERCY

(toasts Birdsex)

I thank you, Birdie. Up the field.

They all drink.

Percy and Birdsex push their empty glasses to the edge of the bar where Sir Matthew is quick to retain them. They stare at one another with the same alcohol-strained expression...

BIRDSEX

Mother's milk.

PERCY

Yeah, that's the stuff. Nothing like the taste of distilled sin to wash away the aspirations of one's good will.

BIRDSEX

Well, I certainly feel better about

this whole thing.

PERCY

Yeah, well, expensive booze mends all wounds. Whatta' you say we keep drinkin', round up some sirens, and you can watch me take yet another ripe youngin' right out from under you?

(laughs)

Birdsex does not laugh. In fact, his momentary ebullience evaporates entirely. He SLUGS Percy, knocking him out cold.

Nobody bats an eye.

CUT
TO:

EXT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-NIGHT

The sun has just set and the sky above the Prophet's Lounge glows with reds and purples. From inside the Lounge we can hear Three Dog Night's "*Shambala*" blaring off the jukebox.

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-CONTINUOUS

Percy - a fresh shiner coating his eye - and Birdsex dance arm-in-arm in the center of the bar. They are beyond drunk, as is everyone else in the Lounge. Still, the booze flows, the music blares, the Regulars all dance and the tide calls and answers just outside.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

Pariah drifts along the current. Percy, again, sits below the clew writing in his Captain's Log. He stops for a moment to acknowledge a team of DOLPHINS playing nearby. He smiles as a memory washes over him...

EXT. OCEAN-FLASHBACK

Many, many years ago, Percy sits in his FATHER'S lap as they drift along the sea in a smaller sailboat. His young siblings, JEREMY and KELSEY, each have a fishing rod of their own and are doing just fine. Dad shakes his head as he watches Percy blunder through the process of baiting his hook. Distraught by his ineptitude, Percy lets out a SHRIEK when the hook pierces his finger.

FATHER

You're making this a lot harder than
it is, Percy.

His father swipes the rod and finishes the job himself as
Percy sucks his finger.

FATHER

Christ, even Kelsey can do this--

Kelsey and Jeremy share a laugh at Percy's expense and it
prompts a frown on their brother's face that could melt the
screen.

Dad fixes the problem, tosses the line out over the side and
hands the rod back to Percy...

FATHER

Can you at least just hold it?

Percy is on the verge of tears as he takes the line.

In a moment, a team of DOLPHIN surface near the boat and put
on quite a show. All the kids flock to the side. Percy's
father steers the boat closer and young Percy is wide-eyed
as they approach. He reaches out toward the water to try
and touch one -- his Father catches his arm and pulls it
back...

FATHER

No, Percy! You can't touch them!
Just let them be, let them play.

Percy frowns as he recoils his arm. He watches the DOLPHIN,
just a few feet away.

PERCY (AGE 7)

Why, Dad? They came up to us...

FATHER

Wrong again, son. This is their
territory. They don't need our
approval, boy. You'll scare them
away. You'll ruin this moment if you
try and interfere. Just let them be.
Just watch.

One DOLPHIN swims up close to the boat and Percy cannot
resist but to reach out -- he FALLS INTO THE WATER! The
dolphin scramble, disappearing beneath the ocean.

Percy's father lifts him from the water and drops him back
into the boat...

FATHER

Dammit, Percy! Why? You scared
them! I told you, don't touch!

Percy's wet face flashes red and he is crying...

PERCY
(sobbing)
I didn't mean to fall in--

JEREMY
You ruined it, Percy.

KELSEY
Yeah, way to go, Pressy!

Percy eyes his siblings with a bottled fury.

FATHER
Next time just sit back and watch.
You're better at that. Arrright,
we're heading back. It's late.

PERCY
I'm sorry--

FATHER
Don't be sorry, son, just be better.

His Father's attention is now strictly on steering the boat.

Jeremy and Kelsey hide their laughter and turn back to their
rods. Percy stays by the port, watching the water as one of
his tears makes a splash--

EXT. OCEAN-PRESENT

Percy holds that same wounded stare out into the ocean as
the last DOLPHIN goes under... and disappears. He turns
away from the ocean and starts writing again.

CUT
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-SUNSET

Percy sets his sights on Kontiki Beach, Curacao as he guides
Pariah toward its coast.

CUT
TO:

EXT. MONA LISA CAFE-NIGHT

In this popular pub, Percy has caught the eye of a local

WOMAN in a bright red blouse across the bar. He is very drunk, she is very willing. They meet halfway and the opera begins...

CUT
TO:

EXT. VILLA-NIGHT

Just outside this tiny villa is a window. In a moment, Percy emerges ass-first, hanging his feet over the side. He drops to the ground outside and starts to dress himself -- he puts his pants on backwards and slips into the bright red blouse. Oblivious, he takes off down the road.

CUT
TO:

EXT. KONTIKI BEACH-DAY

Percy strolls down the main drag of this festive beach community with a cocktail in his hand. He's tied on a good one by this point and he blends into the essence of this coastal village with ease.

Soon, his daiquiri-infused steps bring him to the foot of a Jewelry shop. He stares a moment - letting his eyes regain focus - and finally goes inside.

CUT
TO:

INT. BOAT-NIGHT

Percy relaxes in his bunk below deck. He lay on his back, wide awake, staring up at the MOON through the hatch window. In a moment, he reaches under his bunk and pulls up a pair of BIKINI BOTTOMS. He holds them a while, lost in a memory. He surrenders the suit back beneath the bunk and looks up...

Percy stares, unflinching. Aside from the sound of the waves below him, the silence is deafening...--

CUT
TO:

EXT. HARBOR TOWN-DAY

The *Pariah* is making its way back toward the mainland.

CUT
TO:

INT. BANK-LATER

Percy returns, offers his greetings, and steps up to Carly's window...

CARLY

Good morning, Percy. Long time no see.

PERCY

Trying to be thrifty, you know.

CARLY

Any souvenirs?

Percy smiles as he stabs into his pocket. He fumbles with the NECKLACE, then dangles it above the counter. Carly is all smiles...

PERCY

Do you like it?

CARLY

I love it!

Carly takes it from Percy and studies the unique jewels...

CARLY

What are these?

PERCY

They are yours. It's from Curacao. I thought the colors went well with your... well, with you.

Carly blushes as they cross eyes.

CARLY

I can't believe it. Here I was, being a complete smart ass, and you actually brought me something! An expensive something!

PERCY

Nah, you're worth every penny. Besides, how often have I been coming in here asking you to hand over wads of my father's money without ever once offering to spend some of it on you?

CARLY

Six years sound about right?

Percy is taken aback. Now *he's* blushing.

PERCY

Six years. Yeah, wow.

A beat.

CARLY

I love it, Percy. Thank you, really.
I don't know what else to say.

PERCY

Well, you're still on the clock, so
don't say anything that'll violate
the teller-customer relationship.

She laughs. He smiles. ...But his charm turns to awkwardness as he still can't close the deal. Carly tries for something -- but relents. She sets the necklace down and starts tapping on her keyboard...

CARLY

So, you, uh... the standard then?

PERCY

Time to refuel, yeah. Imagine that.
I think I'm gonna be doing some heavy
traveling... fall south for a
while...

CARLY

Oh yeah? Gonna be gone a while, huh?

PERCY

Um... I think so. Not forever.
Just need to get away to get away. I
have some friends all over the maps
down there, so... probably sail
around for a few weeks or so, play
catch up.

CARLY

I see.

(checks her screen)

Looks like you've got a file to pick
up. I'll be right back, Mr. Graham.

PERCY

Please, call me Per--

But she has stepped away. Percy stands alone at the window, shaking his head. He looks at the NECKLACE left on the counter and studies it--

CUT

TO:

INT. BOAT-NIGHT

--Percy, still wide awake, stares up at the moon from his bunk. Complete solitude.

CUT

TO:

INT. BANK-CONTINUOUS

Carly returns with an ENVELOPE...

CARLY

A little something extra this time?

PERCY

What's this?

HIS POV: the envelope reads "*Percy Graham, URGENT.*"

CARLY

Not sure. That was in the file with your account information.

Percy peels open the envelope and removes a LETTER. He starts to read--

CUT

TO:

EXT. ISLAND-DAY

Percy sits on the shore of a distant island. No one else for miles and miles. His empty stare is lost somewhere on the horizon.

MATCH
DISSOLVE:

EXT. ISLAND-NIGHT

Percy has not moved. The tide smacks his feet now. Still, he stares out at the world with a pair of exiled eyes.

CUT

TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-DAY

Percy is belly-up with a stiff cocktail, DRUNKER than usual. Beside him is Birdsex, also a tad on the sloshy side. Sir Matthew stands across the plank reading the LETTER to himself.

BIRDSEX

So... you gonna go back?

PERCY

(a beat)

I can't go back there.

BIRDSEX

You can. But you won't.

PERCY

No. I won't.

Sir Matthew lays the letter back on the bar and refills Birdsex's glass...

SIR MATTHEW

Don't you think it's time you build a bridge, Percy, and just go do what you have to do? Pardon my sense of reality, but this sounds like just a brief visit.

PERCY

Oh, that's optimism for you. A brief visit?! We can't just conclude this'll be a brief visit! Yeah, the old bastard's finally dying, but that doesn't mean he'll die right when I get there. Good luck!

BIRDSEX

(counting money)

Care to make it interesting?

Birdsex and Sir Matthew share a laugh. Percy laughs at first, then stops himself with a drink...

PERCY

I'm serious. I am done with that loveless sonofabitch and I am done with mainland middle America. Fuck 'em. Fuck 'em in the butt with a broken oar. I don't like them, they don't like me, and I-don't-like-them. Ta-daa!

Percy's punctuating gesture KNOCKS OVER his cocktail. Sir Matthew is quick to catch the spill. Feels routine.

PERCY

Sir Matthew, how 'bout another cocktail for myself and for my fellow

prophets here, huh? I gotta race
like a piss horse.

Percy stands and dips into the Men's Room behind him.

Sir Matthew and Birdsex share a look as he refills Percy's glass -- only this time with just Coke, garnishing it with a lime.

SIR MATTHEW

Think he'll have any clue?

BIRDSEX

Are you kidding? That kid's so shit-
faced he's prob'ly got a hold of
someone else's dick in there.

INT. MEN'S ROOM--CONTINUOUS

Percy finishes his business and goes to stand at the sink. This is quite a prestigious Men's Room for such a modest waterfront speakeasy. The "graffiti on the walls surrounding him are BLURRED for now.

Percy studies his reflection in the mirror...--

CUT
TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM--FLASHBACK

6 years ago. Percy, then a bit chubbier and hiding under a thick beard, stares at his pathetic reflection in the mirror. (The walls, still, are BLURRED...) He moves away from the mirror and steps back out into the Lounge...

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE--CONTINUOUS

...Percy is a new face amidst this unfamiliar crowd. He tunnels through the Regulars and alienates himself in a far corner of Sir Matthew's bar. Percy recognizes the REGULARS taking note of his arrival, yet steers clear and flags down the bartender--

PERCY

What's the soup of the day?

SIR MATTHEW

Heineken.

PERCY

Two, please. And a funnel.

Sir Matthew steps away to fetch Percy's order.

Across the bar, Birdsex and Mr. Cashmillion are debating the new arrival's disposition...

BIRDSEX

What do you think? Lost or just a transient?

CASHMILLION

Looks like one of those Green Peace assholes washed up for a lecture. I hope he chokes on his compassion.

(drinks)

Fuckin' feather-tooth.

An old black man, BENNY THE MAYOR - we know this because it's embroidered on his shirt - peeks into the conversation...

BENNY

I'd thought the same thing, but check out the sails he blew in on--

(points out the window)

Birdsex and Cashmillion follow Benny's finger to the awesome 32RK SAILBOAT bobbing in the sea outside.

CASHMILLION

(whistles)

I stand corrected.

BIRDSEX

Nice vessel.

They admire the boat a moment longer, then Birdsex turns back to watch Percy preying on his beer in the corner.

BIRDSEX

I'm gonna dip my toes in, see what this hippy's all about.

CASHMILLION

You do that. Buy him a cocktail, grab his ass, give him a haircut.

(drinks)

Be here if you need me.

Birdsex takes his cocktail and ambles over to greet Percy for the first time...

BIRDSEX

Ahoy, sailor. Name's Birdsex--

Percy almost spits some of his drink.

BIRDSEX

Where'd you blow in from?

Percy wipes his mouth and turns to Birdsex...

PERCY

Hi. Percy.

(they shake hands)

I, uh, just came ashore for a couple drinks. Been a few days out there.

BIRDSEX

A few days? Shit. You'll need something stronger than beer, kid.

Birdsex flags down Sir Matthew...

BIRDSEX

Sir Matthew, while you're up, pour this castaway a real drink, would you? And get us both a dash of the good stuff, while you're up.

SIR MATTHEW

I can do that.

BIRDSEX

Noticed your vessel out there on the water. She's a beauty. Just you out there?

PERCY

Just me anywhere.

BIRDSEX

You a stray?

PERCY

Something like that. You own this place?

BIRDSEX

Nope. Just a valued customer.

Across the bar we can hear Cashmillion LAUGH. Birdsex hears this and gives them THE FINGER behind his back.

CASHMILLION

(calling out)

Don't believe a word he says, kid.

That pervert's wanted on five beaches

for assault with a flaccid weapon.

The entire bar ERUPTS IN LAUGHTER.

Finally, Percy lets his guard down and shows a smile.

Birdsex cannot help but to laugh. He turns back to Percy, shrugs, and hands him his new cocktail...

BIRDSEX

Here, drink that.

(pushes his beer
away)

Rum is the anesthesia through which
we endure the pain of life. Drink
up.

Percy accepts the cocktail and helps himself. He likes it.

PERCY

Delicious. Thank you, Birdsex.

Sir Matthew returns with their shots...

SIR MATTHEW

And this, my friend, is what causes
the pain of life.

He sets the Sailor Jerry in front of them and waits with a smile for them to imbibe.

Birdsex hands Percy his shot glass, takes one for himself and they toast them up high...

BIRDSEX

Welcome aboard, kid. Up the field.

Their glasses CLINK in the air--

CUT

TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-PRESENT

Percy steps out of the Men's Room and retakes his seat at the bar. He squeezes the lime into his drink and takes a sip. Birdsex and Sir Matthew, again, share an esoteric grin.

PERCY

(wincing)

Whoa, you tryin' to kill me, Sir
Matthew? The night's young, for
Chrissakes.

Birdsex is having trouble concealing his laughter.

PERCY

What...?

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-NIGHT

Percy staggers out to the beach, blurting out segments of a one-sided conversation. He has no direction as he teeters right and left. Finally, he steers straight toward the tide and collapses. He stares up at the stars, LAUGHING himself to sleep...

MATCH
DISSOLVE:

EXT. BEACH-DAY

Percy's unconscious body lay in the tide, only now the background has changed to Crooked Island in the Bahamas. Slowly, he stirs back to life and sits up. He takes in his surroundings, ostensibly for the first time. Percy gets to his feet and turns to face the mainland...--

A FISH WIGGLES OUT OF HIS SHORTS and dives back into the tide! Percy watches as the fish swims away...

PERCY

Call me!

He turns and makes his way back up the beach.

CUT
TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH-DAY

Percy, drink in hand, stands in an old phone booth somewhere in Bimini. Behind him is a grand view of the ocean, and the traffic surrounding him is a steady batch of LOCALS.

Percy dials a seemingly infinite strand of numbers and waits...

PERCY

Come on, come on... where else would
you be...? Hello, hello? Who's
this, Kelsey?

(listens)

Hello, Kelsey... yeah, it's me.

Hello again.

(listens)

I know, I know. I just found out.

How is he?

(listens)

Yeah, I give a shit - are you kidding me? Wait, what kind of question is that? Yes, of course I care! Why--

(listens)

Well, hey, you're entitled to your opinion, Sis. Never stopped you before. Listen, why don't you just put Mom on the -- is Mom there? Let me talk to Mom.

(listens...)

You know what? This is not why I called, or what I called for. Is Mom there or not?

(listens...)

Jesus... yeah, I am having a great time. Are you, you pernicious twat?! How 'bout just passing the phone over to Mom so I can get the prodigal son treatment from her instead, mm-kaaay...?

(listens...)

Well, that just exudes class, doesn't it, Kelsey? You're a real debutante. Just fucking put Mom--

(waits...)

Hello...?

(exhales)

Hi, Mom... yes, I got your letter. I'm sorry it's taken me this long to respond, but the system down here... how is he? How are you?

(listens)

Yeah, well... that's what happens in these cases... it either chews you up a day at a time or it swallows you whole.

(listens)

I know, I'm sorry... I am sorry... I should be there.

(listens)

Well, gee, that wasn't harsh at all. Yeah, I figured that much. I'm sure Kelsey's not the only one with that on her mind. She seemed chipper, as always. I still can't understand how such a beautiful and intelligent woman can be so self--

(listens)
Mom... Mom, I... I don't know. I really don't know. Should I? Should I, really...? I mean, come on... he doesn't exactly... he never would--
(listens)
Yeah, I guess he would... but--
(drinks)
Is that really how he feels...?
(listens)
Is that really how he feels?
(listens, drinks)
So, basically, you want me to come home strictly out of custom, is that it...?
(listens)
Please... please, don't cry.
(listens, drinks)
I'll come home. I will, I'll come home. I'll be there.
(listens)
I will, I promise.
(listens, goes to drink)
Mom, I know. Arright. I will. I'll get there.
(covers the phone)
Fuck!
(listens)
I know, I know, I will... I will.
(drinks)
I'll come home.

Percy keeps listening, though his mind and his eyes are elsewhere. He turns away and watches the boats out on the sea.

CUT
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

Percy relaxes on the *Pariah* with his line cast out into the sea. He is starting to doze off as the intermittent BEEP from the Fish-Finder monitor works into his subconscious...

HIS POV: across the water a small BOAT coasts by, carrying a single passenger - an OLD MAN laying under white sheets attached to a BEEPING heart monitor.

OLD MAN

You still don't know how to cast a line, do ya', kid. What do you know?

Percy is transfixed on this reverie, trying to speak but only gawking...

HIS POV: the small boat starts to SINK and the heart monitor BEEPS faster and louder...

Percy is frozen where he sits. The BEEPING grows even louder and faster as the Old Man's arm is all that pokes out from the sea--

Percy's eyes snap OPEN just in time to catch his rod before it is yanked into the sea! He looks over at his monitor that BEEPS like mad. He positions himself for a fight and starts reeling her in...

CUT
TO:

EXT. NASSAU-SUNSET

Percy docks *Pariah* near a quaint coastal section of the mainland and is struggling to tie off the boat. After a fight, he succeeds and steps off to greet a local, STEBAN, who charges up to hug him...

STEBAN

Good to see you, rich boy. D'you bring dinner?

Percy smiles, steps back onto his boat and opens the cooler - an impressive GROUPEL lay over the ice.

PERCY

Fillet and release.

CUT
TO:

INT. VILLA-NIGHT

Percy sits with Steban and his wife, OPEEL, polishing off the tasty fish amidst this Nassuvian home. They LAUGH and CARRY ON as more rum is poured...

STEBAN

...and that's where they found you?

PERCY

Swear to God! I was laid out, face down in the sand behind Pappy Nick's with nothing on but a flip-flop and a buzz that lasted three days -- no shit.

Steban LAUGHS, slapping his knee. The rum has kicked in.

Percy takes this moment to catch Opeel's eye and they share a look that unveils just enough.

STEBAN

(catching his breath)

I bet Pappy don't let you come 'round no more, does he?

PERCY

Uh, no. No way. That was my first and last effort as a tequila drinker, thank you very much. Never again.

STEBAN

Ah, don't say that. It has to grow on you, like fish.

(stabs another bite)

PERCY

Like hell.

OPEEL

Percy, are you staying the night?

PERCY

(goes to drink)

Not sure yet, Opeel. I never like to plan out these little voyages.

OPEEL

Oh, you must. You've come all this way. Tomorrow we can all go--

PERCY

Tomorrow, I... I'm sorry, I actually need to, uh... make my way back home.

STEBAN

Home? You mean Daddy's dinghy bobbing out there by the dock?

PERCY

No, I mean... home. Middle fucking America. The mainland.

STEBAN

You're serious.

PERCY

Afraid so. My Dad, he's dying--

OPEEL

Oh, Percy. I'm so sorry.
(she holds his hand)

STEBAN

Hey, Percy, I didn't mean to sound--

PERCY

I know you better than that, Steban.
No worries, old friend.

STEBAN

Well, I should know you better. I
always tease you, you know that, but
I really don't mean it--

PERCY

I know that, of course I do. You've
worked hard for all you've got here
and I've haven't leaked an honest
sweat in my life. I deserve your
needling. Trust me, I've been teased
before.

STEBAN

Hey, my old friend...
(raises his glass)
A toast to you and your journey back
home.

Percy stretches across the table to meet glasses with
Steban...

PERCY

Thank you. But I'll be back, don't
you worry. I don't belong up there.
Found that out the hard way.

STEBAN

(drains his glass)
Well you're welcome back here in
Nassau, in our home, anytime.

OPEEL

He knows that.

STEBAN

You're a good friend, Percy...

Steban's eyes are rolling and his speech is slurring. He's
fading fast. He pours another shot of rum into his empty
glass, then drinks from the bottle.

STEBAN

You do what you have to do.

And with that, Steban DROPS OFF his chair and passes out on the floor.

Percy and Opeel keep their seats. Percy reaches for his glass and takes a small sip...

PERCY

I told him to mix it with something.

Opeel smiles. She is still holding Percy's other hand.

CUT
TO:

EXT. NASSAU-NIGHT

The FULL MOON hangs like a bullet hole in the sky over Nassau. *Pariah* rises and falls on the waves just outside of the villa.

INT. VILLA-CONTINUOUS

Steban is still passed out on the floor of the dining room, snoring like Zeus. Down the hallway, in the bedroom, Percy and Opeel are twisted together in the throws of passion. And despite the heated encounter, their movements, kissing and writhing are nearly silent.

They finally make it to the bed and drop into the sheets. Still, Opeel rides Percy with hushed rhythms - breathing low and heavy into his ear. Their obvious variances in skin tone compliment the rhythms of their actions.

CUT
TO:

EXT. DOCK-LATER

Opeel is wrapped in a sheet as she stands on the dock beside *Pariah*. She looks around, then back into the lower deck of the boat...

OPEEL

(whispering)

Percy...? Hurry, someone might see this and start asking!

Finally, Percy emerges from below with a SMALL BROWN SACK...

PERCY

Here they are.

Opeel takes the sack, inspecting the contents--

OPEEL

Oh my goodness! You remembered! How long ago was that?

PERCY

Quite some time, actually. I haven't been back this way since Steban's birthday, but I knew you'd still want those--

OPEEL

Oh, Percy...!
(inspects the contents)
All from Grenada?

He nods.

OPEEL

You're such a heart.

Percy glows under the moonlight, hiding his smile in the shadow of the mast. Still, he stays low on the boat while Opeel hovers on the dock.

A beat.

OPEEL

Stay for the night. Percy, please.

PERCY

Opeel... I'm sorry. This--

OPEEL

Every time you visit it happens this way.

PERCY

It has to happen this way. Steban's been a good friend to me and a damn good husband to you. Honestly... I don't know why we let this happen.

OPEEL

We let this happen because we want it to happen, no?

PERCY

(sighs)
Yes. We do.

A beat.

Opeel looks back toward the villa, then back at Percy...

OPEEL

I love him, you know I do, but
he's... you saw him in there and you
saw him at his birthday party and
every other time you've come to port.
That's what he becomes every night.
All of our money has bought us this
home and his drinks.

PERCY

Yeah, I think I can relate--

OPEEL

That's very different. You're very
different. You don't get like that.

PERCY

You're not always here, Opeel.

She relents. Looking away, she re-bundles herself under the
sheet and stands in silence. Her eyes come back and drill
Percy where he stands.

PERCY

I'm no fuckin' saint, lovely. I'm
just a stray. Steban, he's... deep
down, he's a far better human being
than I could ever sober up to be, I
promise you that. You have a good
life here.

OPEEL

You're not always here, Percy.

Touché. He relents, looking out to sea...

PERCY

You remember the first time I came to
port here...? You remember?

Opeel wipes her eyes and turns away to collect her memories.

PERCY

I do. I remember it damn near every
night. Steban helped tow me in after
I nearly capsized out there when
Hannah blew in... And when we finally
made it back here, to this very same
spot so many moments ago in time, you

were standing exactly there...
looking at me just like how you are
now. You were wearing one of his
green shirts and the wind was blowing
so hard that it hugged every contour
of your body. I remember that moment
so well, so vividly. I've written
about it in my logs more times than I
can count. Some nights when I can't
sleep out there because it's too
Goddamn quiet or because I'm too
Goddamn alone... I dig it out of the
digest and read it and re-read it and
re-read it...

OPEEL

When you left two days later... I
stood out here again and watched you
push off. I was wearing one of your
shirts that day. Black with the
orange flower over the chest. Steban
never noticed, never caught on. I'm
just furniture in his house, Percy.

PERCY

Opeel... when I push off, I leave as
one man, alone. That's who I am,
that's how I stay afloat. I can't
make it work any other way. I can't
make anything work except for these
sails.

OPEEL

You make me work.

PERCY

We have our moments. We certainly
do.

Opeel remains strong and quiet as another tear spills along
her cheek.

PERCY

(points to the sack)

Take those spices and cook him up
something for breakfast that will
kill his headache. He's sure to have
one. But I know he'd take a headache
over a heartache any day. I would.

OPEEL

I see.

Percy breaks free of Opeel's stare and pulls his lines in off the posts. *Pariah* starts to pull away from the dock...

PERCY

I'll see you again.

Opeel watches him from the dock, slowly shrinking away in the distance under the spotlight of the moon.

CUT
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

A tan surface protrudes from the water, resembling an island. *Pull away*, revealing the surface to be Percy's BELLY as he floats on his back. He looks lifeless, soaking up the sun.

He opens his eyes and calmly looks down...

HIS POV: his feet at the end of the bed, looking out at the claustrophobic bedroom--

Percy jolts out of his slumber and looks down...

HIS POV: beyond his feet the Caribbean stretches on forever.

He relaxes, laying back onto the water. He looks back toward the sun and drifts.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-DAY

Percy splashes up to the shore from his sailboat. His pants are rolled up just enough to miss the water as he trudges up the tide and makes his way toward the Prophet's Lounge. Just behind him, *Pariah* bobs in the sea under a glistening tropical sun in the company of a few other BOATS.

As he nears the Lounge, he sees Birdsex sleeping in the hammock outside and cannot resist -- he FLIPS HIM onto the sand and darts for the door.

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-LATER

Percy relaxes up at the bar with a BLOODY KLEENEX stuffed up his nostril. His favorite bartender stands nearby...

SIR MATTHEW

Didn't think that old fart would
catch you, did ya'?

Percy winces as he adjusts the Kleenex, catching Birdsex's
eye from across the bar. The old fart smiles ear-to-ear as
he reaches for his cocktail and flicks him off.

SIR MATTHEW

So, Percy... You made up your mind
yet, or you still being a spoiled
prick?

PERCY

Spoiled prick.

(drinks)

Yeah, I know, I know. I have to go.
I have to do this. I might be gone a
while. You gonna be okay here
without me?

SIR MATTHEW

I might toss and turn, but... I
think I'll be okay. I can't speak
for Mr. Cashmillion, or Birdsex, for
that matter. Those guys light up
every time you wash up here.

Across the bar, Birdsex takes time out from his conversation
with Benny the Mayor to MOON Percy.

PERCY

God, you know it, I love those guys.

SIR MATTHEW

Yeah, well you should tell them that.
Bring a little more sunshine into
their autumn years.

PERCY

Some day I will.

(drinks)

Those fuckers... they never bore me,
you know that?

SIR MATTHEW

Me neither.

PERCY

I'll miss 'em. That's arrright,
though. Philthy's comin' with me.

SIR MATTHEW

Jesus, steer clear. How'd that shipwreck climb aboard?

PERCY

I'm sailing up to Miami, droppin' Phil off in the Keys on the way. He's got a Fourth of July gig up there every year. Gonna be a great time. Two fuckin' luses tellin' lies and lessons of life on the high seas. He's a pirate with a hysterectomy and I'm I pirate with a history. Gonna be great.

(goes to drink)

Wait. Did I say hysterectomy?

Anyhoo, we'll ship out in a few days.

Sir Matthew refills Percy's cocktail...

SIR MATTHEW

Look, Percy... it's really none of my business, but... if my father were thousands of miles away, dying as I coast along down here in the Caribbean on his ample dime... I'd be in somewhat more of a rush to be at his side before he...

PERCY

Hey...

(drinks)

You know what, Sir Matthew, fuck that prick. My father and I... we have an understanding. He and I... we just never found that middle ground. My older brother, my younger sister... They all had a bond with the guy, they had something in common. They both had a head for business and family, they were goal-oriented and ambitious... Not me, not this asshole. My father and I, we shared a mutual hostility. I was his fuck up. Try being the fuck-up son of a perfectionist millionaire for a week, I dare you.

(laughs)

Born a prince, raised a bastard.

(goes to drink)

You know what that fucker used to say to me...? He'd tell me, "Percy... you could fuck up a miscarriage."

SIR MATTHEW

He must have been encouraging in some respects...?

Percy shakes his head, draining his cocktail.

SIR MATTHEW

Come on, never? Even when you were leaving home...

CUT
TO:

EXT. DOCK-FLASHBACK

Percy's FATHER stands on the dock as the boat pulls away...

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-CONTINUOUS

Percy's memory is interrupted by the arrival of his next cocktail...

PERCY

I don't remember.

SIR MATTHEW

Well, be that as it may... the guy's your father. You wouldn't be here soaking up the sun, sailing the high seas and living the kind of life most people can only read about in Twain novels if it weren't for that chap's heart and money. Put the two of them together and that spells benevolence, my friend.

Percy goes to drink, then stops short. He plucks the kleenex out of his nose and tosses it behind the bar at the trash - he misses.

PERCY

Fuck that prick. We have an understanding! He and I both know that the only things I ever been good at is catching the wind... and dropping it.

SIR MATTHEW

Well, his life's about to be over. Quite possibly sooner than you're

expecting.

PERCY

No such luck.

Sir Matthew gives up, turns away and goes to answer the call of a new patron.

Percy is left alone. He takes his cocktail and steps into the Men's Room behind him...

INT. MEN'S ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Percy goes straight for the mirror, turning ON the faucet. The walls around him are still unreadable as he dips his face into the running water. When he pulls his face back up into the mirror, the "prophecy" appears behind him on the wall: *"A man travels the world in search of what he needs and returns home to find it."*

Percy reads the message through his reflection and laughs.

CUT
TO:

EXT. RUNAWAY BAY, ANTIGUA-NIGHT

Percy is loaded. He staggers, drink in hand, along this broken road somewhere in Runaway Bay. A few LOCALS steer out of his way as they pass. Percy stops in front of the Island Village Pub and stares drunkenly in the window. He finishes his drink, TOSSES THE GLASS over his shoulder, and goes inside...

MATCH
DISSOLVE:

EXT. ISLAND VILLAGE PUB-LATER

Percy can barely hold himself up as he is ushered through the door by the BARTENDER. As soon as he is out, the door closes and locks behind him.

PERCY

I can take a hint, thangyouverymush.

Percy takes a moment to straighten himself out, adjusting his shirt, shorts and hair. The effort actually makes him look worse. He TRIPS from the step and catches himself before falling into the path of a few disgusted LOCALS passing by...

PERCY

Sorry. There wuzn't anymore room on

the danzfloor inzide.
(laughs)
Do you tango? I'll lead.

The LOCALS keep walking.

Percy takes a deep breath, BELCHES, and starts after them...

A SCREAM!

Percy darts off in the opposite direction...

LOCAL (O.S.)
(subtitled)
Pervert!

CUT
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

Percy has passed out on the bow of his boat, face down. A large wave rolls by and splashes him back into consciousness. He turns over, sits up, rubs his head, rolls his neck... he stops suddenly as bits and pieces of the prior evening's debauchery resurface:

SNAPSHOT MEMORIES of his night in the Island Village Pub flash through Percy's hazy memory - drinking, dancing, fumbling, laughing, drinking, getting slapped, drinking, a conga line, crying, getting slapped again--

The look on Percy's face surmises it all: he deserves this hangover.

However, the sun is shining and the sea is tumbling with a good surf.

Percy looks around, trying to validate his whereabouts. The Prophet's Lounge is not far off in the distance behind him.

He finds his feet on the deck and seeks out his trusty stash of Advil. He pops two into his mouth and digs into the cooler for a beer to wash them down.

He looks out at the beach... Cashmillion walks out of the Lounge, drink in hand, and is headed for his favorite urinal under the coconut tree... but he stops at the hammock where Birdsex is sleeping and FLIPS HIM OUT OF IT.

Percy laughs and yanks the string on the brass sailing BELL to announce his approval.

From the beach, Cashmillion turns and raises his glass to

Percy and they share a toast. Cashmillion turns and begins peeing under the coconut tree, just inches from Birdsex's head.

Percy turns away to measure the sea...

PERCY

What will today bring me, my lady?

As he takes another moment to bask in the panorama, a seagull SQUAWKS overhead and drops a plentiful load on Percy's shoulder. He barely flinches, biting his lip...

PERCY

Story of my life.

CUT
TO:

EXT. LAZY RIVER-DAY

A group of TOURISTS on inner tubes float along this lazy river. A totally serene environment.

Suddenly, they all begin paddling right and left for dear life as Percy steers *Pariah* against the current, splicing through the center of their peaceful drift.

Percy shouts his apologies as the obscenities fly.

CUT
TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH-DAY

Percy stands at another phone booth somewhere in the tropics as a cast of LOCALS and TOURISTS wander to and fro. A cocktail in one hand and the phone in the other, Percy's patience is wearing thin as he waits for the connection...

PERCY

...Hello, Jeremy? Hey, yeah, it's your little brother. Christ, you got the whole family over there, huh?

(listens)

Almost the whole family, right, I get it.

(shakes his head,
goes to drink)

Yeah, I am, actually. I'm working on it as we speak. Travel arrangements are... still being arranged. I'm, uh, gonna sail up to Miami and catch a plane from there--

(listens, sighs)

Jeremy, it really isn't that easy.
Not for me, not down here.

(listens)

No, I do not want you to send the
company jet. Even if you did, they'd
never find me -- I'm off the map down
here.

(listens)

Right now...? Somewhere in Antigua.
Runaway Bay, I think.

(listens)

I'm glad you recognize the metaphor,
Jeremy. Listen, cut me a break and
forget you're an asshole for just a
minute, will ya'? How, uh... how's
he doin'? He hangin' in there?

(listens)

Uuuh-huh. So that's kind of good?
Buy him a little more time. Look,
I'm gonna get there, arrright. I may
get there for just the end of it, but
like I told Mom the other day--

(listens)

Last week, whenever it was -- please,
just hear me out! I'll get there!
And I'll tell you right now, and this
goes for all of you. When I come in,
I don't wanna hear any bullshit and I
don't give a shit. No interventions,
no heart-to-heart asides -- none of
that shit. I'm coming home to pay my
respects and when he's gone, when
it's all over, I am leaving.

(listens...)

What the fuck are you talking about?

(listens...)

You're full of shit. All of it?!
What about Kelsey, what about Mom?!

(listens...)

And they all agreed on this? What
about... what did Dad say? Was this
his idea or yours?

(drinks, listens)

You gotta be... that's just...

(listens...)

What the fuck do want out of me,
Jeremy? What do you want?! You know
I bring nothing to the table and that
this is the only thing that works for
me, so why be a prick--

(tears start)

Dad and I have an understanding --
that money keeps me afloat!
You're an even crueler motherfucker
than he ever was, you know that,
right? Tell you what, you may think
all your success and wealth came to
you because you earned it, but that
aspiring corpse in the room with
you... being that asshole's son more
than justifies my allowance. I
wasn't born with the silver spoon in
my mouth, big brother, I got it
shoved up my ass! You try being me
for a day, you condescending fuck!
Don't do this to me now, Jeremy, I
need that money!

By now some of the PASSERSBY have stopped to watch Percy's
performance.

PERCY

I will see you when I see you and
when I turn my back on you again...
I will walk away with what is mine.

Percy reels back to slam the phone back into place, then
stops just short and gently sets it back into the cradle.
He places his cocktail on top of the phone, draws a deep
breath and wipes his eyes. He turns back to the street and
pretends not to notice his audience.

He takes a moment to recover, then steams off down the
street. In a moment, he returns for his cocktail.

CUT
TO:

INT. BEGGAR'S TOMB-LATER

(Stephen Bishop's "On and On" bleeds from the JUKEBOX.)

Percy has made it down the road to a TIKI BAR called
Beggar's Tomb. He is well on his way by this point. Not
his usual stomping ground, but he blends in with the other
colorful DRUNKS at the bar.

The BARTENDER is a burly African fellow with a MACAW perched
on his shoulder. They both watch Percy, amazed by the boy's
capacity...

BARTENDER

You done a fine job today, sir.

PERCY

Thank you, Mr. Belafonte, I'm a huge fan. We make a great team. Would you like to be my new big brother?

BARTENDER

Sorry. I can't let people think I have a twin running around town.

PERCY

You're pretty funny for a sober guy, aren't you? Yeah, you are.

Percy polishes off his eleventeenth cocktail and pushes the glass to the edge of the bar, motioning for another.

BARTENDER

Time to go.

PERCY

Already? But it's still light out.

A nearby DRUNK chimes in:

DRUNK

Lights out? Arready?!

MACAW

Lights out! Lights out! Drink 'em up! Last call!

PERCY

Come on, just a little tiny teeny one?

BARTENDER

No can do. One more little one and you're one big mess.

MACAW

No more for you! Lights out! You don't have to go home, but you can't stay here!

PERCY

Well, fine. That's very thoughtful of you, but you see... in a little while, I won't be worth a single fuckin' dime anyway, so... not that I was ever worth anything before, but... maybe just one more?

BARTENDER

Time to go.

PERCY

Can I just sniff the bottle?!

The Bartender shakes his head.

PERCY

Fine! You're a helluva salesman, you know that? Yeah, you are. Did I pay you?

The Bartender reaches up and yanks Percy's tab from a clothesline above the bar...

BARTENDER

Eighty-six-fifty.

PERCY

Christ, did I break a window?
(laughs)
You'll take U.S. green for the damages?

BARTENDER

Of course.

Percy floats a \$100 bill over the tab and struggles to stand up...

PERCY

Keep it. Enjoy it. Bathe in it.
That just might be the last of it.

He eases away from the bar and heads for the door -- he stops and turns back to the Bartender...

PERCY

Are we square, did I pay you?

The Bartender holds up the \$100.

PERCY

Fantastic then. Anyone calls, I'll be out of the office until late November.

And with that, Percy turns and opens the door - but it's the maintenance closet. He stares rather blankly at the broom and cleaning supplies, then closes the door, takes a few steps to the left and finds the exit. He sashes his way out.

CUT

TO:

EXT. OCEAN-SUNSET

Pariah jounces along the Caribbean under a pallet of reds and blues. The mainland lingers in the distance.

Percy's disheveled condition totally offsets the beauty above him. He has a few days worth of stubble and booze all over him; he is alone, drunk, and staring off into the sunset with forlorn certainty.

He rests his hand on the steering wheel and looks up at his sails. No wind.

CUT
TO:

EXT. JAMAICA-FLASHBACK

A few years back, Percy stands on the shore somewhere in Jamaica, sweating profusely under his beard and extra poundage, waiting for the wind to pick up. He studies the beauty of his surroundings, though a familiar stamp of angst wears all over him.

Pariah holds perfectly still atop the glassy sea. No wind, no waves, no motion at all.

A LOCAL FISHERMAN is walking by with his rod and a bucket and stops to gauge Percy's situation. He walks out into the tide to meet Percy and stares out at the sea with him...

FISHERMAN

You lost, mon?

PERCY

God, I hope so.

FISHERMAN

You hope? Okay.

PERCY

There's no wind. No wind, no go.

FISHERMAN

You have an engine on her, yeah?

PERCY

Yeah. But I like the wind. Engine's too loud, kills the effect of solitude. Scares the fish. Doesn't require any real work. I need to work. I need to be doing something.

I need to be doing something right,
on my own.

(wipes his brow)

I like the wind. Just isn't any
today. Only heat.

FISHERMAN

You like the wind. Well, good for
you and the wind, mon. I tell you
what... you want wind?

PERCY

I'll take the slightest breeze right
now, my friend. Even just a fart,
really...

FISHERMAN

Whistle.

Percy looks him over, then back out at the sea...

PERCY

Whistle?

FISHERMAN

You want your wind to come back, you
have to call it. Whistle.

PERCY

Whistle. You're serious?

FISHERMAN

No, Jamaican.

PERCY

Arrright then...

Percy shrugs, wipes the sweat from his lips and puckers up.
He chirps out a referee-like blow!

FISHERMAN

Nah, nah -- soft. You have to call
for the wind very soft if you want it
to answer you. Like a lady.

PERCY

Oh. Of course. How romantic.

Percy takes a deep breath, wipes his brow and lips again,
closes his eyes and offers a slightly embarrassed kiss to
the air... A soft and tender wind WHISTLES from his mouth
and floats out over the sea. He sustains the tone for a
while and just when he gives up and opens his eyes - the
slightest of BREEZES blows in from behind him.

Percy's jaw hits the sand. He turns to thank his new friend but the Fisherman is far off down the beach, walking his bucket and rod back home. Percy stands in the tide, smiling. He turns back to the sea and repeats the new ritual--

CUT
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-PRESENT

Percy blows a soft WHISTLE up into the air toward his sails and laughs at himself when there is no return.

MATCH
DISSOLVE:

EXT. OCEAN-NIGHT

The sun is long gone and Percy, still, sustains a soft WHISTLE as he relaxes on deck. Aside from drinking his beer, he doesn't appear to have moved in quite some time.

CUT
TO:

INT. LOWER DECK-NIGHT

Percy lays on his side in bed, alone. It appears that the empty bed behind him stretches on for miles and miles...

CUT
TO:

EXT. KONTIKI BEACH -DAY

(Norah Jones' "*Come Away With Me*" seduces the soundtrack.)

Percy happily wiggles his way through the main drag of Kontiki. He sifts through the wave of LOCALS, stops at the Jewelry Store he has known so well and jumps inside.

CUT
TO:

INT. BOAT-FANTASY

(*Song plays over...*)

Percy lay on his side, nose-to-nose with CARLY in his bed. They share an amorous gaze as the sound of the ocean enchants them.

PERCY

I've dreamt of having you here...
for as far back as I can remember
knowing you.

Carly is right at his lips...

PERCY

You tickle my barometer... every
time you smile I feel like I am
actually doing something right for a
change... feels like the whole world
makes sense right then.

Carly's smile grows right beneath his nose and Percy
sparkles within this reverie as we have never seen before...

PERCY

I wanna take you to every place
you've ever asked me about... St.
Lucia... Montego, we can swim with
the parrot fish... take you over to
Crooked Island where you can smell
the jasmine in the air all over...
Curacao...

Carly's smile touches her ears...

PERCY

Carly, I know we could make it. For
once, I feel something so right...--

She FADES from beside him and he is all alone again.

CUT
TO:

INT. BANK-DAY

(Song carries over...)

Percy arrives at his pick-up and steps through the door with
a little Fred Astaire in his cadence. His smile is
infectious (a clean shave!), his clothes flattering (though
he has missed a button on his shirt), and a box of something
exquisite held tightly in his grasp as he makes his way
through the bank...

He steps up with anticipation - but Carly is NOT THERE,
replaced by a so-so clerk named DAPHNEE. She ushers Percy
forward with a wave of her hand...

DAPHNEE

Hello sir, and welcome to Southern
Trust. I'm Daphnee, what can I help

you with today?

PERCY

Uh, hi, Dorothy, where's Carly?

DAPHNEE

Daphnee. Carly's gone, but I assure you that I can assist you--

PERCY

Oh, I don't doubt that, Dagnee, but I really need to see Carly. Is it her day off--

DAPHNEE

I'm real sorry, sir, but Carly's gone -- left us for a Yankee she plans to marry on the other coast.

The look on Percy's face could castrate a Zebra.

PERCY

Wh... Carly's getting married...?

DAPHNEE

Yes, sir. She left just yesterday to go pick up her dress and then sail off to Curacao. Gonna be a beach wedding.

PERCY

I just... she's...--

DAPHNEE

Oh, not to worry, I can handle all her accounts--

PERCY

No, sure, I just... is she really gonna be...--

DAPHNEE

Do you have an existing account with us--

PERCY

I have a... she's...?

DAPHNEE

Sir...?

Percy clutches the jewelry box in his hand, just out of sight.

PERCY

No, it's... it's arrright.
Nevermind--

DAPHNEE

Did you want to leave a--

PERCY

Thank you, no, I... I just wanted--

The Manager, MEG HILLER, steps in...

MEG HILLER

Ah, Mr. Graham. Everything okay,
sir?

PERCY

Uh... Carly--

MEG HILLER

Yes, we're very happy to say that
Carly is on her way to a waterfront
wedding! She sends her love and
regards, but it was an impromptu
situation and she had to leave us
with only a few days notice--

PERCY

She's getting married?

MEG HILLER

Yes, she's getting married. Daphnee
is here to take over all her
accounts, so rest assured that you'll
be in good--

PERCY

Thanks.

Percy turns and makes his way toward the door. Everyone up
at the counter watches him go.

EXT. BANK--CONTINUOUS

...Percy steps out of the bank and casts his defeated gaze
out into the mass of local traffic. He holds back like only
a man would.

CUT
TO:

INT. BAR--LATER

Percy, alone once again, sits up at the bar in some local hangout drowning his sorrows. The jewelry box rests on the plank in front of him.

CUT
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-NIGHT

Pariah sails out from the mainland under a frowning crescent moon...

CUT
TO:

INT. BOAT-NIGHT

Percy lay across his bed, finally letting himself CRY. Again, the empty bed behind him seems to stretch on for miles.

EXT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

The JEWELRY BOX comes flying out from the cabin hatch, arching high into the air before splashing into the sea.

(Nora Jones' soft vocals fade with the scene...)

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-DAY

Sir Matthew refills Percy's glass, yet receives none of Percy's trademark rhetoric. Instead, Percy sits at the bar, staring off into space with the most stupefied expression.

Across the bar, Birdsex and Cashmillion are watching him...

CASHMILLION

What do you suppose is wrong with Captain Uh-Oh?

BIRDSEX

Think he's arright?

CASHMILLION

Is he ever? Tell you what... I got five-hundred bucks says whatever's goin' through that boy's head right now would fuck you up forever.

Birdsex spits some of his drink.

Sir Matthew has seen enough. He pours a shot of Sailor Jerry and sets it in front of Percy -- then SLAPS HIM hard across the face. The trance is broken and Percy shakes it off. He reaches for his shot...

PERCY

Thanks. You're a God.

SIR MATTHEW

I know this. Try and stay awake, will ya'?

Percy drains his shot, SPILLING half of it down his neck.

Sir Matthew steps away just as Birdsex and Cashmillion take a seat on each side...

CASHMILLION

What the fuck you still doin' here, Percy? I thought you were shippin' out last week.

BIRDSEX

Stalling, as usual.

PERCY

I'm not stalling--

CASHMILLION

Gimme a break, kid. When I'm being lied to, I like a pair of unfamiliar tits in my face. What's the hold up?

Percy goes to speak, then cuts himself off. Like the broken clock on the wall behind him, he has nothing to say.

BIRDSEX

Christ, he's drunk himself silent. How drunk are you?

PERCY

Who wants to know?

BIRDSEX

Come on, Percy... what gives?

PERCY

I wish I did.

CASHMILLION

How fucking dramatic.

PERCY

I reek of it, I know.

(goes to drink)

I'm gonna go, look, I am, I have to... just let me... I don't wanna go back up there. I don't wanna stop drinking. I don't wanna leave this stool.

CASHMILLION

Sounds like this brooding sonofabitch has a bad case of the Why-Should-I's. Tell you what, boy, you don't go up there... the only thing you will be leaving is a stench. Nothin' smells worse than regret.

PERCY

I've come this far, right...?

BIRDSEX

Jesus Melodramatic Christ, kid! You don't want to go back, we know, but you really don't want your father to die, do you...? So go on, do what you you gotta do, then come back. What's the big deal?

PERCY

The big deal is the big brother. When my father dies... he gets control of the money. My money. My allowance. He's gonna cut me off.

BIRDSEX

Unless...?

PERCY

No unless. He hates me. He hates the arrangement my father and I made six years ago, he always has. He hates most things, actually. He thinks I don't deserve a dime because I haven't earned a dime. You know, one of those real pragmatic Republican assholes.

BIRDSEX

Can he do that?

PERCY

Yup.

(drinks)

When big daddy goes into the ground,

big brother goes into the bank. He says that's what my father wants.

CASHMILLION

Is it?

PERCY

I don't know.

CASHMILLION

Only one way to find out, right?

BIRDSEX

I agree. Up the field.

Birdsex and Cashmillion toast their glasses.

PERCY

I know. I know. I need to get back there. It's not like I'm booked solid through the year or anything. I've been sailing around in circles for a long time now. I am stalling.

Cashmillion slides his empty glass to the edge of the bar and Sir Matthew is there in an instant to catch it--

CASHMILLION

Sir Matthew, gimme another bowl of loudmouth soup. And a drink for Birdsex and the remittance man here. Hell, line up cocktails for everybody in here who's ever made me laugh. We're gonna lighten this place up a notch.

SIR MATTHEW

Break out the finger music, Cash.

Cashmillion turns to conduct the *finger music*: using just his index finger, he takes a silent head-count of those he would like to buy a drink...

CASHMILLION

Line 'em up from Benny the Mayor to Uncle Jimmy over there in the corner. Whatever they want.

SIR MATTHEW

Prick up your ears, kids!
Cashmillion's buyin' a round, from Mr. Mayor to Uncle Jimmy.

The REGULARS rejoice and raise their glasses as Sir Matthew

lines them up with drink markers.

PERCY

Thanks, Cash--

BIRDSEX

This shipwreck doesn't need another cocktail. What he needs is a swift boot in the nuts!

PERCY

Yeah, I think Birdsex is right. I been drinkin' since noon yesterday. I'm fairly certain I'm on the shit-faced side of the fence right about now. Can't even feel my feelings anymore. Thanks anyway, but I'm just gonna harness some wind and head back down Montserrat way--

Percy stands from his stool and starts to fall - but Birdsex and Cashmillion catch him by the arms. They prop him back up on the stool.

BIRDSEX

Nuh-uh. Hand 'em over, kid.

PERCY

Do I have to?

BIRDSEX

Now.

Percy glowers and stabs into his pocket for the keys to the *Pariah* - a small BOTTLE OPENER, a SWISS ARMY KNIFE, 2 KEYS on a ring - and hands them over to Birdsex...

BIRDSEX

Good boy. Now you can enjoy that cocktail you certainly don't need.

CASHMILLION

Wise move, son. I know it's never easy to relinquish the keys to the vessel, but in the shape you're in, you get behind those sails and you're likely to kill somebody -- and they don't let you drink anymore if you do that.

Sir Matthew takes the keys from Birdsex in exchange for Percy's next drink. He drops the keys into a FISHBOWL behind the bar that is home to other sets. He grabs the

C.B. RADIO off the wall and steps around the corner for privacy.

CASHMILLION

(to Birdsex)

Now that everyone's right about where they should be, we got all night to get through to him. A couple more cocktails, some dancing, one of the Mayor's homemade enemas and he'll be speaking our language again.

BIRDSEX

Giddyup.

CUT
TO:

EXT. CASHMILLION'S BOAT-LATER

Cashmillion's old sloop, named "*They Can't Make Us...*," floats calmly beneath the stars. The deck is furbished like an old fire truck.

Mr. Cashmillion sits behind the wheel, adjusting the radio for some cool evening tunes -- he stops on Jimmy Cliff's "*Sitting in Limbo.*" Birdsex is drunk, though maintaining his motor skills admirably with a fishing rod in his grasp. Behind him, Percy is drunker - hideously struggling to bait his hook...

PERCY

Little help...?

CASHMILLION

You got it. Just like puttin' on a rubber, kid.

PERCY

A what?

BIRDSEX

It's one of those contraceptive balloons your old man forgot to invest in 30 years ago.

PERCY

Pleeease don't bring up my father anymore. That bastard...

BIRDSEX

You asshole. All this time down here you been searching for some kind of absolution instead of looking at your

own accountability. He pushed away,
but you helped him.
(drinks)

CASHMILLION

I never get to say this, Percy, but
Birdsex is right.

Birdsex shakes his head, reaches into the cooler for another
drink.

CASHMILLION

Think about how much more wind you
could catch in your sails if you'd
just take the fucking weight of the
world off your shoulders. Enough's
enough. You need frogs to fall out
of the sky before you recognize that,
or what?

PERCY

So, what then? What happens now?
Come on, you guys are supposed to be
prophets, right? Aren't you supposed
to be telling me what happens next?

CASHMILLION

Sorry, kid. We're drunk prophets.
We tell you how it was.

BIRDSEX

That way you're prepared for what
comes next. The writing's on the
walls, boy.

CASHMILLION

You'll see. Don't you read the
walls, Percy? The logic is there,
it's out here in the waves, it's in
the palm trees, all around you. Take
notes. We're not here for a long
time, we're here for a good time.

BIRDSEX

Up the field!
(toasts)
The moment we're born, we're already
dying.

CASHMILLION

The joke's on us.

A slight smile cracks Percy's hazed mug.

CASHMILLION

Anyone knows that firsthand, Percy, it's your father. And let us not forget that both Birdsex and I were fathers once, too -- myself a grandfather. It's no secret that my kids and I never saw eye to eye, heart to heart, whatever. But when I go... or when I'm about to go... I'd like them to be there.

(goes to drink)

Especially Robbie, my youngest. He's a pilot now, non-commercial. I don't remember if I ever told that kid I loved him.

(drinks)

The more you take to your grave, Percy, the deeper your soul gets buried. Woe is you.

PERCY

Is that on the wall?

CASHMILLION

No. But it damn well should be.

(finishes his drink)

The muse is upon me!

Mr. Cashmillion sets his rod against the wheel and turns to urinate off the side of the boat.

BIRDSEX

Hey, Cash, you're scaring the fish.

CASHMILLION

You kiddin' me? With this big ol' worm hanging overboard, those fuckin' grouper'll be throwing themselves up here!

Birdsex shakes his head, goes to stand on Percy's side of the boat.

PERCY

What about you, Birdsex? You ever see your kids anymore?

BIRDSEX

Sure, but... I'm retired. I did my job.

PERCY

Oh, just like that, huh?

BIRDSEX

Yup. I made my peace. The rest of my life is all mine.

PERCY

When did you decide that?

BIRDSEX

When I got back from 'Nam, I think.

PERCY

Not the same after that?

BIRDSEX

Not quite. Doesn't mean I didn't try. I saw a lot of shit over there and that's where I left it, but... Everything I left back here didn't seem the same to me. Looking back... I have zero regrets. It happened, I did it my way, the only way anybody ever knows how, and I'm still here.

PERCY

You still love your kids?

BIRDSEX

Of course.

PERCY

Have any like me?

BIRDSEX

You mean gay?

Cashmillion nearly falls overboard laughing.

PERCY

You know what I'm talkin' about. Any of 'em turn out so fucking different from you that you just gave up trying to find the connection?

BIRDSEX

Hell, they're all different in their own right. They're supposed to be. You'll see. Someday, you'll see...

PERCY

When do you see them anymore?

BIRDSEX

Whenever. We just get together when the time is right. I'm okay with that, it's better that way. Like I said, my job is done. I'm not their father anymore, I'm their friend. We been through all those phases by now. Just friends.

(drinks)

Sounds nice, doesn't it?

Percy swirls his ice cubes and stares into his cocktail, thinking...

PERCY

I only remember one phase, but you know, Birdsex...

CUT
TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM-FLASHBACK

Percy stands at the mirror. Behind him, only a few *prophecies* can be read. He focuses on one in particular - "A man dies as often as he loses his friends" - through his reflection...

CUT
TO:

EXT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

PERCY (CONT'D)

...I don't think my old man has any friends.

BIRDSEX

Not yet.

Sir Matthew's VOICE comes in loud over the C.B. RADIO--

SIR MATTHEW (V.O.)

You wankers still afloat out there?

Cashmillion zips up and snags the C.B.--

CASHMILLION

Make it quick, Matthew, I'm naked.

SIR MATTHEW (V.O.)

Grand news, sailors. Just spoke with the Friar--

BIRDSEX

Is he down this way?

SIR MATTHEW (V.O.)

He will be.

CASHMILLION

(into the C.B.)

Fine work, Sir Matthew, damn fine. I owe you a bottle. My tab still open at the bar?

SIR MATTHEW (V.O.)

Bloody well right.

CASHMILLION

Dandy. Buy the kids each a dash of the Jerry for me, would you, please? Get 'em warmed up for our triumphant return to shore.

SIR MATTHEW (V.O.)

Will do. See you when you get here, boys. In and out.
(signs off)

PERCY

What's goin' on--

CASHMILLION

Just the opportunity of a lifetime boy. That is, unless you miss the boat.

Percy goes to speak - but knows he's outwitted.

BIRDSEX

Hey, the Friar only washes up for very special occasions, Percy.

CASHMILLION

You know the Friar. I bet he's bringin' some of that sweet ass chiba from the D.R. Bless his heart. And just in time, too. I was starting to get my short term memory back.

PERCY

Will one of you pricks please tell me what the hell is going on?

BIRDSEX

The Friar's coming ashore with Three-Piece Ricky to play your bon voyage party. Manana.

PERCY

Wait--

BIRDSEX

No, no more waiting. No more
stalling, Percy. Tomorrow night...
(holds up his glass)
We promise to send you off in style
-- so long as you do send off.

CASHMILLION

He's going.

BIRDSEX

You betcher ass he's going.

CASHMILLION

You remember how to get back, don't
you, kid...?

Percy thinks, losing himself in memory...

CASHMILLION

Same way you found us, only
backwards.

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-FLASHBACK

The FRIAR is strumming his guitar and singing "*Heart of the Matter.*" As he plays he has EVERYONE'S attention.

Percy, younger and fatter, stands at the bar with a cocktail as PHILTHY (PHIL) and the always-inebriated UNCLE JIMMY flank him...

PERCY

You know somethin', Philthy... I
never really listened to this song
before. I've heard it a bunch of
times, but never really...--

UNCLE JIMMY

It's about Happy Hour, right? Or the
hour right before?

PERCY

No, Uncle Jimmy, it's...

UNCLE JIMMY

Last call?

PERCY

Not a bad idea, actually.

UNCLE JIMMY

Hmm...

PHILTHY

I Love the Friar.

PERCY

Love the Friar. They should book him for the year.

PHILTHY

Friar doesn't work that way. He's like me. Just washes up any port in a storm, brings his guitar, sings for his pittance.

PERCY

You guys ever play together?

BIRDSEX

Sometimes. Very rare. Gotta get us both together on the same shore at the same time. Special occasions only.

They take a moment to absorb the power of the Friar's music.

PERCY

How'd they find this guy?

PHILTHY

He found us.

PERCY

Sounds familiar.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

Cashmillion puts his hand on Percy's shoulder, snapping him out of his reflection...

CASHMILLION

Percy? You remember the way home?

PERCY

(a beat)

Yeah. I remember.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-NIGHT

Pariah bobs just offshore from the Lounge.

INT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

Lower deck. Our first glimpse into the belly of Percy's ship. A junkyard of souvenirs, maps and empty bottles.

Percy is sobering up a bit, seated at his dinette table as he reads through an old volume of his journals.

Just outside he can hear someone breaking the surface of the water and climbing on board. In a moment, PHILTHY peeks his head below deck...

PHILTHY

Christ, I think a barracuda just
chased a turd outta me!

Percy closes his journal...

PERCY

Don't you knock?

PHILTHY

Ha ha, asshole. You got a towel?

Percy tosses him a towel and Philthy drops below deck to dry off...

PHILTHY

Whatcha' doin' down here? Bar's
still open for another two hours.

PERCY

Nothin'. Just reading. Reading and
writing.

PHILTHY

You're drunk.

PERCY

Somewhat, sure, but... just felt
like being alone for a while.

PHILTHY

Right, 'cuz you never get any alone
time.

(tosses the towel)

What is that you're reading?

PERCY

Uh, just some old logs I been keeping since I left home. Old adventures, old discoveries... old wounds, souvenirs... shit like that.

PHILTHY

Really? You should let me see some, maybe I could write a song--

Percy reels the journal in close and shields it with his arms. Phil relents, redirecting his aim to the cooler...

PHILTHY

Or not. You and me been all over down here -- just thought some of your souvenirs might be a tad fresher than mine. Might be something worth singing about in all that old stuff.

Philthy cracks a beer with Percy's key chain bottle opener, then tosses it back to him - he biffs the catch.

PHILTHY

Sir Matthew says as long as you don't pull anchor tonight, you can have your keys back.

PERCY

I ain't goin' anywhere.

Percy is somber - too somber for Philthy's late night surge of beer fueled motives. Phil looks around the boat, takes a sip, then eases his way into the booth beside Percy...

PHILTHY

You heard the Friar's washing up tomorrow, right?

PERCY

Yup.

PHILTHY

He and Three-Piece.

(a beat)

Special occasion.

(a beat)

I might just sit in with 'em. Do a little pickin'.

Percy is elusive, keeping a firm grip on his journal.

PHILTHY

Listen, kid, I know you're not exactly jazzed about making the trek back home. I don't blame you, it's not a pretty scenario. But consider it as just one of those emotional journeys that all of us have to make in this life. Keep your eyes and ears open, take notes, shake hands, let 'em pinch your cheeks, and keep the sun on your shoulders. I'll be with you until Key West, so... don't be afraid to, you now, open up or talk or whatever. God forbid.

PERCY

Thanks, Phil. I appreciate that, really. I just... you know, I got a lot of... usually just keep it all in here--

(taps his journal)

--where I can turn back to it when I need to, or add more if I need to.

PHILTHY

Like tonight.

PERCY

Like tonight.

PHILTHY

(drinks)

Well... we got a lot of sea from here to Key West and nothin' but the wind and my guitar to make noise if you got nothin' to talk about. And I know, Percy, that you and I are both too interesting enough sailors that we can make the most of a long boat ride. But don't go thinking that I'm suggesting we turn this into Brokeback Ocean, 'cuz Philthy's sails don't blow that way.

Finally, Percy smiles.

PHILTHY

You're knee-deep in it, Percy, you know that? The past is just a bucket of ashes. Put it in the wind.

PERCY

That's up on the wall, right?

PHILTHY

Nope. But it should be, shouldn't it?

Phil smiles, takes his beer and heads back toward the upper deck...

PHILTHY

Don't leave without me tomorrow night.

PERCY

And miss out on all the sex?

Phil keeps going, giving Percy THE FINGER as he disappears from the cabin.

Percy resets into the quietude and opens his journal...

PHILTHY (O.S.)

Jackknife!

Percy shakes his head with a smile just as he hears the SPLASH outside.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-SUNRISE

Riding the tide up to shore is the FRIAR and his co-captain, THREE-PIECE RICKY, in a modest vessel named *Dirty Lowdown*. They appear as emissaries in the tide, making their approach like legends on the surf.

RICKY, a hefty Polynesian in a three-piece Caribbean suit, begins gathering their instruments and essentials.

The FRIAR, in his 50's and ambling on a bum knee, pulls the boat ashore and looks around like he hasn't seen this place in way too long. A smile brands his face.

CUT
TO:

INT. OCEAN-DAY

Percy snorkels in a shallow lagoon, uncovering hidden treasures aplenty. He gathers a few favorites in his net and swims on...

CUT

TO:

EXT. BOAT-LATER

Surfacing, Percy tosses his mask, snorkel, and net on deck. He pulls himself up, grabs a beer out of the cooler and dries off beneath the sunshine. He reaches for his Captain's Log to make an entry...

He finds a page near the end with barely enough room for his thoughts.

Percy closes the journal and goes below deck to place it in the cabinet amongst his collection.

CUT
TO:

EXT. HARBOR TOWN-DAY

The *Pariah* finds her way back toward the mainland supply shop...

CUT
TO:

EXT. PORT-LATER

Percy lets the DECK HAND tie up the boat. He jumps onto the dock, tips the boy, then shuffles on toward the shop...

INT. SHOP-MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Mokomo stands behind the counter and welcomes Percy with his familiar smile...

MOKOMO

Hey, long time, Mr. Percy.

PERCY

(as he searches)

Yeah, I've been all over lately. I'm probably not going to be back this way for a while again--

(grabs a hand cart)

I need to go back home for a little while.

MOKOMO

You coming back, yeah?

PERCY

I hope so. Just gotta take care of some family business--

Percy fills a small cart with essentials: batteries, lures, bait, hooks, ice, beer, pens. He steps up to the counter and waits for Mokomo to hand him the journals... Instead, the old man just kind of stares.

PERCY

No logs?

MOKOMO

Oh, no, Mr. Percy. I'm so sorry. They not come in yet.

PERCY

None at all?

MOKOMO

I have lots of paper for you--

PERCY

No logs, though. Nothing to keep them bound or organized?

MOKOMO

Mr. Percy, I'm so sorry. They should be here yesterday, but no. You come back this week and I will have them--

PERCY

No, I... I have to leave tonight. Tomorrow morning at the latest.

MOKOMO

I have post-its.

Percy shakes his head and puts the pens back on the shelf. He walks with his cart back to the counter...

PERCY

That's okay, not a problem. I guess it's time I start talking about my adventures.

Mokomo placates him with a smile as he starts to ring up the items.

CUT
TO:

EXT. HARBOR TOWN-LATER

Percy stands at another phone booth somewhere in the Caribbean...

PERCY

Hey, Kelsey, yeah. Thanks for accepting the charges. You can just take it out of my allowance -- ooooh, that's right, what allowance?

(listens)

Hello..? Hell--

(listens)

Mom? Hi. Yeah, I don't think she wanted to talk to me anymore. Her loss. Listen... I'm gonna be leaving here tonight, tomorrow at the latest, so I should be there in a couple weeks, tops. Uh, how's he doin'?

(listens...)

Yeah, well... I'm sorry. That's the best I can do with what I've got down here. I'll get there, I will.

As Percy listens, he flags down a LOCAL and hands him some cash, directing him toward a nearby TIKI BAR. The LOCAL takes the cash and goes to fulfill Percy's order.

PERCY

Look, I know, I spoke to Jeremy a few days ago. I'm gonna fight for this, Mom. This isn't fair. That's my mon--

(listens)

Well I'm not coming home to appease Jeremy. I'm coming home because... because I owe Dad that much.

(listens)

They can say whatever they feel they need to say, Mom, but I'm not coming back for them to sink their claws in and chastise me anymore. They both hate me, they always have. To them, I'm no fucking good and I'm just the one who ran away, but it's not like that. I didn't run away and I didn't get sent away like some kind of idiot savant who couldn't take care of himself. I got away to get away -- Dad's idea. He knew what I needed and he had no problem sponsoring the idea. Now Jeremy thinks he can--

(listens)

I don't know. I don't know what I need, but... I don't think I've

found it yet.

The LOCAL returns with Percy's COCKTAIL which he accepts it gratefully, waving off the change--

PERCY

(covering the phone)

Did you tip the bartender?

The LOCAL nods and leaves Percy with a smile.

PERCY

Listen, Mom... this is my life down here. It's very simple and so am I, obviously. I love where I'm at even though I don't love how I got here. But I'm nothing close to being what any of you know how to deal with, let's face it. Even after all this time. I'm still just a schmuck on a sailboat. That's all I know how to be. That's the hand I got dealt. Between you and Dad, all those smarts and genetics that got passed on to your kids... there apparently was only enough for two. All I got was his looks and his money.

(listens)

I didn't call to make you cry, I really did not. You may not believe this, but I hate myself most of the time because that's all I've ever been able to do with any level of skilled consistency.

(listens)

I know. I know. I'm sorry, I'm...--

(tears start)

Arrright, I'll see you in a couple weeks. I will.

Percy hangs up. He takes a moment to compose himself, then preys on his cocktail as he sinks into the booth.

CUT

TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-DAY

Just as Percy steps through the door he is met with APPLAUSE and EMBRACE from the packed house. His sullen disposition from earlier vanishes in an instant as he is swallowed by the felicity of this moment.

He pours through the crowd of REGULARS and TRANSIENTS and finds himself directed to a tall THRONE-LIKE CHAIR positioned at the center of the bar, flanked on each side by the FRIAR and THREE-PIECE RICKY...

FRIAR

Special occasions, dear boy.

Percy answers them both with a hug, then takes his seat.

Sir Matthew is right there waiting with a beer and a shot for Percy...

SIR MATTHEW

Brother Chaos awaits.

(slides him his
drinks)

To you, my friend. To your journey.

EVERYONE raises their drink--

ALL

Up the field!

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-LATER

At one corner of the Lounge the Friar and Three-Piece Ricky are wowing their audience with a guitar-fiddle medley.

Across the Lounge, Percy is flanked by his peers as they ease into the remains of the day - LAUGHING, SINGING, DRINKING, DANCING...

The spirit of the Prophet's Lounge is alive and well this day: the sunshine fills every open window; the sounds of the surf accompany the Friar's rhythms; the booze is flowing like a blood drive; and Sir Matthew oversees it all with an ear-to-ear smile.

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-LATER

Everyone is uniformed in a pleasant buzz by this point. The Friar, Three-Piece and Philthy Phil keep things peppy with their rendition of "*Late in the Evening*." A CONGA LINE has formed and it circles in and out of the Lounge.

Percy sits high at the bar in his throne, working on his

eleventeenth cocktail with Mr. Cashmillion and Birdsex on each side...

PERCY

Boys, I cannot thank you enough. I know what I have to do now and, as always, I owe it all to you. It's gonna be a good trip. Up the field.

BIRDSEX

There's no way you're gonna be up and running by morning. No way. Not after what we're gonna do to you tonight.

PERCY

Christ, another gang rape?

BIRDSEX

Those sails won't catch any wind until late tomorrow night.

PERCY

Those sails have caught more wind than you've broken, Birdsex! You wait and see, you asshole.

BIRDSEX

I hope so...
(goes to drink)
You're doing the right thing, Percy.
(toasts him)

PERCY

You drinkin' beer tonight, Birdsex?

BIRDSEX

Hey, it's gonna be a long night. This is the only way I'll last.

CASHMILLION

Pussy.
(drains his cocktail)
Sir Matthew! 'Nother soup du jour. And not so much ice this time -- you trying to kill me?

Sir Matthew throws a handful of ICE at Cashmillion, then laughs it off as he refills the old man's scotch.

CASHMILLION

Tell you what, Percy. You're gonna discover as you keep getting older

that the keys to a kind existence are
to work like you don't need the
money, dance like no one's watching,
and love like you've never been hurt.
No regrets, no grudges, no I-Owe-
You's.

BENNY

And big tits. Ha!

CASHMILLION

Correct, Mr. Mayor. Big tits. Big
tits with tan aureoles and harpoon
nipples.

(drinks)

Uncle Jimmy swings in, nearly knocking himself over as he
offers a tray of hors d'oeuvres...

UNCLE JIMMY

Grab a handful, kids. Please, I made
them especially for the party.

CASHMILLION

Jesus, Jimmy--

(sniffs)

--what the hell are these?

UNCLE JIMMY

Rum balls! Old family recipe.
You'll love 'em.

PERCY

(reluctant)

Gee, Uncle Jimmy, you shouldn't have.

UNCLE JIMMY

Please, it's a special occasion.
Fill your pockets, enjoy.

Mr. Cashmillion takes a tiny bite... he's disgusted. He
nonchalantly reaches behind Uncle Jimmy and drops the rest
of the rum ball into Benny the Mayor's cocktail.

Percy struggles with his bite and eventually - and
excruciatingly - swallows it. He drains his cocktail.

UNCLE JIMMY

(staggering O.S.)

Who wants a rum ball?!

Cashmillion is battling the aftertaste...

CASHMILLION

Hey, Birdsex... You wearin' socks?

BIRDSEX

Yeah, why?

CASHMILLION

Gimme one of 'em. I need to get the taste of this shit out of my mouth.

The Friar and Three-Piece Ricky transition beautifully into another instrumental riff to suit the mood.

PERCY

I really am going to miss all you fuckers. I'll hurry back, I promise.

BIRDSEX

Please, take your time. I'll probably just be coming to by the time you get back.

CASHMILLION

(finishes his cocktail)

Well, as my kindergarten teacher used to say: "Fuck it, kids, I'm goin' on a smoke break."

And with that, Cashmillion retreats to the Men's Room.

The Friar, Three-Piece and Philthy bring the melody to a rousing finish and the crowd goes wild.

FRIAR

(into the microphone)

Don't sail off, kids, we got a lot more singin' and drinkin' to do yet. We're gonna unplug for a spell to refuel, appease our vices, and we'll be back in time for sunset. Let's all drink.

APPLAUSE fills the room and the BAND meshes back into the crowd, making their way toward the bar...

Percy stands to embrace the Friar--

PERCY

Sonorous as always, Friar. Thank you so much for being here.

FRIAR

We're just getting started, my boy. I have another special present for

you...
 (taps his shirt
 pocket)
Later. After sunset.

Birdsex barges in--

BIRDSEX

Hey Friar, play that one song about
that guy who goes to that place where
all that weird shit happens.

FRIAR

Birdsex, you're still a jackass. Get
a hold of yourself, would you please?

BIRDSEX

Sorry. It's the beer talking.

FRIAR

Then you need to tell your beer to
shut the fuck up.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-LATER

Percy is helping Sir Matthew unload cases of liquor from a
high-powered speedboat commandeered by GUERRILLAS. They
stack the boxes in the sand and Sir Matthew pays them off.

Percy struggles with his stack while the seasoned Sir
Matthew lifts with ease. Together they lug the booze back
toward the Lounge...

PERCY

Hey, Sir Matthew... I really gotta
thank you for making all this happen.
The blarney is overwhelming, honest.

SIR MATTHEW

A privilege. I'm just glad it all
came together this fast.

PERCY

I'm really gonna miss this place.

SIR MATTHEW

That is, if it's still standing when
we get back.

PERCY

Who'd you leave in charge of the bar?

SIR MATTHEW

Uncle Jimmy.

PERCY

Doesn't sound like one of your better ideas. The guy hasn't been sober since the Muppet Show went off the air.

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-SAME TIME

The blotto UNCLE JIMMY - with a mouthful of rum balls - stands behind the bar to an attentive cast of Regulars.

BIRDSEX

You make it home okay last night, Uncle Jimmy?

UNCLE JIMMY

I slept in my suitcase last night.
(a beat)
Woke up in it, anyways.

REGULAR

(waving an empty glass)

Hey, Uncle Jimmy, how 'bout a J&B rocks?

UNCLE JIMMY

No thanks, I'm more of a--

Uncle Jimmy freezes mid-sentence. His eyes bulge. He casually strolls out from behind the bar, finds an open window... and BARFS outside.

He makes his way back to his post behind the bar and resumes his duty as if nothing happened...

UNCLE JIMMY

--more of a Tanqueray man. Take a rain check. Ask me again in an hour.

EXT. BEACH-CONTINUOUS

The boys make their way along...

SIR MATTHEW

You are coming back, right?

PERCY

Yeah. I'll be back. This is my home now. I'm just going back to... to

pay my respects.

SIR MATTHEW

Percy, listen... if you don't make it back... if we don't ever see you again... we're all real happy you found us. It doesn't happen for everyone, you know. The Prophet's Lounge is a kind of beacon for lost souls. Not just anybody can find us. It takes an indirect path, lots of wrong turns and just enough right ones.

(stops for a
breather)

After you go home and mend old wounds... you think you can find us again?

PERCY

Lots of wrong turns is the sad story of my life.

SIR MATTHEW

Yeah, well, hopefully after tonight you'll be steering yourself on the right path. For a change.

PERCY

I'm not expecting miracles.

The noise from inside the Lounge gets LOUDER as our boys approach.

SIR MATTHEW

Do you smell puke?

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-LATER

Percy is back in his throne as the Friar and Three-Piece have re-taken the stage just in time for sunset. The majestic colors burning on the horizon cast a lovely aura into the Lounge.

FRIAR

(into the microphone)

Now we're gonna play a tune here... I wrote this during a binge over in Key West with my good friend, Philthy--

PHILTHY

Shots! Shots! Shots for all my
friends!

FRIAR

Sir Matthew, get that shipwreck a
drink, will ya'? My tab.

(tuning his guitar)

This one goes out to all my friends
tonight, and one in particular as he
gets ready to leave us for a spell.

The gang up at the bar roisters around Percy.

FRIAR

So, to you, Percy, and to all my
friends on this hallowed occasion.
It's really so special to play for
all of you... because you guys,
you're the bunch who really knows how
to appreciate your own lives, as well
as everybody else's around you, and I
thank you for that.

(starts playing)

You're not afraid to tell people to
go fuck themselves and that's really
special.

Up at the bar, Birdsex nudges Percy...

PERCY

Asshole.

BIRDSEX

Wad waste.

They smile.

FRIAR

Any good therefore I can do...

A REGULAR steps up to drop a \$20 in the Friar's tip jar--

FRIAR

Or any kindness I can offer... let
me do it now... for I shall never
pass this way again.

Three-Piece Ricky takes to his fiddle and opens the song up
behind the Friar's guitar...

FRIAR

(singing)

We're holding hands, we walk on the
sand dunes just before sunset...

Mr. Cashmillion WHISTLES through his fingers as the Friar
croons.

FRIAR

We can't keep our eyes away from the
sky, knowing this time slips away
much too fast... the moment before
it sinks into the sea we finally look
at the sun and we're left to wonder
what we could've done...

Close in on the SOUND HOLE in the Friar's guitar...

DARKNESS.

The Friar's song carries on, his voice turning into a
psychedelic ECHO as...

INT. MEN'S ROOM-LATER

The door of the Men's Room OPENS and the screen is FILLED
WITH LIGHT. As a handful of REGULARS step into the Men's
Room, the action is all SLOW MOTION. Sir Matthew locks the
door behind them and the light DIMS to present each one with
a SPOTLIGHT where they stand. Surreal.

We can still hear the Friar singing "*With Every Sunset*" over
the soundtrack as we come to see PERCY, BIRDSEX,
CASHMILLION, SIR MATTHEW, BENNY, PHILTHY, THREE-PIECE RICKY
and the FRIAR -- who pulls a long, thick JOINT from his
shirt pocket...

FRIAR

My fellow prophets. Brother Chaos
awaits.

DISSOLVE

TO:

Later. SMOKE fills the Men's Room. Everybody takes a puffs
under the spotlight. (During a pass, Percy fumbles the
exchange.) Puff by puff, the walls behind them slowly *come
into focus*...

SMOKING MONTAGE:

FRIAR

(blows smoke)
There. That's better.

PERCY

Yeah. I can feel the bone marrow
growing in my toes.

BIRDSEX

(smoking)

Where'd you get the wand, Friar?

FRIAR

Friend of mine in the Caymens. I
play at his place every now and a
while and he pays me in hippy
lettuce. Nice, huh?

THREE-PIECE

The finest kind.

BENNY

You guys hear something?!

PHILTHY

Yeah. It's my lungs. They're
applauding.

CASHMILLION

Sweet Bubba Nazareth. I feel like a
kid again.

As each Regular stands out individually through the haze, a
few *prophecies* stand out behind them - each one hand-written
on the wall by the man standing in front of it. (*These
should be profound statements, quotes, lyrics, or proverbs
scribed on the walls by the actors in character.*)

More red-eyed, ad-libbed hilarity ensues...

Close in on Percy's eyes - right into the BLACK OF HIS
PUPIL...

CUT
TO:

DARKNESS.

Pull away to reveal the SOUND HOLE in the Friar's guitar...

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-LATER

...as he plays, now singing "*Wreck of the Edmund
Fitzgerald.*"

By now the CROWD has thinned a bit, but our favorite
Regulars are hanging tough - though visibly altered - up at
the bar...

BIRDSEX
(checking his
pockets)
Has anyone seen my, uh, my...

PHILTHY
Reason for being?

BIRDSEX
Shit. What was I looking for?

SIR MATTHEW
Here. This'll totally help.
(offers him a drink)

BIRDSEX
I swear... it was right here...
(laughs)
Wasn't it...? Fuck it.
(drinks)

Across the bar, Benny the Mayor is struggling to keep himself conscious. (The RUM BALL still floats in his cocktail.) He teeters. He is sinking off of his bar stool... and then he FALLS TO THE FLOOR!

Sir Matthew is quick to sound the BELL--

SIR MATTHEW
Man down!

A gaggle of Regulars stand over the fallen Mayor APPLAUDING and LAUGHING.

SIR MATTHEW
Another satisfied customer.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-LATER

Percy walks along the beach with Mr. Cashmillion under a starlit sky. We can hear the Friar singing behind them.

CASHMILLION
What time you pulling anchor?

PERCY
First light.

CASHMILLION
You're gonna feel like shit.

PERCY

Story of my life.

CASHMILLION

New book starts tomorrow, kid. Fresh ink.

(drinks)

Where you droppin' Philthy?

PERCY

Key West. Might layover there for a night or two, hear him play, meet up with some old grasshoppers I used to run with.

CASHMILLION

Still no rush to get home, huh?

PERCY

Not especially, but... I'm on my way though, right?

CASHMILLION

You tell me.

They walk past the hammock where Philthy is laying, strumming his guitar...

PHILTHY

(trashed)

Don't lee' without me, Percy!

PERCY

First light, Phil.

They walk on, leaving Phil behind as he continues playing and SINGING to a YOUNG WOMAN drunk enough to enjoy him.

PERCY

You know, Mr. Cashmillion... I guess... I'm just scared. I'm really scared. I never really fit in anywhere until I got down around here and now, six years later, I have to go back home and pretend to be someone I'm not. Someone I never was. I have this nightmare that they're gonna trap me and keep me there.

CASHMILLION

What are you sayin'? You gonna go back, kiss a little ass and play nice

just so you can keep your cut of
Daddy's change? Don't do that.

PERCY

I can't live without that money. I
can't live on my instincts and I
certainly can't live off my God-given
talents, 'cuz God never gave me any!
Both my brother and my sister are
successful, wealthy, established and
more than capable of carrying on the
family torch. Without my allowance:
I-have-nothing!

CASHMILLION

Percy, you're not looking at the
bigger picture. Life is a panoramic
and your fuckin' peepin' in on it
with a monocle! Not because you're
stupid, or because you don't know
how, or because you're not good at
it. You're just not looking. You're
right about one thing, though: you
have nothing. But not because
there's a chance of losing your
remittance. But because, other than
that beautiful boat out there and the
lot of us gathered 'round that bar
every so often, what've you got?
Better yet, what do you want?

Percy stops walking.

CASHMILLION

You said it yourself, you been
sailing around in circles for six
years, port to port -- for what?!
You have no mission, no direction.
What do you want out of your life?
You've been so busy running from who
you were instead of trying to figure
out who you are.

Percy looks away, going to take a drink - but Cashmillion
stops him. He sets both their cocktails down in the sand
and grabs Percy by the shoulders--

PERCY

I'm no fucking good, Cash.

CASHMILLION

That's horseshit, kid. You know it.
You can sail, you can make friends,

you got a way with the ladies, and
once every now in a blue fuckin'
moon, you make a funny.

Percy cracks a smile.

CASHMILLION

You are not useless. And you are not
finished with your life -- not by a
long shot. How old are you?

PERCY

(sighs)

Thirty.

CASHMILLION

You still wanna be doin' this when
you're forty? Still running from it,
no closure? You're fucking thirty!
You haven't even begun to start
livin'.

PERCY

I don't know what to live for! I
have never been good at anything.

CASHMILLION

That's your old man talking. You
wanna start? How about you start by
standing up for yourself?

PERCY

He'd always call me the black sheep
of the clan. Incapable,
insufficient, inept. Just a head on
a stick. His own son. And here I am
still, just a head on a stick.

CASHMILLION

Correction. There you were. You
came out all this way, all by
yourself without nobody's help but
your own, thousands and thousands of
miles away from home just to walk
through your own front door. Percy,
you are who you are -- different.
Best way to get noticed. You're
already half-way there, kid. You're
doing it. Here-you-are.

Percy laughs, then looks away to fight off his tears.

CASHMILLION

I miss you already, kid.

PERCY
You'll see me again.

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-LATER

The gang roisters at the bar while the Friar and Three-Piece Ricky serenade them with some old school Jimmy Buffett. (Benny the Mayor is still passed out on the floor, yet the Regulars drink around him.) This party is far from over.

FADE
OUT:

DARKNESS.

The intermittent BEEPING of a HEART MONITOR. It gets faster...--

CUT
TO:

INT. BOAT-SUNRISE

Percy's ALARM CLOCK reads 7:00, BEEPING like a time bomb on the brink. He launches the clock across the lower deck - the beeping STOPS. O.S. we can hear the hangover kicking in...

PERCY (O.S.)
Dear Jesus, why...?!

CUT
TO:

EXT. BOAT-MOMENTS LATER

Percy finds the upper deck through the haze and cannot help but laugh when he sees Philthy laid out in the cockpit next to his guitar and a travel sack - *and* an empty bottle of Bacardi Anejo.

Percy finds his cooler, cracks open a beer and washes down a couple of Advil.

The sun is climbing as Percy looks back toward the beach...

The Prophet's Lounge, some 200 feet away, glows under the new light of morning. Birdsex is passed out FACE DOWN in the sand beside the hammock. The Friar is still singing

inside.

Percy smiles through the pain.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BOAT-LATER

Percy moves expertly around *Pariah* (almost unrecognizable in this crafty persona), readying all necessary equipment on his own as Philthy lays still in his coma. The sails rise, flap open and swell in the surge of a cool morning breeze. *Pariah* is on the move.

As they begin to pick up speed, Percy stands behind the wheel and turns back for one last glimpse of the Lounge...

Mr. Cashmillion, cocktail firmly in hand, waves to him as they pull away--

CUT
TO:

EXT. DOCK-FLASHBACK

Percy's FATHER waves good-bye from the dock. He is about to speak--

CUT
TO:

EXT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

Percy turns away and sets his sights on the sea ahead.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-DAY

Birdsex comes to and pulls himself up off the sand and makes his way back up toward the Lounge...

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-CONTINUOUS

The Regulars LAUGH (and Uncle Jimmy is unconscious ON the bar) as Birdsex meanders past. He sees Mr. Cashmillion working his magic on some LADIES up at the bar and stops behind him...

BIRDSEX

Hey, the kid leave yet?

Cashmillion turns to answer Birdsex - he laughs.

BIRDSEX

What?

Cashmillion motions toward the Men's Room door and turns back to regale the chicks. They're all laughing.

Birdsex steps into the Men's Room - still SMOKY inside - and stops in front of the mirror. Now he sees it - Percy has written "*Bon Voyage, Asshole!*" on Birdsex's face so that it can be read in his reflection.

CUT

TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

A PELICAN glides along the breeze, rises up, then dive bombs into the sea for his lunch.

Percy watches from the bow of *Pariah*, working on another beer. He's had a few by this point and is slowly catching up to where he left off the night prior.

Philthy stands at the stern with his line cast out into the sea. He watches the PELICAN soar off with the fish...

PHILTHY

Fucker stole my lunch.

PERCY

I'll share my lunch with you. In the cooler.

With a hand firmly on his line, Philthy stretches back and opens the cooler - just Heineken.

PHILTHY

Is this the Kellogg's variety pack?

PERCY

Help yourself. I figure we can stop tonight and replenish when we fuel up, so... go nuts.

PHILTHY

Where we stoppin'?

PERCY

Jamaica, mon! Does Kingston sound good to you?

PHILTHY

I sound good to them.

PERCY

Nothin' but the kindest people in all
the land. Some jerk chicken for
dinner, a few daiquiris, perhaps a
little Jamaican tail for dessert...?

PHILTHY

I'm already there.

PERCY

Sail on, sailor.

CUT
TO:

TRAVEL MONTAGE:

(Brian Wilson's "*Sail On, Sailor*" plays throughout...)

The awesome beauty of the wide open sea. Passing fellow
SAILORS on separate quests. Lovely young COEDS flashing
their tits with encouragement from Percy and Phil. Port
after port of FRIENDLY NATIVES, many of whom Percy has known
before. Percy out on his own, exploring the Jamaican
landscape and its PEOPLE. Philthy plays his guitar on the
stern while Percy reads his journals by a congregation of
SEA GULLS... Philthy hands him the guitar and Percy tries
to play... the sea gulls SCATTER. A nasty STORM forces
Pariah into a nearby harbor - Percy and Phil seek refuge in
the only open bar on the island and turn the place upside-
down. The next day, *Pariah* hugs the coastline, taking an
up-close survey of the storm damage - a BUMPER CAR jutting
ass-end out of the sand grabs their attention. The boys
sail on under a summer sun as *Pariah* coasts like a bullet
over the waves...

(*Song fades.*)

CUT
TO:

EXT. BOAT-DAY

Percy sleeps on the deck, beer in hand.

Philthy stands behind the wheel. He gauges his position,
scans the area, then steps below deck for the bathroom - but
he bumps his knee on a lower compartment, sending it OPEN.
He kneels down and discovers Percy's entire collection of
JOURNALS inside. Phil peeks his head out the hatch...

Percy is motionless.

Phil goes back to the mini-library and selects a journal marked "*Souvenirs*." He takes it topside and lays it open above the steering wheel and starts to read, occasionally looking up to asses his direction.

PHILTHY
(reading)
Well, well, well...

CUT
TO:

EXT. HARBOR, KEY WEST-DAY

Pariah has settled into a boat slip in the harbor. All around the marina banners are hung promoting the Fourth of July celebration.

Percy assists Phil with his guitar case and travel sack. They tie down the boat and make their way up the dock and into town...

PERCY
What time's the gig?

PHILTHY
Shortly after my first drink.

PERCY
I'm gonna traipse around for a while.
I'll be in to heckle after sunset.

PHILTHY
I look forward to it.

They stop at the end of the dock and shake hands...

PERCY
Thanks for the company, Phil.

PHILTHY
A privilege. Thanks for the sails.

PERCY
My privilege.

They embrace.

PERCY
Where was all this affection when I
couldn't sleep?

Phil casually reaches down and grabs Percy's ass.

CUT
TO:

INT. CAPTAIN TONY'S SALOON-LATER

Percy sits at the bar mingling with some LOCALS. As he turns away from their conversation to take a drink, he sees something outside - a YOUNG WOMAN passing by...

Percy is dazed by her presence. *Push in* on him... Finally, he stands up and rushes out to the sidewalk. As she walks on, he notices the LIGHTHOUSE TATTOO on her right shoulder blade...

MATCH
DISSOLVE:

EXT. BEACH-FLASHBACK

The YOUNG WOMAN - seen only from behind - walks through the shallow water and up onto the beach where she keeps on going, leaving her FOOTPRINTS on the shore as she goes...--

EXT. CAPTAIN TONY'S SALOON-CONTINUOUS

Percy is transfixed therein the doorway until the bartender, SASSY, snaps her fingers--

SASSY
Hey, chief, where you goin'? You
still gotta tab runnin' here.

Percy shakes it off and turns back inside...

PERCY
"Chief?" I haven't worn that
headdress in years.

CUT
TO:

EXT. MALLORY SQUARE-SUNSET

The CROWD has gathered for the sunset ritual. Vagabonds and street performers entertain the assembly.

Percy stands alone and watches the horizon. He looks away for just a moment to scan the crowd - the LIGHTHOUSE TATTOO catches his eye! She, like all the others, casts her gaze out at the sun though her uncommon beauty stands out amidst the sea of faces.

Percy starts toward her, slowly, weaving through the crowd. Now *he* is the one standing out - closing in on his prey like a puma as everyone else stares straight ahead. He is just a few feet away from her when the sun disappears and the crowd erupts in APPLAUSE. He loses her as the crowd disperses. He looks left, right. She has vanished.

Percy stands alone, his back toward the lovely pallet of the new evening.

CUT
TO:

INT. THE GREEN PARROT-NIGHT

Percy sits alone at a table near the back. Across the bar, Philthy is plugging into the sound system as he is greeted by a swarm of LOCALS.

The WAITRESS brings Percy another cocktail...

WAITRESS

There you go, handsome. That one's on JJ Flowers up at the bar.

He looks beyond her shoulder to the burly Santa Claus-looking fellow in red-shaded sunglasses at the bar. Percy cannot help but smile as he sends the Waitress away with a \$10 tip and a pat on the ass.

The stoned and jovial JJ FLOWERS walks over to Percy and takes a seat across from his old friend...

JJ FLOWERS

Butt-fuck a duck, I thought that was you!

PERCY

What's left of him.

JJ FLOWERS

What're you doin' in Key West, Percy?

PERCY

Makin' a drop off.

JJ FLOWERS

You're not still grasshoppin' for Marv Jackelson are you?

PERCY

No, God no. Those days are long and gone, my friend. You?

JJ FLOWERS

Hey, the grass is always greener on my side. Cheap, too. Just like them good ol' days, you remember? Sticky buds on ten dollars a day--

PERCY

And jugs of rum for a roll in the hay.

They trade an esoteric handshake.

JJ FLOWERS

Lucrative days, Mr.P. Still are.

PERCY

Good to hear. I had to quit that shit. Not smokin' it, just making the runs. I'm too much a worry wart and way too much of a fuck-up not to get caught eventually, you now?

JJ FLOWERS

I can dig it. So...
(lights a smoke)
...what are you dropping off?

PERCY

You see that tool plugging in his guitar over there?

JJ FLOWERS

(looking O.S.)
Who's that? Philthy Phil? Fucker's crazy.

PERCY

Yeah, he's good at it. We both made the trip up through the Carib. He's staying, I'm moving on.

JJ FLOWERS

Never a port of call.
(smokes)
Where to next?

PERCY

Headed home, actually. My dad's dying.

JJ FLOWERS

Bummer, man. You need some cabbage for the trip? I got all kinds of

whacky.

PERCY

No thanks, JJ, I'm cool. Sir Matthew packed me a to-go box before we shipped out. Should last me all the way.

JJ FLOWERS

Fair enough. When you pullin' anchor?

PERCY

Manana.
(drinks)

JJ FLOWERS

You sure about that? Big storm blowin' through.

PERCY

Yeah, heard somethin' about that. We'll see. I gotta get back home though.

JJ FLOWERS

Gonna miss the fireworks.

PERCY

I'll see 'em from somewhere, I'm sure. You stayin' long?

JJ FLOWERS

Hey, brother, I'm just here pullin' a Haley's Comet. I'm pickin' up and droppin' off, then I'm gone. I need to be in St. Croix by Saturday.

PERCY

Aaahhh, the good ol' days. Send me a post card.

They toast.

CUT
TO:

INT. GREEN PARROT-LATER

Philthy is playing to a packed house - old songs, sea shanties, and perverted twists on some of the classics. They love him.

Philthy brings his set to a rousing finish and the APPLAUSE

envelopes the room. He takes a bow, signs off and goes to join Percy across the bar at his table...

PERCY

You're a God.

PHILTHY

I know this. I take it you and JJ Flowers played a little catch up?

PERCY-+

Of course. Didn't take long.

(drinks)

Takes me back, though.

PHILTHY

Boy, you don't know how far back it can ever go. You ain't the only one passed the time runnin' hash down here.

(grabs a beer)

I'm outta here at midnight. You wanna hit Duval after this, get shit-faced?

PERCY

I think I might just do my damage here, then head back to the marina. I'm thinkin' of shipping out pretty early.

PHILTHY

Ain't gonna be nothin' pretty about it, Percy. You heard anything more about the storm moving through the Gulf?

PERCY

Hoping it just blows itself out by then.

PHILTHY

Not likely. I talked with some Fort Meyers people who made the trip for the Fourth Festival and they said they barely made it down here 'fore they closed all the roads. Rough seas out there, my friend. You might just be better off waiting this one out. Hey, stick around, watch the boom-booms with us tomorrow night.

PERCY

I think I've stalled long enough.

PHILTHY

You might have no choice, Percy. Big
ass storm out there.

(drinks)

So, what'd you do all day?

PERCY

Shit. Caught up with some of the
riffraff, threw a few back, watched
the sunset... chased a ghost.

PHILTHY

...Delaney?

Percy cannot believe his ears...

PERCY

How the fuck you know about her?

PHILTHY

Am I right?

PERCY

Phil...?! What the fuck?

PHILTHY

Hey, like you said... I'm a God.
I'm omnipotent. And impotent, but
don't tell the ladies.

PERCY

Motherfucker. You read through my
logs!

PHILTHY

I found your stash, yes, but I wasn't
lookin' for 'em. Shit, I brought
enough Penthouse Forum to keep a
platoon quiet for a week.

PERCY

Phil, all of that... that's my
private memory. I like to keep all
that stuff to myself.

PHILTHY

No shit? I thought you were gonna
start working on that, letting it out
some.

Percy looks away and preys on his drink.

PHILTHY

Listen, kid, I'm sorry, but you really have some great souvenirs in there. You're quite the explorer, you know that? You taught me a thing or two about places I've been to over and over. Hell, there's a lot in there I didn't know about you -- what you've been doin' down here all this time, where you've been and what you found there... who you found it with.

(goes to drink)

Where is she now?

PERCY

(a beat)

I think she's here, actually.

PHILTHY

So I was right?

PERCY

Beginner's luck.

(drinks)

Even if she is here, she won't be for long. She's a stray, just like me. Off the map, livin' on a fading dime.

PHILTHY

Aaawww, a couple of silver spoon sailors far and away from home. Spicy! Tell me more.

PERCY

(drinks)

...she inherited a lot of coin from her Uncle, who practically raised her. He was a travel writer, created his own publication that started somewhere outta New England, then took off down here. She was a contributor to the pages. After he died... I think she just stopped writing. Came down this way and started walking the talk, I guess.

(goes to drink)

I found her in St. Barts. JJ Flowers and me, coincidentally, were down there dropping off some hash at the Coconut Bay Hotel... She was walking along the beach... kicking through the tide... playing a harmonica. I

ran after her.

PHILTHY

That's lovely. You see, boy... Now you're talking.

(drinks)

How long were you two kids together?

PERCY

Didn't you read that far?

Phil shakes his head.

PERCY

Not very long. Not long at all. I fucked up. Imagine that.

PHILTHY

I smell regret. Sad.

Percy says nothing, just prolongs his sip.

PHILTHY

Maybe this storm will blow in all the time you need.

CUT
TO:

EXT. DUVAL STREET-NIGHT

Percy wobbles along the strip after hours. The street is peppered with last-call revelers and Percy dithers his way through the traffic with a trained drunken eye.

CUT
TO:

EXT. HARBOR-LATER

Percy finds his way back to the marina. He wavers along the dock SINGING one of Philthy's crass tunes and tumbles back onto the *Pariah*...

INT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

Below deck. His drunken feet get him down into the cabin but Percy's balance surrenders shortly thereafter and he is on his back, sound asleep - but not before KNOCKING HIS JOURNALS TO THE FLOOR.

Push in on one of the open pages... the word *Delaney*.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. BOAT-FLASHBACK

3 years ago. The sun is setting, the sky is beautiful, and the waves crawl along the St. Bart's shoreline with effortless grace. The *Pariah* is anchored just offshore.

The cabin door SWINGS OPEN and a flustered young woman, DELANEY, storms out. She begins collecting her things into a small travel sack.

In a moment, Percy emerges at the foot of the cabin and just watches her...

DELANEY

I fucking knew this would happen, Percy. I knew it, but I... I let myself fall. I got all your subtle hints along the way but I let 'em bounce off thinking that we just had too much in common for you to not let me in, but no... no, you don't need anyone!

crying

You really think you're all alone in this world, Percy?! Just a rogue? You don't need anything or anybody else. Daddy's money, his boat, his shadow cast over the rest of your life! You have it all, right...? But you won't share anything... not even your bed. Not even for one night.

DELANEY

(wipes her eyes)

Just content the way you are. Fucking miserable. Miserable and all alone. That's only what you think you are, Percy. I could've made you think different.

PERCY

I'm doing you a favor, Delaney. Trust me on this. I wanna spend the night with you, really, but I'm... this is my shell in here. It's just me after.

DELANEY

You're pathetic.

PERCY

I know. It's on my birth

certificate.

Delaney shakes her head, keeps looking for her things...

DELANEY

Dammit, where's my bathing suit?

(looks under a few
things)

Fuck it. Dead skin anyway.

.

PERCY

I'm sorry.

DELANEY

Yeah you are.

She goes to the stern ladder... she turns back and throws a look at Percy that could disarm a missile..

DELANEY

I'm sorry, too. I'm sorry your Daddy didn't love you enough. And I'm sorry you wouldn't let me. Even after just this short time we've had together... I really thought you'd see me as a way out of a lifetime of solitude.

Delaney turns away and drops into the water.

Percy is stoic, just listening to her SPLASH away.

A beat.

He turns back, looks at his empty, unruffled bed, then back to the sea. Slowly, he steps onto the deck and goes to the stern...

As he reflected before: Delaney walks through the tide, up onto the beach where her footprints leave only a memory.

Percy looks as though he might speak - but says nothing.

A CLAP OF THUNDER--

CUT
TO:

INT. BOAT-PRESENT

Percy jolts out of his coma. More THUNDER. He pushes off the floor of the cabin and reaches for the hatch, pulling it

closed.

EXT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

Percy steps out from the cabin and stands in the rain. He holds his arms and scans the marina...

A WOMAN is calling to a MAN on a nearby dock to come in from the storm and take shelter in the boathouse.

Percy is locked on this image.

FLASHBACK: OPEEL stands on the dock, waving him in from the storm... her eyes bring Percy into focus through the pelting rain as she stares at him for the first time--

Percy shakes off the memory and steps below into the cabin...

INT. CABIN-CONTINUOUS

He turns on the lamp and stares at his empty bunk. The rain on his face speaks for the tears he won't shed.

CUT
TO:

EXT. SCHOONER WHARF-DAY

The breeze carries out hints of a distant storm and the sky hangs a grey curtain. Percy relaxes with a cocktail amidst a small gathering near the bar and listens to local legend Michael McCloud singing "*City of New Orleans*."

In a moment, Philthy strolls in with JJ Flowers, arm-in-arm, and they fall into their seats across from Percy. They are *still* drinking.

PERCY

You guys ever get to sleep?

PHILTHY

And miss the hurricane party over at Captain Kincaid's, are you sick?!

JJ FLOWERS

Helluva show, Mr. P.
Helluva show.

PHILTHY

Flowers and me, we shackled up with a couple of Illinois harlots down for the holiday--

JJ FLOWERS

Oh, you shoulda' seen the brass yummy
muscles on the one I wound up with!

PHILTHY

Both these dames needed no
encouragement whatsoever -- zero!
They came to party, they came to
spend, and they came to bend! Giddy-
up!

JJ FLOWERS

'Swut I'm talkin' about!

He and Philthy HIGH FIVE.

Percy's uninspired disposition offsets the boys' torpor and
it fizzles there across the table.

PHILTHY

Hey, I told you to come with us.

PERCY

No, I know. I know. I missed out.
I just... didn't sleep so well.

JJ FLOWERS

You didn't spend all night on the
boat, did ya'? Christ, between the
wind and the rain -- no fucking
wonder.

PHILTHY

You're not still thinking of pushing
off today, are you?

PERCY

I really shouldn't, but... I really
should. My old man's not gonna hold
on forever.

JJ FLOWERS

Percy, those waves pounding the Gulf
are gonna eat your big old baby up!
You really think you can travel over
that mess?

PHILTHY

Wait it out, boy. A fuckin'
hurricane just blew through up there.
The echo winds alone will be enough
to blow your boat right back down
here where you came from. Shit.

Belly up, kid.

PERCY

I can't wait anymore!

Percy pushes away from the table and steams through the crowd.

Phil and JJ share a look.

A beat.

Phil reaches for Percy's abandoned cocktail and helps himself.

CUT
TO:

EXT. SOUTHERNMOST POINT-DAY

Percy stands at the Southernmost Point landmark in Key West and watches the stormy sea. He hides a beer and takes a sip when no one's looking.

Close by, a YOUNG TOURIST climbs onto the marker and poses for his FRIEND holding the camera...

TOURIST

Snap a couple of me right here, will ya'? I'll send these back to Mom and Dad, let them know I've made it down this far and I'm never coming back!

Percy watches as the TOURIST strikes a pose.

After a moment, he turns away and sees the PHONE BOOTH nearby.

Push in on the PHONE...

CUT
TO:

INT. BEDROOM-SAME TIME

The TELEPHONE sits on the bedside table, next to the sailboat PHOTO. The BEEPING heart monitor can be heard O.S.

The phone never rings.

CUT
TO:

EXT. SOUTHERNMOST POINT-CONTINUOUS

Percy stares at the phone. He reels back and throws his beer bottle - it SHATTERS against the booth!

The TOURISTS scatter.

Percy stands in silence, his eyes locked on the phone.

CUT
TO:

EXT. MALLORY SQUARE-SUNSET

Despite the grey and windy conditions, a small assembly has gathered to catch what they can of the sunset. Percy makes his way through the crowd, searching for Delaney.

Just as the APPLAUSE signals yet another day's end, Percy stands with his eyes on the crowd... She's gone. In a matter of moments he is left alone in Mallory Square.

CUT
TO:

INT. BOAT-NIGHT

Percy relaxes below deck and listens to a RADIO BROADCAST of the current weather situation. As more bad news pours in about northbound travel conditions, Percy preys on his beer.

Phil peeks his head down into the cabin...

PHILTHY

Been lookin' for you.

PERCY

You found me. Congratulations. Have a beer.

Percy sluggishly reaches into the cooler beneath him and hands Phil a beer.

PHILTHY

Thought we might find you down at Captain Tony's, but nobody there had seen you all day.

(drinks)

Popped in at Sloppy Joe's... nada. Tracy behind the bar at the Bull said she didn't even know you were in town. I was even beginning to think that you weren't.

PERCY

Hurricane Belinda kind of made that impossible, Phil. Only way to get out is to go back down. Kind of thinking that's the best thing to do anyway.

PHILTHY

So you wait it out, what's the big deal?

PERCY

The big deal...? Phil... my old man, he was never in any particular rush to be at my bedside when I was a kid, or even when I was older. I was never dying, I know, but... would it really have mattered? Honestly, I think the only reason he would've hurried to be there was if I was dying. He'd clear his entire schedule just to be there to see that my extinction came to fruition. Peace of mind for that asshole.

PHILTHY

Wow. I didn't know there was also going to be dramatic fireworks tonight.

PERCY

Fuck you.

PHILTHY

You drunk?

PERCY

Kind of. Been drinking all day, I should be drunker.

PHILTHY

You been drinking a lot longer than that.

(a beat)

So you're gonna wait it out--

PERCY

Fuck him. I'm finishing what's left in this cooler and I'm heading back down. If anything, this hurricane is a sign. A stop sign.

PHILTHY

More like a yield sign. Come on,

Percy. You came all this way and now you're gonna flip sail?

PERCY

Yup.
(drinks)

PHILTHY

Percy... he's dying.

PERCY

We're all dying. I don't need to be there -- I don't want to be there! Why should I? So I can watch him die, so he can push off again?! I have nobody and nothing on my side. That's how I came in, that's how I'm going out.

A beat.

PHILTHY

Christ, how this boat manages to stay afloat under the weight of all this guilt...? What about your money? Your brother's gonna cut you off, right? What are you gonna do then, go back to grasshoppin' with JJ?

PERCY

I dunno. I'm still thinkin' about that.

PHILTHY

You thinking about it, or are you drinking about it?

PERCY

Just... just leave me alone, Phil. Please. No offense, I love you and all, but... just...

Phil watches Percy a while longer, goes to speak - stops himself. He sets his beer on the table beside Percy and steps up and out of the cabin, onto the dock...

He hears Philthy's FOOTSTEPS fading away down the dock -- then, they stop. In a moment, he hears them closer...

Philthy steps back down into the cabin, SLAPS Percy, snags his beer and disappears again. Percy listens as Phil's footsteps slowly fade away down the dock. He sits in solitude, again.

CUT
TO:

EXT. MARINA-NIGHT

From the marina we watch *Pariah* pull away from the slip and slowly ease out into the harbor...

CUT
TO:

EXT. HARBOR-LATER

Percy steers through the harbor toward the open sea. Above and behind him FIREWORKS paint the sky.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

A few days have passed. Percy is beginning to look more and more like the man he was 6 years ago - bearded, bloated and miserable. Empty bottles litter the deck. Even his sails are hung in a half-assed manner.

Just overhead, a CESSNA 180 SEAPLANE soars by and snaps Percy from his trance. He stares.

In a matter of seconds, the SEAPLANE is long gone.

CUT
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

Percy is sunbathing on the deck, beer in hand. Just as he falls asleep, the BOTTLE leaves his grip and rolls across to the edge, falling into the sea -- but when it hits the water we see PAPER rolled tightly up inside. It bobs along the surface and starts its journey...

DISSOLVE
:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

The BOTTLE floats along the current, riding the tide up onto the shore where a YOUNG WOMAN, *just out of focus*, sits on the beach. She sees the bottle, gets up and walks toward it... her feet *come into focus*... she reaches down *into the frame* and plucks the bottle from the tide...

We follow the bottle up to discover DELANEY'S face. She looks out toward the sea, all around her, then back at the bottle.

DISSOLVE
:

EXT. BEACH-LATER

Delaney walks along the shore reading the uncoiled paper...

PERCY (V.O.)

Up on the walls it is written: "Man's loneliness is but his fear of life." I have seen that there so many times and I agree, though I would certainly make this correction: "Man's loneliness is but his fear of love." Out here, out where I have only the sea gulls and pelicans to confess to, I have found that by pushing you away--as you predicted I would--I have admitted that I was afraid to love you. Probably because I would have done it all wrong. I always have. Anything I touch turns to dust. That's how you came to find me way down here. With only my room and board paid for, I was offered nothing else but a getaway to get away. That's all I had ever been offered until you--

CUT
TO:

EXT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

Percy opens his eyes. He looks down at his hand - the bottle is still clenched in his fist. He brings it up to take a sip and the beer SPILLS OUT onto his face. He does not flinch, just SIGHS.

CUT
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-NIGHT

Percy sits with his line cast out into the sea. Not a bite. He sits, hopeless, and works on another beer. He turns away and watches the stern...

DELANEY (V.O.)

Anything yet?

PERCY (V.O.)

Nope.

Push in on Percy as he reflects...

EXT. OCEAN-FLASHBACK

Percy sits with his line cast out to sea. Not a bite.

Just across the deck, DELANEY relaxes on the bench in her bikini, watching the sunset. A postcard image. Percy stares, longingly.

DELANEY

Maybe I'm bad luck.

PERCY

Huh?

DELANEY

Yeah, isn't that some kind of nautical mumbo jumbo superstition?

PERCY

What's that?

DELANEY

Having a woman on a boat. Isn't that supposed to be bad luck or something?

PERCY

Four women on board a boat at once is bad luck. Boats with names ending in the letter A are believed to be bad luck.

DELANEY

Such thing as good luck out here on the open seas?

PERCY

Actually...

(works his line)

...a pregnant woman is said to be good luck and a, uh...

DELANEY

Uh, what...?

PERCY

A pregnant woman or ...a naked woman.
(smiles)

Makes Poseidon very, very happy.

Delaney laughs, never taking her eyes off the horizon.

Percy turns back toward the sea and works his line. In a moment, Delaney's bikini top PELTS him in the face. Then, the bottoms.

Percy looks up to see Delaney's bare backside, just as the sun disappears below the water.

The fishing rod is YANKED out of his grasp and disappears into the ocean.

Delaney stands there a moment longer, turns her profile to Percy and offers smile before DIVING OFF.

Percy stands to watch this lovely siren skinny-dipping in the ocean. He has never looked happier...--

CUT
TO:

EXT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

The bench is empty under the moonlight. Percy turns away and starts reeling in his line - he snags something! He reels in carefully and grabs the line from the water... he has hooked a HARMONICA.

Percy's disappointment subsides and he takes the harmonica off the line and starts cleaning it.

CUT
TO:

INT. BOAT-LATER

Percy lay in bed PLAYING the harmonica. The noise is God-awful. He stops for a moment, reaching under his bunk for Delaney's BIKINI. His eyes sink into the fabric and he sighs...

PERCY

I don't deserve to find you again.

He replaces the suit to its hiding place and goes back to his harmonica. Determined, he plays on.

EXT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

Pariah seesaws along the waves as Percy's tone deaf harping rapes the silence of a lovely evening.

CUT
TO:

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

Percy guides *Pariah* at a glacial pace toward the familiar coastline where the Prophet's Lounge resides. A large object is *coming into focus* docked just outside the bar - the SEAPLANE Percy saw just days before.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-LATER

Percy stomps through the shallow waves and stops when his feet touch the beach. Despite his haggard appearance, he heaves a sigh of relief and smiles for the first time in a long while.

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-MOMENTS LATER

Percy steps through the door with a triumphant grin, awaiting some kind of applause. Instead, the Lounge is QUIET and GRIM - unrecognizable. Percy's smile evaporates when he meets eyes with a somber Sir Matthew, as well as an unfamiliar MAN at the bar...

PERCY

What, did I take the party with me?

SIR MATTHEW

Percy--

PERCY

The one and lonely only.

SIR MATTHEW

How'd you hear?

PERCY

(a beat)

Hear what?

Nobody says anything. Then Percy sees it - Mr. Cashmillion's CAPTAIN'S HAT resting on the bar in front of the old man's favorite seat.

Percy stands frozen in the doorway.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-LATER

Not long after, Percy lumbers across the sand until he spots Birdsex's OLD YACHT - named *Incomunicado* - anchored just offshore. He walks back into the water and swims out to it...

INT. YACHT-CONTINUOUS

Percy climbs aboard the *Incomunicado* and finds the sullen Birdsex DRUNK down below. Birdsex acknowledges his friend's arrival, but is far more interested in the rare bottle of DePaz rum on the dinette in front of him.

PERCY

When did it happen?

BIRDSEX

Too soon.

PERCY

Natural?

Birdsex can only nod. He takes a long swig.

PERCY

I had no idea. Hurricane Belinda threw down a road block, so I flipped sail and just came back--

BIRDSEX

His son is here. Flew down all the way from fucking Cleveland just to bring his old man's ashes back.

PERCY

That's his plane then?

BIRDSEX

Yup. He's taking the old man home. All we get to keep is his fucking hat--

(goes to drink)

--and everything he put up on the wall.

Percy looks around, searching for something to say or do.

BIRDSEX

You never made it home, did ya', boy?

PERCY

No, the hurricane--

BIRDSEX

Fuck the hurricane. Just another
Goddamn excuse for you.

PERCY

Birdie, it's not like that--

BIRDSEX

It's exactly like that!

(pours a drink)

I'll tell you, Percy... look what
you have to lose. Take a good
fuckin' look at this. You can't go
back and fill in the blanks. Life
isn't going to wait for you. It
doesn't ever work that way.

(drinks)

He loved you. You know that, right?
That old bastard... he really loved
you.

PERCY

I never thought he'd die before I got
to tell him--

BIRDSEX

I'm not talking about Cashmillion.

Percy swallows hard.

Birdsex tops off his glass.

Percy turns away and leaves. And just as he is heard
jumping back into the water, Birdsex lets his guard down and
CRIES.

CUT

TO:

EXT. BEACH-LATER

Percy inspects the sand for piss before taking a seat under
Cashmillion's favorite coconut tree. He studies his
harmonica for a while, then starts to play.

The STRANGER from the bar steps out of the Lounge, making
his way toward the seaplane.

Percy goes over...

PERCY

Robbie?

MAN

Rob.

PERCY

Rob, right. Listen, I, uh... I was
a real good friend of your Dad's.
I'm so sorry.

ROB

He was a likeable guy. Charming
bastard, all the way.

ROB starts loading some of his Father's belongings onto the
plane...

ROB

The boys at the firehouse back in
Cleveland can't wait for me to get
him back home so they can put the urn
up at the station. He was a real
hero to a lot of those guys. Not to
me, but...

PERCY

You taking him back today?

ROB

Tonight.

PERCY

Long flight.

ROB

I'll be laying over in Miami for a
day or so, then back up.

PERCY

No rush?

ROB

No, I'm pretty sure he'll still be
dead when we get home.

A confidant. Percy smiles.

PERCY

You know... I never got along with
my old man. And that's kind of how
we left it.

Rob stops busying himself and tunes in.

PERCY

He's back home in Chicago laid out on his deathbed and... I ain't in any particular rush to get home either. Though I should be.

ROB

Long ways away.

PERCY

Two different worlds completely.

A beat.

ROB

My Dad, he wasn't exactly the hugging type.

PERCY

Mine either. More of the choking type.

They laugh.

ROB

I can't say I ever recall him ever telling me that he loved me. Ever.

Percy has heard this all before...

PERCY

I've been kind of circling around down here on my own for quite a while now and... every harbor, every port I ever called home that particular day or night... I never felt more at home than when I was sitting next to your father.

ROB

Yeah? He ever tell you he loved you?

Percy stops, thinks...

PERCY

Not exactly...

ROB

He always used to say, "Yeah, Robbie, you're my boy, alright. I'd kiss you but I'm not looking for a serious

relationship right now." Funny guy.
(smile fades)
I couldn't tell you the last thing he
ever said to me, though.

Percy looks away, watches the water...

CUT
TO:

EXT. DOCK-FLASHBACK

Percy's FATHER waving to him from the dock...

FATHER
(faintly)
Fare you well, son.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-CONTINUOUS

Percy turns back to Rob...

PERCY
(tears start)
I'm sure he wished you well.

Percy composes himself and starts to walk away - he turns
back...

PERCY
You got a stewardess with you?

ROB
Nope. Just me and pop going back.

PERCY
Thought so. Stop in the Lounge
later, I'll buy you a cocktail before
you take off. My pleasure.

ROB
Just a cocktail?

PERCY
Jesus. You sure your Mr.
Cashmillion's kid?

This gets a laugh from Rob before Percy turns away.

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-SUNSET

Percy swings in the hammock. Instead of a cocktail in his hands, its the harmonica. By now he has acquired *some* talent.

The chords play into the next scene...

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. BOAT-DAY

Percy lay across the bench, holding the harmonica to his lips with one hand and his fishing rod in the other. The line has been cast way out and Percy appears to have little or no concern with it as he blows a meager melody into the old harp.

In a moment, there is a SLIGHT TUG on his line. Then another. Percy looks half-assed out toward the water... it stops. He resumes with the harm--ANOTHER TUG! It follows with another, stronger pull. Percy lifts his head, barely, and calmly starts to reel it in...

There is a bit of resistance as he twirls in the line. Percy drops the harmonica, presses his feet to the floor, sits up and looks over the side - still reeling...

The fishing line breaks the surface to reveal that it is tangled with another FISHING LINE across the water. As both lines hang just over the waves we see 2 HOOKS linked perfectly.

Percy's eyes follow across the new wire to the YOUNG WOMAN holding the fishing rod in her small boat just 50 feet away. It's DELANEY.

And just as the breeze finds its way through Percy's harmonica... they smile.

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-SUNSET

Sir Matthew is pouring shots for a small collection of REGULARS - Benny the Mayor and Uncle Jimmy included. It's a quiet scene, save for some calming reggae rhythms on the jukebox.

SIR MATTHEW
Hey, anybody seen Percy?

BENNY

Not since this afternoon.

SIR MATTHEW

Think he shipped out again?

BENNY

Nah, his boat's still out there.

SIR MATTHEW

It's sunset. Free sunset shooters.
(delivering drinks)

Percy never misses sunset shooters.

UNCLE JIMMY

I'll take his.

CUT

TO:

INT. BOAT-SAME TIME

Percy sits placidly at his dinette, his eyes fastened on Delaney as she takes a tour of his cabin. Her smile continues to grow as she finds old maps and treasures; shells and waterlogged artifacts; finally, his collection of Captain's Logs.

She selects a journal from the library and begins reading. Percy seems edgy at first, then relaxes behind the dinette. Delaney thumbs through page after page, stopping to read certain sections, looking up every so often to smile.

(The MUSIC from the Lounge is heard in the background...)

DELANEY

You write a lot. You've got quite the collection down here.

PERCY

That's essentially every day and night for the past six years. Key West to Trinidad, back again. And again...

DELANEY

(reading)

You know... you should contribute to my publication. I pay handsomely.

PERCY

Your publication?

DELANEY

Yeah. You remember my uncle's travel guides...?

Percy nods.

DELANEY

I took over. My publication.

PERCY

You never told me that.

DELANEY

You never told me lots of things.

Touche. Percy dips his head, thinks for a second...

PERCY

You'll pay?

DELANEY

Handsomely.

They smile at one another from across the cabin.

ROB (O.S.)

Anybody home?

Percy peeks through the hatch and sees Rob at the top of the ladder...

PERCY

Down here.

ROB

I see that. You're supposed to be in the Prophet's Lounge. You offered to buy me a drink, remember?

Rob steps down into the cabin and sees Delaney--

ROB

Oh, sorry. Didn't know you were entertaining down here.

PERCY

S'arrright, we're just catchin' up. Delaney here was offering me a job.

ROB

Congratulations. Retirement was making you look like hell.

PERCY

Are you takin' off arready?

ROB

Not until you buy me a drink I'm not.
Or was it three drinks?

PERCY

Runs in the fucking family.

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-LATER

The URN housing Mr. Cashmillion's ashes sits on the bar beside Rob. Cash's old Captain's Hat rests on top of the urn.

Percy and Rob toast their glasses.

This is not their first cocktail, and it's starting to show...

PERCY

To your old man, Robbie.

ROB

Rob. To my old man. Cheers.

PERCY

Up the field.
(drinks)
I'm gonna miss that sonofabitch.

ROB

Was a good man, a hero. Received the highest decoration any Cleveland fire fighter had ever received, twice. He was a good man.

Again, they toast.

ROB

So, Percy... who's the siren you left back on the boat? The one going through all your shit.

PERCY

Well... used to be just a girl I never know. I'm going to change that.

ROB

Yeah? Good for you. I'm sure it gets pretty lonely way out there sometimes.

PERCY

Loneliness is the ultimate poverty.
(goes to drink)
That's on the wall, did you know that?

ROB

Huh, what wall?
(drinks)

Percy watches Rob drain his cocktail and order another. Rob is showing signs of undeniable inebriation.

PERCY

You know, if you get too wasted, Sir Matthew here is gonna take away your keys and he won't let you leave until morning.

ROB

(whispering)
I'll still have the keys to my Dad's boat though. Shhhh.

SIR MATTHEW (O.S.)

I can hear you.

PERCY

What are you gonna do with Mr. Cashmillion's vessel, dare I ask?

ROB

After the service, I'm gonna fly my Uncle back down here and... He'll pick up where his big brother left off. He's retired now, widowed... thirsty.

SIR MATTHEW

The cycle continues.

PERCY

There's another one like him?

ROB

Uncle Tommy, yeah. Tommy Cashmillion. Never sailed a day in his life, but...

(drinks)

Hey, you gotta start sometime, right?

PERCY

I didn't know Mr. Cashmillion had a brother.

ROB

Prob'ly never mentioned him. Tommy was the quiet type, never got around to making as much noise as my old man. Nothing like Dad.

Sir Matthew steps over, bringing them both a shot...

SIR MATTHEW

We'll fix that.

Percy shares a smile with the bartender, as well as all the other REGULARS who loved the fallen prophet. Everyone raises their glass - "Up the field!"

Rob pushes away from the bar, turns to Percy...

ROB

I gotta hit the cake. Don't touch my beer or I'll knock your beard off.
(winks)

Rob steps into the Men's Room.

Percy takes this moment to study the urn. He has a plan.

INT. MEN'S ROOM-SAME TIME

Rob finishes number one and goes to wash his hands. He catches a glimpse of the wall behind him and turns to read. One of the *prophecies* catches his eye - one we saw earlier behind Mr. Cashmillion. Rob recognizes the handwriting immediately and goes over to touch the wall. He smiles.

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-MOMENTS LATER

Rob steps back out into the Lounge--

SIR MATTHEW

Jesus, that's the first time any Cashmillion has actually used the urinal.

The Regulars all LAUGH.

Percy looks guilty...

ROB
What'd you do to my beer?

PERCY
Nothing, I swear.

Rob retakes his seat, talking with a few of the REGULARS.

Percy motions for another beer and Sir Matthew arrives, swiping the old bottle in front of him--

PERCY
Wait!

Sir Matthew freezes. He looks back at Percy who furtively hints at the bottle's contents. Sir Matthew catches on and stores the bottle in a safe place, then brings Percy a new one...

SIR MATTHEW
You're a shifty motherfucker, you know that?

PERCY
Finally, I'm something!

Sir Matthew smiles and raps his knuckles on the bar--

SIR MATTHEW
That one's on me.

Rob turns back to Percy...

ROB
Man... tomorrow morning's gonna come early.

PERCY
It always does.
(drinks)
So, uh, Rob... you got anymore room onboard that little plane?

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-DAY

PERCY'S POV: the SUN swings to and fro across the frame.

Percy and Delaney swing in the hammock outside the Prophet's Lounge. His eyes adjust to the blaring sun and his system is slow to start in the flush of his hangover.

He looks out at the water and spots Birdsex's *Incommunicado*.

He KISSES Delaney as she sleep before trying - and failing - to get out of the hammock gracefully. He regains his balance and heads for the water...

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-LATER

(Cue Jimmy Buffett's "*Lovely Cruise*" over the soundtrack...)

Sir Matthew makes his way behind the bar. Not a Regular to be found this morning. He starts his opening routine and pauses just as he sees a NOTE and Percy's KEYS left in the fishbowl. He holds the keys and reads...

HIS POV: "*Time to bury the hatchet. Take good care of my girls until I get back...*"

SIR MATTHEW

Girls?

He reads on: "*Please start me a tab and buy my fellow prophets a cocktail, and see to it that the Young Lady gets my message. Thanks... and I love you. -PERCY.*"

Sir Matthew smiles. He looks beside the fishbowl and sees "the message" left for Delaney: an emptied bottle of Sailor Jerry with a ROLLED LETTER inside.

Just then, he hears the SEAPLANE ENGINE kicking on outside. He steps out from behind the bar, goes to the door and looks out--

The SEAPLANE glides across the waves toward the open sea...

Sir Matthew watches the plane, then notices Delaney swinging out of the hammock and making her way toward the Lounge.

INT. INCOMMUNICADO-CONTINUOUS

Birdsex is shaken back into consciousness as the SEAPLANE rumbles just outside. He goes topside to inspect...

EXT. BOAT-CONTINUOUS

The SEAPLANE zips by and LIFTS OFF THE WATER...

EXT. PARIAH-CONTINUOUS

Aboard Percy's abandoned vessel we hear the strident wind from the SEAPLANE finding its way through the HARMONICA that

hangs from the mainsail.

EXT. INCOMMUNICADO-CONTINUOUS

Birdsex, still a bit groggy, watches the plane. He turns away and then he sees it - his REFLECTION in the cabin door mirror...

Written in permanent marker across his bare chest, "*Fare you well, asshole. I love you.*"

He looks back at the sky and watches until the SEAPLANE is nothing more than a spot over the horizon.

INT. SEAPLANE-SAME TIME

Percy watches the island shrink away through his window.

Rob, his pilot, stares straight ahead...

ROB

You arright?

PERCY

Yeah. How you feelin' this morning?

ROB

Prob'ly wouldn't make you very comfortable if I answered that truthfully.

PERCY

'Preciate it.

Rob reaches into a small compartment and finds his stash of Advil. Percy holds out a hand for his ration.

ROB

There's a cooler under your seat.
Plenty of beer.

PERCY

Thanks, but... I think I'm gonna lay off the sauce for a while.

He relaxes and stares back out the window, drifting...

The Caribbean stretches far and wide in all directions.

CLOUDS swallow the frame--

EXT. OCEAN-DAY

(*Song carries over...*)

Dropping through the CLOUDS to find Sir Matthew, Benny the Mayor, Uncle Jimmy and Birdsex (still covered in marker) sailing on the *Incommunicado*. They gather side-by-side as Sir Matthew unveils Percy's BEER BOTTLE from the night before and hands it to Birdsex...

BIRDSEX
Farewell, old timer.

Birdsex turns the bottle up and a MIST of Mr. Cashmillion's ASHES falls free and blows out over the Caribbean.

The ASHES swallow the frame--

INT. SEAPLANE-SAME TIME

(Song carries over...)

Rob adjusts in his seat, moving his father's URN from beside him into a more comfortable position...

ROB
Hmm. The old man feels lighter
today.

Percy hides his smile... and his tears.

CUT
TO:

INT. PROPHET'S LOUNGE-CONTINUOUS

Delaney, alone at the bar, turns the Sailor Jerry bottle upside-down and lets the paper fall out into her hand. She unrolls the message and reads to herself...

PERCY (V.O.)
Up on the walls it is written: Man's
loneliness is but his fear of life.
Finding you again has erased any fear
I ever had.

INT. MEN'S ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Delaney steps into the Men's Room to read the walls.

PERCY (V.O.)
Now I can go home again without being
afraid of not fitting into a family
that still thrives without me. I may
share that name... but my own legacy
will be left down here, out where you
found me... out where I found

everything I'll ever need to know
about life... simply by not even
looking for it.

Delaney cannot believe her eyes as they bounce from prophecy
to prophecy, uncovering pearls of island wisdom and elder
wit...

PERCY

As accidental as my life may be, I
now understand nothing so real or as
substantial as myself.

Delaney's eyes *close in* on one *prophecy* in particular,
scribed there on the wall in Percy's unique handwriting...

HER POV: *"The past is prologue. Turn the page. -P.G."*

CUT
TO:

EXT. BEACH-LATER

Delaney carries the letter in her hand as she kicks through
the tide...

PERCY

When I return to you, my dear, my
pockets will be filled with nothing
more than the warm, thick air of the
Caribbean, and the wind in my sails
will carry me from port to port as I
seek out the rest of me and take
notes for the future. And you are
welcome to read - and publish - every
page. Until then... sail on, sailor.

INT. SEAPLANE-SAME TIME

Percy's eyes are in the clouds as a genuine smile grows
beneath them. He rests his head back and drifts off to
sleep. The smile never fades.

(Jimmy Buffett's song fades on the final HARMONICA notes...)

CLOUDS wash over the frame...--

CUT
TO:

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE-DAY

The CLOUDS PART and we are flying through the air above this
over-developed metropolis. A different world completely.

The painful SOUNDS of big city ruffraff are jolting as we *push in* on an office window high above the traffic...

INT. OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

A 30-something erudite sits in this plush office, looking very important and very condescending as we come to see the name plate centered on his mammoth desk: JEREMY GRAHAM. He glowers over his paperwork, making notes.

His SECRETARY enters with a FILE PRINT-OUT...

SECRETARY

Excuse me, Mr. Graham?

JEREMY

(never looks up)

Mm-hmm.

SECRETARY

I know you're busy, sir--

JEREMY

Always busy, Diane.

SECRETARY

You asked me to monitor anymore expenses or withdrawals on your brother's account...--

JEREMY

I sure did. What's he blowing our money on now?

Diane walks over and lays the file on Jeremy's desk...

SECRETARY

The highlighted area marks an expense transaction made just this morning.

Again, he never looks up. She steps back and waits. .

SECRETARY

Thank you, sir.

Diane steps out.

Jeremy, finally, looks up just as she closes the door. He swipes the print-out and reads...

A \$500 expense for a BLACK SUIT purchased at a Miami Men's Clothing Store.

Jeremy lays the page back onto the desk...

JEREMY

Well, well, well. The prodigal son
returns.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS.

BEEPING from the heart monitor is all that can be heard over
the DARKNESS. It SPEEDS UP... FASTER...

BEEEEEEEEEEEP...

SILENCE. Only DARKNESS.

The BEEPING starts again - this time, back to a calm, steady
rhythm.

FADE IN:

EXT. BOAT-SUNRISE

The BEEPING now comes from the *Pariah's* fish-finder monitor.
It stays a calming rhythm.

Percy in SILHOUETTE, fishing off the bow of *Pariah*. He
still holds the rod like an amateur as he waits for a bite.

In a moment, Delaney's SILHOUETTE joins his side and she,
too, casts a line.

Sunrise paints a post card image behind them.

The breeze kicks up and can be heard through the HARMONICA
hanging on the mainsail.

FADE
OUT: