

THE ROSA DOLOROSA

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EXT. TACKY, NEARLY EMPTY, OUTSIDE KEY WEST BAR - NIGHT

JAKE sits alone. He is in his mid-40s, disheveled, disconsolate. He is drinking beer and staring at a moon shuttered by passing black clouds.

GEORGE enters, touches the back of the opposite chair, sees no rebuff and sits. He is in his early 60s, elegant, accomplished, self-assured. He stares at Jake, who finally stares back.

GEORGE

Name's George.

JAKE

(uncomfortably long pause)

Jake.

GEORGE

I need a crew for my boat.

JAKE

Ain't that swell?

GEORGE (small tight smile that never broadens into a grin)

I hear you're a good boatman.

JAKE

He's a liar.

GEORGE

Who is?

JAKE

Whoever told you that.

A waitress approaches, sets down a bottle of beer for Jake, she knows his schedule. She looks at George, who gives a small shake of his head and she moves off.

GEORGE

Frank, down at the boatyard? Doesn't strike me as a liar.

JAKE

I owe him \$3000. Not reliable.

GEORGE (pause)

Can you handle a mid-sized yacht?

JAKE

Where do you want her, on the bottom?

GEORGE

I prefer not.

JAKE (pause)

Have to see her.

GEORGE (getting up)

The *Rosa Dolorosa*. Dock 4.

George exits. Jake sits and stares, morose.

EXT. THE DOCK - DAY
THE NEXT MORNING.

Jake stands on a small hill above the dock, staring at the Rosa Dolorosa. She is an old-style, custom-built, multimillion-dollar wooden yacht. The rear one-third is open and there are two oblong white boxes in the stern corners and two others just aft of the middle. The helm is raised just atop the below-deck superstructure, on the starboard side, and quite wide, with many controls. He is joined by FRANK, early 60s, work clothes.

JAKE (a bit hungover, admiring)

Now that's a boat, Frank, a Swan, a really beautiful boat.

FRANK (taciturn, speaks slowly)

That she is, built the old way.

JAKE

But I've never seen a raised midship helm on a Swan. And those boxes aren't right...what is all that?

FRANK

Can't tell you—find out for yourself.

JAKE

Fair enough. So what about this guy?

FRANK

George is retired Navy, pilot in Nam, after that test pilot. Became a designer and a damned good one. Holds a bunch of private patents.

JAKE

OK, so what's he want with me? Doesn't he know how to run a boat?

FRANK

Can't tell you about that.

JAKE

But what's he up to?

FRANK

Can't say. He'll tell you. But I can say this. It's time for you to get back on that horse, been long enough.

JAKE

What do you know about horses?

FRANK

Jake, you've had more bad luck than anyone I know, but that's all it is, bad luck. Stop this shit and get back at the helm.

MARIA appears in the hatchway. She is in her early 40s, tall, brown-skinned, with piercing eyes. She stands motionless, a look of strong disapproval as she looks at Jake.

JAKE

So who's that? Jesus--she makes that boat look like a wreck. Also looks like she's just seen a turd and my guess is, I'm it.

FRANK

His wife, Maria. Grew up in a rough part of Mexico and not what you'd call....

As the camera pans back over the boat, their talk is inaudible for a time.

JAKE

I dunno, Frank, I don't like the look of this—that boats tricked out for something weird.

FRANK

Listen, Jake. Whatever it is, and I can't tell you, my guess is you're gonna want to be part of it.
Remember Louise and Jordan?

JAKE

Yeah, but what's that...

George comes aft from the bow.

FRANK

Gotta go. Get yer ass in gear Jake--it's time.

Frank exits. Jake ambles down to the dock.

GEORGE

Mornin'.

JAKE

Sixty-two foot?

GEORGE

Sixty-four. Maria, Jake. Jake, Maria.

Maria's expression doesn't change. She doesn't move.

GEORGE (cont'd.)

C'mon below. Got a proposition for you.

Jake boards the Rosa, the three of them go below.

INT. GALLEY OF THE ROSA - DAY

Jake and George sit at the table. Maria stands by the stove, disapproving. George pulls out a large stack of bills, puts them on the table.

GEORGE

Here's the deal. Ten thousand dollars a month. If you don't like what we're doing, you can keep
the ten grand.

Slight pause, then the stack of bills disappears quickly into Jake's coat pocket.

JAKE

OK, when do we start?

GEORGE (slight smile at how quickly the bills disappeared)
That's all you want to know?

JAKE
For now.

GEORGE
Right. You cast off the stern line. Maria, take care of the bow?

Maria leaves quickly.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

Maria heads for the bow, Jake to the stern. George goes to the helm and starts the engines, idling them up and down as the diesels warm up. Maria casts off the bow line as Jake does the same at the stern. He notices a small dinghy moored just behind the Rosa.

GEORGE (to a boy on the dock)
Hey Jimmy! Cast off, please.

A teenager casts off the lines from the dinghy and pushes it away from the dock.

JAKE (to himself, a habit)
What's with the duck, Yaz? Apparently we're gonna tow this thing--like a Cadillac towing a VW bug.

AERIAL FROM BEHIND THE ROSA - DAY

The Rosa motors out of the harbor, towing the dinghy.

GEORGE
Jake! Take a look around. It'll be a while.

Jake watches as George kills the engines, hoists sails with push-buttons.

JAKE (to himself)
What do they need a crew for? A teenager could sail this thing.

INT. INSIDE THE ROSA - DAY

Jake goes below, wanders around various rooms on the Rosa. There is a great deal of brass, mahogany, cherry, and teak. The galley is laid out with a kitchen island, many designer touches,

and a large table. Jake looks in at staterooms along a hallway. The lounge room is elegantly furnished and looks out at the bow.

JAKE (to himself, clearly impressed)
Nice. Pretty nice, Yaz.

EXT. ON DECK - DAY

Jake comes back on deck, taking in various aspects of the Rosa. He wanders to the stern.

JAKE (to himself)
Two engines? Never seen a yacht like this with two engines. And these boxes aren't standard, either. They had to cut into the stern. Too tall for settees.

Maria sits at the helm with George. Jake wanders to midships. There are two boxes, as at the stern, but jutting out horizontally into the deck.

JAKE (to himself)
And what the hell are these things for?

Jake sits at the stern, they sail for quite some time.

EXT. THE ROSA AT SEA - DAY

GEORGE
Jake! C'mon up! I'll show you the controls.

Jake joins George at the helm. Maria goes to the stern. As the yacht slows to a near stop, she undoes the towline, setting the dinghy adrift.

JAKE
Two GPSs, two radars, like everything else on this boat, two of everything.

George points out the controls as he lowers the sails with push buttons.

GEORGE
Forward sails, mainsail, hoists and booms. All of them have backups. Just switch to these.

JAKE
Got it. Nice layout.

GEORGE
So fire up the engines.

Jake does so, increases speed smoothly.

JAKE (clearly impressed, greatly pleased)
Nice. Like a sweet little Porsche. What are these for?

Jake fingers two levers yoked together.

GEORGE (small smile)
Ease up on the throttle, then pull 'em back together, slow.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

As Jake does so, the yacht lifts out of the water and surges forward. He increases power.

EXT. HELM OF THE ROSA - DAY

JAKE
Jesus!

GEORGE
Four hydrofoils, on special shocks. Take her up.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

The yacht surges forward with a huge burst of speed.

EXT. HELM OF THE ROSA - DAY

JAKE
Jesus Christ!

At full power, Jake looks down at the speedometer, which reads 60.

JAKE
Sixty knots! Jeeesus! So that's what all the extra lashing's for?

GEORGE
Yes. Between the dual engines and the hydros, she's the fastest boat in the Caribbean.

JAKE
Oh, yeah. That she is! Who designed this thing?

GEORGE

I did. Frank did the work. Ease her back a bit, watch the Q-ball, don't turn more than 15 degrees.
Jake slows and begins a series of easy turns.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

The Rosa, seen from above, makes a series of languid, wide turns.

EXT. HELM OF THE ROSA - DAY

JAKE

Damn! More like a Lamborghini!

Jake slows further, undoes the screws on the yoke and takes it off the hydrofoil levers.

JAKE (to himself)

OK, let's see what this thing can do.

With the yoke off, Jake begins a series of slow maneuvers, using the hydrofoils separately to steer the yacht. He slowly increases speed, then decreases.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

Jake finally picks up speed dramatically, getting a feel for how far he can go. The yacht makes a series of intricate, tight maneuvers, faster and faster. Finally, he slows back down to cruising speed.

EXT. HELM OF THE ROSA - DAY

GEORGE (obviously pleased)
I didn't know she could do that.

JAKE (to George, very direct)
Mister, you got yourself one helluva boat here. Jesus!

GEORGE

Take her back to the dinghy. Show you something.

Jake glances at the GPS and compass. He drives the Rosa back to the dinghy and stops the engines.

GEORGE

Set her sails to circle that thing and put her on auto.

They descend to the stern.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

MARIA (smiling, new appreciation of Jake)
You're quite a sailor.

JAKE (big smile)
Boatman.

George unlocks the port box. He and Maria lift it off of a .50-caliber machine gun. George pushes a lever and the gun lifts up and swings free. Maria fixes a belt of ammunition to it.

JAKE (joining them, a bit alarmed)
Holy Christ, that thing looks vicious. Is that what I think it is?

GEORGE (matter-of-fact)
Browning M2HB fifty caliber machine gun. Nice, isn't it?

Maria takes aim and fires at the dinghy. He misses wildly as the Rosa skews sideways from the recoil. Large splashes of water form a curve well forward of the dinghy.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

From above we see that the dinghy moves one way with the waves and swells, while the Rosa moves another. As George fires, the recoil from the gun causes the stern of the Rosa to skew sideways.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

George tries again, no better. He motions Maria to try. Maria fires several long bursts. No better. An arc of bullets cross the dinghy without any sign that it has been hit.

GEORGE (disappointed)
Well, that's not so good. (to Jake) You try.

JAKE
I'm no gunner. Not my thing.

GEORGE
Well, let's try this one.

They move to the midship boxes. George and Maria remove the cover, revealing a three-inch cannon. George releases a catch and pulls it up into position.

JAKE (to himself)
What in hell are these people up to, Yaz?

Jake joins them. George loads a shell, aims at the dinghy, misses wildly as a large plume of spray rises short and to its stern. Tries again, no better. Maria takes his place and loads and fires, no better.

JAKE (wry)
If the QEII came into view about now, you might hit her. Maybe.

GEORGE
I know. We've been trying for a week.
Well, that's enough. Let's get back to port.

Jake helps them put the covers back in place. George goes to the helm, raises the sails, and maneuvers the Rosa. Maria uses a pole to snag the towline of the dinghy. They sail back to port in silence.

INT. GALLEY OF THE ROSA - NIGHT
THAT EVENING

George and Maria prepare dinner. Jake sits at the table.

JAKE
So what's all the firepower for?

GEORGE (deliberate, choosing his words)
You've probably heard something about the increase in piracy in the Caribbean.

George opens a bottle of wine. Maria is stirring a sauce.

JAKE
Yeah, little bit, not much. Frank thinks someone is keeping the lid on it but word is a lotta boats are getting boarded and ripped off. Oh, wait a minute. That's what he meant by Louise and Jordan.

GEORGE
Friends of yours?

JAKE (remembering)
Clients. Disappeared. Word was coulda been pirates. So you think they're on the loose again?

GEORGE
Yes. So far the Navy and the government have managed to keep it quiet.

George pours wine for all of them. Jake sips it.

JAKE
Why?

GEORGE
We'll get to that. Fact is...

Maria brings plates to the table.

MARIA (interrupting)
They got us one night.

GEORGE
Middle of the night...

FLASHBACK, INT. BEDROOM OF THE ROSA - NIGHT

George and Maria, asleep, he rouses, hears footsteps above, Maria wakes. Man with an Ouzi enters, waves them to stand up. They do, hands in the air and he waves them out. Other men enter, begin ransacking.

EXT. DECK OF THE ROSA - NIGHT

On the deck, men are hauling things to a small boat tied alongside, farther off is a larger boat. The name La Muerta is visible on the bow. The man with the gun speaks Spanish to the others. Maria and George stand motionless. Suddenly, an ocelot appears atop the helm and snarls. The man with the Ouzi shoots it. George and Maria do not react but Maria's face is suddenly full of hatred and George's eyes become hard and narrow.

INT. GALLEY OF THE ROSA - NIGHT

Maria goes back to the stove.

MARIA
They killed our cat.

JAKE
Your cat?

George fetches food from the stove, sits at the table with Jake.

GEORGE
That may not sound like much to you, but Jacinta was a very special cat. She just was.

MARIA
An ocelot.

Maria brings more food, sits with Jake and George.

GEORGE
She had the run of the boat, could climb anything. And she had this way of ... looking at you. Not like just a cat, but like she really SAW you.

JAKE (wistful)
Well, I sorta know what you mean. Had a dog once, called him Yaz. Not like other dogs, loved being on a boat.

GEORGE
After Carl Yastrzemski?

JAKE

Yeah. Haven't thought about him in years. Really good dog tho.

MARIA

We loved Jacinta. And there was no reason for it.

GEORGE

None. Just for the hell of it.

JAKE

OK, I get it. The stuff was just stuff, but...

GEORGE

Anyway, when we got back to port I got in touch with some Navy personnel I know. They told me about the piracy. Seems a petty criminal captain name of Diego boarded a yacht called the *Jenny K* three years ago, killed everyone on board and took it. He renamed her *La Muerta* and started robbing other yachts and paid off the port authorities in Haiti to look the other way when the US or Haitian Navy came after him.

George gets up from the table, fetches a baguette, brings it back with him as he continues.

GEORGE

He slid up into a river and they covered for him. Pretty soon, he recruited other crooks he knew and they start doing the same thing, board a boat at night, kill or toss the crew off, use it for a pirate boat.

JAKE

Nice.

GEORGE

Diego is one smart cookie and he paid local fishermen to radio him whenever they saw a Navy boat, any country, any kind. He paid off other port authorities in strategic places to cover his crews. Worst part was he was now getting ports in the Dominican Republic and, this gets really bad, Cuba.

JAKE

Musta been pulling in some serious jack.

GEORGE

Oh, yeah. But by this time they're not killing anyone, Diego knows better. Except when someone tries to fight back and then that boat just disappears.

JAKE

Without anyone noticing?

GEORGE

Happens all the time in the Caribbean. You know that. Storms, remote reefs. Bermuda Triangle fer chrissake.

JAKE

True enough.

GEORGE

They also made a lotta serious money ripping off drug boats.

JAKE

Now that could get you in real trouble.

GEORGE

He never takes too much and he's out of the reach of any cartel, as long as he doesn't get too greedy. Often as not, he just sells it right back to them, they figure it's the cost of doing business and he can deliver it to the coast.

JAKE

And the Navy wants to keep a lid on all this if they can because they're pretty much helpless, if he's got that kind of protection.

GEORGE

Exactly.

Maria gets up, brings over a cheese tray and salad.

JAKE

OK, but this hardware you've got, you don't get that at a yard sale, or even a gun show.

GEORGE

Right.

JAKE

The Navy?

GEORGE

Let's just say all this is unofficially semi-official. Not for publication.

JAKE

Wet work?

MARIA

Well, no, not to kill. We don't aim to kill.

JAKE

But it's OK if the pirates kill.

GEORGE

At the start, nobody knew what was going on and it was sporadic, nobody made the connection. Now it's just the rare boat that goes missing. The Navy knows who's doing it, but they don't want any publicity. They can't do anything...so far.

MARIA

We don't want to kill anybody. We just want to disable their boat, force them into life rafts, call the Navy to pick them up and take the boat back to port.

JAKE

Oh, piece of cake.

GEORGE

Whatever. Anyway, we're going pirate-hunting. Admi...someone I know is backing us and we're gonna put them out of business. You in?

JAKE

The way things stand, you couldn't scare a weekend daysailor with those guns. But I know a guy. Let me give him a call. (pause) What the hell, why not?

INT. STATEROOM ON THE ROSA - NIGHT
LATE THAT NIGHT

Maria sits at her makeup stand. George undresses as he walks back and forth.

MARIA (not judgmental, offhand)
He looks like a drunkard.

GEORGE
Does, doesn't he? But that's pretty recent.

MARIA
So what's his story?

GEORGE
Jake was almost born on a boat, his father was a Gloucester fisherman. When Jake was 16 they got caught in a storm, sank the boat, only Jake and one other crewman made it to land. His mother died within a year and he was on his own. Worked his way up to captain on a fishing boat, then bought his own and came to the Keys. Engine blew up on that one but he got all the crew to land safely. Bought a fishing tourist cruiser, and that one went aground on an uncharted reef off the Caicos in a storm. No passengers and he lived but the boat was underinsured.

FLASHBACK, EXT. DECK OF A BOAT – NIGHT

Jake is at the helm of his tourist boat in a huge storm. There is a loud wrenching, cracking noise and we see the underside of the bow ripping away. Jake is thrown backward and his dog, Yaz, a black and white German shepherd, is standing terrified at the stern. The boat continues onto the reef and they are thrown into the water.

In the water, Jake is swimming for his life, yelling "Yaz" repeatedly.

The next morning he is lying on the beach, staring at the sky. A few yards away is Yaz, dead.

INT. STATEROOM ON THE ROSA - NIGHT

GEORGE

That was two years ago and he's been adrift ever since.

MARIA

Sad. He looks so sad.

GEORGE

He's had terrible luck. But you should have seen his eyes when he was handling the *Rosa*. Get a boat under him that he loves and I don't think there'll be any problem.

MARIA (turning out the light)

I think you're right; I saw the look in his eyes, Jorge mi amor.

EXT. DECK OF THE ROSA - NIGHT

Jake sits alone at the stern with a beer, talking into a cellphone.

JAKE (into cellphone)

I dunno, Zeke, he just came up and sat down and here I am. (beat)

No, not flakes. Got money. (beat)

I think you'll like 'em. What the hell are you doing anyway you lazy bastard? Last I heard they could use you for a doorstep. (beat)

OK, soon as you can. (beat) Bye.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - NIGHT
THE NEXT NIGHT

ZEKE comes aboard the Rosa. He is in his mid-60s, very tall, heavily built. He shakes hands with George and Jake.

JAKE

George, this is Zeke. Knows all there is to know about guns. Zeke, George.

ZEKE (friendly but wary)
Pleastameecha.

GEORGE (standing straight, an officer but not officious)
Welcome aboard. Want you to take a look at something. But just between us. That OK?

ZEKE
If Jake says it's OK, it's fine by me.

GEORGE
Jake, take us out, find a nice quiet cove. Zeke, can I get you a drink?

ZEKE
No thanks. OK if I smoke? (pulls out cigar)

GEORGE
Open air. Help yourself.

They sit at the stern and Zeke lights the cigar. Jake goes to the helm and fires up the engines. A teenager casts off the lines.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - NIGHT

The Rosa motors out of the harbor and stops in a small cove.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - NIGHT

At anchor. George begins to take the cover off the port .50 caliber. Zeke tosses his cigar overboard and helps. Jake uses a light from the mast to shine on the gun as Zeke and George silently inspect it. They move to midships and uncover the cannon. Zeke expertly inspects it. Neither says a word.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - NIGHT

Jake eases the Rosa back into port, almost silently brings her up to the dock.

INT. GALLEY OF THE ROSA - NIGHT

George and Zeke sit at the table. Maria stands at the counter, arms crossed. Jake sits off to the side, opening a beer.

GEORGE
So what do you think?

ZEKE (rubbing the back of his neck)
It's a joke.

GEORGE
That bad, huh?

ZEKE (sarcastic grin)
Yah. On a boat? Ridiculous.

GEORGE
So how do we fix it?

ZEKE
First of all, you need some serious gimbal work to mount those things on, to counteract the boat movement from the recoil.

GEORGE
OK, that can be done.

ZEKE (snorts)
You think so? Fine. Second, you need high-grade range-finding sights. Right now, you're shooting blind.

GEORGE
That can be done.

ZEKE

Third, that 3-inch cannon is too much. Much easier to handle and aim a 2-inch, which should do the job. Whatever that is.

JAKE

No problem.

ZEKE

Huh. But where you'd get that kind of gear, I don't know. They don't stock that shit at Macy's. Where did you get hold of this stuff anyway? This is not what you'd call "regular."

GEORGE (shrugs)

I have connections and it's perfectly legal. The Navy has the kind of setup you're talking about.

ZEKE

The Navy? Well, yeah. You must be pretty well connected. What's all this about?

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - NIGHT
AN HOUR LATER

Jake and Zeke walk along the beach. Jake holds a six-pack of beer, Zeke smokes a cigar. Jake offers Zeke a beer, he declines, offers Jake a cigar, he declines. They sit on a large piece of driftwood.

ZEKE (obviously skeptical)

Who the hell are these people? You got any idea what you're getting mixed up in?

JAKE (relaxed, hugely impressed with George and Maria and the *Rosa*)

George is retired Navy, pilot in Nam, then test pilot, then aeronautical engineer. Entered Annapolis at 16, graduated at 19. Moved up fast, made Commander not long before he resigned. He made a pile from patents on fighter jets, hell, all kinds of jets. He's kept in touch with Navy brass, some damn high up.

ZEKE

OK, I can see that. The brass really going along with this?

JAKE

Far as I can tell, yes. They're stumped. They can't catch these guys and they can't get 'em arrested either. It's getting out of hand and when the press gets hold of it, it's gonna hit the fan.

ZEKE

Fine, great. But a cat? What are they, thrill-seekers? Out on a lark? Getting into that kind of thing would be just plain stupid.

JAKE

I get the feeling there's more to it. Frank says he's got serious pull with the brass, why I don't know.

ZEKE

CIA ya think?

JAKE

Could be. Or something else. But look, I don't care. Almost had a run-in with these pirate bastards myself, outsailed 'em. But friends, clients, of mine have disappeared and...

ZEKE (disgusted)

Well, what do I care about some rich guys getting ripped off. Or drug runners, come to that.

JAKE

Zeke, it's gotten beyond that and it's just gonna get worse. They killed to get those boats and boats are starting to disappear. We're not out to kill anybody, just put them out of business. I dunno, I can't explain it, but I think this guy George is...I dunno. I trust him. Hell, I like him. And what are you doing, scratching yer ass on a beach—you're sick of it and you know it.

ZEKE (backing off a bit)

OK, OK. Still. I don't get it. And who's this Maria?

JAKE

Maria was born in Ciudad Juarez, and not in the good part of town. Her father got killed by some drug outfit that wanted him to sell their drugs in his shop and he wouldn't. She killed the guy who did it...and his bodyguards...AND the guy who was HIS boss.

ZEKE (impressed)
Yikes. A real killer.

JAKE (the thought of Maria intrigues him)
She adored her father. Tough as nails. Left Mexico and came to the States and eventually found she had a real talent for design. She met George designing his beach house, they got married.

ZEKE
My god, those eyes...

JAKE
Yeah. Those eyes.

ZEKE (thinking)
Those eyes have seen more than anybody should.

JAKE
So? You finding “retirement” all that thrilling you wanna die on a goddam beach with a pina colada in your hand?

ZEKE (still wary but accepting)
Ah, fuck you. All right, what the hell. I guess I’m tired of doin’ nothing.

EXT. DOCKYARD - DAY

The Rosa is in drydock, hidden by canvas shrouds. Zeke and George are on the deck, inspecting the guns, which are now mounted in intricate gimbals and with recoil mechanisms, looking more deadly than ever. Navy workmen swarm on and around the Rosa. They are very attentive to George’s orders. Jake stands to the side at ground level.

JAKE (giving orders to Navy crew)
Back up. Now the starboard side. That's it. Stop!

The port hydrofoils lift up, then the starboard hydrofoils come down. Jake watches the motion carefully.

ZEKE (to George)

Well, of course they're going to be shooting back, and then what? There'll be dead bodies all over the place.

GEORGE

Not if we can help it. What do you suggest?

ZEKE (showing where to place)

Have these guns rigged with bullet-proof protectors. Transparent, of course. That way, if they shoot, you're not really threatened, you don't have to kill anyone. But can these guys can rig that? Where do we get the material?

GEORGE

Not a problem. They can do anything, believe me. I just have to tell them how. Cost another arm and a leg, of course. And we'll need plenty of spares. And new weatherproof boxes. What there is now is way too small.

ZEKE

Yah. Better hydraulics on those and I think more underwater sheathing.

GEORGE

I'd rather not screw up the deck. How about we mount them on platforms, have them stowed belowdeck? I want to move the diesel tanks anyway.

ZEKE

Sure. Like you say, these guys can do anything. At least with a boat. Wouldn't let 'em drive my car.

Jake climbs a ladder and speaks to George from there.

JAKE

I wanna see Frank about the hydros.

GEORGE

OK. Do what you need to Zeke, don't worry about the money. But check with Frank before you start work below. Jake, let's go talk to Frank.

INT. OFFICE OF THE BOATYARD - DAY

FRANK's office is strewn with design charts, a drafting table, various instruments and tools. Jake, George, and Frank stand at a long table covered in charts and drafting tools. There are numerous drawings of sailing yachts on the walls.

JAKE

I want some modifications to those hydrofoils, Frank.

FRANK

OK, shoot.

JAKE

It's fine that they move independently, one side up, one side down. But I want the controls to change the pitch and roll of the skis themselves...

FRANK (dubious)

You mean you want chaos.

JAKE (using his hands to show motion)

No, they need to work in synch. If the port side is 20% up and angled to give me a 30% roll, either way, then the starboard...

FRANK

Ah, gotcha. In effect, like a rudder, so you can...

JAKE

Make the angle of attack in any orientation I want. Don't worry about yaw...

FRANK

Right, the rudder can take care of that.

JAKE

Right. And they need to be bigger, stronger. The struts seem strong enough, and I'm sure the hydraulics are too. But controlling all that will take some practice...

FRANK

Oh, you got that right.

JAKE

Well, I can handle it. But will it take a computer panel? Because if it does I don't want it...I need feel, Frank, I don't want to be messing with buttons.

FRANK (looking at drawings, considering)

No, no. I can make it work mechanically. Use some extra hydraulics and some simple electronics to coordinate what you want. I'm thinking joysticks, not just levers. Might take some tweaking after you try it out. And like you say, it'll take practice.

JAKE

OK, good. And I want those engines completely independent. I need to...

FRANK

Got it. Vary the speed of each separately as you change the degree of attack. But how are you going to manage all that? Screwy as hell.

JAKE

Yes, I need to be able to ... I don't have four hands so...here, let me sketch it.

Jake reaches for a large, clean sheet of paper and a pencil.

FRANK (big grin as Jake sketches)

Yah, yah. I get it. Heh! That's cute.

Frank takes over sketching, filling in details.

FRANK (cont'd., to George)

Did I tell you?

GEORGE (appreciates how they work together, pleased)

You did. While we're at it, I'd like two more diesel tanks. I want more range. We need to move the two we have to midships and add two more. We're adding a lot of weight to the stern that will stow below, Zeke will fill you in on that, and the trim will change completely. We can shift some of the ballast.

FRANK

Yeah, you're right. She's getting top-heavy. That'll work well.

GEORGE

And all the tanks and guns need to be shielded with layered carbon fiber, titanium, and kevlar. They might have to take some...abuse.

FRANK (making notes on drawing)

You got it, chief.

JAKE

And those diesels need to be ramped up, more power. How long?

FRANK (rubs back of neck, considers a bit)

Oh. Say four days. No problem. You'll have to take me along for the shakedown.

JAKE

This guy loves boats, George. I'll give you a ride you won't forget. Bring a bucket.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BOATYARD OFFICE - DAY

As Jake and George walk back to the shrouded Rosa.

GEORGE (amused)

A bucket?

JAKE

Frank gets seasick.

GEORGE

Ah. Should we rig the stern seats with seatbelts?

JAKE

Good idea.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA AT SEA - DAY

Completely refurbished, the Rosa has a trimmer look. George, Zeke, and Maria sit strapped in the stern chairs while Frank and Jake man the helm. From above we see the Rosa going through far more drastic turns and maneuvers than before. She can spin on her own axis, veer sharply, and power up to top speed very quickly.

EXT. HELM OF THE ROSA - DAY

JAKE (pointing)

Hundred and twenty knots!

FRANK (holding tight)

My god! What have I done!

JAKE (exultant)

You done good! She's a little too tight on starboard turns.

FRANK

Jesus! Jake!

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

The Rosa spins and surges, banking, almost flying. Behind a large wind protector, Jake expertly works the controls. Spray occasionally douses George, Maria, and Zeke in the stern. George and Zeke are at first clearly alarmed but Maria absolutely loves it.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

ZEKE (terrified)

Holy crap!

Maria has a look of pure joy on her face. George is now completely calm and satisfied.

MARIA
I think I love Jake!

EXT. ROSA AT THE DOCK - DAY

Frank is waving them off on the dock. Maria is tying the towline of the dinghy to the Rosa's stern.

ZEKE
What's with the little boat?

JAKE
It's a dinghy. Target practice.

ZEKE
Ah. Good idea.

EXT. THE ROSA AT SEA - DAY

The Rosa motors out of the harbor, towing the dinghy. George operates the sails and they head for open sea.

ZEKE
So what's this *La Meurta* look like?

MARIA
Black hull, black sails, invisible at night. Maybe 120 feet. Or more.

ZEKE
Jack Sparrow would be proud.

MARIA
Who?

ZEKE
Never mind.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

Well out to sea, they stop and set the dinghy adrift. They unlimber the guns.

ZEKE (demonstrating)
The gun will aim straight, no matter what the pitch and roll of the boat. Use the rangefinder and set the sight.

Zeke aims and fires a short burst. A few short plumes of spray reach the dinghy, which is then hit.

ZEKE
George.

George aims the gun, sets off a long burst--a few shots hit the dinghy but many go wild.

ZEKE (amused, patient)
Well, Jesus, just use short bursts. You won't hit more blasting more.

George does so, with better results.

ZEKE
Better! Maria.

Maria takes over. Fires several short bursts. Some go wild but others send showers of splinters from the dinghy. She keeps at it.

ZEKE (impressed)
Nice! Like you were born to it. Jake?

JAKE
I'm useless with a gun.

He tries anyway, with poor results.

JAKE
I'll stick to piloting.

ZEKE
I like that idea. OK, let's try the cannon.

They unlimber the cannon and Zeke fiddles with it. Then loads a shell and fires. The shot goes over the dinghy.

ZEKE
Range is one thing, but aim takes practice.

He fires again, hits the dinghy squarely.

MARIA
Some practice.

ZEKE
I'd say about four hits before she sinks.

GEORGE
Go on, Maria.

They take turns loading and firing. A few shots hit. The dinghy at last sinks. Zeke, Jake, George, and Maria watch her go down, with satisfied looks.

ZEKE

Well, that'll do for now. But it's going to take a lot of practice. Hitting at random isn't good enough.

JAKE

There are plenty of empty atolls.

GEORGE (the officer again)

Yes but we need better than that. There's a Navy boneyard I know of where I can get them to tow something out to where we want it.

ZEKE

Sounds good! For what we need to do, we're gonna burn a lot of ammo. OK, Jake, take us back to port.

JAKE (amused, sarcastic)

Um, I hate to point this out, but you're not the captain.

ZEKE

Right. Sorry.

GEORGE

Back to port, helmsman! Let's get supplied.

JAKE (salutes, having huge fun with his role)

Aye, aye, cap'n!

AERIAL OF THE ROSA UNDER SAIL - DAY

EXT. ROSA AT THE DOCK - DAY

As people bring supplies on board.

ZEKE

You really that well connected up top? They'll do just about whatever you tell them?

GEORGE

I have some friends. I was in the Navy a long time.

ZEKE

So what's with the English accent?

GEORGE

Irish. Born in Ireland, family moved here when I was 12. Got good grades, figured the military was the best way to get citizenship.

ZEKE

Got it. What was your rank? Commander?

GEORGE (pause)

Captain will do fine.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA UNDER SAIL - DAY

EXT. THE ROSA AT ANCHOR - DAY

The crew watches as a Navy tug pulls a wrecked hulk out to sea.

JAKE

This isn't going to be an uncharted shipping hazard after we sink it, is it?

GEORGE

No. The Navy planned to sink it here anyway. It'll make a good reef. Don't know if we'll ever manage to make enough new ones to replace the ones we've destroyed.

The tug sets an anchor for the target boat and pulls away, back to port.

ZEKE (in his sergeant mode again)

OK, practice with the 50s first. George, you take the port gun, Maria, you take starboard.

They unlimber the stern guns and load ammunition belts. Jake goes to the helm.

JAKE

Where do you want her positioned?

ZEKE

For now, just keep the stern pointed at it.

Maria and George begin firing. The hulk is immediately spattered with huge bullet hits. Some shots begin to go high.

ZEKE

OK, nice!

GEORGE

Wow! This is beautiful. Right where I'm aiming.

ZEKE

Right. Just keep your sights trained using that yardage. Maria, your gun isn't sighted just right.

MARIA

Yes, it was shooting high.

Zeke shows Maria how to readjust the sights.

ZEKE

The rangefinder will give you the distance. Then you have to adjust for altitude and wind. Though with this ammo and distance, wind won't really matter much.

MARIA

And we'll be a lot closer than this.

ZEKE

Right. George, you give me a nice tight circle just ahead of the super, 10 feet below the rail.
 Maria, same thing, but right below that gun mount near the stern.

More firing as they hit the wreck in specific spots, tearing huge chunks of metal from it. They learn to move their feet with the swells as the Rosa moves quickly, but the guns stay perfectly steady and aimed.

JAKE (to himself, watching Maria with admiration)
 Ain't that pretty, Yaz? She moves with the boat in perfect time. Like she's dancing!

ZEKE (impressed)
 Nice! Just pick your spots now and keep the bursts a little shorter and keep that aim tight.

Maria and George pick different targets and are soon hitting various tight spots on the wreck. Maria steps back and laughs.

GEORGE (backing off gun, pleased with himself and Maria, very proud of her)
 OK. We need a moving target now. Jake, what say you maneuver however you like around that thing? Let's see if we can fine-tune this.

JAKE
 Roger that.

Jake starts the engines and hoists the anchor, lets the engines warm up and then motors around the target boat at various speeds and angles as George and Maria practice firing at it.

EXT. EVENING ON THE ROSA - DAY

They sit at the stern with wine. The Rosa is at anchor again and they are all satisfied with the day's work.

ZEKE (relaxed and no longer the sergeant)
 Now that was a good day's work. Maria, you're the best shot I've ever seen. You've picked up in a day what it took me weeks to learn.

MARIA (wry)
Not the first time I've fired a gun. But never one this big.

GEORGE
I'm still having trouble moving with the boat. But that gimbal and recoil system is amazing.
Damn near point and shoot.

ZEKE
What's the weather like tomorrow Jake?

JAKE (checking smart phone)
Bit rougher. Definitely rougher. No storms but the wind and waves will pick up.

ZEKE
Perfect! George, can we get your boys to tow out more boats? Set them at various distances?

GEORGE (getting up)
Not a problem. I'll get on the horn.

EXT. THE ROSA AT ANCHOR - DAY

Morning on the Rosa. They watch as several tugs tow various size wrecks out to the target ground.

GEORGE (into cellphone)
Yes, wherever you like, at random. (pause) Right, so you can use that.

They unlimber the guns as Jake goes to the helm, fires up the engines, and hoists anchor.

ZEKE (now very professional but jovial)
Jake, just have some fun! Take us through at any angle, speed you want. Surprise us!

JAKE
You got it!

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

The Rosa motors around the various wrecks at multiple speeds and angles. Firing from the stern guns hit the wrecks with tremendous impact. The smaller ones are sent sideways in the water by the impacts.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

JAKE (from the helm)
Got an idea! Let's try this!

Jake motors fast around a boat, then comes to a near halt near its stern and then veers to place the stern of the Rosa pointing at the starboard stern of the target. They fire from both aft guns with tremendous results.

GEORGE (pleased)
I like it!

MARIA (excited)
Let's work on that!

ZEKE
See if you can just sheer off the rudder.

They take aim at the stern and blow it to bits. The hulk begins to sink from the stern.

ZEKE (pleased and impressed)
Nice! OK, secure those two. Jake, take us past that one! (pointing) Let's get the cannons out.

They put the covers back in place on the 50s and uncover the two-inch cannons. Zeke loads and fires several times. The wreck is hit with each shot, sending up a plume of smoke and debris.

ZEKE

George, you take this one. Maria, the starboard cannon. This is gonna take more practice.
Cannon rounds don't act like bullets.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

The Rosa swings around various hulks at a various speeds as the cannons fire, first from the port side, then from starboard. Some shots miss, sending up huge plumes of spray. Others hit with devastating effect. At last the firing stops.

EXT. EVENING ON THE ROSA – DAY
A WEEK LATER

At sunset, in the background the last two boats are sinking.

GEORGE (lounging on the rail)
Now that was some good work.

ZEKE (standing just off the rail, one hand holding it, the other with cigar)
Yes it was. You folks are damn good at picking this up.

MARIA (sitting on back of chair, self-assured and amused)
We should make Jake clean the guns every night. (laughter)

GEORGE (to Zeke)
I'd say we're ready. How about you?

ZEKE
I agree. But hitting sailing yachts is gonna be a whole 'nuther thing. We need to be careful.

GEORGE
Agreed.

ZEKE (moves away from rail, leans against helm ladder, suddenly serious)

Just one thing. I've gone along with this so far but I'm not going any further until I know what this is really about.

GEORGE (very direct to Zeke)
OK. Shoot.

ZEKE (waves cigar)
Sorry but I just don't buy it. Not about some cat and a lotta gear being ripped off.

GEORGE
Yah. Well.

JAKE
Me either. This is all very well and good but...

GEORGE (resigned but choosing words)
OK, you've got a right to know. There is more to it.

ZEKE
I figured.

GEORGE (shifts position)
After we got back to port some...people came down to see us.

ZEKE
Don't get vague on me dammit!

GEORGE
I can't tell you everything but...some people high up in the Navy. They heard about the "incident" and came to us. They wanted it stopped.

ZEKE
Fine. Just Navy? We ain't talkin' CIA here are we?

GEORGE

No, Navy, that's all.

JAKE

But why you? They've got...

GEORGE (patient but pointed)

The Navy's not a police force Jake, not unless US citizens are involved, and even then. Look, they came to me because they needed the kind of boat that could cover a lot of territory fast and design is what I do. Planes, sure, but you'd be surprised how much this boat is like a plane.

ZEKE

No shit!

GEORGE

So I said fine, and I got to work. When I had the plans drawn up, they wanted to know who could pilot such a thing. Of course, I said I could, and would.

JAKE

Navy's got plenty of damn good pilots, last I heard.

GEORGE

Yes, best there are. But not on a boat like this. They're trained to go by the book, and this isn't anything they could train to do. Not fast anyway.

JAKE

Well, I'll give you that. Buy how did I come into it?

GEORGE

Pretty soon I realized my reactions weren't what they were and that this was something, in terms of piloting, that was beyond me. I'd been working with Frank, on building the *Rosa*, and something you don't know about him...well, never mind that. Anyway, he said you were the best he'd ever seen, or even heard about.

JAKE (sardonic)

Yeah, right, to the bottom Jake.

GEORGE (direct)

No. Anybody can sail a good ship when things are going good. It takes someone special to bring out passengers and yourself in the kind of spots you've been in. Besides, you were available and the Navy checked you out pretty good. We needed someone...

JAKE
Cheap.

GEORGE

Who could come in under the radar and keep his mouth shut.

ZEKE

Granted Jake's the best goddam boatman in the Caribbean, where do I come in?

GEORGE (to Zeke, offhanded)

Simple. We found out about you by checking up on Jake. And you fit the bill perfectly—know more about high-tech gunnery than any civilian out there.

JAKE (still sarcastic, doubting)
Two for the price of one, eh?

GEORGE

Money had nothing to do with it. The Navy had to keep this quiet, with a first-rate crew, and a new boat design that could get from one end of the Caribbean to another damn fast.

MARIA (to George, pointedly)
You're not telling them everything.

GEORGE (pause)
OK, go ahead.

MARIA (still to George)
They ask us this, it was not just from the Navy.

ZEKE
I knew it. No?

GEORGE

OK. It was a semi-official unofficial request from the top, indirectly. The pirates are one thing but the help they're getting is another.

JAKE (catching on, unbelieving)
Jesus! No shit?

GEORGE

There are things behind this I don't know myself.

JAKE

Well, that's not hard to figure. (pause) Cuba.
(silence)

ZEKE (musing, angry)

That's where the bastard gets his guns.

JAKE

And the political influence in the isl...

GEORGE

I stopped asking questions.
(silence)

JAKE

So that's why it goes so high and how you can get anything you want.
(silence)

ZEKE (waves cigar)

OK. I get it. You're on.

EXT. HELM OF THE ROSA - DAY

MARIA

Why?

JAKE

I want both you and George to know the basics of how to run this thing under power. You never know.

Jake shows her the controls.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

Shot from above as the Rosa jerks right and left awkwardly. Then better.

EXT. HELM OF THE ROSA - DAY

JAKE

Not bad. You're better with guns but it'll do. (yelling to deck) George, you're next!

GEORGE (arriving at the helm, Maria gives him a kiss, leaves)
Looks like she's got the hang of it.

JAKE

She does. Of course, you know these controls already, at least the basics, and having been a fighter pilot...

GEORGE

Yes, but this setup is completely new. And despite what you may have heard, fighter pilots are cautious by nature. At least, the ones still alive. So let's have a look.

George adapts quickly to the controls. He smoothly handles the boat through a series of powerful, intricate maneuvers as Jake talks him through some of the finer points. George is obviously completely at home.

INT. GALLEY OF THE ROSA - NIGHT

Maria and George sit at one end of the table, Zeke at the other end. Jake is off to one side, serving wine and munching on snacks. There are candles in elegant, translucent holders.

MARIA

So Zeke, you were in the military, right?

ZEKE

I was.

MARIA

Army? So?

ZEKE (reluctantly remembering)

Marines. Did three tours in Vietnam. Wasn't good. But along the way I got training in all sorts of small arms and artillery. Taught at several bases, retired.

JAKE

Yah, one of the best experts on small arms the Marines had. And then consulting work for some manufacturers. You worked on the .50 right?

ZEKE

I did.

JAKE

Your wife died several years ago.

ZEKE

Six. Six and a half.

MARIA (to Jake)

And your wife?

JAKE

Two of 'em. Neither one liked living on a boat. Never found one who did. But that's OK. Found I like living alone.

George takes his and Maria's glasses to the bar for refills. Jake gets up, tips his cap to Maria, goes to an electronic piano built into a side wall, flips it down, sits, turns it on and begins to play softly.

MARIA

So what was Vietnam like Zeke?

ZEKE

Well. Like I said, not good.

GEORGE

How so?

ZEKE (pulls up in chair, tense, looking at floor)

You were there, you know.

GEORGE

I was at 30,000 feet. Not the same thing.

ZEKE (pause, angry but trying to keep it in, talking to the floor)

Well. It didn't take a genius to see that was going nowhere. They were nice people, really, but you talk around, find out that most of 'em, damn near all, except the goddamn princes, either actively supported the North or didn't care either way.

MARIA

They were communists?

ZEKE (looking up again, remembering, smoldering)

No. Not many. They just wanted to be rid of a corrupt upper class that kept them in permanent poverty. And we were just more invaders. And how could we fight a war when we don't even know who the enemy is? When the vast majority don't believe in what you're trying to do? Hell, we weren't fighting for them at all. We were fighting for the damn princes—a worthless bunch of scum

MARIA (to George)

So what about from the air?

GEORGE

Pretty much the same. Pointless.

MARIA

But we dropped so many bombs? Why didn't it work?

JAKE (playing, over his shoulder)

I heard it was all the fault of the "national lack of will"!

GEORGE (recounting with efficiency and military calmness)

In the first place, turns out they were the busiest tunnel builders of all time. Hid all the materiel below ground. But even more—look, the purpose of bombing is not to kill people or destroy "morale"—the purpose is to destroy their *ability* to fight.

ZEKE (relaxing again)

Factories, equipment.

GEORGE

Right. But that was all being made in the Soviet Union and China. What's the point of bombing noodle factories when the weapons are being made thousands of miles away?

MARIA (confused)

But you had the biggest military in the world! So why didn't you invade?

ZEKE (snorts)

Couldn't.

MARIA

Why?

JAKE (still playing, stops, looks at Maria)

China.

ZEKE

Right. We invade, China comes in too. Millions of troops. Never even seriously considered. And tiptoeing around World War III the whole time.

GEORGE

Russia and China were fighting a proxy war. We were hamstrung the same way.

JAKE (standing, getting his wine)

I wasn't there, too young. But the biggest waste of men and money we ever got up to. Fucking crime. It was a fucking crime.

(long pause)

MARIA (changing the subject)

OK, so how do you know one another?

JAKE

He used to hire out my boat. We did a lot of fishing.

ZEKE

I did a lot of fishing. He drank a lot of beer.

JAKE (jovial mood)

Well, (toasting) here's to pirate hunting. Arrrr!
(all toasting, ARRR!)

EXT. THE ROSA AT SEA - DAY
SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Under sail, the Rosa cruises off the Bahamas for more than a week.

ZEKE (standing by the rail with George)
Not exactly falling into our laps are they?

GEORGE (calm, reserved)

It is pretty quiet. I think I'll put in a call...I didn't really expect to just come across them. But I haven't heard anything from...

Sound of an alarm bell from the radio room. George goes below.

INT. RADIO ROOM - DAY

GEORGE (into phone)
 Heading? What are the last coordinates? (looking at chart) Give me that description again.
 (writing) OK, we're on it.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

GEORGE
 OK, we're on. Jake, 100 miles west-northwest of Aguadilla. Near something called the
 Milwaukee Deep. What's that?

JAKE (from the helm, lowering sails with buttons)
 The deepest part of the Puerto Rico Trench, at the western end. They'll probably make for
 Sabana del Mar, Dominica.

GEORGE
 Where are we now?

JAKE
 We're about 20 miles sou-souwest of Great Inagua. Above the northwestern tip of Haiti. We can
 be there, or between that point and Sabana, in about 5 hours.

GEORGE
 Will that be good enough?

JAKE
 They'll be loafing along. Plenty of time. We got lucky.

Sails down, the Rosa surges ahead at tremendous speed.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

George, Maria, and Zeke scan with binoculars.

ZEKE

There! You said a blue hull?

GEORGE

Yes. Jake, get us close! She's called the *Sunset Mist*.

They approach the other boat.

GEORGE (binoculars)

That's it. Get the guns ready.

The Rosa quickly pulls past the port side of the Sunset Mist and cuts across ahead of her bow. Jake slows her past the starboard side and positions her with the stern facing the Sunset Mist stern. The pirate crew, startled, scramble for their guns. Maria, at the starboard gun, fires at the rudder, neatly clipping it off. The pirate crew begin firing with small machine guns, bullets splatter the gun shields on the Rosa. George fires warning shots over their heads. Maria plants a line of bullets just below their rail, splinters fly up in all directions. The pirates keep firing, taking cover.

ZEKE

Jake! Port!

Jake eases the Rosa to port. Zeke aims and fires the cannon and the main mast of the pirate boat is shattered, rigging and sails falling over the deck. The pirates have had enough and raise their hands.

GEORGE (into a loudspeaker as Maria translates in Spanish)

Launch your life boats and get into them. Leave your guns behind.

The pirates, some Hispanic, some black, some white, some Asian, hesitate, look at one another and say nothing.

GEORGE

I repeat. Launch your life boats and get into them. Leave your guns behind. Do it now!

Maria fires warning shots over their heads. The pirate crew get out life rafts and reluctantly board them. The Rosa edges up to the bow and Zeke, at the stern, tosses a grapple that snags the Sunset. They pull in the line and attach a towline.

ZEKE (to George)

Think there are any more hiding inside?

GEORGE

Don't know. You wanna go look?

ZEKE

Not really.

GEORGE

Jake! Make for San Juan!

JAKE

Aye, aye, skipper!

GEORGE (baleful look)

You're just gonna keep that up, aren't you?

JAKE (looking away)

Aye, aye, skipper!

The pirate crew are left behind in the life rafts.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

The Rosa motors for Puerto Rico towing the Sunset Mist.

INT. NAVY OFFICE - DAY

Zeke is alone with a naval officer.

ZEKE

So then I blew the mast off.

INT. NAVY OFFICE - DAY

Maria is alone with a naval officer.

MARIA

No, I fire over their heads.

INT. NAVY OFFICE - DAY

Jake is alone with a naval officer.

JAKE

No, I didn't see them take any guns off. But there was a lot going on.

INT. ADMIRAL CARLSSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Admiral CARLSSON, in full dress whites, leans against his desk. George is in a chair.

GEORGE

Went pretty well, all in all.

CARLSSON (clearly in charge but friendly, has known George a long time)
Like hell it did.

GEORGE (surprised)

Come again?

CARLSSON

Two guys were hiding on the boat and two others in the rafts kept their guns. One was killed when they fired on us.

GEORGE

Oh.

CARLSSON

That's no good George. We can isolate the pirates we bring in--Haitians go to Dominican prisons, Hondurans to Nicaraguan prisons, and so on. But dead ones have to be sent home and that's no good. Before you know it there are wailing mothers on the news and signs saying "Yanqui Murderers."

GEORGE

Yah, 'course.

CARLSSON (thinking back)

George, what happened to a bogey when you got one in your sights?

GEORGE

One dead bogey.

CARLSSON

Oh, really?

GEORGE

Well...

CARLSSON

Because I remember one over Libya. You didn't fire your rockets, you shot off his tail with your cannons. Which is one helluva maneuver.

GEORGE

Well...

CARLSSON

And you did that to give the guy a chance to eject. George, that's what we need here.

GEORGE

How do you mean?

CARLSSON

Don't fart around, George. Shoot the stern off these boats, don't give them a chance to so much as think about it. While you're at it, blow off the bow as well. They won't need to be told to get off a sinking boat, they'll jump ship like the Queen of the Night is after them.

GEORGE

Ah...and launch liferafts for them as soon as we do.

CARLSSON

Right. And they're not gonna bother with their guns. The insurance companies can go to hell. Now I admit, from what I hear you people are expert shots, and we're glad to let you do this for us, we're in a spot. But these boats need to be sunk and we need to arrest the pirates.

GEORGE

Got it. OK, that actually makes it simpler. So we go?

CARLSSON

Oh, yeah. We'll do better monitoring and give you a call when we've got something. But if you get your asses shot off, I'm afraid we know nothing about it. On the other hand, anything else goes wrong and we'll cover you. Guaranteed.

GEORGE (getting up)

Got it. Thanks, Bill. I hate to say it, but I think we're gonna enjoy this. What you've suggested cuts the risk of fatalities way down.

CARLSSON (smiling)

And I want a ride on that boat.

GEORGE (tight smile)
You got it! But get into civvies, you look like a damn wedding cake.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

ZEKE
So that's all we gotta do?

GEORGE
That's it.

ZEKE
Well, hell, that's easy!

MARIA
I like it.

JAKE
Me too.

GEORGE
OK, let's head out. Jake, we need to cruise from Jamaica to St. John's and back. Then we should be within hours of whatever pops up.

JAKE
Aye, aye, cap'n, cap'n sir! (sharp look from George). (simply) We need to diesel up first.

ZEKE
Nobody told 'em to but some sailors cleaned and oiled the guns. Restocked a ton of ammo too.

EXT. HELM OF THE ROSA - DAY

JAKE (to himself as he stands at the helm)
Yaz, this is gonna be fun!

AERIAL OF THE ROSA UNDER SAIL - DAY

The Rosa sails thru blue waters.

INT. RADIO ROOM - DAY

GEORGE (into phone)

Martinique. Sixty-one fifty-two, fourteen eighty-three. Got it. I'll give you a call when we spot it.
(pause) Right. Out.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

GEORGE

Jake! 61, 52 by 14, 83! We're on, mates.

ZEKE

What's it look like?

GEORGE

All I've got is a white hull, possibly 40 feet, no name, but with a distinctive forecastle, blue striping. Jake, where are we?

JAKE

Due south of PR. The coordinates you gave me are west-norwest of Martinique, off of Mt. Pelee.

GEORGE

Right.

JAKE

At full speed, call it ten hours. Long way.

GEORGE

Right, but they're a long way from any useful port.

MARIA

Yes, but how do we find them after ten hours of sailing? The *Sunset Mist* was easy to spot, it was so unusual.

GEORGE

The Navy will send up a spotter plane when we need it and give us new coordinates.

ZEKE

Yeah, but if they get too close, it'll tip 'em off.

GEORGE

Trust me, these guys know what they're doing.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA UNDER FAST MOTOR - DAY

As the Rosa approaches the pirate boat, Jake steers her around the port side and George fires three life boat packages into the sea nearby, which inflate as soon as they hit the water. The pirate crew looked stunned and puzzled. Jake steers ahead of their bow, fast, and down her starboard side, whipping quickly to present the Rosa stern to their stern. George and Maria blow the stern off with massive force from the 50s. Jake pulls slightly to port, Zeke uses the cannon to tear the bow off the pirate ship, which immediately begins to sink. Debris fills the water. Chaos as the pirates jump off the port side and swim toward the life rafts.

ZEKE

Now that's what I call clean.

JAKE (pirate voice)

Shall we keelhaul the scurvy dogs cap'n?

GEORGE (resignedly)

Next time, Jake, next time.

JAKE (pirate voice)

Aye, aye, cap'n! ARRRR!

Maria laughs.

Flashback of Maria, coming home, finding her father killed. At night, sometime later, she sits in the shadows outside the warlord's house. There are two guards out front and the warlord enters from a car with two more guards.

Maria goes around the back, where outside guards stand under lights. She approaches them, just a young woman smiling. The first one looks interested. She takes out a knife and stabs him in the heart. The other starts to take out his gun and she throws her second knife into his throat. They make almost no noise.

She retreats into the night and comes back with a 9mm with a silencer and an assault rifle. She enters the house and there is a guard sitting at a desk. She shoots him in the head with the 9mm. She goes into the house through another door and with great skill and determination she uses the assault rifle to kill all of the men inside.

Back outside she mounts a small motorcycle and then goes to a much bigger bike and zooms off north. After much skillful driving she reaches the border and goes through without being stopped.

EXT. FROM ABOVE, THE ROSA UNDER SAIL - DAY

The Rosa motors fast toward a pirate ship. She performs the same maneuver as before. The stern and bow are blown off as pirates scramble to get off the boat.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

The captain and crew refuse to give up and send AK47 fire at the Rosa, spattering the bulletproof protectors. As the Rosa is moving in, suddenly another boat appears and is motoring towards them fast.

GEORGE

Jake!

JAKE

I see it.

Jake begins to maneuver, angling around the pirate ship and approaching the other boat's port side.

ZEKE (with binoculars)
It's American!

As the Rosa veers around the pirate boat, suddenly a volley of gunfire comes from the other boat. Jake changes course again, gains speed, then circles behind the other boat and quickly presents the Rosa's stern. George has been concentrating on the pirate boat, sending volleys below the waterline as the pirates spray them with AK47 fire. Maria has no other shot at the American boat and deftly shoots the bow to pieces as the gunman on the bow jumps into the sea. The others continue firing. Bullets rip thru the Rosa's furled sails.

ZEKE
What the hell...?

GEORGE (thru the hailer)
Cease fire or we'll blow you out of the water!

Zeke lands a cannon shot off of their starboard bow. Maria takes off the bow and the firing stops. The crew have their hands raised but as the bow begins to plunge into the water they begin jumping into the sea. The pirate boat is completely disabled and the crew are swimming to the lifeboats. The pirate boat slowly sinks. Jake pulls the Rosa near enough to the American boat to haul in their crew. Maria takes up a stance with a small machine gun on the helm as George and Zeke pull them in one by one, tying their hands and feet and sitting them down. Finally they all four are in and Jake's motors out and away.

GEORGE (a full officer now)
Who the hell are you and what do you think you're doing here?

CREW #1 (obviously the captain)
Better still, who the hell are you?

GEORGE
Friend, you're lucky not to still be on that boat. Now who are you and why did you fire on us?

CREW #2
Don't you know what's on that other boat? Why did you sink it?

CREW #1
Shut up, Bill.

ZEKE

Ah, that's it. After the loot, eh?

CREW #3

You're damn right, we've as much right...

CREW #1

Shut up, Marvin! I tell you shut the hell up!

George and Zeke go off to one side to confer.

GEORGE

Freelancers, out for whatever they can get off pirates.

ZEKE

And I'd bet this isn't their first one. What do we do with 'em?

GEORGE

Take 'em to the nearest port, let the Navy handle 'em.

ZEKE

Fine by me. What about the boat?

GEORGE (pause, considering)

Sink it.

Zeke ambles to one of the cannons, takes aim and fires. He hits the fuel tanks and the boat explodes in a huge fireball.

CREW #1

You son of a bitch.

[NEW SECTION NEEDS TO REPLACE WHAT WAS HERE.

George and the crew discuss what just happened. It is the second time this has happened and George suspects that someone has placed something on the boat. They go back to port and the Navy sweep the *Rosa*, looking for hidden electronic gear. They find two bugs and a radar

jammer, but what they don't find is a GPS locator, because it only transmits its information every 4 hours.]

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

The Rosa approaches another pirate boat, larger this time. However, before Jake can get near, three Zodiacs are launched from the other boat and come straight at them, bouncing on the waves. Jake tries to maneuver, but the boats are circling, trying to position themselves to shoot at the Rosa's crew when they are not covered by their gun shields. They begin to open fire, but in the waves the shots are wild.

GEORGE

Zeke, fast, the starboard gun!

ZEKE (racing to starboard)

I'm on it!

Zeke quickly gets the starboard cannon ready, aims and fires at the nearest Zodiac, deliberately hitting in front of it. The blast sends a tower of water up and lifts the bow up and sideways, throwing two pirates out.

ZEKE

Get it while they're blind!

Jake spins the boat to port. Maria shoots at the rear-mounted outboard motor and it explodes. Another Zodiac has passed over their bow and is raking the deck with small arms fire as George and Maria duck. Then George takes aim across the deck and blows their motor off. The pirates flail in the water, poor swimmers. The third Zodiac races back to the protection of their mother boat.

GEORGE

You bastards! I oughta let you drown! You OK Maria?

MARIA

It's OK. I'm fine.

As Jake pulls them closer, George flips a life raft into the sea near the floundering pirates. They begin climbing in, yelling curses in different languages.

ZEKE (relieved)

That was a little too close. Need to be ready for that one.

GEORGE

Yeah. Nice work with that cannon. OK, Jake, let's finish this up!

Jake spins the boat to send spray over the half-drowned pirates in the raft. The pirates on the main boat are already launching and getting into life rafts. The crew of the Rosa wait until they are safely off, then sink the yacht with full power. It disintegrates. Suddenly, four prop-driven planes appear on the eastern horizon. They close fast. The planes approach from starboard and rake the deck with fire.

GEORGE (yelling but calm)

Jake, do what you have to, don't worry about us.

The planes make their pass and bank in wide turns. As they pass Jake makes a quick turn to starboard and a surge forward. One of the planes begins to approach from the stern, beginning to fire.

ZEKE

Stay down! Keep her straight Jake!

He aims over the stern, unprotected by his screen. He fires with the cannon, misses, fires again and again and the plane finally explodes in fire and debris not far astern.

GEORGE

Nice shooting Zeke! Maria, port!

Maria and George have ducked down and now spring up to train their guns on the other planes, two of which are flying in high arcs, ready to attack—one of them has begun its approach and they fire wildly at it. Suddenly, one after another, they explode in mid-air.

JAKE (watching from the helm)
What the hell??

As they watch in disbelief, two jet fighters appear and quickly pass overhead, circle, and fly low over the Rosa, dipping their wings.

GEORGE (shouts)
They're Navy!

Zeke is on the deck, not moving. From the helm, Jake can see he is bleeding.

JAKE (shouting)
Zeke's down!

Maria secures her gun and runs below for bandages as George and Jake go to Zeke.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

Rosa at a dock in port. Zeke is coming aboard, his arm bent in a cast and his head is bandaged.

JAKE
So how is it?

ZEKE
Not bad, really. Small chip outta the bone, small fracture. Long as I can use my fingers I'm fine.

JAKE
So can you use your fingers?

Zeke gives him the finger.

JAKE (smiles)
I'll call that a yes.

GEORGE (appearing from below)
Zeke! You OK?

ZEKE
What the hell happened? Yeah, fine.

GEORGE (coming up to them)
Talked to Admiral Carlsson...

ZEKE
Oh, we get names now.

GEORGE
What the hell. Anyway, the Navy's been watching all along, of course. Saw those bogies enter international water, flying towards us. Interceptors went up—that was it.

JAKE
So they're in the game now?

GEORGE
Only for aircraft, which disappear when they explode. Nothing else.

ZEKE
Well, Christ. Glad they got here when they did.

JAKE
We were toast.

MARIA (starting engines, from the helm)
Do we go now?

INT. RADIO ROOM - DAY

GEORGE (into phone)

What do you anticipate? (pause) Where's it heading? (pause) How long? (pause) What will it be by then? (pause) OK, thank you. Out.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

GEORGE (to Maria and Zeke)

Well, this is lovely. There's a hurricane headed for Jamaica. (calling to helm) Jake! C'mon back here!

JAKE (joining them)

What's up, mon capitan?

GEORGE (with map, concerned look)

Hurricane. Plotted to go south of Jamaica, straight at us. NOAA says category 3 by tonight. In open water, seas up to 40 feet, winds 120 miles an hour. We should head into port.

ZEKE

Maria, let's start getting stuff below secured. It could still...

JAKE (standing still, serious)

Wait.

MARIA (with Zeke)

What??

JAKE

Just...wait.

GEORGE (surprised)

What is it?

JAKE (earnest, not his usual jovial self)

Look. That first day, when you had me take over the controls, and I felt those hydrofoils lift this boat, and felt those engines.... Listen, George. I would've given back the ten grand that minute, I almost did. I'd drive this thing down the throat of Cape Horn just for the hell of it.

MARIA (alarmed)
But this is a hurricane!

ZEKE (angry)
Jake, this is a sixty foot boat, fer chrissake!

JAKE
I know.

GEORGE (considering it)
Jake, can she take that? Forty, maybe fifty foot waves and Zeke's arm ...

JAKE
Could be a lot bigger than that, if I put her in the right place. Zeke, can you handle it?

ZEKE
Never mind my arm, you're outta your fuckin' mind!

GEORGE (to Jake)
Can she take it? The *Rosa*?

JAKE
She can. With me at the helm, she can. I know this boat.

MARIA (crossing herself)
Madre de dios.

ZEKE (looking at sky)
Oh, lord.

JAKE (excited)
Look, you wanna have the ride of your life? I'll bring us thru. You'll never have a chance like this again. Never!

Long pause. The wind is whipping up.

MARIA (laughs)
What the hell!

GEORGE (tight smile)
I believe you can do it.

ZEKE (feigned anger, intrigued)
Jesus christ! You people, you're all...(pause). Oh, what the hell.

JAKE (now businesslike)
Like you said, secure the boat. And make it good.

Activity as everything loose in the boat is tied down or stowed.

JAKE (from the helm)
Maria, come take the helm for a minute.

She does so, Jake joins George in the stern as Zeke comes up from below.

JAKE
Zeke, George. We should rig some of those spare shields up around the helm, and some good handholds.

GEORGE (tight smile but now excited and trying not to show it)
Right! Protection from the worst of the wind and we can hold on, even tie ourselves to it.

ZEKE (game for the ride but keeping a skeptical view)
You're outta your friggin' mind. You want us to hang on up there...

JAKE
Best view in town!

ZEKE

You people are all crazy. (beat) Oh, what the hell. Who wants to die in bed anyway?

GEORGE

Let's get to it!

JAKE

We've got about an hour.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA - DAY

The Rosa approaches the storm. The winds are picking up rapidly and the Rosa easily rides up and over each 40-foot wave. Her bow crashes into the sea, sending spray back across the deck. We see from above that Jake, George, Maria, and Zeke are standing behind the enlarged, high shield, holding onto a strong bar. So far, the shield is keeping them from being hit with the spray, even in the strong wind, which they are heading straight into.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA IN A STORM - DAY

The Rosa enters the worst of the storm, with 50-foot waves. Strong winds and spray. A great deal of lightning keeps the scene well lit.

GEORGE (loud, to Jake)

Where are we?

JAKE

Off of Portland Ridge, south-souwest of Kingston. Shallower water, bigger waves, but we can still get into harbor if something goes wrong!

Above the noise of the wind, George relays this to Maria, who relays it to Zeke. Each grips a rail behind the clear shields. They are all tied to the rail with ropes.

DARKNESS, MULTIPLE LIGHTNING FLASHES, HEAVIER SEAS.

The Rosa enters the heart of the hurricane, with 60-foot waves. Jake steers her at an angle to the crest of a wave, under strong power and with the hydrofoils partly extended. He straightens out as they reach the crest and as she tops it he pulls back the hydrofoils and powers back, then quickly extends them again.

GEORGE (yelling)
You're pulling the hydros in and out.

JAKE (yelling)
Yes. When we top a wave, coming down on the other side could smash them. But I have to extend them again to keep her from diving.

They plunge thru the storm, wave after wave, as Jake maneuvers up and over the waves in various ways. Zeke looks concerned but not afraid. Maria has a look of exhilaration. George looks completely calm and satisfied. Suddenly, Jake looks to his right and sees a monster wave coming at them from starboard, at right angles to the prevailing waves.

JAKE (yelling)
Rogue! Hang on! It's bad!

ZEKE (as he sees the monster wave)
Holy shit!

MARIA
Madre!

The rogue wave is far taller than the Rosa. Jake steers at an angle up the current wave, aiming at the rogue. He suddenly veers to port, bringing them at a new angle up the rogue, then straightens out. The Rosa strains to climb to the top, at full power. Jake is working the controls furiously, but expertly. The wave begins to break just as they reach the crest. The Rosa is momentarily flung backwards, then recovers and powers over the top. They surge over the top in a huge burst, half-way out of the water. At first hugely alarmed, George, Maria, and Jake shout and cheer, ecstatic.

ZEKE (above the noise)
You son-of-a-bitch Jake!

MARIA
Son-of-a-bitch Jake!

Heading for a dangerous trough behind the rogue, Jake expertly brings the Rosa to port, slaloming down the wave, surfing with the starboard hydrofoils almost out of the water. He steers straight into the next wave. Lightning and thunder all around. The flashes add to the sense of danger and near chaos. Jake is playing with the storm!

JAKE (yelling over the wind to George)
Ain't she a boat?

GEORGE
Beautiful boat!

JAKE
Let's crank her up!

Now with full confidence, Jake takes each successive wave, at high speed, launching the Rosa over each crest, half out of the water. It is a carnival ride. The waves grow even bigger. Maria and Zeke are exultant. George is quietly smiling, remembering his pilot days.

EXT. DAWN ON THE ROSA - DAY
THE NEXT MORNING

The storm has passed and they relax on the deck, Zeke smokes a cigar. Blue-black, low wisps of clouds race to the north, while above them high billows of yellow clouds move in the opposite direction, lit by the morning sun, all in constant motion. A troubled, confused sky.

ZEKE (relaxed, satisfied)
I must say.

MARIA (still quietly thrilled)
Yes.

GEORGE (completely calm)
All of that.

Jake is relaxed, trying to imitate George's tight smile. Maria laughs.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM ON THE ROSA - NIGHT

Jake is reading. The door opens.

MARIA (pointedly)
Once. Just once.

EXT. THE ROSA UNDER SAIL - DAY
TWO DAYS LATER

George, Maria, and Zeke lounge in the stern. Jake is at the helm, tending the sailing and fishing.

ZEKE
We started out...when was it? Damn.

GEORGE
Late June.

ZEKE
Right. Call it 7 weeks. And we've sunk 11 boats.

MARIA
Twelve.

ZEKE
Right, twelve. And nothing for two weeks. Think we've cleaned them out?

GEORGE
According to Admi...according to the Navy, about half. They think the pressure is getting too great and the Haitian port authorities are getting near to caving in.

ZEKE

And that would be the end of it?

GEORGE

Sure. The others would fall like dominoes and then they'd arrest the ones they know are involved.

ZEKE

Well, it's been a nice cruise.

GEORGE

We'll stay out another week or so. Get in some more fishing.

AERIAL OF THE ROSA UNDER SAIL - DAY

The crew swim, dive, fish, and scuba. Various shots and angles. The crew are relaxed and happy. The seas are calm and the sun shines.

INT. BELOWDECKS ON THE ROSA, SMALL LIGHTS - NIGHT

Dawn is just breaking. Maria is on watch and spots something on the radar. A klaxon alarm sounds. George, Jake, and Zeke scramble for the deck, dressing as they go.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA – DAY

MARIA (from the helm, pointing to the stern)
There!

In the distance, six fast launches are approaching, much bigger than the Zodiacs. Jake springs to the helm.

JAKE (shouting)

I need a minute to warm up the diesels!

But the engines splutter and refuse to start.

ZEKE (to himself)
Whoa, shit.

JAKE
Zeke! Check those engines!

Zeke disappears below. After a few seconds the engines start with a roar.

GEORGE (calm but concerned)
Jake! We don't have a minute!

EXT. ON BOARD A PIRATE LAUNCH - DAY

The pirates are sitting in the bouncing launches, holding rocket-propelled grenade launchers and numerous small arms--machine guns, shotguns, and rifles. They are grinning. We see their sister-launches in the background.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

The launches are approaching fast. Jake throttles the diesel engines up and down, warming them up. George, Zeke, and Maria snap the protectors into place and unlimber the guns.

EXT. ON BOARD A PIRATE LAUNCH - DAY

PIRATE 1 (from the helm at the rear)
(to his left) Spread out!
(to his right) Spread out!

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

Maria takes the port gun and begins firing, George fires from the starboard gun. The launches are coming from all directions, firing rocket-propelled grenades. Plumes of spray go up as they explode in the water around the Rosa. In the moderate chop, their aim is off. Small arms fire begins sprinkling the clear protectors and the sides and stern of the Rosa but they are too far away to be effective. One launch is taken out by the starboard gun. Zeke fires his cannon but it is

ineffective against such fast-moving targets. They close to within a hundred yards. A second launch is ripped to pieces as sailors jump into the sea.

JAKE (shouting)
Hang on!

As the Rosa gets underway, the launches are close enough that their fire is beginning to get close. Jake surges the Rosa forward but the four remaining launches are all around her. Maria takes out another launch. George settles himself, takes careful aim as plumes of spray nearly obscure his sight, then he sees a boat flying up over a wave, dead in his sights, and he destroys it with three quick short bursts. Two launches left.

JAKE
Hang on!

A launch has come too close to the Rosa's bow. Jake swings her quickly and throttles up with a surge forward. The pirate launch is now dead ahead and the crew leap out of the boat. Jake smashes over it, destroying it completely.

EXT. ON BOARD A PIRATE LAUNCH - DAY

PIRATE 1
Now get that son of a bitch!

All of them grab rocket launchers and begin firing grenades at the Rosa. Their boat is much steadier now.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

The splintering from running over the previous launch has bounced everyone around. Suddenly, towering columns of water are all around the Rosa as grenades begin exploding closer and closer. Maria takes the starboard gun as George gets the port gun. He slips just as he gets there and as he falls below the gun, a huge explosion hits very near the port stern of the Rosa. Maria takes careful aim and sends two long volleys into the last remaining launch. A cascade of splinters explodes from the boat as it is utterly destroyed in seconds. George's portside shield is destroyed but his slip and fall have saved him. Zeke rises up from beside the starboard cannon. Maria runs to George.

JAKE
Rudder's out!

ZEKE
You two OK?

MARIA
I'm fine.

GEORGE (dazed)
Fine!

MARIA
My ears are ringing.

JAKE (shouting)
Take a look--those launches had a mother (points astern).

A huge black ship is approaching from the stern. It's La Muerta. She is on hydrofoils and coming fast.

JAKE
Port engine is out!

GEORGE
Can you steer with just the foils?

JAKE
I can but I need more. The sail hydraulics are out. Get up to the bow and give me a quarter jib.

GEORGE (racing to the bow)
What good will that do?

JAKE

I can use it as a kind of forward rudder. I still have boom controls.

AERIAL OF *LA MUERTA* AND THE *ROSA* - DAY

La Muerta is closing fast from two miles away. Her crew is test-firing .50 calibers of their own-- many of them. She also has large cannons. The crew practice firing them at the Rosa, too far away to be effective.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE *ROSA* - DAY

George gets the forward jib part raised and heads back to the stern. They see the crew of La Muerta practicing with the 50-caliber guns and cannons. Jake begins to maneuver, getting a feel for what he can do. All hell breaks loose.

JAKE (to himself)

Hang on, Yaz, this is gonna get rough.

La Muerta is nearly upon them. She towers over the Rosa, almost 130 feet and styled like an old-time sailing yacht. She has come into range but the 5-foot waves make their aim poor. Lines of bullets hitting the water and cannon shells exploding. Jake swings quickly to starboard to present the stern to the starboard side of the Muerta, then ducks quickly behind her. The pirates are slow to adjust to the maneuver and their shots veer off wildly.

GEORGE (loud)

Jake, call out your swings so we can be ready.

JAKE

You got it! Hard starboard!

The Rosa swings up alongside the Muerta port side, avoiding fire as they are too close.

JAKE

Hard starboard again!

The Rosa swings slightly to port, then hard starboard to dodge under the Muerta's bow. As she does so, the bowsprit of the Muerta takes off half of the Rosa's main mast, which trails over the side for a moment, then flies free. The Muerta swings quickly to port, to present her starboard guns to the Rosa.

JAKE
Backing into her!

Jake stops the Rosa and backs into the Muerta. The pirates' shots are wild, their guns are not mounted on gimbals as the Rosa's guns are and the wave chop sends bullets and cannon shots over and around the Rosa. George and Maria begin raking the deck of the Muerta. Their shots have great effect as two of the 50s and two of the cannons are quickly knocked out. Zeke tries but cannot get a shot off at this angle.

JAKE
Get to starboard Zeke! Hard starboard!

EXT. ON BOARD THE *JENNY* - DAY

CAPTAIN DIEGO
Hard to port! I said hard!

The Captain of the Muerta is an enormous man with wild black hair and determined, piercing eyes. The crew follow his hand gestures perfectly, after many years of practice. The helmsman at the rear swings the wheel sharply counterclockwise, but the Muerta is too big to turn as quickly as the Rosa, nor does he have enough experience with the hydros.

AERIAL OF *LA MUERTA* AND THE *ROSA* - DAY

From above we see the maneuver. As the Muerta lumbers to port, Jake has come around to starboard and begins to slip past the Muerta's stern, but well away. Realizing his mistake, since the Muerta's port guns would be full upon them, Jake wheels even harder to starboard to come up close beside the Muerta's half-ruined starboard side.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE *ROSA* - DAY

Zeke races back to the port cannon. He is stumbling, trying to maintain his balance with only one good arm. As they clear the bow of the Muerta and veer off again to starboard, Zeke finally gets a shot off. It explodes just forward of the Muerta's forecastle. Both boats maneuver wildly, trying to get a clean advantage in position and firepower. There is tremendous spray around the Rosa as hundreds of bullets and cannon explosions surround her, most of them wild. Jake turns slightly to port, trying to keep the La Muerta's bow squarely behind them, but the captain of the Muerta anticipates his move. Suddenly, the Muerta surges ahead, then turns to starboard at the right distance and angle and presents her port guns.

EXT. ON BOARD THE MUERTA - DAY

CAPTAIN DIEGO

Throttle, give her throttle! Ready with those port guns! Give it to 'em!

AERIAL OF THE LA MUERTA AND THE ROSA - DAY

As the La Muerta's port guns open up, the Rosa, ahead of them, is still turning to port, presenting a perfect target. There is a tremendous volley around the Rosa as some shots begin to hit with loud, sharp whangs. Jake sees his second mistake and briefly turns to starboard to present a smaller target, then slows and turns hard to starboard.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

JAKE

Hard starboard! Look out! I can't outrun 'em and we're gonna take some fire!

.50-caliber rounds from the Muerta begin to rake the Rosa, splintering the shields and hitting the sides and stern, making huge thudding sounds. Splinters are flying in every direction as Jake powers forward, ducking sharply to port to come around the Muerta's stern.

JAKE (as he starts his maneuver)

Zeke, port cannon! George, starboard cannon! Maria, get down!

The Muerta's starboard stern is clearly visible off the port quarter of the Rosa. Jake pulls the Rosa to a quick near halt to steady her aim. Both Zeke and George have a clear shot with the cannons, Zeke aiming just to the right of the Rosa's stern and George across the deck, aiming almost directly over the port .50 caliber.

EXT. ON BOARD THE *JENNY* - DAY

CAPTAIN DIEGO
Hard port! Heel her over!

EXT. THE DECK OF THE *ROSA* - DAY

JAKE (from the helm, to himself, watching)
That's his first mistake, Yaz.

George and Zeke aim and fire together. Both cannon shells explode on the Muerta's starboard side, near the stern, almost simultaneously, just as the helmsman was starting his port turn. Diego had planned to come up behind the Rosa, again presenting his devastating port guns, but Jake's sudden stop was unexpected. As the cannon shots hit, the combined impacts throw the Muerta far more to port as she began her port turn. The helmsman instinctively overcorrects and throws her hard to starboard. The La Muerta heels back over in a wild starboard 30-degree list, presenting her deck to the Rosa. George sends a shot into her deck amidships. Zeke sends a shot more towards her stern, straight into the deck. There are three enormous explosions in succession as the Muerta's magazine and fuel tanks explode in an all-consuming burst of yellow and orange.

AERIAL OF THE *LA MUERTA* AND THE *ROSA* - DAY

The explosions shower the deck of the Rosa from above. The deck of the Muerta is pointing above the Rosa but a volley of debris still hits her. La Muerta settles back, her stern aflame and starting to sink.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE *ROSA* - DAY

Zeke's protector is blown away and a large chunk of debris hits him in the left shoulder. George is hit in the lower left abdomen by a piece of shrapnel. He goes down on the deck. Zeke is cursing wildly. Jake sees splinters in his clothes and he feels the back of his head--it is bleeding, as is his back. He watches as the Muerta straightens but immediately begins to sink from the stern.

Maria races to the port 50. The Rosa has come to a complete stop as Jake is stunned and the engine quits. As the Muerta's bow raises high above them, the enormous Captain Diego appears.

He is holding a 50-caliber machine gun as lightly as if it were an AK47. To Jake's stunned eyes he has a monstrous black beard and a peg leg. He begins firing at the Rosa, huge bullets rip into her--he is calm and detached, a madman. Maria takes careful aim and fires three shots--an arc of red spray goes up behind Diego and he flies backwards. Maria glances over at George, lying on the deck in a pool of sloshing water and blood, staring straight up at the sky. She swings the gun at the remaining pirates on the Muerta.

JAKE (to himself, turning away)
Bastards never had a chance, Yaz.

Maria fires on the pirates, who are leaping overboard, trying to escape. Zeke is sitting next to the port cannon, stunned. The Muerta is now half-submerged as Maria races to George. Jake does also. George looks at the sky, completely serene. Maria races to the cabin and comes back with a box of bandages and supplies. As the last of the La Muerta sinks, a huge final explosion sends a rocket of flame skyward. Flotsam covers the sea. Jake tends to Zeke, who is now on his feet.

ZEKE (in huge pain but controlled)
Same arm! Same GODDAM ARM!

JAKE (trying to help, holding the other arm)
Broken again?

ZEKE (the cast is intact but his arm is at an odd angle)
I think it's dislocated. (moves it carefully) Yeah, outta the socket, shit! Put your foot on my hip and use the upper arm like a lever. Not there, here! Now let me relax. (pause as he relaxes the arm) Pull slow and steady but strong.

SHOT FROM HIGH ABOVE THE ROSA AS ZEKE YELLS

JAKE (to himself, "I didn't know he could scream.")

Jake goes to help Maria. She has torn away George's shirt and is applying a compress to his bleeding abdomen. Jake now sees that she has a gash in her forehead as she wipes the blood from her brow. As she works on George he applies a pad and bandage to her forehead.

MARIA (quite calm)
Help me with this bandage.

Jake lifts him by the shoulders as she wraps the bandage around him.

MARIA (calm but serious)
Let's get him below.

INT. HALLWAY OF THE ROSA - DAY

They carry him down to the stateroom and get him into bed. He is nearly unconscious. Jake makes a quick inspection, paying special attention to the pump gauges and goes back up on deck.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

Zeke sits at the stern, holding his left arm in his lap. Jake has brought bandages and begins making a sling, easing it over Zeke's neck and under his cast at the forearm.

ZEKE (offhand, despite the pain)
Doesn't hurt that much yet. It will. Think the arm is fractured a bit more. Much obliged.

JAKE (very serious)
Zeke, she's shot full of holes on the port side. A lot of 'em and the pumps won't be able to keep up. We have to do a fothering or we'll sink.

ZEKE
What the hell is a fothering?

JAKE
Just watch me and do what I tell you. Can you help with a sail? You'll only need one hand. Can you manage?

ZEKE
I'll manage. Get to it.

Jake goes to the forward sail locker and returns pulling a large triangular sail. He and Zeke spread it out, with the small end of the sail over the port side. Jake tosses the rope over the side.

JAKE

Spread the other end out as much as you can. I'll be right back.

Jake goes below, comes back with flippers. He starts puts them on.

JAKE

When I start pulling it under, you see if you can ease off as much as you can. Tie off these ends to the rails, as far apart as they'll go. When I get the line under the boat and to the other side, I'll toss it up and you haul it aboard. Just hold it until I can get back up to start tying it to the mast.

ZEKE

I get it! Like a big diaper! Over the side and then cinch it up!

JAKE

That's it!

Jake jumps over the side, grabs the line and swims under the boat with it. The sail slowly disappears over the side. Jake appears on the other side and throws the line up onto the deck, then swims to the stern ladder and comes back on deck.

JAKE (taking off gear)

OK, can you finish tying up those other ends? I'll get this cinched up tight to the mast. Keep the sail flattened out as best you can. Won't help much but I'll tack the leading edge to the hull.

ZEKE (tying ropes with one hand)

Will this really work? What about the keel?

JAKE

Small keel on this boat, on account of the hydros. It should be enough so that the pumps can work. Maybe. We've gotta get to port and we've only got one engine. I *hope* we've still got one engine.

ZEKE (as they work)
Where the hell are we?

JAKE
About fifty miles south of Navassa Island, which is off the western tip of Haiti. Kingston is about another hundred and fifty miles due west. I should have known to get out of these waters! Son of a bitch!

ZEKE
Isn't there anything closer?

JAKE
Not that would do us any good. There are Navy boats south of Jamaica somewhere. Get on the radio, start blasting maydays. I'll see if that engine will start. If not, we'll have to sail with half a mast, and that ain't good.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

Jake is alone at the helm, under half power. The Rosa looks half-wrecked. Maria comes up from below with supplies and bandages his head and back.

JAKE (all business)
How is he?

MARIA (in complete control, efficient and crisp)
Still unconscious. He lost a lot of blood. I think he's bleeding inside. But he had the sense to stock plasma and I've got that going.

JAKE (winces slightly)
Good.

MARIA (continuing to bandage)
Why are we going so slow?

JAKE

If I go more than 12 knots that repair sail starts to billow out. If that happens we'll sink in half an hour.

MARIA
How far are we from port?

JAKE
About 12 hours.

MARIA (stops, stands back, alarmed)
Jake! He can't...

JAKE (stops her)
BUT! Zeke raised a Navy cutter with his mayday. The *Chelsea*. She was cruising south of Jamaica and she's on her way. We ought to meet up in about 2 hours. How's Zeke?

MARIA
I think his arm is fractured. I gave him a pain pill and made him stay in bed.

Over Maria's shoulder, we see Zeke sitting in the stern, his arm in a sling, smoking a cigar.

JAKE
OK. You watch George, I'll let you know when I spot the cutter.

TWO HOURS LATER

ZEKE (from the stern)
Jake!

JAKE
I see her!

Jake spots the Chelsea, just above the horizon, and calls below. The Navy cutter makes steady progress directly for them

HALF AN HOUR LATER

JAKE

Zeke! Come take the helm while I help Maria with George.
(Zeke ambles forward)
Just keep her slow and steady.

ZEKE

Right! Slow to a stop when she comes up?

JAKE

Yes. No! They'll tell us how they want to do it.

EXT. THE ROSA AT SEA - DAY

The cutter comes along the starboard side. Captain FINCH hails them from the railing.

FINCH (thru hailer)

Just keep her steady, your speed is fine. Let us do the work.

EXT. HELM OF THE ROSA - DAY

Zeke watches from the helm as Jake and Maria set George, on a litter, down on the deck.

JAKE (coming up to the helm)

OK, thanks Zeke. I'll take over. Better get your things together.

ZEKE

You can't sail this thing in alone. I'm all right, I can...

JAKE (trying not to show how scared he is)

Fer Chrissake! You've got a broken arm! I can handle this boat just fine. Believe me. Go on!

The cutter sails in sync with the Rosa. Zeke goes below. Ropes are sent across and several sailors swing over. George is on the deck with an IV bag on a hanger by the litter. A basket is sent for George and he is secured in it and hoisted over.

FINCH (over the rail)
Are you the captain?

JAKE
Acting captain. Name's Jake.

FINCH
Captain Finch. Are you sending more over?

JAKE
Yes, his wife Maria and Zeke. He has a broken arm. Can you send some men to repair my leaks on the port side?

FINCH
Of course. Do you need a doctor?

JAKE
No, I'm fine.

Maria and Zeke are sent over to the cutter in bos'n chairs. Divers jump in the water and swim below the Rosa. More sailors swarm aboard the Rosa and go below. There is much activity as they repair the leaks while others remove the fothering.

FINCH (talking to a sailor, then to Jake)
Your port propellor has been shot off. Nothing we can do about that.

JAKE
OK. Thank you Captain!

FINCH
Do you want me to leave a couple of men to sail back with you?

JAKE

No, I'm fine. Get him to Kingston as fast as you can. You know who he is?

FINCH

I do. The doctor's with him now. See you in Kingston Jake!

The last sailors swing back to the Chelsea. The final one stops, turns sharply, and gives Jake a salute. Jake is a bit stunned. He waves as the cutter sails off, fast.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE ROSA - DAY

Motoring faster now, the Rosa makes better time.

JAKE (to himself)

It's weird, Yaz. I'm in a kind of panic, but at the same time perfectly calm. What'll I do if...
What'll I do, Yaz? What'll I do if he dies?

EXT. PORT OF KINGSTON - NIGHT

The Rosa comes into port, listing slightly. Sailors quickly tie her up and take Jake away.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Maria and Zeke are sitting on a bench. Jake comes down the hallway.

ZEKE (standing)

Jake!

JAKE (wry smile)

Ahoy, matey! (they shake hands warmly) How are you?

ZEKE

Never better!

JAKE (to Maria)
How's he doing? How are you?

MARIA (serious, concerned, but calm)
We're waiting to see him. They operated yesterday. He lost part of his spleen but they say he'll be fine. But they won't let me in to see him!

Admiral Carlsson approaches from behind.

CARLSSON
You can see him now. (they turn)
I take it you're Maria? I'm Admiral Carlsson, I've known George for a long time.
You must be Jake? (shaking hands) And Zeke? They tell me he's awake and ready to see us now.

MARIA (as they walk)
But Jorge said you were in San Juan?

CARLSSON
Had a little arranging to do here. You folks have had quite a trip.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Carlsson holds the door for them as they go into George's room. He is half propped up in bed, a small smile. His voice is weak but clear. Carlsson goes off to one side, unobtrusive.

GEORGE
Maria!

MARIA
Jorge mi amor! (she kisses his cheek lightly)

GEORGE
Jake! Zeke! You guys OK?

JAKE

Fine!

ZEKE

Never better!

GEORGE (to Maria)

What's this (pointing to bandage on her head) a new hat?

MARIA (amused)

It's a bandage you idiot. It's nothing. How are you mi amor?

GEORGE

Little weak. Little headache. I'm fine. (to Zeke and Jake) Did we get her?

JAKE

Safe and sound on the bottom. The *Rosa's* pretty shot up.

GEORGE (seeing Carlsson)

Bill! Son of a bitch! Come here!

CARLSSON (approaches, smiling)

How are you George?

GEORGE

Not a care! Damn glad to see these folks in one piece. What are you doing here?

CARLSSON

Just seeing to things. Got a call from Captain Finch that was a bit alarming.

GEORGE

Any news on the news?

CARLSSON

Not a word. Some shouting in Haiti, nothing to worry about. Well, I'm glad to see you're OK.
We'll talk later. Maria. Jake. Zeke. Take care now.

GEORGE (as Carlsson reaches the door)
Bill! (he turns) Thank you. I mean...thank you.

Carlsson makes a small salute, exits.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY
TWO DAYS LATER

George sits up in bed. Maria stands over by the window, angry.

GEORGE
I don't get it.

MARIA
[A volley in Spanish]

GEORGE
You're crazy. You know that don't you?

MARIA
[Another volley in Spanish]

GEORGE
Are you sure? Really?

MARIA
[Yet another volley]

GEORGE
Well....what the hell. Why not!

INT. KINGSTON BAR - NIGHT

Jake and Zeke sit at a small corner table. Jake drinks beer, Zeke smokes a cigar.

ZEKE (slight wave of cigar)
Well thank you Jake. You're one helluva sailor.

JAKE (pleased)
One helluva ride, wasn't it?

ZEKE
That it was, my friend. That it was.

JAKE
Thing is...(let's it hang)

ZEKE (puffs cigar)
Know what you mean. Exactly. Don't think I told you but I've had my eye on...well. (shifts in his chair)

JAKE
Ah. Well. In Miami?

ZEKE
South. South of there. In Naranja. Name of Betty. She's got a little beauty shop there. Not a day over forty and cute as a button.

JAKE
Well, this was fun. But...(drinks beer)

ZEKE
Yeah.

JAKE

Almost more than I could take. Once was fine, but...

ZEKE

Not gettin' any younger.

JAKE

No. No. (pause, sighs) Not gettin' any younger.

EXT. GARDEN OF THE HOSPITAL - DAY
TWO DAYS LATER

George, Maria, Jake, and Zeke sit around a table. They are all in bandages.

GEORGE (completely himself again)
Look like a bunch of pirates ourselves.

ZEKE (waves cigar)
Been thinking about getting a parrot.

JAKE (to the point, serious but friendly)
George, me and Zeke have been talking. This was the greatest trip of our lives. Of course. And
I've never known two finer people, I can't say how much I admire you both.
But. The *Rosa's* in drydock and not good for much. This was all incredible, but...

GEORGE (nods calmly)
I understand.

ZEKE
Thanks for the cruise, but there's a little beach south of Miami I need to see.

GEORGE
I understand. We're going to sell the *Rosa*.

JAKE (relieved)
That's good.

GEORGE

But we're thinking about buying another. Or making another. The *Rosa II*.

JAKE (wary)

That's not so good.

GEORGE (tight smile)

Think we're gonna need a bigger boat.

JAKE (alarmed)

(beat) A bigger boat! Why would you need a bigger boat...any boat at all! Haven't you had
enough?

GEORGE (tight smile)

We were thinking of sailing to Somalia.

JAKE AND ZEKE (together, disbelief)

(beat)...*Somalia!*

MARIA

Si, mi amor. Somalia.

And Maria smiles.

THE END