

SEAWORTHY

by

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3 PAGE CHALLENGE

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EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A vast expanse of gray water stretches beneath dark clouds.
We land on a drifting DERELICT SAILBOAT.

EXT. DERELICT - DAY

Remains of the past slosh in the wrecked vessel's cabin--
--until everything moves at once in a sharp collision.
ANGLE ON a healthy boat, bobbing alongside. THE CATAMARAN.
A faded name is engraved on the once-futuristic twin hulls.

SEAWORTHY

A faded man is steady on the deck, an extension of the boat.

DAD (50)

holds fast to a ROPE and a weathered SPEARGUN as he raises
an irritated look back towards the helm and

THE GIRL (14)

She can drive better than that.

The lanky teenager stands at the stern of the catamaran,
wearing a SHELL PENDANT and a bemused smile.

She shrugs. No harm, no foul.

Dad jumps aboard the derelict and ducks inside. A moment
passes before he returns and nods approval. This one's safe.

The girl tosses the rope and they tie the boats together.
She jumps the gap as Dad double-checks the horizon.

Names will come later; they have little use for them now.

Their trust is routine.

INT. DERELICT - DAY

The girl ducks inside to see the abandoned interior--
--and the STARVED BODIES. A family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The mother and little boy lay peacefully in a bunk. The father is seated nearby.

GIRL
They didn't eat him.

DAD
No. They didn't.

Dad searches. She follows.

Religious iconography is everywhere. The girl touches a LARGE ORNATE BIBLE. She flips through the pages.

Dad discovers a few tools and some books. He takes a SHEATHED DIVE KNIFE.

The girl examines the little boy's clothes and shoes. She begins to strip the corpse.

GIRL
Thank you for being so generous. I'm sorry this happened to you.

EXT. DERELICT - LATER

Dad lifts the small wrapped and weighted body into the sea. The girl holds the Bible nearby.

GIRL
Don't we say something?

She holds out the book.

DAD
You can if you like. Didn't seem to help them much.

Dad leaves her to it and returns to the catamaran.

She places the book on the deck and follows him off the derelict as the wind blows over the cherished pages.

EXT. SEAWORTHY - DAY

THUNDER echoes. Dad scans the clouds bearing down on them.

GIRL
Can we outrun it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD
No. Come take the wheel.

The girl seems uncomfortable.

DAD (cont'd)
Hey. Don't worry.

GIRL
I'm not.

He moves to stow the rigging and sails on the mainmast.

The girl is queasy and uncertain. She sits next to the helm. It doesn't help.

She stands up again. There's a small BLOODSTAIN on the seat.

The girl slides a tentative hand into her ragged shorts and comes up with BLOOD on her finger.

GIRL (cont'd)
(utter terror)
Dad!

Dad drops everything.

GIRL (cont'd)
I'm hurting. And there's blood--

DAD
Where are you hurt? What happened?

The girl opens her legs, shows her fingers.

Dad understands. He quickly heads down into the bunk cabin.

The confused girl stares blankly after him.

INT. SEAWORTHY - BUNK CABIN - DAY

Dad doesn't know what to use. They're not equipped for this.

He's not equipped for this.

He searches the living quarters. There are a pair of HAMMOCKS; a bolted TABLE next a galley with a hot plate.

Tools and supplies adorn every inch of bulkhead alongside the two racks of plants that comprise the VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Dad finds a RAGGED WASHCLOTH.