

LOST AT SEA

Written by

David Webster

A 1960 Cape Cod Memoir And
Family Action Adventure Drama
Based on a True Story

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EXT. SANDY NECK BEACH - BARNSTABLE - CAPE COD - MORNING

WRITTEN: CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL 1960

TRANSISTOR RADIO PLAYING "BEYOND THE SEA" BY BOBBY DARIN

Sun reflects off calm ocean. FISHERMAN with long billed cap and Ray-Bans, jeans, rubber boots, and a sweatshirt, is surfcasting. He makes a home run cast. Begins reeling in, jigging his lure.

FISHERMAN'S WIFE, in jeans, sweatshirt, sneakers, sunglasses, sits in a beach chair reading paperback "Moby-Dick." Next to chair on sand: transistor radio playing "Beyond The Sea." 20 feet behind: red 1953 Willys Station Wagon. SONG ON RADIO ENDS.

RADIO DJ (V.O. RADIO)

Thank you for listening to WOCB
Radio in South Yarmouth. Now here's
Patti Page singing Old Cape Cod.

Patti Page begins singing Old Cape Cod. Fishing rod bends. Fisherman jerks his rod back to set the hook. Fisherman's Wife looks up to see a 10-pound Bluefish explode out of the water.

INT. COCKPIT - 1957 CESSNA SKYHAWK - MORNING

JEFF, 23 and handsome, in the pilot's seat, wearing a Red Sox cap and Ray-Bans, pilots the plane, heading east, cruising along the Sandy Neck shoreline at 50 mph and 150 feet altitude.

MARK, 8, in copilot's seat, looks ahead, lightly grips the yoke, pretending to fly the single engine 4-passenger plane. Fraternal twins PETER and DAVID, 9, in back seat, looking out the windows. The plane cruises past the Fisherman on the beach and continues along the shore past a long line of sand dunes to the right.

Ahead: a dozen weathered, shingled cottages nestled among the dunes. Near the shore a Lighthouse overlooks Barnstable Harbor.

Jeff turns slightly to the right, then straightens out, speeds up, begins climbing, and levels off at 500 feet. The boys gaze down at pond-dotted woods lightly interspersed with roads and houses. Jeff approaches a quaint Cape Cod Village. Over it he banks right, completes a 90-degree turn, then straightens out.

Up ahead is a long, slender, finger-like island pointing south toward Nantucket Island, visible on the horizon. Jeff descends, levels off at 50 feet, slows to 50 mph. Uninhabited finger-like island is comprised of all sand with some areas of beach grass.

Ahead on the island: a herd of about a dozen deer walking south. As the airplane approaches, the deer in the herd are spooked by the plane's ENGINE NOISE, and the deer take off running south.

At the southern end of the island Jeff climbs to 200 feet, then levels off. Half a mile southeast is a LIGHTSHIP. It has a white superstructure, red hull, and a tall mast with a beacon on top. Painted on the ship's hull in large white letters is STONEHORSE.

As Jeff nears STONEHORSE Lightship he banks left and circles around it at a distance of 100 yards, while still maintaining his bank. Mark, David, and Peter gaze in awe at the Lightship.

JEFF

Pretty neat, isn't it, guys?

MARK/DAVID/PETER

YEAH!!

EXT. SOUTH STREET - HYANNIS - MORNING

Ambulance cruises in the right lane. LIGHTS FLASHING, SIREN OFF.

INT. REAR OF AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

BILLY, 10, on a gurney, in a white sweatshirt, blue jeans, and sneakers. PARAMEDIC blocks view of BILLY's face and chest.

PARAMEDIC

Don't worry, Billy. Next time
you'll catch a nice big fish to
bring home to your parents.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CAPE COD HOSPITAL - HYANNIS - MORNING

Arriving at a brisk walk: ETHEL, 60, RN with stern face, gray hair, starched white uniform. She joins FORREST, 38, handsome, wearing green surgical scrubs. Ethel's salty Cape Cod accent contrasts charmingly with Forrest's Georgia Southern drawl.

ETHEL

The Rescue Squad's bringin' in a
boy who got hurt fishin'.

FORREST

Ethel, that's Webby's specialty.

ETHEL

I know, Forrest, but right now
Webby's operatin' with Frank.

AMBULANCE DRIVER, Paramedic roll Billy in on the gurney. He has red hair, freckles, and some blood on his sweatshirt. Forrest strides over. Gurney stops. Forrest bends down close to look at

A FISHING LURE GROTESQUELY HOOKED IN 2 PLACES ON BILLY'S FACE

One treble hook through Billy's bloody lower lip, and the other treble hook embedded deep in his bloody left cheek.

PARAMEDIC

How's he look, Doc?

FORREST

Pretty good. Could be a whole lot
worse. Bring him to Examining Room
One. I'll be right behind you.

(MORE)

FORREST (CONT'D)
 (to Billy)
 Don't worry, son. We'll fix you up.
 You'll be just like new in 2 weeks.

Forrest turns and dashes over to talk with Ethel.

FORREST
 Ethel, I think that lure will look
 fantastic in Webby's collection!

ETHEL
 Oh, Forrest! Will you ever grow up?

Forrest grins as he hustles to Examining Room One. On the ER wall: a glass-covered, mahogany-framed corkboard with three dozen fishing hooks and lures. A sign below it reads:

Please be careful when you go fishing. All these hooks and lures have been removed from patients by the nurses and doctors at the Cape Cod Hospital Emergency Room.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CAPE COD HOSPITAL - MORNING

FRANK, 45, in scrubs, skillfully performs abdominal surgery on a MALE PATIENT with a blood pressure cuff on his arm. A NURSE, 30, assists. WEBBY, 45, the anesthesiologist, administers anesthesia and monitors the Patient's BP with a stethoscope.

FRANK
 Scalpel.

Nurse hands scalpel to Frank. He is focused on his patient.

FRANK
 Webby, can we keep him under for
 another half hour?

WEBBY
 I think we can do that, Frank.

FRANK
 Hemostat.

Frank returns scalpel to the Nurse. She hands him a hemostat.

FRANK
 Going fishing soon, Webby?

WEBBY
 Yup, if the weather's good.

FRANK
 Suture.

Nurse hands Frank a suture. Eyes on patient, he begins suturing.

FRANK
 Bringing the boys?

WEBBY

Yup.

FRANK

Frannie and I are taking Nancy sailing to Nantucket. Gauze.

Nurse hands Frank a gauze pad. He wipes blood. Hands it back.

FRANK

I can't wait to get out on the water and feel the sun and the breeze on my face!.....Suture.

Nurse hands Frank another suture. He continues suturing.

FRANK

You're doing an excellent job, Webby. Haven't heard a word from this patient. Do you think he's satisfied with my surgical skills?

WEBBY

So far he seems to be satisfied, Frank. He should be, since you're the number one surgeon on Cape Cod.

FRANK

Thanks, Webby. You're a damn fine surgeon, too. Just as good as I am.

Webby looks up at Frank and smiles.

INT. MARY AND BETTY'S KITCHEN - HYANNIS - MORNING

Two 65-ish ladies in nightgowns, makeup, and lipstick, are seated at a table. BETTY, Clairol Blonde, sips coffee. MARY, Clairol Black, looks through her US Navy surplus binoculars.

MARY'S BINOCULAR POV - EXT. WEBSTER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight reflects off calm harbor, visible in the background to the right of the shingled Cape Cod house. In the driveway: red and white 1957 Ford Ranch Wagon and a 1957 Chevy 4-door sedan.

BETTY (O.S.)

Mary! Tell me what you see!

MARY (O.S.)

Mima's and Jenny's cars, parked.

BETTY (O.S.)

Tell me when something happens!

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - MORNING

JO ANN, 22, in RN uniform, looking exhausted, sits at the table, drinking coffee, reading front page of *Cape Cod Standard Times*.

JENNY, 28, black, beautiful, calm, dignified, True Blue, stands at the stove, waiting for the water in the teakettle to boil.

MIMA, 42, with wavy auburn hair, stands to Jenny's left by the clothes dryer, looking out a window at Hyannis Inner Harbor.

TEAKETTLE WHISTLES. Jenny turns off the electric burner, picks up the teakettle, goes to the table, pours water in two cups with tea bags in them. Jenny sets the teakettle on the stove.

JENNY

Mima, your tea is ready.

Mima turns around. Her face is pale.

MIMA

Thanks, Jenny.

Mima sits down. She adds milk, sugar, stirs, takes a sip.

JENNY

Need more coffee, Jo Ann?

JO ANN

No thank you, Jenny. I'm coffee'd out for now. Jeff should be back soon with Mark, Peter, and David.

JENNY

Mima, how about some breakfast?

MIMA

Not right now, Jenny. Maybe I'll have some toast in a little while.

JENNY

Let me know when you're ready.

INT. MARY AND BETTY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Mary, Betty as before. Binoculars pointed at the Webster house.

MARY

Webby's arriving in his car.

MARY'S BINOCULAR POV - EXT. WEBSTER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A 1953 Studebaker Commander Coupe, black with hardtop red roof, pulls into the driveway. Stops. Engine off. Driver's door opens, Webby gets out, shuts the door, heads for the kitchen door.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Webby, gray suit, shirt, bow tie, enters smiling. Mima smiles, stands. Jenny, Jo Ann smile; remain seated. Webby kisses Mima.

SOUND of a VW BUG pulling into the driveway.

MIMA

Jeff and the boys are here, Webby.
Can you stay for a little while?

WEBBY

Sure. We had a busy start, but it
seems to have quieted down.

Kitchen door opens; Mark, Peter, and David burst in.

MARK/PETER/DAVID

Hi, Mum! Hi, Dad!

MIMA

Mark! Peter! David! I missed you!

Mima kneels on one knee; hugs and kisses each boy individually.
She smiles. Her face colors up a little. Jenny watches, smiles.
Jeff enters; kisses Jo Ann's cheek, sits down. Mima stands up.

MIMA

Tell me about your adventure!

PETER

It was great! We flew over Monomoy!

MARK

We saw Stone Horse Lightship!

DAVID

We saw deer running on the beach!

MIMA

Wow! I'm glad you had fun. Did you
thank Jeff for taking you flying?

JEFF

They sure did, Mima! We had a
fantastic time!

Mima's face is looking pale again. She sits down.

WEBBY

Take a sip of tea, Mima.

Mima takes a sip of tea, then sets her cup down. Webby feels her
forehead. Jo Ann and Jenny are focused on Mima's face.

SUDDENLY Mima's eyes close. Her body goes limp, and she slumps
in the chair. Webby slides her chair back and he picks her up.

Mark, Peter, and David stare in shock at their mother.

WEBBY

Jeff, get my medical bag in my car.

Jeff nods and exits. Webby, carrying Mima, heads toward their
bedroom. Jo Ann follows. Jenny kneels and hugs the three boys.

JENNY

Don't worry, boys, your mother will be fine. Your father is the one of the finest doctors on Cape Cod.

Tears run down Mark's, Peter's, and David's cheeks.

INT. MIMA AND WEBBY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Mima, covered by a blanket, legs elevated, lies on a Queen bed. Webby holds two fingers on her wrist; watches his wrist watch. Jo Ann kneels at Mima's side, holding a damp washcloth on her forehead. Jeff arrives with Webby's medical bag.

WEBBY

Jeff, call the Rescue Squad.

BETTY'S BINOCULAR POV - EXT. WEBSTER'S HOUSE - 3 MINUTES LATER

Driveway as before. DISTANT SOUND of a SIREN.

MARY (O.S.)

Do you hear that siren, Betty?

BETTY (O.S.)

Yes! Can you see anything?

MARY (O.S.)

No. It sounds like an ambulance!
I think it's getting closer!

Hyannis Fire Department Rescue Squad Ambulance comes around the corner, LIGHTS ON, SIREN OFF. Ambulance slows to a stop at Webster's driveway, backs up to the kitchen door, stops.

MARY (O.S.)

It's an ambulance, and it's
stopping at Webster's house!

The same Driver and Paramedic get out of the Ambulance, hustle around back, open the rear doors, and pull out a gurney.

INT. MIMA AND WEBBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mima's eyes are still closed. Webby is listening to her heart with his stethoscope. Paramedic and Ambulance Driver roll the gurney into the bedroom. Webby removes his stethoscope.

PARAMEDIC

How is she, Doc?

WEBBY

She's been unconscious for five minutes. She's in shock, but she's stable and she's okay to travel.

JO ANN

I'll ride with her in back.

Webby removes the blanket. Paramedic and Ambulance Driver lift Mima onto the gurney, add on a blanket, and gently strap her on.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mark, Peter, and David, with dry eyes, stand near the table; Jenny stands; her arms on their shoulders. Jeff stands behind the boys. They watch as Mima is wheeled into the kitchen, then carried out the door. Jo Ann follows. Webby stops for a moment.

WEBBY

Men, you stay here with Jenny and Jeff. I'm going to the hospital with your mother. I'll call in a while to let you know how she is.

Webby goes out the door. Jenny kneels down next to the boys.

MARK

Jenny, will Mummy be okay?

JENNY

Yes, she will, Mark. Just to be sure, we'll say a prayer for her.

Jenny hugs the boys tightly. Jeff kneels; embraces them all.

JENNY

Dear God, please shine your light and love on Mima and heal her.

MARY'S BINOCULAR POV - EXT. WEBSTER'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Paramedic and Driver load the gurney into the ambulance. Paramedic and Jo Ann get in back with Mima. Ambulance Driver closes the doors; hustles around front. Webby gets in his car, shuts the door, starts the engine.

MARY (O.S.)

They put Mima into the ambulance!
Jo Ann got in back with her!

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Mima is still unconscious. Paramedic places an oxygen mask on her face. Jo Ann kneels and feels Mima's wrist for a pulse.

JO ANN

Her pulse is weak.

EXT. DRIVEWAY / WILLOW STREET / LEWIS BAY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

SIREN ON. LIGHTS ON. Ambulance departs left, rounds corner. Straight at stop sign, past Webby's office building on the right. Then ambulance turns right on Gleason St., SIREN OFF.

Ambulance arrives at ER Entrance, backs up to the doors.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CAPE COD HOSPITAL - MORNING

Ethel and Forrest watch Driver exit, open rear doors. Paramedic hops out; they unload the gurney. Jo Ann gets out, closes doors.

Driver and Paramedic roll Mima into the ER. Jo Ann follows them.

FORREST

Bring her to Examining Room Two.

Driver and Paramedic roll Mima toward Examining Room Two. Forrest walks alongside her. Jo Ann stops to talk with Ethel.

ETHEL

What happened to Mrs. Webster?

JO ANN

She passed out in her kitchen. It was pure luck that Webby was there.

ETHEL

A miracle! Thank God!

Webby strides into the ER and comes directly to Jo Ann.

JO ANN

She's in Examining Room Two.

ETHEL

Let me know if I can help, Webby.

WEBBY

Thanks, Ethel.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - MORNING - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Jeff stands by the boys; Jenny stands by the telephone table with two black rotary phones; a receiver to her ear. Next to phone table: sideboard with a Hallicrafters multi-band radio.

JENNY

Thank you very much, Doctor Webster. I'll tell the boys.

Jenny hangs up the phone. The despair and heartache evident on Jenny's face are clearly evident and are expressed in her voice.

JENNY

Boys, your mother is in intensive care. She's still unconscious. It will be a couple of hours before we know anything more.

Mark, Peter, and David BEGIN CRYING. Jenny hugs them.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

WRITTEN: JUNE 1960

MARY'S BINOCULAR POV - EXT. WEBSTER'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Webby arrives in his 1953 Studebaker.

MARY (O.S.)
Betty, Webby's home!

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Jenny, Mark, Peter, David sit at the table. Webby walks in.

WEBBY
Men, I've got great news! Your
mother's coming home tomorrow!

The boys' faces catch on fire with happiness and excitement.

JENNY
After seven weeks! Amen!!

WEBBY
I'm driving up to New Hampshire to
get her. How about a Welcome Home
Party around 3:30 tomorrow?

JENNY
It's a wonderful idea!

WEBBY
Great! I'll tell Helen and Walter.
(to the boys)
What's up today, men?

MARK
We're taking Charcoal on an
adventure to Martha's Vineyard!

WEBBY
Sounds great! I wish I could go!

EXT. LAWN ON NORTH SIDE OF WEBSTER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sunny day. Hanging on a black steel bracket attached to a wooden post: a gold colored metal plaque with raised black lettering:

Here stands the First House in Hyannis, built in 1690 by Captain Edward Coleman, Jr., for his elderly parents.

EXT. FRONT OF WEBSTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

The weathered cedar-shingled Cape Cod house faces west, and has a panoramic view of Hyannis Inner Harbor. On the front step of the three-quarter Cape Cod House with white trim and red door stands **THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN, 80**. (He looks alive). He's a handsome, smiling Sea Captain, with white hair, a full white beard, ruddy complexion, and a kind face. He wears a Navy Blue pea coat, white cable-knit sweater, Kelly Green bandanna, dark wool trousers, black leather boots, and black Sea Captain's hat.

He faces the harbor across the street, just as he has done every morning for the previous 220 years, while he wistfully reflects on his many sea voyages during his extensive nautical career.

He gazes at the concrete boat ramp and the dock next to it with wooden handrails and a ramp running down on an angle to a wooden float. Across Hyannis Harbor: a magnificent 140-foot wooden boat with a white hull, varnished brightwork, and polished brass.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - M/V *CATHERINE-TEK* - MORNING

CAPTAIN TED GELINAS, 55, with a deep tan, crisp white uniform, white peaked Captain's hat, and Ray-Bans, stands at the helm. Polished brass and mahogany grace the 1920 Millionaire's Yacht.

EXT. MAIN DECK - M/V *CATHERINE-TEK* - CONTINUOUS

Mark, Peter, David, and CHARCOAL, 2, a male Black Labrador Retriever with a red collar, stop by the open door of the wheelhouse. Captain Ted Gelinias smiles at Mark's greeting.

MARK

Hi, Captain Gelinias.

CAPTAIN TED GELINAS

Hi, Mark! Hi, boys! Hi, Charcoal!

Mark, Peter, David, and Charcoal walk forward. As *Catherine-Tek* departs, we hear a LONG BLAST on the SHIP'S HORN.

Next we hear Captain Ted Gelinias's VOICE OVER the PA SYSTEM.

CAPTAIN TED GELINAS (V.O. PA SYSTEM)

Welcome aboard the *Catherine-Tek* for our morning trip to Martha's Vineyard. Life preservers are conveniently located on the boat, and crew members will be coming around to demonstrate their use. On our left is a house with three windows and a red door. It's the first house in Hyannis, built in 1690 by Captain Edward Coleman, Jr.

EXT. FRONT STEP OF WEBSTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN smiles, waves to M/V Catherine-Tek, turns around. HIS AURA GLOWS AND SPARKLES. He walks magically through the closed red front door and disappears into the house.

EXT. FOREDECK - M/V *CATHERINE-TEK* - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Charcoal and the boys stand, looking ahead toward Hyannis Port Harbor, where two dozen yachts and sailboats are moored. Mark points to a 28-foot inboard Lyman, with black hull and tan canvas top. Painted in white letters on the hull: **POLICE**

INT. WHEELHOUSE - HYANNIS POLICE BOAT - MORNING

SGT. LESTER SHERMAN, 50, weathered, tanned face, at the helm. Boat moves slowly at idle speed, pointed toward Kennedy Homes. PATROLMAN ROB STEWART, 28, aims his binoculars forward.

EXT. BINOCULAR POV - JOE KENNEDY'S FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Large waterfront house with white clapboard siding and an expansive green lawn. Three Kennedy brothers playing touch football. JACK KENNEDY, 43, drops back to pass. He throws.

PATROLMAN ROB STEWART (O.S.)
Senator Kennedy just threw a pass.

SGT. LESTER SHERMAN (O.S.)
Next year he'll be quarterbacking
for the whole country.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - JOE KENNEDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY KENNEDY, 34, catches Jack Kennedy's pass, then takes off running. Bobby Kennedy deftly dodges a two-hand-touch attempt by TED KENNEDY, 28. Bobby Kennedy sprints all the way for a TD. After Bobby's touchdown is completed, the three smiling Kennedy brothers join up and shake hands with each other.

EXT. OAK BLUFFS - MARTHA'S VINEYARD - 1 HR 40 MINUTES LATER

Sunny with cumulus clouds. Charcoal walks with the boys as they walk their 3 Schwinn bicycles past the FLYING HORSES Carousel. CALLIOPE MUSIC plays as CHILDREN ride around on wooden horses.

MARK
Let's ride over to Gay Head!

PETER
Great idea, Mark!!

DAVID
Yeah, let's go!!

The boys mount up and they take off with Charcoal following.

EXT. MONTAGE OF SCENIC LOCATIONS ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD - DAY

Charcoal follows the boys, who ride past houses, farms, forest, ponds, streams, cottages, a general store, churches, and then up to the top of a hill with an expansive view of Menemsha Pond.

EXT. GAY HEAD VILLAGE/GAY HEAD CLIFFS - DAY

Boys park bikes. Brick lighthouse on right, small hill ahead. The boys walk up the hill, Charcoal alongside. Gift shops line both sides of the path going up the hill. MALE and FEMALE SHOP OWNERS smile and wave. Boys smile, wave back. They arrive at a fenced off area overlooking the ocean. They gaze at the colorful clay cliffs. SIGN: **Please Don't Walk On The Gay Head Cliffs**

PETER
Let's check out the pillbox.

MARK
All right!

DAVID
I'll race you guys!

EXT. GAY HEAD BEACH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Boys and Charcoal emerge from a dune trail onto the beach below the colorful clay cliffs. They walk along the shore and stop at a concrete pillbox, leaning slightly, sunken a bit in the sand.

Peter throws a stick into the water. Charcoal races in, swims out to it, chomps on it, turns around, and swims back to shore.

MARK
Do you guys think Mummy will be able to stay home this time?

PETER
I think so. I sure hope so.

DAVID
Yeah, me too.

MARK
Yeah, me three.

EXT. AFT DECK - M/V *CATHERINE-TEK* - LATE AFTERNOON

David, Peter, Mark and Charcoal stand at stern railing. SOUND OF a LONG BLAST on the SHIP'S HORN. While the *Catherine-Tek* glides toward the dock, Mark, Peter, and David look at their house.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT AFTERNOON

Mark helps Jenny tape crepe paper on the wall. David helps HELEN, 38, Scottish, tape balloons on the wall. Peter helps WALTER, 41, English, hang a WELCOME HOME flag on the wall.

BRACKEN, 2, Charcoal's brother, and CHARCOAL, 2, sit quietly in the center of the room, watching the party preparations.

HELEN
Well, boys, are you excited to have your mother coming home?

Mark, Peter, and David smile as they turn toward Helen.

MARK/PETER/DAVID
We sure are, Helen.

WALTER
We're excited, too!

INT. WEBBY'S 1953 STUDEBAKER - AFTERNOON

Webby drives on the Sagamore Bridge over the Cape Cod Canal. Mima, in the passenger seat, wearing a light blue sweater and a white pleated skirt, looks anxiously at Webby. He glances over at her, smiles, then looks ahead. He extends his right hand, and Mima grasps Webby's hand. She looks at him and she smiles.

INT. GROUP COMMANDER'S OFFICE - USCG GROUP BOSTON - AFTERNOON

Standing at the window, in full uniform (service hats off) are: REAR ADMIRAL E.J. ROLAND, 62, REAR ADMIRAL CHESTER HARDING, 55.

REAR ADMIRAL CHESTER HARDING
Nice view of Boston Harbor, E.J.

REAR ADMIRAL E.J. ROLAND
Thanks, Chester. It's even nicer if you don't have to work late.

REAR ADMIRAL CHESTER HARDING
How often does that happen?

REAR ADMIRAL E.J. ROLAND
Maybe half the time if you're lucky. Can I give you some advice?

REAR ADMIRAL CHESTER HARDING
Please do.

REAR ADMIRAL E.J. ROLAND
When you've got a search and rescue mission underway, please make sure you do what Frank Buck always does. Bring 'em back alive.

REAR ADMIRAL CHESTER HARDING
Thanks, E.J. I'll remember that.

REAR ADMIRAL E.J. ROLAND
Good. Welcome aboard, Chester!

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bracken, with a green collar, sits next to Charcoal, wearing his red collar. Both dogs wear pointed party hats. Mark, Peter, David, Jenny, Helen, Walter stand aside, waiting expectantly.

Silence as Mima and Webby enter. Mima smiles in surprise.

BOYS/JENNY/HELEN/WALTER
WELCOME HOME!!!

Webby kisses Mima and hugs her. Tears of joy stream down her cheeks. She smiles, kneels down, hugs Mark, Peter, and David together. She kisses each boy individually on the cheek, hugs them together again, then she leans back a little.

MARK/PETER/DAVID
Welcome home, Mum. We love you!

MIMA
I love you, too!

Charcoal and Bracken lick Mima's cheeks, one on each side. Mima smiles, laughs, and puts one arm around each dog's neck.

INT. MIMA AND WEBBY'S BEDROOM - 6:01 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING

Webby, in boxers and a T-shirt, gets a pair of socks from a drawer. Mima, in a bathrobe, stands next to the bed.

MIMA
Are you operating today, Web?

WEBBY
Yup. Minor surgery, staff meeting, lunch with Chet, then office hours until 5:30. I'll be home by six.

MIMA
Is dinner at six-thirty okay?

WEBBY
Perfect. I'll make breakfast.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Mima, Webby, and the boys are seated, eating poached eggs with mini toast squares. Charcoal sits on the floor next to Webby.

MIMA
Thanks, Webby. Breakfast is great!

WEBBY
You're welcome, Mima.

Webby feeds a forkful of egg and toast squares to Charcoal. Charcoal eats delicately from the fork and wags his tail.

MIMA
Webby, please don't feed Charcoal at the table.

WEBBY
Sorry, Mima. I'll let him out.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SIDEWALK - HYANNIS - A MINUTE LATER

Charcoal trots, slows, disappears into a small hole in a hedge.

INT. HELEN AND WALTER'S KITCHEN - HYANNIS - MORNING

Helen and Walter seated at the breakfast table eating fried eggs, bacon and toast. Bracken sits on the floor next to Walter. Walter feeds a piece of bacon to Bracken.

HELEN

Walter, please don't feed Bracken
at the table.

WALTER

Sorry, Helen. I'll let him out.

EXT. HELEN AND WALTER'S STREET - HYANNIS - A MOMENT LATER

Bracken trots, slows, disappears into a small hole in a hedge.

EXT. PEARL STREET SIDEWALK - HYANNIS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bracken and Charcoal turn right into an alley and stop at a screen door with a sign: "Mildred's Chowder House - Deliveries"

COOK opens the door; smiles, hands a hamburger to each dog. Charcoal and Bracken graciously accept the burgers, wolf them down, and wag their tails. They trot along and arrive at another screen door with a sign: "Mayflower Restaurant - Deliveries"

FEMALE CHEF opens the screen door, smiles as she hands each dog a piece of steak. The dogs graciously accept the steak, chew, swallow, wag their tails, then continue along the alley to one more screen door with a sign: "The Fish Shanty - Deliveries"

MALE CHEF smiles, opens the door, hands each dog a T-Bone.

They graciously accept the bones and wag their tails. They do a U-turn, strut down the alley, T-bones in their mouths, and heads held high. They exit the alley, turn left, and suddenly FREEZE. They drop their T-bones. It's Love At First Sight when they see

TWO FEMALE GOLDEN RETRIEVERS

CANINE GODDESSES with twinkling eyes and sparkling teeth (**SFX**), each wearing a bandanna around her neck: one pink, and one lime green. Charcoal and Bracken wag their tails and the two pairs of dogs approach, meet, greet, sniff, lick each other, and smile.

EXT. WEBBY'S VEGETABLE GARDEN - MORNING

Webby, wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat, with his back to the road, hoes between 4 dozen caged tomato plants. Over his suit, shirt, and bow tie: gray US NAVY flight suit, partly unzipped.

1959 Edsel pulls over and stops. MALE TOURIST is driving. TOURIST'S WIFE is sitting in the front passenger seat.

TOURIST'S WIFE wears pink flamingo sunglasses and enough makeup to repel the radiation from an atomic bomb explosion. The Male Tourist HONKS HORN, leans across toward his wife's open window.

MALE TOURIST (IN A LOUD VOICE)

*EXCUSE ME! DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET
TO THE KENNEDY'S HOUSE?*

Webby smiles as he zips up his flight suit to hide his business attire. He loses his smile, then turns toward the Male Tourist.

WEBBY

Yup.

Webby turns around again. He grins. Big Time. Resumes hoeing.

MALE TOURIST (LOUD, BUT NOT AS LOUD)
WELL, HOW ABOUT TELLING ME!

Straight face, hoe in left hand, Webby walks to the Edsel. He leans on his hoe like a farmer and speaks slowly, adding on a thick Cape Cod accent. Points directions with his right hand.

WEBBY

Let's see, now. Continue to the stop sign at the end of this street, turn left, follow that street for a hundred feet, then take a left at the big white house... No, that won't work.

(a beat)

Go to the end of this street, turn **right** at the stop sign, take your **next right** by a big maple tree... Nope, that won't do it, either.

Shifts hoe to right hand; points directions with left hand.

WEBBY

Here's what you do. Turn around right here in my driveway. Go left, then bear right. At the top of the hill turn left at the stop sign...

(a beat)

By golly, you can't turn left there because South Street is one way in the summer. Now that I think about it, I've realized the only answer.

(a beat)

You just can't get there from here!

MALE TOURIST snaps his angry red face forward. His eyes look like they could burn holes through the Edsel's big windshield.

VROOOM!!!! The Edsel's **TIRES** begin ***SCREECHING!!!*** and ***SMOKING!!!***

CLOSE ON WIFE'S FACE: like she saw a World War 3 Mushroom Cloud. Edsel zooms off like ICBM: Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile.

Webby smiles as he returns to his garden.

EXT. COLEMAN'S PARK SQUARE MARKET - HYANNIS - MORNING

Sign: Coleman's Park Square Market, Est. 1876. In the parking lot is a shiny white 1957 Corvette convertible, top down, red leather interior, brilliant polished chrome interior + exterior.

A nameplate hangs below the rear license plate: **SLO POK**

INT. COLEMAN'S PARK SQUARE MARKET - CONTINUOUS

WES COLEMAN, 60, balding, with wire-rimmed glasses, stands behind the counter. Mark, Peter, and David select bubble gum. Wes Coleman smiles as the boys each hand him a penny.

WES COLEMAN

Thank you, boys.

BOBBY COLEMAN, 29, handsome, with thick, combed brown hair, arrives from the back storeroom; stands next to his father.

BOBBY COLEMAN

Hi, Guys! Wanna go for a ride in the SLO POK this Saturday?

MARK/PETER/DAVID

Yeah! Thanks, Bobby!

EXT. IN FRONT OF COLEMAN'S MARKET - CONTINUOUS

A yellow school bus approaches, slows down, stops.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

BUS DRIVER opens the door. THREE GOO-GOO GIRLS, 10, sitting in the back of the bus, make Goo-Goo Eyes while they whisper discreetly as Mark, Peter and David exit the store, board the bus, sit up front. Bus Driver closes the door and starts off.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - FISH HILLS - HYANNIS - MORNING

Hilltop harbor view. LEO FONDINI, 50, black hair, tanned and muscular, drives a front-end loader, scoops up a load of earth. Leo maneuvers the loader to a pile of dirt, then dumps the load.

A HUMAN SKULL rolls out and settles upright on the ground.

Leo sees the SKULL. He KILLS the ENGINE. Jumps down. Dashes over to the SKULL. He kneels to look at it, but he doesn't touch it.

INT. BARNSTABLE POLICE STATION - HYANNIS - MORNING

SERGEANT BOB MANNING, 45, at a desk. PHONE RINGS. He answers.

SERGEANT BOB MANNING

Barnstable Police Department,
Sergeant Bob Manning speaking.

INT. KITCHEN OF HOUSE ACROSS FROM CONSTRUCTION SITE - MORNING

Leo Fondini stands, phone to his ear. HOUSEWIFE, 50, stares out the window at the construction site across the street.

LEO FONDINI

Bob, Leo Fondini calling. I just dug up a human skull at Fish Hills, on Harbor Bluff Road, overlooking Hyannis Harbor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CAPE COD HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Webby sits at the head of the conference table. He addresses NINE MALE DOCTORS of various ages, including Forrest and Frank.

WEBBY

This summer whenever I go deep sea fishing with my three sons, Forrest and Frank will cover for me.

The Doctors smile at Webby as they nod their heads.

SOUND of TWO TAPS on the DOOR. It opens. Ethel leans in.

ETHEL

Webby, the police need you, pronto.

EXT. OCEAN STREET - HYANNIS - MORNING

SGT. HAROLD ELLIS, 47, Ray-Bans, Mass. State Police uniform, helmet, cruises at 25 mph on a 1953 *Indian Chief* motorcycle.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - FISH HILLS - HYANNIS - MORNING

Parked is a panel truck: BARNSTABLE COUNTY MEDICAL EXAMINER

Sgt. Harold Ellis pulls up, parks, shuts off his engine, dismounts, deploys kick-stand, removes helmet, hangs it on a handlebar, walks to Leo and Webby, who is examining the skull.

SGT. HAROLD ELLIS

Think it's a homicide, Webby?

WEBBY

I don't think so, Harold, but even if it is, it's not a recent one.

LEO FONDINI

How old do you think it is?

WEBBY

Well, Leo, it's probably several thousand years old. Forensic exam should tell for sure. Looks like a Native American Indian. This may have been a sacred burial ground.

EXT. COLONIAL CANDLE COMPANY - HYANNIS - MORNING

The large white clapboard office building has a sign above the front door: **Colonial Candle Company Of Cape Cod**

INT. CHET'S OFFICE - COLONIAL CANDLE COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

CHET, 63, balding, no tan, expensive gray suit, sits at his desk, on the phone. Nameplate: Chester A. Baker - President

CHET

I need two plane tickets leaving from Boston on September 10th to Taipei, then to Hong Kong on the 17th. One is for me, and the other for my Director of Research and Development, Dr. Earle Webster. Returning to Boston on the 24th.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - COLONIAL CANDLE COMPANY - MOMENTS LATER

MALE and FEMALE FACTORY WORKERS make hand-dipped and molded candles on both sides of a center aisle. As Chet walks by they look up and smile at him. He smiles and nods to them in return.

INT. DECORATING ROOM - COLONIAL CANDLE COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

ELEANOR and 5 LADIES sit at a round table, painting Christmas candles by hand. Door opens, Chet enters. Eleanor looks up.

ELEANOR

Good morning, Mr. Baker.

CHET

Good Morning, Eleanor. You're all doing beautiful work. I'll make sure everyone gets a nice Christmas bonus.

ELEANOR

Thank you very much, Mr. Baker.

The other Five Ladies look up and smile at Chet.

Chet's secretary LOUISE, 35, arrives in a hurry.

LOUISE

Excuse me, Mr. Baker. You have an overseas telephone call.

EXT. KALMUS PARK BEACH - HYANNIS - AFTERNOON

Sunny with a light onshore breeze. Mima, Charcoal, Mark, Peter, and David stand at the water's edge. Peter tosses a ten-inch red rubber ring into the water. Charcoal runs in. Swims out. Chomps on the ring. Turns around, starts swimming back to shore.

MARK

Mum, why is this beach named Kalmus Park Beach?

MIMA

Doctor Herbert Kalmus, from Centerville, invented Technicolor movie film. He donated this beach to The Town of Barnstable. We're very lucky that Dr. Kalmus was so generous, aren't we, Mark?

MARK

Yes, we are.

PETER

Mum, did you meet Dad at the beach?

MIMA

Yes. Both our families went to Swift's Beach in Wareham every summer. Your Dad and I have known each other and all your aunts and uncles since we were young kids.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK TO JULY 1931 - EXT. SWIFT'S BEACH - WAREHAM - DAY

Sunny day. YOUNG WEBBY, 16, stands at water's edge, watching several FEMALE AND MALE SWIMMERS in the water. He's tanned and wears a tank top, trunks, and Red Cross Lifeguard patch. He wears dark sunglasses and has zinc oxide on his lips and nose.

YOUNG MIMA, 13, (but she looks like she's 15), in shorts and a blouse, walks up and smiles. She has auburn hair, she's very attractive, and physically and socially mature for her age.

YOUNG MIMA

Hi, Webby.

YOUNG WEBBY

Hi, Mima. Wanna get an ice cream cone when I get off work at 5:30?

YOUNG MIMA

Sure! That sounds great!

(a beat)

There's a dance Saturday night...

YOUNG WEBBY

Let's go! I'll pick you up!

YOUNG MIMA

I'll be ready at seven-thirty!

END FLASHBACK/RETURN TO:

EXT. KALMUS PARK BEACH - HYANNIS - CONTINUOUS

Charcoal returns. Drops the ring. Looks back and forth from Peter to the ring to Peter. He can't get Peter's attention.

MIMA
You guys could be lifeguards.

PETER
Sounds good to me.

DAVID
Me, too.

MARK
I wanna work on boats.

MIMA
That sounds like fun, Mark.

PETER
Mum, do you think Senator Kennedy
will be elected President?

MIMA
Yes, Peter, I think so. But I think
Vice President Nixon will get a lot
of votes, too. It could be close.

Charcoal looks at Peter. At the ring. At Peter. At the ring. At Peter. Charcoal wags his tail rapidly while he paws the sand.

DAVID
Mum, would you vote for Nixon?

CHARCOAL BARKS ONCE. Mima laughs. Peter picks up the ring and throws it into the water. Charcoal rushes in after it.

MIMA
No, David, I would not. Nixon
rarely smiles. I don't think he's
the best choice for President. I'm
voting for Jack Kennedy.

Easily visible to the west is a Wianno Senior under sail, leaving Hyannis Port Harbor, headed toward Great Island.

MARK
Look, there's a sailboat leaving
Hyannis Port Harbor. Maybe it's
Senator Kennedy's Wianno Senior!

EXT. COCKPIT OF WIANNO SENIOR - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Jack Kennedy, in a bathing suit, short sleeved shirt, Topsiders, and Ray-Bans, sails his Wianno Senior with dark blue hull, tan deck, gray cockpit, and varnished woodwork. **Victura** is painted on the transom. Jack Kennedy has one hand on the tiller. The main sheet is secured to a cleat on the centerboard box.

CAROLINE KENNEDY, 2 years 7 months old, wearing a one-piece bathing suit, sits next to her father.

JACQUELINE KENNEDY, 30, five months pregnant, wearing sunglasses, a scarf, a one-piece bathing suit, and Topsiders, sits next to Caroline Kennedy.

JACK KENNEDY

Well, Caroline, where would you like to go sailing today?

CAROLINE KENNEDY

Can we go swimming at Great Island?

JACK KENNEDY

If it's all right with your mother. What do you say, dear?

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

I think it's a wonderful idea!

JACK KENNEDY

Super! Caroline, would you like to take the tiller?

CAROLINE KENNEDY

Will you help me, Daddy?

JACK KENNEDY

Sure. Just hold it like this and you'll be the skipper.

Jack Kennedy picks Caroline up; sets her in his lap, one arm around her waist, one on the tiller. She grasps the tiller.

CAROLINE KENNEDY

How am I doing, Daddy?

JACK KENNEDY

You're a natural born sailor!

INT. WEBBY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Webby at his desk, writing notes. SOUND of TWO KNOCKS. Door opens. BARBARA, 55, in her RN uniform, with wavy white hair, wire-rimmed glasses and a very kind-looking face, steps in.

BARBARA

Webby, how should I make out the bill for Mrs. Williams?

WEBBY

She had twins, Barbara, but just charge her for one. Don't bill Mrs. Shaughnessy. She doesn't have a car, so I took her to the hospital.

(a beat)

And you can send in the next patient.

Barbara smiles and nods her head in the affirmative.

EXT. FOUR SEAS ICE CREAM PARLOR - CENTERVILLE - AFTERNOON

Goo-Goo Girls exit with ice cream cones. The three Girls smile when they see Mark, David, Peter, and Mima. Boys don't notice.

INT. FOUR SEAS ICE CREAM PARLOR - CENTERVILLE - CONTINUOUS

At the counter: MELISSA, 14, in a uniform with her name tag. Mark, Peter, Mima, and David arrive. Melissa smiles at Mark.

MELISSA

Hi, Mark. What can I get for you?

MARK

Mango Pineapple Peanut Butter
Chocolate Chip Raspberry Coconut
Surprise.

Melissa smiles coyly at Mark's clever joke.

MELISSA

Sorry, Mark, we're all out of that
flavor today.

MARK

Okay, make it Strawberry, please.

INT. WEBBY'S EXAMINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

On the wall: Webby's diplomas from Harvard College 1936 and Harvard Medical School 1940. Webby takes Walter's BP, then removes his stethoscope and the BP cuff from Walter's arm.

WEBBY

Walt, you're doing fine. Your World
War 2 Malaria is cured forever.

WALTER

I'm glad to hear that, Webby.

SOUND of TWO TAPS on the DOOR. Barbara opens it and leans in.

BARBARA

Emergency at the hospital.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Mima and David watch as Mark and Peter each take a 3-pound lobster from a brown paper bag. They set the lobsters on the linoleum floor. Charcoal approaches the lobsters up close. They both raise their claws. CHARCOAL BARKS ONCE. Everyone laughs.

MARK

Can we take Charcoal for a walk?

MIMA

Yes. Please put the lobsters in the
refrigerator. Be back in an hour.

MARK

Thanks, Mum.

INT. WEBBY'S OFFICE - A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER

Webby is sitting at his desk, telephone receiver to his ear.

WEBBY

Hi, Mima. I've got emergency surgery. I'll be home pretty late.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mima stands at the phone table, phone receiver to her ear.

MIMA

OK, Web, thanks for calling. Bye.

Mima hangs up. Looks out at the harbor. Takes a deep breath in, then slowly exhales. She clasps her hands in prayer, brings them up below her chin, closes her eyes, takes another deep breath.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - THAT SAME EVENING

Charcoal is lying on the carpet. Mark, Peter, and David are seated on the couch, watching B/W TV. On screen are the opening credits for *SEA HUNT*. Mima leans in through the doorway.

MIMA

Boys, I'm going out. After *Sea Hunt* it's homework time. Jenny's coming over, and I want you to be on your best behavior, please.

Mark, Peter, and David look at Mima with serious expressions.

MARK/PETER/DAVID

We will, Mum.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - EVENING - 35 MINUTES LATER

Peter, in a faded blue Red Sox cap, stands at one end of the table with a Wiffle bat, ready to swing. Half full bag of Campfire Marshmallows on the table. David stands aside. Mark pitches a marshmallow. Peter swings and smashes a line drive. Charcoal leaps, catches the marshmallow, lands, and swallows.

Peter hands the bat and cap to David. Peter grabs a flashlight for a microphone. David dons the cap, steps up to "home plate."

PETER

I'm Curt Gowdy LIVE at Fenway Park with Red Sox baseball. We're in the bottom of the ninth inning, and Ted Williams steps up to the plate.

From the bag Mark selects a marshmallow. He stares at the batter (David). Mark winds up and delivers a pitch.

PETER

The pitcher throws a FASTBALL!

David swings hard. Smashes the marshmallow. Charcoal BARKS TWICE. Marshmallow sails past the table into the pantry. Charcoal scrambles after it on the linoleum floor.

PETER

A long drive into the grandstand!!
It's a HOME RUN for Ted Williams!!

David jogs around the table, waving to an imaginary crowd. He steps on "home plate." The kitchen door opens. Jenny enters.

Mark, Peter, and David look sheepishly at Jenny. Charcoal exits the pantry, licking his chops, wagging his tail. He trots over to Jenny. She pats him, then turns to the Boys.

JENNY

Hello, boys. Who's winning?

DAVID

The Red Sox!!

CHARCOAL BARKS TWICE. Jenny and the Boys laugh out loud.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CAPE COD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Forrest operates on MALE PATIENT'S abdomen. Jo Ann assists. Webby gives anesthesia; monitors pulse, BP. Wall Clock: 9:17.

WEBBY

Pulse erratic. BP dropping.

Forrest doesn't look up, but keeps working carefully.

WEBBY

No pulse. BP zero.

Webby removes his stethoscope and Patient's anesthesia mask. Webby moves to Patient's side, begins external heart massage.

WEBBY

Come on.

Forrest hands his scalpel to Jo Ann; grabs a ventilator. Places mask over Patient's mouth and nose. After 5 chest compressions Forrest squeezes the ventilator. Webby continues external heart massage on the Patient's chest. After 5 more Forrest ventilates.

WEBBY

Come on! Give me a pulse!

Jo Ann feels for the Patient's pulse. She and Forrest look at each other. She shakes her head. Webby continues with chest compressions on Patient's chest. Forrest ventilates after every five chest compressions. Webby continues chest compressions.

WEBBY
COME ON!!!

Forrest ventilates. Looks at Jo Ann. She shakes her head.

FORREST
 He's gone, Webby.

Webby stops chest compressions; checks wall clock: 9:27.

WEBBY
 OK, Forrest. Time of death is 9:27.
 Jo Ann, you can roll this one out
 and bring in the next patient.

EXT. WEBSTER'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - TWO HOURS LATER

Kitchen outdoor light is on. Webby's car pulls in. Engine off, headlights off. Webby gets out, shuts door, leans back against the car. Checks his wristwatch: 11:29. He takes a long, deep breath, then slowly exhales. He looks up at the starry sky.

SUDDENLY A SHOOTING STAR STREAKS QUICKLY ACROSS THE SKY

Webby's eyes follow its path. BRIGHT GLOW is instantly gone. Webby shakes his head as he walks toward the kitchen door.

EXT. FERRY DOCK - HYANNIS INNER HARBOR - NEXT MORNING

A 158-foot weathered white passenger ferry departs. The name SIASCONSET is painted in black letters on the bow. Top deck is crowded with PASSENGERS sitting in canvas deck chairs.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - M/V *SIASCONSET* - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN DICK THOMPSON, 34, muscular, tanned, tattooed Sea Dog at the wheel: Ray-Bans, peaked white Captain's hat, starched white uniform. Grabs PA mic. Speaks cheerfully in his powerful voice.

CAPTAIN DICK THOMPSON
 Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.
 I'm your Captain, Dick Thompson.
 Welcome aboard the *Siasconset* for
 our morning trip to Nantucket, a
 major whaling port in the 1800s.
 Please cover your ears as I sound
 the ship's horn which is very loud.

EXT. WEBSTER'S FRONT STEP - CONTINUOUS

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN, his AURA GLOWING AND SPARKLING, watches the SIASCONSET across the harbor. He kneels on the front step, pets Charcoal, who smiles and licks his cheek. As the M/V Siasconset departs, we hear the LOUD SOUND of its HORN. Charcoal crosses the street and he heads north on the sidewalk.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN turns around and he walks magically through the closed red front door and disappears into the house.

EXT. CHET'S HOUSE - CENTERVILLE - EARLY EVENING

Large waterfront Tudor mansion with magnificent landscaping and expansive lawn fronting on a calm salt water lagoon. Beyond the lagoon: a barrier beach covered with sand dunes and beach grass. Beyond barrier beach is open water of Nantucket Sound. Parked in driveway: a gleaming silver 4-door 1958 Cadillac Sedan DeVille.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHET'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Vaulted ceiling with sweeping staircase. Large oriental carpet with two massive leather sofas and four leather chairs. Nautical antiques abound. Several oil paintings of ships + sea captains.

Chet gazes wistfully at a large oil painting hanging above the fireplace mantel. It's a beautiful woman, 40, with long brown hair and a radiant smile, wearing a turquoise silk evening gown. Chet turns around slowly and walks to the door. He stops and turns to gaze again at the painting of his lovely wife.

CHET

I miss you every single minute,
Isabelle. I'll love you forever.

After a long moment, Chet turns around, exits, closes the door.

INT. CAPTAIN'S TABLE RESTAURANT - HYANNIS - EVENING

Large dining room with panoramic view of Lewis Bay. Full house. Webby plays *As Time Goes By* on a centrally located grand piano. Chet, Mima, Mark, Peter, and David are seated at a window table. The boys watch *Siasconset* cruise by, returning from Nantucket.

CHET

Well, boys, are you ready to go
fishing tomorrow?

MARK/PETER/DAVID

Yeah!!!

Mima smiles at her three Boys. PIANO MUSIC ENDS to APPLAUSE.

Webby stands, smiles, bows, and waves to his audience. He walks across the dining room, smiling, nodding, and waving to friends. He arrives at Chet's table and he sits down next to Mima.

MIMA

You still have the magic touch on
the piano, Webby.

WEBBY

Thanks, Mima. It's really nice to
play for a live audience.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ROSE AND JOE KENNEDY'S HOUSE - EVENING

In a semi-circle with 3/4-full champagne flutes: JOE KENNEDY, 71, JACK KENNEDY, 43, BOBBY KENNEDY, 34, and TED KENNEDY, 28.

JOE KENNEDY

Well, Jack, you've done it! You've won the primaries in New Hampshire, Indiana, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Nebraska, Maryland, and Oregon. Congratulations, boys! Here's to the next President of The United States, Jack Kennedy!!

Joe Kennedy raises his glass. Bobby, Ted, and Jack raise theirs.

BOBBY KENNEDY

Cheers, Jack!

TED KENNEDY

Well done, Jack!

Each Kennedy man takes a sip of champagne.

JACK KENNEDY

Thanks, Bobby, thanks, Ted, and thank you, Dad. I couldn't have done it without your help.

JOE KENNEDY

Nonsense, Jack. You would have done fine without me, but I'm glad I was able to assist. I'll be throwing a party Friday evening to celebrate. Six o'clock, casual dress. We'll have a cookout on the front lawn. You can have a game of touch football in the afternoon.

Bobby Kennedy, with a big grin, turns to Jack Kennedy.

BOBBY KENNEDY

Well, Jack, it looks like you're the quarterback.

Ted Kennedy, with a big smile, looks at Jack Kennedy.

TED KENNEDY

That's a fact, Jack!

JACK KENNEDY

Thanks, Ted, for doing such a fine job in the Rocky Mountain States. And thanks, Bobby, for being the best campaign manager ever.

Jack, Bobby, and Ted smile. Joe Kennedy raises his glass.

JOE KENNEDY

Here's to The White House!!!!

Bobby, Ted, and Jack Kennedy raise their glasses.

JACK/BOBBY/TED
To The White House!!!!

The four Kennedy men drain their champagne flutes, and then they lower them. They all have big smiles on their faces.

INT. MIMA AND WEBBY'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE NEXT MORNING

Mima's face registers fear and concern. She is sitting up in bed, watching Webby as his entire body spasms uncontrollably.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

DREAM/FLASHBACK - INT. UNDERGROUND OPERATING ROOM - 1942

WEBBY-1942, 27, with a 4-day beard, in scrubs, operates on a YOUNG SOLDIER, 18. A US NAVY NURSE, 21, in scrubs, assists.

SUDDENLY a LOUD BOOM shakes the room. The lights go dim, and then they come back on again with full brightness.

WEBBY-1942
He's had it. Roll him out.

NAVY NURSE
He was so young.

WEBBY-1942
I know. Bring in the next one.

LOUD BOOM shakes the room. Lights flicker/GO DARK. **CUT TO BLACK:**

END DREAM/FLASHBACK - RETURN TO:

INT. MIMA AND WEBBY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

ALARM RINGS. Clock - 5:15. Webby opens his eyes, reaches over, shuts off alarm. Mima kisses Webby on the lips. He smiles and sits up, swings his legs out of bed, stands up, and faces Mima.

WEBBY
We're going cod fishing at the Mussel Shoals, 30 miles east of Chatham. We'll bring some fresh cod fish back with us. Home by sunset.

MIMA
Okay, Webby. Be careful, have fun, and good luck fishing!

Mima stands up. She and Webby embrace in a romantic kiss.

INT. WEBBY'S 1953 STUDEBAKER - 40 MINUTES LATER

Webby drives past Craigville Beach to his left. Bright early sunshine reflects off the ocean. Peter sits up front. In back seat: Mark, David and Charcoal, his nose out the open window.

ED SEMPRINI (V.O. CAR RADIO)

I'm Ed Semprini with WOGB news. President Eisenhower said last night that the Soviets are still holding U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers on espionage charges. His plane was shot down over Russia on May 1st. In local news, Senator John F. Kennedy and his family are vacationing at the family home in Hyannis Port. Here's the weather forecast for today, Thursday,

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Mima is looking out at the harbor. Hallicrafters Radio is on.

ED SEMPRINI (V.O. RADIO) (CONT'D)

June 16th. Cape and Islands weather is expected to be clear and cool this morning, then becoming partly cloudy and warmer this afternoon, with temperatures about 75 degrees. High tide at Hyannis Port will be at 11:25 this morning.

EXT. CROSBY'S BOAT YARD - OSTERVILLE - MORNING

Tied to a dock: a 33-foot wooden cabin cruiser, white with gray trim and pale orange foredeck, with OSPREY Osterville painted on the transom. Chet stands in the wheelhouse; removes the canvas compass cover. Chet notices Webby's 1953 Studebaker arriving.

INT./EXT. OSPREY - WHEELHOUSE/BACK DECK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Osterville Bay's surface is smooth and glassy. *Osprey* idles past dozens of yachts on both sides. Drawbridge ahead. Chet on helm, starboard side. Chet looks at his Rolex: 6:29. Charcoal, Mark, Peter, and David stand on the back deck, facing aft. Webby comes up from below and hands Chet a mug of coffee. The tide is high, but the sleek *Osprey* cruises easily under the closed drawbridge in its down position. The Boys see a Harbor Seal surface nearby.

BRIDGE TENDER in Tender House waves to Boys. They wave back.

WEBBY

Come on below, men, for some OJ and a doughnut. You too, Charcoal.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Mark, Peter, and David finish their orange juice. David gets up, places the cups in the galley sink, and then he gets Charcoal's stainless steel water bowl from a locker. He fills it with cold water, then places it in its standard location, up forward on the starboard side of the galley. Charcoal follows David and drinks some water from his bowl. David returns to sit down at the table.

MARK

Hey, you guys, I've got an idea.
Wanna have a fishing contest?

PETER

Sure. That's a great idea.

DAVID

Yeah, sounds good to me. How about
contests for the first fish, the
biggest fish, and the most fish.
That will give each of us a chance
to win one contest.

PETER

Sounds good, David. I'd love to
catch a boatload of codfish.

MARK

Me, too. We always do well at The
Mussel Shoals.

PETER

How long will it take to get there?

MARK

I'll show you guys on the extra
nautical chart.

Mark stands, goes to the port forward locker, lifts the cushion, opens the locker, and takes out a chart. He closes the locker and walks over and spreads the chart on the galley table. Its title is: "Georges Bank and Nantucket Shoals."

MARK

It's 25 nautical miles from
Osterville to the south end of
Monomoy Island. It's half a mile
southeast to *Stone Horse* Lightship.
Then it's 9 miles northeast to
Pollock Rip Lightship, and then
another 14 1/2 miles to The Mussel
Shoals. Our trip is 49 nautical
miles, so at 15 knots it should
take 3 hours and 16 minutes.

DAVID

We left the dock at 6:25 so we
should arrive at The Mussel Shoals
easily before 10 a.m.

MARK

Sounds good. Let's head topside.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - OSPREY - CONTINUOUS

Chet sits at the Captain's bench. Webby sits at the Navigator's bench. The boys and Charcoal come up the ladder from the galley.

CHET

Hello, boys. It looks like a good day for fishing. Are you ready to catch some codfish?

MARK/PETER/DAVID

Yeah!

The sun is well above the horizon. Its bright light reflects off the water of Nantucket Sound, as flat and calm as a mirror.

MARK

Chet, can we take Charcoal to the back deck?

CHET

Sure. Just be careful and hold on to the gunwales.

Mark, David, Peter, and Charcoal walk to the back deck and grasp the gunwales. Charcoal puts his front paws up onto the fish box.

INT. RADIO ROOM - *POLLOCK RIP* LIGHTSHIP - MORNING

Pete sits by the VHF radio, listening for messages. Chief Hall enters and hands Pete a steaming mug of black coffee.

CHIEF HALL

Fog bank to the Southeast, Pete.

PETE

Thanks, Chief. Any boats out there?

CHIEF HALL

Couldn't see anything with my binoculars.

PETE

I saw a ship on radar a few minutes ago, about 10 miles northeast.

CHIEF HALL

See what *Stone Horse* has.

Pete picks up the radio mic and speaks into it.

PETE

Pollock Rip Lightship calling *Stone Horse* Lightship, come in, over.

CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. RADIO ROOM - *STONE HORSE* LIGHTSHIP / INT. RADIO ROOM - *POLLOCK RIP* LIGHTSHIP - CONTINUOUS - SPLIT SCREEN

Steve seated at the VHF radio, picks up the mic, speaks into it.

STEVE

Pollock Rip Lightship, this is
Stone Horse Lightship, over.

PETE

Steve, how's your visibility, over.

STEVE

We've got good visibility here,
Pete, but there's a fog bank
forming to the southeast, over.

PETE

Yeah, we have a fog bank to the
southeast, and we've got a ship on
radar. We think it's a Russian
Fishing Trawler because it's been
staying outside the 12-mile limit.
We've seen them out here before.
Right now they're 15 miles east of
Chatham. I guess they can't catch
enough fish in Russia to feed
everyone, so they come over here
and catch our fish. We're watching
them closely on our radar, over.

STEVE

Copy that, Pete. Keep us advised on
the fog and the Russians, over.

PETE

Wilco. *Pollock Rip* Lightship clear,
standing by on channel 16 FM.

STEVE

Stone Horse Lightship clear,
standing by on channel 16 FM.

EXT. PEARL STREET SIDEWALK - HYANNIS - MORNING

Bracken stands on the sidewalk, waiting for Charcoal to arrive.

INT. / EXT. OSPREY - WHEELHOUSE / BACK DECK - MORNING

Chet is seated at the wheel. Webby is seated at the Nav Station.
One hundred yards ahead to port is STONEHORSE Lightship. Boys and
Charcoal on back deck. Chet checks watch: 8:32. He looks aft.

CHET

Boys, we're coming up on *Stone
Horse* Lightship to our port.

David, Peter, Mark, and Charcoal look ahead on the port side. The
Osprey passes by STONEHORSE Lightship at a distance of 100 yards.

EXT. PEARL STREET SIDEWALK - HYANNIS - MORNING

Bracken stands on the sidewalk. He turns and walks toward home.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - *OSPREY* - 33 MINUTES LATER

Chet is seated at the helm. Webby is seated at the Nav station.

CHET

Webby, I'm going to pull up
alongside *Pollock Rip* Lightship to
get a weather report.

WEBBY

Sounds like a good idea, Chet.

Chet slows as he approaches *Pollock Rip* Lightship, shifts into reverse, and gives it a little throttle. *Osprey* slows to a stop, throttle to idle. Chet shifts into forward, and eases alongside *Pollock Rip* Lightship. He shifts into reverse to stop the *Osprey*, then he shifts into neutral. He looks at his Rolex: 8:58.

Pete exits *Pollock Rip's* Main Cabin onto the main deck.

PETE

Ahoy, Captain, can I help you?

CHET

Yes, we're headed to The Mussel
Shoals to go cod fishing. Can you
give me a weather report?

PETE

Yes, sir, it looks like a large fog
bank is beginning to form offshore
to the southeast, and we strongly
recommend that you head back to
your home port. Where are you from?

CHET

Osterville. Thank you very much.
We'll take your advice and we'll
head back home right now.

PETE

Very good, Captain. Have a safe
trip home.

CHET

We will. Thanks again.

Mark walks forward from the back deck to talk with Chet.

MARK

Hi, Chet.

CHET

Hi, Mark. I'm sorry we have to head
home, but it's the safest thing to
do. I hope you boys can understand.
We'll go cod fishing again and I'll
make sure we have good weather.

MARK

Thanks, Chet. We'll go below.

CHET

Sounds like a good idea to me.

Mark, David, and Peter head below, followed by Charcoal.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - 15 MILES EAST OF CHATHAM - CONTINUOUS

A 250-foot Russian Fishing Trawler with black hull and white superstructure plows slowly through the calm Atlantic Ocean.

On the stern flagpole: a large red Soviet Russian Flag with its distinctive Yellow "Hammer and Sickle".

EXT. BACK DECK - SOVIET RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

Several RUSSIAN SAILORS are busy, operating winches, coiling lines, performing the routine duties of commercial fishermen.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SOVIET RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

ANDREI, 25, wearing dark trousers, rubber boots that go halfway up his shins, and a white cable-knit sweater, stands with his hands steady on the large mahogany wheel, looking ahead.

CAPTAIN KONSTANTIN KOSLOV, 53, with a leathery face and a full, neatly trimmed, salt-and-pepper beard, stands at the bridge to Andrei's left. He looks ahead through his binoculars. He also wears a white cable-knit fisherman's sweater, dark trousers, and rubber boots rising halfway up his shins.

CAPTAIN KONSTANTIN KOSLOV

Andrei, on this voyage we catch a shipload of Codfish. It is strange that the Americans allow us to catch these fish.

ANDREI

Yes, Captain Koslov. Perhaps it won't remain so forever.

CAPTAIN KONSTANTIN KOSLOV

Perhaps you are correct, Andrei. But today we load our ship with Codfish to feed the many hungry people at home in Mother Russia.

(a beat)

Watch this fog very carefully, Andrei. It may be headed in our direction.

ANDREI

Aye-aye, Captain Koslov, I will watch this fog very carefully.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - *OSPREY* - MORNING

SUNNY SKY. *Osprey* cruises at 15 knots. Chet seated at the helm, starboard side. Webby at navigator's station, port side. Webby looks at a folded nautical chart. Checks his wrist watch: 9:15.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Wall clock reads 9:15. On the table next to Mima's teacup, Jenny sets a plate with a scrambled egg and a piece of raisin toast. Mima sits down. Picks up her teacup. Sips her tea. Sets the cup down. Takes a bite of toast. Chews slowly, swallows carefully. Mima turns to gaze out a window at the harbor and the blue sky.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - MORNING

Peter and David are seated at the table. Peter is reading a *Batman* comic book and David is reading a *Superman* comic book.

Charcoal lies on deck. Mark looks with binoculars through a closed oval glass porthole with bronze trim and fittings.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - *OSPREY* - MORNING

Chet sits at the helm. Webby sits at the navigator's station.

CHET

Webby, can you take over while I make a quick trip to the head?

WEBBY

Sure thing, Chet.

Chet slides over. Webby takes the wheel. Chet goes below.

ENGINE SPUTTERS, then resumes RUNNING SMOOTHLY. Chet returns topside. David, Peter, and Mark look up from the galley.

WEBBY

Did you top 'er off, Chet?

CHET

Yes. I filled the fuel and water tanks yesterday. Checked 'em again this morning. They were full.

SPUTTER. COUGH. ENGINE stops DEAD. Webby pulls the throttle back, shifts to neutral, shuts off the ignition key. He turns the wheel to starboard. *Osprey* slows as it makes a 90 degree turn. Webby straightens the wheel. He checks his watch: 9:18.

WEBBY

(to Chet)

Take the helm. I'll drop anchor. I've got us headed northwest outside of Pollock Rip channel.

(to the Boys)

Engine trouble, men. Stay below.

EXT. FOREDECK - *OSPREY* - MORNING

Webby comes up through the hatch with a coil of anchor line over his shoulder. Drops line on deck, attaches anchor, heaves it in the ocean. When it hits bottom, he pays out 80 more feet of line and secures it to The Samson Post. Fog in the distance to SE.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - MORNING

Mark, Peter and David are seated, Charcoal next to them.

MARK

If we had a radio we could call the Coast Guard.

DAVID

Maybe Chet can fix the engine.

PETER

Maybe another boat will see us.

Webby comes below and gets a toolbox from a locker.

WEBBY

Sit tight, men. We'll try to fix the engine.

MARK

Will do. Thanks, Dad.

EXT./INT. BACK DECK/WHEELHOUSE - *OSPREY* - CONTINUOUS

Chet removes the engine hatch and sets it aside. Webby returns with the toolbox. He hands it to Chet, who sets it down, opens it, takes out a screwdriver and sets it on deck. He lies down on his stomach, then removes the air cleaner and sets it aside.

CHET

Could be the carburetor.

Chet picks up the screwdriver and he adjusts the carburetor.

CHET

Webby, crank the engine a little.

Webby walks to the helm. Key on. Ignition on. RRR-RRR-RRR. RRR-RRR-RRR. Engine won't start. Webby turns the key off.

Chet makes another adjustment to the carburetor.

CHET

Try 'er again.

Webby tries again. RRR-RRR-RRR.... RRR-RRR-RRR.... **KA-BOOM!!!**

Just as Chet closes his eyes, FLAMES engulf the engine and singe his face. Chet rolls away and ends up on his back.

From a bulkhead Webby grabs a CO2 fire extinguisher. Sprays it all over the fire. The boys crowd the ladderway to watch. Fire dies out just a few seconds before the extinguisher runs dry. Webby sets the fire extinguisher down. Kneels next to Chet.

WEBBY

Can you open your eyes, Chet?

CHET

I think so.

Chet opens his eyes. His left eye is watery and bloodshot.

INT. MARY AND BETTY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Mary seated. Betty looks through binoculars.

BETTY

Mary, Mima's leaving in her car.

INT. GALLEY / FORWARD CABIN - OSPREY - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Chart on table: "Nantucket Sound And Approaches". Chet seated, bandaged left eye. Webby adds a black eye patch, then runs the elastic strap around Chet's head. Mark, Peter, and David watch.

WEBBY

Keep the patch on for three days.
Then you'll be as good as new.

MARK

Chet, now you look like a PIRATE!

CHET

AARRGGHH!!! Maybe we can find some
sunken treasure!

(Chet smiles)

Webby, how far offshore are we?

Webby makes an "X" to the east of Monomoy Island, halfway between *Stone Horse* Lightship and *Pollock Rip* Lightship.

WEBBY

"X" marks the spot, right here.
We're about five miles off the
coast of Monomoy Island.

CHET

Well, boys, how about some fishing?

MARK/PETER/DAVID

Yeah!!!

CHET

Great. If you boys head topside
with Charcoal, your Dad and I will
get the fishing rods ready.

Mark, Peter, David, and Charcoal head topside.

From a cabinet above the sink, Chet and Webby unload food and set it on the counter. There are three cans of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup, one loaf of bread, two cans of deviled ham, one can of tuna fish, a box of Premium Saltines, a jar of instant coffee, and a box of Large *Milk-Bone* dog biscuits.

CHET

We've got plenty of drinking water, but this is all we have for food. It's not much for the five of us.

WEBBY

Ten days of food for Charcoal, but only three days of food for us. And that's on very short rations.

Chet and Webby walk to the forward cabin, take 3 fishing rods down from holders above the port V-berth. Chet turns to Webby.

CHET

Webby, I'm really sorry. This is all my fault. I should have a ship-to-shore radio on board. I'm always so busy at the Candle Company, and I just haven't had time to do it.

WEBBY

No problem, Chet. If we had a ship-to-shore radio, the hospital would get the marine operator to call me. And that would be a *REAL* disaster!

EXT. FRONT LAWN - ROSE AND JOE KENNEDY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Joe Kennedy stands with DAVE TRIMBLE, 47, with red hair, wearing a blue short-sleeved shirt. Embroidered on the left chest of the shirt: New England Telephone Company - Dave Trimble - Supervisor

JOE KENNEDY

Right here is where I'd like it.

DAVE TRIMBLE

Mr. Ambassador, let me make sure I've got this straight. You want a telephone installed on a post right here on your lawn?

JOE KENNEDY

Yes, that is exactly what I want. When my son Jack is President of The United States, he will arrive on this lawn in a United States Marine Corps helicopter. In an emergency, he must be able to call The White House immediately. Can you handle the installation?

DAVE TRIMBLE

Yes, we can, Mr. Ambassador. How soon do you want it installed?

JOE KENNEDY

Right away. When can you do it?

DAVE TRIMBLE

I'll be here Monday morning with a hand-picked crew. I'll make sure the phone has a weatherproof cover.

JOE KENNEDY

That's fine, just fine. It's a surprise for Jack, so please keep it absolutely confidential.

DAVE TRIMBLE

Certainly, Mr. Ambassador. You can depend on me, and you can depend on New England Telephone Company.

INT. SEA STREET MARKET - HYANNIS - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Full service store with dry goods, gourmet foods, and a meat and deli counter. Walter stands by the cash register. Dave Trimble stands at the counter. Mima opens the door and walks in.

WALTER

Morning, Mima.

MIMA

Hi, Walter. Hi, Dave. What's new?

DAVE TRIMBLE

I've just been to Joe Kennedy's house. When Jack is President, he'll land on Joe's lawn in a U.S. Marine Corps helicopter. Joe wants me to install an all-weather outdoor telephone so Jack can call the White House in an emergency.

MIMA

Well, Dave, my best advice is, don't put it in the middle of their touch football field.

Walter, Dave Trimble, and Mima smile at her clever joke.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - MORNING

DENSE FOG EVERYWHERE. Engine hatch in place. Mark, Peter, David, and Charcoal stand at the transom. Chet and Webby arrive. Chet hands fishing rods to the boys. Webby hands Peter a paper bag.

WEBBY

Here are the quahogs for bait. The water here is forty feet deep.

PETER

Thanks, Dad.

Peter takes a quahog. Cracks it on the deck. With his pocket knife, cuts it up and hands pieces of bait to Mark and David. Mark, Peter, and David attach the bait to their hooks.

MARK

Dad, if we're not home by sunset, Mummy will call the Coast Guard, and they'll send patrol boats and cutters to find us, right?

WEBBY

Yup. They'll send seaplanes, too, as soon as this fog thins out.

(a beat)

Let's catch some fish!

Peter stands at the starboard gunwale, Mark at the transom, David at port gunwale. They drop their lines in the ocean.

INT. SEA STREET MARKET - HYANNIS - MORNING

Walter is standing behind the counter. The front door opens. Caroline Kennedy enters with her mother, Jacqueline Kennedy.

WALTER

Good morning, Caroline! Good morning, Mrs. Kennedy.

(to Caroline Kennedy)

How are you today, Caroline?

CAROLINE KENNEDY

I'm fine, thank you.

WALTER

Caroline, your dress is very pretty.

CAROLINE KENNEDY

Thank you very much, Walter.

WALTER

(to Jacqueline Kennedy)

And how is Senator Kennedy?

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

He's fine, Walter. Thank you for asking. He was very busy with all the primaries and I think he's glad to have a break. How are Helen and your daughter?

WALTER

Both very well, thank you. What can I get for you today?

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

A dozen New York Sirloin steaks. The Ambassador is having a cookout tomorrow for Jack, Bobby, and Ted.

WALTER

I'll deliver them this afternoon. Please give Senator Kennedy my congratulations on winning the primaries.

(to Caroline Kennedy)

It's very nice to see you, Caroline. Bye-bye.

CAROLINE KENNEDY

Bye-bye, Walter.

Caroline Kennedy, Jacqueline Kennedy, and Walter all smile.

INT. BALDWIN HALL - FEDERATED CHURCH - HYANNIS - MORNING

Function room with a wooden floor in an older section of the church. TWO DOZEN MEN and WOMEN are seated on folding metal chairs. Mima stands at a podium. She takes a deep breath, then she exhales slowly. She speaks with a strong voice.

MIMA

My name is Mima, and I am an alcoholic.

(a beat)

Today I give thanks to God for helping to heal me, and for bringing me home to my family after a short hospital stay in Hyannis and seven weeks of rehab in New Hampshire. Today I speak about grace. By the Grace of God, I'm alive after all of my drinking. I was lost in a heavy alcoholic fog. I give thanks for having such a wonderful, loving family, and for all of my friends here at Alcoholics Anonymous.

Mima gazes at her audience. Her facial expression is one of serene confidence. The audience members all look at Mima. On their faces are expressions of great admiration and respect.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - MORNING

Webby and Chet are looking at the same chart as before, spread out on the table: "Nantucket Sound and Approaches".

CHET

Webby, what are our chances of getting hit by a ship?

WEBBY

We're outside the shipping lanes. The chart shows a sandy bottom. We should be okay if the anchor holds. But the fog could be a big problem.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - MORNING

Mark has a fish on his line and he is reeling in. Peter and David are fishing. Webby and Chet arrive.

ZING on David's REEL. He tightens the drag; rod bends, he starts reeling in. From hangers on the starboard gunwale Webby gets a long-handled net. Nets Mark's 4-pound SKATE, dumps it on deck.

WEBBY

A Skate. Well done, Mark!

MARK

Thanks, Dad. Are they edible?

WEBBY

I've never tried one. We might cook one if we're out here for a while, but you can throw this one back.

Mark kneels, removes the hook, grabs the Skate, and tosses it overboard. On David's line: a five-foot SAND SHARK breaks the surface, THRASHING WILDLY. Webby sets the net on deck, grabs the gaff from the gunwale, gaffs the shark, raises it up a little.

WEBBY

It's a Sand Shark. He swallowed the bait, hook, line, and sinker. Do you have your knife handy, Chet?

CHET

Sure thing, Webby.

PETER

Dad, I've got one!

Peter starts reeling in. With his jack-knife Chet cuts David's line. Webby lowers the Sand Shark into the water; un-gaffs it. Sand Shark's tail slashes the ocean surface; Sand Shark dives under. Webby sets the gaff down, and then he picks up the net. Webby nets a 2-pound SEA ROBIN, and he dumps it onto the deck.

When Charcoal cautiously approaches the Sea Robin, it raises its dorsal fin, which fans out like a small sailfish fin. Charcoal backs up a bit, but he's still interested in the Sea Robin.

WEBBY

A Sea Robin. Nice one, Peter!

PETER

Thanks, Dad. Is it any good to eat?

WEBBY

Not unless it was all we had. You might as well throw it back.

Charcoal gets closer and sniffs the strange looking fish.

The SEA ROBIN makes a CROAKING SOUND. CHARCOAL BARKS ONCE.

Mark, Peter, and David laugh. Chet and Webby smile. Peter kneels, unhooks the Sea Robin, stands, throws it overboard.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF FEDERATED CHURCH - MORNING

A large white sign attached to two in-ground wooden posts reads: The Federated Church Of Hyannis - The Friendly Church - Reverend Carl Fearing Schultz, D.D., Minister. Sunshine reflects on the gold-leafed, carved wooden pineapple near the top of the sign.

DR. SCHULTZ, 62, greets Mima and grasps her hand in his hands.

DR. SCHULTZ

Mima! Welcome Home! It's so nice to see you. How are you feeling?

MIMA

Much better, Dr. Schultz.

DR. SCHULTZ

Good. How are Webby and the boys?

MIMA

Fine, thanks. They're out cod fishing today with Chet Baker.

DR. SCHULTZ

That sounds like fun. Can Janet and I help you with anything?

MIMA

I can't think of anything right now, Dr. Schultz, but if I do I'll be sure to let you know.

DR. SCHULTZ

Please do. Can you bring the boys and Webby to church on Sunday?

MIMA

The boys, yes. Webby's church is in his garden.

DR. SCHULTZ

That's just fine, Mima. God is everywhere. We'll look forward to seeing you and the boys on Sunday.

Dr. Schultz and Mima smile confidently at each other.

INT. RADIO ROOM - *POLLOCK RIP* LIGHTSHIP - MORNING

Pete is seated, speaking into the radio microphone.

PETE

Steve, how's your weather, over?

STEVE (V.O. RADIO)

Heavy fog here. How's yours, over?

PETE

Same here. I hope the Russkies don't smash into us, over.

STEVE (V.O.)

Don't worry, Pete, they've got radar. Besides, Premier Khrushchev would send them all to Siberia if they wrecked one of his expensive fishing trawlers.

EXT. BEACHFRONT DACHA - BLACK SEA COAST - LATE AFTERNOON

Sunny day. SOVIET CAPTAIN and SOVIET MAJOR in full uniform stand on alert with their AK-47's at port arms. A pale-skinned, husky, BALDING MAN in a bathing suit lies face down on a chaise longue. Two women, BLONDE, 25, and a BRUNETTE, 25, in bikinis, carefully and gently apply Coppertone on the man's back. They're finished.

Man rolls over. His distinctive gap-toothed smile reveals his identity: he is NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV, 65, Premier of The Soviet Union. The Blonde whispers into his ear. He nods his head.

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

Da.

Nikita Khrushchev sits up and he swings his feet onto the sand. The Blonde opens a cooler. SOUND OF a BOTTLE CAP BEING OPENED.

Blonde hands a bottle of *Coca-Cola* to Nikita Khrushchev. He raises it to his lips, takes a healthy swig, and swallows.

Nikita Khrushchev lowers the bottle. HE BURPS, and HE SMILES in appreciation of the delicious taste of the Capitalist *Coca-Cola*.

The Soviet Captain and Soviet Major remain iron-post rigid and vigilant, on full alert, watching in every direction, ready to fire their AK-47s at any noise, person, or moving object.

INT. DR. FRANK TRAVERS'S OFFICE - BARNSTABLE - AFTERNOON

Wall clock 4:00. Mima sits on an examining table with a BP cuff on her arm. DR. FRANK TRAVERS, 58, dressed in a white medical coat, listens to his stethoscope, loosens the BP valve, removes the BP cuff. Removes the stethoscope earpieces from his ears and hooks them onto the back of his neck.

DR. FRANK TRAVERS

Blood pressure's up a little bit,
Mima, but nothing to worry about.
How do you feel?

MIMA

I'd say fair to good, Frank. Most
nights I'm sleeping okay, but I'm
still feeling pretty nervous.

DR. FRANK TRAVERS

Any pain in your stomach?

MIMA

No. It feels all right.

DR. FRANK TRAVERS

Good. What's your diet like?

MIMA

I'm having five or six small meals
a day.

DR. FRANK TRAVERS

Excellent. In 1954 due to bleeding
ulcers we had to remove 80% of your
stomach. Now it's grown back to
about half its normal size. This
time you had a small ulcer that
caused you to pass out, but we
didn't have to perform surgery.
Drink some of this antacid if you
feel any stomach discomfort.

Dr. Frank Travers hands a bottle of Maalox antacid to Mima.

MIMA

Thank you, Frank.

DR. TRAVERS

You're welcome. Try to relax, Mima.
I know it's not easy with Webby's
schedule. How are the boys?

MIMA

They're very well. Thanks for
bringing them into the world.

DR. TRAVERS

You did all the hard work, Mima. I
just delivered them. You and Webby
can be proud of three fine sons.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - SUNSET

Chet, boys, and Webby are seated. Charcoal sits nearby on deck.
The *Coleman* lantern on the table illuminates everyone a little.

DAVID
Dad, remember taking Charcoal on
the house call to see Mrs. Thomas?

WEBBY
I sure do.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT./INT. MRS. THOMAS'S HOUSE - HYANNIS - MORNING

Webby at the door, medical bag in hand, rings the doorbell.
David holds Charcoal by the collar. MRS. THOMAS, 88, with rosy
cheeks and curly white hair, smiles as she opens the door.

MRS. THOMAS
Hello, Doctor Webster. Hello,
David. I'm glad you brought
Charcoal! Come in, sit down, and
make yourselves comfortable.

Large living room with Victorian wallpaper and antiques. David,
Charcoal and Webby walk in and sit down. Mrs. Thomas closes the
front door. Charcoal sits to David's left. David continues to
hold Charcoal by his collar. Mrs. Thomas turns toward David.

MRS. THOMAS
David, would you like a Toll House
cookie?

DAVID
Yes, please, Mrs. Thomas.

Mrs. Thomas exits. Across the room: a YELLOW PARAKEET sits on
his perch in his cage. Nobody notices the cage door is open.

SUDDENLY David sees the YELLOW PARAKEET FLY OUT of the cage.

INSTANTLY David kneels and he quickly wraps his left arm around
Charcoal's neck in a firm, modified Half Nelson wrestling hold.

Parakeet flies around the room like a TOP GUN Air Force Pilot.

Webby glances at David, then he shouts toward the kitchen.

WEBBY
MRS. THOMAS, YOUR PARAKEET IS
LOOSE!!

Parakeet zooms around the room, performing a thrilling series of
fast and fancy aerobatic maneuvers. Webby, David, and Charcoal
visually track the seemingly supersonic little yellow parakeet.
Mrs. Thomas returns without David's promised Toll House cookie.

MRS. THOMAS
Oh, dear! I must have left his cage
door open. Tweety! Come here. Get
back in your cage! TWEETY!!

Exhilarated by his freedom, Tweety makes an unfortunate navigational error: he flies too close to Charcoal's mouth.

CHOMP. SWALLOW. TWEETY IS GONE!

DAVID can't believe it. HIS FACE turns BRIGHT RED as he watches a single yellow Parakeet feather float lazily down to the floor. David releases his wrestling hold on Charcoal, but he continues to hold on tightly to Charcoal's collar with his right hand.

CHARCOAL licks his lips. HE BURPS. He wags his tail.

WEBBY

I'm so sorry, Mrs. Thomas!

MRS. THOMAS

Don't worry, Doctor Webster. It was my fault for leaving his cage open.

WEBBY

We'll go right up to Woolworth's and get you another parakeet. Was it a male or a female?

MRS. THOMAS

Tweety was a male. Get a yellow male parakeet if they have one.

INT. WEBBY'S 1953 STUDEBAKER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Webby is driving, David in front, Charcoal in back.

DAVID

Dad, will Charcoal have to be punished?

WEBBY

Nope. Labrador Retrievers are natural bird dogs. He sure made quick work of Tweety, didn't he?

Webby glances at David, winks, and smiles. David smiles.

DAVID

He certainly did!

WEBBY

Sure you wanna be a doctor?

DAVID

Yup, I'm sure.

WEBBY

Just remember, people will call you in the middle of the night, you'll work long hours, and you won't have enough time for your family.

(a beat)

(MORE)

WEBBY (CONT'D)

I wish we could go fishing more often.

DAVID

That's Okay, Dad. We have fun whenever we *do* get to go fishing. Right, Charcoal?

David turns around to look at Charcoal. He wags his tail.

END FLASHBACK/RETURN TO:

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - SUNSET

Mark, Peter, David, Webby, Chet, and Charcoal as before.

PETER

Dad, soup cans taped to the mast would reflect radar signals.

WEBBY

Good thinking, Peter! I'll do that first thing tomorrow morning.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - NEARING SUNSET

Mima, teacup in hand, gazes toward the southwest out the window. Daylight is fading. Mima's face is pale. She gulps her tea, then she sets her teacup down on the counter.

She strides to the telephone table, grabs a telephone with her left hand and the phone book with her right hand. She turns around and sets the phone and phone book on the kitchen table. She sits down. Looks up a number in the phone book. Picks up the telephone receiver. Begins dialing on the rotary dial telephone.

EXT. CHATHAM COAST GUARD STATION - SUNSET

Facing east toward the ocean: Chatham Coast Guard Station and Lighthouse. Beacon revolves slowly, shining its powerful light through the extremely dense fog and the heavy wind-lashed rain.

CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. CHATHAM COAST GUARD STATION - SUNSET / INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - NEARING SUNSET - SPLIT SCREEN

CPO BERNIE WEBBER, 32, seated at his desk, log book open. PHONE RINGS. He answers. While he listens, he writes notes in his log.

BERNIE WEBBER

Chatham Coast Guard, Chief Webber.

MIMA

I need to report an overdue boat.

BERNIE WEBBER

Yes, ma'am. May I have your name and phone number, please?

MIMA

Mima Webster. 555-0037.

BERNIE WEBBER

How many people are on board?

MIMA

Five. My husband, our three sons, and our friend Chet Baker left Osterville this morning to go cod fishing. They planned to be back by sunset and they're not home yet.

BERNIE WEBBER

What's the name of the boat?

MIMA

Osprey.
(she spells it out)
O-S-P-R-E-Y. It's a wooden cabin cruiser, 33 feet long.

BERNIE WEBBER

Good. What color is it?

MIMA

White, gray trim, and light orange foredeck. Charcoal is with them.

BERNIE WEBBER

Charcoal?

MIMA

He's our Labrador Retriever.

BERNIE WEBBER

Do they have a ship-to-shore radio?

MIMA

No, I don't think so.

BERNIE WEBBER

That's okay, Mrs. Webster. Do you know where they went fishing?

MIMA

Yes, to The Mussel Shoals, 30 miles east of Chatham.

BERNIE WEBBER

Excellent. I know right where that is. Do they have food and water?

MIMA

Yes. Mr. Baker's boat is very well equipped with electric lights, a galley, a stove, an icebox, a head, a shower, and V-berths up forward.

(a beat)

How soon can you start searching?

BERNIE WEBBER

Right away, Mrs. Webster. The weather here is very foggy and rainy, but we'll begin searching immediately. We'll find them.

MIMA

(voice cracking)

Oh, God, I hope so.

BERNIE WEBBER

Try not to worry, Mrs. Webster. We'll find them. It's our job.

MIMA

Thank you.

BERNIE WEBBER

You're welcome, Mrs. Webster. Try to take it easy. Your family will be okay. Please call me right away if you hear from them.

Mima starts crying, but manages to reply to Bernie Webber.

MIMA

I will. Thank you. Goodbye.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - NEARING SUNSET

Mima hangs up; continues crying - rivers of tears stream down her cheeks. She puts her forearms on the table, rests her head on her forearms, and sits there bawling for a while.

Raises her head. Wipes her eyes. Stands up. Grabs her purse. Turns on the outside light. Opens the door. Goes out.

MARY'S BINOCULAR POV - EXT. WEBSTER'S DRIVEWAY - SUNSET

LIGHT FOG permeates the air. Mima's car backs out, headlights shining into the fog. The car stops, then it zooms forward and bears right as it turns the corner from Willow Street and enters onto Lewis Bay Road, heading north toward Hyannis.

BETTY (O.S.)

Mary, tell me what you see!

MARY (O.S.)
Mima's leaving! She's in a hurry!

CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. PROVINCETOWN COAST GUARD STATION - SUNSET / INT. CHATHAM
COAST GUARD STATION - SUNSET - SPLIT SCREEN

LT. SILVA, 40, answers RINGING PHONE. He looks at his watch:
8:18. As he listens, he writes notes in his station log book.

LT. SILVA
Provincetown Coast Guard,
Lieutenant Silva.

Bernie Webber seated at his desk, phone receiver to his ear.

BERNIE WEBBER
Lieutenant, Chief Bernie Webber at
Chatham Coast Guard Station. Do you
have any vessels available that can
search for a boat missing offshore?

LT. SILVA
Affirmative, Webber. *ACUSHNET* is
here from Portland, Maine.
She's an oceangoing tugboat.
I'll send her out immediately.

BERNIE WEBBER
Outstanding, Lieutenant. The
missing boat is a 33-foot cabin
cruiser, white with gray trim and
light orange foredeck. Name *Osprey*:
Oscar, Sierra, Papa, Romeo, Echo,
Yankee. Their destination was The
Mussel Shoals, 30 miles east of
Chatham. With luck the boat will be
there. If not, then search from
Wellfleet to Nantucket. Start 40
miles offshore, then run a grid
pattern in toward shore.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG TUGBOAT *ACUSHNET* - SUNSET

CAPTAIN PORTER, 50, CHIEF COHEN, 55, SEAMAN CARR, 21, huddled
around the chart: "Georges Bank and Nantucket Shoals". Captain
Porter points to an area 30 miles east of Chatham.

CAPTAIN PORTER
This is The Mussel Shoals, where
the missing boat was going cod
fishing this morning. It's our
central search point, 30 miles east
of Chatham. If we're lucky, they'll
be anchored there or near there.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN PORTER (CONT'D)
 If not, we'll go 40 miles offshore
 and run a grid pattern between
 Wellfleet and Nantucket while we
 work our way in toward shore.

CHIEF COHEN
 I'll fire up the radar, Captain.

CAPTAIN PORTER
 Good. We're gonna need it in this
 fog. Make us some magic, Chief.

CHIEF COHEN
 Will do, sir.

CAPTAIN PORTER
 Carr, you're on the radio. I'll
 take the helm.

EXT. DOCK - PROVINCETOWN COAST GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

THICK FOG. Acushnet docked bow out. Dock lights and running
 lights on. SAILORS cast off lines on the 213-foot ship, with a
 black hull and white superstructure. Painted in large white
 letters on the transom of the ship: ACUSHNET Portland Maine

CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. LT. MURPHY'S OFFICE - USCG HQ BOSTON - SUNSET / INT.
 CHATHAM COAST GUARD STATION - SUNSET - SPLIT SCREEN

LT. MURPHY at his desk. TELEPHONE RINGS. He answers.

LT. MURPHY
 Coast Guard Group Boston,
 Lieutenant Murphy speaking.

Bernie Webber, at his desk, phone receiver to his ear.

BERNIE WEBBER
 Sir, Bernie Webber, Chatham
 Station. I just logged a boat
 overdue at Osterville. 33-foot
 cabin cruiser *Osprey*: Oscar,
 Sierra, Papa, Romeo, Echo, Yankee.
 Oceangoing Tugboat *Acushnet* is now
 leaving Provincetown Station to
 begin searching offshore.

LT. MURPHY
 When was the *Osprey* due back?

BERNIE WEBBER
 Sunset. There are two men, three
 boys, and a dog on board. They left
 early this morning from Osterville
 to go cod fishing at the Mussel
 Shoals, 30 miles east of Chatham.

(MORE)

BERNIE WEBBER (CONT'D)
 If the boat isn't there, *Acushnet*
 will go 40 miles offshore and
 search in a grid pattern from
 Wellfleet to Nantucket, and work
 their way in shore. Mrs. Webster,
 the wife of one of the men, called
 me from Hyannis to report the
 missing boat.

(a beat)
 Lieutenant, it's her entire family.

LT. MURPHY
 Understood, Webber. How's your
 weather down there?

BERNIE WEBBER
 Heavy fog with wind and rain, sir.

LT. MURPHY
 Do they have a ship-to-shore radio?

BERNIE WEBBER
 Mrs. Webster believes they DO NOT
 have a ship-to-shore radio, sir.

LT. MURPHY
 Webber, are you a religious man?

BERNIE WEBBER
 Yes, sir, Miriam and I go to church
 every Sunday when I'm off duty.

LT. MURPHY
 Good. Start praying right now for
 sunshine tomorrow.

BERNIE WEBBER
 Will do, Lieutenant.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. CHATHAM COAST GUARD STATION - DUSK

Bernie Webber hangs up the phone and picks up the radio mic.

BERNIE WEBBER
 Calling All Stations, Calling All
 Stations, United States Coast Guard
 Station Chatham, Massachusetts,
 Calling All Stations.

INT. RADIO ROOM - *STONEHORSE* LIGHTSHIP - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Steve, seated, listens to Bernie Webber's VOICE on the RADIO.

BERNIE WEBBER (V.O. RADIO) (CONT'D)
 A boat with five people and a dog
 is reported overdue at Osterville.
 (MORE)

BERNIE WEBBER (V.O. RADIO) (CONT'D)
 The missing boat was on a one day fishing trip to The Mussel Shoals, 30 miles east of Chatham. All stations keep a sharp lookout for the motor vessel *Osprey*: Oscar, Sierra, Papa, Romeo, Echo, Yankee. Vessel is a 33-foot cabin cruiser, white with gray trim and light orange foredeck. United States Coast Guard Station Chatham clear, standing by on channel 16 FM.

Steve picks up the radio microphone and keys it.

STEVE
Stone Horse Lightship calling
 Chatham Coast Guard, over.

BERNIE WEBBER (V.O. RADIO)
Stone Horse, this is Chatham Coast Guard, go ahead, over.

STEVE
 Chatham Coast Guard, *Stone Horse*,
 We saw a cabin cruiser go by at 8:33 this morning. It was heading northeast out to sea. Looked like it was about 35 feet long. Might be the boat you're looking for, over.

BERNIE WEBBER (V.O. RADIO)
 Message understood, *Stone Horse*. I will relay this information to all stations and vessels.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG CUTTER *CAPE STARR* - SUNSET

THIN FOG. 95-foot Coast Guard Cutter *Cape Starr* is docked.

CAPTAIN CAMPANILE, 50, is at the radio, holding the mic.

CHIEF NELSON (V.O. RADIO)
Cape Starr, Coast Guard Station Newport, Rhode Island. Group Boston just advised us of a 33-foot cabin cruiser overdue at Osterville, Massachusetts. The name of the missing vessel is *Osprey*: Oscar, Sierra, Papa, Romeo, Echo, Yankee. Your orders are to search Nantucket Sound between Osterville, Morris and Monomoy Islands, Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard. Make ready to get under way immediately, over.

CAPTAIN CAMPANILE
 Newport Coast Guard, *Cape Star*, we can shove off in four minutes.

BETTY'S BINOCULAR POV - EXT. WEBSTER'S DRIVEWAY - DUSK

The outside light by the kitchen door shines through the fog. Mima's car pulls in. Engine off. Headlights off. Mima gets out with a brown paper bag in hand. She shuts the car door.

INT. MARY AND BETTY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mary watches Betty, who is looking through the binoculars.

BETTY

Mima's going into the kitchen.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Mima takes a pint of bourbon out of the brown paper bag. Then she notices the headlights of a car pulling into the driveway. She hides the bourbon in the cookie jar, next to the tea jar.

She opens the cabinet door under the sink, stuffs the paper bag in the trash can, then closes the cabinet door under the sink.

BETTY'S BINOCULAR POV - EXT. WEBSTER'S DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Jenny gets out of her 4-door 1957 Chevrolet and shuts the door.

BETTY (O.S.)

Jenny just arrived.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - DUSK

Jenny enters, hugs Mima, kisses her cheek, then steps back.

JENNY

Mima, tell me what's wrong. Is it Doctor Webster and the boys?

MIMA

Yes. They went out fishing today with Chet Baker. They should have been home by sunset. I called the Coast Guard to report them missing. Jenny, they're MY WHOLE LIFE!

Tears run down Mima's cheeks. Jenny hugs her, then steps back.

JENNY

We'll pray for them. I'll make some tea and then I'll call Jo Ann.

Mima sits down. Jenny goes to the counter, reaches for the cookie jar. Panic on Mima's face. Jenny realizes her mistake, takes the lid off the tea jar, and takes out three tea bags. Mima's facial expression changes to one of relief.

EXT./INT. BACK DECK / WHEELHOUSE - OSPREY - TWILIGHT

DENSE FOG, windy, rainy, choppy sea. Osprey pitches and rolls.

Chet and Webby, in yellow slickers, stand on the back deck; they're each holding onto the gunwale coaming with one hand. Chet holds the *Coleman* lantern; Webby holds the FLARE GUN.

Webby points the FLARE GUN aft and skyward, then he pulls the trigger. The FLARE GUN FIRES. The BRIGHT RED FLARE rises, peaks, and falls. It lands in the ocean, fizzles out, and vanishes.

In the wheelhouse, wind-driven rain splatters on the windshield. Mark and David are seated at the navigator's station. Peter and Charcoal stand next to them. Charcoal and the boys look aft.

MARK

Think anyone could see it?

DAVID

They'd have to be really close.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mima lights 3 candles in candle holders, one in each window. From the coffee table she picks up a Bible; holds it to her heart. She looks out the rain-splattered windows. The bright streetlight shines through fog and rain. Mima begins crying.

MIMA

God, I know I haven't been the greatest wife and mother. I've done my best, but when I had problems, I tried to drown them with alcohol. Please God, don't punish my family. If You have to punish anyone, then please punish me. I'm only asking for one miracle. Please bring them all safely home soon.

INT. FORWARD CABIN - OSPREY - NIGHT

Coleman lantern on. *Osprey* is pitching and rolling. Peter and David are sitting on one bunk, Mark and Charcoal on the other bunk. Webby hands out blue U.S. Navy surplus life jackets.

WEBBY

Life jackets will help keep us warm and we'll swap Charcoal each night. The galley table converts to a bunk and Chet will sleep there. If you get up at night, use the flashlight instead of the cabin lights, so we don't drain the boat's battery. Right now I'm gonna hit the head.

Webby takes the flashlight, then he walks aft.

DAVID

It's time to say our prayers.

Mark, Peter, and David all clasp their hands in prayer.

MARK/PETER/DAVID

God Bless Mummy, God Bless Daddy,
God Bless all the Boys and Girls,
and God Bless me.

(a beat)

And God Bless Charcoal and Chet.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG TUGBOAT ACUSHNET - NIGHT

Captain Porter on helm, Chief Cohen watches the radar screen, and Seaman Carr is at the radio. Windshield wipers battle the wind-driven rain as the ship cruises steadily through DENSE FOG.

CAPTAIN PORTER

Got anything on radar, Chief?

CHIEF COHEN

Not a thing, Cap.

CAPTAIN PORTER

Carr, how about going below and getting some coffee.

Seaman Carr nods. Captain Porter takes the helm. Seaman Carr opens the door, exits the wheelhouse, and closes the door.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mima, in a robe, enters. Jenny hugs her. Jo Ann, in a skirt and sweater, pours hot water from the teakettle into three teacups.

MIMA

Thanks, Jo Ann, thanks Jenny, for coming over.

JO ANN

I'm glad I was available, Mima. I called everyone I could think of: the hospital, Webby's parents, his brother and sister, Barbara, Helen and Walter, Phil Baker and Don Baker, your mother, your brother, your sisters, and your AA sponsor. Do you want me to call anyone else?

MIMA

No. Everyone else will hear it on the radio, see it on TV, or read about it in the newspaper. Webby wouldn't like the publicity.

JO ANN

No, he wouldn't. But that's life.

MIMA

You're right. And you're my personal lifesavers.

JENNY

That's the Coast Guard's job, Mima.
We're your best friends, and you
can count on us.

Three way hug. Jenny and Jo Ann gently massage Mima's back.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - USCG HQ BOSTON - NIGHT

Lt. Murphy and CAPTAIN ALLEN, 40, are standing, looking at clipboards with USCG Stations and vessels listed.

Chart tacked on corkboard: "Georges Bank and Nantucket Shoals" with solid red lines drawn from Osterville to Martha's Vineyard to Nantucket to the southern tip of Monomoy Island, north to Morris Island, and back to Osterville.

Captain Allen draws two dashed red lines: one northeast from Chatham Coast Guard Station, another southeast from the coastal village of Siasconset on Nantucket.

CAPTAIN ALLEN

Cape Starr is searching Nantucket Sound from Osterville to Morris Island, Monomoy Island, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. *Acushnet* will search The Mussel Shoals first, then if they don't have any luck, they'll search from Wellfleet to Nantucket, starting 40 miles offshore, then working a grid pattern in toward shore.

LT. MURPHY

It's a pretty large search area, sir. Especially in this heavy fog.

CAPTAIN ALLEN

It sure is, Murphy. Let's hope that boat is anchored, and *NOT DRIFTING*.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG TUGBOAT *ACUSHNET* - NIGHT

HEAVY FOG and wind-driven rain. Chief Cohen is on the radar, Seaman Carr on helm, Captain Porter, radio. CHIEF LOPES enters.

CHIEF LOPES

Midnight watch, Captain Porter. I offer my relief.

CAPTAIN PORTER

Thank you, Lopes. I'll send up replacements for Cohen and Carr.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Three candles burning. Jenny enters with a teacup and hands it to Mima. Jenny kisses Mima's cheek and wraps her arm around her.

INT. HELEN AND WALTER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Walter, in a bathrobe, cuts a slice of roast beef, then feeds it to Bracken, standing next to him. Walter cuts a slice of beef for himself and takes a bite. Helen, in her bathrobe, walks in.

HELEN

Walter, it's One a.m.

WALTER

I know it is, Helen. Bracken and I came down for a snack because we couldn't sleep.

HELEN

I'll bet Mima can't sleep, either.

WALTER

Probably not, Helen, but don't worry. Chet, Webby, and I survived the wars. The boys will be fine.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - NEXT MORNING

Chet is at the stove, pouring hot water into two coffee mugs. Mark, Peter, David and Charcoal enter from the forward cabin.

CHET

Morning, boys. Did you sleep well?

MARK

Yes, Chet, I did.

PETER

I slept well, Chet.

DAVID

I slept well, too, Chet. Charcoal helps keep us warm.

CHET

Good. Your Dad is taping a soup can to the mast. He'll be down shortly.

EXT. TOP OF WHEELHOUSE - *OSPREY* - CONTINUOUS

Webby is seated behind the mast, taping a soup can onto the mast, using a roll of black electrical tape.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Mima sits at the table, her face pale, eyes bloodshot. Jenny enters. SOFT MUSIC is playing ON the Hallicrafters FM RADIO.

JENNY

Mima, would you like breakfast?

MIMA

Yes, please, Jenny.

ED SEMPRINI (V.O. RADIO)

Good morning, I'm Ed Semprini with
the six o'clock news for Cape Cod

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SOVIET RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLER - MORNING

Captain Koslov watches ahead through his binoculars. Andrei is
closely watching the radar screen. SERGEI, 22, is on the helm.

ED SEMPRINI (V.O. RADIO) (CONT'D)

and the Islands. Five people and a
dog who were reported overdue on
Thursday evening are missing at sea
on board a 33-foot cabin cruiser.
The missing persons are Dr. Earle
H. Webster, Chief of Staff at Cape
Cod Hospital, his three sons, Mark,
8, Peter and David, 9, and their
Labrador Retriever. Also on board
is the boat's owner, Chester Baker,
President of Colonial Candle
Company. Chief Petty Officer Bernie
Webber at Chatham Coast Guard
Station said on Thursday evening
the Coast Guard oceangoing tugboat
Acushnet left Provincetown to begin
searching, and the 95-foot Coast
Guard Cutter *Cape Starr* was
dispatched from Newport, Rhode
Island. Both ships are now engaged
in an intensive search in heavy
fog. Chief Webber said the Coast
Guard Air Station at Salem,
Massachusetts will launch Search
and Rescue aircraft as soon as the
weather conditions are favorable.

SERGEI

(Russian/English subtitle)
Captain, an American boat is
missing at sea.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV

(Russian/English subtitle)
An American boat? Missing?

SERGEI

(Russian/English subtitle)
Yes, Captain. On board, two men,
three boys, and a dog. American
Coast Guard has already begun
searching for them.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV
 (Russian/English subtitle)
 We will search, too, Sergei.
 (to Andrei)
 Andrei, watch the radar carefully.

ANDREI
 (Russian/English subtitle)
 Aye-aye, Captain. I will watch the
 radar very carefully.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Jenny is at the stove cooking Mima's breakfast. Mima stands by the telephone table, holding a telephone receiver to one ear.

MIMA
 Good morning, Chief Webber, this is
 Mima Webster. Do you have any news
 to report about my family?

CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - MORNING / INT. CHATHAM COAST GUARD
 STATION - MORNING - CONTINUOUS - SPLIT SCREEN

Mima stands by the telephone table, phone to her ear.

CPO Bernie Webber is at his desk, phone receiver to his ear.

BERNIE WEBBER
 Good morning, Mrs. Webster. Right
 now we have two Coast Guard boats
 searching. They have not reported
 any contacts yet. I'm staying in
 close communication with them.
 We'll be sending a Coast Guard
 Seaplane to join the search as soon
 as the weather improves a little.

MIMA
 Can I go out on one of your boats?

BERNIE WEBBER
 I don't know, Mrs. Webster. You
 would have to call Coast Guard
 Headquarters in Boston.

MIMA
 Thank you very much, Chief Webber.
 I'll do that. Goodbye.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mima hangs up. Sits at the table. Jenny brings a cup of tea.
 Mima takes a sip of tea, and then she sets the teacup down.

MIMA

Jenny, I feel helpless. I'm calling
Boston Coast Guard to see if I can
go out on one of their boats.

Mima gets up, goes to the telephone table, picks up a phone.

CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. LT. MURPHY'S OFFICE - USCG HQ BOSTON - MORNING / INT.
WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - SPLIT SCREEN

Lt. Murphy seated at his desk. PHONE RINGS. He answers.

LT. MURPHY

Coast Guard, Lieutenant Murphy.

MIMA

Lieutenant Murphy, Mima Webster
calling from Hyannis. My family is
missing at sea. Can I go out on one
of your boats to join the search?

LT. MURPHY

I'm sorry, Mrs. Webster. It's too
dangerous on the ocean. I can't
risk your life in the heavy fog.

MIMA

Lieutenant, do you have a family?

LT. MURPHY

Yes, ma'am. I have a wife and two
daughters. I know how you feel.

MIMA

Do you? Do you really?

(a beat)

I'm sorry, Lieutenant, I didn't
mean that. Thank you. Goodbye.

Mima hangs up. Jenny walks over, hugs Mima, and massages her
neck and back. Mima begins crying and then sobbing.

Lt. Murphy gently hangs up the phone; picks up a framed photo of
himself, his wife, and their two daughters. He stares at it.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

EXT. PEARL STREET SIDEWALK - HYANNIS - MORNING

HEAVY FOG. Very quiet. No cars, no people. Bracken stands like a
statue, watching and waiting for his brother Charcoal.

EXT. BACK DECK - OSPREY - MORNING

VERY THICK FOG. David and Peter are fishing. Mark kneels on
deck, looking at a Sea Robin's mouth. Charcoal watches.

MARK

Can you catch the same fish twice?

DAVID

Yes, if it's hungry or stupid.

PETER

All fish are stupid.

DAVID

The fish that don't get caught
might be smarter.

PETER

Yeah, I guess you're right.

MARK

I caught this one before.

PETER

How can you tell?

Mark unhooks the Sea Robin. Stands up. Shows it to Peter.

MARK

See the two holes, one on each side
of his mouth?

PETER

Wow! You're right!

DAVID

Maybe he's hungry and stupid!

MARK

I'll throw him back before he makes
that funny noise.

RIGHT ON CUE the Sea Robin CROAKS. Charcoal BARKS ONCE.

The boys laugh. Mark tosses the Sea Robin overboard.

INT. GEORGE CROSS'S OFFICE - BARNSTABLE TOWN HALL - MORNING

On the door's window (reversed): George Cross - Chairman of
Selectmen. GEORGE CROSS, 50, wearing a short sleeved shirt, is
seated at his desk, with the phone receiver to his ear.

GEORGE CROSS

Okay, Mima, I'll be there in five
minutes to pick you up!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - POLICE BOAT - SOUTH OF HYANNIS PORT - MORNING

HEAVY FOG. Police Boat, blue light flashing, cruises slowly.
Sgt. Lester Sherman on helm. George Cross looks ahead and
squints his eyes. Mima stands between them, looking ahead.

SGT. LESTER SHERMAN
This fog is really unbelievable,
Mima. I wish I had X-RAY vision.

MIMA
Lester, the only person I know with
X-RAY vision is Superman.

SGT. LESTER SHERMAN
I wish he could be here now.

GEORGE CROSS
I'm really sorry, Mima. This fog is
just too darn thick. We'll have to
head back to Hyannis. I promise the
Coast Guard will do everything in
their power to find Webby and the
boys and bring them home safely.

Mima kisses George Cross and Lester Sherman on their cheeks.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - MORNING

Boys, Webby, Chet seated at the table, each with two saltine
crackers. Webby and Chet are sporting one-day beards. Webby
hands Charcoal a Milk-Bone. He wags his tail, starts crunching.

PETER
Dad, did you ever have engine
trouble before?

INT. WEBSTER'S MIDDLE ROOM - MORNING

Mima, Jenny on the couch with B/W album open to a photo of Webby
in Navy dress whites. Mima turns page: Webby in khaki shorts by
a leaning palm tree. Next page: B/W photo of beach, palm trees.

FULL SCREEN B/W tropical beach photo > > > RIPPLE DISSOLVE:

The B/W photo of the beach comes alive in FULL LIVING COLOR.

FLASHBACK TO DEC. 1943 - EXT. BEACH - ELLICE ISLANDS - DAY

WEBBY (V.O.)
Yes, I did, in World War Two. I was
stationed at a surgical hospital in
the South Pacific, on Funafuti, in
the Ellice Islands. It was December
1943, only four short months after
Jack Kennedy's PT boat got sunk.

INT. GRASS HUT/RADIO SHACK - DAY

Tropical "Christmas Tree" decorated with shells, driftwood,
flowers, and hand-made Christmas ornaments.

CORPORAL WEST, 19, bare-chested, rugged physique, tanned, USMC
shorts, headphones, sits by the radio, reading a comic book.

SUDDENLY he drops the comic book. He fine-tunes the radio with his left hand. He listens for a short while, then grabs the radio mic with his right hand, keys it, and speaks into it.

CORPORAL WEST

Coconut Five, this is Coconut One.
I read you loud and clear. Will
request help and call back, over.

(a beat)

Roger, Coconut Five, this is
Coconut One, over and out.

EXT. OUTSIDE GRASS HUT/RADIO SHACK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

COLONEL BRADLEY USMC, 44, red hair, tanned, rugged build, in tropical uniform, stands next to ENSIGN JIM MURRAY USN, 22.

Corporal West rushes out of the Grass Hut/Radio Shack.

CORPORAL WEST

Colonel, an Australian coast
watcher just called. A woman on
Niutao's gonna have a baby. She
needs a doctor ASAP.

COLONEL BRADLEY

Corporal, how far is it to Niutao?

CORPORAL WEST

Two hundred and twenty miles. It's
a five hour ride in a PT Boat.

COLONEL BRADLEY

Murray, get Webby! On the double!

ENSIGN MURRAY

Yes, sir!

Ensign Murray takes off running.

EXT. BEACH ON FUNAFUTI - DAY - CONTINUOUS

WEBBY-1943, 28, in khaki shorts, no shirt, blue USN cap, sneakers, and Ray-Bans. He's reeling in his Penn reel, on a bamboo rod that's bent over. Ensign Murray arrives at a run.

ENSIGN MURRAY

Webby, the Colonel needs you,
pronto.

WEBBY-1943

Okay, Jim, take over here. You can
cook this fish for dinner.

Webby-1943 hands his fishing rod to Ensign Jim Murray, and then Webby-1943 takes off running to the Radio Hut.

EXT. OUTSIDE GRASS HUT/RADIO HUT - DAY

Colonel Bradley is talking with MABULU, 25, a Native Tuvaluan Islander, dressed in khaki shorts and a tropical shirt.

COLONEL BRADLEY

Mabulu, can you go on the PT Boat to Niutao and be the translator?

MABULU

Yes, Colonel Bradley. I will be honored to go to Niutao and translate for Webby.

Webby-1943 arrives at a run, stops, in great shape, not winded.

WEBBY-1943

What's up, Colonel?

COLONEL BRADLEY

Lady on Niutao's gonna have a baby. You're going on PT 133 with Mike O'Toole. McGill's going, too. He knows these islands like the back of his hand. Mabulu will translate.

EXT. COCKPIT - U.S. NAVY PT 133 - A SHORT TIME LATER

ENGINES ROARING. The PT Boat is running straight at 44 knots.

Webby-1943, wearing a USN tropical uniform, cap reversed, stands in the cockpit, between Mabulu and ENSIGN MCGILL, 23, who wears a tropical Australian Navy uniform. LT. MIKE O'TOOLE, 26, on the helm, USN tropical khaki uniform, Ray-Bans, reversed Navy cap.

CLOSE ON: DASHBOARD: 8-inch tall smiling Hula Girl Doll, "dancing" on a spring. HONOLULU LULU painted on doll's base.

On the back deck: CHIEF BROWN, 50, muscular with full white beard, and SEAMAN JONES, 18, tall, built like a string bean.

LOUD THUMP!! VVRRROOOOOM!!!! (SOUND OF ENGINES OVER-REVVING)

Mike O'Toole pulls all three throttles back to zero.

ENGINES are SILENT. Black smoke pours from stern exhaust ports. PT 133 continues gliding straight ahead while slowing down. Chief Brown rushes to the engine room "doghouse" hatch.

CHIEF BROWN JERKS IT OPEN. BLACK SMOKE POURS OUT. HE GOES IN.

ENSIGN MCGILL

(Aussie accent)

Looks like bonzer trouble, Webby.

WEBBY-1943

No worries, McGill. Honolulu Lulu will take good care of us.

PT 133 continues gliding forward while continuing to lose speed. Chief Brown exits the engine room. He hustles to the cockpit.

LT. MIKE O'TOOLE
How bad is it, Chief?

CHIEF BROWN
All three engines are dead as a beached whale, Lieutenant. They're totally fried, and there's no possible way I can fix 'em.
(a beat)
I just hope we hit a submerged log, and not a Japanese submarine.

LT. MIKE O'TOOLE
(shouts to the crew)
BATTLE STATIONS!!

Crewmen rush to battle stations. TWO SAILORS man .50 Caliber machine guns. Seaman Jones dons a flak helmet, mans the 20MM cannon. SAILORS stand by to fire torpedoes and depth charges.

LT. MIKE O'TOOLE
McGill, how far to Australia?

ENSIGN MCGILL
Blimey Leftenant, it's 1900 miles.

LT. MIKE O'TOOLE
Bloody Hell. The enemy is all over the place. It's too risky to use our radio. Webby, do you think the Native woman will be OK?

WEBBY-1943
Yes, I do, Mike. These native islanders are extremely self reliant and knowledgeable.
(to Mabulu)
She'll be fine, Mabulu.

MABULU
Thank you, Webby.

WEBBY-1943
Mike, do we have any fishing gear?

LT. MIKE O'TOOLE
Nope. But next time we will have fishing gear on board.

END FLASHBACK/RETURN TO:

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - MORNING

The Webster Boys have wondrous expressions on their faces.

DAVID

Did you find out what you hit?

WEBBY

We're pretty sure it was a submerged dead palm tree.

MARK

Did you drop anchor, Dad?

WEBBY

Nope. Ocean was too deep. All we could do was sit tight and drift. We couldn't risk using our radio.

PETER

Did you have food and water?

WEBBY

Yes, but we ran out of food after three days and we had to start drinking rain water on day four.

PETER

How long were you out there?

WEBBY

Seven days and seven nights. A Navy PBY finally found us drifting.

DAVID

Were the mother and the baby okay?

WEBBY

Yup. We heard that she delivered the baby with no complications and she and the baby were both fine.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - USCG AIR STATION SALEM, MASS. - DAY

CPO LANDRY, wearing headphones, speaks into the radio mic.

CPO LANDRY

Salem Tower to Rescue One, over.

EXT. TAXIWAY - USCG AIR STATION SALEM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A USCG Grumman UF-2G Albatross Search and Rescue Seaplane is taxiing. It has a white fuselage with distinctive black and orange stripes. SKY is CLOUDY, but there's NO FOG in the air.

INT. COCKPIT - USCG RESCUE ONE - CONTINUOUS

BUCK, 28, USCG 1st Lieutenant, handsome razzle-dazzle pilot with a million-dollar smile, in the left seat, wearing headphones, hands on yoke. BUZZ, 25, USCG LTJG, a handsome, level-headed copilot and navigator, wearing headphones, in the right seat.

BUCK

Rescue One to Salem Tower, over.

CPO LANDRY (V.O. HEADPHONES)

Rescue One, you are cleared for
takeoff on runway ONE-FOUR.

Buzz gives thumbs up. Buck slides both throttles ahead full.

EXT. RUNWAY - USCG AIR STATION SALEM - DAY

Rescue One speeds down the runway and lifts off into the air.

INT. GALLEY - SOVIET RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLER - DAY

VANYA, 50, a huge cook with a full brown beard, stands behind the counter. Sergei walks in and steps up to the counter.

SERGEI

(Russian/English subtitle)
Vanya, what's for lunch today?

VANYA

(Russian/English subtitle)
Potato soup and deviled ham
sandwiches.

SERGEI

(Russian/English subtitle)
We had that yesterday.

VANYA

(Russian/English subtitle)
And we'll have it tomorrow. It's
the Captain's favorite.

SERGEI

(Russian/English subtitle)
One day I will go to America and I
will eat good food.

VANYA

(Russian/English subtitle)
Don't even dream, Sergei. You'll
get a firing squad.

Vanya puts a sandwich and a bowl of soup on a metal tray.

SERGEI

(Russian/English subtitle)
For this food, Vanya, you deserve a
Firing Squad.

Vanya grabs a meat cleaver. He holds it menacingly, ready to swing at Sergei. Sergei jumps back, then he turns, jogs to the back of the dining area, and stands quietly, closely watching Vanya for any further sign of aggression.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Mima and Jenny seated at the table, looking at the front page of the *Cape Cod Standard Times*, Friday, June 17, 1960. Headline:

Boat With Five Aboard Missing In Fog Off Cape

MIMA

Jenny, can the Coast Guard's radars detect a wooden boat?

JENNY

Not as easily as they can detect a metal boat. But don't you worry, Mima. We'll keep praying.

(a beat)

And you should eat something.

MIMA

You're right, Jenny. Thank you.

INT. COCKPIT - USCG RESCUE ONE SEAPLANE - DAY

Sunny. Buck flies level. Ahead below: blanket of fog. Buck pushes the yoke forward. Rescue One descends into the fog.

BUCK

This is absolute pea soup, Buzz.

BUZZ

Roger that. It's as thick as my wife's New England Clam Chowder.

EXT./INT. BACK DECK/WHEELHOUSE - OSPREY - DAY

DENSE FOG. Peter and David are fishing at their regular spots. Mark and Webby are sitting in the wheelhouse watching Charcoal, who is lying on the back deck, licking his private parts.

MARK

Dad, how long do you think it will be before we'll need a shower?

WEBBY

I think we'll be okay for a week.

MARK

I hope we're not stuck out here that long.

WEBBY

Me, too.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - USCG AIR STATION SALEM - DAY

CPO Landry is seated at the radio. COMMANDER SOUZA is standing nearby. SOUND OF Buck's VOICE ON the RADIO.

BUCK (V.O. RADIO)
Rescue One calling Air Station
Salem, over.

CPO Landry speaks into the microphone.

CPO LANDRY
Rescue One, this is Air Station
Salem, over.

BUCK (V.O. RADIO)
Salem, Rescue One, Visibility zero-
zero below five hundred feet, over.

COMMANDER SOUZA
(to CPO Landry)
Tell 'em to return to base.

CPO LANDRY
Rescue One, Salem, RTB, over.

BUCK (V.O. RADIO)
Salem, Rescue One, message
understood, returning to base.

INT. LT. MURPHY'S OFFICE - USCG HQ BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

Lt. Murphy seated at his desk, telephone receiver to his ear.

LT. MURPHY
Thank you, Souza. Let's hope they
can fly tomorrow.

Lt Murphy hangs up the phone. Grabs The Boston Globe, open to a
story on page 55: **Boat With Five People Missing Off Cape Cod**

He puts the paper down. Picks up the photo of himself, his wife
and his two daughters. He stands up. Looks out the window at
Boston Harbor. The sky is gray and overcast with thin fog.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - DAY

THICK FOG. Boys are fishing and jigging their lines. Charcoal is
lying down on deck. Mark stops jigging and begins reeling in.
Peter and David look at Mark. They begin reeling in.

When their tackle reaches the surface, Mark, Peter, and David
pull their hooks in, hook them on a guide on their rod, and hang
their rods on gunwale hangers. Webby arrives at a slow walk.

WEBBY
Any luck, men?

PETER
No luck, Dad. Nothing's biting.

WEBBY
Something might be biting later.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Chet is sitting at the table looking at a photo of his wife Isabelle. Webby comes below and sits down across from Chet.

WEBBY

Chet, How are your sons and your grandchildren?

CHET

They're all fine, Webby.

(a beat)

Since Isabelle died, I've been a workaholic. When we get home, I'm spending more time with my family.

WEBBY

I wish I had more free time, Chet.
It'll probably be at least 15 or 20
years before my work load slows
down and then I can slow down.

INT./EXT. WHEELHOUSE/BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Charcoal stands on the back deck. David and Peter are seated at the helm. Mark lifts the navigator's seat. Grabs the red rubber ring. Tosses it to Charcoal, who catches it, returns it to Mark, then walks to the back deck. Again Mark tosses/Charcoal returns.

Mark's third throw goes high. Charcoal turns, tracking the ring.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Webby and Chet are still sitting at the galley table.

MARK/PETER/DAVID (O.S.)

CHARCOAL!!!

SPLASH (O.S.) Webby jumps up and heads for the ladder way.

EXT. BACK DECK / OCEAN ASTERN OF *OSPREY* - CONTINUOUS

Mark, Peter, and David rush to the transom. As CHARCOAL swims toward the ring, a BLACK FIN pops up in it. SMALLER BLACK FIN breaks the surface four feet behind the first fin.

MARK

SHARK!!

Mark, Peter, and David move toward the fish box.

WEBBY (O.S.)

STAY PUT, MEN!

The boys step aside. SHARK lunges at CHARCOAL. He BARKS ONCE.

Charcoal GROWLS. He BITES THE SHARK, ripping off a chunk.

WEBBY rushes aft, leaps, lands one foot on the fish box, the other on the transom, then launches himself directly at the Shark, arms straight in front, fists together like *Superman*.

WEBBY smashes the Shark's head with his fists. Tail fin slashes the surface. Shark dives. Momentum carries Webby underwater.

Webby surfaces, swims to Charcoal, grabs his collar. They swim to the *Osprey*. Chet opens the built-in hinged transom door and helps Charcoal aboard. Charcoal shakes off. Blood splatters on the fish box. Webby climbs aboard, kneels next to Charcoal, and feels his leg. Blood runs on deck. Chet shuts the built-in door.

WEBBY

Chet, can you grab a couple of towels and the first aid kit?

Chet nods; goes below. Charcoal lies down; Mark, David, and Peter kneel and pet him. Webby examines Charcoal's wound.

WEBBY

Don't worry, men. He'll be fine.

Chet returns with the first aid kit and towels. He hands a towel to Webby and sets the other towel and the first aid kit on deck.

WEBBY

Thanks, Chet.

First, with a towel, Webby dries his own head, face, and hands.

Next he dries Charcoal off. With a clean corner of the towel, he mops up Charcoal's wound. We see a five-inch gash, an inch deep.

Webby tosses the dirty towel aside. He covers Charcoal's wound with the clean towel and applies pressure on it.

WEBBY

He'll need stitches. David, hand me the bottle of alcohol, please.

David opens first aid kit, hands a bottle of alcohol to Webby. He removes the bloody towel; sets it down; opens the bottle of alcohol; pours some on the wound. Charcoal winces and lifts his head, while at the same time he wags the tip of his tail.

Webby looks in the first aid kit: he sees a needle and scissors. He re-folds the towel, applies the clean side to Charcoal's wound, and once again applies pressure on it.

WEBBY

David, please get the tackle box.

DAVID

Right away, Dad.

David stands up, gets the tackle box, and returns with it.

WEBBY

Peter, the scissors, please.

PETER

Sure thing, Dad.

Peter hands the scissors to Webby. Webby removes the towel and sets it down on deck. He trims the hair around Charcoal's wound. Sets the scissors down on deck. Pours some alcohol on the wound. Charcoal is quiet, but he lifts his head and wags his tail.

WEBBY

Mark, hand me a gauze pad, please.

MARK

Here you go, Dad.

Mark hands Webby a gauze pad. Webby mops up blood, drops pad.

WEBBY

David, can you get me some thin monofilament, please?

DAVID

Sure, Dad.

David takes a roll of thin monofilament from the tackle box. He hands it to Webby, who cuts a 4-foot length, threads the needle, then ties the ends together with a figure-eight knot.

Webby pours alcohol into one cupped hand, runs the needle and monofilament through, then dumps the alcohol on the towel.

Webby closes the wound with several running stitches, cuts the monofilament off the needle, sets the needle on the towel, ties off the monofilament, then trims the excess with the scissors. Webby pats Charcoal's head. Charcoal wags his tail.

WEBBY

Thanks a lot, men. Keep Charcoal quiet while I go below and change into dry clothes. When he's dried off, I'll bandage his wound. He'll be just like new in three weeks. From now on, though, you guys better stick with fishing, okay?

MARK

Thanks, Dad. We will.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG TUGBOAT ACUSHNET - DAY

EXTREMELY THICK FOG OUTSIDE. Seaman Carr on helm. Chief Cohen on radar. Captain Porter stands by the radio, mic in hand.

CAPTAIN PORTER

Acushnet calling *Pollock Rip*
Lightship, come in, over.

INT. RADIO ROOM - *POLLOCK RIP* LIGHTSHIP - CONTINUOUS

Pete, seated at the radio, keys the mic and speaks into it.

PETE
Acushnet, this is *Pollock Rip*
 Lightship, over.

CAPTAIN PORTER (V.O. RADIO)
Pollock Rip, *Acushnet*, we'll go to
 The Mussel Shoals. If we don't find
 the boat, we'll search offshore
 between Wellfleet and Nantucket.
 Call us if you see a boat, over.

PETE
Acushnet, *Pollock Rip*, Wilco.
 Good luck. *Pollock Rip* clear,
 standing by on channel 16 FM.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG TUGBOAT *ACUSHNET* - DAY

Seaman Carr on helm, Chief Cohen, radar, Capt. Porter, radio.

CAPTAIN PORTER
 Chief, this fog is just as thick as
 clam chowder. Got any contacts?

CHIEF COHEN
 Negative, sir.

CAPTAIN PORTER
 I hope that boat is still afloat.

EXT. TOP OF WHEELHOUSE - *OSPREY* - LATE AFTERNOON

HEAVY FOG. Webby, with his legs around the mast, tapes up a second Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup can below the first.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ROSE AND JOE KENNEDY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack and Jacqueline Kennedy are watching the local television news on a B/W TV. We hear the VOICE of SCOTT SIMPSON on TV.

SCOTT SIMPSON (ON TV)
 I'm Scott Simpson with the five
 o'clock news. A Hyannis physician
 and his three sons, their dog, and
 a Centerville businessman are still
 missing at sea after they failed to
 return on Thursday from a one-day
 fishing trip 30 miles east of
 Chatham. Dr. Earle Webster is Chief
 of Staff at Cape Cod Hospital. His
 three sons are Mark, 8, and 9-year
 old twins Peter and David. Chester
 Baker is President of The Colonial
 Candle Company of Cape Cod.

Jacqueline Kennedy stands, lowers volume, turns to face JFK.

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

Jack, Doctor Webster came over for a house call when I sprained my ankle. He's an excellent doctor.

JACK KENNEDY

Is he a Democrat?

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

I don't know, Jack. We didn't discuss politics.

JACK KENNEDY

Well, when I'm President, I'll need to appoint a Surgeon General. Do you think he might accept?

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

It wouldn't hurt to ask. I hope the Coast Guard finds them. This must be a huge ordeal for Mrs. Webster.

JACK KENNEDY

You're absolutely right, dear. The fog is thick here, and I can only imagine how thick it must be down around Chatham. It's one of the foggiest places on earth.

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

Dr. Webster said he served in the Navy in the South Pacific during the war, just like you did. How long before you were rescued?

JACK KENNEDY

Eight days and eight nights.

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

I hope the Coast Guard finds them sooner than that, Jack.

JACK KENNEDY

I hope they do, too, dear.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - LATE AFTERNOON

Chet pours hot water into two mugs. Webby, in dry clothes, looks at a photo of Mima. Tears run down his cheeks. Mark looks in from the wheelhouse.

MARK

Dad, I think Charcoal's hungry.

WEBBY

Good! Bring him down below.

Webby wipes his tears with his sleeve; puts Mima's photo in his wallet. Boys follow Charcoal down the ladderway. Charcoal wears an Ace bandage. Webby gives him a Milk-Bone. He wags his tail.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark room, partly illuminated by an 8 MM movie projector on the coffee table in front of the couch.

A silent B/W movie on a portable screen shows Mima, 37, Mark, 3, and Peter and David, 4, at the beach.

Light from the projector illuminates a glass with brown liquid on the coffee table. Next to it: a bottle of *Coca-Cola*.

Mima sits on the couch, picks up the glass, raises it to her lips. Hesitates. Sets it down. Returns to watching the movie.

Mima, picks up the glass, raises it to her lips. Stops. Moves the glass away. She goes to set the glass on the table, but it catches the edge. Glass lands on carpet, spills, rolls forward.

Mima stands, trips on the table leg, and falls on the carpet.

Jenny comes in and sees Mima on the floor. There's panic all over Jenny's face. She rushes to Mima and kneels next to her.

JENNY

Mima, are you all right?

MIMA

I'm okay, Jenny. I was going to take a sip of bourbon and *Coke*, but I decided not to. When I went to set the glass down, it fell on the carpet. When I went to pick it up I tripped on the coffee table's leg.

JENNY

Okay, Mima. Let's get you into bed.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - THE NEXT DAY

Webby is seated at the table. Chet hands him a mug of coffee.

WEBBY

Thanks, Chet. How's your eye?

CHET

Fine. How are the boys doing?

WEBBY

They're doing great. I'm proud of them. Not even a single complaint, even though they're not catching many fish. This must be the worst fishing spot in the world. It's just another adventure for them.

Webby takes a sip of coffee.

WEBBY (CONT'D)
We're in a tough spot, Chet, but
I'm REALLY WORRIED about Mima.

INT. BRANT POINT COAST GUARD STATION - NANTUCKET - DAY

Standing: SEAMAN DIEGO RODRIGUEZ, 19, Cape Verdean native, in uniform with blue USCG cap. Wall clock 12:30. LOUD SOUND of FOGHORN. Seaman Diego Rodriguez TURNS UP RADIO VOLUME.

ED SEMPRINI (V.O. RADIO)
I'm Ed Semprini with the WOGB
headline news for Saturday, June
18th, 1960. A massive Coast Guard
search continues in heavy fog for a
boat with five people and a dog on
board, missing since Thursday. Last
night in Cleveland, Ohio, Ted
Williams hit his 500th career home
run, leading the Boston Red Sox in
a 3 to 1 victory over the Indians.

Seaman Diego Rodriguez removes his USCG cap, exchanges it for a Boston Red Sox cap from a peg on the wall, dons the Red Sox cap. He smiles, then he crosses himself in the Catholic fashion.

INT./EXT. WHEELHOUSE/BACK DECK - USCG PATROL BOAT 44303 - DAY

DENSE FOG. The Patrol Boat cruises past Brant Point Lighthouse. The powerful rotating beacon shines brightly. PETTY OFFICER at the helm looks ahead. RADAR OPERATOR monitors the radar.

SEAMAN on back deck kisses two pennies, tosses them overboard. Crosses himself, Catholic fashion. SOUND of MOANING FOGHORN.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - DAY

THIN FOG OUTSIDE. Mima, eyes bloodshot with dark semicircles underneath, sits at the table. Jenny hands Mima a cup of tea.

JENNY
Mima, drink this hot tea, and I'll
make you some lunch.

MIMA
Thanks, Jenny.

JENNY
I promise you they're safe, Mima.
I can feel it in my heart.

Jenny sits next to Mima. Kisses her cheek. Mima begins crying.

MIMA
Thanks, Jenny. Without you, I'd be
completely lost.

INT. OFFICE - CROSBY YACHT YARD - OSTERVILLE - DAY

THIN FOG OUTSIDE. View of drawbridge and docks filled with yachts. CHESTER A. CROSBY, JR., 29, and JOHNNY LEMOS, 45, examine a chart: "Nantucket Sound And Approaches".

Chester A. Crosby, Jr. picks up a paperback book titled "Eldredge's Tide and Current Tables". He turns to the page listing tides, currents, and times for Pollock Rip.

CHESTER A. CROSBY, JR.
Well, Johnny, if they dropped anchor, they should be okay. If they're drifting, they could get picked up by The Gulf Stream and end up in Iceland, Ireland, Scotland, England, Spain, Portugal, or West Africa.

JOHNNY LEMOS
In any case, Chester, I'm going out today to search for them.

CHESTER A. CROSBY, JR.
Good luck, Johnny. I wish I could go with you. And Johnny...
(a beat)
You be careful out there.

JOHNNY LEMOS
Thanks, Chester. I will.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HELEN AND WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON B/W TV. Real cartoon TWEETY is in his cage. SYLVESTER, with a footstool, tiptoes into the room. Tweety sees him coming.

TWEETY (ON TV)
I tought I taw a Puddy Tat!

Sylvester sets footstool under Tweety's cage. Stands on it. Opens the cage door. Shoves his paw in, grabs, misses. Tweety flies out. Sylvester grabs again, misses, falls on the floor.

Tweety zooms evasively around the room. Sylvester stands, runs, leaps, grabs Tweety, and pops him into his mouth.

One single solitary parakeet feather floats lazily to the floor.

GRANNY enters the room.

GRANNY
Sylvester, your lunch is ready.

Sylvester's cheeks are bulging and his face looks guilty.

POV WIDE: Bracken is sitting, watching TV, drooling heavily.

HELEN (O.S.)
BRACKEN, YOUR LUNCH IS READY.

Bracken stands up and trots off toward the kitchen.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG TUGBOAT *ACUSHNET* - NOONTIME

Chief Cohen on radar, Seaman Carr on helm, Captain Porter looking ahead. Nothing is visible except EXTREMELY DENSE FOG.

CAPTAIN PORTER
Thickest fog in 50 years, Chief.
Can you see anything on radar?

CHIEF COHEN
I've got *Pollock Rip* Lightship and
a slow moving target. It's probably
a Russian Fishing trawler.

BERNIE WEBBER (V.O. RADIO)
Chatham Coast Guard calling Coast
Guard tugboat *Acushnet*, over.

Captain Porter takes the mic, keys it, and speaks into it.

CAPTAIN PORTER
Chatham Coast Guard, this is
tugboat *Acushnet*, over.

BERNIE WEBBER (V.O. RADIO)
Acushnet, Chatham Coast Guard.
Boston HQ reports two commercial
fishing boats in trouble ninety
miles east of Boston Light. Your
orders are to proceed immediately
at best possible speed to location:
north 42 degrees 30 minutes, west
68 degrees 50 minutes, over.

CAPTAIN PORTER
Chatham Coast Guard, *Acushnet*,
message understood. Proceeding to
location north 42-30, west 68-50 to
assist two commercial fishing boats
in trouble. *Acushnet* clear,
standing by on channel 16 FM.
(to Seaman Carr)
Come left to course zero-four-zero,
then give 'er all ahead full.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SOVIET RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLER - NOONTIME

Captain Koslov stands, looking straight ahead. He turns his head to observe Sergei on the helm. Then he turns to observe Andrei, who is carefully monitoring the radar screen.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV
 (Russian/English subtitle)
 So, Andrei, are there any signs of
 the missing boat?

ANDREI
 (Russian/English subtitle)
 No, Captain. There is only one
 large target moving. Maybe it's an
 American Coast Guard vessel.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV
 (Russian/English subtitle)
 Very well, Andrei. Keep watching
 carefully on your radar screen for
 the missing boat.

INT. JOHN A. LEMOS REAL ESTATE OFFICE - HYANNIS - NOONTIME

Johnny Lemos on the phone. On his desk: *Cape Cod Standard Times*
 front page headline: **Fog Continues To Balk Search By Sea, Air
 For Missing Boat**. Below the headline: photos of Mark, Peter and
 David. Sub-headline: **Planes Grounded, Surface Craft Hampered in
 Hunt Off Cape Coast**

JOHNNY LEMOS
 Mima, Johnny Lemos calling. I'm
 going out flying to look for Webby
 and Chet and the boys. Would you
 like to go with me?
 (a beat)
 I'll pick you up in five minutes.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - NOONTIME

Chet, Webby and the boys are seated at the table, each with a
 cup of soup and a quarter sandwich. Charcoal is lying on deck.

CHET
 Cream of Mushroom soup and deviled
 ham sandwiches. My favorite!

Chet smiles. CHARCOAL puts his paws over his eyes.

EXT. LEWIS BAY YACHT CLUB - WEST YARMOUTH - EARLY AFTERNOON

The SKY is GRAY and OVERCAST, but there is NO FOG in the air.
 Taxiing away from the dock is a White 1952 De Havilland DHC-2
 Beaver seaplane, with black and gold professional lettering on
 the door: John A. Lemos Real Estate Hyannis 555-1100

EXT. TOP OF WHEELHOUSE - OSPREY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Webby sits with his legs wrapped around the mast. He tapes a
 third Campbell's soup can to the mast, below the first two.

INT. COCKPIT - DE HAVILAND DHC-2 BEAVER SEAPLANE - AFTERNOON

ENGINE HUMMING. Mima is wearing white slacks and a white sweater. She and Johnny Lemos are wearing shoulder harnesses.

JOHNNY LEMOS
Shout if you see any boats.

MIMA
I'll yell as loudly as I can!

The Seaplane accelerates and rises off the bay into the air.

EXT. TOP OF CABIN - *OSPREY* - DAY

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN MATERIALIZES, AURA ON, sitting behind the mast and soup cans. He places his hands on the cans.

HIS HANDS GLOW BRIGHTLY WITH A SPARKLING, LUMINOUS AURA.

He waits for several seconds, then he removes his hands.

THE SOUP CANS NOW GLOW WITH THEIR OWN SPARKLING, LUMINOUS AURA.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN DEMATERIALIZES.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - AFTERNOON

Webby, Mark, and David are seated. Peter looks in from topside.

PETER
Dad, I think Charcoal is sick.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - AFTERNOON

Peter returns, pats Charcoal, who's lying next to a bucket of water with a line attached to the handle. Webby, Mark, and David arrive. Webby kneels and gently feels Charcoal's wound; there's no reaction; feels Charcoal's abdomen; Charcoal lifts his head.

WEBBY
His leg is fine. Has he had a pee?

PETER
Nope. He's too much of a gentleman to pee on deck.

WEBBY
His bladder feels pretty full. See if you can get him to go.

PETER
Okay, thanks, Dad.

Webby goes below. Mark, Peter, and David kneel on deck.

PETER
Charcoal, it's okay to pee.

MARK

Yeah, Charcoal, you can pee on the deck. We'll wash it out the scupper with a bucket of salt water.

Peter pours water from the bucket on deck; it runs out the scupper. Charcoal wags the tip of his tail. Mark whispers to David, who whispers to Peter. They stand up and face aft.

POV BEHIND BOYS shows three streams of pee hitting the deck.

Charcoal lifts his head and wags his tail. The boys zip up.

Charcoal stands, lifts a leg, begins peeing. David checks his wrist watch. Mark, Peter, David look at each other and smile.

Charcoal pees for a good while. He finishes with a squirt. David checks his wristwatch. Peter pours the bucket of water on deck. It runs out the scupper. With the line, Peter hangs the bucket overboard, refills it, lifts it aboard, and pours it on deck.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - AFTERNOON

Webby and Chet are seated at the table. Charcoal, Mark, Peter and David come down the ladder way. Webby and Chet look up.

MARK

Dad, Charcoal peed on deck.

DAVID

He peed for twenty-two seconds.

PETER

We washed off the deck with three buckets of salt water.

Webby and Chet smile. They almost break out laughing.

WEBBY

Well done, Charcoal. You too, men.

PETER

Thanks, Dad.

The boys smile and Charcoal wags his tail.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG CUTTER CAPE STARR - AFTERNOON

THICK FOG OUTSIDE. Captain Campanile stands in front of the VHF radio. SEAMAN COLLINS on the helm. CHIEF MCCONNELL on the radar.

CAPTAIN CAMPANILE

Anything on radar, McConnell?

CHIEF MCCONNELL

No sir. Just channel buoys and *Cross Rip* Lightship.

CAPTAIN CAMPANILE

Very well, McConnell. Let me know
if you spot anything else.
(to Seaman Collins)
Steady as she goes, Collins.

SEAMAN COLLINS

Aye-aye, Captain.

INT. COCKPIT - JOHNNY LEMOS'S SEAPLANE - AFTERNOON

Seaplane flying level. Mima looks out her window. Ocean partly visible through PATCHY FOG. Johnny Lemos checks his instruments: altimeter 500 ft. He gently pushes the yoke forward.

Plane descends to 100 feet. Johnny Lemos and Mima see a small open boat ahead. Mima looks at Johnny. He shakes his head.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SOVIET RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLER - AFTERNOON

Captain Koslov looks at Sergei on helm; Andrei on radar.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV

(Russian/English subtitle)
Andrei, is there any sign of the
missing boat?

ANDREI

(Russian/English subtitle)
Yes, Captain, maybe. Come look.

Captain Koslov walks over to the radar screen. Andrei points to a small dot near two channel buoys. Captain Koslov nods.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV

(Russian/English subtitle)
We wait a bit. If the Americans
don't find the missing boat soon,
we'll report to their Coast Guard.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - USCG AIR STATION SALEM - AFTERNOON

Buck takes a TOY RAY GUN from his gym bag. Hands it to Buzz.

BUCK

I borrowed this Ray Gun from my
son. You can zap the fog with it.

Buzz pulls the trigger. From the nose cone on the barrel comes a FLASHING ORANGE LIGHT and a BUZZING NOISE. Buzz smiles.

INT. COCKPIT - JOHNNY LEMOS'S SEAPLANE - AFTERNOON

On landing approach. Plane lands, glides smoothly to the dock. When they are at the dock, Johnny Lemos shuts down the engine. He takes his headphones off, and Mima takes her headphones off.

Johnny Lemos turns to face Mima.

JOHNNY LEMOS

Well, Mima, I'm sorry we didn't have any luck searching. I guess it was worth a try.

MIMA

Yes, it certainly was. Thank you very much, Johnny.

JOHNNY LEMOS

Do you want to go again tomorrow?

MIMA

Well, Johnny, thank you very much for offering, but I think I better just stay put so I'll be sure to be at home when they do come back.

JOHNNY LEMOS

That's a good plan, Mima. I'm sure the Coast Guard will find them.

INT. COCKPIT - USCG RESCUE ONE SEAPLANE - AFTERNOON

Ahead Buck sees GRAY SKY BELOW. Buzz points the Ray Gun ahead and below, pulls trigger. RAY GUN BUZZES, ORANGE LIGHT FLASHES.

BUCK

Air Station Salem, Rescue One, request permission to fly low.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - USCG AIR STATION SALEM - CONTINUOUS

Commander Souza at the radio. CPO Landry is standing by.

COMMANDER SOUZA

Rescue One, you are cleared for 100 feet. What's that noise, over?

BUCK (V.O. RADIO)

Salem, Rescue One, it's probably static. Rescue One descending to one-zero-zero feet.

INT. SANCTUARY - FEDERATED CHURCH - AFTERNOON

OVERFLOW CROWD of 400 PEOPLE. Dr. Schultz looks up at a full balcony, and then he looks forward at the large congregation. The expression on his face is serious, serene, and faithful.

DR. SCHULTZ

We gather together this afternoon to ask The Lord to deliver Doctor Webster, his three sons, their dog Charcoal, and Chet Baker. We ask You, Oh Lord, to ease Mima's heartache by bringing Your lost mariners home.

(MORE)

DR. SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

They have been missing now for three days, and tonight will be their third night. The Bible tells us that Jonah spent three days and three nights in the belly of the Great Whale, and You delivered him on the fourth day. We ask, Oh Lord, that You grant this same Miracle, by returning the Webster family, their dog Charcoal, and Chet Baker safely home.

(a couple of beats)

Oh Holy Father, we are mindful that tomorrow is Father's Day. We pray for this Miracle in the name of Your Most Beloved Son, Jesus Christ. While the choir sings the Navy Hymn, let us pray silently.

Parishioners clasp their hands in prayer. Many are crying. They close their eyes and bow their heads. Dr. Schultz clasps his hands and bows his head. The ORGANIST PLAYS a MEASURE to set the tempo. THE CHOIR BEGINS SINGING.

CHOIR

Eternal Father, Strong to Save,
Whose Arm Hath Bound the restless
wave, Who Bidd'st the mighty ocean
deep, Its own appointed limits
keep, Oh, hear us when we cry to
Thee, For those in peril on the sea

AERIAL POV - EXT. SKY ABOVE FEDERATED CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

THIN FOG. Main Street quiet; cars line both sides. SOUNDS of CHOIR and ORGAN MUSIC continue; VOLUME DECREASES as POV RISES.

It's as if GOD ALMIGHTY HIMSELF is looking down from Heaven.

EXT. BACK DECK - OSPREY - AFTERNOON

THIN FOG. Mark, Peter, David, and Charcoal stand by the transom. Charcoal puts his front paws up on the fish box; sniffs the air.

ADULT HUMPBACK WHALE surfaces 30 feet astern. The Whale SPOUTS.

Charcoal gently wags his tail. Webby and Chet arrive quietly.

BABY WHALE CALF surfaces between the Adult Whale and the Osprey.

Whale Calf SPOUTS. Adult Whale DIVES.

The Whale Calf DIVES, and follows its mother underwater.

PETER

What kind of whales were they, Dad?

WEBBY

Humpbacks. They spend some time around here in the spring, summer and fall. I saw several whales in the South Pacific during the war.

MARK

The fog has thinned out a bit.

WEBBY

Yes, it has, Mark, at least right here. Let's hope this fog clears up completely so the Coast Guard will be able to find us more easily.

INT. RED 1957 CADILLAC FOUR-DOOR SEDAN - AFTERNOON

White interior, gleaming red car. Johnny Lemos pulls into Webster's driveway. ENGINE OFF. Johnny turns to Mima.

JOHNNY LEMOS

I wish we could have found them.

MIMA

Thank you again, Johnny. I really appreciate your friendship.

EXT. DOCK - NEW BEDFORD SHIPYARD - AFTERNOON

THIN FOG. A 95-foot Coast Guard Cutter is tied to the dock. Painted on the stern: **CAPE CROSS New Castle New Hampshire**

On the bow: CHIEF PARSONS, 55, and SEAMAN DANNY WHITE, 19, using shop cloths to wipe grease off their faces and hands.

SEAMAN DANNY WHITE

This is my first visit to New Bedford, Chief. Will we be able to go ashore and see the town?

CHIEF PARSONS

Not this time, Danny. We have to leave early tomorrow morning.

SEAMAN DANNY WHITE

When are we shoving off?

CHIEF PARSONS

Zero-seven-hundred.

INT. JEFF'S DEN - CENTERVILLE - AFTERNOON

Jeff is drinking coffee while he watches the news on his B/W TV.

SCOTT SIMPSON (ON TV)

I'm Scott Simpson with the six o'clock news from Channel 5.

(MORE)

SCOTT SIMPSON (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 Fear of tragedy began filtering
 through heavy, gray fog today, as
 another extensive air and sea
 search failed to find a cabin
 cruiser missing at sea with five
 people and a dog on board.

Jeff gets up and gently pushes the TV OFF button.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - AFTERNOON

Charcoal drinks from his bowl. Webby, Mark, Peter, and David are seated at the table. Chet hands a mug of coffee to Webby.

CHET
 We're almost out of food. We've got
 just enough for one more meal.

WEBBY
 Well, men, tomorrow we may have to
 fry up a Sea Robin for breakfast!

CHARCOAL BARKS ONCE, wags his tail, grins. Everyone laughs.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SOVIET RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLER - AFTERNOON

Captain Koslov observes Sergei on helm, then Andrei on radar.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV
 (Russian/English subtitle)
 Andrei, can you still see the
 target on radar?

ANDREI
 (Russian/English subtitle)
 Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV
 (Russian/English subtitle)
 Sergei, set up a connection with
 American Coast Guard. Pretend to be
 an American fisherman. Report the
 target's location.

SERGEI
 (Russian/English subtitle)
 Aye-aye, Captain.

Captain Koslov takes the helm. Sergei goes to the radio mic. His English is excellent; his Russian accent is slightly noticeable.

SERGEI
 Fishing vessel Cape Cod Lady
 calling Chatham Coast Guard, over.

BERNIE WEBBER (V.O. RADIO)
 Cape Cod Lady, this is Chatham
 Coast Guard, over.

SERGEI

Chatham Coast Guard, Cape Cod Lady, we have a radar contact that may be the missing vessel *Osprey*, located four and a half miles southwest of *Pollock Rip* Lightship, over.

BERNIE WEBBER (V.O. RADIO)

Cape Cod Lady, Chatham Coast Guard, I understand you have a radar contact located four and a half miles southwest of *Pollock Rip* Lightship. Can you approach for visual confirmation, over?

SERGEI

Chatham Coast Guard, Cape Cod Lady, negative, we are very low on fuel and we are returning to port, over.

BERNIE WEBBER (V.O. RADIO)

Message understood, Cape Cod Lady. Thank you for your report. Chatham Coast Guard clear, standing by on channel 16 FM.

SERGEI

Cape Cod Lady clear, standing by on channel 16 FM.

INT. RADIO ROOM - CHATHAM COAST GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bernie Webber, who is seated at the radio, sets down the mic. Standing near Bernie Webber is SEAMAN NICKERSON, 20.

SEAMAN NICKERSON

What do you make o' that, Bernie?

BERNIE WEBBER

That was a Russian fisherman pretending to be an American fisherman. His English was very good, but from his accent I could tell that he is a Russian sailor.

Bernie Webber checks his wristwatch: 6:15. He makes a note in his log book. He picks up the telephone and begins dialing.

CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. SITUATION ROOM - USCG HQ BOSTON - AFTERNOON / INT. RADIO ROOM - CHATHAM COAST GUARD STATION - AFTERNOON - SPLIT SCREEN

Lt. Murphy at the desk. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

LT. MURPHY

Coast Guard Group Boston,
Lieutenant Murphy.

BERNIE WEBBER

Lieutenant, Chief Webber at Chatham Station. A fishing boat just called to report a radar contact four and a half miles southwest of *Pollock Rip* Lightship. This could be the missing boat *Osprey*.

LT. MURPHY

Outstanding, Webber. I will notify all stations. Keep us advised of any updates.

BERNIE WEBBER

Will do, Lieutenant. Thank you.

Bernie Webber hangs up. Looks out the window at the heavy fog.

CUT TO FULL SCREEN:

INT. RADIO ROOM - CHATHAM COAST GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

Seaman Nickerson is still standing near Bernie Webber.

SEAMAN NICKERSON

Bernie, do you really believe that report from the Russians?

BERNIE WEBBER

Absolutely, Nickerson. Any sailor out on the high seas will help another sailor in trouble. There's no time for politics when there's a vessel lost at sea. Still, it was a pretty gutsy move for that Russian sailor to give us a report.

SEAMAN NICKERSON

It sure was, Bernie. You made a daring rescue in 1952 when you saved those 32 sailors aboard the *Pendleton*. Must have been scary.

BERNIE WEBBER

Well, Nickerson, we were scared, all right, but we had a job to do and we did it. We were also very lucky to get back here alive. It was winter and the conditions out there were absolutely awful. The wind was blowing 70 knots, and the waves were 60 feet high.

(a beat)

Of course, heavy fog like this is no picnic, either. Without radar it's almost impossible. Even with radar you're half blind whenever you're looking for a wooden boat.

SEAMAN NICKERSON

I hope this radar contact turns out
to be the missing boat, Bernie.

BERNIE WEBBER

So do I, Nickerson. So do I.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SOVIET RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLER - AFTERNOON

Andrei, Sergei, and Captain Koslov in the wheelhouse as before.

SERGEI

(Russian/English subtitle)

Captain, I've reported the
information about the boat's
location to American Coast Guard.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV

(Russian/English subtitle)

Perfect, Sergei. Do you think they
suspected you are Russian?

SERGEI

(Russian/English subtitle)

Probably yes, Captain. My English
leaves much to be desired.

CAPTAIN KOSLOV

(Russian/English subtitle)

Don't worry, Sergei. We've done it
right. We'll go home soon. You've
done an excellent job.

SERGEI

(Russian/English subtitle)

Thank you, Captain Koslov.

INT. COCKPIT - USCG RESCUE ONE SEAPLANE - AFTERNOON

Buck blasts the RAY GUN. It FLASHES and BUZZES. Buck signals
Buzz to stop blasting while he receives a radio call.

COMMANDER SOUZA (V.O. HEADPHONES)

U.S. Coast Guard Air Station Salem
calling Rescue One, over.

BUCK

Rescue One to Air Station Salem.

COMMANDER SOUZA (V.O. HEADPHONES)

Rescue One, Salem, radar contact
reported, four and a half miles
southwest of *Pollock Rip* Lightship.
Can you investigate, over?

BUCK

Salem, Rescue One, can do. Give me
a course, over.

COMMANDER SOUZA (V.O. HEADPHONES)
Steer two-seven-zero, over.

BUCK
Affirmative, two-seven-zero.

Buck initiates a left turn.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - USCG AIR STATION SALEM - AFTERNOON

Commander Souza, at the radio, turns to CPO Landry.

CPO LANDRY
Sir, what are the chances of
finding a boat in that fog?

COMMANDER SOUZA
Prob'ly take a miracle, Landry.
Let's hope they get one.

INT. COCKPIT - USCG RESCUE ONE SEAPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Buzz BLASTS the RAY GUN. Buck is banked in a left turn.

FLASHING RED LIGHT / SOUND OF ALARM. FLAMES and BLACK SMOKE
trail aft from the port engine.

Buck pulls left throttle back, levels off, flips a switch.

Buzz STOPS BLASTING the RAY GUN. He looks over at Buck.

BUCK
KEEP BLASTING THAT RAY GUN!

Buzz glances at the flames. He resumes BLASTING the RAY GUN.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - AFTERNOON

FOG SURROUNDS *OSPREY* BUT FOG HAS THINNED OUT ASTERN OF *OSPREY*

Sky is covered with a thick gray blanket of clouds down to 150
feet altitude. CHARCOAL stands alone, front paws up on the fish
box. He sniffs the air. He perks his ears up. He wags his tail.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Chet, Webby, Mark, Peter, and David are seated at the table.

CHARCOAL BARKS TWICE (O.S.) The boys jump up.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - AFTERNOON

Charcoal, looking astern and skyward, wags his tail excitedly.

Mark, Peter, and David arrive. They look astern and skyward.

ASTERN AND SKYWARD A SMALL HOLE OPENS IN THE GRAY CLOUD COVER
 A RAY OF SUNLIGHT SHINES THROUGH THE HOLE, AND THEN, SUDDENLY
 A U.S. COAST GUARD GRUMMAN UF-2G ALBATROSS SEAPLANE, with white
 fuselage and orange and black stripes - is CLEARLY VISIBLE as it
 quickly flies by: 100 feet altitude, 150 yards astern of *Osprey*.
 INSTANTLY, SMALL HOLE IN THE CLOUD COVER REFILLS WITH GRAY CLOUD
 Peter turns and SHOUTS toward the galley.

PETER
DAD!! A COAST GUARD PLANE FLEW BY!

Webby comes up the ladder way. He lifts the Navigator's seat.
 Grabs a flare and the Flare Gun. Loads it, then he RUSHES AFT.

Cocks the FLARE GUN, aims it aft and skyward, pulls the trigger.

Chet arrives. Everybody, including Charcoal, watches the BRIGHT
 RED FLARE rise, peak out, descend, hit the ocean and fizzle out.

INT. COCKPIT - USCG RESCUE ONE SEAPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Buck is piloting. Buzz is holding the Ray Gun, but not blasting.

BUCK
 Air Station Salem, this is Rescue
 One. We just spotted a boat. Can
 you fix our position, over?

CPO LANDRY (V.O. HEADPHONES)
 Rescue One, we have you at range
 seventy-seven miles, bearing one-
 four-six. Can you circle around to
 confirm your sighting, over?

BUCK
 Negative, Salem. We just lost one
 engine, over.

CPO LANDRY (V.O. HEADPHONES)
 Can you describe the boat, over?

BUCK
 Light colored cabin cruiser, about
 35 feet in length, over.

CPO LANDRY (V.O. HEADPHONES)
 Understand light colored 35-foot
 cabin cruiser sighted. Will notify
 Group Boston, over.

BUCK
 What's our return course, over?

CPO LANDRY (V.O. HEADPHONES)
Steer three-two-six, over.

BUCK
Three-two-six, affirmative. United
States Coast Guard Seaplane Rescue
One clear, returning to Salem Base.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - USCG AIR STATION SALEM - AFTERNOON

CPO Landry has the telephone receiver to his ear.

CPO LANDRY
Lieutenant Murphy, CPO Landry at
Air Station Salem. The Rescue One
Aircraft just sighted a 35-foot
cabin cruiser. Located half-way
between *Pollock Rip* Lightship and
Stone Horse Lightship. A fishing
boat also reported a radar contact
in the same location, four and a
half miles southwest of *Pollock Rip*
Lightship.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - USCG HQ BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

Lt. Murphy is sitting at the desk, phone receiver to his ear.

LT. MURPHY
Landry, I think we just got lucky!

INT. CAPT. ALLEN'S OFFICE - USCG HQ BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

TELEPHONE RINGS. Captain Allen picks it up.

CAPTAIN ALLEN
Captain Allen.
(a beat; he smiles)
Thank you, Murphy. I'll inform
Admiral Harding right away.

INT. ADMIRAL HARDING'S OFFICE - USCG HQ BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

TELEPHONE RINGS. Admiral Harding picks up.

REAR ADMIRAL CHESTER HARDING
Admiral Harding.
(a beat; he smiles)
Outstanding, Captain Allen. Thank
you very much. Keep me advised.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Chet, Webby, Mark, Peter, David seated. Charcoal sits nearby.

MARK
Dad, do you think the pilot in the
Coast Guard plane saw us?

WEBBY

Probably not, Mark. If he had seen us, he would have circled around. But don't worry. The Coast Guard will send out more boats and more planes to keep searching for us.

CHET

Supper's ready.

Chet serves a plate with six Milk-Bones on it. Mark, Peter, David, and Webby smile. Webby gives Charcoal a Milk-Bone. He begins crunching. Mark and Peter each take a Milk-Bone. Webby takes one and nibbles on it. Chet takes one, smells it, and takes a nibble. David takes the last Milk-Bone.

WEBBY

Actually, these taste pretty good. I can see why you guys like 'em.

DAVID

Let's make a wish.

David breaks his Milk-Bone in half. Closes his eyes. Waits a moment. Opens his eyes. Takes a small bite from each piece.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCGC *CAPE CROSS* - LATE AFTERNOON

LIEUTENANT O'NEIL, 29, looks at a chart on the Navigator's Desk. SOUND of a VOICE on the RADIO. Lt. O'Neil goes to the radio.

CPO WILLIAMS (V.O. RADIO)

New Bedford Coast Guard calling
Cape Cross, over.

LIEUTENANT O'NEIL

This is *Cape Cross*, over.

CPO WILLIAMS (V.O. RADIO)

Cape Cross, New Bedford, fishing vessel in distress reported halfway between Block Island and No Mans Land. Location North 41 degrees 10 minutes West 71 degrees 16 minutes. Your orders: rendezvous and tow the vessel to New Bedford. When can you leave, over.

LIEUTENANT O'NEIL

We can shove off in four minutes.

CPO WILLIAMS

Roger, *Cape Cross*. Keep us advised.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Helen, Jenny, and Mima seated, having tea and banana bread.

HELEN

Remember last Thanksgiving, Mima?

MIMA

Yes, Helen, I do. It was a wonderful day.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - LATE AFTERNOON

Chet, by the stove, pours hot water into two mugs. He picks one mug up and hands it to Webby, who is seated at the table with Mark, Peter, and David. Charcoal is lying down on deck.

MARK

Dad, remember last Thanksgiving?

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (NOVEMBER 1959)

Helen, Walter, Mima, Webby, Mark, Peter, and David seated at a table loaded with Thanksgiving food. Webby is carving slices of meat from the turkey. Charcoal and Bracken are lying next to each other near Webby's chair. They glance up at Webby.

WEBBY (V.O.)

Yup. We had a foot of snow.

Webby hands Bracken and Charcoal each a piece of turkey. They eat politely and wag their tails in appreciation. Boys smile.

MIMA (V.O.)

Webby fed the dogs at the table, but I didn't scold him.

EXT. WEBSTER'S YARD - DAY - (NOVEMBER 1959)

Foot-deep snow. On a snowman, David and Peter affix a carrot nose, pinecone eyes, curved twig for a mouth, and knit hat.

WEBBY (V.O.)

You guys made a snowman. It was a really nice Thanksgiving.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (NOVEMBER 1959)

Webby is asleep on the couch. Mima enters and gently wakes him.

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

After dinner Webby got an emergency call from the hospital. I had to wake him up from a nice nap.

END FLASHBACK/CUT TO:

INT. SITUATION ROOM - USCG HQ BOSTON - EVENING

Lieutenant Murphy speaks into the radio microphone.

LIEUTENANT MURPHY
Cape Starr, Boston Coast Guard,
 your new orders are to proceed
 immediately to a location 44 miles
 east of Race Point to assist a
 sinking fishing vessel. Coordinates
 North 42-04 West 69-40 over.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG CUTTER *CAPE STARR* - CONTINUOUS

THIN FOG. Captain Campanile on radio. Seaman Carr on helm.

CAPTAIN CAMPANILE
 Boston Coast Guard, *Cape Starr*,
 message understood. Now proceeding
 to location 44 miles east of Race
 Point to assist a sinking vessel at
 North 42-04 West 69-40. *Cape Starr*
 clear, standing by, channel 16 FM.
 (to Seaman Carr)
 Bring her around to zero-nine-zero,
 then give her full throttle.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - 44 MILES EAST OF RACE POINT - CONTINUOUS

THIN FOG. Three fishermen in a life raft: KEVIN, 29, Captain,
 BOBBY, 29, Cook, JERRY, 29, First Mate. 50 feet away we see a
 fishing boat riding low in the water, with its back deck awash.

KEVIN
 Good thing I got off a Mayday.

BOBBY
 I think I left the gas stove on.

The Three Fishermen start paddling furiously.

THE BOAT EXPLODES IN A HUGE YELLOW-ORANGE FIREBALL AND LOUD BOOM

The Three Fishermen stop paddling. They look at each other.

JERRY
 What were we gonna have for dinner?

BOBBY
 Lobster.

KEVIN
 Again?

BOBBY
 Next time I'll bring some steaks.
 We'll have a barbecue.

JERRY
 We just had a barbecue. Barbecued
 lobster and barbecued fishing boat.

EXT. OCEAN SOUTH OF NEW BEDFORD - EARLY EVENING

U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Cape Cross* tows a 75-foot fishing boat.

INT. NEW BEDFORD COAST GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

CPO WILLIAMS sits at the radio, mic in hand.

CPO WILLIAMS
New Bedford Coast Guard calling
U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Cape Cross*,
come in, over.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG CUTTER *CAPE CROSS* - CONTINUOUS

LIEUTENANT O'NEIL, 28, is at the helm. CHIEF PARSONS, 55,
studies a chart. SEAMAN DANNY WHITE, 19, stands at the bridge
next to Lieutenant O'Neil. Chief Parsons grabs the radio mic.

CHIEF PARSONS
New Bedford Coast Guard, this is
Cape Cross, over.

CPO WILLIAMS (V.O. RADIO)
Cape Cross, New Bedford Coast
Guard, please estimate your time of
arrival at New Bedford, over.

CHIEF PARSONS
ETA New Bedford is 21:30, over.

CPO WILLIAMS (V.O. RADIO)
Your next mission: search for the
missing vessel *Osprey*, location
reported four and a half miles
southwest of *Pollock Rip* Lightship.
When can you be there, over?

Chief Parsons looks at his wrist watch, then at the chart.

CHIEF PARSONS
New Bedford Coast Guard, *Cape
Cross*, after we drop this boat at
New Bedford, we will need to
refuel. We can shove off around
midnight. We should be at the
search area by dawn tomorrow, over.

CPO WILLIAMS (V.O. RADIO)
Cape Cross, New Bedford Coast
Guard, copy your arrival at search
area dawn tomorrow. Keep us
advised. New Bedford Coast Guard
clear, standing by, channel 16 FM.

CHIEF PARSONS
Coast Guard Cutter *Cape Cross*
clear, standing by, channel 16 FM.

Chief Parsons sets the mic down.

CHIEF PARSONS (CONT'D)
Well, Captain O'Neil, it looks like
a busy night tonight.

LIEUTENANT O'NEIL
Sure does, Chief. How about a cup
of coffee?

CHIEF PARSONS
Sounds good. I'll be back.

EXT. HANGAR - USCG AIR STATION SALEM - EVENING

Rescue One seaplane parked near the hangar. Buck and Buzz climb down from the cockpit, and they begin walking toward the tower. Buzz pulls the trigger on the RAY GUN. It BUZZES and FLASHES.

BUCK
Hey, Buzz, you did a great job
zapping that fog with the Ray Gun.

BUZZ
Thanks, Buck. It was easy. All I
had to do was aim and pull the
trigger. And I have a great idea.
The Commandant could issue Ray Guns
to all Search and Rescue planes!

Buzz and Buck turn their heads to look at each other.

BUCK
Great idea, Buzz! You wanna suggest
it to 'im?

Buzz's smile morphs into an expression of "maybe not". Buck and Buzz both smile as they continue walking to the Control Tower.

INT. GALLEY - OSPREY - EVENING

Chet sits at the table. *Coleman* lantern on. Mark, Peter and David stand nearby, watching. Webby stands behind Chet and removes the eye patch, then he removes the bandage.

WEBBY
Open your eye, Chet.

Chet opens his eye and Webby takes a close look.

WEBBY
Looks good. How does it feel?

CHET
Feels fine and I can see fine.

MARK
Chet, now you're a TWO-EYED PIRATE!

Chet opens both of his eyes wide.

CHET
AAARRRGGGHHH!!!

Webby smiles. Mark, David, and Peter laugh out loud.

INT. MARY AND BETTY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Mary and Betty seated. Mary is looking through her binoculars. Mary lowers the binoculars. Turns to face Betty.

MARY
Helen's leaving. It must be dinner time. Whose turn is it to cook?

BETTY
Yours. I feel like lasagna.

MARY
Me too, but yours is better.

BETTY
I'll make lasagna tonight if we go out to dinner next Saturday night.

MARY
That sounds fine to me, as long as we go out with some handsome men.

BETTY
Does age matter?

MARY
The younger the better!

BETTY
When Webby and the boys come home, we'll have four handsome young men.

MARY
Sounds wonderful. How about Mima?

BETTY
She'll come with us, of course.

MARY
Betty, tell me the truth. Do you think we're over the hill?

Betty picks up her make-up mirror. Puckers her lips. Bats her eyelashes. Winks at herself. Smiles. Turns to face Mary.

BETTY
Mary, I guarantee you we're still on our way *TO THE TOP!*

Mary and Betty smile at each other.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - EVENING

Coleman lantern on. Webby, Chet, Peter, David seated at the table. Charcoal is lying on the deck. Mark exits the head.

MARK

Chet, I forgot a flashlight. The light in the head doesn't work.

Chet stands up. Flips the galley light switch. Nothing. He grabs a flashlight and the *Coleman* lantern, and then he goes topside. Mark, Peter, David, Charcoal, and Webby follow Chet topside.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - CONTINUOUS

HEAVY FOG. Chet hands the *Coleman* lantern to Peter. Chet removes the engine hatch, then he shines the flashlight into the engine compartment. The bottom of the engine is covered with water.

CHET

Webby, grab the bilge pump!!
WE'RE SINKING!!

Webby gets down into the engine compartment and grabs the manual bilge pump from its storage location on a bulkhead. He sets the pump into the water, points the hose aft, and begins pumping. Water runs out the scupper. Boys and Charcoal watch.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Mima and Jenny are sitting at the table.

JENNY

Mima, I need to lie down for a little while. Can I get you anything right now?

MIMA

No thank you, Jenny.

JENNY

Call me if you need anything.

MIMA

Thanks, Jenny. I will.

Jenny gets up and goes to the next room. Mima remains seated.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - EVENING

Chet hands Webby a flashlight. He shines it into the bilge, which is dry. Webby points the flashlight ahead of the engine, and he notices the FRESH WATER tank is leaking.

WEBBY

Here's the problem, Chet. The Fresh water tank is leaking.

(MORE)

WEBBY (CONT'D)

The electric bilge pump must have drained the battery. The Good News is we're not sinking.

Webby TAPS the TANK with the butt end of the flashlight. We hear a HOLLOW SOUND. Then the FRESH WATER tank stops leaking.

WEBBY

The bad news is we're all out of drinking water.

CHET

No worries, Webby. I have six gallons of water in the galley.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - AMERICAN FISHING TRAWLER - NIGHT

AMERICAN TRAWLER CAPTAIN at helm, eyes focused on compass.
AMERICAN TRAWLER MATE, eyes focused on the radar screen.

AMERICAN TRAWLER CAPTAIN

See the channel buoys on radar?

AMERICAN TRAWLER MATE

Got 'em, Cap. Steady as she goes.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - NIGHT

DENSE FOG. Mark, Peter, David, Charcoal as before. Engine hatch in place. Webby on deck. Chet holds the *Coleman* lantern.

WEBBY

Well, men, let's head below.

Chet, Peter, Webby head below. Mark, David follow Charcoal aft. Charcoal puts his front paws up on the fish box. HE BARKS ONCE.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - AMERICAN FISHING TRAWLER - NIGHT

Captain glances at Mate, who is focused on the radar screen.

AMERICAN TRAWLER CAPTAIN

How much longer to get home?

AMERICAN TRAWLER MATE

At this speed, eight hours.

AMERICAN TRAWLER CAPTAIN

I can cut that down to six hours.

American Trawler Captain shoves throttle ahead. **VVRROOOM!!**

INT./EXT. WHEELHOUSE/BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - CONTINUOUS

DENSE FOG. Charcoal, David, Mark as before. Webby arrives with flashlight; points it astern. DISTANT SOUND of ENGINE NOISE.

WEBBY

CHET! I HEAR A BOAT! HOLD ON, MEN!

Webby dashes to the nav station. Grabs the Flare Gun and a cartridge. Loads Flare Gun. Heads aft. Peter arrives. Each boy takes firm hold of the *Osprey's* gunwale coaming with both hands.

VVRROOOOOM!!!

Chet arrives with the *Coleman* lantern. CHARCOAL BARKS ONCE.

Webby FIRES the FLARE GUN. AMERICAN FISHING TRAWLER speeds by.

VVRROOOOOMM!!!!!!!!

WEBBY

HOLD ON TIGHT!!

American Fishing Trawler's wake slams into the *Osprey*. David's grip starts to slip. He is catapulted overboard. **SPLASH!!**

CHARCOAL BARKS ONCE, climbs up on the gunwale, and leaps overboard. **SPLASH!!** Charcoal's head stays above water.

Webby drops the Flare Gun, climbs on gunwale, jumps in. **SPLASH!!**

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mima opens the cookie jar. Takes the bourbon. Gets a glass. Sits at the table. Fills the glass. Raises it to her lips. Hesitates, sets the glass down. Lowers her head to the table. Looks up. Hand shaking, she reaches for the glass.

Raises it to her lips....her hand still shaking....

MIMA JUMPS UP FROM HER CHAIR. THROWS the GLASS in the kitchen sink. The GLASS SMASHES.

Mima begins crying. Grabs the bottle. Empties it down the drain.

Jenny rushes into the kitchen. Hugs Mima tightly and comforts her by massaging her back. Mima continues crying.

EXT. IN THE OCEAN - NEAR *OSPREY* - NIGHT

Webby swims the breast stroke, looking for David and Charcoal. Webby turns his head toward *Osprey*. The light from the *Coleman* lantern is visible through the dense fog.

WEBBY

DAVID!!

DAVID (O.S.)

WE'RE OVER HERE, DAD!!

Webby swims toward David's voice. Soon he sees David, holding on to Charcoal's collar.

WEBBY
 CHET, I FOUND THEM!!
 (to David)
 Swim toward the light.

David, Charcoal, and Webby swim together toward the *Osprey*.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

David, Charcoal, and Webby appear out of the fog.

MARK
 THERE THEY ARE!!

Charcoal, David and Webby swim toward the stern of *Osprey*. Chet opens the door, reaches down, grabs Charcoal, helps him aboard. David and Webby climb aboard. Chet closes the transom door.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Three candles burning. Mima stands at a window with the Bible against her heart. She gazes at the streetlight shining down through the dense fog. Jenny walks in. Mima turns around.

JENNY
 Mima, I'll be in the kitchen.

MIMA
 Okay, thanks, Jenny.

INT. FORWARD CABIN - *OSPREY* - NIGHT - A WHILE LATER

Webby, dry sweatshirt and trousers, enters with a flashlight. David and Peter are awake, port bunk, covered with a blanket, life jackets, and Charcoal. Mark is awake, starboard bunk, with a blanket and life jackets. Webby sits next to Mark.

WEBBY
 Good night, men. Sleep tight.

MARK/PETER/DAVID
 Thanks a lot, Dad. You, too.

Webby climbs under the blanket and turns off the flashlight.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG CUTTER *CAPE CROSS* - NIGHT

DENSE FOG OUTSIDE. Chief Parsons on radar. Seaman Danny White on helm. LT. O'NEIL, 30, stands by the radio, watching ahead.

LT. O'NEIL
 How far to Woods Hole, Chief?

CHIEF PARSONS
 Two miles, Skipper.

LT. O'NEIL
 Steady as she goes, Danny.

SEAMAN DANNY WHITE
Aye-aye, Captain O'Neil.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candles have burned down a bit. Mima holds the Bible firmly against her heart. She gazes out the window at the streetlight and the fog. CLOCK CHIMES ONE. Jenny walks in.

JENNY
Mima, if I make you some hot cocoa,
do you think you could you lie down
and rest for a while?

MIMA
Yes, that sounds nice, Jenny.

INT. GALLEY - USCG CUTTER CAPE STARR - NIGHT

Kevin, Jerry, and Bobby are seated, chowing down on scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, orange juice, and coffee.

KEVIN
Maybe we should join the Coast
Guard. The food is excellent!

Jerry and Bobby look up. They have big smiles on their faces.

INT. MIMA AND WEBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mima sips hot chocolate, sets the mug on the night table, then lies down. Jenny covers her with a blanket, kisses her forehead.

JENNY
Try to relax, Mima. I'll be in the
living room. Call if you need me.

MIMA
Thanks, Jenny. You're a dear.

Mima closes her eyes. Jenny shuts off the light, then she exits and closes the bedroom door behind her.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jenny walks in, sits down on the couch. She places the Bible in her lap, clasps her hands in prayer, and she closes her eyes.

JENNY
God, I know you're listening to me.
Please keep Webby and the boys and
Charcoal and Chet safe. Please help
the Coast Guard find them soon.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG CUTTER CAPE CROSS - NIGHT

DENSE FOG OUTSIDE. Chief Parsons on radar, Seaman Danny White on helm, Lt. O'Neil standing by the radio.

LT. O'NEIL

This fog is unreal, Chief. How far is it to *Stone Horse* Lightship?

CHIEF PARSONS

Thirty miles, Cap.

LT. O'NEIL

Two and a half hours at this speed.
(to Danny White)
Excellent job on the helm, Danny.

SEAMAN DANNY WHITE

Thank you, Captain O'Neil.

INT. WEBSTER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jenny is sitting on the couch. Three candles are burning. She is reading the Bible. She sets it down on the coffee table.

JENNY

And God, I just want to remind you that tomorrow is Father's Day. Please bring everyone home safely.

INT. RADIO ROOM - *STONE HORSE* LIGHTSHIP - NIGHT

Steve at the radio reading a paperback. Checks his wristwatch: 3:35. We hear Lieutenant O'Neil's VOICE ON the RADIO.

LT. O'NEIL (V.O. RADIO)

Stone Horse Lightship, this is United States Coast Guard Cutter *Cape Cross*, over.

Steve grabs the microphone and keys it.

STEVE

Cape Cross, this is *Stone Horse* Lightship, over.

LT. O'NEIL (V.O. RADIO)

Stone Horse, *Cape Cross*, we will be passing your location in about 15 minutes. Please state your sea and weather conditions, over.

STEVE

Cape Cross, *Stone Horse*, we have calm seas and extremely heavy fog. You should see our beacon, over.

LT. O'NEIL (V.O. RADIO)

Understood, *Stone Horse*. This is United States Coast Guard Cutter *Cape Cross* clear, standing by on channel 16 FM.

INT. MIMA AND WEBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mima is lying on the bed. Jenny kisses her forehead.

JENNY

Try to relax, Mima. I'll be in the kitchen if you need me.

MIMA

Thanks, Jenny. You're a dear.

Jenny shuts off the light, exits, closes the door behind her. Mima closes her eyes and falls asleep.

EXT. BACK DECK - OSPREY / OCEAN ASTERN OF OSPREY - NIGHT

Charcoal stands on the back deck, sniffing the air.

CHARCOAL BARKS WITH FURY THREE TIMES.

A GIANT WHITE WHALE surges through the fog toward Osprey.

CHARCOAL RUNS, JUMPS ONTO THE FISH BOX, LEAPS ONTO THE WHALE.

CHARCOAL LANDS ON ITS HEAD. BITES INTO THE RIM OF ITS BLOWHOLE.

CHARCOAL, GROWLING, RIPS AND TEARS AT THE WHALE'S FLESH.

INT. OSPREY - GALLEY/FORWARD BUNK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Coleman lantern on. Chet lies on his bunk, reading a paperback. Boys and Webby asleep on bunks. From astern a **THUNDERING CRASH** as *Osprey's* hull is shattered.

Chet, Boys and Webby are slammed to the deck. OCEAN RUSHES IN!

CHARCOAL, GROWLING AND RIPPING FLESH, RIDES ON THE WHALE...

THE WHALE'S HUGE EYE GLARES AT WEBBY'S EYES...

WEBBY

Good God Almighty!!!

CUT TO:

INT. MIMA AND WEBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mima is tossing, turning, and moaning.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN walks magically through the door. HIS BODY GLOWS WITH A BRIGHT AURA, ILLUMINATING MIMA'S FACE.

He gently strokes her hair. Mima calms down and lies quietly. THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN turns and walks to the window.

Jenny opens the door. Looks at Mima, who is resting peacefully. Jenny smiles. She turns, exits, and closes the door.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN walks over and he stands by Mima. He leans over and smiles lovingly as he gently strokes her hair.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN stands up straight, turns, and he exits magically through the closed bedroom door.

INT. FORWARD BUNK ROOM / GALLEY - OSPREY - NIGHT

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN MATERIALIZES in the forward bunk room. HIS BODY GLOWS WITH A BRIGHT AURA. He sees that Webby and the boys and Charcoal are all sleeping peacefully. He walks aft and enters the galley. He sees Chet sleeping quietly on the bed. THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN nods, smiles, and DEMATERIALIZES.

EXT. TOP OF CABIN - OSPREY - CONTINUOUS

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COLEMAN MATERIALIZES SITTING BEHIND THE MAST. His AURA GLOWS, and The Campbell's soup cans are glowing. He places his hands on the cans to boost their energy. He closes his eyes and takes several deep breaths. He opens his eyes, he lowers his hands, nods his head, smiles, and HE DEMATERIALIZES. The soup cans are sparkling and glowing even more brightly.

INT. RADIO ROOM - STONEHORSE LIGHTSHIP - NIGHT

Steve is seated at the radio, reading a paperback: "Moby-Dick".

LT. O'NEIL (V.O. RADIO)
Stone Horse Lightship, this is
United States Coast Guard Cutter
Cape Cross, over.

Steve grabs the microphone and keys it.

STEVE
Cape Cross, this is Stone Horse
Lightship, over.

LT. O'NEIL (V.O.)
Stone Horse, Cape Cross, we will
pass your location in fifteen
minutes. State your sea and weather
conditions, over.

STEVE
Cape Cross, Stone Horse, we have
heavy fog and calm seas. You should
easily see our beacon, over.

LT. O'NEIL (V.O.)
Stone Horse, Cape Cross, thank you.
United States Coast Guard Cutter
Cape Cross clear, standing by on
channel 16 FM.

STEVE
Stone Horse Lightship clear,
standing by on channel 16 FM.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG CUTTER *CAPE CROSS* - DAYBREAK

Cape Cross cruises through DENSE FOG. Lt. O'Neil is on the helm. Chief Parsons on radar. Seaman Danny White on radio. *Stone Horse* Lightship's beacon to port shines through the fog.

LT. O'NEIL

Danny, begin fog watch. Sound the ship's horn every twenty seconds.

SEAMAN DANNY WHITE

Aye-aye, Skipper.

Seaman Danny White reaches overhead, grabs the HORN'S lanyard, and pulls it down. We hear the SOUND of the SHIP'S HORN.

The RADAR SCREEN clearly shows the outline of Monomoy Island. Ten smaller blips appear in a line. They are the buoys marking Pollock Rip Channel. A short distance northwest of the channel, a faint blip appears outside of and between two channel markers.

LT. O'NEIL

Chief, got anything on radar?

CHIEF PARSONS

Yes, sir. Monomoy Island, Pollock Rip Channel buoys, *Stone Horse* Lightship, and a faint target midway between *Stone Horse* and *Pollock Rip* Lightships, four and a half miles from each Lightship. The faint target shows up just outside the Pollock Rip Channel markers. I think it's the missing boat.

LT. O'NEIL

Good work, Chief. Keep your eyes glued to that faint target.

EXT. FOREDECK - USCGC *CAPE CROSS* - DAYBREAK

EXTREMELY HEAVY FOG. LOUD SOUND of *CAPE CROSS* FOGHORN.

CHIEF FREEMAN, 45, black, handsome, rugged face and physique, stands alert, watching ahead. FOUR LOOKOUTS, two at each bow railing, in uniforms and yellow slickers, stand and watch ahead.

INT. V-BERTH CABIN - *OSPREY* - DAYBREAK

Peter, David and Charcoal are asleep on the port bunk. Webby and Mark are asleep on the starboard bunk. Charcoal wakes up. He quietly climbs down on deck, then he heads to the back deck.

EXT. FOREDECK - USCGC *CAPE CROSS* - DAYBREAK

DENSE FOG. Chief Freeman and Four Lookouts stand, watching ahead. SOUND OF Lt. O'Neil's VOICE OVER the SHIP'S PA SYSTEM.

LT. O'NEIL (V.O. PA SYSTEM)
 Keep a sharp lookout, Chief.
 Contact four hundred yards ahead.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - DAYBREAK

Charcoal, front paws on fish box, tail raised, ears perked.

INT. GALLEY - *OSPREY* - CONTINUOUS

Chet asleep in his bunk. CHARCOAL BARKS (O.S.) THREE TIMES.

INT./EXT. WHEELHOUSE/BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - CONTINUOUS

Chet, dressed, comes up the ladder way. Charcoal wags his tail. FAINT SOUND of a FOGHORN. Chet shouts to the forward cabin.

CHEET
 WEBBY!! I HEAR A HORN!!

Webby vaults up the ladderway. Lifts nav seat. Grabs a manual foghorn, strides aft, stops. Raises the foghorn to his lips.

EXT. FOREDECK - USCGC *CAPE CROSS* - CONTINUOUS

We hear the FAINT SOUND of a FOGHORN. SEAMAN HANSEN points forward and turns toward the wheelhouse.

SEAMAN HANSEN
 FOGHORN DEAD AHEAD!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCGC *CAPE CROSS* - CONTINUOUS

Chief Parsons, on radar, checks his watch: 4:24. Lt. O'Neil pulls all 4 throttles back to idle. Shifts to reverse. Nudges throttles ahead. Boat stops. Throttles to idle. Shifts to neutral, then forward. *Cape Cross* moves ahead very slowly.

LT. O'NEIL
 Danny, secure foghorn.

EXT. BACK DECK - *OSPREY* - DAYBREAK - CONTINUOUS

At the transom looking aft are Charcoal, Mark, Peter, Webby, and David, in dry pants and sweatshirt. The *Cape Cross*, moving very slowly, gradually emerges out of the fog. Its white hull and distinctive orange and black stripes are visible. Engines rev slightly as it comes to a stop.

PETER
 IT'S A COAST GUARD CUTTER!!

95321 is painted on the port bow. Four Lookouts are standing at the railing near the bow. Chief Freeman strides forward.

CHIEF FREEMAN
 Ahoy there! Is everyone okay?

WEBBY

Yes, we are, Chief. We're all fine!
We're sure happy to see you guys!

CHIEF FREEMAN

Happy to be of service, sir. We'll
get you home as soon as we can.

INT. CHATHAM COAST GUARD STATION - DAYBREAK

CPO Bernie Webber, seated at the radio, holds the radio mic.

CHIEF PARSONS (V.O. RADIO)

Chatham Coast Guard, *Cape Cross*, we
have located the missing vessel
Osprey, four and one half miles
northeast of *Stone Horse* Lightship.
All hands alive and well, including
the dog, over.

BERNIE WEBBER

Cape Cross, Chatham Coast Guard,
understand missing vessel *Osprey*
located, four and one half miles
northeast of *Stone Horse* Lightship.
All hands alive and well, including
the dog. WELL DONE, *Cape Cross*!!

CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - DAYBREAK / INT. CHATHAM COAST GUARD
STATION - DAYBREAK - SPLIT SCREEN

Mima is seated. Her eyes are bloodshot and she looks very tired.
Jenny pours tea. PHONE RINGS. Mima jumps up. Grabs it.

CPO Bernie Webber at his desk; telephone receiver to his ear.

BERNIE WEBBER

Mrs. Webster, this is Bernie Webber
calling. Your family is safe. The
Cape Cross, one of our 95-foot
cutters, found them anchored five
miles east of Monomoy Island.
Everyone is fine including your dog
Charcoal. A Patrol Boat from
Chatham will tow the *Osprey* into
Osterville with your husband,
Charcoal, and Mr. Baker on board.
The *Cape Cross* will bring the boys
in to Baxter's Wharf in Hyannis.

INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN - DAYBREAK

Mima's face lights up like it's the Fourth of July. She smiles.
Tears stream down her cheeks.

MIMA

God Bless you, Chief Webber! Thank you!! Please thank everyone who was involved in the search!! Goodbye!

Mima hangs up the phone and turns to Jenny.

MIMA

The Coast Guard found them! They're all fine, including Charcoal!!

Jenny jumps up, smiles, and hugs Mima. They separate a bit.

JENNY

Thank God they're all safe, Mima. It's a miracle! Now you can have another Welcome Home Party!

MIMA

I'll start making some phone calls.

INT. HELEN AND WALTER'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Helen is lying in bed next to Walter, phone to her ear.

HELEN

Thank God, Mima. Thank God.

INT. FORREST'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Forrest, in boxer shorts and T-shirt, is on the phone.

FORREST

Thanks, Mima. See you at Baxter's.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - DAWN

Frank, wearing boxer shorts and a T-shirt, is on the phone.

FRANK

Great, Mima. I'll be at Baxter's.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - CAPE COD HOSPITAL - DAWN

Jo Ann, in her RN uniform, stands with the phone to her ear.

JO ANN

Thank God, Mima. I'll call Jeff and tell him to meet me at Baxter's.

INT. LIL AND GEORGE CROSS'S KITCHEN - DAWN

George Cross hangs up the phone. Shouts to the next room.

GEORGE CROSS

LIL, THE COAST GUARD FOUND THEM!

George Cross picks up the phone and begins dialing.

LIL CROSS, 50, wearing a bathrobe, enters.

GEORGE CROSS
Lester, the Coast Guard found them.
They're all fine. Charcoal, too.
Tell June to get the whole town
over to Baxter's Wharf. Meet me at
the Guardian in one hour.

He hangs up, kisses Lil Cross, then he dashes out the door. When Lil Cross calls to George Cross, he doesn't look back.

LIL CROSS
Be careful, George!

GEORGE CROSS
YES, DEAR!

Lil Cross shakes her head and smiles.

INT. JUNE AND LESTER SHERMAN'S KITCHEN - DAWN

JUNE SHERMAN, 50, in a bathrobe, phone receiver to her ear.

JUNE SHERMAN
Call everyone you know and tell
them to get over to Baxter's Wharf!

INT. MARY AND BETTY'S KITCHEN - DAWN

Betty, with no makeup on, in a bathrobe, phone to her ear. Mary is also wearing a bathrobe and has no makeup on.

BETTY
Almeda! They've been rescued!
Everyone's fine! Charcoal, too!

INT. MRS. THOMAS'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Mrs. Thomas, in a bathrobe, is standing, phone to her ear.

MRS. THOMAS
Oh, Betty, that's wonderful news!
Thank you for calling. Bye for now.

Mrs. Thomas hangs up. Walks to the birdcage. In it, on a perch, is a GREEN PARAKEET. The cage door is padlocked shut.

MRS. THOMAS
Tweety, we have good news! They're
all safe, including Charcoal!

GREEN TWEETY puffs his chest, flaps his wings, CHIRPS TWICE.

EXT. MARY AND BETTY'S DRIVEWAY - A WHILE LATER

Sitting in their aqua 1960 Ford Fairlane with white naugahyde interior, are Mary, driving, and Betty in the passenger seat.

Their hair is neatly coiffured and they're wearing makeup, lipstick, and sunglasses. They're READY FOR ACTION.

MARY

Ready, Betty?

BETTY

Show me the MEN!!

EXT. PARKING LOT - BAXTER'S WHARF - MORNING

Partly sunny with no fog. Sign hanging on building: Baxter's Fish Market. Boat dock is adjacent to the Fish Market. In the parking lot is a CROWD of 50 PEOPLE talking and drinking coffee. ED SEMPRINI, 43, approaches Scott Simpson. They shake hands.

ED SEMPRINI

Hi, I'm Ed Semprini with WOGB radio in South Yarmouth.

SCOTT SIMPSON

Hi, Ed, I'm Scott Simpson, Channel 5 TV, Boston. Hyannis sure is a small town.

ED SEMPRINI

When Jack Kennedy gets elected President, it'll put Hyannis Port and Hyannis on the map.

SCOTT SIMPSON

Do you think Senator Kennedy will win the Presidential Election?

ED SEMPRINI

No doubt about it!

INT. GALLEY - USCG CUTTER CAPE CROSS - MORNING

SEAMAN JENNISON, 19, is cooking bacon. His round, wire-framed eyeglasses are fogged up. He inhales deeply. Smiles. Exhales.

Seaman Jennison speaks with a Minnesota accent.

SEAMAN JENNISON

I LOVE the smell of BACON in the MORNING!

CHIEF MAHONEY, 35, strides into the galley.

CHIEF MAHONEY

Hey Jennison, can I get a cup of coffee for the Skipper?

SEAMAN JENNISON

You betcha.

Seaman Jennison, eyeglasses still fogged, gets a mug. Fills it with coffee. Hands it to Chief Mahoney.

SEAMAN JENNISON
There ya go, Mahoney.

Chief Mahoney smiles; walks over by Mark, Peter and David, chowing down on scrambled eggs, bacon, doughnuts, and OJ.

CHIEF MAHONEY
Hi, guys. How do you like our boat?

MARK
Nice! Can we meet the Captain?

CHIEF MAHONEY
Sure you can! I'll deliver this cup of coffee to the wheelhouse. Then I'll be right back and I'll take you topside to meet Lieutenant O'Neil. He's the Captain.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BAXTER'S WHARF - MORNING

A CROWD of 100 PEOPLE are milling about, talking and drinking coffee. Sgt. Bob Manning stands at the dock entrance.

Mary (with binoculars around her neck) and Betty sashay forward, flashing Sgt. Bob Manning their sexiest smiles.

SGT. BOB MANNING
Mary! Betty! You make me wish I were still single!

BETTY
We wish you were, too, Bob!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCGC *CAPE CROSS* - MORNING

Chief Parsons is on the helm. Seaman Danny White is on radar. Lieutenant O'Neil is giving Mark, Peter and David a tour.

MARK
How fast can this boat go?

LT. O'NEIL
She cruises at twelve knots. Her top speed is twenty-two.

MARK
Fast enough for water skiing!

Lt. O'Neil smiles at the thought of going water skiing.

LT. O'NEIL
We haven't tried that because it's against regulations, but it sure sounds like a lot of fun.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR DOCK - CROSBY'S BOAT YARD - MORNING

Mima is smiling. A Patrol Boat with 30474 on the bow arrives with *Osprey* in tow. Aboard: Webby, Chet, Charcoal, 2 SAILORS.

One Sailor gets off the Patrol Boat and ties both boats to the dock. Three Campbell's soup cans are taped to *Osprey's* mast. Charcoal climbs down onto the dock and runs up to Mima. She kneels down. He licks her face.

MIMA

Charcoal! I missed you!

Chet waits aboard *Osprey* as Webby steps onto the dock. Mima stands up, arms wide. Mima and Webby share a long kiss, a long embrace, then separate a bit. Charcoal wags his tail.

MIMA

Webby! It's great to have you back on *terra firma*! I like your beard! Were the boys okay? What happened to Charcoal's leg?

WEBBY

The boys were fine. I'll tell you all about our big adventure on the way home to Hyannis.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE - POLICE BOAT *GUARDIAN* - MORNING

Top down; blue light flashing. George Cross standing next to Sgt. Lester Sherman at the helm. A 22-foot white fiberglass hydroplane ZOOMS up from astern, slows, comes alongside. Driving is Bobby Coleman. Cockpit seat: red rolled + pleated naugahyde. Name on hull: *SLO POK*. George Cross waves to Bobby Coleman.

GEORGE CROSS

HI, BOBBY!

Bobby Coleman waves. He shifts to neutral. **VVRROOOMM!!!**

EXT. FOREDECK - USCG CUTTER *CAPE CROSS* - MORNING

Cape Cross cruises smoothly on Lewis Bay at 6 knots.

AIRPLANE NOISE OVERHEAD. Mark, Peter, David, and Chief Freeman look up and smile at JOHNNY LEMOS'S SEAPLANE, 150 feet altitude, headed for Baxter's, towing a WELCOME HOME BANNER.

EXT. BAXTER'S PARKING LOT / BAXTER'S WHARF - MORNING

CROWD CHEERS as Sergeant Harold Ellis pulls up on his Police motorcycle, parks, dismounts. LOUDER CHEERING as a Barnstable Police Cruiser arrives with Webby, Mima, Charcoal, and Chet.

CROWD continues CHEERING as Charcoal, Mima, Webby and Chet exit the Police Cruiser. Webby smiles, waves to the Crowd.

Jenny, Jo Ann, and Jeff arrive holding hands.

WEBBY

Jenny, Jo Ann, Jeff, thank you.

Webby shakes Jeff's hand, kisses Jo Ann on the cheek. Webby turns to Jenny, kisses her cheek, hugs her, steps back, holding her arms. She smiles as tears run down her cheeks.

WEBBY

Thanks, Jenny. For everything.

We hear a LONG HORN BLAST as the *Cape Cross* approaches Hyannis Inner Harbor. Webby kisses Jenny on her cheek again.

Mary's binoculars are trained on the *Cape Cross*. Betty, also watching the *Cape Cross*, stands to Mary's left.

Webby slips behind Mary. Taps her left shoulder. She lowers her binoculars. Looks at Betty. No Reaction. Mary raises her binoculars. Webby taps Mary's left shoulder again.

Mary lowers her binoculars. Looks at Betty. Again No Reaction. Mary turns to her right. Nobody there. Then she turns around. Suddenly she's face to face with Webby. She and Webby smile.

MARY

Webby, you Joker! Welcome home!

Betty turns around, smiling. Webby kisses Mary's cheek, then kisses Betty's cheek. He whispers into Betty's ear.

WEBBY

I'll stop over. You can fill me in on the local grapevine news.

Forrest and Frank arrive. Forrest shakes Webby's hand.

FORREST

Webby, it's good to have you all back safe and sound.

WEBBY

Thanks a lot, Forrest. It's really great to be back home again.

FRANK

Welcome Home, Webby.

WEBBY

Thanks, Frank. When you take Frannie and Nancy sailing, make sure you go on a sunny day.

Webby, Frank, and Forrest all smile. Sgt. Bob Manning ushers Mima, Webby, Charcoal and Chet onto the dock. They approach Scott Simpson, who is there with a Channel 5 TV CAMERAMAN.

INT. CHANNEL 5 TV CONTROL ROOM - BOSTON - MORNING

On a television monitor, the TV DIRECTOR watches a live shot of Scott Simpson with a microphone, standing next to Mima.

SCOTT SIMPSON (ON TV)
Mrs. Webster, how do you feel?

Scott Simpson holds the mic so Mima can speak into it.

MIMA (ON TV)
Wonderful! It's Father's Day, but
to me it feels like Mother's Day,
because I got all the presents!

MARY'S BINOCULAR POV - EXT. CAPE CROSS FOREDECK - MORNING

Mark, Peter, and David are standing near the bow railing, waving to the crowd. Chief Freeman and four handsome, hunky sailors are on deck, wearing short sleeve uniform shirts.

MARY (V.O.)
Those sailors are so handsome!

EXT. BAXTER'S PARKING LOT - MORNING

Mary hands the binoculars to Betty. She looks at the sailors.

BETTY
And they're SO MUSCULAR!!

As Cape Cross glides slowly into the dock, the ENGINES REV SLIGHTLY. Chief Mahoney lassoes a piling with the spring line. Two other CREW MEMBERS lasso pilings with bow and stern lines.

Mima walks to the bow of the *Cape Cross*, where Mark, Peter, and David are standing. They reach out and touch her hand.

TWO SAILORS rig a gangway. Chief Freeman escorts Mark, Peter, and David onto the dock. They run to Mima. She's smiling with tears of joy. She hugs them tightly, then releases them.

MIMA
You guys look great!

MARK
Mum, did you worry when we didn't
come home for dinner on Thursday?

MIMA
Yes, but I knew you were in good
hands with your father and Chet.

PETER
We had quite an adventure!

MIMA

Your dad told me the story about
Charc versus the Shark!

DAVID

Charcoal definitely won that fight!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - USCG CUTTER *CAPE CROSS* - MORNING

Chief Parsons and Lt. O'Neil roll up some charts. Mima enters.

MIMA

I'm Mima Webster. I want to thank
you all for saving my family.

Lieutenant O'Neil shakes hands with Mima.

LT. O'NEIL

Glad to be of service, Mrs.
Webster. I'm Lieutenant O'Neil.
Please call me Sam. This is my
executive officer, Senior Chief
Petty Officer Bill Parsons.

Mima shakes hands with Chief Parsons.

MIMA

I'm pleased to meet you, Bill.

CHIEF PARSONS

I'm honored to meet you, Mrs.
Webster. You have three fine sons.

MIMA

Thank you very much, Bill.
(to Lt. O'Neil)
Please thank your entire crew, Sam.

LT. O'NEIL

You can depend on that, Mrs.
Webster. And thank you!!

EXT. BAXTER'S WHARF - MORNING

Mima returns. Jenny, Jo Ann, Jeff approach Mark, Peter, David.

JENNY

Mark! Peter! David! I missed you!!

MARK/PETER/DAVID

Hi, Jenny!

Jenny kneels. She's smiling, tears of joy streaming down her
face. She hugs and kisses Mark, then Peter, and then David.
GORDON CALDWELL, 40, a newspaper reporter with a professional
camera and a Press Pass, walks up to Mima.

GORDON CALDWELL

Mima, can I get a photo?

MIMA

Sure you can, Gordon.

Gordon Caldwell focuses his camera as Mima, Mark, Peter, David, Charcoal, Chet and Webby assemble for the photo. Gordon Caldwell snaps the shutter. His flashbulb flashes.

SFX DISSOLVE TO:

SPINNING NEWSPAPER fills the screen, then FREEZE FRAME

Front page of *Cape Cod Standard Times* shows a photo of Mima, Mark, Peter, David, Charcoal, Chet and Webby. Below in CAPS:

COAST GUARD RESCUES CREW ABOARD STRANDED CAPE BOAT

FADE OUT

ROLL CREDITS while Patti Page sings OLD CAPE COD