

FADE IN:

EXT. ROBERT'S YACHT-NIGHTTIME

ROBERT awakes on the floor of his boat. His head hurts where the STOWAWAY hit him. He rubs the side of his head, but doesn't find any blood. The STOWAWAY is steering his boat toward one of the lighthouses in the fog. Her back is to him, so ROBERT quietly grabs a length of rope from under the captain's seat. He pulls the STOWAWAY'S feet out from under her, and quickly pins her to the floor with a knee in the small of her back. Her beanie falls off in the struggle, and ROBERT can see that she looks vaguely like the woman he had an affair with. He doesn't let this distract him, and ties her hands behind her back. Never one to be cruel, he cautiously helps her sit up so he can get a better look at her.

ROBERT

Who are you?

The STOWAWAY says nothing.

CON'T--(Pause) Don't wanna talk, huh? That's fine. I'm sure the police will know what to do with you.

He eyes her, looking for a response. The STOWAWAY is unfazed.

CON'T--(To himself) Alright, she doesn't care about the police. (To her) You know, you just assaulted me.

STOWAWAY

(Looks at ROBERT and then at the floor. She looks vaguely apologetic)

ROBERT

What the fuck are you even doing on my boat, anyway? You know this is private property?

STOWAWAY

(Glances at the foreboding lighthouses in the fog. She looks a bit wary.)

ROBERT

Are you homeless? A drug addict?

The STOWAWAY says nothing.

CON'T--Were you trying to find somewhere to rest?

STOWAWAY

(Gives a small nod.)

ROBERT

(Softens at this) Alright...I understand. But you can't stay here.

ROBERT reaches out to touch the STOWAWAY'S arm, and she flinches away from him. ROBERT is annoyed by this, and returns to the steering wheel. He starts the engine again, and begins to turn the boat back toward the original lighthouse he had been aiming for.

STOWAWAY

Don't.

ROBERT

And she speaks!

STOWAWAY

Don't go that way.

ROBERT

Why? It's just a trick of the light.

STOWAWAY

You're going the wrong way.

ROBERT

No I'm not. The lighthouse is always off
starboard when I come back--MORE

CON'T--into the bay. The fog is just doing
something to the light.

STOWAWAY

It's wrong.

ROBERT

(Getting annoyed) I'm not about to start taking
directions from you.

STOWAWAY

Why not?

ROBERT

Listen, let's get a few things straight here. I'm
the captain of this boat. You are
a stowaway. You assaulted me. You
tried to hijack my boat. I'm well
within my legal rights to call the
police.

STOWAWAY

Are you going to?

ROBERT

(Sighs) I...would rather not. I mean, I'd like to
believe you were just desperate.
But if you don't shut up I just
might.

STOWAWAY

You're never going to find your way home now.

ROBERT

What are you talking about? I told you, the light
house is right there! We've got to
be almost there.

STOWAWAY

It's the wrong one. It's a siren song.

ROBERT

(Irritated) What the fuck does that even mean?

STOWAWAY

Sirens. They lead sailors astray.

ROBERT

(To himself) Maybe I should call a mental ward
when we get in.

STOWAWAY

It won't make a difference. You'll still be
trapped.

ROBERT

Trapped how?

STOWAWAY

It's an illusion. You won't realize it until it's
too late.

ROBERT

You know, I'm starting to wish I had gagged you,
too.

STOWAWAY

(Glares at Robert, but says nothing.)

They pull into the marina, the fog heavy around them.
ROBERT can see the other light house blinking in the
distance as he moors his boat. He reaches for the
STOWAWAY again, and she struggles.

ROBERT

If you promise to calm down, I'll untie you and
you can go. Okay?

STOWAWAY

(Nods)

ROBERT cuts her bonds, and the STOWAWAY rubs her wrists. ROBERT steps up onto the dock and offers his hand to her. The STOWAWAY glances warily at his hand, but accepts ROBERT'S help off the boat. The STOWAWAY begins to walk away into the fog.

ROBERT

Now go trespass on someone else's boat.

The STOWAWAY doesn't look back. ROBERT shakes his head and double checks his moorings before starting up the path to his house.