

Fade In.

1

EXT. HOLLYWOOD/BUILDING - MORNING

1

MICHAEL, (33), short blonde hair, blue eyes, smart casual attire, exits through a glass door and struts, arms swinging, down a busy sidewalk.

He stabs a fob at a Sports Utility Vehicle, clambers into the drivers seat, glances into the rear view mirror and then --

Michael slams his palm down against the dashboard, and,

MICHAEL (ENGLISH ACCENT)
Fuuuucuuck!1

A RINGTONE sounds, he adjusts his ear piece, clicks the dashboard, answering through the car speaker.

MICHAEL (INTO CAR PHONE MIC') (CONT'D)
He's a fucking idiot, doesn't know his ass from his elbow... They're backing out, we need more time bullshit... I'm telling you Alan is an imbecile, waste of frigging space. Hang on a second, I've got a call on the other line,
(He clicks his phone over),
Hello... (His domina totally changes)... Hey Alan.. It went well, can't thank you enough. Balls in their court now so fingers crossed... Okay, okay, speak Monday and thanks again, (He clicks back).
Hey, so I'm going to do lunch at my pad so change my two o'clock to three... Just do it Chelsea, yeah.
It's a client who gives a shit. See you later on.

He shuts off the phone.

2

INT. JAKE'S SAIL BOAT - MORNING/SAME

2

CLOSE UP. -- JAKE, (23), blonde short cropped head and facial hair, bright blue eyes, thousand yard stare, blinks into action --

JAKE (THEATRICAL, INTO CAM')
I'm not going to do that, you know
I can't do that. This is real life
not some game.
(MORE)

JAKE (THEATRICAL, INTO CAM') (CONT'D)
 You keep doing what you're doing,
 it's gonna end bad and I don't want
 any part of it.. I love you but..
 No. I'm sorry.
 (beat)
 The.. The last... Shit. Shit.

We pull out to reveal more of Jake; board shorts and T-shirt, thin muscular build, script in hand, standing in front of a camera atop a small tripod.

He cuts the camera, reaches down for a cigarette burning in an ashtray, brings it to his lips, draws in and blows a smoke ring skyward.

Jake angrily whips the script up to his eye line and reads it over...

He drops the script down onto the table, walks up three wooden steps and out onto the back of the boat --

CUT TO:

3 EXT. JAKE'S SAIL BOAT - MORNING/CONTINUOUS 3

JAKE stretches his arms out wide and looks at the beauty encasing him --

A stand up paddle cuts through golden sunlight skipping off the still glassy waters of the bay.

Motor and Sail boats head out through the central channel of a picture perfect Marina.

Jake takes another drag on his cigarette... He waves to someone on an adjacent dock finger before heading back down into his boat.

4 INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - MORNING/LATER 4

Shiny white Luis Vuitton trainers rest at the doorway upon a hard wood floor.

MICHAEL sits crossed legged in a large leather recliner opposite DR. FOSTER, (60s), astute; glasses, dark short cropped hair and beard.

He bites into an apple and chews, looks Michael over for a moment, then -

DR. FOSTER
 So how's work?

Michael shuffles in his chair, straightens his arms out wide.

MICHAEL

Going well, yeah, can't complain.
Keeping my head down, putting the
hours in, paying it forward...

He forces a grin.

DR. FOSTER

And what about your family back
home?

MICHAEL

Spoke to my mom a couple weeks back
briefly, everyone's good, same ole,
same. My bro's threatening a visit
at some point but he's been doing
that for years.

Dr. Foster carefully considers the next question...

DR. FOSTER

How about Jenny, Michael?

Michael stares out of the window, scratches the back of his
head.

DR. FOSTER (CONT'D)

Have you visited her lately?
Talked?

MICHAEL

Look, I'm trying on that front Doc.
I really am, yeah.. Feeling good
though, life moves on... What about
you, how's the golf game, I haven't
hit the links in forever. I'm a bit
worried the handicap's going to
slip you know.

Dr. Foster smiles, he knows Michael's deliberately moving the
conversation elsewhere but obliges anyway.

DR. FOSTER

I got nine in yesterday actually.
Might get into single digits this
year, you never know.

Dr. Foster stands up from his chair and turns his back for a
moment. Michael sneaks a look up at a clock on the wall.

5 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY/LATER

5

Loud MOANS and GROANS greet us and continue to sound out as we move around the apartment --

CALL GIRL (O.C.)
Oh yeah, yeah baby.

#. Dining Room:

Empty bottles of beer sit on a side table beside mens sports and health and lifestyle magazines.

Empty picture frames line the inside of a glass cabinet next to a dining table that still has a protective plastic cover on.

CALL GIRL (O.C.) (CONT'D)
So good Michael.

#. Kitchen:

Dirty dishes are stacked up in the sink and upon a granite surface top above a dishwasher.

#. Bedroom:

A large four post unmade bed is surrounded by unpacked cardboard boxes filled with books and other belongings.

Rows of suits and shirts are hung in the wardrobe with other clothes and shoes strewn about the floor.

CALL GIRL (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Oh god. Yeah, yeah.

#. Bathroom:

Three yellow prescription bottles line the shelf of a cracked open sink cabinet.

Posted notes of encouragement and life goals are stuck to the front of the cabinet mirror.

#. Living Room:

A CALL GIRL, (20s), long brown hair, face made up like a Christmas tree, straddles Michael on a grey L- shape sofa.

She clasps his head with both hands.

CALL GIRL (CONT'D)
Oh, so good... So fucking good.

The girl momentarily glances at her wrist watch, then,

CALL GIRL (CONT'D)
Right there, ummm, yeaahhh...

6

EXT. DOCK/BENCH - DAY/SAME

6

JAKE, paper bag in his right hand, walks along a side path and up to --

DAVEY JONES, (55), thin, somewhat dishevelled and unkept, sporting a smoking jacket, sits, newspaper and pen to hand.

Jake takes a Burrito out of the bag tosses it to him.

DAVEY
Hear anything back yet?

JAKE
Nothing yet.

He continues on, crosses the road and opens the slip gate.

Jake walks down a ramp and along his dock finger...

JAKE (CONT'D)
Yo King! Coming in hot!

He takes another Burrito out of the bag, looks over at --

CAPTAIN KING, (42), larger than life, red dishevelled hair and beard, stands on a 34ft. Carver Motor Boat sanding down the wooden panelling.

Jake under-slings the Burrito and King catches.

CAPTAIN KING
Jakey baby! Thanks kiddo.

A big smile spreads across his face.

CAPTAIN KING (CONT'D)
Don't know what I'd do without
you.. Lobster dive tomorrow night.
Gotta fill the tanks. Need you bud.

Commotion sounds from behind a Sail boat two slips down as --

CHRISTIAN; (20s), blonde, blue eyed, corn fed All American mid west boy, appears, arm wrapped around the neck of --

JOEY, (20s), long brown dishevelled hair and beard, Cali beach bum, doubled over, the life being squeezed out of him, albeit playfully.

JOEY

Not the hair, not the hair.

CHRISTIAN

Say it shit dick... What up Jakey.

JOEY (MUFFLED)

Hey Jake. Get this kook off of me.

7

INT. JAKE'S SAIL BOAT - DAY/CONTINUOUS

7

A hand removes panels one by one at the entrance way.

JAKE walks down three steps and collapses in a heap onto a side sofa.

Head shots line a shelf beside books, newspaper clippings, letters, CD's, tapes and other trinkets.

A note pad lies open on a centre table beside an ashtray, a laptop and external hard.

Open scripts are scattered all over the place, marked with notes and highlight pen.

A tiny bathroom splits the cabins, suitcases and boxes neatly stacked inside, socks in sports shoes sitting atop the pile.

Pictures, drawings, family photos and sporting memorabilia line an adjacent shelf above a record player.

Jake gets to his feet as if being summoned to do so, takes a script in hand and checks the time on his phone

He adjusts a picture, blows a little dust off a clock and opens a curtain to let more light through the window...

Jake takes an album off the top of the record player, lifts up the plastic housing.

The record rolls as he carefully drops the needle down upon a forty five --

A folk music ballad from the 60s kicks on --

Jake sits back down, spreads pages of the script out onto the table as if it were a map to be explored.

He pulls a match box from the shelf beside him, strikes, lights up and sucks in the toxins.

Jake, smoke bellowing from his mouth, begins looking over the literature at hand.

8 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY/SAME 8

MICHAEL stands counting dollar notes out...

He drops a bundle of cash onto the table next to a hand bag and walks toward a hallway where we hear the noise of running shower water.

MICHAEL

Silvi, I gotta take off, money's on the table... Thanks, see ya babe.

Michael walks back to the kitchen table, looks down at the hand bag, wrestles with his conscience for a moment.

He opens it up, rummages around and happens upon a prescription pill bottle -- reads the label...

Michael opens the bottle, pours a pill into his hand and places the bottle back in the bag.

He shovels the pill into his mouth, grabs a bottle of water and heads on out.

9 EXT. MULHOLLAND DR. VIEW POINT/CAR - DAY/LATER 9

MICHAEL'S car is parked up at the edge of the San Fernando Valley View Point high above the smog.

CUT TO:

10 INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY/CONTINUOUS 10

CLOSE UP: Fingers tap against the steering wheel.

MICHAEL sits, laptop on lap, papers strung about the passenger seat, phone attached to dashboard, car speaker on.

LADY 1. (THROUGH SPEAKER)

... Well everyone's delighted with the decision at our end Michael.

Michael, a smile engulfing his face, listens intently as he slurps on some coffee.

LADY 1. (CONT'D)

It was unanimous, Execs included.
Laurie said he reminds her of a
young Leo. I mean she practically
launched his career --

He shakes a fist in joy.

MICHAEL (UNDER BREATH)

Get in there.

Michael pats his chest with his right fist, nods his head,
very pleased with himself.

LADY 1.

So obviously Jake is the more
lucrative offering but given the
situation I think I could talk them
into Ross also.

He takes a pen and scribbles numbers on a piece of paper.

MICHAEL

So what do you think they'd do for
Ross?

LADY 1.

Somewhere in the region of seven
fifty, I can check with Ari.

MICHAEL

No no, don't do that, Jake's the
guy. Just had to ask.

LADY 1.

Well we need to act quickly, get
pen to paper and everything locked
in. I can't believe the new
Director whomever that may be won't
want a say if they still have the
option so let's move fast... Ten am
at the studio tomorrow, Laurie
always likes to give a little tour
once paper work is done, crazy
bitch.

MICHAEL

That's fine by me. We will see you
then and there.

LADY 1.

And Michael, have him bring his
happy face please.

MICHAEL

He'll be all smiles I promise, see
you, bye.. Bye.

Michael clicks his phone off and takes a moment to soak in
what's just happened...

He puffs out his cheeks, smiles then clicks his phone... A
ringtone sounds.

CHELSEA (THROUGH SPEAKER)

Hello RGB, Michael Thomas' office.

MICHAEL

He got it Chelse', he only went and
fucking booked it.

CHELSEA (THROUGH SPEAKER)

Who?

MICHAEL (JUBILANT)

Jake. The bloody lead... One point
two five and that's before the role
out and advertising and whatever
else I can get him doing.

CHELSEA (THROUGH SPEAKER)

Holy crap, that's amazing.

MICHEAL

Ari will e-mail you the specifics
but we're meeting tomorrow with
Laurie and a couple of the other
principles.

CHELSEA (THROUGH SPEAKER)

Okay, Johnny Roberts called and
asked if you'd heard back.

MICHAEL

Screw Johnny Roberts the talent-
less little shit. Chelsea, listen
to me you need to focus. Nothing
else matters right now. Get Jake on
the phone and give him the good
news. He'll like that it comes from
you. Have him confirm for tomorrow
and have a car service pick him up
at eight. Don't let him drive, we
can't be late. We'll meet at the
office and ride over together.. You
got all that?

CHELSEA

Got it.

MICHAEL

And tell him to dress
appropriately... I'm going to have
a steak lunch and a Cocktail or
frigging five. Chao.

He clicks a button on his phone, abruptly ends the
conversation.

Michael grips the wheel with both hands and shakes it in pure
exhilaration, starts humping it before calming down somewhat.

11 EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT/CAR - DAY/CONTINUOUS 11

JAKE sits in the drivers seat turning over his car engine --
nothing, batteries dead.

CAPTAIN KING, bandanna wrapped around his head, sporting
board shorts and a wife beater, leans out from behind the
hood.

CAPTAIN KING

Give it a moment.

Jake, bites on a finger nail, drops his head down onto the
steering wheel.

CLOSE UP: A cell phone shakes in the centre console.

Jake looks down at the phone, picks it up, clicks a button,
holds it out in front of him.

King finishes readjusting the clamps on the battery.

CAPTAIN KING (CONT'D)

Try now.

Jake turns the key and the engine starts up but he quickly
exits the vehicle, phone to ear, listening to a message.

King unhooks the clamps, drops the hood, looks over to Jake
who shuts off his phone, looks back at King.

JAKE

I booked it. I booked the film.

King , big smile lighting up his face, strides over and hugs
Jake, lifting him off the floor in joyous celebration.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CAPTAIN KING'S BOAT - DAY/MOMENTS LATER

12

JAKE clinks a can of beer with CAPTAIN KING as the two sit opposite one another on the central cabins side seats.

JAKE

I don't want to tell any of the boys just yet. Not until next week when it's all finalized. Cool?

CAPTAIN KING

Lose lips sink ships... Anyway's I'm not speaking to the Bum chums right now, they owe me gas money.

(beat)

One last weekend then, slumming it with us vagrants.

Captain King shakes his head at Jake slugging on his beer.

CAPTAIN KING (CONT'D)

Never did picture you doing Disney type stuff Jakey.

JAKE

Yeah, me neither.

He smiles but King's words have struck a chord.

King holds his beer up to Jake.

CAPTAIN KING

You're gonna be fighting them off ya, you lucky bastard.

Jake holds his beer up but continues to reflect on King's words...

13 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT/LATER

13

An inebriated MICHAEL sits in a leather recliner in his living room, television on, head piece in, beer in hand.

MICHAEL (INTO PHONE)

Chelsea said he seemed excited?... Nah, he didn't take my call either but that's normal.. I'll knock him into shape don't you worry. Got a car service swooping him so we should be okay.

Michael lifts up a little silver tray with three small neatly cut lines of Cocaine on.

He pulls off his head set, takes a note in hand and sucks up a line before putting his headset back on.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Go again...

(beat)

Well you're his bloody Manager, I can't do everything here Al. You gotta earn your eight percent... We have another meet and greet with the rest of casting which you should definitely be at. Probably on Monday. Gonna have to cut his hair. Shave it all off. You can give him that news. They want to start publicity next week too. Got a big roll out for the Euro's, we might even get over to France and Italy next year... Well, I never doubted you. All right, have a good one, speak tomorrow.

Michael rips out the ear piece, cracks open another beer, sits back and clicks a controller at the television.

He nods his head, licks a finger, scoops up a little coke, rubs it on his gums and has another chug of beer.

14 EXT. JAKE'S BOAT - NIGHT/SAME 14

JAKE, cigarette jutting from mouth, glass of wine on the table, sits on the back of his boat, guitar in hand, playing a little melody...

He puts the cigarette into an ashtray, looks to the skies and then at the serenity of the beautiful Marina encasing him...

He pours the remainder of the bottle of wine into a glass, takes a sip, sits back, begins to finger pick another tune.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS 15

Clouds pass over the Moon in the clear night sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

16 EXT. DOCK/BENCH - 8AM 16

DAVEY JONES watches as a LIMO DRIVER stands looking concerned at the edge of the dock slip, his car running beside him.

He checks his wrist watch.

17 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MORNING/LATER 17

MICHAEL barrels through a door way, throws a leather carry bag on a side sofa and shoots a finger at --

CHELSEA, (25), short brown hair, brown sparkling eyes, smart business attire, sitting at a side desk.

MICHAEL

You told me everything was taken care of, that he'd be here. Now I'm fucked, fucked!! I look like a god damn amateur.

Michael sits back in his chair, brings his feet up onto his desk, holds his I-phone out in front of him.

CHELSEA

I don't know what's going on with him Michael. I sent the message over as soon as I got it.

MICHAEL (READING FROM PHONE)

Hey, I'm sorry I didn't make the meeting. Hope the driver still got paid. I'm not quite sure what to do, I need some time to think things over, there's more than you know about. Please understand. Tell Michael to stop bugging me, I'll talk to him next week. Have a good weekend, it's going to be a hot one xo... I'll give him x fucking o...

Michael stands up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He's lost his mind. This is a god send, the ungrateful little shit. What's he thinking?

CHELSEA

And now he won't answer his phone. I think maybe he's got cold feet. It's understandable.

MICHAEL

Cold feet Chelse? Cold fucking feet? This is the opportunity of a lifetime -- Try him again, from the office line.

Chelsea shuffles awkwardly in her chair, picks up the phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Madness. This is complete madness.

He scratches his head with nervous energy.

Chelsea puts the phone down.

CHELSEA

Nothing, I think it's turned off... It's a lot to take in, he just needs a little time it sounds like.

MICHAEL

Get out, get out the room, I need a minute to think... Out, now!

Chelsea stands up and promptly exits.

He begins to pace before stopping and kicking a chair over.

Michael takes some deep breaths, tries to gather himself...

He takes a seat back down at his desk and dials a number on his phone...

MICHAEL (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hey, Laurie Schreiber's office please.. It's Michael Thomas, RGB... Cheers.

(beat)

Hi Matthew, it's Michael, yup...

(beat)

Laurie, hey... I know, I know and I'm sorry. I'm so sorry... I don't know but, I'm begging you, I need the weekend, just give me a couple more days. We both know he's our man... I don't know what's going on with him but I'm going to find out, I assure you... Look, I promise you Laurie he will be there come Monday morning. I know he wants this more than anything else in the world... Sure, I'm open to that but first just give me the weekend... please.. Please Laurie.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

(beat)

Thank you.. Thank you.

Michael hangs up the phone, takes some deep breaths in and looks to the heavens.

18 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MORNING/CONTINUOUS 18

Through the window blinds of the adjacent office we see Michael sit back down.

He pulls a laptop toward him, opens up the screen...

A hand reaches in and closes the blinds.

19 EXT. CAPTAIN KING'S BOAT - MORNING/SAME 19

A STICKER:

'NO BAD DAYS'

Is displayed on a window of the vessel.

CAPTAIN KING whistles away as he sprays down the side of his boat with a hose...

CUT TO:

20 EXT. DOCK - MORNING/CONTINUOUS 20

MICHAEL, leather shoulder bag, preppy shorts, polo shirt and sunglasses, stands at the edge of a dock finger peering over the fence.

SEAN, (30), athletic muscular build, light brown hair, piercing blue eyes, boxer shorts, slippers, silk robe, toothbrush in hand, heads out of the slip gate...

SEAN

You looking for the Ralph Lauren convention?

He laughs at his own joke, sizes Michael up as he strolls on by on his way to the bathroom.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'm Here all week people!

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DOCK/BENCH - MORNING/CONTINUOUS

21

JAKE appears at the side of DAVEY JONES', sitting holding a newspaper, a brown bag covering a drink beside him, glasses on the bridge of his nose.

Jake puts a coffee down next to Davey, hands him a croissant.

JAKE

Got you a Chocolate croissant.

DAVEY

Thanks Jake. You know who to invoice. (He Winks)...

Davey pats Jake on the back as he takes a seat.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

It's going to be quite the year..
Your life's about to take off like
a rocket ship.

Jake smiles and nods.

JAKE

So, what we got?

DAVEY

Tough one today.

He shakes out the newspaper, squints, then,

DAVEY (CONT'D)

This group of Islands is a Bankers'
paradise but they could still go
under. Eight across, second
letter's an 'A'.

Jake bites into his own croissant, mulls it over...

Suddenly he notices something in the distance --

MICHAEL, walking slowly from one slip gate to the next,
looking down at a piece of paper in hand.

JAKE

I've gotta take off.

He quickly gets to his feet, begins to walk away...

DAVEY

Right you are Jake, you do what you
gotta do now, I'll be in the wings.

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)
 (Under his breath) Watching the
 show.

... Jake turns back to Davey.

JAKE
 Maldives.

Davey looks down at the crossword - grins.

We see a white pearl faced Rolex watch creep out from under his shirt sleeve as he fills in the blanks.

He adjusts his glasses, watching with great intrigue as Michael struggles to unlock and open the dock finger gate.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. DOCK/GATE - MORNING/CONTINUOUS

22

MICHAEL walks through the open gate with JAKE in hot pursuit...

JAKE (CALLING OUT)
 Hey, hey...

He skips through the gate, catches up with Michael at the bottom of the ramp.

The two look at one another for a moment, then,

MICHAEL
 How you doing Jake, you all right?
 Missed you this morning. Not cool
 dude. You got a haircut I see.

Michael turns and starts walking away, Jake follows.

JAKE
 What are you doing here?

MICHAEL
 Oh, you know, I thought I'd get
 away for the weekend, little bit of
 peace and quiet, far from all the
 hustle and bustle. And
 responsibility.

Michael looks down at the piece of paper in hand, holds up a key in the other.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is me here. Looks like we're neighbors, that's you over there right? What are the chances.

Michael takes off toward a 30ft. Sail Boat. He steps aboard, turns back to Jake.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You gonna help me get situated or what?

23

INT. MICHAEL'S BOAT - MORNING/LATER

23

MICHAEL sits on a side seat, coffee in hand, one leg down, one up, looking around the boat as JAKE stands leaning against a small kitchenette.

MICHAEL

How much do these things cost? This thing's epic. I gotta buy me one of these. Must just pound tail twenty four seven right?

JAKE

Why are you here Michael?

MICHAEL

Cause I'm your agent Jake, I'm the guy that's hard at work building the foundation, setting you up for a long and prosperous career in this town... We're on the same team here bud.

Jake pinches a cigarette between his lips, lights up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Those things will kill ya.

Michael breaks out into a smile. Waits for Jake to speak...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Talk to me, what's going on?

Jake thinks over the question...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Tell me you're not seriously considering turning this down.

Jake finishes a sip from his mug of tea.

JAKE

I told you, I just need a little time to think things over. I wasn't in the right head space to do the meeting this morning.

MICHAEL

The right head space?.. Jake, are you a crazy man? Cause you're acting like a crazy man. Have I got to sit you down with a shrink? This is fucking mega news, we should be celebrating, we're all winners here. You just got to show up is all.

JAKE

I can't believe you're here. This isn't.. You shouldn't have come.

Jake starts to exit the boat.

MICHAEL

Hey, I'm here because I care.

He stops at the top step, turns back, gears up to say something, reconsiders and leaves instead.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'll see you later on then.

Michael takes a sip of his coffee, stands and watches Jake walk away through the small side windows of the vessel.

24

INT. CAPTAIN KING'S BOAT - MORNING/MOMENTS LATER

24

CAPTAIN KING sits at a side bench table undoing a tiny screw in a nautical compass...

JAKE sits crossed legged on the opposing bench. He shakes his head reflecting on what just went down.

JAKE

He went and rented Sam's boat on Air bnb. I'm gonna kill Sam.

CAPTAIN KING

This is the guy that came out to Catalina last year?

JAKE

No, that was my manager Alan. He's harmless. Useless but harmless. Michael's my agent.

King continues working away...

CAPTAIN KING

So why the no show this morning?

JAKE

It's a long story...

Jake stands up, looks out of a window...

JAKE (CONT'D)

... a lot of moving parts.

King waits for more...

CAPTAIN KING

Well, I'm always here for you, you know that.

(beat)

How'd he know which dock you're on anyway?

JAKE

He dropped me off here one time after the AFM's -- American Film Market. It's in Santa Monica.

Captain King checks his wristwatch.

CAPTAIN KING

Well Jakey, I dunno what to tell you kiddo... I've got to prep the dive gear.

Jake looks distant.

CAPTAIN KING (CONT'D)

I can always smack him over the head with something, throw him overboard.

Jake smiles.

CUT TO: