

Last Boat Home

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. A PATH LEADING TO THE MARINA - LATE AFTERNOON

ROBERT, a rugged and handsome man in his early forties, is walking down to his yacht, moored at a dock. He reaches his boat and steps in, and begins untying the moorings. His neighbor, THOMAS, passes him on the dock, having just come ashore for the day.

THOMAS

(After watching Robert for a moment)

You better keep your eye on those clouds out there.

ROBERT

(Shrugging after glancing at the storm clouds in the distance)

Nothing I haven't handled before. I like sea storms. Makes a man feel alive.

Robert pats the hull of his boat, and continues to untie his moorings. Thomas eyes him thoughtfully, rocking back and forth on his heels.

THOMAS

(Nodding)

A man's gotta feel free to test himself in the elements. (Pause) You ever worry about Lori, up in that big house on her own?

ROBERT

(Pausing his preparations for a moment)

Oh come on. She loves it when I come down here. She invites all the neighborhood -- CON'T

MORE-- ladies over and they gossip and talk
about whatever it is women
talk about.

THOMAS

I guess you're a lucky fella then.

ROBERT

(Once again rearranging things and preparing
to leave)

Lori stopped trying to stop me a long time
ago. It's easier this way.
I'm a happier husband when I
can come back home after a
day away from her.

THOMAS

I guess. Though there are worse ways to
spend an evening than to be
curled up next to the woman
who loves you.

ROBERT

(Getting a little annoyed at this point.)

Are you gonna hold me up all night? Look,
Lori knows I'll always come
back to her, no matter how
far I sail.

Thomas shakes his head, and glances at the houses gleaming
in the late afternoon sunshine along the shore.

THOMAS

(Walking away and shrugging his shoulders at
Robert's irritation)

Far be it from me to keep a man from his
boat. Don't sail too far

though, or the siren's song
might getcha.

ROBERT

Please. You really believe that old wives'
tale?

Thomas

(Shouting back over his shoulder)
Better safe than sorry, right?

Robert waves one hand in the air as Thomas exits the dock,
and Thomas reciprocates with a single hand in the air.
Robert finally pulls away from the dock, angling his boat
toward the late afternoon sun. The storm clouds are black
and brooding over the horizon, but Robert doesn't seem to
care.