

BIG HARBOR

"Family Fun Day"

Written by

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BIG HARBOR (Double-long Pilot - *Family Fun Day*) Final  
By Jerry Guarino and Daniel Reed

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FADE IN on:

CREDITS MONTAGE - 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 coffee mugs; deliveries are made to the Boardwalk's storefronts (which include "Laura's Japanese Sushi and Steak," "Wilson's Water Taxi Service," "Jake's Pirate Charters," "Sally's Seaplane Transport," and "Madame Levine's Fortunes & Tarot"); fishermen unload their morning catch; other boats head out; yachtsmen stretch and greet the day. It's a typical morning.

EXT. BIG HARBOR'S WHARF (MORNING)

A full-blown buccaneer (puffy shirt, vest, boots, hat, sans sword) hums "*Yo-ho, yo-ho, a pirate's life for me,*" as he opens a small net of fish directly above a barrel, which fills to the brim.

SUPERIMPOSE: THE LAY OF THE LAND

This is UNCLE JAKE (60's, like an always spaced-out Christopher Lloyd). As he reaches for the barrel's lid, he spots an astonishingly ugly, beaver-sized critter stepping hesitantly towards him.

JAKE  
ARRGH! What be here?

THE CRITTER growls out a whimper.

JAKE (cont'd)  
What happened to you boy, uh, girl,  
whatever?

The critter inches forward, licks Jake's boot, whimpers again.

JAKE (cont'd)  
Hungry?

Jake tosses it a sardine.

BILL JONES (30, an affable Michael B. Jordan-type) walks by carrying his lunch-pail.

BILL  
Whoa! What is that, Jake?

JAKE  
'Mornin', Bill. Me thinks it be a dog.

BILL  
Looks like an experiment gone wrong.

The dog growls. Jake feeds it another sardine and pets it.

JAKE  
I'ma thinkin' I've stumbled upon a bounteous treasure. *ARRGH.*

The dog barks.

JAKE (cont'd)  
C'mon boy, uh, girl --

Jake lifts the dog, glances quickly --

UNCLE JAKE  
-- whatever, let's find you some proper gear.  
(steps off)  
May the wind be ever at yer back, Bill. *ARRGH.*

Bemused, Bill watches the pirate strut down the dock.

BILL  
As with you. *ARRGH.*

INT. AN INEXPENSIVE HARBOR-SIDE FLAT (MORNING)

A wildly nervous young man is looking out a window overlooking the harbor, cellphone to his ear. This is DON DIEGO DELA VEGA, an always scheming Michael Pena-like con-man from South-Central Los Angeles.

EXT. GANG BOSS'S LAVISH L.A. HOME - POOLSIDE (MORNING)

A DANGEROUS HISPANIC MAN looks out upon the L.A. Basin, a cell-phone to his ear.

BOSS  
*Hablame.*

INTERCUT their conversation.

DON DIEGO  
I need Meemo. Send me Meemo.

BOSS  
Why?

DON DIEGO  
We spit-ball ideas good.

BOSS  
This is your job, son. Make it happen.

The Boss disconnects. Sighs.

BOSS (cont'd)  
Kids.

From behind, a GAL IN AN ITSY-BITSY BIKINI slithers her arms about him.

GAL  
I want you, Daddy. In the water.

EST. SHOT - THE SHARED STOREFRONT - WILSON'S WATER TAXI SERVICE, JAKE'S PIRATE CHARTERS, AND SALLY'S SEAPLANE TRANSPORT (MORNING)

It's little more than a window and a door, but it somehow promises a good time.

INT. THE SHARED STOREFRONT (MORNING)

The space goes back a ways. On the left are three counters. Nearest the door: "Wilson's Water Taxi Service." Deeper in: "Jake's Pirate Charters." Still further in: "Sally's Seaplane Transport." Across the front of the counters is a message: "Text your pictures to the Wilson's Family Fun Page," accompanied by a web-address and phone number. On the walls are posters of local attractions, a clock, and scores of wholesome family pictures having fun.

Behind the Water Taxi Counter, LINDA WILSON (24, hot but insecure, like Jennifer Aniston putting on a brave face) is handing tickets to a MALE PASSENGER, while simultaneously answering the phone via her headset.

LINDA  
The taxi will leave for Seattle from Dock Number One, in 12 minutes.  
(MORE)

LINDA (cont'd)  
 (into headset)  
 "Wilson Family's Getaways," how can I  
 help you?

Outside, a group of six men and women, wearing #12 Seahawk jerseys and carrying identical briefcase-portfolios in one hand and a Starbucks-like coffee cups in the other, walk by briskly. (An ongoing site gag.)

PASSENGER  
 It's June. There can't be a game  
 today.

LINDA  
 (covers headset's mic)  
 No, they always dress that way.  
 (into headset)  
 Not a problem, not a problem.

DOUG WILSON (26, like a young Chris Pratt) enters.

DOUG  
 How many this morning, Sis?

Linda clicks off her mic.

LINDA  
 Eighteen. A full boat. I think I'll  
 take you up on that bet.

DOUG  
 (snorts)  
 You've never won a bet with me. Ever.

Bill steps in from the rear, toweling his hands.

BILL  
 She's a-purrin' now, Doug.

DOUG  
 And Taxi Two?

BILL  
 Even smoother.

Bill disappears. Linda clicks her mic back on.

LINDA  
 You're all set, Mr. Miller. Just  
 swing by the office ... on the  
 Boardwalk, right.  
 (disconnects, to Doug)  
 Yeah, well, you peaked in college.  
 Mine's with a "Secret Admirer."

DOUG  
A blind date?

DOUG (cont'd)  
I thought you were looking for the  
Big Long Term -- a stable, mature  
Prince Charming.

LINDA  
You make that sound like a Bad Thing.  
Who's yours with?

DOUG  
Susan.

Linda sees her chances improving.

LINDA  
The One That Got Away?!

DOUG  
She texted me, out of the blue.

LINDA  
Memories sweeten with time, brother-  
mine.

DOUG  
Well, I'm now a simple hook-up kinda  
guy, and I've a feeling, too.  
(reminding)  
The loser mows the lawn once-a-week  
week next summer. You sure?

She offers her hand. They shake.

EST. SHOT - THE WILSON'S BED-AND-BREAKFAST INN (MORNING)

The sign out front identifies the grand, late 19TH-century  
Victorian perched atop a small hill overlooking a truly huge  
front lawn and the harbor-town beyond to be "The loveliest  
B&B in all the Pacific Northwest."

INT. THE WILSON'S BED-AND-BREAKFAST INN - KITCHEN (MORNING)

In the kitchen, ANDRE (a Spanish Prima Dona of a chef)  
chatters away to himself as he finishes the last of the  
morning's meals. BOB WILSON (60, a Zen-like Bob Newhart), in  
the elegant whites of a French maitre de, hunches over a  
computer to surreptitiously check the Lottery results  
against the ticket in his hand.

BOB

Damn.

In a heavy accent, Andre sings "*Oh what a beautiful morning*" as he scraps the grill, cleaning up.

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

Bob floats in from the kitchen carrying two fresh breakfast plates, followed by MARIA GARCIA (20, like Bryana Salaz, always on the edge of overworked and dressed in a colorful, sexually-attractive outfit), carrying the other plates destined for the waiting FAMILY OF FOUR. Bob places the plates, setting the last before the ELDERLY MATRIARCH who is *insanely infatuated* with him.

BOB

And here you are, Mrs. Javier:

Bob adopts a unplaceable European accent.

BOB (cont'd)

one Mediterranean omelet, over-well.  
(back to himself)  
Can I get anyone anything else?

DAUGHTER

Safe passage home?

MOTHER / FATHER

Charlotte! / Be nice.

MRS. JAVIER

Maybe later, Robert.  
(eyes him lustfully)  
Just now, everything's perfect.

DAUGHTER

There's nothing cool about this place.

MOTHER

It's got "class."

DAUGHTER

It's old.

INT. THE B&B - RECEPTION DESK (MORNING)

Bob joins his wife, NANCY WILSON (60, like Mary Frann), at the Reception Desk positioned before a huge picture window that looks out upon the lawn, the harbor, and Mt. Rainier.

NANCY  
 (kiss, sotto)  
 My Bedtime Chef.

BOB  
*Mi dove.* I thought you were going to  
 talk to Maria about her outfits.

NANCY  
 Bob, she's the sweetest, hardest  
 worker.  
 (snuggles)  
 I think her coz-play gives our place  
 a dash of whimsy and daring.

BOB  
 You didn't see the look Mrs. Javier  
 give her.

NANCY  
 Did you see the sinfully generous tip  
 those San Francisco Techies left with  
 their pre-payment?

Bob notices Don Diego loitering outside.

BOB  
 (sighs)  
 I went into the wrong business.

NANCY  
 Then we never would have met.  
 (kiss)  
 I just hope we have good weather for  
 awhile. We lost a lot of business  
 last winter.

Bob mumbles a reply and heads outside.

EXT. THE WHARF - THE BUCCANEER'S BERTH - LATER (MORNING)

At the top of the gangplank to a surprisingly authentic  
 pirate ship, complete with skull-and-crossbones flag, Jake  
 settles the ugly-but-affable dog, now dressed in a puffy  
 shirt, vest, hat, and eye-patch.

JAKE  
 Ye be good, now, fella, uh girl,  
 whatever.

ORIENTAL-ACCENTED VOICE (OS)  
 Avast, there, Matey.



SIX JAPANESE MEN, overly equipped with expensive fishing gear and cameras stand below. All of them are wearing white-on-black T-shirts: "Jake's Pirate Charters - ARRGH!" on the front, and the Jolly Roger on the back.

UNCLE JAKE

(bows)  
Konichiwa.

JAPANESE TOURISTS

Konichiwa.

TOURIST'S "LEADER" (KAJIRUSO)

We are ready to catch big salmon.

UNCLE JAKE

And photograph them, too, I see.

KAJIRUSO

We document trip for family back in Japan; maybe even share to our local station television.

UNCLE JAKE

Blimey, but you're in luck. The Buccaneer packs all the modern amenities, including WIFI. Password: ARRGH!

JAPANESE TOURISTS

(arms raised, in unison)  
ARRGH!

Jake urges them aboard, the eye-patched dog sniffing as they pass.

UNCLE JAKE

AND, if'n you brings your catch to Laura, that's her Japanese restaurant yonder, she'll cook it up for ye!

JAPANESE TOURISTS

ARRGH!

UNCLE JAKE

And this be Long-John Silver, me First-Mate. Ye take his orders same as mine: with instantaneous submission. To da fish! ARRGH!

JAPANESE TOURISTS

TO DA FISH! ARRGH!

EXT. BEACH NEAR THE WHARF (MORNING)

LAURA LEE (30, Asian, like Grace Park) is leading a Goat-Yoga class inside a fenced-in area, the sand covered by a parachute.

LAURA

All right, for you newbees, it works like this: take a deep breath and exhale *slowly* as we move into Upward-Facing Dog, and ...

(taps a Singing Bowl)

... dissolve.

She demonstrates for the eight-or-so attendees. Several young goats hop onto her belly and legs. ROSE (an older, SALTY WOMAN RESIDENT) is aghast.

ROSE

Don't that hurt?

LAURA

The goats are young and light and trained. I got them used from goat-yoga.com.

A NEWBEE

What's that on their hooves?

They all wear little booties.

LAURA

Egyptian cotton. Another deep breath and *slow* exhale as we move into Cow Pose, and ...

(taps the bowl)

... dissolve.

HAROLD, Rose's even older partner, is having a hard time with both the poses and the goats.

LAURA (cont'd)

A regular yoga practice can strengthen muscles, protect your heart, boost your immune system, reset your weight --

ROSE

(sotto - to Harold)

I like the sound of that.

LAURA

-- ease chronic pain, delay signs of aging --

HAROLD  
 (sotto - to Rose)  
 Too late for that.

LAURA  
 -- boost your energy, and improve  
 your sex life.

ROSE  
 (sotto - to Harold)  
 Too late, indeed.

LAURA  
 Another deep breath and *slow* exhale  
 as we curl up into Cat Pose.

Most everyone is struggling with the goats' constant re-positioning.

PARTICIPANT  
 (a hoof in his ear)  
 How is this better than regular yoga?

LAURA  
 If you can do yoga with a goat on  
 your back ...  
 (taps bowl)  
 ... dissolve.

EXT. THE WHARF - PARKING LOT SIDE (MORNING)

In a quick series, we SEE a Greyhound Bus pull to a stop. A YOUNG LADY of 20 (in washed out jeans, graphic t-shirt, combat boots, jacket tied round her waist), descends the steps. She tips the Driver. The bus pulls out. She drags her rolling suitcase to a railing and surveys the awakening harbor.

YOUNG LADY  
 They've spruced the place up a bit.

She spots the Goat-Yoga class on the beach below, then turns her gaze towards the nearby forested hill.

YOUNG LADY (cont'd)  
 You can do this.

EXT. THE B&B (MORNING)

Outside, Bob faces the now nattily-dressed Don Diego.

BOB  
I appreciate the interest, but my  
mother's grandfather built this  
house. It's my family's home.

DON DIEGO  
Your equity is zilch, your savings  
are gone. You can't afford NOT to.

BOB  
You never know. I've a feeling.

Don Diego scoffs, steps closer.

DON DIEGO  
A father does what's best for his  
family.

BOB  
Good day, DeLa Vega.

INT. DOUG'S WATER TAXI (DAY)

Doug is ferrying his passengers out of the harbor.

DOUG  
See. It doesn't rain all the time.

One PASSENGER is seasick and heaving over the side. His WIFE  
comforts him.

WIFE  
Where do you recommend for lunch?

DOUG  
Pike Place. The Market Grill -- no  
better spot. But head to the Space  
Needle first, before the crowds  
start.

The Seasick Passenger rallies --

SEASICK PASSENGER  
And we rendezvous back at the wharf  
at four?

DOUG  
You'll be back in time for dinner.

-- but turns and vomits again.

WIFE  
Laura's Japanese Sushi and Steak?

DOUG  
Good choice.

INT. WATER TAXI COUNTER (DAY)

Linda, in place behind the counter, is effectively dealing with whatever's on the monitor when SALLY KOWALSKI (50, like a hyperactive, fun-loving, Australian Rebel Wilson) enters.

SALLY  
Seen those three Vancouver-bound lawyers?

LINDA  
Sally! You've lost another fare?

Linda's phone PINGs distinctively.

LINDA (cont'd)  
Oooo, look at this nice shot of Jake and his cute Japanese tourists.

VISUAL of her phone: the tourists and Jake standing before the Buccaneer's main mast.

SALLY  
That crazy Jake. How did he manage to make that boat look so much like a real pirate ship?

LINDA  
You would have to know my uncle.

SALLY  
I know him pretty well. We've partied a time or two.  
(sighs)  
He's a loner.

LINDA  
Say, are you ... quite all right?

SALLY  
Never better. Why?

LINDA  
Get enough sleep?

SALLY  
I'll sleep when I'm dead. My flyin's never been 'fected by lack of sleep nor excess drink.

LINDA  
Oh, here are your lawyers.

As the THREE LAWYERS enter, Sally licks her palms and ineffectively slicks back her wild hair.

SALLY  
Over here boys. Ready to fly.

EXT. THE WHARF'S BOARDWALK (DAY)

A pimply-faced, baseball-cap-askew teenager is stapling posters. Passing residents and tourists are aghast.

ROSE  
Oh my, Harold, look at that.

Rose's servant/husband lugs a heavy canvass bag on his back, the effort forcing him into an altered state.

HAROLD  
That's ... some kind of animal?

A YACHTSMAN and his TROPHY WIFE join.

YACHTSMAN  
Says it's a dog, but I don't know.

MALE TOURIST  
Maybe an escapee from a dog-fighting ring?

The wharf's Tarot-Card Reader and Fortune-Teller, MADAM LEVINE, floats by, tapping castanets at the poster.

MADAM LEVINE  
It's a demon.

TROPHY WIFE  
It's an alien!

Everyone starts talking at once. Other hyperbolic wharfian characters join in. Among them, Don Diego.

DON DIEGO  
Say, kid. What's the rumpus?

TEENAGER  
(said this 100 times)  
Mrs. O'Toole (our neighbor, nice enough, I guess), she had an accident; lost her dog.  
(MORE)

TEENAGER (cont'd)  
 She's in the hospital, freakin' out.  
 Paid me to put these up.

DeLa Vega inspects one of the kid's posters.

DON DIEGO  
 "Mr. Pickles"?

TEENAGER  
 That's his name.

DON DIEGO  
 Mr. Pickles, you gotta be the ugliest  
 dog on four legs.

TEENAGER  
 Yeah, well, the way I heard it,  
 Pickles was attacked by a pack of  
 chihuahuas outside Mexico City. Was  
 pretty gnarly.

DON DIEGO  
 Hard to believe a few little  
 chihuahuas could do this to another  
 dog.

TEENAGER  
 There were nine. But those chihuahuas  
 picked on the wrong Pickle. They were  
 lucky to escape with their lives.

HAROLD  
 (huffing past)  
 Hate to imagine the chihuahuas.

INT. WATER TAXI COUNTER - LATER (DAY)

Bill enters from the back, drops off a piece of paper.

LINDA  
 (into headset)  
 Yes, he is a mischievous rascal.  
 Thank you, Captain, I'll talk with  
 him.

BILL  
 Everything okay?

LINDA  
 I received this about an hour ago.

VISUAL of her phone: a terrified, tied-and-gagged Jake is being forced to walk the plank by six sword-wheeling Japanese Tourists.

BILL

He pranked you?

LINDA

I had to call Harbor Patrol. Uncle Jake sure has a weird sense of humor.

BILL

On top of thinking he's a pirate?

LINDA

I like it.

BILL

I can see that. When did he go pirate, anyway?

LINDA

(unsure)

Had some drug trouble in Berkeley and joined the French Foreign Legion. There he was kidnapped by Somali pirates. When he got out, he settled in Hawaii. Some guy, he told me, gave tourists rides on a pirate's schooner.

BILL

That wouldn't be about the same time he was dropping all that LSD, would it?

LINDA

Maybe. Sometimes he does play it a little too real.

BILL

ARRGH.

LINDA

Exactly. ARRGH.

INT. THE B&B - PARLOR (DAY)

The grandfather clock BONGS two o'clock as a diverse group of EIGHTEEN good looking, casually-but-expensively dressed PROFESSIONAL MEN AND WOMEN step in. Maria scurries over to join Nancy at the Reception Desk.



NANCY  
Greetings, weary travelers. Welcome  
to our Inn.

LEAD MALE GUEST (JOHNNY)  
This may very well be, as advertised,  
"the loveliest B&B in all the Pacific  
Northwest."

HEATHER, a sultry female Techie agrees.

HEATHER  
Perfectly charming.

JOHNNY  
Think we'll get any work done this  
time?

HEATHER  
I'm not here to work.

She slithers in and kisses Johnny long and sensually. The  
Techies wander about the parlor, admiring.

MARIA  
(whispering)  
Eighteen guests in ... six rooms?

NANCY  
Apparently, they all know each other.

MARIA  
But what about the ... sleeping  
arrangements?

NANCY  
Well, "Detective Maria," they're the  
only ones here, and my guess is  
they're into sharing.

MARIA  
*¡Ay Dios mío!*

NANCY  
Bill said just give him a call if  
anything gets out of hand. Or you can  
always call us.

MARIA  
No! Not on your special night.  
Does Mr. Bob know?

NANCY  
He booked them.

JOHNNY  
 (breaks the kiss)  
 Here's a list of our names and  
 addresses. We'll be moving around,  
 working, so no need to assign rooms.

He signs the register.

NANCY  
 (proffers)  
 The keys to our kingdom.

The Techies head upstairs, as the front door bangs open, and the young lady who got off the bus enters, her suitcase clattering to a stop.

NANCY (cont'd)  
 Debbi! Aren't you supposed to be ...  
 in class?

DEBBI  
 Yeah. About that ...  
 (with a flourish)  
 I'm back!

EXT. DECK OF JAKE'S PIRATE FISHING BOAT (AFTERNOON)

It's adventure on the high seas of Puget Sound, and Long-John Silver sits proudly at the bow, watching the harbor seals dart through the waters below. The Japanese Tourists give him a wide berth.

JAPANESE TOURIST 1  
 (subtitled)  
 What do you think of that ...  
 creature? A frightful sight.

JAPANESE TOURIST 2  
 (subtitled)  
 ARRGH, no. Long-John be a near-  
 perfect pirate-dog.

The seals have spotted the mutt and gathered for a closer look. Confused, the dog starts barking at them. Offended, the seals bark back.

JAKE  
 Avast, there, Matey. We're safe here  
 on the boat.

Jake tosses a couple of sardines to the deck.

JAKE (cont'd)

Hush, now.

Hampered by the eye patch, the dog thuds into a bulkhead, a barrel, the railing until he locates the sardines and downs the first. He licks his chops and sniffs to find the second -- bumping it into the water. With a yelp, he scurries after it. SPLASH!

JAPANESE TOURIST 2

(subtitled)

Man, uh, dog overboard!

Jake drops the sail and bounds to the rail.

JAPANESE TOURIST 3

(subtitled)

He's going to drown in all those clothes.

In a flash, Jake sheds some layers and jumps in. After some tense (unseen) moments, Long-John flies over the railing and thuds to the deck.

JAPANESE TOURIST 1

(subtitled)

Poor ... thing.

Jake follows, sailing over the rail, grabs a towel, and with surprising tenderness dries his First-Mate.

JAKE

Blimey, but ye gave me a scare, there, boy. Say, I have just the spot to warm you up.

EXT. THE WOODS - BROOK (MORNING)

Debbi is strolling through Eden. She breathes deep, listening to the hum of the hollow, as Eve must have, in the Garden.

A handsome young man appears. Their eyes lock. Not so long ago, these two thought they would be married.

THE YOUNG MAN (DAVID)

"The birds" You all right?

She nods.

DAVID

Graduate early?

DEBBI  
I just didn't like doing that  
anymore.

DAVID  
Why not?

He's the first to ask.

DEBBI  
I remember reading the comments my  
professor had scribbled across a  
paper I'd thought was pretty good,  
and I realized: their guidelines and  
principles and expectations were  
hemming me in. Like a prison.

DAVID  
So you came home, for some guidance  
and nurturing.

DEBBI  
It'll be good for them, too; their  
baby girl coming to them for that.  
But, the strange thing is -- and I  
didn't expect this, not at *all*, but  
... I see them differently now,  
everyone, all playing their parts in  
a larger design. It's kind of  
freaking me out.

He chuckles a bit, not following.

DEBBI (cont'd)  
You don't believe me. But I felt it,  
David, when we slipped through  
Beavertail Pass.

DAVID  
Felt what?

DEBBI  
(what are the words?)  
A ... shift in energy.

He tilts his head, puzzled. She slumps; she'll have to dig  
deeper.

DEBBI (cont'd)

It's like ... Big Harbor is an energy vortex, an intersection of Lay Lines, a focal-point in the web of energies generated by the earth itself that shapes you, me, everyone and everything, endlessly, until the galaxy itself stops pulsing with the energy of life.

She realizes her fervor and reigns herself in, embarrassed.

DAVID

Did you take their "Dowsing" class, too? "Numerology, 101"? Surely "How Hermeticism Fuels Tribal Chants."

DEBBI

(laughs)

I learned that places like this, all over the world, attract symbiotic energies. In the wildlife. The people.

DAVID

What are you saying? "'The Law of Attraction' is alive and well right here in Big Harbor"?

And she sees it all clearly now: how everyone and everything in this valley is connected and how she connects them all.

DEBBI

David, this is my Home Town --

DAVID

Mine, too.

DEBBI

-- and I love it --

DAVID

Me, too.

DEBBI

-- but people here are weird, and barely keeping at bay a swirling sea of ever-threatening despair --

DAVID

You make us sound so common-place.

DEBBI  
 -- as they search, some desperately,  
 for something undefinable but which  
 some call love and fulfillment.

DAVID  
 You wanna go out sometime, catch-up?

Her vision disperses.

DEBBI  
 Good to see you, Dave.

David watches her stroll away meditatively, until he's alone  
 by the brook amidst the suddenly cacophonous bird-call.

DAVID  
 (smiles)  
 I didn't hear a "no".

EXT. PIRATE BOAT'S CROW'S NEST (AFTERNOON)

Atop a sturdy perch below the flapping Jolly Roger sits a  
 dried and warming Mr. Long-John Pickles, Lord of the High  
 Seas, sniffing at the exotic alluring aromas of far-off  
 lands. MUSIC - *"Ride of the Valkyries."*

INT. THE B&B - BOB & NANCY'S PRIVATE DEN (NIGHT)

The family is gathered for an early-evening champagne toast.

NANCY  
 (raises her glass)  
 To our family, all together again.

DEBBI  
 Where's Uncle Jake?

NANCY  
 One can only guess.

DOUG  
 Li'l Deb. College too tough, eh?

DEBBI  
 Shut-up, Tarzan.

DOUG  
 Try making a living, you --

BOB / LINDA  
 Kids. / Doug, enough.

LINDA  
 (hugs Debbi)  
 It's good to have you back.

DEBBI  
 I wish I knew then what I know now,  
 but --

LINDA  
 I know. It's the same with me.

NANCY / BOB  
 And me.

NANCY  
 It's all settled: Debbi will get  
 reacquainted with the routine by  
 helping Maria tonight --

DEBBI  
 Anything to help.

NANCY  
 -- which works out perfectly: we can  
 all go out, as planned.

LINDA  
 (raises glass)  
 To the best parents in the Land.

THE KIDS  
 Here-here!

They drink.

DOUG  
 Uh, since tonight marks the 10th  
 anniversary of your opening this  
 place, I, uh, braved the dark and  
 stormy byways of Memory Lane and ...

He hands his mother a framed picture of them all standing  
 before their B&B's front door on it's opening day.

BOB / NANCY  
 Oh, son. / This is wonderful.

DEBBI  
 Look! Pop had hair back then!

NANCY  
 (snuggling)  
 You still have enough.

LINDA  
Happy Anniversary!

DOUG  
Ten Years. Doesn't seem like it.

DEBBI  
What time do you expect to be back?

BOB  
That ... is a surprise.

DEBBI / NANCY  
Awwwww. / Bob?

BOB  
Our phones will be OFF.

The meeting over, they break up. Linda approaches her mother.

LINDA  
Maria and Debbi? Are you sure?

NANCY  
Sometimes, the best we can do is to  
see others as the best they can be.

LINDA  
Even when they're not?

NANCY  
(kiss)  
Especially then, dear.

SUPERIMPOSE AGAINST BLACK: ONE DARK AND STORMY NIGHT

LIGHTNING and THUNDERCLAP.

INT. LAURA'S JAPANESE STEAK HOUSE (NIGHT)

The Techies are seated around one *teppan* (grill top), the Japanese Tourists are seated around another, and Doug's morning passengers around another. The full room is joyful and loud, a nice, happy place.

JAPANESE TOURIST  
(it's hilarious)  
They actually thought our picture of  
Captain Jake walking the plank was  
real!



JAPANESE TOURISTS  
 (loud, in unison)  
 ARRGH!

At the Techies' *teppan*, everyone is tipsy and flirting.

HEATHER  
 To a productive night!

ALL THE TECHIES  
 Here-here!

The men and women exchange kisses.

LEAD MALE TECHIE  
 Switch!

The women Techies stand and move two chairs to their right, as the Goat-Yoga Lady (Laura Lee, owner and manager, now dressed in an elegant evening gown) appears and greets the rambunctious Japanese Tourists.

LAURA  
 Well, you all seem to be having a good time.

ALL JAPANESE TOURISTS  
 ARRGH!

Heather catches Laura's eye, flirting. Andre (the chef for both this place and the B&B) steps up, imperial and intimidating.

LAURA  
 This is Andre, our chef.

ANDRE  
 Tell me, friends, what did you think of your meal?

THE TABLE  
 ARRGH!

ANDRE  
 Oooo. Tell me again, with feeling.

Laura sidles over to the Techies' table.

LAURA  
 Good evening.

HEATHER  
 This cozy little town is filled with such lovely people.

JAPANESE TOURISTS  
(eavesdropping)

ARRGH!

HEATHER

We're having a party later, at the  
Wilson's Bed & Breakfast. Would you  
be free to join us?

LAURA

Maybe. Later. What room?

Each of the men call out a different room number. The  
Japanese Tourists find this, too, hilarious.

HEATHER

(holds up two fingers)

I suggest you start in Room #2.

EXT. REAR DECK OF THE *FELIZ NAVIDAD* - MAYOR'S BOAT (NIGHT)

Seated at a white-clothed table adorned with delicacies, Bob  
fills two champagne flutes.

NANCY

Aren't you Mr. Incredible. The  
mayor's boat?

BOB

He offered. He said we give Big  
Harbor "just the right touch of  
wholesome."

NANCY

Awwwww.

BOB

(raises his glass)

To us.

They drink, and their love seems to fill the harbor.

NANCY

Before completely retiring, we have  
to arrange for some grandchildren.

BOB

Don't see that happening any time  
soon. They each still have some  
growing up to do.

NANCY

When we were Debbi's age, we were married and raising Doug.

BOB

The BC Era. (Before Computers.)

Bob's phone PINGs distinctively, announcing another picture has been posted to the Wilson's Family Fun Page.

NANCY

You said you'd turn that off.

Deliberately NOT looking at the posted picture, Bob turns his phone off.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR PUB (NIGHT)

On a pier, it's back room open to the harbor, it's a popular place but not yet packed. Doug, seated at a booth, notes a STRIKINGLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN approach. He stands.

She steps to him sensually, encircles his waist with one arm, pulls him into her, and gives him a long, savory kiss.

SUSAN

Awwwww. You missed me.

DOUG

Susan. How are you?

SUSAN

Great, now. You are as handsome as you were in college.

DOUG

You're prettier. How's life been treating you?

Susan, an eleven on anyone's scale, swats the subject aside as she slides in and settles.

SUSAN

Oh, well, that is a rather long, sad tale of misfortune and woe.

DOUG

Oooo, so dramatic. Tell me.

INT. THE B&B - THE GUEST ROOMS (NIGHT)

Portable speakers fill each room with a different type of MUSIC: romantic, jazz, disco(!?), salsa, etc.

In the Jazz Room, Heather (wearing fairy wings) and the Lead Tech Man (wearing a crown) are intertwined on one of the beds; several other inebriated couples (and triples -- most in fetish-based coz-play costumes) chat, kiss, or make-out. Everyone is in various states of undress and feeling fine.

Debbi and Maria burst in, uncomfortable and overwhelmed.

DEBBI

Hey, guys. Gals.

Maria translates Debbi's words into Spanish, over-enunciating.

DEBBI (cont'd)

You, uh, you're going to have to lower the music. This is --  
(to Maria)

These folks don't speak Spanish.

MARIA

But, they're from "San Farisco," no?

DEBBI

Si, I mean, yes, but ... Trust me on this.

(back to the guests)

This is a quiet town at night, and my parents, establishment squares that they are, would freak if they knew what was --

The Lead Tech Man rises enough for us to see he's dressed like King Arthur.

LEAD TECH MAN

(loud)

Hear-ye, hear-ye, hear-ye, people: turn down your music.

The MUSIC gets softer.

DEBBI

Thank you.

TECH MAN (JIM)

(dressed as a unicorn)

Join us?

DEBBI  
No, no, that wouldn't be right. I  
have to --

DEBBI / MARIA  
-- man the front desk. / Watch over  
things.

UNICORN JIM  
Relax, there's no one else here. Have  
a drink.

DEBBI  
(to Maria)  
See what's going on in the next room.

Maria nods, moves out.

DEBBI (cont'd)  
Well, maybe just one.

Debbi knocks back a double then pounces -- kissing unicorn-  
Jim, hard. He reciprocates, and, in an enthusiastic clinch,  
they tip back into an open sofa.

DEBBI (cont'd)  
You sure know how to party. And you  
all work together?

UNICORN JIM  
This is how we spend our weekends. We  
put in so many hours, we don't have  
time to date.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR CAFE (NIGHT)

Linda walks in optimistic, then spots TOM, a lawyer she used  
to date.

LINDA  
Oh, no. You're my "Secret Admirer"?

He flips the two tiny bells pinned to his lapel.

LINDA (cont'd)  
I'm still mad at you.

TOM  
I know. I was terrible. I can do  
better.

LINDA  
Give me a reason it won't happen  
again.

TOM  
I'm not married anymore!

LINDA  
You're going to have to do better  
than that.

TOM  
Just let me get us some coffee and  
I'll explain everything.

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

LINDA  
(wary)  
All right.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR PUB - LATER (NIGHT)

Doug is starting to remember this luscious siren comes at a  
price.

SUSAN  
I was in France when I met The  
Painter. Oh, Doug, you should have  
seen -- his landscapes made me weep.  
His portraits made me love the  
person. He was dazzling.

Doug's left eye starts to twitch.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
Of course he didn't have much money,  
so we wound up eating at one of those  
cafes, and not one of the nice ones.  
But his aura made up for his lack of  
money.

To an accompanying WHOOSH, the CAMERA QUICKLY SPINS around  
them, twice, transporting us to later ...

SUSAN (cont'd)  
It was the hottest sex I ever had --  
even hotter than our weekend in  
Canada.

DOUG  
As good as that?

SUSAN  
But here the story takes an even stranger turn. Two days later, he took me on a picnic to the south of France.

Doug touches his brow over his twitching eye, as if it pains him. He empties his wineglass, then re-fills it.

DOUG  
On a scooter?

SUSAN  
How did you guess?

Again, with a WHOOSH, the CAMERA QUICKLY SPINS around.

EXT. DOCKS (NIGHT)

Jake is strolling back to the Buccaneer, Long-John scuttling along beside him.

JAKE  
(sings)  
*"A pirate's life for me."*  
(to the dog)  
Tomorrow, a fella from LA booked a solo, so we start the morn 500 simoleans in the black!

The poster-posting teenager passes, turns.

TEENAGER  
Hey! That's Mr. Pickles.

JAKE  
Blow me down! This be Long-John Silver, First Mate of the Buccaneer: this honey of a vessel before ye. I be Captain Jake. State your business.

TEENAGER  
"Long-John Sil--"? That's "Mr. Pickles." Belongs to Mrs. O'Toole.  
(points at a poster)  
Haven't you noticed even one of these? I put up 200 today.

Jake's eyes narrow as he steps towards one of several nearby posters ...

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

Kajiruso and his ensemble arrive, each holding a bottle of beer and singing ...

JAPANESE TOURISTS

*Yo ho, yo ho, a pirate's life for me.*

TECH MAN

Hey, it's the guys from the  
steakhouse!

KAJIRUSO

(heavily-accented)

Aye, an' a fine meal 'twas. But now  
we're alookin' to pillage and plunder.

TECH MAN

Well, some of our gals might think  
you're cute.

The Japanese Tourists, ever ready with their camera-phones,  
are already snapping away.

INSERT: Accompanied by distinctive PINGs, a quick series of  
images appear on the Wilson's Family Fun Page of people  
making out at the B&B: Maria and Debbi with costumed Tech  
Guys, the costumed Tech Gals teasing the fun-loving Japanese  
Tourists, Laura entwined with Heather-Fairy. Some BDSM toys  
and costumes are featured, too.

EXT. DECK OF THE *FELIZ NAVIDAD* - LATER (NIGHT)

The crickets chirp, the full moon shines, and the food is  
delicious.

BOB

(clears throat)

You're so good at orchestrating  
excited anticipation (I love that  
about you) it's never seemed the  
Right Time. Now's not it either, but,  
beyond one's wedding day, an  
anniversary is a time for connecting.  
Past present future.

NANCY

Who was that Outsider who came by  
this morning?

BOB

His name is Don Diego DeLa Vega.



NANCY  
Wait. Isn't that Zorro's --?

BOB  
He's the one pressuring the bank.

NANCY  
'Pressuring the bank'?

BOB  
Threatened me, today.

NANCY  
Wait? What? What's going on?

BOB  
He wants to turn our place into a  
*casa de mala reputacion.*

NANCY  
WHAT?!

BOB  
Says it's the one thing Big Harbor  
doesn't have.

NANCY  
Because we don't need or want it.

BOB  
I told him that. He suggested we  
share the space: B&B during the week  
and brothel on the weekends.

NANCY  
And you didn't think I ought to know?

BOB  
I didn't want you to worry. He seemed  
dismissible, and, although he's  
offering what amounts to a full  
retirement fund twice-over, it's not  
going to happen.

NANCY  
Any more unpleasant news?

BOB  
Actually ... the bank says we have to  
make-up our missed payments or  
they'll call our loan. The Techies  
could be our final guests, and I  
could be the Wilson that lost the  
last of Granddaddy Wilson's legacy.

NANCY

Oh, my, God, Bob. What, what, what  
... what's going to happen? To our  
kids?

(sheds angry tears)

Where's my 'Happy Anniversary'?

INT. THE B&B - GUEST ROOMS (NIGHT)

The Japanese Tourists are enjoying the party, snapping pictures, drinking, chattering away in UN-subtitled Japanese.

INSERT: A quick series featuring Maria making out with a Tech Guy (MARK, in a devil's outfit) and Debbi kissing Unicorn-Jim.

JIM

You're very sweet.

DEBBI

Awwwww. 'Bet you say that to all the girls.

JIM

Only the sweet ones.

Debbi straightens.

DEBBI

So, tell me: who are you really, and who were you before, and what did you do and what did you think, huh?

JIM

I grew-up in Boston, graduated from Harvard, Applied Computer Science. I live in San Francisco, a block from Golden Gate Park, and pay my truly exorbitant expenses by writing algorithms for online computer games.

DEBBI

So, computer nerds aren't all nerds.

JIM

How about you?

DEBBI

I left college. Live here, with my family, now. I'm ... still finding myself.

JIM  
Have you ever been to San Francisco?

DEBBI  
The Wonderful City of Oz? No.

JIM  
What are you doing next weekend?

DEBBI  
Nothing I can't get out of.

JIM  
How about you come down on me -- I mean, I'll buy you a ticket.

She slithers back in, starts kissing him again.

DEBBI  
I will tell you ... in the morning.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR CAFE - LATER (NIGHT)

Again Linda's phone PINGS distinctively, and, as the "'picture's-been-posted' PINGS" come faster and faster, her eyes get wider and wider.

LINDA  
Oh, oh, my God. Maria?  
(looks closer)  
Debbi?!  
(gathers things)  
I have to go.

TOM  
What's up?

LINDA  
Trouble on the Home Front.

TOM  
Can I help?

LINDA  
You'd make it worse.

He grabs after her, desperate.

TOM  
Tell me what I have to do to get you back.

Linda is hurrying, but turns.

LINDA  
Spend the next six months getting  
your divorce. Date at least five  
other women, then give me a call, and  
... we'll see.

TOM  
Is that your final word?

On her way out, she pats his shoulder.

LINDA  
I'm going to keep looking, too.

INT. LINDA'S CAR (NIGHT)

Driving frantically through the rain, she dials.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Bill's phone RINGS.

INTERCUT their conversation.

LINDA  
Check our website.

He wakes. Flicks on his computer.

VISUAL of his screen as the images fly by, "PING, PING, PING!"

BILL  
On my way.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR PUB - LATER (NIGHT)

Doug is finding it hard to remain polite. The pain in his  
eye is like a hot needle.

SUSAN  
We were looking out across the water,  
our feet in the sand, he said to me,  
"I have a surprise for you."

DOUG  
More fantabulous sex?

SUSAN

He led me to a castle. We went way up these circular stone stairs, into a tower -- oh, the view was spectacular. Then, you'll never guess what happened.

DOUG

A dragon appears.

SUSAN

No, he locked me in and left! I thought it was another one of his sexual games --

He rubs his eye, drains Susan's glass.

SUSAN (cont'd)

-- but, no. He just left.

DOUG

And ... what? You never saw him again? What?

SUSAN

Well, to make a long story short, I was rescued by some CIA types -- but French, whatever they're called. They took me to a room somewhere, very sterile and cold, where they interrogated me for 76 hours straight. Kept me going with some kind of truth-serum upper.

Despite himself, Doug is fascinated, but ready to call it an evening when his phone buzzes. It's Linda. He lifts a finger and answers.

INTERCUT their conversation.

DOUG

(quietly into phone)  
You win.

LINDA

(frantic)  
Never mind that. Have you seen any of this? At all?

VISUAL of Doug's screen as a series of pictures flash by in a kind of slideshow that shares the Techies' uninhibited partying in a way that is enticing, salacious, and mesmerizing.

DOUG  
 (whispers, awed)  
 Da-yam, that'd be a good commercial.

LINDA  
 Do you have any IDEA what this will  
 do to Mom and Dad? It'll kill them,  
 that's what it will do. KILL THEM!  
 (crying, lost)  
 Oh, Dougie, I don't know what to do!  
 Meet me there!

Linda swerves through an intersection, drops the phone.

DOUG  
 I thought you were there --

The line disconnects.

SUSAN  
 So, I checked "starving artist" off  
 my Bucket List.

DOUG  
 (gathers things)  
 Susan, that's a great story --

SUSAN  
 One of many.

DOUG  
 -- and I am soooo sorry, but I have  
 to go.

He steps away.

SUSAN  
 You don't want to go back to my hotel  
 room?

Doug stops, agonized. ("*Should I Stay or Should I Go?*") His  
*astral-body* turns back.

EXT. THE B&B (NIGHT)

Bill and Linda arrive at the same time.

LIGHTNING and THUNDERCLAP.

LINDA  
 What do you think?

BILL

That we can assume Bob and Nancy haven't checked the Family's Fun page.

LINDA

Not helpful! My parents could be back any minute.

BILL

Do you know computer-ese?

LINDA

Can I program them? No.

BILL

Okay, I'll be in the closet. You talk to those quick-with-the-cameras Japanese tourists.

INT. THE B&B - GUEST ROOMS (NIGHT)

The music is much louder now. Linda wades through the party searching. An explosion of flashing cell-phones and laughter catches her attention.

LINDA

Excuse me, would you please stop posting pictures to our web page.

But it's hard to hear, and these guys are having way too much fun. Everyone has to shout.

LINDA (cont'd)

Our parents have spent years branding this place, but it won't be Family Fun Day if they see your pictures!

Debbi appears in the doorway, beer in hand. She spots Linda, sobers, and backs out.

ONE JAPANESE TOURIST

We have sharing with Akime's TV station, our hometown.

INSERT a quick series representing Linda's thoughts: CLICK - An aerial map of Japan. CLICK - The city of Kagoshima. CLICK - a coastline south of Kyushu. CLICK - The fishing village of Akime.

LINDA  
 But, but, no, see, around here,  
 that's a BAD thing. Your pictures --  
 they'll devastate our parents!

The party rages on as the rather confused Japanese guys huddle to confer.

INT. THE B&B - ELECTRICS' OFFICE/CLOSET (NIGHT)

Doug bursts into what was originally a walk-in closet, its walls now covered with wires that feed in-and-out of various monitors. He positions himself behind a frustrated Bill, focused on the main monitor.

BILL  
 I've blocked any new postings, and  
 I'm getting the pictures down, but  
 ... each phone routed its images  
 through a proprietary interface; some  
 weird new security measure I've never  
 seen before. If you can't code, then  
 Linda could probably use some help.

DOUG  
 (acutely attentive)  
 Those are their names and phone  
 numbers?

BILL  
 Yeah.

DOUG  
 And ... websites?

INT. THE B&B - GUEST ROOM & HALLWAY (NIGHT)

All six Japanese Tourists are deliberating. Maria passes the doorway; she and Linda lock eyes. Maria stops, blushes.

LINDA  
 Been having fun? Your make-out  
 sessions made it to the Family's Fun  
 page.

MARIA  
 (crosses herself)  
*¡Oh, Dios mio!*

LINDA  
 Best you head home.



MARIA  
*Gracias, Miss Linda.*

Doug steps in past Maria (as Maria is pulled aside by her guy, Mark-the-devil).

DOUG  
 Which one of you is --  
                   (reads his phone)  
 -- Ka-jeer-ru-soh?

The leader straightens.

DOUG (cont'd)  
 You have a beautiful home, sir. And  
 your parties look to be even wilder  
 than this.

KAJIRUSO  
 Parties?

Doug offers his phone.

DOUG  
 Do your neighbors ever complain about  
 the noise? Ours do.

With rising urgency, Kajiruso flips through pictures; the others gather round.

Grunts and expostulations erupt, then an emphatic NON-translated Japanese discussion.

VISUAL of Doug's phone: each fellow's home is featured; superimposed before it is the owner's portrait and a cheerful sign: "Party at Takahashi's! Bring your own Gal!" and "Party at Nakamura's! Bring your own Booze," and "Party at Yoshida's! Everything's On the House!" He returns the phone to Doug, turns to his fellows ...

KAJIRUSO  
 (subtitled)  
 You just can't help some people.

The Tourists grunt in sad agreement.

KAJIRUSO (cont'd)  
 (to Doug & Linda)  
 We meant no offense. We --

DOUG  
 None taken, but --

LINDA AND DOUG  
Please, no more pictures.

KAJIRUSO  
I, we apologize for interference.

DOUG  
(claps hands)  
Okay, then. Hey, maybe next time  
you'll stay here, at the B&B.

JAPANESE TOURIST  
We already made reservation  
September. With our wives!

ALL JAPANESE TOURISTS  
ARRGH!

Linda follows Doug out of the room.

LINDA  
Impressive.

DOUG  
Thanks.

EXT. DECK OF THE *FELIZ NAVIDAD* (NIGHT)

A few moments later.

NANCY  
You said you'd take care of me!

Bob reaches across the table and gently touches his sobbing  
wife's arm. She lets him.

BOB  
Dearest. Best friend. Partner, lover,  
mate. What seemed an insignificant  
variable has invaded our lives, and  
... I just ... have a feeling.

The glimmer behind Bob's calm confidence is reassuring, but,  
still ...

NANCY  
I'm scared.

His hand begins soothing hers.

BOB  
I love you. And the adventure you  
are.

She adds her hand to his.

NANCY  
I love you, Robert Ballymoney Wilson,  
always. But there'll be no dessert  
tonight.

BOB  
My fault.

BOB AND NANCY  
As ever.

BOB  
I'm sorry. I'll share more.

In the blink of an eye, Bob becomes a leering, mischievous,  
heavily-accented *rogue*.

BOB (cont'd)  
*Mon cheri*, it has been a grand day,  
all told, but now is time to retire.

He gestures her up and escorts her in.

BOB (cont'd)  
In the mayor's rolling cabin. Inside.  
Together. Side-by-side ...

INT. THE B&B - ELECTRICS' OFFICE/CLOSET (NIGHT)

A distressed Bill is explaining to Debbi ...

BILL  
That's the problem. They've already  
been copied and posted ... all over.

VISUAL of the screen: the Tourists' salacious pictures pop-  
up on rental sites, blogs, photo-galleries, even porno  
sites, each zooming at us quicker and quicker.

DEBBI  
And you know how to deal with this.

BILL  
Not really, no.

DEBBI  
Skooch over.

Debbi sits, and, as she punches buttons, opens layers of screens, penetrates to a mysterious level of MATRIX-like coding, she talks casually ...

DEBBI (cont'd)

One quarter I had the oldest, fattest, slowest greybeard you can imagine for theoretical algorithms: Professor Higgins. His catchphrase, which he bellowed every lecture, was, "Look for the opposite!"

Doug and Linda enter.

DEBBI (cont'd)

I mean, what if this was a good thing? I know tradition and nostalgia mean a lot to mom and dad, but this place is almost 150 years old. "The Wilson Family Inn" could be updated a bit, dontcha think?

BILL

(points at screen)

Hey, you can't ... oh, I guess you can.

DEBBI

A tad more elegant? A smidge more cosmopolitan? Once-a-month corporate weekends?

(indicates upstairs)

Holiday swinger parties? Amenities supplied.

(she finishes up)

Okay. Whenever a copy gets posted on any website anywhere, it'll delete itself. Poof.

The others stare at "Li'l Deb" with new eyes.

DEBBI (cont'd)

What? Dean's List every quarter. I just didn't wanna do that anymore.

DOUG

(clears throat)

Good job.

As the group ambles out, Linda seems to "notice" Bill for the first time.

LINDA

Why haven't you ever asked me out?

BILL  
Fear of heights.

LINDA  
Acrophobic, huh?

BILL  
No. 'Fraid of the fall.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (NIGHT)

It's late. LIGHTNING and THUNDER as Jake steps into the doorway, carrying a handled canvass duffel. The room's only occupant is a frail old lady. Jake, his hat in his hand and immensely sad, raps gently on the door's frame.

JAKE  
Mrs. O'Toole?

The groggy lady mumbles out a response.

JAKE (cont'd)  
Captain Jake, here. I'm told I have something that belongs to you.

Steeling himself, he opens the bag and extracts the dog, free of his pirate-garb.

MRS. O'TOOLE  
Mr. Pickles!

Jake sets the wriggling-with-happiness pooch on the bed and the reunion ignites.

MRS. O'TOOLE (cont'd)  
Oh, I thought I'd never see you again. Where did you find him? How?

JAKE  
He found me down at the dock. I've been looking after him.

MRS. O'TOOLE  
Thank you, thank you, oh, thank you.

As the pair rejoices, Jake starts out. Mrs. O'Toole's tears of joy turn to sobs.

MRS. O'TOOLE (cont'd)  
But, you know, Mr. Pickles, I just don't know how I'm going to take care of you now that I'm laid-up.

Jake stops. Turns.

JAKE

I might be able to help with that.

MRS. O'TOOLE

I will NOT have him euthanized!

JAKE

It would be my honor to watch over him during the day, walking, feeding, entertaining, and bring him back to you at night.

MRS. O'TOOLE

Oh, Captain Angel!

JAKE

Mr. Pickles here already finagled a spot for himself on my pirate boat, where he's known as Long-John Silver.

MRS. O'TOOLE

He's afraid of the water, you know.

JAKE

I'll keep him safe.

MRS. O'TOOLE

Praise be, another prayer answered.

(cuddles dog)

While Momma's been bandaged and strapped to this bed, you had an adventure and found a friend. I'm so proud of you!

(back to Jake)

Say, maybe you could dress him up as a pirate?

JAKE

Now that's an idea.

MRS. O'TOOLE

Maybe even give him a hat and an eye patch? You'd like that, wouldn't you, Mr. Long-John Pickles.

LONG-JOHN PICKLES

(grins)

BAARRGH!

INT. MAYOR'S BOAT - BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Bob and Nancy are asleep. Nancy's phone BUZZES. Her groggy hand fumbles for it.

NANCY  
(still asleep)  
Jake. What's happening?

JAKE  
Sis, thought you'd appreciate a wake-you-up-in-the-middle-of-the-night phone call like this: the Family's website lit up last night. Never seen anything like it.

NANCY  
Great.

JAKE  
Seems Bob's techies and my new Japanese friends have something of a magic touch. Your little B&B is booked solid for the next three months.

NANCY  
It's "who you know."

JAKE  
And, of all people, Li'l Deb, your wild child, has an idea that'll keep your place busy for the next ten years. If that's what you want.

NANCY  
'Night, Jake.

Nancy disconnects, drops the phone, snuggles into Bob.

NANCY (cont'd)  
You and your "feeling" were right. Again. We're booked through summer.

BOB  
(head rises)  
Let's leave the kids in charge more often.

They turn to each other and ... finally make love.

EXT. THE B&B'S FRONT PORCH (EARLY MORNING)

Debbi, seated upon the porch sofa and sipping from a warm coffee mug, surveys the awakening harbor.

OLD WOMAN (VO)

So, that's pretty much where it started.

FADE OUT. CREDITS