

BIG HARBOR

"You're Gonna Need a Bigger Boat"

Written by

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BIG HARBOR (Ep 2 - *You're Gonna Need a Bigger Boat*)  
By Jerry Guarino and Daniel Reed

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FADE IN ON:

CREDITS MONTAGE - EST. BIG HARBOR, WA (MORNING)

Mt. Rainier dominates the eastern horizon overseeing a quiet, quaint, contented harbor town, somewhere along the coast of Western Washington's Puget Sound.

Seagulls caw soothingly as locals bike, jog, or walk with steaming mugs; deliveries are made to the Boardwalk's storefronts; fishermen unload their morning catch; other boats head out; yachtsmen stretch and greet the day.

On this typical morning, Don Diego DeLa Vega is strolling the Boardwalk with his coffee, searching like a shark for inspiration.

He notes a group of three NATIVE AMERICANS in full tribal attire enter a shop of "Puyallup Novelties."

LIGHTNING and THUNDER.

OLD WOMAN (VO)

We think we know one another. But we never can. Not truly. At best it's one's "best guess."

SUPERIMPOSE AGAINST BLACK: *You're Gonna Need a Bigger Boat*

EXT. BIG HARBOR DOCKS - THE BUCCANEER'S DECK (MORNING)

Captain Jake preps the deck for another journey.

LIGHTNING and THUNDER again.

JAKE

Another fine day for fishing.

Long-John Pickles yaps hopefully --

LIGHTNING and THUNDER a third time

-- then whimpers uncertainly.

RICHARD DREYFUS enters, dressed in a yellow rain jacket and life preserver, carrying a sturdy rod and hefty tackle box.

LONG-JOHN PICKLES  
GRRR. BARRRGH. BARRRGH.

JAKE  
Hush, now, Matey, that's our guest.

With affable caution, Dreyfus mounts the gangplank.

JAKE (cont'd)  
He don't bite. Give him a fish.

Jake tosses Dreyfus a sardine.

DREYFUS  
Here you go, boy. 'Morning, Captain.

The dog gobbles the fish then rubs against Dreyfus's leg like an affectionate cat.

JAKE  
Bribery goes a long way on a pirate boat. So, Matey from Los Angeles, what are ye hopin' to catch?

Dreyfus holds his hands about 3-feet apart.

DREYFUS  
A salmon. Just a salmon.

JAKE  
Blimey, but you're in luck: I know just where they hang. Stow yer gear yonder, and I'll weigh anchor. *Yo, ho, yo, ho, a pirate's life for me.*

OFFICER PATEL SINGH (picture KAL PENN, in uniformed shorts, badged shirt, and Seahawks cap) hefts his gear up the gangplank.

JAKE (cont'd)  
Patel. Yer wife feelin' like some fish again, eh?

Patel helps Jake free the boat's lines. The site of this additional uniformed passenger somehow unnerves Dreyfus.

PATEL  
Who's the landlubber?

JAKE

This be Dick. Stalker of salmon.

PATEL

This is the right boat, Dick. Jake's famous for finding the big ones.

Jake steers them into the channel, gets on the radio.

JAKE

Ahoy, Harbor Patrol. Jerry, you up yet?

HARBOR CONTROL (JERRY - VO)

Copy that, Captain Jake.

JAKE

We're after salmon, again. Any news this morn'?

HARBOR CONTROL

School's in session, as you know. Sharks per usual.

DREYFUS

Sharks?

MR. PICKLES

GRRR.

JAKE

(to Dreyfus)

Small ones. Nothing to worry about. This isn't the deep ocean.

(into mic)

Copy that.

HARBOR CONTROL

Grey skies to the north, but otherwise clear blue and 22 with easy north-west swells. Happy hunting, Jake. Bring us one for the barby. Over and out.

JAKE

Aye-aye Boy-o. Over and out.

DREYFUS

Just salmon. No sharks.

JAKE

(sotto)  
 Ye didn't say how many, Jerry, so  
 it'll be one, not one for every man  
 on duty.

INT. THE B&B - DINING ROOM (MORNING)

Bob and Nancy (in high spirits, teasing, loving), and Debbi  
 (quiet, tired) are preparing the room for the morning meal.

NANCY

So everything went all right last  
 night.

DEBBI

Oh, yes. Real ladies and gentlemen.

BOB

What about you? Have any fun?

DEBBI

(yawns)  
 Awh, c'mon, Pop, I was on duty.

BOB

Mom and I'll look after them this  
 evening. Get yourself to bed early.

DEBBI

Oh, no, that's all right.  
 (yawns again)  
 I'll cover tonight, again. I just  
 need a nap. How was your romantic  
 anniversary?

NANCY

The mayor has a hot-tub on his boat.  
 We sat in those hot swirling bubbles  
 under the full moon --

BOB

When the clouds broke.

NANCY

-- listening to Frank Sinatra. It was  
 heaven.

BOB

Duck salad, cheese, preserves,  
 bruschettini, caviar, champagne,  
 and --

NANCY  
-- and a fresh fruit salad with the  
thickest, richest whipped cream you  
can't even imagine.

BOB  
We had a fight.

DEBBI  
(intrigued)  
What?

NANCY  
But then made up. Like always.

Maria enters with a tray of small vased flowers. Humming  
slightly, she swirls through the room like a bee soaring  
through a garden, depositing one per table.

DEBBI  
I've never seen you two fight.

BOB  
It was all my fault.

BOB & NANCY  
Like always.

NANCY  
Good morning, Maria.

BOB  
Hope none of those tech guys took  
advantage of you.

NANCY  
Oh, Bob, stop. Maria wouldn't let  
anything like that happen.

MARIA  
(almost singing)  
Just a little music and dancing. No  
trouble.

NANCY  
You got yourself to bed early enough?

MARIA  
(blushing)  
Oh, yes, Miss Nancy. Early enough.

BOB  
That's our girl. Remember: slow is  
smooth, and smooth --

EVERYONE  
-- is fast.

BOB  
You do remember. Good. Smoothly,  
then --

MARIA  
Freshen-up the rooms by 3:00.  
(yawns, salutes)  
Yes, Mr. Bob.

Maria swirls out. Debbi follows.

NANCY  
Let me finish-up, Hon. You look like  
you need a nap.

BOB  
Actually, I slept quite well, after  
... well, after we went to sleep. But  
I am glad Debbi is giving us a second  
night to ourselves. It seems like  
it's been a long time.

NANCY  
Maybe tonight she'll get into a nice  
conversation with one of those  
California boys.  
(kiss)  
What are you going to do about this  
Zorro guy?

TRUMPETS blare the Zorro trill as Bob swirls with a  
matador's flourish.

BOB  
Don Diego DeLa Vega.

NANCY  
Yes, him.

BOB  
Well, Jake offered to make him walk  
the plank, but I pointed out how some  
might call that assault.

NANCY  
Or murder.  
(MORE)

NANCY (cont'd)

(sighs)

Jake's never far from the center of some fuss. What's DeLa Vega want? Really?

BOB

(shrugs)

His end-game must be something more than turning our Inn into a brothel. I might have to do --

(ala W.C. Fields)

"some back-room reconnaissance."

NANCY

Ooooo, my Bedtime Chef has a dash of Mr. Bond in him?

(kiss)

Maybe ask Bill to look into it. He's an under-the-radar kind of guy.

BOB

(good idea)

He does seem to have some tech skills.

NANCY

C'mon. Let me help you with that nap.

(shouts)

Debbi! You've got the desk for an hour ...

DEBBI (OS)

(whines)

Awwwww.

NANCY

(kiss)

Or so.

BOB

Debbi needs a purpose. A goal.

NANCY

(laughs)

Remember what I was like when we met?

BOB

How come none of that practical, no-nonsense, matter-of-factness trickled down into her?

NANCY  
 She's a free-spirit. She has to find  
 herself, herself.

Her kisses are heating up.

BOB  
 At least she's not single and  
 pregnant.

NANCY  
 It wasn't the worst thing that ever  
 happened.  
 (kissing)  
 C'mon, help me remember ...

INT. STARBUCKS (DAY)

Sipping an espresso, Don Diego is on a laptop, digging into  
 "Puyallup History."

A link opens an article entitled: "How to Find Land and  
 Build a Casino."

INT. THE THREE COUNTERS - WATER TAXI SERVICE (DAY)

Linda is speaking into her headset.

LINDA  
 Yes, I understand it says it was  
 delivered, and yet it was NOT  
 delivered.

Bill enters, with a large white bag: their lunch. Linda,  
 delighted, helps him unpack.

LINDA (cont'd)  
 (sighs, exasperated)  
 It seems that the best thing for me  
 to do is to call my bank, explain  
 your irrational and therefore illegal  
 attempt to shirk your fiduciary duty  
 and actually deliver prepaid parcels  
 to their intended recipients, and  
 tell them to reverse the charges ...  
 See there, you do understand ... Yes,  
 a replacement will be acceptable IF I  
RECEIVE IT ... Well, it would be  
 better for me if it arrived tomorrow  
 ... Thank you, you've been very  
 helpf --

The line disconnects. Smirking, she turns to the feast.

Outside, the same six men and women we saw in the pilot (wearing #12 Seahawks jerseys) walk by brusquely, carrying identical briefcase-portfolios. Both Linda and Bill take note ... for the first time?

LINDA (cont'd)  
Tell me, how is Bill filling his  
alone-time these days?

BILL  
Still working on his pony.

LINDA  
When's the big reveal?

BILL  
Just waiting on a couple of parts.  
Soon. Maybe ... next month.

LINDA  
A fire-engine red '69 Mustang is a  
pretty flashy lure.

BILL  
Especially with the top down.

LINDA  
Until it rains.

BILL  
There is that.

They eat. She pointedly sizes him up again.

LINDA  
I just don't know what I have to do  
to find a good mate.

BILL  
It's a jungle out there. Everyone I  
run into says they're looking for a  
"meaningful" roll in the hay, but, to  
them, it's really all about The Hunt.

Linda lowers her voice and dials up the intimacy.

LINDA  
You want something more ...  
substantial.

BILL  
More ... worthwhile.

LINDA  
The bar can't be that high.

They're both getting hot.

BILL  
I told you: I've fallen before.

LINDA  
And yet here you are. Free to choose.

BILL  
I thought you were getting back with Tom.

She turns off the shine and gets back to her lunch.

LINDA  
Oh, no. He's chasing me, but still can't get his life or his stories straight.

Bill breathes easier, settles himself, remembering she's fickle and that they've been here before.

BILL  
Too bad. Say, did I hear that Doug is up to something, tonight?

LINDA  
Seeing Susan again.

BILL  
Man, she's got "attractive" down, doesn't she? USC song-girl physique, U-Dub charm, that Radcliffe mystique.

LINDA  
And, somehow, it's not even irritating how she makes you feel it's a sin to resist.

BILL  
Circe-like attractive.

LINDA  
He was going to propose. When she took off for Europe right after college, it broke his heart.

BILL  
I wish him luck. Nostalgia can be a  
bitch, sometimes.

EXT. BEACH (DAY)

MEEMO (early 20's, fidgety and unpredictable, equal parts Latino and Native American) sits in the center of a toweled area just above the wet sands, attended by three young Latinas: one rubs his shoulders with lotion, one peels him a grape, the third cracks open a fresh beer and hands it to him just as he finishes a cheese-and-jammed cracker. A cellphone buzzes. It's put to Meemo's ear.

MEEMO  
*Háblame.*

INTERCUT with ...

EXT. STARBUCKS (DAY)

DON DIEGO  
Yo, Meemo, isn't your uncle Indian?

MEEMO  
No. Native American.

DON DIEGO  
That's what I said.

MEEMO  
Born and raised where you are:  
Washington.  
(needles him)  
Oye, *esse*, any sun up there today?  
I'm toastin' *mis bolas* out here  
today. It's beautiful.

DON DIEGO  
What tribe?

MEEMO  
No idea.

DON DIEGO  
Ask him.

MEEMO  
He's inside, *esse*.

DON DIEGO

Ask him.

MEEMO

(mumbles a curse)

I hate that place. Gives me the  
creepy-jeebies.

DON DIEGO

What tribe?

Don Diego disconnects.

EXT. THE BUCCANEER'S DECK (DAY)

Out of land's view, Jake eyes a small gathering of swirling seagulls, drops the anchor into calm waters, turns, and takes a huge breath.

JAKE

Ye smell that? This spot is  
guaranteed.

Dreyfus drains the water from a plastic cup and crushes it.

DREYFUS

I've got everything except bait.

JAKE

Comin' up.

Jake notes Dreyfus' rod, reel, line, and hook.

JAKE (cont'd)

You've been out fishing before.

INSERT a moment from JAWS featuring Chief Brody, Quint, and Hooper on the deck of the Orca.

DREYFUS

It's been a while, but I remember  
well enough.

JAKE

(gestures)

This area, here, is a prime salmon  
run, which means seals, which means  
there's always a chance of hooking a  
shark --

Dreyfus eases a rush of panic.

JAKE (cont'd)  
 -- because they eat both seals and  
 salmon.

DREYFUS  
 How big?

JAKE  
 Oh, three, maybe four feet.

DREYFUS  
 I'd rather not see any sharks. None.  
 Whatsoever.

PATEL  
 I'm okay with a shark. Love to put a  
 big one up in our station.

DREYFUS  
 It's my charter. No sharks. Salmon.

INT. THE THREE COUNTERS (DAY)

Linda and Bill are finishing lunch. Doug enters.

LINDA  
 Should we expect you home tonight,  
 Romeo?

DOUG  
 I hope not.

LINDA  
 I have a date too, with one of  
 Sally's Vancouver regulars.  
 (stretches)  
 Maybe I'll get lucky.

DOUG  
 It was a "draw" last time. Wanna make  
 it fun and roll our bet?

LINDA  
 Why not.

BILL  
 Mind if I get in on this?  
 (they turn)  
 If Maria is free.

DOUG

"The loser mows the lawn once-a-week next summer."

LINDA

"You sure?"

Bill spits into his left palm, slaps his hands together, rubs them dry, then, while thumbing his left nostril thrust out the back of his right hand.

BILL

All in.

As one, Doug and Linda repeat the routine, adding their hands to the center. In sync, then, they all raise their hands high and bellow ...

ALL

My turn!

BILL

I've a feeling.

EXT. JAKE'S PIRATE FISHING BOAT (DAY)

Dreyfus and Patel have their lines in the water ... where they've been for awhile.

PATEL

Prime run, eh?

Jake, who's been comfortably sunk into a pile of canvas, sleeping, says, from under his hat:

JAKE

Matey, fishing is the best way I've found to exercise that rarely-used muscle called patience.

Dreyfus's reel CLICKS slightly. Under his hat, Jake's eyes slowly turn its way. It CLICKS again. Dreyfus eyes the spindle, then Patel. It CLICKS again. Dreyfus adjusts his grip, licks his lips, and --

WHAM! The rod dips violently, jerking Dreyfus forward into the rail.

DREYFUS

Yikes. What is that?

JAKE  
You snagged a shark, all right.

PATEL  
Good work, man!

DREYFUS  
Get it off. OFF! I just want salmon.

PATEL  
(reaching in)  
You don't want to lose your lure.  
Here, let me help you bring it in.

Dreyfus relinquishes his rod.

DREYFUS  
'S all yours, Pal.

JAKE  
(to Patel)  
Keep tension on it, but let him run  
if he wants. He'll tire.  
(to Dreyfus)  
Dick, stand up there on the stern,  
and let me know if you spot any  
others.

DREYFUS  
I don't think so, hm-hmm, no sir.

INT. DON DIEGO'S INEXPENSIVE FLAT (DAY)

DeLa Vega is hunched over a large schematic that's part topographical map and part sketch that seems to visualize a commercial development atop some acreage surrounding what might be a section of Puget Sound's coastline.

EXT. JAKE'S PIRATE FISHING BOAT - LATER (DAY)

A sweaty but exhilarated Patel pulls the shark in. As it flounders on the deck, snapping at Dreyfus, Long-John Pickles barks hysterically.

DREYFUS  
Get that thing away from me!

Jake hefts an impressively huge mallet and beans the shark hard.

JAKE  
Time to sleep, fella.

Dreyfus gestures and makes faces at the fish (as Hooper did to Quint in JAWS). Jake re-bait's Dreyfus's hook.

JAKE (cont'd)  
Now, let's get your salmon.

DREYFUS  
(mumbles)  
I knew it, I knew it, I knew there  
would be a shark, I knew it.

PATEL  
I'll give you \$50 for him.

DREYFUS  
Deal.

EXT. BEACH - (DAY)

While the girls pack-up the site, Meemo, his phone to his ear, strolls the beach.

MEEMO  
Yo, Ma, how you doin'?

INTERCUT with ...

INT. SMALL HOUSE'S KITCHEN (DAY)

Somewhere in South Central Los Angeles, a harried Latina MOTHER of several unruly youngsters puts down the toddler on her hip, freeing a hand so she can continue cooking.

MEEMO'S MOTHER  
Oh, NOW you call. Where have you  
been? I worry, you know. You could at  
least let me know you're not bleeding  
to death in some gutter.

MEEMO  
Ma, enough with the Slippery Slope,  
I'm careful. But listen Ma, your  
brother's father --

MEEMO'S MOTHER  
Yeah, my HALF-brother, Snake-eyes,  
what about 'im? He's not out, is he?

MEEMO

Nah, not yet. Listen, what tribe is he? I mean --

MEEMO'S MOTHER

I know what you mean. His father was a Puyallup. Full-blood. Up in Washington. Why? When am I gonna see you again?

MEEMO

Soon, Ma, soon. Thank you. Love you.  
(disconnects; snorts)  
"Puyallup"?

EXT. JAKE'S PIRATE FISHING BOAT - LATER (DAY)

It's raining now and it's a cacophony of movement and noise as all three men, laughing, pull in fish after fish which just slip off their hooks, which they cast again. The deck is covered with flopping salmon, and Long-John Pickles barks away.

DREYFUS

We're gonna need a bigger boat!

EXT. MOVIE THEATER ENTRANCE (EVENING)

Having purchased their tickets, Bill and Maria (in the tiniest, slinkiest, sexiest mini-dress imaginable) are in line for a "Sean Connery IS James Bond" marathon.

MARIA

I love the English accents. You're sure my outfit is all right?

BILL

Oh, yes. I like casual.

MARIA

Are we going to watch all six?

BILL

No, no. There are choice bits in each, of course, but I think everything came together best in *Goldfinger*.

MARIA

(innocent)  
"My name is Pussy Galore?"

BILL  
Keep your voice down.

MARIA  
Tell me, like you do.

BILL  
(Scottish accent)  
The name's Jones, Bill Jones.

MARIA  
(giggles)  
Yeah, like that.

INT. THE B&B'S GUEST ROOMS' HALLWAY (NIGHT)

Thankfully, this second night of debauchery, the costumes are fewer, the activity calmer, the music lower. Debbi strolls slowly down the hallway, "making the rounds." Unicorn-Jim approaches.

JIM  
There you are. Will you be joining us again, tonight?

DEBBI  
(coy)  
Maybe.

One of the female Techies gropes him sensually from behind.

DEBBI (cont'd)  
What about last night? Was I just convenient?

Jim latches onto one of the caressing hands, playfully spins its owner around, and gives the gal a friendly "get lost" fanny-swat.

JIM  
Be nice, Natalie.  
(to Debbi)  
You're just about the sweetest thing.

DEBBI  
You have no idea.

JIM  
I'd like to get one.

DEBBI  
Are you asking me on a date?

JIM  
Would you say yes?

DEBBI  
(coy)  
Maybe.

INT. BIG HARBOR PUB - BAR (NIGHT)

Linda and WILLIAM (38, handsome but smarmy) meet for the first time.

LINDA  
William, so good to finally get together. Sally says good things.

WILLIAM  
(eyes her like dinner)  
She said you were a looker, but that's an understatement.

LINDA  
Hold on cowboy. I'm not in the market for a one night stand.

WILLIAM  
Great. How many nights can you give me?

LINDA  
Let's just wade through dinner and see how it goes.

WILLIAM  
I'll wager dollars-to-donuts that by desert you'll have settled on a number.

To an accompanying WHOOSH, the CAMERA QUICKLY SPINS around them, twice, taking us to later, when they're at a table, eating.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
You know, I really like your blouse. The way it both clings and dangles, teasing me with hints of what's underneath. But, then, I guess that's the point of wearing such a blouse. Right?

Linda sighs.

DOUG (VO)  
 "The loser mows the lawn once-a-week  
 next summer."

Emboldened, William shares a HUGE personal secret:

WILLIAM  
 I like ... being teased.

To an accompanying WHOOSH, the CAMERA QUICKLY SPINS around.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 (eyes on her chest)  
 I know what *I* want for desert.

LINDA  
 You were right: I have thought of a  
 number.

William's passion lights him up.

LINDA (cont'd)  
 Zero.  
 (packs up)  
 Thanks for the meal, Bill.

WILLIAM  
 Wait, uh, can I call you?

LINDA  
 As you please. I won't answer.

We follow her as she leaves, then focus on the bar, where Jake, Patel, and Dreyfus are celebrating their catch. Jake flags the attractive, new-to-him female bartender, SCARLETT.

JAKE  
 Pints for me mates and me -- the good  
 stuff.

SALLY  
 (joining them)  
 Make it four.

SCARLETT  
 Coming up. Didn't I see you in here  
 last night with a costumed pooch?

JAKE  
 Me First Mate, Long-John --

PATEL & DREYFUS  
 Pickles.

JAKE

As ye say. The critter's with his queen for the night.

SCARLETT

When are you going to give me a ride on your pirate ship?

JAKE

ARRGH. Happens I've been on the lookout for a comely wench.

SALLY

(pointedly)  
Careful, girl. Captain Jake is an actual buccaneer. If you know what I mean.

SCARLETT

So I've heard.  
(to Jake)  
Would I get to wear one of them outfits from the pirate movies?

JAKE

I might just have something. In my cabin.

PATEL

(toasts)  
To a grand day on the high seas of Puget Sound.

ALL FOUR

Cheers! Here-here!

They drink.

SALLY

Seems like you boys had some kind of adventure today.

DREYFUS

I haven't been on a boat in over fifty years, so, yes, we had a little adventure -- and, by God, came back unscathed packing a clear ton of good-sized salmon.

JAKE

(hushes them)  
Listen, Dick, let's keep our haul to ourselves.

PATEL

Yeah, we kind of stretched the law today.

Sally licks her palms and pushes at her hair, then turns to Dreyfus, almost panting.

SALLY

I don't know what it is about you, Richard, but it's almost like I've seen you before, like I know you, like, we met in a previous life, or  
(licks her lips)  
What are you doing later?

DREYFUS

Something ... else.

JAKE

Ease-up on the throttle, ye old cougar. He's our guest.

She sits back, pushes her hair, settles.

SALLY

Right. Take it slow.  
(to Dreyfus)  
God, you're cute.

INT. THE THREE COUNTERS (NIGHT)

Bill is closing-up, stowing papers, turning off computers, checking locks, when Bob steps in.

BILL

'Evening, Boss.

BOB

Hey, Bill. I had a question.

BILL

Shoot.

Bob peers into the back. Satisfied, turns back.

BOB

A confidential question.

INSERT of the storefront's exterior as Bob exits, closes the door, steps off, and the storefront's lights go out.

Inside, in the dark, Bill gets on the phone.

INT. B&B GUEST ROOM (NIGHT)

Here, in the Jazz Room, Debbi's phone buzzes, interrupting her make-out session with Unicorn-Jim.

DEBBI  
 (into phone)  
 Wilson's Bed-and-Breakfast. How can I help you?

BILL  
 Debbi, hi. How'd you like to do some undercover work?

DEBBI  
 I thought you liked Linda.

BILL  
 No -- investigating. This DeLa Vega guy has become a troubling blip on your Pop's radar. We need to find some leverage.

Instantly, Debbi disengages.

DEBBI  
 Oooo, a scandal. I like it. What were you thinking?

INT. SUSAN'S HOTEL ROOM (NIGHT)

Doug and Susan are sprawled under some very rumpled sheets.

DOUG  
 How was it?

SUSAN  
 Great.

DOUG  
 (raises his head)  
 Doesn't sound like it.

SUSAN  
 You seemed to enjoy yourself.

DOUG  
 Just like in college.

SUSAN

Maybe I've changed. That guy in France (and what happened after, which I didn't tell you) really affected me.

DOUG

Oh, no, you can't compare me to him.

SUSAN

His unexpected aura ...

DOUG

He lived in a squalid hovel, which he took you to on your first date!

SUSAN

The romance ...

DOUG

He locked you in a tower. You could have starved, withered into rat-food!

SUSAN

The sex ...

This stops him, because their tussle *had* been surprisingly unfulfilling.

DOUG

Maybe you're right. You have changed.

SUSAN

You know, my sister always had a crush on you.

DOUG

Jessica? Really?

SUSAN

She just couldn't step between us.

DOUG

It wouldn't bother you?

SUSAN

I'll give her a call, let her know to expect yours. But, uh, I should probably warn you: she leans towards "alternative," and is still experimenting.

DOUG

Go on.

SUSAN

Well, sooner or later she'll probably suggest a three-way.

Doug licks his lips and swallows.

DOUG

With whom?

SUSAN

Linda?

DOUG

I'm not getting into bed with my sister!

SUSAN

Any bi players in town?

DOUG

(thinks hard)

Laura from the Japanese grill?

SUSAN

Oh, she's lovely.

DOUG

Well, if Jessica were to make an appropriate pitch ...

EXT. JAKE'S PIRATE FISHING BOAT (NIGHT)

Jake, humming "*Show me the way to go home*" is preparing for a moonlit cruise.

Scarlett, dressed in her best impromptu "sexy wench's outfit," mounts the gangplank, a bottle of wine held high.

SCARLETT

Permission to come aboard?

JAKE

Blow me down.

Eager, flirty, and already tipsy, she steps on deck.

SCARLETT

Where're we headed?

JAKE

With a full moon above, I'm thinking  
heaven.

SCARLETT

Count me in. Aweigh anchor!

JAKE

Aye-Aye, my lovely. Just toss that  
line to the dock, and romance on the  
harbor's high seas, here we come.

Scarlett totters into the Captains' Cabin.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER ENTRANCE (NIGHT)

Bill and Maria emerge from a small group that exits,  
chatting warmly.

BILL

I'm not a gambler, but, you know,  
tonight, I think I won a bet.

She looks at him quizzically.

BILL (cont'd)

That I wouldn't have a good time,  
tonight. With you.

Maria is surprised, then melts.

MARIA

You bet you would.  
(light kiss)  
I'm hungry.

BILL

How about a late bite?

MARIA

(confused)  
No, no, I'm *hungry*.

More than ever before, Bill realizes that language is an  
issue with Maria.

BILL

I think the Pub is still open.

MARIA

Oh, *está bien, genial*.

They head off, continuing their warm chat.

MARIA (cont'd)  
I like the way she says that: "My  
name is Pussy Galore."

He agrees, and, after a few steps, she casually slips her hand into his.

EXT. DOCK - THE BUCCANEER'S BERTH (NIGHT)

Mr. Pickles comes loping in, bumping into pylons and posts, but following a scent like a bloodhound. He soon locates a sardine and downs it with gusto.

Bill and Maria enter, on their way to supper.

KER-SPLASH! Then some whimpering and frantic splashing.

They search the dark waters and spot the source.

MARIA  
What is that?

In a wink, Bill kicks off his shoes, jerks off his jacket, dives in, corrals Mr. Pickles, then gently tosses him onto the dock. Maria covers the wet mound with her sweater, drying and comforting, as the gallant rescuer hoists himself up a ladder.

MARIA (cont'd)  
Bill, you just saved this little  
dog's life. *¡Eres increíble!*

BILL  
What're you doing down here, fella?  
Mrs. O'Toole is likely worried sick.

Together, Bill, Maria, and Long-John Pickles, head off.

FADE INTO:

A LAZY MONTAGE

- Uncle Jake and Scarlett, actively entwined upon the captain's bed.

- Don Diego, alone under a harsh light, sipping absinthe, adding details to the schematic.

- Linda, in her bed, wide awake, staring past the dark ceiling.

- Doug, flipping through some old snapshots, finds one of himself and Susan at their college graduation; in the BG, he zeroes in on ... Jessica.

- Laura, on her computer, sipping a brandy while scanning portraits of handsome men and gorgeous women on the website "Meet Beautiful Singles Today!"

- Bob and Nancy, entwined in their bed, sleeping.

- Sally, in her bed ... next to a snoring Dreyfus.

- Debbi, on the Inn's porch sofa, bundled into a thick blanket, staring into the vista before her.

OLD WOMAN (VO)  
As gamblers well know, the fewer  
uncertainties there are, the more  
accurate your best guess.

FADE TO:

The SAME VIEW of the Harbor we opened with, but at 2:00am, the Milky Way twinkling behind Mt. Rainier and across the harbor's peaceful waters.

OLD WOMAN (VO) (cont'd)  
Best to look well and listen.

In the distance, a FOG HORN BLOWS.

FADE OUT. CREDITS.