

<Title>  
an original screenplay by  
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EXT. SEWARD BOAT HARBOR, ALASKA - DAY

JORDAN (handsome, 28, appearing fresh-faced and eager, duffel bag slung over his shoulder) walks under an arched sign that reads: "Welcome: Seward Municipal Boat Harbor".

EXT. SEWARD BOAT HARBOR, ALASKA - DAY

Jordan approaches a FISHMONGER (male, 60s, graying beard), stationed at the top of a walkway that leads down to the docks. Jordan nods to the Fishmonger and speaks to him.

The fishmonger points toward the docks. Jordan nods his thanks and walks down the walkway to the pier.

EXT. SEWARD BOAT HARBOR, ALASKA - DAY

At the bottom of the walkway, Jordan turns left and walks past many rows of sailboats and pleasure boats.

Jordan looks at the boats with interest, like a tourist.

EXT. SEWARD BOAT HARBOR, ALASKA - DAY

Jordan gets to a section that is mostly small commercial fishing boats. He approaches the HARBORMASTER (50s, male), who is talking to a FISHERMAN (50s, bald).

Jordan speaks to them. The Harbormaster points to a boat at the far end of the pier, docked near the fishery.

EXT. SEWARD BOAT HARBOR, ALASKA - DAY

Jordan approaches SKIPPER (40s, long hair) repairing a huge net coiled on the deck of a 60-foot seiner (net fishing boat).

Jordan stops on the dock adjacent to the bow, sets his duffel bag down, waits a moment to see if Skipper notices him.

JORDAN  
(clears throat)  
Hi! Are you Charles Blanc?

Skipper's head jerks up. He drops the net and looks startled.

SKIPPER  
God, don't sneak up on people like  
that. You'll give 'em a heart attack.

JORDAN  
Sorry. The Harbormaster told me  
you're looking for a deckhand.

SKIPPER  
Ben sent you, huh?

Jordan nods.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

JORDAN  
Jordan Plumley.

Skipper nimbly hops off of the boat onto the pier. He wipes his right hand on his coverall and thrusts it toward Jordan.

SKIPPER  
Nice to meet you, Jordan Plumley.

They shake hands. Skipper pats the hull of the boat.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
You ever worked on a seiner?

JORDAN  
No, sir.

SKIPPER  
Call me Charley. My old man was a big Charley Pride fan.

Skipper pauses, shrugs.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
Till he found out Charley Pride was black, then not so much. My old man was also kind of a racist.

Jordan smiles uncomfortably and nods.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
Any deckhand experience at all?

Jordan shakes his head.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
You can learn on the fly. It's not rocket science. You look pretty fit. Play any sports?

JORDAN  
I played baseball in college. Short.

SKIPPER  
College boy, huh?

JORDAN  
Yes. Is that a problem?

SKIPPER

Not for me. I have a masters from Berkeley in phenomenological philosophy. The other guys, though, are all high school dropouts.

Jordan nods. Skipper studies him some more.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

What do you do now? You look kind of old to be a college student.

JORDAN

I teach high school English.

SKIPPER

Where you from?

JORDAN

The Bay area. California.

SKIPPER

What made you want to come up here?

Jordan shrugs, glances off into the distance.

EXT. FRUITVALE B.A.R.T. STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jordan (business casual, briefcase over his shoulder, and an Mp3 player's earbuds in his ears) enters the train station.

INT. FRUITVALE B.A.R.T. STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Jordan passes through a turnstile and walks to the crowded platform. He leans against a wall and listens to music.

A few feet away, a group of young men begin jostling each other. Jordan watches impassively at first.

Tempers begin to flare, the group starts shoving each other. Jordan begins to look nervous owing to their proximity.

The hostilities in the group mount, and the shoving becomes more violent. Seeing tensions escalate rapidly, Jordan steps away from the wall and begins to walk away from the group.

A LARGE YOUTH shoves a MEDIUM-SIZED YOUTH hard, causing him to reel backward, straight at Jordan, who has turned his back on them momentarily as he is fleeing the melee.

The Medium-sized youth slams into Jordan (his back into Jordan's side) like a pinball. They both lose their balance.

The weight of the Medium-sized youth rests solely on Jordan who stumbles, trips and lurches to the side.

The Medium-sized youth lands on the platform and Jordan takes a header off of the platform and onto the tracks.

Jordan lands sprawled out sideways on the tracks. One of the earbuds has fallen out of his ear and dangles there.

A train whistle blows, causing Jordan to look up, startled.

Jordan sees the headlight of a train bearing down on him, causing him to freeze, literally like a deer in headlights.

The train blares its whistle, long and loud.

Jordan springs to his feet, jumps up, catches a hold of the floor of the platform and pulls himself up to safety on it.

A moment later the train, still blaring its horn, flies past.

Jordan, sprawled out on the platform floor, glances at the passing train, and then lets his head sink to the ground.

MARCUS (15, tall, concerned look) approaches, leans down.

MARCUS

You okay, Mr. P?

Jordan looks up wide-eyed at Marcus, baffled. Without responding, Jordan lowers his face back onto the pavement.

EXT. SEWARD BOAT HARBOR, ALASKA - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Jordan shakes his head to dismiss the memory.

JORDAN

I guess you can say I was looking to shake things up.

SKIPPER

Another adventure-seeker?

Jordan shrugs.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

I can't guarantee any adventure, but if you sign on I can promise plenty of hard work. We work 16-18 hour days when we're out. Up for that?

JORDAN

Yes I am.

SKIPPER

We're shorthanded and I'd like to shove off tomorrow, so you're hired.

Jordan points to "Dasein" painted on the hull of the boat.

JORDAN  
Heidegger?

Skipper grins, nods.

SKIPPER  
I like you already. Do you have  
someplace to stay in town?

JORDAN  
I was going to stay at a B&B but I  
haven't checked in yet.

SKIPPER  
You can stay on the ship tonight if  
it suits you.

JORDAN  
Thanks. I will.

SKIPPER  
Grab your gear.

Skipper hops back onto the ship and waves for Jordan to follow. Jordan grabs his bag and follows.

INT. MAIN CABIN OF BOAT, SEWARD, ALASKA - DAY

Skipper stands in a cramped kitchen/dining area.

SKIPPER  
Home sweet home.

BUNKROOM

They enter a claustrophobically small room with four bunkbeds.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
This is where the crew sleeps. I  
sleep on a cot in the pilot cabin.  
You got a problem with small spaces?

JORDAN  
Claustrophobia? No.

SKIPPER  
You won't spend much time in here,  
and you'll be so tired you won't  
notice how cramped it is.

Skipper opens the door of a tiny, filthy latrine.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
Here's the head.

JORDAN  
No shower?

SKIPPER  
The fishery has a shower facility.

JORDAN  
So... we only shower in port?

Skipper laughs, pats Jordan on the shoulder.

SKIPPER  
You got it. By the way, you'll need  
to get yourself a license and wet  
gear at the hardware in town.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE, MAIN STREET OF SEWARD - DAY

Jordan looks over a poster in the plate glass display window.

POSTER  
Come see our all new interactive  
display, 'Anadromous: The Adventure  
of the Pacific Salmon's Journey Home',  
at the Alaska SeaLife Center.

His glance shifts to fisherman's wet weather gear on display.

Jordan walks to the door, pushes it in and enters the store.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF SEWARD - DAY

Shopping bag in hand, Jordan walks down the street. He seats  
himself on a bench and removes his cell phone from his pants.

He checks how many bars he has, then dials.

INT. SHEILA'S APARTMENT, ALAMEDA - DAY

SHEILA (20s, cute) is preparing dinner. She removes her  
cell phone from a pocket. She looks at the phone's screen.

She pauses a moment, debating answering, then takes the call.

SHEILA  
(into phone)  
Are you back already?

INTERCUT JORDAN ON BENCH IN SEWARD/SHEILA IN HER APARTMENT

JORDAN  
No, but...

SHEILA

(she cuts him off)

I thought I told you not to call me  
until you're back home.

JORDAN

I assumed you were just mad.

SHEILA

I was. I still am. You're not back?

JORDAN

No.

SHEILA

Goodbye.

JORDAN

Wait!

Sheila looks at her diamond engagement ring. She begins spinning it around her left ring finger in circles.

SHEILA

Yes?

JORDAN

I got hired on by a boat. We take off tomorrow.

Sheila struggles to remain calm.

SHEILA

I told you I have a bad feeling.

JORDAN

You always have a bad feeling.

SHEILA

Just promise me you'll be careful.  
I've been reading about commercial fishing on Wikipedia...

JORDAN

(interrupts her)

Do you know what I tell my students about using Wikipedia?

SHEILA

Don't lecture me. Did you know that commercial fishing is one of the deadliest professions?

JORDAN

I'll be careful. I promise.

SHEILA

It's not too late. Back out of it.

JORDAN

I gave my word. They're depending on me. I can't back out now.

SHEILA

You gave your word to me, too, when you asked me to marry you.

JORDAN

I'm not backing out of that, either.

SHEILA

No? Well, maybe I will.

JORDAN

Come on, Sheila. Be reasonable.

SHEILA

I am. I'm not the one who had to traipse off to Alaska.

JORDAN

You're still upset. I'll call you when we're back in port.

SHEILA

Don't bother.

EXT. DECK OF BOAT, SEWARD BOAT HARBOR, ALASKA - DAY

The sun rises over Resurrection Bay, as Jordan watches.

Skipper boards the ship. He walks to Jordan and offers him a steaming Styrofoam cup and a white fast-food bag.

SKIPPER

Breakfast.

Jordan nods his thanks, removes the lid from the coffee and blows the steam from it.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

The boys oughta be here any minute.

LEON (40s, wiry build, jokester) boards the boat.

LEON

Ready to make some cheddar, Skip?

SKIPPER

I don't go in for those outdated, neo-capitalistic modes of thinking.

LEON

If that's the case then why ain't we  
splitting the catch even-Steven?  
From each according to his ability  
to each according to his need.

SKIPPER

Without going too deep into the  
workings of dialectical materialism,  
the owner of the means of production--  
me--has certain inalienable rights  
to at least a minimum of surplus  
value, given the risk inherent in my  
position, not to mention my active  
participation in producing said value.

LEON

I didn't understand a damn word you  
just said you crazy hippie.

SKIPPER

The split's fair, Leon. Where are  
Rex and Earl?

LEON

They'll be along presently. Rex is  
bailing Earl out.

SKIPPER

What'd he do this time?

LEON

The usual, I imagine--got hisself  
liquored up and went buck wild.

Leon nods toward Jordan.

LEON (CONT'D)

Who's the cheechako?

SKIPPER

That's our new hand--Jordan.

LEON

Couldn't get Luke?

Skipper shakes his head.

LEON (CONT'D)

Was it...?

SKIPPER

(interrupts Leon)

Yes.

Skipper nods toward Jordan meaningfully. Leon nods.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
Jordan, meet Leon.

Jordan steps forward, shakes hands with Leon.

LEON  
You from the Outside?

JORDAN  
California. Bay area.

LEON  
California? Lot of good looking women down there. Ain't no good looking women up here. What made you wanna come to Alaska?

JORDAN  
Experience.

LEON  
Experience? Experience what?

Jordan shrugs.

LEON (CONT'D)  
You know what I'd like to experience?

JORDAN  
What?

LEON  
Getting paid for not doing shit.  
I'd like to experience that once.  
You know what I have experienced?

Jordan shakes his head.

LEON (CONT'D)  
Hepatitis. Got it from some ho in Anchortown. Ever experience Hep C?

Jordan shakes his head again. Leon laughs.

LEON (CONT'D)  
You a good-looking kid. Got a girl?

JORDAN  
I don't know.

LEON  
Whatcha mean, you don't know? You either got one or you ain't.

JORDAN  
She's not talking to me at the moment.

LEON  
She wasn't happy about you coming up  
here for your little 'experience'?

JORDAN  
You could say that.

LEON  
Shoulda stayed in Cali.

SKIPPER  
Don't mess with Jordan too much,  
Leon. He's a bit nervous.

JORDAN  
I never said that.

LEON  
Don't worry, Skip ain't never lost  
no one. Not unless you count Darrell.

JORDAN  
Who's...

Before Jordan can finish his question, REX (20s, tall,  
muscular) and EARL (40s, taller and bigger but not as lean  
as Rex, very hung-over) board the boat.

LEON  
(interrupts Jordan)  
Bout time your lazy asses got here.

REX  
(voice doesn't match  
his imposing figure)  
We were, ah, detained.

EARL  
Fuck off. I'm here.

SKIPPER  
What'd they pinch you for this time?

EARL  
Pissing.

LEON  
Pissing? Pissing ain't no crime!

EARL  
On Ed Lamley's squad car.

Everyone laughs. Earl just stands there hungover and grouchy.

LEON  
You one nasty cracker, Earl. But  
you got style, boy.

Earl notices Jordan. Turns to him.

EARL  
Who the fuck are you?

JORDAN  
I'm Jordan.

EARL  
Jordan? Ain't that a girl's name?

Earl immediately turns to Skipper, annoyed.

EARL  
I thought you said we were gonna  
just run a crew of four, Charley.

SKIPPER  
I said we'd do that if I couldn't  
find anyone to replace Luke.

Earl shakes his head, disgusted.

EARL  
That's money out of my pocket.

Earl shoves past Jordan, enters the main cabin.

EARL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(calls out)  
Nobody bother me till we get there.

Jordan, taken aback, stares after Earl.

Rex steps forward and thrusts his hand out to Jordan, smiling.

REX  
I'm Rex.

Jordan shakes hands with Rex. Rex nods toward the main cabin.

REX  
Don't worry about Earl.

Rex shrugs, as if searching for words.

REX (CONT'D)  
He grows on you.

JORDAN  
I'll bet.

EXT. SEWARD BOAT HARBOR, ALASKA - DAY

Dasein sails out of the Harbor. The sun has fully risen.

EXT. RESURRECTION BAY, ALASKA - DAY

Jordan stands in the bow of the boat as it chugs forward. The wind blows his hair as he stares ahead to where Resurrection Bay opens into the Gulf of Alaska.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, ALAMEDA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

It's a couple hours after the near-miss at the B.A.R.T. station. Jordan sits on the couch, staring blankly at the television, which is not on. The room is dark.

The door to the apartment opens, Sheila enters.

SHEILA  
Why's it so dark in here?

She switches on an overhead light, stands before Jordan.

SHEILA  
Hi, Babe.

Sheila looks at Jordan, waiting for him to respond.

He continues to stare at the TV. She turns and looks at it.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Whatcha watching?

Pause.

JORDAN  
I nearly got killed today.

Sheila kneels down in front of Jordan, takes his hands and looks in his eyes.

SHEILA  
What happened?

JORDAN  
I got knocked on the tracks. There was this train bearing down on me...

SHEILA  
Are you okay?

Jordan ignores this question.

JORDAN

All I saw was this white headlight  
getting closer and closer.

SHEILA

I said: are you okay?

Jordan again ignores her.

JORDAN

And the whistle. It was like...

SHEILA

(interrupts him)

Are you okay?!?! Answer me!

Jordan sits back, stares past Sheila, still distracted.

JORDAN

I never saw it coming. How'd I miss  
it? I should've got out of the way.

SHEILA

Wait a minute. You're not making  
sense. Are you talking about...?

Jordan shakes his head to bring himself back to the moment.

JORDAN

Did you ever feel like, in spite of  
all the years behind you, that you  
haven't really lived yet?

Sheila looks at him, both concerned and perplexed.

EXT. GULF OF ALASKA - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Dasein sails north, about a mile off of the coast.

INT. PILOT'S CABIN, GULF OF ALASKA - DAY

Skipper steers. Jordan sits in a chair beside him.

JORDAN

Where are we headed?

SKIPPER

Nuka Bay. It's about a six hour  
sail north from Seward.

JORDAN

Why so far?

SKIPPER  
The places closer to civilization  
are too picked over.

Jordan nods toward the water.

JORDAN  
Is the Gulf always so calm?

SKIPPER  
It can get pretty hairy when there's  
a storm. But nothing like the Bering.

JORDAN  
You ever fish the Bering?

Skipper shakes his head.

SKIPPER  
My dad owned a seiner. I've always  
fished reds--sockeye--along the coast.

JORDAN  
What do you do during the offseason?

SKIPPER  
The wife's a teacher. During the  
school year I take care of the boys  
and...  
(voice catches briefly)  
My little girl.

Jordan glances sideways, not wanting Skipper to see he noticed  
the catch in his voice. Skipper recovers his cool demeanor.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)  
The guys all work other boats, though,  
depending on the season. Trawling  
cod in the Bering and long-lining  
Halibut. It's a hard life, fishing  
year-round. It wears down the body.

JORDAN  
I gotta ask: why name the ship Dasein?

SKIPPER  
You know what it means?

JORDAN  
It means 'being there' or 'existence.'

SKIPPER  
That's right. Look around yourself.

Jordan glances at the water around them and toward the shore.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

When I'm out in the water, far away  
from so-called 'civilization', that's  
when I feel most alive--most there.

JORDAN

You love fishing?

SKIPPER

It's in my blood.

JORDAN

So, why'd you go to Berkeley?

SKIPPER

This is your experience, that was  
mine.

EXT. DECK OF BOAT, NUKA BAY - DAY

Jordan, Rex and Earl stand on the deck of the boat wearing  
wet weather gear. Skipper is above in the pilot's cabin.

Leon stands up in a skiff off the aft of the boat wearing  
just wet weather overalls and a t-shirt.

Skipper nods to Leon. Leon nods back, then rips the cord to  
the outboard engine, and gripping the rudder, he races off.

EXT. NUKA BAY - DAY

Leon remains standing as he steers the skiff away from the  
boat in a semi-circular pattern.

The boat roars to life and takes off in the other direction.

The boat and skiff eventually make their way back together  
and begin to close the circle.

EXT. DECK OF BOAT, NUKA BAY - DAY

Jordan watches the skiff. Earl walks over and hands Jordan a  
15 foot long aluminum pole that resembles a giant plunger.

EARL

Once we close this set and start  
pursing, go to the fore and pound  
this thing in the water. Don't stop  
til the set's done. Got me?

Jordan accepts the pole, nods.

JORDAN

What's it for?

EARL  
Don't worry what it's for, greenhorn.  
Just do what I tell you.

Earl stomps away. Rex approaches.

Rex nods to Earl as they pass, then he walks over to Jordan.

REX  
The reason you pound that plunger in  
the water is to scare the fish away  
from the gaps in the net.

JORDAN  
Oh.

REX  
It's an important job, but it's also  
tiring and tedious. That's why the  
new guy gets stuck with it. You're  
gonna find you get stuck with all of  
those types of jobs.

Jordan nods. Rex pats Jordan on the shoulder and walks away.

EXT. DECK OF BOAT, NUKA BAY - DAY

From the skiff, Leon hands up the end of the net to Earl.

Earl attaches it to a large winch. He gives a thumbs up to Skipper in the pilot cabin, who then starts the winch.

Leon ties the skiff to the boat and climbs aboard. Rex nods to Jordan who starts pounding the plunger into the water.

As Jordan slams the plunger, Earl, Leon and Rex stand in the aft laying out the net on the deck as the winch draws it in.

EXT. DECK OF BOAT, NUKA BAY - DAY

Jordan stops pounding the plunger. Holding it with one hand, he shakes out his free arm, clearly fatigued and in discomfort. He switches hands, shakes out the other arm.

Earl, laying out the cork end of the net 20 feet away, glances over at Jordan. A look of annoyance darkens his face.

EXT. DECK OF BOAT, NUKA BAY - DAY

A net bursting with salmon slowly emerges from the water.

Skipper  
Let's pull her in!

Rex and Jordan go to the starboard and help pull the net over the side of the boat. They position the filled net above the open hatch in the center of the deck.

The net opens and hundreds of wriggling fish spill out.

Most go into the hold, but some land on the deck. Rex starts tossing those into the hold by hand, Jordan follows suit.

Once the net is all laid out, Earl walks over to Jordan.

EARL

What'd I tell you about not stopping  
with the plunger?

JORDAN

I only stopped for a moment--just to  
shake out the lactic acid.

Earl starts to say something, but hearing "lactic acid" stops.  
He shakes his head in disgust.

EARL

If I catch you lollygagging again,  
that thing's going up your ass.

Jordan looks at the pole lying on the deck, not far away.  
It's more than twice his height.

JORDAN

That defies the laws of physics.

EARL

Only one way to find out for sure.

Earl nods to the hold.

EARL (CONT'D)

Now get down there and toss them  
fish on ice.

Jordan looks at Earl, confused.

EARL (CONT'D)

Haul ass! We're gonna start another  
set and we need them fish on ice.

Earl walks away to work on the nets.

Rex walks over to Jordan and pats him on the back.

REX

Come on, I'll help you.

EXT. HOLD OF BOAT, NUKA BAY - DAY

Jordan and Rex stand in the hold, waist-deep in fish, tossing the still-living fish into the compartments along the walls.

JORDAN

Do they always wriggle so much?

REX

They'll stop. Eventually.

Jordan holds up one fish which wriggles madly.

JORDAN

They're hard to get a hold of.

REX

Yeah, it's almost like they didn't want to be pulled out of the water.

INT. HOLD OF BOAT, NUKA BAY - DAY

The fish are almost all on ice. The ones left at their feet are no longer wriggling. Jordan picks up a fish with a thick gash down the side of it. He studies it, then holds it up.

JORDAN

What happened to this guy?

Rex, still tossing fish on ice, pauses and looks up.

REX

Seal.

Rex goes back to tossing fish like a piston. Jordan picks up another fish. Thick red blood oozes from its gills.

JORDAN

Can fish feel pain?

REX

Naw, they don't feel anything.

JORDAN

How do you know?

REX

I never once heard 'em complain.

Jordan tosses the fish on ice.

JORDAN

I kind of feel like we should be apologizing to them.

REX

For what?

Jordan shrugs. Rex stops tossing fish, turns to Jordan.

REX (CONT'D)

Don't let Earl hear you say that.  
You'll never hear the end of it.

JORDAN

Really?

Rex tosses the last couple fish on ice, then nods.

REX (CONT'D)

Really.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD, OAKLAND, CA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The school is on lunch break. Jordan leans against a fence watching a group of boys playing basketball.

MOELLER (20s, stocky) approaches, pats Jordan on the shoulder.

MOELLER

How're you feeling, Lazarus?

JORDAN

You heard?

MOELLER

It's all over the school.

Jordan spots Marcus playing basketball, shakes his head.

MOELLER (CONT'D)

How'd you come to be on the tracks?

JORDAN

There was a scuffle on the platform.

MOELLER

Don't you get enough of breaking up  
fights around here?

JORDAN

I wasn't trying to break it up. One  
of them got shoved into me as I was  
scooting away from it.

MOELLER

That makes more sense.

They watch the basketball game.

JORDAN

Are you, um, satisfied with... The choices you've made?

MOELLER

Choices? What choices?

JORDAN

You know--in life.

MOELLER

You mean we had a choice?

JORDAN

Come on.

MOELLER

I live in a one-bedroom apartment in East Oakland, drive a fifteen year-old Subaru and teach computer science here. How could I not be satisfied with the choices that led me to this?

JORDAN

Did you ever feel like you could've done, you know, more--with your life?

MOELLER

Everyone here does. Teaching's what you do after your dreams have died.

Jordan looks off into the distance wistfully.

JORDAN

I had big dreams once. I was gonna play in the big leagues. Then...

Jordan drifts off.

MOELLER

Then you got beaned.

JORDAN

I played all out every game. I never left anything on the field. One pitch changed all that.

MOELLER

You see this near-miss with the train as somehow related?

JORDAN

I gave in to caution yesterday. If I would've held my ground I wouldn't have gotten knocked onto the tracks.

MOELLER  
Or you could've caught a stray bullet.

Jordan shrugs.

JORDAN  
Thinking about leaving teaching?

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
No, but...

Jordan pauses, nods toward ELSYE ROY (60s, miserable-looking) seated at a picnic table, chain-smoking.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
I was looking at some old yearbooks.  
Did you know that Elsy Roy actually  
won several 'teacher-of-the-year's?

MOELLER  
She introduced the abacus to math.

JORDAN  
Now she just tells her students to  
open their texts and work on problems  
while she searches for a spot to  
stick a nicotine patch just so she  
can make it to her free period.

MOELLER  
She tenured.

INT. MAIN CABIN OF BOAT, NUKA BAY - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jordan, Leon and Earl sit at the cramped table. Skipper stands at a small stove cooking. Rex digs in a cupboard.

LEON  
What's your girl's name, kid?

JORDAN  
Sheila. We're actually engaged.

EARL  
Got a picture to prove she exists?

Jordan looks at Earl, as if trying to size up the question. Then he digs his wallet out of his pocket and removes a photo.

Jordan hands the photo to Earl, who looks at it lecherously.

EARL (CONT'D)  
Not bad. Where'd you order her from?

Jordan's face clouds over. He's about to say something when Skipper walks over with a frying pan and interrupts him.

SKIPPER

Earl's got a peculiar sense of humor,  
Jordan. Don't pay him any mind.

Jordan nods uncertainly, but seems relieved at avoiding confrontation. Skipper serves steaming hash to Earl.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

Play nice, Earl.

Earl sits back and shakes his head, annoyed.

Rex sits down with a jar of peanut butter, a knife and a loaf of bread. He begins making a peanut butter sandwich.

LEON

That's your other choice, kid. Old T Rex--all them muscles and don't eat nothing but peanut butter.

(to Rex)

You oughta do a commercial for Jif.

EARL

More like Peter Pan.

Rex pauses from buttering his bread, eyes Earl.

REX

What's that, Earl?

EARL

I like Peter Pan better. Jif sucks.

Rex smiles and shakes his head, his eyes locked on Earl.

REX

What if I were to say both of those brands suck, and Skippy's the best?

EARL

I'd say you're the guy who eats peanut butter every meal. You should know.

REX

Yes, I should, Earl.

EARL

Ever play peanut butter pole, Rexy?

REX

What?

EARL

You slather your dong in peanut butter  
then get your dog to lick it off.

Leon slaps his knee, laughing riotously.

LEON

You one nasty bastard, Earl.

EARL

They lick it right off. Gotta use  
creamy, though. Crunchy's no good.

REX

I grew up in a group home. No dog.

EARL

I didn't ask that.

Rex sets his knife down and glares at Earl.

LEON

I'll bet the kid's played peanut  
butter pole. Ain't you, kid?

JORDAN

I'm allergic to peanuts...

Jordan eyes the group, sees a fight is about to break out.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I use jelly, instead. It's not as  
thick as peanut butter, though, so  
you gotta keep layering it on.

Leon laughs and slaps Earl on the back.

LEON

The kid's as nasty as you, Earl!

The tension dissipates slightly, but Earl and Rex continue  
to glare at each other. Skipper sits down to eat.

SKIPPER

Save your energy, boys. Let's eat.

INT. MAIN CABIN OF BOAT, NUKA BAY - NIGHT

Everyone is seated at the table, finishing their meal.

LEON

What you do on the Outside, kid?

JORDAN

I'm a teacher.

EARL  
A perfessor? That figures.

JORDAN  
No, I teach high school English.

EARL  
What grade you teach?

JORDAN  
Tenth grade.

EARL  
Them girls legal yet in tenth grade?

JORDAN  
Legal for what?

LEON  
Earl was legal to drink in the ninth  
grade. Before he dropped out.

Earl glares at Leon, unamused. Leon looks abashed.

LEON (CONT'D)  
Just kidding Earl. Anyway, we all  
dropped out 'cept Skip and the kid.

EARL  
Mind your P's and Q's, Leon.

Leon nods nervously. Earl stands up.

EARL (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get me a smoke.

Earl exits the cabin. Skipper stands, begins clearing plates.

LEON  
(whispers to Jordan)  
Maybe Earl will be less grumpy after  
he gets some liquor in him.

JORDAN  
He's going outside to drink alcohol?

Leon winks and nods.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Where's he get it?

LEON  
Didn't you hear his duffel bag  
clinking when he boarded? All it  
got in it is bottles--no clothes.

JORDAN  
Earl and alcohol seems like a bad combination.

LEON  
True. But Earl and no alcohol is an even worse combination.

REX  
You look like you're questioning the decision to sign on with us, Jordan.

Jordan shakes his head, but without total conviction.

LEON  
Say, what really made you want to come out here anyway, kid?

Jordan rubs the thick stubble on his chin pensively.