

SOLE CAPTAIN

By

Wernher Ovalle

2017 Paloma Dr
Costa Mesa, CA 92627
wernherovalle@gmail.com
949-554-4382

FADE IN:

INT. SENIOR FACILITY - BEDROOM - DAY

In a plain nursing home bedroom sits ELDER CAP (72), a slightly disheveled man, who seems lost in his own head. He studies a half-completed puzzle.

As he teases jigsaw pieces into place, he plays with a small perfectly round black rock in the palm of his hand. Elder Cap speaks to someone out of frame.

ELDER CAP

My mother's name was Ada. Even though she died when I was only two weeks old, I can still remember her face... How she looked at me.

He chuckles to himself warmly.

ELDER CAP

Some people may think it's odd, but it was Mother Earth that took her place. The vast ocean became my home. My everything.

EXT. SABOT BOAT - DAY

A young, bright-eyed boy in a school uniform, LITTLE CAP (10), rests on his back in a small sailboat, gently rocking up and down. He raises a small compass into the air, blotting out the sun, and studies it.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)

My father was a direct descendant of Henry the Navigator. The world's first sailor.

Little Cap sits up and gazes out into the distant horizon.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)

As a boy, I would imagine what it was like to be Henry. Looking out into the horizon, scared, but hopeful...

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

A tall menacing figure, PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF (72) stands along the rocky shoreline. He wears a long black ministerial robe and leans on a cane. His eyes narrow at the small sabot in the distance, then suddenly SLAMS his cane in to the rock--

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

(shouting)
Pinkerton!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Little Cap stands facing a wall in the Principal's office, pressing a quarter against the wall with his nose. He is trembling, sweating, struggling to keep the quarter from falling.

The principal is on the phone at his desk.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

(on the phone)

The boy is impetuous! He can quite easily drown out there and I will not tolerate this any further! Not to mention he has broken more than a dozen of our safety locks!

Little Cap, enervated, lets the quarter slip. It bounces on the ground several times. Little Cap turns, terrified. His nose has the near-distinguishable imprint of George Washington on it.

Without missing a beat, the Principal walks over and returns the quarter back on the wall for Little Cap, who resumes his position. He continues on the phone.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

...I am fully aware of his financial support, but you need to tell Mr. Pinkerton that we have reached a crossroad... A meeting. Yes, of course...

INT. RESIDENT HALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nightfall in the dormitory.

Little Cap lays in bed, awake. He quietly slides over one of his shoes then carefully removes the inner sole, and teases out a folded piece of paper. He unfolds it.

The NAUTICAL MAP is handwritten, with various annotated markings. On the top it reads, "Cap, for your eyes only!"

His finger traces a line from the Eastern coast to a small island indicated on the map.

Suddenly, a hand RIPS the map away-- it's GEORGIE (11), stocky and mean-faced.

GEORGIE

Give it up already, Pinkie! You're waking me up with this crap!

(looking at it)

What is this stupid map anyways?!

LITTLE CAP
 (pleading)
 Give it back! It's from my father!

Georgie prepares to tear it in half.

GEORGIE
 Promise you'll knock it off, already?!

LITTLE CAP
 Yes, please! I promise!

GEORGIE
 Fine!

He flings the map back to Cap, and returns to his bed. Little Cap holds the map tight to his chest, relieved.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Little Cap doodles at his desk, distant. At the front, MR. SULLIVAN (70's) reads literature from a book.

The classroom door opens, it's POLINA (56) hair in a tight bun, meticulous.

POLINA
 Pardon me, Mr. Sullivan. Can we please borrow Mr. Pinkerton for a moment?

Little Cap perks up.

MR. SULLIVAN
 Yes, yes, of course.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Little Cap trails Polina down the hallway.

POLINA
 We need your presence for a meeting with your family, young man.

LITTLE CAP
 My father's here?!

POLINA
 Just be on your best behavior.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Polina leads Little Cap in. He lights up to see the back-of-a-man in a chair, across from the principal. The man turns, and Cap's heart sinks to see MR. BECHTAL (49), who could easily be an accountant, stands and shakes Cap's hand.

MR. BECHTAL

Hello Cap, your father sends his best regards.

LITTLE CAP

(sadly)

Thank you, sir.

Little Cap sits down.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

(eerily kind)

So Mr. Pinkerton, we were just discussing the new endowment your father will provide for the nautical maritime school. We're very excited. But you must behave young man, do you understand? No more breaking locks.

(gathering Cap's attention)

Are we clear?

Cap nods, hardly reciprocating excitement.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

Very good, then it is settled.

MR. BECHTAL

Actually there is one other matter. Mr. Pinkerton would like Cap to start sailing instruction, effective immediately.

LITTLE CAP

(perking up)

Sailing?

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

That is simply not possible. The maritime program does not start until middle school. I'm sorry.

MR. BECHTAL

I understand. We were hoping for an...exception, given the circumstances.

(preparing to leave)

Perhaps we will need to reconsider--

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

(interrupting)

--Just a moment.

Mr. Bechtal sits back down.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

I would be willing to do this for
Mr. Pinkerton, but the issue here
is safety. Ask the boy for yourself.

(to Little Cap)

Tell him!

Cap looks terrified, he stammers.

LITTLE CAP

It's true, Mr. Bechtal...

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

Go on.

LITTLE CAP

It could be dangerous...

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

(overlapping)

There you have it--

LITTLE CAP

...but there's ways I can handle
heavy winds. Instead of sailing full
sails up, I've figured out how to
reef the main sail so I don't get
overpowered...

Gustoff scoffs.

LITTLE CAP

And also... I have this sailing
almanac, and I keep track of all the
seasonal wind patterns so it helps
me to know when it's safest--

MR. BECHTAL

(an aside to Gustoff)

The boy's really something...

Gustoff nods at Bechtal, putting on a forced smirk, which quickly turns surly as Little Cap continues.

LITTLE CAP

...Something else I learned, in
downwinds, I add tension to the boom
vang, which flattens my mainsail.
That's made a big difference too...

As Little Cap goes on, Gustoff is increasingly bothered by the display of near-encyclopedic sailing knowledge; until finally, Gustoff mutters to himself, rubbing his temples--

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

It's his father all over again...

INT. PINKERTON LAW FIRM - DAY

A giant dramatic PAINTING of Pinkerton Senior -- on a magnificent yacht, in a sailors uniform, looking into the horizon, inscribed below: "William Pinkerton III, Master Sailor."

SUPERIMPOSE: "20 Years Later"

PETER (38), dressed in a stylish suit, very handsome, great hair, darts past in a hurry down a corridor of a busy law firm.

He passes VICKY (58), then abruptly pedals back to get her attention.

PETER

Vicky! Where's Cap?!

VICKY

Haven't seen him yet.

PETER

We have a quarterly meeting today.

VICKY

I'm sure he's in the middle of something important.

Peter makes a leery smirk.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

YOUNG CAP (30) eyes a chess board. He is handsome in his own way, though not as high-fashioned as Peter-- mismatched tie, shirt not perfectly tucked, hair a bit messy.

He sits across from BUDDY (45), scarf, oversized thick glasses, bigger-than-life smile when laughing.

YOUNG CAP

I'm in trouble, ain't I?

BUDDY

Oh yeah.

(chuckling)

In some big-ass trouble.

YOUNG CAP

I shouldn't have taken your queen.
You fooled me.

Buddy makes another move.

BUDDY

Cap, you gotta know when you playin' me, I never give shit away, man. It all comes with a price.

Cap moves tentatively, realizing the inevitable.

YOUNG CAP

But the queen? Who sacrifices the queen?

BUDDY

I'll tell you who...

Buddy captures a piece and SLAMS the knight down in its place.

BUDDY

(laughing)
...the guy who just checkmated your sorry ass, that's who!

Cap pulls out a ten-dollar bill and hands it over.

BUDDY

You gotta be willin' to risk sometimes. Can't play it safe all the time.

YOUNG CAP

I know a thing or two about danger, Buddy-- don't forget, I'm a sailor.

BUDDY

Well we're on land now, Cap, you'll get it yet. But in the meantime you're making me the richest bum in the park.

Cap checks at his watch.

YOUNG CAP

Oh God, I'm late. I have to go...
(running off)
I'll get you next time!

INT. PINKERTON LAW FIRM - DAY

Cap walks through the beautiful lobby, up one flight of stairs and towards his office.

Several EMPLOYEES pass by...

EMPLOYEES

Morning, Mr. Pinkerton.

Cap nods, smiles, walking on. He reaches his secretary's office, turns in, and there's Vicky, looking anxious.

VICKY
It's about time.

YOUNG CAP
(sensing apprehension)
What's going on?

They walk together along the corridor.

VICKY
The Board's here.

YOUNG CAP
All of them?

She nods, yes. Cap looks perplexed.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Young Cap sits at a round table, along with a half-dozen older men and Peter.

The fattest among them, DUNCAN (65), with a bad toupee and bright white veneers, leans forward.

DUNCAN
Listen Cap, we can pussy-foot this, show you all kinds of financials, graphs and trending data -- but I don't screw around, you know me.

YOUNG CAP
So what is it?

DUNCAN
We're down at least five percent three years running, Cap-- and you're spending more time sailing than anything else.

YOUNG CAP
That's your problem, my sailing?

DUNCAN
We have a problem with diminishing profit margins. Make me money, Cap, and you can take up tap dancing for all we care! We're all over it!

ROGER (80's) the eldest, looking the wisest, takes his glasses off to face Cap earnestly.

ROGER
Listen Cap, you know your Dad and I were close, we built up this law firm together --and truth is, I think
(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

of you like a nephew. But it's become clear someone else needs to take the leadership role here. Look-- you'll always have your equity, your office overlooking the park, and the fact is...it'll give you more time to do the things you like.

Young Cap squirms in his seat.

ROGER

You had to know this was coming, Cap.

YOUNG CAP

And just who exactly do you see taking over?

INT. PINKERTON LAW FIRM - MAIN ATRIUM - DAY

A majestic open atrium -- glass ceilings, decorated for a party. Peter is at the podium, facing a hundred employees, he POPS a Champagne cork. He speaks into the microphone.

PETER

How Cap ever convinced me this was a good idea is beyond me. I get to handle all the headaches and he gets to sail on all the weekdays that end with the letter 'y'.

Laughter.

PETER

And for you Yale graduates out there, let me save you the mental exercise, that's seven days a week.

More laughter.

PETER

But seriously...
(he raises his glass)
...hell of a job, Cap.

Cap, amidst the crowd, not quite sharing in the levity, politely nods in the face of polite APPLAUSE.

PETER

Now, looking towards the future I think we have developed a novel strategy...

INT. PINKERTON LAW FIRM - MAIN ATRIUM - DAY

The festivities go on -- light music, drinking.

Young Cap stands alone on the second floor railing that overlooks the atrium below.

Immediately across from him on the opposing wall hangs the intimidating giant painting of his father.

Vicky strolls over, two drinks in hand.

VICKY

I thought maybe you could use one...

He takes the drink from Vicky, and continues staring at the painting.

YOUNG CAP

You know, I hardly knew him. I wonder what he'd say about all this.

VICKY

I can tell you. He would of berated you to pieces. Your father, God rest his soul... was a real bastard.

YOUNG CAP

Yeah, I kinda knew that much.

VICKY

Don't get me wrong, you can be a real pain in the ass too...

(she cracks up)

But the truth is, you're nothing like him.

(leaning in warmly)

And that's something to thank God for-- trust me.

YOUNG CAP

Days like this... I'm not so sure.

Young Cap sips his drink, as they look below.

VICKY

Look at 'em. They all seem to forget it's your name on the God damn building.

Below, Peter works a group of YOUNG ATTORNEYS, they erupt in laughter.

YOUNG CAP

I have to hand it to Peter, though. The guy manages to inspire confidence, people love him.

VICKY

Well I don't.

Vicky throws down her drink, and tosses the cup aside.

VICKY
 (walking away)
 Watch your back with that one, Cap.
 I should know...

Cap returns to looking over the railing.

A group of young attorneys are preparing to leave, putting on coats, and he notices a woman, YOUNG ALLIE, 24, strikingly beautiful, smart glasses.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)
 Her name was Allie. I will never
 forget that day, that moment...

INT. SENIOR FACILITY - BEDROOM - DAY

Elder Cap works the jigsaw puzzle, looking to find pieces. The person he addresses is still out of frame.

ELDER CAP
 ...She was so beautiful that I
 literally stopped breathing. And do
 you know what she did?

INT. PINKERTON LAW FIRM - MAIN ATRIUM - DAY

Allie courteously says good-bye to all her colleagues, then suddenly stops and looks up at the second floor railing, directly at Cap.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)
 ...She looked right at me...

Cap, looking on, warmly nods at Allie. She turns away for a moment, talking to someone beside her, then looks back up, locking eyes with Cap.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)
 ...It's amazing to me how much hope
 can be born within a single passing
 glance...

Abruptly, she turns and walks out with the crowd.

Cap walks along the railing, then trots, tosses his drink in a passing trash can, then runs down the stairs, across the giant room, past the corridor, and out the door.

EXT. NEW YORK SIDE STREET - DAY

Cap runs out into the street, he scans to each side.

Then he sees Allie, hailing a taxi cab from across the street. Instantly, Cap jets across the busy street, dodges traffic to get there, until he comes upon her.

Allie smiles at seeing Cap, as if she was expecting him. She leans over and indicates for the TAXI DRIVER (40's) to wait a moment, then turns back towards Cap.

YOUNG CAP

I'm sorry, I just wanted to introduce myself, I'm--

YOUNG ALLIE

--Cap Pinkerton. I have this horrible habit of knowing my boss's names.

Cap chuckles.

YOUNG CAP

And you're...

YOUNG ALLIE

Alexandra Adams... My friends call me Allie.

YOUNG CAP

Well then, consider yourself officially welcomed...Allie.

YOUNG ALLIE

(sweetly)
Thanks, Cap.

Cap can't keep his eyes off of Allie. The taxi driver leans out.

TAXI DRIVER

Are we comin' or what!

Allie doesn't pay attention and instead nears Cap.

YOUNG ALLIE

I have to say, I'm a little surprised-- they told me you don't talk to other attorneys.

YOUNG CAP

Really?

YOUNG ALLIE

Even at lunch, that you go and play checkers with homeless guys in the park.

YOUNG CAP

Well that's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard, we play chess.

YOUNG ALLIE

(teasing)

Ouch. Nothing worse than bad intel,
I may need to find new sources.

YOUNG CAP

Maybe you should. And for the record,
those homeless guys turn out to be a
lot more interesting.

YOUNG ALLIE

And yet, here your are, chasing me
down...

YOUNG CAP

Chasing you down?!

(scoffing)

No, that's not...I actually was on
my way...to...

(looking ahead,
stammering)

Pretty much... chasing you down.

Allie cracks up. The taxi driver HONKS his horn--

TAXI DRIVER

C'mon lady! Now or never!

YOUNG ALLIE

I'm sorry--

(pointing behind her)

I gotta... you know...

YOUNG CAP

Of course!

Cap runs over to get the taxi door for Allie. She settles
in and looks up at Cap with her beautiful blue eyes.

YOUNG CAP

Night, Allie.

He closes her door, and the taxi disappears into traffic.

INT. SENIOR FACILITY - BEDROOM - DAY

Elder Cap speaks while working the puzzle.

ELDER CAP

I wonder... how can it be that
something so perfectly matched...

He finds a matching puzzle piece and presses it snugly into
place.

ELDER CAP

...can end so treacherously?

INT. 1980 RANGE ROVER - DAY - TRAVELING

ALLIE, now 40, drives at a reckless speed; there's utter desperation on her face.

SUPERIMPOSE: "16 YEARS LATER"

She makes a hard screeching turn at the intersection, runs through the next red light, and finally SCREECHES to a stop in front of a building, "FBI -- NEW YORK OFFICE."

She leaps out of her car and darts in.

INT. FBI PRECINCT - DAY

Allie can hardly catch her breath as she runs up to the CLERK at the front desk.

ALLIE

I was told to meet Agent Pasquel, my son Owen--

From behind, a deep voice--

AGENT PASQUEL (O.S.)

Over here, Mrs. Pinkerton.

INT. FBI PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - DAY

AGENT PASQUEL leads Allie to a back office. Pasquel is in his 50's; a man of few words, but experienced. He is of Spanish descent and has a slight accent.

They talk as he briskly leads her through the corridor, past other Agents dashing by.

AGENT PASQUEL

We have agents checking the local sailing docks this very moment.

ALLIE

(emotional)

I already drove by the NYYC and the Atlantic Yacht clubs, that's usually where he sails. No one's seen him.

AGENT PASQUEL

Did you bring the photos?

ALLIE

(handing them over)

These are the most recent ones I could find.

Agent Pasquel takes the photos from her, makes a turn, and then arrives at his office.

INT. FBI OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As they walk in, Agent Pasquel gestures for Allie to have a seat, which she does. The office is plain. A photo of Pasquel, his wife and his young boy sits on his desk.

AGENT PASQUEL
Water, Mrs. Pinkerton?

She shakes her head. The Agent sits down and looks over the pictures. He sighs to himself.

AGENT PASQUEL
Good-looking boy.

ALLIE
Thank you, Owen just turned nine.

AGENT PASQUEL
And you're sure this was not a misunderstanding between the you and your husband?

ALLIE
Owen was supposed to have a cello recital tonight, which was a huge deal for him. Cap just came and took him. There's something seriously wrong...He's not been right lately.

AGENT PASQUEL
How so?

ALLIE
I filed for divorce two months ago and he's just fallen apart. He's been obsessed with this sailing thing, threatening to take Owen... I thought it was all fantasy, some crazy gibberish. But he did it. I know it.

Allie breaks down, crying. Pasquel hands Allie a box of tissues. She takes several.

Pasquel activates his intercom.

AGENT PASQUEL
(into the speaker)
Sally, please come here, I need you for a moment.

AGENT SALLY (V.O.)
Yes sir.

Pasquel walks around the desk and sits in front of Allie.

AGENT PASQUEL

You mentioned on the phone your son is diabetic, correct?

She nods.

AGENT PASQUEL

And how much insulin did Owen have with him? Do you know?

ALLIE

Enough for two days, maybe two-and-a-half at most.

AGENT PASQUEL

(concerned)

I see.

AGENT SALLY (24) athletic, pretty, puts her head in the room. Pasquel walks over and hands her the file.

AGENT PASQUEL

This is the Owen Pinkerton case. There's a photo of the boy and his father there. I want these out immediately.

AGENT SALLY

Will do.

She walks out. Pasquel leans back in his chair, processing.

AGENT PASQUEL

Does your husband love Owen?

ALLIE

Yes he does. More than anything.

AGENT PASQUEL

Well we have that. It may make the difference.

EXT. EDISON BOAT DOCK - DAY

CAP (46) prepares to cast off from an older boating dock. He runs back and forth preparing a 60-foot beautiful sailboat -- a tall mast head, white furled sails, and a mahogany wood cabin.

Cap looks much older than his age, he hasn't shaven for weeks, disheveled, wearing mismatched clothing and barefoot. He stops to untie a knot on the deck.

Suddenly, OWEN runs up behind Cap. Owen is 9 years old, very hip, cool long hair, wears a child's version of a tuxedo, black bow tie, and a backpack on his shoulder.

OWEN

Dad!

(catching his breath)

You were gonna leave me in the car?!
What's with you!?

Cap peers over his shoulder momentarily, then continues working the knot.

CAP

(under his breath)

The ocean's a dangerous place, Owen.
If it were up to your mom, you would
never leave that car.

Owen tosses his back pack on the floor, flustered.

OWEN

Whatever, dad.

Suddenly, Owen takes notice of the massive sailing vessel.

OWEN

Wow, this is huge, dad. You can
sail one this big?!

Cap hoists the mainsail, then begins to unfurl the jib with confidence.

CAP

It's a bit more involved than your
sabot, Owen, that's for sure.

Owen nods to himself, impressed.

OWEN

Where you going?

CAP

Where am *I* going?

Cap chuckles. He finally stops what he's doing, walks over to the edge of the ship, standing tall over Owen.

CAP

This is about where *you're* going,
Owen. You can run back to the car,
perform tonight, they'll all love
you, and guess what -- they'll have
you play again, and again, and before
I know it, I've lost my son to a
cello... and I would never have a
chance to share this with you.

Cap jumps off the boat, onto the wooden dock, he kneels down to face Owen.

CAP

Or instead, you give me that chance...
come with me, on an adventure, a
special mission to find a secret
island.

OWEN

A secret island? For reals?

CAP

That's right.

OWEN

Mom would freak if I missed tonight.

CAP

I'm sure she will. But there's a
dozen more recitals waiting for you,
Owen. And yet, there's only one
sailing adventure; right here, right
now.

Cap jumps back onto the boat, he puts out his hand.

CAP

It's in your blood, boy. You ready
to take the wheel?

Cap motions to the large wooden yacht steering wheel.

Owen hesitates, then smiles, takes Cap's hand, hops onto the
boat and commands the wheel.

INT. FBI PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Agent Pasquel marches down the hallway with Agent Sally and
AGENT SCOTT (38) nerdy, smart, clean-cut, glasses. Allie
lags behind.

AGENT PASQUEL

Based on the amount of medication
the boy has, we're looking at 50 to
60 hours at best.

They reach a conference room where there's a number of agents
studying a projected map on the wall. They all find seats.
Pasquel activates the intercom on the table.

AGENT PASQUEL

(into the speaker)

We're all here, about to start... I
still have yet to hear back from the
Coast Guard Director...

VOICE (V.O.)

(on the intercom)

Yes sir. Working on it...

He disconnects the line and turns to AGENT JULIAN (50) very built, all business. He studies a nautical map on the wall.

AGENT PASQUEL

What are we looking at?

AGENT JULIAN

Given that Owen was abducted about two hours, twenty minutes ago, Cap could have driven 150 miles in either direction before casting off -- that gives us about 300 miles of coast to cover...something like 350 possible ports.

AGENT PASQUEL

(under his breath)

Christ...

(to his other side)

Scott?

Agent Scott taps away at a large computer terminal.

AGENT SCOTT

I've tracked down his three personal Visas, and American Express -- no charges over the last six hours. I'm working on accessing his personal accounts...

Pasquel turns to the illuminated map on the wall and traces his finger along the Eastern coastline.

AGENT PASQUEL

(to himself)

...Where in the world are you going, Cap?

EXT. CAP'S SAILBOAT - DAY

Owen is at the helm, hands on the wheel. The young boy is wide-eyed as he surveys the sophisticated set of electronic navigation equipment.

Cap nears the boy, then lowers down to speak in a hushed tone beside his ear.

CAP

This is your destiny, son...

Owen smiles. Suddenly, Cap jumps up and salutes the boy at attention.

CAP

Ready for countdown, sir!

OWEN

Countdown?

Cap stoops back down and speaks into his ear.

CAP

(hushed)

Start from five...

Cap returns at attention.

OWEN

Ummm. Five?

Cap returns once more to Owen's ear.

CAP

(hushed)

Remember, you're the First Mate.
That's kind of a big deal.

Owen smiles, embracing the power.

OWEN

(at the top of his
lungs)

Five!

Immediately, Cap runs about the boat with expert efficiency and at the same time shouting...

CAP

Trim the mainsheet! Crank to winch!

Cap cranks on the winch handle, brings the mainsheet in, the boat starts to push forward.

OWEN

Four!

INT. FBI PRECINCT - DAY

The conference room is now at a feverish pitch with agents crowding the screen and making calls. Agent Pasquel is pointing and giving directions.

AGENT PASQUEL

(at the map)

I want every local unit assigned 20
mile stretches of marine docks
starting from Cape Elizabeth down
south through to Ocean Pines.

AGENT JULIAN

On it!

AGENT PASQUEL

Any receipts of sale for any kind of boating vessel within the last six weeks--

Agent Scott nods and is off.

AGENT PASQUEL

Sally, you're handling the media. Withhold what he was wearing for now. Allie, we'll need more photos.

OWEN (V.O.)

Three!

EXT. CAP'S SAILBOAT - DAY

As if on cue, the WIND picks up, Cap is in his element -- running the ship like a pro.

CAP

Swap the handle crank! Trim the jib sheet!

Cap takes the handle from the mainsail winch and uses it on the jib winch, cranks it until the sail takes form, the boat gains speed. Owen's eyes light up.

OWEN

Two!

INT. FBI PRECINCT - DAY

Agent Pasquel marches out of the precinct and into the parking lot, followed by other agents. They circle round; he looks at his watch.

AGENT PASQUEL

I have 6:42. Time is against us people. Once he hits the open ocean, finding him will be damn-near impossible. Are we clear!?

Everyone nods in solidarity.

OWEN (V.O.)

One!

EXT. CAP'S SAILBOAT - DAY

CAP

And we're off!

The WIND pushes hard past the bay, forcing the boat forward. Cap stands to catch his breath, hands on his hips, looking out into the horizon, hopeful.

OWEN
We're bookin'!

They slip past the last buoy that marks the harbor exit, and quickly fade into the horizon.

EXT. FBI PRECINCT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Allie stands on the street side, watching the FBI vehicles drive away, until the sound of their WAILING SIRENS become a distant whisper.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRESTHAVEN DOCK - DAY

It's a perfect, bright, crisp day.

A line of middle school BOYS stand at attention, dressed in sailors outfits, tall and looking like young adults -- one after another, and then there's Little Cap. He seems clearly the most eager; his uniform is oversized.

RUTHERFORD, a sea-worn 60 year-old sailing instructor, coldly eyes the bunch, then settles on Little Cap. He shakes his head, disgusted.

RUTHERFORD
(murmuring)
Un-bloody-freaking-believable...

EXT. CRESTHAVEN DOCK - DAY

The boys in shallow water, learning to set up their sabots. Rutherford gives his lesson, walking back and forth along the wooden dock.

RUTHERFORD
The boom slips into the side slot
and screw it in as so. Take the
mainsheet and run it through the
block...

The boys are lost. One boy, the biggest among them, ADAM (14), looks like he's in a pretzel of rope and sail.

RUTHERFORD
Adam! You gonna hurt yourself lad!
Pay attention!

Rutherford walks along to check on the others. Suddenly, he notices--

RUTHERFORD
Where's the little one?

ADAM
 (pointing)
 Over there.

He looks up. In the distance, Little Cap has his sabot assembled, mast up, sail billowing in the wind. He leans over the side, riding the wind like nothing at all. He waves, smiling.

Rutherford -- momentary anger is instantly replaced by awe.

RUTHERFORD
 Well look at that boys. There's a sailor among you yet...

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Gustoff looks out the window of his office into the waters below. He scowls. Polina walks into the office.

POLINA
 Here is your mail, Sir.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
 (without turning)
 Leave it there.

Polina comes around to look out the window as well -- she sees what he sees.

POLINA
 The boy's really something, isn't he.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
 If I desired your opinion, Ms. Polina, I would have solicited it.

POLINA
 It's just, he's doing so well-

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
 Enough!

Polina steps back, surprised by Gustoff's anger.

POLINA
 I don't understand.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
 No you do not. You were not here when his father was once a student-- capricious and careless just the same. And while he found prosperity, he lost his soul in the worst way.

The Principal returns to the window. He speaks pensively looking out.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

(fervent)

As God as my witness, I will break that boy before this happens again.

INT. CAFETERIA HALL - NIGHT

Little Cap is sitting alone eating his dinner. The other boys pass by, not taking notice of Cap, and neither does Little Cap notice them, this is the routine, until--

ADAM (O.S.)

Hey Cap, can I sit with you, man?

Cap turns around, it's Adam, now standing we see his dominating presence, 6-feet tall, yet contrasts his kind nature.

LITTLE CAP

Here?

ADAM

Yeah here. Listen, I just had some questions, I thought maybe you could help me out.

LITTLE CAP

Sure...

Adam takes a seat.

LITTLE CAP

But aren't you Mr. Rutherford's nephew?

ADAM

Yeah... And I'm sick of him teasing me.

He bites into his hamburger.

ADAM

(chewing)

...You were really amazing out there.

LITTLE CAP

Thanks... I guess.

Other older BOYS approach.

BOYS

What's up Adam, you comin'?

ADAM

No, I'm good. I'll catch you later.

The boys shrug, and move on.

ADAM

So the boom, it keeps hitting me in the head. It's really annoying.

Little Cap laughs.

LITTLE CAP

That's because when you tuck you gotta move to other side a lot quicker...

EXT. CRESTHAVEN DOCK - DAY

In the middle of sailing class, the students are learning, still struggling. Rutherford watches from the dock. Little Cap acts as a teacher's assistant, helping instruct. He shows Adam.

LITTLE CAP

Now pull on the main sheet, a little more...

The boom moves inward, the sail fills with wind.

ADAM

Holy shit, sweet!

RUTHERFORD

Watch your mouth young man! And by the way, that's nice work. Even for a Rutherford.

(pointing)

Mister Pinkerton, can you show Rex over there. And before he capsizes.

Little Cap laughs, and sails to help REX (13), overweight and looking helpless.

INT. CAFETERIA HALL -- NIGHT

Little Cap is eating, but now there are four boys eating with him, including Adam. He has a nautical map on the table as they eat around it.

LITTLE CAP

...It's like a road map, plan your route and set way points on the chart.

(pointing)

These are some of the roughest currents in the Atlantic right here...

The boys listen in, fascinated. Other boys peer over, and start to join in, including Rex.

REX

Wait a minute Pinkie -- where are we on this chart?

ADAM

Shut it, Rex! It's not Pinkie. Not anymore. He's Cap, like his dad named him. Got it?

The boys nod, as if the very Gospel has been spoken.

Little Cap smiles to himself, he goes on...

LITTLE CAP

We're on the tip of the Northwestern Peninsula right... here, and if you follow this latitude line...

INT. RESIDENT HALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Little Cap has his map, books and his compass strewn over his belly as he peacefully sleeps. The flashlight points to a random spot on the ceiling.

EXT. CRESTHAVEN CAMPUS - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

A beautiful campus with large oak trees and moss-covered brick buildings.

EXT. CRESTHAVEN CAMPUS - MORNING

Little Cap balances along a short brick wall on his way to class.

As he walks along, he suddenly spots a BLACK FERAL DOG about 100 feet away-- medium size, thick mangy hair, and blood shot eyes. The dog stares at the boy, motionless.

Little Cap stops, terrified frozen, narrows his eyes at the strange dog, then just as suddenly-- the dog is gone.

Cap looks around quixotically, but no sign of it.

EXT. CRESTHAVEN DOCK - DAY

Little Cap approaches the dock. In the distance he spots Principal Gustoff having a heated discussion with Rutherford. They finish and the Principal marches off.

Little Cap approaches Rutherford, who is obviously upset. He is hoisting rope.

LITTLE CAP

Is everything okay?

RUTHERFORD
No, Cap. Not at all.

He looks at the rope, not sure how to put this.

RUTHERFORD
The principal seems to be worried
about your safety, son.

LITTLE CAP
What does that mean?

RUTHERFORD
They'll let you sail, as they promised
your father. But only...

LITTLE CAP
What?

RUTHERFORD
Tied to the dock.

LITTLE CAP
I don't get it?

RUTHERFORD
Aw hell, son. He's a bloody idiot,
what more can I say?!

He throws the rope on the floor and stomps away.

EXT. CRESTHAVEN BOATING DOCK - DAY

The other boys are getting the hang of it. They're out in
the harbor, the wind pushing them along.

Little Cap sits in his sabot, tethered to the dock. After a
moment, he lies down and looks up at the clouds.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Gustoff watches from afar. He smiles to himself,
taking malevolent pleasure in this small victory.

EXT. CRESTHAVEN BOATING DOCK - LATER

The class is finished, Little Cap helps Rutherford pull up
the sabots and lines. The other students file out.

As Adam walks by, he shouts--

ADAM
Cap! That's bullshit! Fuck 'em!

Rutherford chuckles under his breath.

RUTHERFORD

Couldn't have said it better myself.

Rutherford and Little Cap head to the storage unit with various supplies. They set everything down. Rutherford sits down on a milk carton and opens a bottle of water. He takes a sip and thinks.

Little Cap politely stands, waiting for further instruction.

RUTHERFORD

What's in it for you anyways, son?

LITTLE CAP

Sir?

RUTHERFORD

Why the thirst to sail? I've never seen anything like it.

LITTLE CAP

I was born this way, sir. It's just what I am.

RUTHERFORD

Ah yes. There you have it. Spoken like a true sailor.

LITTLE CAP

And there's one other thing. A secret.

RUTHERFORD

Secret? And you're willing to share it with crazy 'ol Rutherford, eh?

LITTLE CAP

Yes sir, I am.

RUTHERFORD

Fine then, lad, what is it?

Little Cap takes off his shoe. He takes out a folded piece of paper and hands it to Rutherford.

Rutherford unfolds it and looks at it curiously.

RUTHERFORD

This is a real nautical chart... I see there's an island indicated here.

LITTLE CAP

(excited)

It's an amazing island.

(MORE)

LITTLE CAP (CONT'D)

It's covered with a million small black rocks, white-white sand, and the tallest palm trees you've ever seen. My dad found it, and I'm gonna find it too.

RUTHERFORD

That's really something.

Rutherford looks at it for a moment, then hands it back.

RUTHERFORD

That island there is smack in the middle of the worst cross currents in the entire Atlantic. The day you become a master sailor you can tackle it, but 'til then I'd best leave it with your imagination, son.

Little Cap sadly takes it back, he replaces it inside his shoe.

LITTLE CAP

Thank you, sir.

Rutherford realizes he's just broken Cap's heart.

RUTHERFORD

Listen, how 'bout this. I teach you how to sail, but we do it on my own sailboat, all 30 feet of it.

Little Cap instantly lights up.

LITTLE CAP

You'd do that?

RUTHERFORD

I would. Partly to see what you're made of, and another part just to screw with that old son-of-a-bitch.

LITTLE CAP

I would very much like that, sir.

RUTHERFORD

We start tomorrow. Don't keep me waiting.

Little Cap stands as if about to hug Rutherford, but checks himself and puts out his hand instead.

LITTLE CAP

(shaking)

Thank you, sir.

RUTHERFORD

Off you go.

Little Cap runs out. Rutherford puts away one last thing, then steps out to look out over the vast ocean before him. The sun is near-to-setting.

Suddenly, a helicopter ZIPS past, hovering over the water. A coast guard pilot hangs over the side with binoculars, scanning.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - DAY - TRAVELING

The Coast Guard PILOT (40's) speaks into his headset.

PILOT

We're passing over the southern half, quadrant 120. No visual. Repeat, no visual.

INT. FBI VEHICLE - DAY - TRAVELING

They move quickly through traffic. Agent Pasquel is in the passenger seat working on a circa 1980's computer monitor. Agent Julian drives.

PILOT (V.O.)

(on the speaker)

Air Bird three-twenty-two here. Moving over quadrant 121, Coast Guard central also aware, over.

Agent Julian grabs the hand-held transceiver from the dashboard and speaks into it.

AGENT JULIAN

Roger that, we will update your charter within 10 minutes. Over.

AGENT PASQUEL

(reading his monitor screen)

We got a hit on a cash purchase for 510 thousand dollars! Just three days ago! South of Maine... Cape Elizabeth.

(under his breath)

Nice work, Scott.

Agent Pasquel grabs the receiver.

AGENT PASQUEL

Air Bird three-twenty-one , we have a revised search area, repeat we have a new target...

EXT. OVER THE OCEAN - DAY

The helicopter angles and heads in a completely different direction.

INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Allie tentatively opens the door to Owen's bedroom. It's decorated with a poster of Pele in a New York Cosmos jersey striking the soccer ball. A "Smiths" band poster is on the other wall, and sheet music is scattered about. An ATARI game console sits on his desk beside a pile of game cartridges.

Allie sits on his bed, embraces one of his pillows, takes in Owen's scent.

CAP (V.O.)

Sorry I can't take your call right now. Please leave a message or call my assistant Vicky at extension 31. Have a great day.

Then, BEEP.

ALLIE (V.O.)

...Cap, I don't know where you are. Or what you're planning. But please, don't scare our little boy. Bring him home Cap, I'll do whatever you want. Forget the divorce, forget the firm, let's move away, anything--
(voice breaking up)
Just please, please, please, please!
Bring our beautiful boy home.

EXT. MANSION BACKYARD - DAY

Allie sits on the back porch, overlooking a beautifully landscaped yard. She disconnects the call, and sets a circa 1980's cell phone beside her. Her expression is lifeless and broken as she looks out.

EXT. BOAT YARD - CAPE ELIZABETH - DAY

Two black SUVs SCREECH to a stop. A handful of agents jump out, run into the boat yard, flashing their badges. A 20-something KID works the yard. He approaches the agents.

KID

Wow, you guys are the real deal.

AGENT PASQUEL

I'm Agent Pasquel.

(noticing in his hand)

Is that the purchase log?

KID
 Yeah. Here it is, right...
 (pointing)
 ...there. 510 thousand dollars.

Agent Sally steps forward with a picture.

AGENT SALLY
 Is this the man?

KID
 Oh yeah, that's him alright.

AGENT PASQUEL
 (reading)
 "Sunreef Ultimate 75"...do you have
 a picture of this vessel?

KID
 Picture? You can see it for yourself.
 It's right there, port 21. We just
 finished detailing the name on it.

Agent Pasquel, shocked, looks over. It's a giant beautiful yacht.

AGENT PASQUEL
 That's the boat he bought?! It hasn't
 moved at all?

KID
 Not an inch.

Agent Pasquel makes his way over to the dock, and looks at the ship, baffled. Agent Scott stands beside him, then elbows Pasquel, showing him something.

AGENT SCOTT
 Maybe he's not as crazy as we're
 thinking.

The name on the boat -- "Too little, too late"

AGENT PASQUEL
 Dammit!
 (on his transceiver)
 Air support and back up -- reroute
 back! The target was a decoy, I
 repeat, this was a decoy! Over.
 (to himself)
 Shit!

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DAY

The beautiful sailboat glistens in the bright sun as it cuts through the ocean waves.

Cap steers the ship while Owen sits on the edge, feet dangling over, looking somewhat removed. His bow tie is loosened.

CAP

Owen! What are you doing?

Owen shrugs. Cap walks over and sits next to him.

CAP

You okay?

OWEN

I guess. I'm just kinda bummed about missing the recital.

CAP

Ahh. Yes. Sorry about that Owen.

OWEN

And I'm thinking about Mom, she's probably wondering where we are.

CAP

I'm sure she'll be happy we're spending a little time together.

OWEN

(scoffing)

Yeah right. Good one. We both know she's freakin' out.

CAP

Well here's the situation son. We're out here, and those are real waves coming at us -- and it's you and me to navigate past them. I can't do this on my own. I need your help here.

OWEN

Are you serious?

CAP

'Fraid so. So as homesick as you may be feeling, we don't have the luxury of moping 'round here.

Owen nods to himself, he seems to sigh away the weight from his shoulders.

OWEN

Okay. Sure dad, what do you need me to do?

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DAY

Cap hustles about the sailboat, showing Owen the ropes. Owen works the mainsheet, using the winch to haul it in. It's difficult for him, he's struggling.

CAP

C'mon now! Don't give up.

Owen stops, the sail luffs. Cap jumps over and together they crank the winch over and over until they finally finish and the mainsail is fully set.

Owen's eyes go wide as the wind instantly fills it with tremendous power.

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - STERN - DAY

Cap watches Owen tie a knot.

CAP

(coaching him)

Not there, there you go, now one more loop. Good. You got the bowline down. Now show me the sheetbend.

OWEN

Umm, okay. Let me think...

Owen undoes the line and works through another complicated knot.

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DAY

Cap adjusts the sheet and is showing Owen how to let it out on a board reach. Suddenly, the wind catches the sail and the boom ANGLES BACK hard at Owen.

Just in the nick of time, Cap YANKS Owen's head down. The boom swings over and to the other side.

CAP

You get distracted and that will knock you right out, son! They don't call it "boom" for nothing!

Owen, looking fearful, nods, all ears.

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DECK - DAY

On hands and knees, they clean the wooden deck with a sponge and bucket. They stand up, spent.

The floor is pristine. They catch their breath with the striking sunset at the bow of the ship. Owen's once-clean and pressed tuxedo is now a filthy mess.

INT. CAP'S BOAT - GALLEY - NIGHT

Cap and Owen eat dinner - peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. The galley is somewhat messy.

In the b.g. hung on the wall is a striking canvas oil PAINTING -- of Pinkerton Senior with Little Cap sitting beside him. They wear matching Yacht Club member suits. There is an awkward physical and emotional distance between father and son in the painting.

CAP

First day as a sailor, so what do you think?

Between bites and crunching chips.

OWEN

It's a lot of work. More than I ever imagined.

(chewing, swallowing)

I'm really tired, Dad. And my arms hurt too.

CAP

Good. And we're not done yet. Tomorrow we'll have strong downwinds to contend with. You'll need your rest tonight.

OWEN

Can we go home tomorrow, Dad?

Cap downs the last of his sandwich. He cleans up as he talks.

CAP

What do you think would of happened if Rocky Balboa gave up because it was too much work?

OWEN

He's not real, dad.

CAP

True. But who doesn't want to be a champion?

OWEN

Rocky was that guy who talked funny. I'm not sure I want to talk like that.

Cap laughs, then imitates Rocky after his big fight shouting "Adrien," but replacing it with "Owen."

CAP

Owen! Owen!

Owen busts up laughing.

OWEN

That's the worst imitation ever.

CAP

Hey. It's not bad for a sailor.
Give your dad a break.

Owen laughs to himself, shaking his head.

INT. CAP'S BOAT - CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Owen sleeps soundly. Cap tucks the covers around his boy then pauses to relish the quiet moment. He kisses Owen gently on the forehead.

CAP

Thanks for comin' boy.

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The boat motors along in the still night. Cap sits in the cockpit that overlooks the front of the boat. He studies various nautical charts, then takes pause.

He takes the hand held transceiver over his head, and turns on the communications system.

CAP

(into the receiver)

Coast Guard, Coast Guard, this is
Captain Pinkerton, do you copy, over.

Pause.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Coast Guard here, we read you loud
and clear. What are your coordinates?

Cap measures his next words.

CAP

My name is Cap Pinkerton, I've
abducted my son, and I imagine there's
quite a search going on for me right
now.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Give me a second, Captain.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Pasquel bursts into the room. A number of agents are gathered around the table. Agent Scott indicates towards the intercom.

AGENT SCOTT

We got him on speaker. On your cue.

Agent Pasquel takes a moment, gathering his thoughts, then nods.

AGENT PASQUEL

This is Agent Pasquel.

CAP (V.O.)

Hello sir. This is Cap Pinkerton.

AGENT PASQUEL

Hello Cap. We've been looking for you.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

CAP

Wouldn't you know it, Owen's taking to sailing quite well.

AGENT PASQUEL

That's great, Cap. But we need your coordinates.

CAP

Can I ask you Mr. Pasquel, do you have children?

AGENT PASQUEL

Yes I do... Two girls.

CAP

That's nice. I wonder to what extent you would go for those girls?

AGENT PASQUEL

I would do anything.

CAP

And what if the world was ablaze, an inferno gone out-of-control... And the only safety you could offer them was the water, the open ocean. Would you take them out Mr. Pasquel?

AGENT PASQUEL

There's no fire here, Cap.

CAP

Then you're a fool like the rest of them! The world is aflame with idleness, Mr. Pasquel; with work cubicles, safety gear, and video games that never end. Adventure only exists in movies!

AGENT PASQUEL

Listen to me, Cap! Owen is not safe --

CAP

(overlapping)

--Your time to trace my signal is coming near, so I'm afraid I have to go. Maybe instead of wasting your time chasing me around, you should go kiss those girls of yours good-night.

AGENT PASQUEL

Cap! If Owen's insulin runs out--

He realizes it's disconnected.

AGENT SCOTT

He's gone. No trace.

AGENT PASQUEL

We need to find out where he's headed. Get inside his head, somehow. First thing tomorrow, I want Allie, his co-workers, friends, girlfriends, bowling partners, whoever the hell knows something, anything, about this guy!

Pasquel marches out, SLAMMING the door shut.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

The door abruptly SWINGS OPEN. Young Cap carries in his arms his drop-dead gorgeous bride, Young Allie. It's a beautifully-appointed reception hall, with a couple hundred PEOPLE cheering.

Cap carries Allie to the front table set for two. He sets her down gently. The WEDDING DIRECTOR (40's) brings over a microphone. Cap hesitates to take it, but finally does.

YOUNG CAP

(into the mic)

Thank you all for coming.

He hands the microphone back. The crowd is let down.

CROWD

C'mon Cap, say something!

The wedding director encourages Cap, who is getting more nervous by the minute. Cap finally capitulates.

YOUNG CAP

Well... I'm not good with these things... There's not much to say, really.

People are looking on, waiting, it's becoming uncomfortable.

YOUNG CAP

You see, my whole life people always looked at me and thought I had everything. Money, boats, lots of stuff... But actually, I never felt like I had much at all to be honest. Maybe that's surprising but it's true. And when Allie met my stare from across that floor, on that day -- and I swear I'm not making this up...

Warm laughter.

YOUNG CAP

...I knew that split second, I could change from a man with so little, to a man who could have everything. Everything that mattered, anyways.

Allie tears up, stands from her chair, and spins Cap around -- they kiss. The crowd CHEERS.

INT. RECEPTION FLOOR - DAY

The party continues, there is drinking, levity. The D.J. speaks from his platform.

D.J.

(on the mic)

Okay, now it's time for the groom and his beautiful bride to take the floor...

Cap leans forward to address Allie.

YOUNG CAP

I told you I'm not doing the dance-thing.

YOUNG ALLIE

It's fine Cap, it's no big deal.

Allie stands and puts out her hand. The crowd takes notice and begins encouraging Cap.

CROWD

Cap! Cap! Cap!

Cap grudgingly stands and follows Allie to the dance stage where everyone quickly surrounds them.

D.J.

(on the mic)

For the lovely couple, their first dance, Mr. and Mrs. Cap Pinkerton!

The music starts. Cap is sweating, stiff, looking like he's having a panic attack. Allie moves side to side, encouraging Cap to loosen up.

YOUNG ALLIE

It's okay Cap, just relax.

Cap looks around. He sees people laughing at him.

YOUNG CAP

I told you this was a bad idea.

YOUNG ALLIE

Just be with me, look at me.

She tries to gather his focus, but all Cap sees is people laughing, pointing.

YOUNG CAP

I can't do this--

Cap abruptly runs off the stage, leaving Allie alone. The D.J. stutters, speechless. Suddenly, Peter jumps on the stage.

PETER

It's okay coach, I'll take one for the team!

Everyone laughs. Peter takes Allie, and they dance to the music, as Peter beckons others in the crowd to take turns with the bride as well. Allie finds it all humorous.

Cap watches from the back of the room, fuming.

INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT

They drive home chauffeured in a Bentley. Cap is still in his tux, Allie in her wedding gown -- they're silent.

YOUNG ALLIE

Cap, are you still upset over the first dance? Really?

Cap looks out the window. He doesn't turn around.

YOUNG CAP

Oh God no, I'm just tired. Big day.

YOUNG ALLIE

It was so amazing, Cap.

YOUNG CAP

It sure was.

(still looking out)

But just for the record, Allie, you didn't marry *that* guy.

YOUNG ALLIE

Not *that* guy?
 (teasing)
 Then *which* guy did I marry?

YOUNG CAP

I'm a sailor. It's that simple.
 Not a smooth-talking socialite, not
 a fancy lawyer tycoon, and certainly
 not a dancer. So...
 (finding the words)
 ...That's what I need you to know.
 Deep down, just a simple sailor.

YOUNG ALLIE

Then, also for the record, please
 note that I happen to be quite happy
 with *this* guy. And I couldn't care
 less about *that* guy. Or for that
 matter, even *those* guys.

Allie smiles, tries to turn Cap's face. He finally engages
 her stare.

YOUNG ALLIE

Okay?

YOUNG CAP

(more relaxed)
 Okay.

They kiss-- gently, lovingly. The Bentley drives off along
 a scenic road, into the breath-taking starlit night.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

The infinite ocean at sunrise -- majestic, calm, hues of red
 and orange dance along its surface.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)

For some people it's drugs, women,
 or money, fame, power. Not me though --
 for me it's always been that very
 moment the sun breaks over the open
 ocean...

We slowly PULL BACK and see Cap's ship peacefully at rest.

Cap stands alone, looking out, a moment of clarity in the
 early morning.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)

...No matter how tough things ever
 got, I would have that.

(MORE)

ELDER CAP (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One short nightfall away, patiently
waiting for me... If only it wasn't
so fleeting.

CAP

(shouting towards the
cabin)

Owen! Day Two awaits! Let's go!

EXT. CAP'S SHIP - DAY

Owen is hard at work. He still wears a semblance of his tuxedo; no jacket, and his shirt and pants are ripped in places.

He has become quite skilled. He easily works the sheets, raising the jib mast, fastens the lines. Cap hoists the mainsail and instantly the wind bursts the sails open with life. Owen looks up and smiles.

CAP

(shouting over the
wind)

Owen! We're about one nautical mile
from the draft wind channel, it's
gonna feel like jumping into a
hurricane!

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DAY

The boat skips along at a high speed. Cap and Owen are hanging onto the side rails leaning over the water, counter weights to the driving force of the wind. The water splashes their underside. Owen is less tentative, more enthralled.

OWEN

(shouting)

This is awesome!

Cap laughs as he looks on at his son.

CAP

(shouting back)

It is awesome!

INT. RUTHERFORD'S SHIP - DAY

The ship slices through the waves. Little Cap and Rutherford hang over the side (resembling Cap and Owen).

RUTHERFORD

(shouting)

Now we shift in unison on three...
One. Two. Three!

Little Cap shifts forward, Rutherford does too; the ship angles.

RUTHERFORD

Now let the line go!

The boom shifts and the wind quickly forces it in the opposite direction. Little Cap, like a pro, immediately ducks and the boom goes past him like a charging bull.

EXT. CAP'S SHIP - DAY

OWEN raises his head back up as the boom clears to the other side. The wind fills the sail, and the ship is tacked.

CAP

Nice work Owen. Now man the jib!
Hurry!

Owen balances himself towards the back of the boat. He undoes the port jib sheet, and tightens the starboard jib sheet.

OWEN

(shouting)
Is this good!?

EXT. RUTHERFORD'S SHIP - DAY

RUTHERFORD

That'll do!

LITTLE CAP

Got it!

Little Cap reties the jib down with ease. The jib fills with air and it shifts the back-end of the ship.

RUTHERFORD

Done like a pro! Now man the
starboard line!

Little Cap runs over, getting to work. Rutherford watches and nods to himself, impressed.

EXT. CRESTHAVEN DOCK - NIGHT

Rutherford finishes tying his ship to the dock. Little Cap lifts several crates of supplies onto the platform.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

They put various supplies away.

RUTHERFORD

The halyard rope goes up there. The
other lines down there.

Little Cap and Rutherford go about putting things in their places.

RUTHERFORD

Good job, son. Now off you go, I'm beat.

Little Cap goes to leave then stops. He turns to face Rutherford.

LITTLE CAP

Sir?

RUTHERFORD

What is it?

LITTLE CAP

I was waiting for the right time... But I wanted to thank you for taking me out. For making me into a real sailor.

RUTHERFORD

There's no need to thank me, son--

LITTLE CAP

--Actually, there is.

Little Cap takes something out of his pocket, he walks over and hands it to Rutherford. It's his precious compass.

LITTLE CAP

I stole this from my Father's den when I was little. I want you to have it.

Rutherford takes it, surprised, half-chuckling.

RUTHERFORD

Stolen merchandise, eh?

(shaking his head)

Really, son, I can't take this from you.

Rutherford turns it over. Inscribed on back, written rather sloppily in black marker--

"From one sailor to another. Thanks, Cap"

RUTHERFORD

Son, there's no way--

He looks up, Little Cap has left. He smiles to himself, looking at the compass.

EXT. CRESTHAVEN CAMPUS - NIGHT

Little Cap walks with his backpack along the dormitory sidewalk, it's barren and quiet. Suddenly, Little Cap stops in his tracks--

A BLACK FERAL DOG stands 10 feet away, looking perched to attack. The dog lunges forward and growls enough to reveal a yellow-white color upon bearing his fangs.

Little Cap numbly steps back, frightened.

LITTLE CAP
(under his breath)
Leave me alone, please...

Then just as suddenly, the dog is gone. Cap looks around, still terrified, but there's no sign of it.

INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Little Cap bolts in with his back-pack over his shoulder. The sound of his wet sneakers SQUEAK on the marble floor as he walks down the hallway. He turns the corner and is startled by

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF -- hands crossed in a hallway chair, waiting.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
Nice of you to come by, Mr. Pinkerton.

LITTLE CAP
I was, I was--

Gustoff stands, leaning on his cane.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
Is it such a mystery where you were?
Your shoes are soaking wet -- do you
think I am so foolish not to know!
(he nears, pointing
his cane)
Taking those sabots out is dangerous!
Don't you see I'm responsible for
your safety. Not to mention you
destroy our locks! Our property!
(in Cap's face)
Do you not get this, you foolish,
foolish boy!

Little Cap is speechless. He wells with tears.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
To my office! Now!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Gustoff marches in, Little Cap trails, hanging his head.

Polina is at the reception desk, preparing to leave for the day.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
(passing Polina)
You are dismissed.

They pass into his office and the door is SLAMMED. Polina pauses, she stands and listens by the door.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Principal Gustoff prepares himself. He removes his black robe. Loosens his tight collar. Rolls up the sleeves of his shirt. He picks up a large wooden paddle from his desk.

Tears stream down Cap's cheeks.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
You know the position. What are you
waiting for child?!

Little Cap obediently turns around and leans forward.

SWAT! The paddle hits so hard it takes the breath clear out of Little Cap's lungs.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Rutherford has packed up, he is about to leave, when--

Polina jogs up, she's worked up, out of breath.

POLINA
Mr. Rutherford, I'm sorry to impose,
but I'm in need of your help.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SWAT! Little Cap tightly closes his eyes, resisting the instinct to scream.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF
(noticing the floor)
Look at the wet mess you've made
with those shoes! Take them off!
Put them out!

Little Cap whips his shoes off, opens the door, and tosses them out. He returns, leaving the door open, then notices: A FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER on the ground, fallen out from one of his shoes. Principal Gustoff curiously picks it up.

LITTLE CAP

Sir-- please that's mine, it's private!

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

There is no such thing as private here Mr. Pinkerton!

Gustoff unfolds it, reads it.

LITTLE CAP

(speaking through his tears, desperate)

That's from my father. It's a secret. Between us. Please, give it back--

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

This is good, my child. This is actually very good, because I think we have isolated the source of our problem here.

LITTLE CAP

What do you mean?

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

You are chasing the dreams of a crazy man, Mr. Pinkerton! Your father is a great benefactor of this school, and he has done well in his business dealings...

(he coldly leans in)

But what you may not know Mr. Pinkerton, is that your father has gone certifiably insane! He's possessed!

LITTLE CAP

(shaking his head)

That's not true--

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

--It is true! Why do you think you've not seen him! For years! He's locked up, Pinkerton! In a place for crazy people!

LITTLE CAP

You're a liar! You're just saying that!

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

(flashing the map in the air)

And here is the proof! A secret island! Really, child!?

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF (CONT'D)

You might as well be locked up as
well for believing such rubbish!

Little Cap takes his back pack. He unzips it. He rifles through and finds something-- he shows the principal: a perfectly round, black rock the size of golf ball.

LITTLE CAP

See-- this is a rock from that island!

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

(overlapping)

Nonsense!

LITTLE CAP

(raising his voice)

My father sailed there! He found
that island! He brought this back
for me! And I will find it too!

The Principal callously takes the map, crushes it into a tight wad, then throws it into the trash can.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

You will do no such thing.

(now shouting)

I will not allow you to play out
some fanciful mission based on the
workings of a crazy man!

The veins are popping out of his neck. He stops, collects his breath.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

Now. Where were we?!

Little Cap turns back around. He leans forward. Principal Gustoff reels the paddle back, when from nowhere a defiant, strong voice BOOMS--

RUTHERFORD (O.S.)

That's enough Gustoff!

The Principal stops, momentarily startled, then realizes -- it's Rutherford at the door.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

Mr. Rutherford!

RUTHERFORD

You've said and done enough. I will
take the boy from here.

The Principal stops. His face changes, recognizing he's lost it. He fixes himself, puts on his robe, wipes the sweat from his brow.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

Well, I suppose it is late.

He sees Polina stealthily walk in behind Rutherford.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

Oh, now I see. Very good Polina. I suppose you have made your point.

POLINA

This boy does not deserve this.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

And perhaps you do not deserve this position!

POLINA

Then so be it.

She walks up to Little Cap and gives him a kiss on his forehead.

POLINA

God bless you, child.

With that she walks out, taking her bag.

RUTHERFORD

Get your things and shoes, son, I'll be out in a moment.

Little Cap goes to run out, when suddenly Rutherford snags Cap's shirt to pull him back.

RUTHERFORD

You forget something?

He shakes his head towards the trash can. Little Cap, still petrified, slowly leans towards the can, snatches his crumpled map, and darts out.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

He is a troublemaker that boy. I know you agree.

Rutherford gets in Gustoff's face, completely ignoring his overture.

RUTHERFORD

You touch that boy again with that paddle, I will beat you with my own two fists.

PRINCIPAL GUSTOFF

I do not respond favorably to threats Mr. Rutherford. You should know that about me!

RUTHERFORD

That was not a threat, it was a promise between men. And if you know anything about me, it is that I keep my promises.

Rutherford storms out. The Principal is shaken.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Rutherford and Little Cap march out. Little Cap offers his hand as they walk. Rutherford takes it, looking ahead all the while, not revealing any emotion.

RUTHERFORD

Be ready tomorrow, young man. We leave 0800 hours, no later. And bring that map of yours too. We'll need it.

Little Cap holds back his smile, his tears, his quivering lip -- enough to say...

LITTLE CAP

Yes, sir.

They reach the stairwell.

RUTHERFORD

Off with you, now. Make sure to get your proper rest.

Little Cap nods and walks off. Rutherford watches Little Cap walk up the flight of stairs and disappear down the corridor.

INT. FBI OFFICE -- NIGHT

Agent Pasquel sits at his desk alone, looking preoccupied, working his way through a stack of files.

The office is emptied out, then Agent Sally walks past.

AGENT SALLY

Sir, it's late, I'm headed home.

AGENT PASQUEL

That's fine, Sally. Don't forget we have those interviews in the morning.

AGENT SALLY

Yes sir. How about yourself, going home anytime soon?

AGENT PASQUEL

I have a while yet.

(MORE)

AGENT PASQUEL (CONT'D)
There's a hundred different dock registers here, I want to make sure we didn't miss anything.

Sally nods and turns to leave, then stops--

AGENT SALLY
Sir, can I ask you something? You told Cap you had two girls, I'm just curious why?

AGENT PASQUEL
You never look a bull straight in the eyes.

AGENT SALLY
(confused)
Sir?

AGENT PASQUEL
If I told him the truth, it could be threatening. The last thing Cap wants is to deal with some guy who -- in his head -- has been the perfect father to his boy. And yet, it's important he knows I can relate in some way.

AGENT SALLY
So...two girls.

Pasquel nods.

AGENT SALLY
I was thinking maybe this was all getting too personal for you.

He chuckles to himself.

AGENT PASQUEL
Of course it's personal.
(he spins around to face Sally)
You're young yet Sally, and you'll work with all kinds. But this is my nature. I will lose sleep over this boy, I will spend late hours working every lead, exhausting every angle, and fear for him as if he was my own son. Maybe this is not the best way, but it is how I work.

AGENT SALLY
I'm guessing that's why you have such an amazing track record.

AGENT PASQUEL

(kindly)

Go get sleep, you will need it.

AGENT SALLY

Yes, Sir. I know you'll find him.

She leaves. Pasquel watches her go. After a moment, he sets aside the file and leans over to pick up the picture from his desk-- It's Pasquel and his cute young son, smiling happily.

CUT TO:

INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

AN ALARM CLOCK BUZZES. It shows 6:30 am.

Owen eagerly jumps out of his bed and stands beside an upright beautiful cello. He leans into it with his cheek against the maple wood.

OWEN

We can do this.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY - DAY

Owen runs down the hallway, now dressed in slacks and a nice shirt. He has a neck tie in his hand.

OWEN

Mom, dad, let's go! I can't be late!

He runs into the bedroom, throwing the door open.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Inside, Cap and Allie are still asleep.

OWEN

Get up already!

Cap groggily lifts his head and looks at the clock.

CAP

Are you kidding me?

Owen approaches Cap with his tie.

OWEN

Dad, can you tie this for me?

ALLIE

Owen, the audition isn't 'til nine.

OWEN

There could be traffic... C'mon!

INT. 1980 RANGE ROVER - DAY - TRAVELING

Owen and the cello in the back seat. Cap drives with a map on his lap, Allie is in the passenger seat.

CAP
(checking the map)
We're getting close...

Cap observes his son in the rear-view, fidgeting.

CAP
This cello thing... it's really gotten
under your skin.

OWEN
(shrugging his shoulder)
I like it.

CAP
Huh... I'm pretty sure this is a
first in our family line.

ALLIE
(to Owen)
Which is a very good thing.

Owen smiles curtly, apprehensive.

OWEN
I'm really nervous mom.

ALLIE
Just remember to breathe...

INT. MUSIC HALL - DAY

Owen plays the cello on a stark stage, under a bright spotlight. It's a simple piece, but he commands the instrument and with each passing phrase he loses himself in the deep vibrating, beautiful music.

He closes his eyes, breathing with each passing phrase, draws out the last perfect note, then stops. There is no applause. He looks up.

Three MUSICAL DIRECTORS sit off to the side, making notes. One of them, an older man, speaks up.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR
(politely)
Thank you, Mr. Pinkerton.

Owen nods, not sure what to say, then walks off.

INT. MUSIC HALL, BACK ROOM - DAY

Owen collects his things at the back of the hall. Cap and Allie walk up to meet him.

ALLIE

Owen, that was amazing!

OWEN

(sadly)

I thought it was okay. But they hated it. I could tell.

ALLIE

I'm sure that's not true, Owen.

Owen returns to packing up his things, nearly tearing up. Then from behind--

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton?

They turn. It's one of the Directors; JENNIFER, Asian (24).

JENNIFER

I'm Jennifer Atsuko, the Youth Concerto Director. May I have a word?

ALLIE

(to Owen)

Pack up okay, honey, we'll be right back.

INT. MUSIC HALL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Cap, Allie, and Jennifer are in the hallway, out of earshot from Owen.

JENNIFER

As you may know this conservatory is only for the most gifted young musicians in the country. This year we are accepting only three cellists.

ALLIE

And Owen?

JENNIFER

I'm sorry, he's not one of them.

CAP

(quick)

Well, there's always next year.

JENNIFER

Of course, but actually one of the three chosen today is a pupil of mine, which means... I have an opening for a student.

ALLIE

You would take Owen?!

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER

It would be my privilege. Owen understands the music at such a deep level -- it's as if the composer himself possesses this little boy and plays for us. This is something I rarely see.

She stops and pulls out a business card.

JENNIFER

Lucky for me, I am a very busy cellist, so I proctor only one pupil at a time. Here is my card.

(handing it over)

And I should mention, too, if Owen does well I can have him sit in with the core orchestra. I'm sure he would love that.

Allie tears up.

ALLIE

That is wonderful. Thank you so much.

CAP

If I may ask, what kind of time commitment are we talking here?

ALLIE

Cap! It doesn't matter, he's doing it!

CAP

He's got sailing, Allie. Twice a week.

JENNIFER

If you need time to think about it, you can let me know tomorrow, it's fine.

ALLIE

(holding back)

Sure. We'll talk tomorrow.

INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Owen plays Atari in the dark. The cello stands beside him like a playing partner. He hears muffled INAUDIBLE DISCOURSE from his parent's room. He turns up the volume to put it out.

INT. CAP'S BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

Cap and Allie, dressed for bed, stand toe-to-toe in their walk-in closet, talking in hushed tones.

ALLIE

I know it's everything to you, Cap, you're a sailor caught in a mundane family life that pales in comparison, I get it -- but Owen is different. He doesn't see things your way.

CAP

He's hardly ten years old, Allie! He doesn't know anything yet! And because of you, he's terrified to take a single risk--

ALLIE

That's not fair, I allowed him to take those sailing lessons, which by the way he can't stand!

CAP

And I wonder why!? All he hears from you is about how dangerous it is-- you've scared the hell out of him!

ALLIE

(louder)

Well I'm sorry that I prefer Owen take up a hobby that doesn't involve being washed out to sea!

Cap turns around, flustered, takes a deep calming breath, then faces Allie again, trying his best to keep his cool.

CAP

This thing is bigger than this argument, than this passing cello-fad, than you or me. It's been handed down my family lineage, and we will carry on this tradition--

ALLIE

(interrupting)

Oh my God, if I have to hear this crap one more time -- give it a break

(MORE)

ALLIE (CONT'D)

already, Cap! We're not in the 14th century!

CAP

Just because you don't understand it doesn't make it any less real, Allie!

ALLIE

(overlapping)

That's ridiculous.

CAP

...and together, Owen and I will finish this family mission some day.

ALLIE

Mission?! What the hell are you talking about, Cap?!

(louder, angrily)

You're not taking that boy anywhere, do you hear me! Not over my dead body!

Cap cinches in, faces Allie with a pointed finger.

CAP

He's my son too, Allie. No matter what you do, or say, or try to manipulate, nothing will change that. Ever!

He turns on his heels, storms out, and SLAMS the door shut.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Cap pensively sits in his library in his pajamas. He turns his attention to a PAINTING on the wall -- Pinkerton Senior with Little Cap awkwardly sitting beside him, dressed in matching Yacht Club attire.

Suddenly, he jumps to his feet and climbs up the ladder to reach a thick book on the very top shelf. He slides the book out, climbs back down, and sets it down on the table. He wipes the dust off the cover-- "The Nautical Almanac".

He opens the book, revealing a folded piece of paper seemingly hidden amongst its pages.

He hesitates to touch it, as if the folded paper wields a power of its own. Abruptly, he slams the book shut, thinking better of it.

Cap clicks the desk lamp off. In the dark he walks over to the window. He looks up at the starry night.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. RUTHERFORD'S BOAT - NIGHT

The STARRY NIGHT over the boat. Rutherford and Little Cap lay on their backs staring up at the brilliant night sky.

LITTLE CAP

I never knew there were so many stars.
Were they always there?

Rutherford chuckles.

RUTHERFORD

City lights, son. It's hard to see
past 'em.

LITTLE CAP

Huh. It's so different out here.

RUTHERFORD

We sailors like to call it 'home'.

LITTLE CAP

It's awesome.

They smile at one another.

LITTLE CAP

People say my dad was a great sailor.
Did you know him?

RUTHERFORD

He was gone by the time I got to
Cresthaven. But it's true, he's
rumored to have been one of the best.
Of course, I can't say one way or
another since I never sailed with
him myself.

LITTLE CAP

I guess that makes two of us.

RUTHERFORD

Hey, I'm sure if your dad could take
my place, he'd be here in a heartbeat.

Little Cap shrugs his shoulders.

LITTLE CAP

I'm here now anyways. I'm pretty
cool with that.

RUTHERFORD

Even if it is with your miserable,
stinky, mean, mess-of-a-sailing
instructor?

Little Cap chuckles to himself.

RUTHERFORD

You can disagree with me at anytime
now!

They crack up together, then it settles back to silence.

LITTLE CAP

Mr. Rutherford...do you ever see
things you're not sure are real?

RUTHERFORD

That depends on what I'm drinking.
(chuckling)
I've seen plenty of visions on bad
rum. That's a fact.
(to Cap)
Why you ask, son?

LITTLE CAP

I was just wondering.

RUTHERFORD

Well, when that happens to me, I
just shake my head real fast-- like
this.

He rigorously shakes his head side to side, then stops.

RUTHERFORD

And it all straightens out. More or
less anyways. Or...you can always
just ask me, Cap. Heck, I'll always
be here for you son, tell you what's
what.

He warmly smiles at Little Cap.

LITTLE CAP

Thanks, Mr. Rutherford.

Little Cap yawns, his eyes get heavy, then closes...

INT. CAP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cap sleeps next to his wife, he's restless, his face twitches.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

A single drop of water lands on Cap's forehead. His eyes
snap open. Then another on his cheek. He looks up.

Suddenly, a massive deluge of water pours from the ceiling,
instantly flooding the room.

Allie snaps awake, shouting--

ALLIE

Cap! What's going on!

The level rises quickly, the bed takes float and then succumbs under the water. Allie desperately paddles, losing the fight to keep her head above water. She disappears.

CAP

Allie!

Cap takes a big breath, submerges himself, frantically looking for Allie through murky water. An end-table floats by, books, a television set, shoes, clothes -- he pushes it all aside, thrashing through the water.

Finally, he sees a floating body, limp. Desperately, he swims over, fighting the current, spins the body around, and is mortified to discover--

OWEN, pale white and lifeless.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Cap WAKES in a sweat and breathless, he instantly scans the room, relieved it was a dream.

Allie is gone; the house is eerily quiet. He sits for a moment at the bedside, catching his breath.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Cap plays chess with Buddy. Cap is unshaven, sloppily dressed, and blends in quite nicely with the other homeless.

The game is far along; a few pieces left.

BUDDY

You're on your game today, Cap. I'm impressed.

Buddy moves.

CAP

Maybe I'll save myself ten bucks for once.

BUDDY

Let's not get all crazy now.

(chuckling)

I said you doin' okay, that's all.

Cap moves.

BUDDY

Hey man, you been playing a lot of chess lately, Cap -- you ever going back to that work of yours?

CAP

I hate it Buddy, I hate everything about that firm.

Buddy moves.

BUDDY

What's to hate about making money? I happen to find that some seriously fascinating shit.

Cap chuckles. He shakes his head.

CAP

I know it's hard to believe but it gets old. I need to spend time on things that matter to me. The truth is...

(hesitating)

...there something I've been planning. Something I need to do.

Cap moves. Buddy instantly moves again, taking a piece.

BUDDY

Chasing dreams then. That's nice, maybe about time...

(he chuckles)

...just know when the cat's away some fucked-up shit can happen.

Cap stops his focus on the chessboard. He looks up at Buddy.

CAP

What are you talking about?

BUDDY

Shit man, I see your wife's all suckin' up with those white fuckers over there, and that Peter-dude too -- walking by all the time, eating at that fancy...

(French accent)

Loeb Boathouse, or Le Pain whatever-the-fuck...

(chuckling)

And she seems just fine, man. I don't see her missin' your ass.

CAP

Every day?

BUDDY

Just about.

Buddy moves.

BUDDY

So you may want to be careful with
all that dreamin' shit and mind your
business, Cap. That's all I'm saying.

Cap takes it in, thinking.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - LOBE BOAT RESTAURANT - DAY

Allie, Peter and ALAN (60's) finish their lunch, they LAUGH.
In the b.g. a WAITER approaches the table, collects plates.

PETER

...You wouldn't believe how often
that's happened.

Alan looks over to Allie.

ALAN

Well the good news is the D.A. won't
be underestimating you anytime soon.

ALLIE

Or not such good news -- now they're
onto my tricks.

ALAN

(chuckling)
You can say that again.

PETER

But look, at the end of the day, you
can have the very best legal mind on
your side--

ALAN

(looking over to Allie)
I certainly wouldn't want her on the
other end of the table.

ALLIE

Gentlemen, you should know your
flattery will get you nowhere.

PETER

And there she goes, breaking more
hearts again...

They all laugh. Peter smiles at Allie warmly, then puts his
hand out to Alan.

PETER

So Alan, what do say-- can we draw
up the docs?

Alan shakes Peter hand, with a confident smile.

EXT. LOBE BOAT RESTAURANT - FRONT - DAY

Cap stands in front of the restaurant, looking disheveled and ill-groomed. He looks through the front window, then scurries around the back.

He peers through the rear window, and sees-- Allie, Peter, and Alan having a good time.

CAP'S FACE drops to see Allie and Peter so familiar.

INT. LOEB BOAT RESTAURANT - LATER

Allie and Peter walk towards the exit.

PETER

Nice work, Allie, you really turned him around.

ALLIE

C'mon, Peter, we both know you did the heavy lifting.

PETER

Fine, we'll call it teamwork.

They stop at the coat-check desk. Peter retrieves Allie's coat and puts it on for her one arm at a time. She spins around, and they face one another. Peter sweetly fixes her collar.

PETER

You have so much going for you, Allie. Why on Earth are you still putting up with him?

ALLIE

We're not getting into this right now.

She turns, walks out of the restaurant, and Peter follows.

EXT. LOBE BOAT RESTAURANT - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Allie is ahead, Peter briskly catches up.

PETER

Allie, listen--
(spinning her around)
You need to know, I just can't wait around forever. You know that right?

ALLIE

(emotional)
I'm trying my best here, Peter. The last thing I need is you pressuring me.

Peter changes the intensity on his face, he hugs Allie warmly, then pulls back to face her.

PETER

Take your time, okay. I'll see you at the office.

Allie nods and he walks off. She sits down at a bench and plops her face into her hands.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FBI INTERROGATION OFFICE - DAY

Allie raises her head from her hands. She looks like a different woman -- stressed beyond belief, as if she hasn't slept in days. Her eyes are swollen from crying.

ALLIE

It's been going on for months now...

Agent Sally sits across from Allie taking notes.

ALLIE

He just stopped caring about things; about work, about anything. And he's been doing weird things.

AGENT SALLY

Like what?

ALLIE

I could never prove it, but I'm pretty sure he was following me. He wouldn't bathe for days, or change his clothes. He just became someone I didn't recognize.

AGENT SALLY

And this sailing expedition he was planning-- any idea at all where or what he was thinking?

ALLIE

Not at all. It seemed like nonsense to me.

Agent Sally scribbles along as they talk, then stops.

AGENT SALLY

Does Cap have any other friends or confidants you know of?

ALLIE

No, no one.

INT. SECRET OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

On the other side of a one-way mirror Agent Pasquel and Agent Scott watch.

AGENT PASQUEL
Does *anybody* know this guy?

AGENT SCOTT
Not his wife apparently.

AGENT PASQUEL
(looking at his watch)
Owen's running out in... 4 to 6 hours.
After that, he gets sick.

AGENT SCOTT
We're wasting our time here--

AGENT PASQUEL
(interrupting)
Hold on a second-- did you just hear
that?!

INT. FBI INTERROGATION OFFICE - DAY

AGENT SALLY
...Does he play chess at the park a
lot?

ALLIE
All the time. With a guy named
'Buddy', I'm pretty sure. And lately
since he stopped dressing up and
grooming, he actually blends in with
those guys. It's actually really
embarrassing...

INT. SECRET OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The Agents are preparing to hustle out.

AGENT PASQUEL
I think we just found the bowling
partner...

INT. 1980 RANGE ROVER - DAY - TRAVELING

Allie drives home. She tries to focus, changes lanes, stops
at a light. She waits and then catches herself in the rear-
view mirror. She sees herself -- stressed, aged, broken
down. She hardly recognizes herself.

A SCREECHING HORN, snaps her alert again, she moves on.

Her car phone RINGS, she picks up the large corded receiver
from the center console.

ALLIE

Hello...

PETER (V.O.)

Allie, Peter here. Just wanted to touch base. You okay?

ALLIE

I guess. It's been tough.

PETER (V.O.)

They'll find him, Allie. I know they will.

ALLIE

(emotional)

I hope so.

PETER (V.O.)

Hey, those agents today were asking me about Cap's boats. Did you know he has 16 yachts docked up and down the coast, some of them he hasn't taken out a single time. And on our dime!

ALLIE

That's... Listen Peter, I'm just worried about Owen right now.

PETER (V.O.)

I know, of course, of course. But man is Cap nuts.

ALLIE

Listen Peter, Cap is not a bad guy, he's just not been himself lately. I think he's really sick. And right now, I just need space to think about things. About everything.

PETER (V.O.)

Maybe we can talk later, I'll come by.

ALLIE

No. Not tonight.

PETER (V.O.)

Oooookay. Sure. I'm here when you need a friend. You know that.

She disconnects.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT DRIVEWAY - DAY

Allie pulls into her mansion. The front gate rolls open. She pulls in, gets out, and unlocks the front door.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Allie walks in. She is years younger, no bags under her eyes, light hearted, home from work.

She sets her things down, then double-takes the kitchen. The table is set for dinner. Candlelit room. Light music.

ALLIE
(to herself)
What is going on here...

Cap suddenly steps out. He is dressed in a sharp suit, clean shaven and flowers in hand.

ALLIE
Oh my God, Cap, this is so beautiful.
And you shaved! It's been weeks.

CAP
Owen is out to the movies with the
sitter. The champagne is chilled
and dinner is served.

He puts his arm out.

CAP
Shall we?

INT. DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

They're eating, laughing.

CAP
So here I am, asking this Russian...
Czech... God-knows-what, butcher how
they manage to stuff crab into those
small little shrimps-- I was just
curious. Then somehow the guy thinks
I just told him to go stuff a shrimp
up his ass...

Allie busts out laughing.

CAP
...It's loud in there as it is, and
English has got to be his 3rd, maybe
4th language, you know. So he
literally kicks me out of the store,
telling me to go stuff my own ass
with a crab!

ALLIE
 (still laughing)
 That did not happen.

CAP
 It actually did, and it was a little scary to be honest.

ALLIE
 Well, thanks, Cap. What can I say, you really pulled through.

They toast and laugh together for a moment. Cap then pulls out a card and slides it over to Allie.

ALLIE
 What's this?

CAP
 Open it.

She does, and reads it.

ALLIE
 An invitation? To-- what!-- a ball?!

Cap smiles proudly.

CAP
 If that's what it says, then that's what we're doing.

ALLIE
 Cap, you know balls involve dancing. And real dancing, like -- the waltz.

CAP
 Then I better go get myself some dance shoes.

Allie chuckles to herself, baffled by the invitation.

ALLIE
 You sure about this?

CAP
 Never been surer.

ALLIE
 You know, I have to be honest with you, Cap, I've been worried about you lately. It's like you haven't been yourself, drifting away I guess. For months.

CAP
 Maybe we've both drifted a little...

He smiles at Allie, and looks into her eyes sweetly. It is clear he is still deeply in love with Allie.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They make love. Cap is on top of Allie thrusting up and down. She opens her eyes and stares off, disengaged. Cap is in ecstasy in the b.g.

CAP

Oh God yeah, that feels so good Allie,
oh God, oh God yeah...

LATER

They are in bed, facing one another.

CAP

(hushed)
Thanks for tonight, Allie. It meant
a lot to me.

ALLIE

(half-asleep)
It was nice.

CAP

You know I was thinking, all these
years, you've never gone sailing
with me--

ALLIE

(still groggy)
God no, Cap, you know I can't. I
get so sick, it would be miserable.

CAP

There's pills now--

ALLIE

--It's your thing, it's okay. We
don't need to have all the same
interests...

Allie rolls over, getting more comfortable.

CAP

I know. It's just...I thought if I
was to take a trip, like a long trip
maybe...it would be nice to have you
there. And Owen too... You know?

Silence.

CAP

Allie?

He looks over, Allie's sound asleep. Cap sighs to himself, thinking.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Heavy cloud cover over the park, early morning.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Cap runs along a park trail in a sweat-suit. He crosses the street, onto the busy sidewalk and finds a small business front. He KNOCKS on the door.

A petite ASIAN WOMAN (50) opens the door. Bright smile.

ASIAN WOMAN

(happily)

Right on time! Good, good! Come in!

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

She instructs Cap on dancing the waltz.

ASIAN WOMAN

One, two, three -- one, two, three...

They move about the dance floor. Cap is awkward but actually getting the movement of the waltz.

ASIAN WOMAN

(as they dance)

Much better! You getting this!
It's about time too! Good, keep moving -- one, two, three -- one, two, three.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)

In some ways, dancing the waltz is like sailing really...

INT. SENIOR FACILITY - BEDROOM - DAY

Elder Cap is peeling an orange, still talking to someone off screen.

ELDER CAP

Waves come in sets, see. And you can count them, just like the waltz...

(closing his eyes,
remembering the dance)

One, two, three -- one, two, three...

Elder Cap chuckles.

ELDER CAP

I'm no dancer. But I tried just the same. Actually, I'm a sailor. That's what I am. Hell, you know that. I would prefer to count waves than count music any day...

He leans forward, turning ominous.

ELDER CAP

You lose count dancing, you look foolish. But on a sailboat, you lose track out there...

EXT. RUTHERFORD'S BOAT - DAY

Rutherford and Little Cap man the sailboat.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)

...It can be the end of you.

The wind has picked up. Little Cap is proficient, running the lines and sails without Rutherford having to tell him.

Rutherford studies the crumpled map, putting it up against the sun.

RUTHERFORD

We keep this course for another ten nautical miles then we'll move southwest to see if there's a downwind draft. If not we'll have to traverse those Atlantic cross currents.

LITTLE CAP

We got the best Captain in the world, sir, I'm not worried!

RUTHERFORD

A good sailor always has a little bit of worry in his back pocket, son. Comes with the territory. Now let's get this show on the road -- hoist the mainsail!

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DAY

The mainsail bursts open. Owen's face lights up, he now mans the sheets on his own.

OWEN

Done!

Cap works on the other sail. The boat takes form and coasts along nicely.

OWEN

Hey dad! Does this thing play
cassettes?

CAP

Yeah, I think so. Check it out --
by the control chair.

Owen grabs a cassette from his back pack and runs up to the cockpit. He looks over the equipment, finds a cassette tape player, flips a couple switches, then finds the volume.

OWEN

Sweet!

He turns it up. THE SMITHS-- plays loudly over the boat speakers. Cap laughs, gives him a thumbs up and then starts to dance on the bow of the ship, barely keeping his balance as it bounces up and down.

Owen cracks up at his dad. He jumps down and joins him, acting silly, dancing, nearly falling over, and singing the words at the top of his lungs. The water splashes over them with each crashing wave.

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - LATER

Cap studies his nautical chart from the control chair.

Owen, still listening to music, runs about doing tasks on the sailboat. Cap turns to listen to the incoming weather report on his VHF. His face changes. He looks out--

DARK CLOUDS in the distance.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. RUTHERFORD'S BOAT - DAY

DARK CLOUDS. Rutherford squints at the weather-front, concerned.

RUTHERFORD

Son, it's time we challenge those
skills of yours... And mine as well.
Get the life jacket and safety
harness. Now!

LITTLE CAP

Yes sir.

The two run to batten down the hatches.

RUTHERFORD

Let's run the jack line, bow to stern.
Hurry!

A light drizzle quickly turns into heavy rain, and increasing winds as they sail square into a storm.

The waves increase in height, dropping the ship ten feet with each crest. Little Cap finds it hard to keep his balance, slipping.

RUTHERFORD

The winds are coming up. Probably
30-plus knots! Let's reef the sails!

EXT. CAP'S SAILBOAT - DAY

OWEN

I got it, Dad!

Owen shifts back and forth moving towards the sail, reaches it, then works to drop it as he fights the rain and whipping wind in his face. Cap runs over to join him.

CAP

Let me help you!

Together they fight to lower the mainsail, the force of the powering wind fights them every inch... until, finally, the two overpower the lines and drop the sail.

The ship steadies.

CAP

This is getting intense out here!
Hurry up and clip onto the windward
jack line!

Owen nods, looking more fearful now. He clips his safety harness onto the tense rope.

EXT. RUTHERFORD'S BOAT - DAY

In the storm, Little Cap clips his safety vest to the line.

LITTLE CAP

How about you sir?! Shouldn't you
clip in too?!

RUTHERFORD

I'm okay, son! I've seen worse than
this!

The ship trails off. Ahead of them a deep, darkening sky, as if they were entering Hades itself.

BLACK.

INT. BRIDGE TUNNEL - DAY

A single flashlight beam penetrates the pitch dark tunnel.

The spot of light reveals groups of HOMELESS MEN, some asleep.

AGENT PASQUEL (O.S.)
Wake up gentlemen! We're looking
for a guy named 'Buddy', plays chess
with a guy named Cap Pinkerton...

A couple bums get up and meander out. One mutters on the way out...

BUM
Git the fuck outta here...

AGENT PASQUEL
We got money for info? Anyone?!

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)
Over here.

The flashlight scans and finds the voice, a HOMELESS MAN (50's), looking the part.

HOMELESS MAN
You'll be lookin' a long time --
Buddy passed away years ago.

AGENT PASQUEL
We must be talking about another
'Buddy'.

HOMELESS MAN
(chuckling)
There was only one Buddy, you can
trust me on that... But if you're
lookin' for Cap's chessmates I can
help you there...

In the glimmer of the flashlight is Pasquel's face, bewildered. He takes out a 50-dollar bill.

PASQUEL
Then show me.

The homeless man snatches the bill and they follow him out along the tunnel, into the daylight.

CUT TO:

INT. PINKERTON LAW FIRM - CORRIDOR - DAY

Peter briskly walks along a hallway with a manilla envelope under his arm, he reaches a door and opens it.

INT. ALLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks in. Allie works at her desk, a pile of files sit beside her.

PETER

Hey.

ALLIE

(without looking up)
Hi Peter. I'm in the middle of something here.

PETER

I have a delivery.
(showing the manilla envelope)
I thought I would hand-deliver this one.

Allie immediately stops what she's doing. She turns, and takes it from Peter pensively.

PETER

John Jacobs is the best divorce attorney in Manhattan, aside from our own, of course. Consider this his finest opus.

Allie sighs, apprehensive.

PETER

And between your partnership equity and what you get in this deal, you become the controlling partner. You killed it.

ALLIE

I suppose I did...

PETER

Listen, the guy brought this on himself. This was inevitable.

ALLIE

...And of all days-- Cap has a formal event he's taking me to tonight.

PETER

(shrugging)
Then give it to him in a couple days.

ALLIE

I can't do that to Cap. I need to come clean with him. Right away.

PETER

Yeah... I know this isn't easy for you, Allie.

Peter leans close and kisses Allie on her forehead.

PETER

But we all know it's been coming...
Hey, the Champagne is chilled, just
let me know when you're ready.

Allie, distant, just nods. Peter walks out.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT - NIGHT

It's raining. Allie pulls into the driveway, and sees Cap waiting by a stretched limo in a tuxedo. He holds an umbrella, looking excited.

Allie gets out with her briefcase. She walks over to Cap and joins him under his umbrella. They shout over the pounding rain.

CAP

Go and get ready, Allie! Hurry!

ALLIE

Cap, I need to talk to you!

CAP

We have all night to talk. I don't
want to miss the reservations.

ALLIE

(soberly)

No Cap -- we need to talk. Now.

Cap double-takes, perplexed.

CAP

Sure. Umm--

He points to the limo, and they step in, leaving the car door open.

We watch from outside. She speaks and Cap listens. The rain increases.

He counters, but the INAUDIBLE WORDS lost in the heavy rain seem to have no effect on Allie. She hands him the manilla envelope from her brief case. She hesitates, steps out, and runs into the house.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

CAP despondent, without expression, broken. The driver, CHARLIE, 60, slides the partition down.

CHARLIE

The Missus getting ready, sir?

Nothing.

CHARLIE

Sir?

CAP

(startled)

Sorry?

CHARLIE

The lady -- will she be long? I can call the restaurant and let them know to hold your table.

CAP

(putting on a face)

Change of plans, Charlie. Take the night off. I'm good.

Cap steps out of the car.

CHARLIE

Sir?

Cap walks out into the rain, away from the house. Charlie jumps out of the limo, and shouts...

CHARLIE

Sir! Do you want your umbrella?

Cap doesn't turn around, forges ahead, now running -- into the bleak night.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

MUSIC IN

Cap jogs along the park path, the rain coming down hard, his tuxedo drenched.

He passes a lake, goes up and down hills, past a restaurant, and, finally, reaches the other side of the park -- the chess tables.

As he catches his breath, he scans to each side, narrowing his eyes into the darkness, but there's no one there. It's barren.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Allie stands in the kitchen and pours a small amount of wine into a glass, her hands trembling -- she quickly drinks it.

She wipes away a tear from her eyes, then pours another.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Cap sits at the chess tables, soaking wet, alone.

MUSIC OUT

He buries his head into his hands, looks back up, then is STARTLED to see--

THE BLACK FERAL DOG

quietly sitting immediately across from Cap. The dog's thick mangy hair is soaking wet. The whites of his eyes pierce through the darkness as the dog calmly stares directly into Cap.

Cap vigorously shakes his head to each side (as Rutherford showed him), and focuses again across the table, but the dog remains-- waiting.

Cap leans forward, testing the dingy dog. It seems docile. Slowly Cap extends his hand towards the dog, cautiously nearing ever so closer, and closer, nearly touching it, and then--

GROWL and SNAP-- the dog viciously bites at Cap's wrist, catching him and drawing blood.

CAP
(yelping)
Dammit! Bastard!

Cap looks down at his wrist, it's bleeding briskly, he uses his shirt tail to put pressure on it, making a bloody mess.

He looks back up-- the dog is gone. Cap jumps to his feet, he looks past the table, to each side, no sign of it.

CAP
(angrily, shouting
into the rain)
Son of a bitch, coward! I'm not scared
of you!

Cap looks up into the ominous pouring sky.

OWEN (V.O.)
Dad, it's coming down hard!

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CAP'S BOAT-- NIGHT

CAP'S FACE in the rain.

He turns. Owen is on the aft of the ship, holding on to the cable, losing his balance with each crashing wave.

CAP
Owen! Get over here! Inside the
cabin!

Cap carefully makes his way towards his son, takes Owen's hand, guides him to the cabin as the boat crashes up and down with each monstrous wave.

CAP
It's safer here!

OWEN
But I need to help you!

CAP
It's okay! Just stay here!

Cap gets back onto the main deck. Suddenly, he loses his balance, lands on his backside and slides all the way down the length of the boat, nearly slipping right out into the turbulent ocean-- but for managing to grab hold the loose safety cable.

30-foot waves crash the boat up and down, mercilessly slamming Cap onto the ship's bow. The cable gives and then catches again, creating more slack, sending Cap into the water, though he still manages to hang on.

Owen jumps out of the cabin, searching for his father.

OWEN
(screaming)
Dad! Hang on! Dad!

EXT. RUTHERFORD'S BOAT - NIGHT

The ship is battered by crashing waves.

Rutherford fights to trim the main. Little Cap unclips his safety harness so he can come over to help. The wind and rain are punishing.

RUTHERFORD
Tie yourself back down boy! I will
get this! Go! Now!

LITTLE CAP
No sir! I'll help!

Rutherford suddenly grabs Little Cap by the arm.

RUTHERFORD
(intense)
I am the Captain of this ship and
you do what I say!

Little Cap, fearful, overwhelmed, starts to cry.

LITTLE CAP
Yes sir.

Severely off balance, Little Cap struggles to find the safety line and clips back in.

Rutherford is pulling at the mainline so hard his veins bulge in his neck, he grinds his teeth, GRUNTING. Finally, the boom gives way -- but too fast.

The fierce winds force the boom back with such power it catches Rutherford square in the stomach and nearly knocks him off the ship. He holds on by the tips of his fingers.

LITTLE CAP

Sir! Wait!

Little Cap tries to work the clip off, fumbling in the wet wind. He looks up -- all at once, a wall of water rises over the ship, crashes down and carries Rutherford away in a split instant.

Little Cap finally undoes his safety clip, runs to the boat's edge, being tossed about like a kick-can.

Through his tears and panic, he screams into the darkness--

LITTLE CAP

Rutherford! Rutherford!

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - NIGHT

OWEN

(overlapping)

Dad! Dad!

Owen sees a glimpse of Cap, up on the crest of one wave, down on the next. He still hangs onto the line, fighting his way back to the ship's bow.

OWEN

(louder)

Over here Dad! I see you!

With the next wave, Cap makes a final pull, dragging himself up enough to catch the edge of the ship by his finger tips. He lifts himself up, then flops onto the deck like a dead seal, choking on water, fighting to breathe.

OWEN

Dad, you're okay! You're okay!

He helps his father sit up and tightly hugs him.

Cap looks out into the torrential storm and hears the SCREECHING VOICE echoing inside his head--

LITTLE CAP (V.O.)

Rutherford! Rutherford! Are you there!?

Cap starts to sob uncontrollably. Owen puts his arm around his father.

The incessant ECHOES in Cap's head only grow LOUDER.

EXT. RUTHERFORD'S BOAT - NIGHT

Little Cap on the edge of the boat, alone, desperately searching.

LITTLE CAP
RUTHERFOOOORD!

Suddenly, in the bleak darkness, Little Cap squints his eyes at the very distant lights of another boat.

Little Cap scrambles to a storage panel, takes out an Emergency kit and yanks out a flare.

As Little Cap ignites the flare it briefly illuminates his tearful face, and then sets it off screeching through the dark, tumultuous sky.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Little Cap sits at a church pew, dressed in a vest and tie. He sits among other students and families. Mr. Bechtal sits beside Cap. The church is packed. A PRIEST speaks in the b.g. in monotone.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)
Adrift. The dictionary defines it as, "floating on the water without guidance, purpose or support..."

Mr. Bechtal nods at Little Cap as if to make sure he was okay.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)
Standing there I realized, I had been precisely that -- in fact, for as long as I could remember...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

On a perfect, clear day, over green hills covered by a multitude of headstones. The students and faculty circle around. Adam stands in front, wiping away his tears as the priest speaks about his uncle, the amazing Mr. Rutherford.

ELDER CAP (V.O.)
...That very day I made a promise, I would one day finish what we started -- not just for my father, but for Mr. Rutherford too.

The group starts to file out. They pass Little Cap, who looks on, heart-broken, guilty.

Principle Gustoff passes Little Cap, shaking his head and TSKING at him, disgusted.

Little Cap looks down, ashamed. Then a passing hand on his shoulder makes him look up. It's Adam.

ADAM

Head up, Cap. That's what my uncle would tell you.

Adam sympathetically smiles at Little Cap as he continues to walk past him.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Mr. Bechtal drives, Little Cap is in the back seat. Bechtal eyes Little Cap in the rear-view mirror.

LITTLE CAP

Will my father be home?

MR. BECHTAL

(looking ahead)

No, Cap. He won't.

Little Cap looks out at the passing terrain, thinking. Then turns to towards Mr. Bechtal.

LITTLE CAP

(determined)

I need to see my dad. I don't care where he is.

Mr. Bechtal looks back at Cap, and nods with a heavy heart.

INT. NEW YORK STATE INSANE ASYLUM - DAY

Mr. Bechtal and a PSYCHIATRIC NURSE (30's) lead Little Cap down a long, cold, sterile corridor. Each room has a small window at the door, with some patients pressing their faces against it. MANIACAL SCREAMS can be heard in the b.g.

They reach a room. The nurse unlocks the door. Mr. Bechtal indicates for Little Cap to enter.

MR. BECHTAL

We'll be right here...It's okay, go on.

INT. INSANE ASYLUM - PINKERTON SENIOR'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Little Cap tentatively walks in, his shoes ECHO against the stark cement-walled room.

In a chair, facing him in the shadows, is PINKERTON SENIOR, 55, looking older than his age, wearing a drab institutional jump suit, a blanket over his lap.

Little Cap nears, and though Pinkerton tracks him, his stare is vapid.

LITTLE CAP
Hi dad, it's me. Cap.

Nothing.

LITTLE CAP
Dad... can you hear me?

PINKERTON SENIOR
(with a dry throat)
Do you still have the rock?

LITTLE CAP
Yes sir, I've taken good care of it.

PINKERTON SENIOR
(fervent)
You must never lose it. It is who I am! It is who you are! You understand?!

LITTLE CAP
(half-frightened)
Yes sir.

Pinkerton Senior narrows his eyes at Little Cap, more aware of his physical presence.

PINKERTON SENIOR
The older you get, the more you look like your mother. It's painful just to see you.

LITTLE CAP
Dad, I wanted to tell you about the island. I almost found it--

PINKERTON SENIOR
(interrupting)
--Even how your mouth moves when you speak. So much like my Ada...

Tears well up in Pinkerton Senior's eyes.

LITTLE CAP
I didn't mean to upset you, sir, I just wanted to let you know about my sailing trip--

PINKERTON SENIOR
 You've said and done enough! You
 must leave!

LITTLE CAP
 But I haven't seen you in over a
 year--

PINKERTON SENIOR
 (screaming)
 Now!

Little Cap, startled, steps back.

PINKERTON SENIOR
 (losing it, furious)
 Now! Out of here! Do you hear me!

Mr. Bechtal and the nurse run in, scurry Little Cap away, as
 the nurse tries to calm him. As they leave, he only
 escalates.

PINKERTON SENIOR
 (crying, screaming)
 He took my Ada! My precious Ada!
 Out with him! Never again! Do you
 hear me!?...Adaaaaa...

INT. LITTLE CAPS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Little Cap lies in his childhood bedroom, pensively staring
 into the darkness.

PINKERTON SENIOR (V.O.)
 (fading)
 Adaaaaaa!

Little Cap finds a bedside night-light and CLICKS it on. He
 quietly gets up, carefully slides his shoe over, and takes
 from it -- his trusty map.

He then retrieves his precious Sailing Almanac from his back
 pack, opens the thick book to a random page, and slides the
 map in between its pages.

He sighs, sadly, like saying good-bye to a good friend.

He closes the book, with the map buried in it, and slides
 the book onto a bookshelf overhead, which blends with the
 many other thick books, then returns to bed. He CLICKS the
 light off.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

CAP groggily opens his eyes, blinking, to make out--

BUDDY, sitting across from him, chuckling.

Cap looks himself over, still in his tux, wet from the night before. The rain has stopped, and the clouds have lifted.

BUDDY

Wow, man -- you are seriously down
on your line, Cap. Holy shit!

Buddy cracks himself up, laughing.

CAP

(shielding the light
from his eyes)
I'm glad you find humor in this. I
just had the worst night of my life.
And where the heck were you?

BUDDY

You know I'm homeless, right?! That
means I gotta keep moving, Cap.
Shit, man!

Cap nods. He looks down to check the dog bite on his wrist, but there's no cut, no blood. Perplexed, he checks the other hand, but nothing.

BUDDY

You okay, Cap?

CAP

(dazed)
Actually... I'm not so sure anymore.

BUDDY

I can see that, shit. You're starting
to scare me, man.

CAP

I need you to hold this for me.

Cap takes out a small key from his pocket, and hands it over to Buddy, who has a quixotic look on his face.

CAP

It's a safety deposit box, the number
is on the key, First National Bank.

BUDDY

(perplexed)
Okay...?

CAP

If something happens to me -- I just
want to make sure Owen gets what's
in there. They're little things I
want him to have.

(MORE)

CAP (CONT'D)

I just... can't think straight right now, you know, I can't trust anybody, and I'm... not totally right.

BUDDY

You gettin' crazier by the minute, Cap. Shit, man.

CAP

She's leaving me, Buddy. It's over.

BUDDY

Sorry to hear that, Cap... So what's plan B?

CAP

(emotionally spent)
I don't know anymore.

Suddenly, Buddy leans over and SLAPS Cap on the side of the head.

BUDDY

(shouting)
Wake the fuck up man!

CAP

What the hell!

Buddy starts laughing out loud.

BUDDY

You really don't get it, do you? You're one free mother-fucker. At last! Now you get to do whatever you want to do. To live *your* life. Not your Dad's, not that greedy-ass law firm's and definitely not your wife's -- but *your* life, Cap.

Cap's face changes, maybe there's hope in what Buddy says.

BUDDY

What has Mister Cap Pinkerton been dying to do all his life?

And an idea is reborn at that very moment.

CAP

(to himself)
...What I've wanted to do?

BUDDY

That's right... Those cob-webbed dreams rattling inside that thick skull of yours. Did you forget?!

CAP
No, Buddy. I never have.

BUDDY
So stop playing it safe. Risk the
Queen. Fuck, risk everything man!

There's life again in Cap's eyes.

CAP
Thanks, Buddy!

Cap pulls out his wallet. He counts out some money, then
just pulls out a wad of hundreds.

CAP
(handing it over)
Here, take it all, and take care of
that key, okay!

Cap runs off. Buddy shouts--

BUDDY
Be careful out there, Cap -- those
waters can get rough man!

Cap waves as he runs off.

EXT./INT. MANSION - FRONT - DAY

Cap runs to his front door, uses his key and busts into the
house.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Cap hurriedly makes his way towards the library.

CAP
Anyone home?!

No answer.

He pushes the door into the library, enters and immediately
slides the ladder over to a particular row. He darts up the
ladder, and takes out the thick Sailing Almanac book.

He hastily steps back down, then suddenly loses his balance,
and SLAMS DOWN on his side. Slowly, Cap stands back up,
nursing his bruised back.

Suddenly, out of frustration, he KICKS the ladder sending it
off the track and against the desk. Cap smirks to himself,
as if that was somehow comforting.

He looks at the desk, then STRIKES OUT with one powerful
swoop-- sending papers, books and the lamp into the air and
onto the floor with a CRASHING CLAMOR.

He eerily laughs, gaining momentum.

Cap runs to the shelves and starts unloading the books onto the floor, one row after another, maniacally and violently dismantling the shelves.

He KICKS the reclining chair on its side, JUMPS over it, then takes a large painting from the the wall and flings it across the room, SMASHING it into a million glass pieces. Then from behind--

ALLIE (O.S.)

Oh my God.

Cap hears Allie's voice and immediately stops. He spins around. At the door stand Allie and Owen, grocery bags in hand, stunned.

OWEN

Dad, what's going on?

Cap stands erect, tries to compose himself, catches his breath, slicks his hair back, wipes sweat from his brow.

CAP

Well son. Your mother is out to destroy me, to destroy my relationship with you, and now to destroy our marriage. I love your mom, Owen, but you know what... not today. And to be honest, I'm a little pissed off.

ALLIE

(trying to keep it together)

You need to get out of this house, Cap. Now.

OWEN

Is that true, Mom? What dad's saying?

ALLIE

Your dad's not well. He's confused.

CAP

(angrily)

I'm not the one who's confused, Allie! And you know what I'm talking about!

ALLIE

Just leave.

Cap tucks the Sailing Almanac under his arm. As he steps over the rubble of books and furniture he spots the destroyed PAINTING on the floor.

CAP

(sadly)
Oh shit...

Cap picks up the painting, shakes the glass out and rips off the little bit of frame still attached. He looks at the canvas-- it's of Pinkerton Senior and Little Cap awkwardly sitting beside one another in matching Yacht Club attire.

ALLIE

Before I call the police, Cap. Get out!

Cap nods to himself, takes the canvas, then as he walks out he stoops down to face Owen.

CAP

You know I would do anything to fix this. I just don't know how.

OWEN

(tearing up)
Everything's gonna be okay, Dad.
Right?

CAP

(warmly, nodding)
Right.

Cap kisses Owen on the forehead, then leaves.

ALLIE

(at his back)
You need to get some help, Cap! Do you hear me!?

EXT. MANSION - FRONT - DAY

Cap storms out, opens his car door and plops into the driver seat. He props up the canvas on the passenger seat, as if the painted Pinkerton Senior was a passenger himself. Cap leans his head against the steering wheel.

Suddenly, Cap perks up -- HELICOPTER BLADES sound in the distance.

He looks out his window, searching.

EXT. CAP'S SAILBOAT - DAY

HELICOPTER BLADES, faint.

Cap repairs a panel on the boat, then stops to scan the horizon for the source of the fading HELICOPTER.

Owen sits on the boat's edge, holding a fishing pole.

CAP
Do you hear that, Owen?

OWEN
Hear what?

Cap squints into the horizon. The BLADES grow distant.

CAP
They're coming to get us, Owen.
They're getting close.

The fish line nibbles. Then pulls.

OWEN
(excited)
Dad!

CAP
Whoa! You got one!

Cap runs over and yanks the fishing line back hard, then helps Owen reel the line in.

CAP
C'mon Owen! Pull!

They fight together, until finally a large-sized blue-finned tuna surfaces the waters, thrashing violently.

CAP
Get the net, son!

Owen runs off then quickly returns with a wide-mouthed net. Cap negotiates the fish towards the net, Owen snaps the fish up, using all his strength to fight the fish's powerful thrusts.

OWEN
What now?!

CAP
Throw it on the deck!

Owen tosses the fish onto the deck, then recoils, as the struggling tuna flops about jumping at Owen.

Cap takes a mallet beside him, and WALLOPS the fish hard. Then again! And again! Each time with greater force.

OWEN
That's good dad!

Not hearing Owen, Cap continues to madly SMASH the lifeless fish over and over-- each time with greater savagery.

OWEN

(shouting)

Dad! Stop it! It's not moving!

Cap stops, realizing he's lost it. He stands, pauses, then nods with an twisted smile.

CAP

We got ourselves some dinner. Nice work Owen.

Owen nods, terrified by his father. Cap stands over him, mallet in hand, fish parts and blood splattered all over.

INT. CAP'S BOAT - GALLEY - DAY

Cap and Owen chow down freshly fried fish.

CAP

One of the perks of being a sailor-- freshest catch of the day.

OWEN

(chewing)

It's really good.

(pause)

I didn't think I'd ever say this, but being a sailor's not all that bad.

CAP

So maybe there's an Owen-the-Navigator in there yet?

OWEN

(shrugging)

No, I didn't say that either...

Owen finishes his fish, and gets up to serve himself more. Cap gets up to help him. They stand across from one another.

CAP

So Owen, this cello-thing, what am I not getting here?

Owen stops what he's doing and looks at his dad earnestly.

OWEN

I guess when I have the cello up against me, and I'm playing -- it's hard to explain... but I just love the way it feels. It's the best.

Cap nods to himself, thinking, as he helps Owen serve second portions.

CAP

Well, I have hope yet. You really got what it takes out here Owen, and I'm not just saying that. You'd make an amazing sailor.

Owen scoffs and shakes his head, exacerbated.

CAP

(noticing)

Did I say something?

Owen plops his plate down and faces his father.

OWEN

Dad, I'm out here 'cause you forced me. And it's been cool and all-- but this is your thing. Not my thing.
(louder)

And for some reason you're not getting it -- It's never gonna be my thing!

CAP

There's no need to yell at me, Owen.

OWEN

Well I'm trying to tell you-- but you're not listening. Oh my God, it's so frustrating!

CAP

Owen...

Owen leaves the galley, shouting behind him--

OWEN

I'm a cellist! Now! Tomorrow! And the day after that! And if you ever came to watch me play maybe you'd get it!

INT. MUSIC HALL - BACK ROOM - DAY

Owen plays the cello. He wears his little tuxedo with tails, perfectly pressed and clean. His teacher, Jennifer, sits beside him in a small practice room. A metronome CLICKS beside him.

He plays the music without looking at the notes, eyes closed, lost, working the cello with a maturity well beyond his years. The notes escalate with tension, intensity, fingering so fast it's hard to follow, and then crescendos with one long final note, drawn out just so. He catches his breath and looks up.

JENNIFER

Wow...

OWEN
Was that better?

JENNIFER
Better? It was perfect, Owen.

They smile at one another.

JENNIFER
Remember to wait for my signal, okay?

Owen nods, nervously excited.

JENNIFER
You're going to be amazing, don't worry.

CAP
(from behind)
Owen, over here!

Cap stands at the door.

CAP
(anxiously)
C'mon son, hurry up!

Jennifer stands to greet Cap, and is taken aback by his appearance. Cap wears three layers of mismatched flannel shirts, long board shorts, and sandals. His hair is a mess, and looks unbathed for days.

JENNIFER
Is everything all right, Mr. Pinkerton?

CAP
Yeah, yeah. We just got stuff goin' on. C'mon Owen, pack it up already.

Owen packs up his cello.

JENNIFER
Owen will need to be back here within an hour or so, his call time is five o'clock.

CAP
Oh yeah, right. Of course. We'll be back.

OWEN
You sure, dad?

CAP
Let's go boy, no questions!

Owen slumbers out. Jennifer nears Cap, concerned.

JENNIFER

Mr. Pinkerton, you sure everything's okay?

CAP

Great! Better than ever!

Cap walks out and SLAMS the door. Jennifer thinks for a moment, walks over to a phone and places a call.

JENNIFER

Hello, Mrs. Pinkerton, this is Jennifer...

INT. CAP'S SEDAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Cap and Owen drive along. Cap is extremely fidgety, he checks his rear-view repeatedly, looking around, skittish.

Suddenly, he pulls over into a desolate roadside area.

CAP

Listen, Owen. Truth is, I want to take you somewhere. But it's kind of a secret. I can't have anyone see you, and they're looking for us. All of them. SO I need to hide you, okay? Just until we get there.

OWEN

(fearful)

Dad, why are you acting like this?

CAP

It's me, your dad, C'mon! You don't need to be scared like that.

Cap jumps out of the car, opens the trunk, and runs around to the passenger side. All the while looking around.

CAP

C'mon Owen, real quick, hurry up!

He leads Owen out and to the open trunk.

CAP

Hop in okay? It'll just be for a little bit. No one 'll see you in there?! It'll be good here.

OWEN

In the trunk? Are you serious?!

CAP

Before anyone sees! C'mon, Owen,
Trust me!

Owen, perplexed, steps into the trunk, which is actually very roomy. He lays down, fetal position.

CAP

You comfortable?

OWEN

It's a trunk dad!

CAP

Just for a couple minutes. Oh!--
wait.

He runs around and grabs a bottle of water from the front.

CAP

Here, in case you get thirsty.

OWEN

Dad you're really freaking me out.

CAP

Five minutes, tops. Our little
secret. Okay?!

He very carefully closes the trunk, still scanning, runs back around, then jumps in the car and drives off.

INT. EDISON DOCK CHECK IN - DAY

Cap walks into the boat shop, still looking nervous, very much beside himself.

The GIRL (22) behind the counter cheerily addresses him.

GIRL

Hi sir, how can we help you today?

Cap stands there, measuring his words, standing tall--

CAP

I'm here to commandeer a sailboat.
The biggest one you've got.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Agent Pasquel and others briskly follow the bum, leading their way through Central Park.

BUM

If they're not at the chess tables,
they're usually over here...

They walk on, until he see them ahead-

BUM

There they are--

A group of four HOMELESS MEN stand about a park bench, smoking and drinking, laughing with each other. There's no Buddy.

The bum walks Pasquel over.

BUM

Hey boys! The police here are looking for 'Buddy'.

HOMELESS MAN #1

I'm sure he's around here somewhere!

They all laugh.

AGENT PASQUEL

Listen, we're not looking to create problems. We're just trying to find a guy named 'Cap Pinkerton'-- we got a tip he's close friends with a chess player named 'Buddy'--

HOMELESS MAN #2 steps forward, the kindest-looking among them.

HOMELESS MAN #2

We know your man, Cap. See, he's not all there...

(points to his head)

He's got some loose bolts or something...

AGENT PASQUEL

So Buddy's really been dead?

They all laugh again.

HOMELESS MAN #2

Not in Cap's world-- see, we're all...

(making quotation

marks with his fingers)

..."Buddy". That's what he calls all of us. As if the guy didn't die six years ago.

HOMELESS MAN #3

Even people he's never played chess with. He tells all sorts of personal stories and shit-- like we're lifelong friends or something. One fuckin' confused dude.

AGENT PASQUEL

I see...

HOMELESS MAN #2

(pointing to Homeless
Man #1)

You saw him last, right?

Homeless Man #1 shrugs his shoulders, tosses a spent cigarette and mashes it on the ground.

AGENT PASQUEL

Did he tell you where he was going?
Anything?!

HOMELESS MAN #1

Some trip or something. I don't
know.

Pasquel gets in his face.

AGENT PASQUEL

His son's life is on the line, here.
If there's anything at all, we need
to know about it--

He sighs.

HOMELESS MAN #1

(to himself)

Shit man...

HOMELESS MAN #3

Show him already, dude.

AGENT PASQUEL

Show me what?!

Grudgingly, he pulls a shoelace necklace out from under his shirt and over his neck. A small key is attached.

HOMELESS MAN #1

The dude gave me this to hold-- a
key at some bank. I don't know for
sure, but maybe this 'll help.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - FRONT - DAY

Agents Pasquel and Scott run into the bank.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - BACK ROOM - DAY

Agents Pasquel hurriedly uses the key to open a deposit box, slides it out, SLAMS it on the table, and hastily opens it.

Inside, random stuff. Some dated photos of Little Cap in school, one with Rutherford, another of his mother Ada, an old sailors hat and several books.

AGENT PASQUEL

What the hell is this stuff?

He picks up the thick book -- "A Sailors Almanac." He carelessly flips through the pages; then suddenly, deep in between the pages is a folded piece of paper.

He curiously slips it out, unfolds it and sees it's a nautical map. "For Your Eyes Only, Cap" over the top.

His eyes narrow at the marked island.

AGENT PASQUEL

I think we have our coordinates.

(to Agent Scott)

Get the Coast Guard on the line, now! And we'll need to get in touch with Allie too, we're onto him!

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DAY

Owen is at the bow of the ship, looking through his back pack.

Cap visually checks on him to make sure he's out of earshot, then walks over to the Captain's Chair and sits. He takes the receiver and activates the communication system.

CAP

(into the receiver)

Coast Guard, this is Captain Pinkerton, do you read, over.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hold sir... Connecting.

INT. FBI VEHICLE - DAY - TRAVELING

Agent Pasquel sits in the passenger side; Scott drives. Allie is in the back seat, fear on her face, knowing time is nearly running out.

The front panel lights up, Agent Scott reads it.

AGENT SCOTT

That's the Coast Guard!

Agent Pasquel snatches the receiver.

AGENT PASQUEL

Pasquel here!

VOICE (V.O.)

We have Pinkerton, hold for connection.

CAP (V.O.)

Mister Pasquel, you there!? I hope you took my advice and spent a little time with those girls--

AGENT PASQUEL

Cap! Is Owen safe!?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

Cap looks out over the bow. Owen is perfectly content.

CAP

He's better than fine. He's alive! Nothing like adventure to wake a person!

AGENT PASQUEL

Thank God, Cap. That's great news. So just to be clear, Owen has enough insulin? Over.

Silence.

AGENT PASQUEL

Cap, you there? -- Hello?

CAP'S FACE drops, as if someone just punched him in the gut and he's lost his breath.

CAP

Insulin?...
(sobered)
Oh my God. How could I forget...

AGENT PASQUEL (O.S.)

Cap! Are you there?!

Cap slams the receiver down.

CAP

(furiously)
Dammit!

Owen runs over from the ship's bow, hearing the commotion, and stands in front of Cap.

OWEN

What's wrong dad?!

CAP
 (overwhelmed)
 Your insulin! I forgot about your
 insulin! I just wasn't thinking...I
 just...Forgot! Fuck!

Owen opens his bag, showing Cap.

OWEN
 Dad look, I have 10 bottles...
 (counting)
 ...actually 20. I'm totally fine.
 See!?

CAP
 That doesn't make sense! Why would
 you have so much! Stop it! Shut
 up, Owen! Shut up!

He picks up the receiver, overwhelmed with emotion, rage.

CAP
 Are you there!?

AGENT PASQUEL (O.S.)
 (on the receiver)
 Listen Cap, we have your coordinates,
 we are sending airlift as we speak,
 we will be there within 8 minutes.
 Keep calm. Over.

CAP
 You listen to me! There is no one
 here! It's just me! I am the sole
 Captain! Do you hear me!

Owen starts crying, upset.

OWEN
 Why are you saying that dad! I'm
 right here!

CAP
 Shut up, Owen! Shut up!

AGENT PASQUEL (V.O.)
 (on the receiver)
 We know Owen's there, Cap. Just
 stay put! Everything will be okay.

CAP
 Listen to me! I commissioned the
 ship from the Edison Port out of the
 Westchester Bay! Go there! Repeat!
 Do not come here! Please! Save my
 little boy, God dammit!
 (MORE)

CAP (CONT'D)

My sweet little boy! Do you hear what I'm saying!? There is no one here!

OWEN

I'm right here, dad! Let them come get us. You're scaring me!

Cap collapses to his knees. There is torment on his face, confusion, he struggles to fight through it all-- clenching his anguished face.

CAP

Shut up! Just shut up! Everyone-- just stop!

INT. FBI VEHICLE - DAY - TRAVELING

AGENT SCOTT

I have the Edison Dock location locked in, about eight minutes from here-- What do you think?

AGENT PASQUEL

Let's go. Hang on Allie!

They make a screeching hard U-turn, turn on the sirens and speed along at top speed.

CAP (V.O.)

(on the receiver)
Pasquel, you there?

Pasquel pick up the receiver and speaks into it.

AGENT PASQUEL

Go ahead, Cap.

CAP (V.O.)

You tell my boy something for me okay?

AGENT PASQUEL

(into the receiver)
Go ahead Cap, we hear you loud and clear.

Pasquel looks behind him at Allie, who listens intently.

CAP (V.O.)

(on the receiver)
...There will be a day when Owen finishes playing some fancy concert, somewhere in Europe or something, and he'll stand to take a bow...

EXT. CAP'S BOAT -- DAY

Cap still slumped at the cockpit, Owen sitting in front of him, as Cap speaks into the receiver.

CAP

(speaking past his
tears)

...You tell him to remember this --
he may not see me in that crowd,
hell I'll probably be long gone, but
when he closes his eyes and hears
that clapping, the loudest one in
the crowd will be me, 'cause I'll be
so God damn proud of my boy and how
amazing he is. You tell him that,
okay!?

Owen tears up at what his dad is saying.

OWEN

You mean that, dad?

Cap lovingly nods, an emotional wreck himself.

CAP

I love you, son.

Cap drops the receiver and hugs Owen tightly.

AGENT PASQUEL (O.S.)

(on the receiver)

Cap you there?

INT. FBI VEHICLE - DAY - TRAVELING

Pasquel hangs up the receiver.

AGENT PASQUEL

He's disconnected.

ALLIE

(emotional)

What's going on with Cap? He's not
making any sense at all.

AGENT PASQUEL

He's not well, that's for sure. But
not to worry, Allie-- we're almost
there.

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DAY

Cap is still on his knees. Owen has returned to the bow of the ship. Cap raises himself up, walks past the galley and catches sight of the PAINTING hung on the wall.

It's the same as before-- except beside Pinkerton Senior no longer sits Little Cap, but in his place is the BLACK FERAL DOG, coldly staring ahead.

Cap shakes his head, but the painting doesn't change.

Suddenly, he hears Owen from the other side of the boat--

OWEN (O.S.)

Dad! Come here! Is that land?!

Cap runs around and looks ahead. Sure enough, in the far distance -- a small island.

CAP

Oh my God...

OWEN

I see it dad! I see it!

Cap runs to the cabin and comes back with binoculars, he looks again.

IN THE VIEWFINDER-- a small island, tall palm trees, just as his father described long ago.

CAP

All this time, it was real. I knew it!

Owen jumps up and down.

OWEN

We found it, dad, we did it!

CAP

(excited too)
Hell yeah we did!

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY - TRAVELING

The pilot searches below.

PILOT

(into the receiver)
We are breaching the indicated coordinates, no visual yet, coming in fast. Over.

INT. FBI VEHICLE - DAY - TRAVELING

AGENT PASQUEL

(on the receiver)
Roger that, keep us posted, over.
(to Agent Scott)
Turn here! It's up on the right.

They SCREECH another turn, and then race towards the dock in the far distance.

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DAY

Cap and Owen look at the island together, enjoying a peaceful moment.

OWEN

You're an amazing sailor, dad. You did it.

CAP

We did it together Owen--

ALLIE (O.S.)

Hi Cap.

Cap turns, it's Allie on the bow. Beautiful as ever. Cap is less surprised than he should be.

CAP

Allie, how did you... get here?

OWEN

Mom isn't there, Dad! Who are you talking to?

ALLIE

If I'm not mistaken, I think you owe me a dance.

CAP

I suppose we should get on with it then.

Cap gently takes Allie's hands. He smiles at her sweetly.

CAP

I've missed you.

ALLIE

I've missed you too, Cap.

CAP

Maestro...

Sweet melodic MUSIC magically fills the air.

OWEN

Dad are you serious? You're freaking me out!

Cap and Allie waltz along the bow of the ship in perfect unison, as if they had done it a hundred times before -- and at last, they seem to connect eye-to-eye, for which Cap had so desperately wished.

Cap turns to Owen.

CAP
Come here son!

OWEN
Oh God, no way.

Cap and Owen share a chuckle.

CAP
C'mon Owen!

Owen timidly walks over to his Dad. Cap hoists him up, in between Allie and himself, and all together they waltz about the boat.

Cap laughs, and so does his family. For the first time we see them all together, happy.

EXT. EDISON BOATING DOCK - DAY

The SUV screeches to a stop. The agents and Allie run out into the dock area. An older man runs out to meet them from the boating company. They start to exchange information-- when the receiver buzzes in--

PILOT (V.O.)
Agent Pasquel, do you copy, over?

AGENT PASQUEL
Pasquel here. Do you have visual?!

Allie sees something, she slowly walks away.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY - TRAVELING

The pilot looks over the boat. He speaks into his headset.

PILOT
We have visual! Repeat we have visual!

AGENT PASQUEL (V.O.)
Do you see the boy!

The pilot looks down below, getting closer. He sees --

CAP dancing the Waltz. By himself.

PILOT
No sir. Just Mr. Pinkerton, and it looks like he's...dancing.

EXT. EDISON BOATING DOCK - DAY

Agent Pasquel, bewildered, on the receiver.

AGENT PASQUEL

Dancing? What the hell!? Circle in
and confirm the occupants of the
ship...

Allie, white-faced, terrified, sees Cap's parked sedan, then approaches it. She sees Owen's cello in the front seat. Nothing else. She goes to the back of the car--

Frantically, Allie takes out her keys from her purse, finds them, and fumbles to open the trunk, her hands shaking so much she has trouble negotiating the lock. Finally, she pushes the key in, turns it and opens the trunk.

And there is Owen. Curled in fetal position, white, pale, unconscious, in his little tuxedo. Allie shudders.

ALLIE

(screaming)

Owen! Owen! My Owen!

Desperately, Allie shakes her son vigorously to wake him, turns his face to hers. After a tense moment--

Owen opens one eye, then another.

OWEN

(hardly audible)

Mom...

Agent Pasquel runs over, sees Owen from behind.

AGENT PASQUEL

(shouting behind his
back)

The boy's over here, call medics!
We got him! Repeat, we have the
boy!

Agent Pasquel and Allie carefully lift Owen out of the trunk, another Agent lays down a blanket, they set him down. Allie looks at her son through her tears-- she pushes his hair back and kisses his forehead.

ALLIE

You're gonna be okay sweetie. Just
hang on okay?! Everything's just
fine...

Detective Pasquel stands behind Allie, watching. Then he speaks to his receiver--

AGENT PASQUEL

Pasquel here.

(emotional)

He's okay.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY - TRAVELING

The pilot circles around the boat.

PILOT

Roger that. We are resuming our
base positions, over.

EXT. CAP'S BOAT - DAY

Cap on the bow of the ship, looks up at the chopper overhead.
He turns. Searching. Lost.

CAP

Owen!? Allie!?

They've vanished. He peers out into the horizon, squinting.
There is no land, no island. It's gone too. He collapses
to his knees.

Cap takes out from his pocket the round black rock. He holds
onto it tightly, eyes clasped.

CAP

This is real. I know it's real.
This is real...

The HELICOPTER pulls away from the sight of the Sole Captain,
on his knees, adrift at sea, more lost than found, until he
becomes a small spec in the vast ocean. There is no land
for miles and miles.

CUT TO:

INT. SENIOR FACILITY - BEDROOM - DAY

Elder Cap pensively picks over the last few jigsaw pieces,
then pauses to appreciate the puzzle picture.

ELDER CAP

It's almost there...

He looks up, and it is finally revealed who Elder Cap has
been talking to all this time--

OWEN, still a boy, in his tux, perfectly pressed and clean.

OWEN

I guess it is.
(playfully teasing)
It's about time too.

ELDER CAP

Well no thanks to you, son, I think
we both know I've been doing all the
hard work here.

Owen smiles, Cap chuckles to himself as he fits in another piece.

Without knocking, a NURSE (60) opens the door.

NURSE

Pardon me gentlemen, but visiting hours are ending.

OWEN

(confidently, strangely
beyond his years)

Can we have a couple more minutes here? We're just finishing the puzzle.

NURSE

Sure, of course, sir.

She politely smiles and walks back out.

Elder Cap looks up to face his son, then suddenly-- is taken aback, he realizes:

It's ADULT OWEN, 35, handsome like his mother, well dressed, shaven, clean-cut.

ADULT OWEN

(noticing his father's
surprise)

You okay dad?

ELDER CAP

(snapping alert)

Yes, yes, of course. It's just... it always gets me how you've grown up. It reminds me how precious time is-- and here I am wasting yours with my old story. I'm so sorry, son.

Adult Owen warmly smiles at his father.

ADULT OWEN

Don't apologize dad. It's an important story... And it's a beautiful puzzle. Even if we do it over and over again.

ELDER CAP

(genuinely perplexed)

Have we done this before?

ADULT OWEN

(teasing gently)

Maybe a couple times...

ELDER CAP

I see.

Owen notices on the table, off to the side, the SMOOTH BLACK ROCK. He picks it up, then holds it in his palm, reflectively.

ADULT OWEN

And how about the secret island,
dad? Is it finally put to rest?

ELDER CAP

Put to rest...?

Cap shakes his head 'no' to himself.

ELDER CAP

It was my cross to bear... and my
father's before me...

Cap reaches out, and takes the rock back from Owen.

ELDER CAP

...But not yours.

Owen smiles, relieved in some subtle but profound way. Elder Cap slides the rock into his shirt pocket.

Owen turns to the table, picks up the last jigsaw puzzle piece.

ADULT OWEN

(showing the piece)

Then I guess it comes down to this...

Cap nods, Owen delicately slides the last piece into place. The puzzle is complete. Cap smiles to himself looking it over.

ELDER CAP

(changing his tone,
upbeat)

Heck, enough about me and this silly
old puzzle, son. Tell me, how are
you?

ADULT OWEN

Well, I just got back from Vienna
last week. It was the toughest
audition I've had yet...

ELDER CAP

(genuinely engaged)

Really?

ADULT OWEN

But I took your advice, didn't play
it safe.

ELDER CAP

Gambled the queen?

Owen laughs.

ADULT OWEN

And then some... The director asked
me to play Chopin-- which I've told
you is one of my favorites, but at
the same time requires such precision,
so I suggested we...

Elder Cap listens intently with an eager smile as he enjoys every word of his son's discourse. In the b.g. Adult Owen continues...

SLOWLY CLOSE ON the puzzle-- it's a breathtaking photograph of the open ocean, the sun just peers over the horizon, the orange and red colors dance along the water's surface.

ZOOM IN until finally, the puzzle takes life, and we now hover over the water, passing past the calm vastness that is the ocean, towards the glowing horizon before us, the ever-present sense of a new day, a new hope.

ROLL CREDITS

MUSIC IN - A CELLO CONCERTO.

CREDITS FINISH

INT. MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

We see a cellist stroke the last note of the closing MUSIC. It is Owen, now 58 years old, lots of grey hair, still handsome-- first-chair cellist. He stands at the rousing applause of a packed European performance hall. He smiles warmly at the audience, scanning the crowd, looking, searching. After a moment, he closes his eyes. Listens.

BLACK

We hear the APPLAUSE gradually narrow down to a single person, CLAPPING as loud as would seem humanly possible.

FADE OUT:

THE END