

**THE
CREW**

MARC WILDER

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*'THE FUNNIEST, SUNNIEST,
MOST OUTRAGEOUS BOOK OF THE YEAR.'*

DAILY EXPRESS

WRITTEN BY

MARC WILDER

EXT. LUXURIOUS YACHT HARBOUR - DAY

SOUNDTRACK: SUNSHINE

<https://open.spotify.com/track/51MsIjtqDtQa36mYh1VaqZ?si=Fd zze4NzQN6P0znY-0ledw&context=spotify%3Aplaylist%3A37i9dQZF1DWWevrQ6HpxHI>

It is a beautiful midsummers day in the Mediterranean port. The sun is shining, and the quay is a flutter with tourists walking around the harbour looking in awe at the beautiful yachts and wondering who owns them. Yacht crew bustle about polishing their yachts as they glisten in the sun. It's summer in the Cote de Azur and all the yachts are trying to beat each other for bragging rights.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY (1)

TOM is new to the yacht him and MARC are in a casual conversation whilst detailing the yacht.

MARC

So how did you get into this game TOM?

TOM (reminiscing)

My ferret business tanked, and my prize ferret turned gay and wouldn't screw the females anymore. Insolent bastard.

MARC (amused)

So, what did you do with him?

TOM

I got rid of him, of course!

MARC

Did you give him away to another home or something?

TOM (Shaking his head)

Nah, mate, that would've been too cruel. They aren't good at being rehomed.

MARC

Aww I see. I didn't know you were that soft.

TOM

So, I drowned it.

MARC

Seriously?!

TOM (laughing)

No. I'm just messing with you.

MARC

Piss taker ... you and I are going to get on.

TOM

Haha.. yeah I think so. I used to travel around sheering sheep back in Aussie and Kiwi. I just fancied a change and to work my way through Europe. I need to get some cash together and look after but my younger sister. She's got some problems so I'm looking after he financially now.

MARC

That's a worthy endeavour mate, and pretty gallant, Anyway, here comes JOCK.

TOM

He's one off, isn't he? How did you two meet?

MARC

I've known him for years. You're right, he's a social hand grenade but he's got a heart of gold and would do anything for anyone but HE'S FUCKING NUTS!

MARC is laughing out loud with a crazy beaten look on his face

MARC

OH JESUS! Where do I start with THIS ONE! JOCK'S brain doesn't work the same as everyone else.

TOM

What do you mean?

MARC

In most situations, in his head $2 + 2 = 5$. He's got a unique style of perceiving the world. He's a great yachtie though and he knows his stuff. I got him a job on the yacht because he got himself into a bit of bother back home. I spend half of my time trying to keep him away from the crook of a Captain. Managing the likelihood of risk if you like.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

SOUNDTRACK: THE KIDS OF THE ESTATE.

<https://open.spotify.com/track/5IZqrL6lraYK7cnSlVUwr4?si=QzVl2ICxSP6SrAiaRz5jQ>

EXT. SMOKY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (2)

The gangster and henchmen see JOCK and a scantily clad women getting into taxi from the street corner and rush over to before they are about to leave. JOCK had scammed the gangster previously. The gangster punches the window of the taxi as it accelerates away.

GANGSTER (Shouting)

I'm going to RIP your fucking face off!

JOCK recognises the gangster and his henchmen and he's in panic mode in the back of the taxi.

JOCK (To the taxi driver)

PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN! He's flagging down the taxi behind us!

He tells the driver to head down a country lane. Once he does, he slows down enough so JOCK could jump out and run across a field to escape them.

JOCK

Another TIME another PLACE darling.

By the way you look edible in the skirt!

The gangsters see him jump out through the full beam of the taxi lights. The car screeches to a halt and chase after him on foot in a murderous rage.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT (3)

SOUNDTRACK: EVIL

<https://open.spotify.com/track/1MlsQwhm6MU3PYMHNIc2YS?si=d96B-wf5QDaM dEiSHuLEA>

JOCK is being chased on foot by the gangsters, fuelled by adrenaline and fear until he finds an overflow pipe and in desperation crawls inside it still dressed in his clubbing gear.

INT/EXT. BUSY HIGH STREET - DAWN (4)

Opening the manhole cover and climbing out in a busy street in front of an astonished pedestrians. JOCK then looks back at the manhole.

JOCK

I save money on poll tax living down there!

He then calmly walks across the road into McDonalds and up to the cashier.

JOCK (Continued)

No.1 Can I have a sausage and egg McMuffin?

No.2....Where the FUCK AM I?

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHTS DECK - DAY (5)

TOM (Pointing with his finger)

What about her coming down the quay. I haven't been told her name yet.

MARC (Grinning)

But you noticed her, right? Everyone does.

TOM

You can't NOT notice her! She's gorgeous.

MARC

ZECKY is our gorgeous Chief Stewardess on the yacht. She came to work in yachting thinking the sea air would sort her head out from years of clubbing. BLESS HER! As you can see from her bouncing down the quay... She's a groovy chick! She's a top girl and one of us.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY YACHT QUAY - DAY (6)

SOUNDTRACK: OPEN YOUR MIND.

<https://open.spotify.com/track/2VYlbeHymVKNOABoU16DTI?si=6H2aqq7ISz00Et2QNGPe2g>

ZECKY is strutting down the sunny yacht quay in uniform like a prowling lioness. She's listening to her music on her earphones, walking between people on the quay and grooving to the tunes she is listening to. She ends with a signature dance move before she straightens her uniform and boards the yacht. As she walks up on to the yacht's deck via the gangplank, she sees TOM in the middle of cleaning.

EXT. YACHT DECK. DAY (7)

MARC

I see you've still got the moves ZECKY!

ZECKY

You'd better believe it sunshine! STILL GOT IT!

MARC

Looks like all those years in clubs and music festivals paid dividends.

ZECKY (Arms outstretched)

You KNOW I'm a child of the beat MARC!

MARC

YOU know it.

ZECKY points to a watermark on the stainless steel as she walks past.

ZECKY

You missed a bit half a job Harry!

TOM (mumbling)

Cheeky bitch!

ZECKY (coy smile)

I HEARD that!

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT WHEELHOUSE - DAY (8)

TOM

What's the score with the CAPTAIN. You mentioned he's a crook.

MARC

One of us will catch him one day but he keeps his cards close to his chest. It's only a matter of time until we nail him scamming us or the boss. Patience is a virtue. Knowing it is one thing. Proving it is another.

TOM

I must admit, I don't get a good feel.

MARC

Very perceptive.

TOM

He's COLD isn't he.

MARC has an aggravated look on his face and he's scratching his head.

MARC

He's NOT one of us. The crew prefer the nickname that JOCK gave him. He calls him "THRUSH" because he's an irritating twat. It suits him perfectly. Watch your back with him, that's all I'm saying.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW MESS ROOM - DAY (9)

Walking into the crew mess room MARC finds the crew sat around the table having a coffee break.

MARC

You'd better keep out of the way of the THRUSH today, everyone. He's not in the best of moods.

TOM (sighs)

Tell me something new.

JOCK

What's the matter with him today then? Is he on his menstrual again?

TOM (Bursts out laughing)

Yeah, maybe pal!

ZECKY

Don't let him hear you say that or you'll be in the shit AGAIN? Here, have a jam scone and keep that mouth of yours shut for a bit.

ZECKY hands JOCK the jammy scone and he almost devours it in one single bit. Strawberry jam rests on the tip of his nose. TOM shakes his head.

TOM

Well... that was elegant!

MARC claps his hands to grab the crew's attention.

MARC

Right guys! We need to organise ourselves for the next charter. I hear they are some serious people coming aboard. They're Russian, I believe, and from a dubious background.

ZECKY

From my contacts I understand that's about right. We are talking people with a few of million in the bank. The CAPTAIN has just got the call in. They will arrive in around six hours.

MARC

Well, the stores are aboard, and the yacht is looking pristine. We've spent the last seven hours washing, sponging and leathering the entire exterior by hand from the top of the mast to the water line. The wood decks have been treated, the stainless steel and varnish are polished, and the white inflatable boats are gleaming. The yacht is fit for a KING.

ZECKY

I know, but BAD news I'm afraid.

JOCK (Whispering to TOM)

What now? Has THRUSH ran out of tampons?

Taking a sip of hot coffee, he spits it out on himself as JOCK'S humour hits him. He scalds himself.

TOM

BASTARD!!

ZECKY

Are you OK TOM?

TOM (Trying to gather himself)

Errr.... yeah it just went down the wrong way.
Anyway, what is the bad news?

ZECKY

It's just rained, and the wind is from the south bringing up that horrible sandy red rain from the Sahara.

JOCK (Irritated)

Oh, for FUCK'S SAKE!!! We are going to have to start from top to bottom again! We've just bloody finished!

ZECKY

You'd better get your skates on boys.

All the boys stand up moaning to themselves and each other. They have a look of despondency about them. ZECKY has a smug look on her face.

ZECKY

No point moaning boys. If you'd have worked harder at school, you could've been bad ass steward and stayed cool in the air conditioning.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ALONGSIDE THE QUAY - DAY (10)

The crew spent the past couple of hours cleaning again and they just changed into fresh uniforms. They are all stood by the gangplank waiting for the guests to arrive. The sun is back out. ZECKY calls MARC from the limo. She's met the guests from the airport, and they will be with them in TEN minutes.

ZECKY (V.O) (Whispering)

Oh, and they're not what you were expecting.

MARC (intrigued)

Really? What do you mean?

ZECKY

You'll see, but there's some eye candy for you boys.

EXT. QUAYSIDE LIMO - DAY (11)

Two new, black limos edge around the corner and slowly pull up to the yacht. The doors open and huge bodyguards wearing designer suits and shades climb out. They give the area a quick 360-degree scan, then lean back into the car and give whoever it is the go ahead to get out. The crew watches silently with bated breath, waiting to see who it is that needs this sort of security. The crew have been told that NO cameras are allowed.

SOUNDTRACK: HOOCHIE COOCHIE MAN

<https://open.spotify.com/track/31JC9EHtZ0JZ0hG6KvrIDF?si=XvgCxIkrSTqdRPP34DEQRg>

First, a shiny, high-heeled shoe steps out. Then a beautifully toned and waxed leg, and then another emerges from a second limo. Two stunning women step out. Both are stunningly beautiful. They stand next to the limo and join the big male Russian main guest as he steps out.

MARC (Whispering)

Close your mouth, mate - you look like a goldfish at feeding time!

TOM (slightly coy)

Ha! Sorry, mate, it's just, they could stop traffic with those looks!

MARC

I know, I know. Give your marks out of ten, then - what would you give them?

TOM (grinning)

Marks out of ten - I'd give 'em one!

MARC (grinning)

I guess I walked into that one. Seriously though, what do you reckon?

TOM

Well, put it this way boss. I'd crawl ten thousand miles, naked, through scorching desert, over broken glass, just so I could put matchsticks in her shit!

The guests arrive at the yacht. MARC steps forward and greets the women with a warm handshake. The blond escort leans forward to meet him. She gently kisses him on each cheek.

BLONDE ESCORT (European accent/cheeky wink)
I'm very pleased to meet you sailor!

The blonde steps aside and is followed by the Latin girl. She walks up and does the whole supermodel catwalk strut.

LATINO ESCORT
HOLA Marinero!

She talks for a short time before moving aside. As she moves away the main Russian guest is stood only a few feet behind her. MARC had barely noticed? He walks up to MARC and offers him a strong handshake, and a low, powerful, sinister Russian accent with a cigar in his mouth

MR. BIG
Greetings!

MARC
Welcome onboard Sir.

The bodyguard slowly stands up and takes his shades off, before giving him a very strange and uneasy look. He fixes MARC with a steely stare and decides not to shake his hand after all. Instead, he asks in a stern manner to be taken to the ship's safe.

MARC (Turns to face JOCK)
JOCK, would you mind escorting this gentleman to the ship's safe please.

JOCK
Sure...FOLLOW ME SIR.

INT./EXT. YACHT TOP DECK - DUSK (12)

Once aboard, MR. BIG gives directions to start the engines and leave harbour. The yacht is just out of the port, heading towards St. Tropez, and the two escorts are on the yacht's sun deck rubbing baby oils into their surgically enhanced bodies. They sit on the side of the Jacuzzi when ZECKY escorts MR. BIG to join them. He's dressed in nothing but very tight white Speedos.

ZECKY

Can I get you anything Sir?

His eyes are firmly planted on the girls as they beckon him over to the jacuzzi.

MR. BIG (Lustful)

Three bottles of Cristal champagne.

ZECKY

Will that be all, Sir?

MR. BIG

For now.

Twenty minutes later, ZECKY joins MARC, JOCK and TOM in the crew mess and tells them that all three of them are at it like rabbits in the Jacuzzi.

MARC

What, all three of them?

ZECKY

Yeah, I couldn't bloody believe it when I popped back up there with the champagne! Threesome.

MARC (Curious)

What happened, then?

ZECKY

Well, I went down to the fridge to get him the champagne and when I came back MR. BIG is shagging the blonde in the Jacuzzi and snogging the Latino. The girls are getting passed around like peace pipes!

MARC (Shaking his head, but grinning)

Go on, ZECKY, carry on.

ZECKY (Too excited to ask)
Well, I walked up on the sun deck and caught them at it, and I didn't know where to put myself. None of them cared I was there!

JOCK (BIG smile)
Some people, eh?

MARC (Raised eyebrow)
Bloody hell, this is going to be an eventful charter.

JOCK (Leaving quickly)
Both of them are hookers. See you in a bit.

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DUSK (13)

About half an hour later MARC takes a stroll up to the wheelhouse and tells the CAPTAIN that everything is in order.

MARC
Have you seen JOCK anywhere CAPTAIN? I can't find him.

CAPTAIN (nonchalant)
I'm far too busy up here to keep an eye on your crew.

MARC
OK, I'll check the machinery compartments. I can't see him on deck. He'll be around though.

MARC walks off and quietly says to himself - And I will keep an eye on you THRUSH... you fucking thief.

CUT TO:

INT. JACUZZI CONTROL ROOM - DUSK (14)

MARC goes down to the pump room where the heating is controlled to check the jacuzzi temperature since the guests are using it. As he walks in, he can't believe his eyes.

MARC (Look of astonishment)
For fuck's sake JOCK, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!

JOCK is totally unfazed he's been caught red handed masturbating whilst watching the guests in the jacuzzi.

JOCK

Just give me a minute mate... almost finished!

MARC (Hands over his eyes)

What the fuck?! I REPEAT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JOCK is Feverishly at work looking over his shoulder and laughing.

JOCK

Best leave me to it mate I'm on the vinegar stroke!

MARC closes the door quickly and holding it tight behind him with his eyes closed and a grimace on his face.

MARC

Oh Christ- I can't un-see that!

EXT. ANCHORED OFF ST. TROPEZ BEACH - DAWN (16)

Next morning the yacht is anchored a few hundred metres off the beach at St Tropez in the blazing sun. TOM is on cleaning up duties after the guest party.

TOM (sweeping up)

Who do you reckon this guy is then?

MARC

I don't know mate. I've tried an internet search but found nothing. Dodgy.

TOM

He's probably a drug lord or Russian gang boss, or something along those lines.

MARC

I was thinking missiles dealer.

TOM

Whatever he does he's not short of a bob or two. There's cocaine all over the deck.

MARC

I was expecting worse to be honest. I was in two minds whether to come out here this morning at this time.

TOM

What were you expecting mate? Naked nubile bodies spread everywhere.

MARC

Pretty much yes! After yesterday's shenanigans I think anything is possible.

TOM

I'm not disagreeing bud! I have a feeling he will be a handful. We'd better watch out backs.

MARC

Just don't annoy or aggravate or you'll wake up in your bunk with a horse's head on your pillow.

EXT. YACHT SUN DECK. DAY (17)

The guests finally start to wander out onto the sun patio around midday and amazingly their breakfast consists of ice-cold vodka and lines of coke.

INT. MESSROOM. DAY (18)

ZECKY (Nibbling on a croissant)

I heard somewhere that the road to excess leads to the palace of wisdom. If that's the case, then this bunch must be bloody Einstein's. Vodka and coke breakfast already. They've just got out of bed!

MARC

I'm guessing he wasn't sleeping much with his company!

ZECKY (Sniggering)

I doubt it!

MARC

I'll tell the boys to stand down on the lower deck, but to make sure they keep an eye and ear on what is going on. TOM tells me that he

overheard the guests wanting to go jet skiing this morning.

TOM enters the crew messroom.

TOM

What did I say?!

MARC

I was just saying that you overheard the guests last night wanting to go on the jet ski today.

TOM

Yep, I heard MR. BIG last night. What are they doing now?

ZECKY

Snorting coke and necking vodka shots. They haven't even had breakfast yet!

MARC

That IS their breakfast, sweetheart. The breakfast of champions.

TOM

Pretty hardcore bunch, eh?

ZECKY

And then some. I think we're going to have our hands full this charter, so I'd keep on your toes mate.

TOM

So, they are snorting coke, and necking vodka for breakfast and they want to jump on the jet skis. WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?! So, have you discovered anything about this lot, then?

MARC

Yes, I caught one of the bodyguards checking himself out and flexing his muscles in the mirror last night.

TOM

You're kidding? Me too! The one with the swallow tattoo on the side of his neck?

MARC

Yeah! The very one!

TOM

I caught him talking to himself whilst he was combing his hair on the sun deck.

MARC

What was he saying?

TOM

He was combing his hair whilst looking at himself in his pocket mirror and saying "very nice" or something like it.

MARC

Hey TOM, he's so vain.

JOCK enters the crew messroom.

JOCK (Eavesdropping)

I bet he shouts his OWN NAME when he comes!

TOM (Laughing loudly)

Probably!

ZECKY (Giggling)

Honestly, I don't know where you get them from?!

MARC

I've got a feeling they'll want to go on the jet skis to wake up, so we'd better get them in the water and check the engines. Hopefully they'll be OK, but I'll have to give them a safety brief on how to handle them. It's my ASS if I don't and something happen.

TOM

Rather you than me, mate. Calming down a bunch of coked-up, bleary-eyed and battered Russian gangsters, who only speak pidgin English, isn't going to be child's play! I'd rather boil my own testicles to be fair.

MARC

You took the words right out of my mouth mate.

CUT TO

EXT. SWIM DECK AFT - DAY (19)

JOCK and TOM get the jet skis in the water and MR.BIG spots them from the upper deck. The next thing he's running down the outside steps with the Latino escort. He jogs up to MARC, reeking of booze, and his pupils are huge and black.

MR.BIG (Jabbing his finger at the jet ski)
We go now!

MARC

Certainly, sir, but first I must give you a very quick safety brief.

MR.BIG (Impatiently)

No... no... we go now. I know, I know!

MARC

It won't take a minute sir, but I must give you a quick brief. I wouldn't want anything happening to you or your girlfriend.

MR.BIG (Groaning)

OK..OK..

TOM grabs the lifejackets on the way up. All the guests are out now, and the music is loud. It seems to fire up MR.BIG even more.

EXT/INT. BUSY/NOISY BBQ DECK. DAY (24)

MARC (apologetic)

Sorry, I'll have to turn down the music for a moment or two. TOM is going to demonstrate the lifejacket, and I'll just mention a few local rules. We've got the jet skis out as you requested and they're ready for you. They're very powerful and there's a few local laws around this beach you must obey, so I'll just quickly explain them to you.

The BLONDE ESCORT is still making out with a guy, eagerly watched by TOM. MR. BIG now starts flirting with the LATINO ESCORT. Nobody seems to pay attention. As MARC and TOM look away for a split-second MR. BIG grabs the LATINO ESCORT and they run down the stairs to the waiting jet ski. The jet ski ROARS into life. Nothing can be done to stop them.

SOUNDTRACK: BAD CANDY.

<https://open.spotify.com/track/3kFRLTGHQHarYZaUh1xGvm?si=1bc2yzUFR7eszTirCEKZ7w>

MR.BIG and the ESCORT throw a triumphant arm in the air as they roar off at speed.

MR. BIG

ADIOS AMIGO!!

MARC (Sarcastic)

Well, that went well, don't you think, TOM?

TOM

I don't think they understood or heard a word before they ran off. Jesus, we only took our eyes off them for a second. For a big guy he moves like a fucking greyhound!

MARC

Yeah, I know. It doesn't help that they're both coked off their tits. You'd better get the boat in the water as a safety measure.

TOM

Right, mate. I'll be on the radio.

MARC walks up to the wheelhouse. As he opens the door, the Captain has already heard the commotion.

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY (25)

CAPTAIN (Angry)

Didn't you tell him about keeping his distance from the beach and the bathers? LOOK at them!

MARC

I tried, but they ran off before I could finish.

CAPTAIN (Condescending)

So, you DIDN'T finish the safety brief? I INSTRUCTED YOU TO DO SO!

MARC takes a deep breath and slowly lets it out to help him keep calm, but he can feel his fist tightening.

MARC

Listen, Captain, when we first arrived on deck this morning, they started snorting coke and drinking vodka shots. I don't even think they've sobered up from last night.

CAPTAIN

If he crashes the jet ski or hurts anyone, I will hold you fully responsible!

MARK (losing his calm slightly)

Now hang on a minute. You told me, and I quote - Give them anything they want at any time. They are paying a lot of money for this charter so whatever they want, they get. Did you or did you not tell me that yesterday?

There is a short silence. The CAPTAIN is looking through his binoculars at the speeding jet ski close to the beach.

CAPTAIN

That will be all. We will discuss this later.

MARC storms out of the door. JOCK has heard the noise.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW MESSROOM - DAY (26)**JOCK**

Don't worry about THRUSH, boss - he's not worth it. Everyone knows he's a prick! Anyway, we'll get even. I've got a little something in mind for him.

MARC

What?

JOCK

Special coffee.

MARC

Eh?

JOCK

Special coffee. He's always telling me to go make him a coffee, so that's exactly what I go and do.

It helps me in ways I can't explain. It's twice as good as wasting energy punching the shit out of the punchbag in the lazarette at the end of the day.

MARC

I'm not with you, mate. How does making that old corrupt fucker a coffee make you feel better?

JOCK

Because mate, before I pour the coffee in the cup, I pull my foreskin back and rub the end of my cock around the rim of the cup.

MARC is unable to control his laughter.

MARC

JOCK, I've said it before, and I'll say it again - you're DISTURBED! You should really go see someone.

JOCK

I prefer to make him frothy cappuccinos if I can persuade him to have one, because you can hide so much MORE in it.

MARC is looking repulsed but somehow curious.

MARC

I'm not sure if I really want to hear this but elaborate.

JOCK (Poker face expression)

The foam, for example. I can make the foam out of anything really. Spit, phlegm, spunk or all three if he REALLY pisses me off.

MARC (Giggling hysterically)

JOCK, for fuck's sake! I feel sick!

MARC finds his composure after short time wiping the tears from his eyes and blowing his nose. He walks over to JOCK and pats him on the shoulder.

MARC

JOCK, that's not the sort of behaviour I expect

of my lads. However, all things considered, well done, all that really is OUTSTANDING work, fella!

JOCK (Animated)

Do you know what SOLIDS I sometimes put in there?!

MARC (Vigorously shaking his head)

Noooooooooooooooooooo!

FADE IN:

It is seven o'clock in the morning and the yacht is moored up alongside the quay in St Tropez. The guests are still asleep in their cosy bunks.

INT. CREW MESSROOM - MORNING (26)

JOCK (Cheeky grin)

Morning sexy! You know what, ZECKY, if I saw you naked, darling, I'd die happy.

ZECKY (look of pity)

Well, if I saw you naked, I'd die laughing.

JOCK

Easy sweetie! Stop playing hard to get.

ZECKY is smiling and pointing out of the porthole.

ZECKY

I don't want to shatter your illusions, sunshine, but if you and that flea-bitten old mongrel on the quay were the last two living creatures on Earth, I'd be over there trying to shag Fido over there!

JOCK

I love it when you talk dirty - it makes me want you even more, you saucy minx.

ZECKY (Cheeky grin)

Want all you want sunshine, because you aren't getting it!

JOCK starts to make his breakfast and cracks a couple of eggs into a sealed plastic container and pops it in the microwave. Two minutes later they explode, splattering

everything inside.

ZECKY (Frustrated voice)

For GOD'S sake! How many times have I told you to prick the yolks and then cook them on low power? I must have told you a million times already!

TOM

I'm genuinely in awe of your culinary incompetence JOCK. I mean, how difficult can it be to cook a fucking egg?

ZECKY

Honestly, on average fifty million sperm are discharged at conception and I can't believe he was the quickest.

JOCK

What's that supposed to mean?

ZECKY (Motherly manner)

It means if your brains were dynamite, you couldn't blow your fucking nose. Now go over there and sit down.

JOCK doesn't argue and feeling suitably chastised he sits down at the messroom table.

JOCK (Mumbling)

I was going to clear it up, you know.

ZECKY

I've seen your tidying up and no thanks. Your tidying up is like the artistic impression of tornado.

JOCK (Winking at TOM)

I prefer to call it 'avant-garde!'

TOM and MARC are having a conversation over which of the two escorts are the filthier in bed and which one MR. BIG prefers.

MARC

It's no contest, TOM. You can tell by the look in her eye and the way she walks that the blonde could suck a golf ball through 50 metres of

garden hose. That girl is just one hundred per cent sex! How does the Latino girl beat that?

MARC puts his knife down and finishes chewing his toast. He then slowly leans forward and looks TOM deep in his eyes.

MARC

Because TOM my dear boy, once you try black you never go back!

TOM

What?

MARC

Coloured women are genetically blessed by the hands of God and it's as simple as that.

TOM

Explain.

Everyone is now listening intently to what MARC is saying.

MARC (glint in his eye)

Alright, think about it. Take Naomi Campbell, for example. She is physically built for pleasure. Her ivory-white eyes contrast effortlessly with her dark ebony skin. She has those big full lips that you'll only ever see naturally on a coloured girl unless they are surgically enhanced. You can only imagine what they could be used for.

ZECKY

Oh, for heaven's sake boys.

TOM

What? That's it?

MARC

I've not even started yet. Then there is the muscle tone and the high pert bums, not to mention the natural dancing rhythm that white girls can only dream about.

ZECKY does a theatrical dance move.

ZECKY

Erm, are you saying I can't bust a move?!

MARC (smiling)

Well, you're the exception Shakira. All I'm saying is that GENERALLY all in all, it's just a much more attractive physical package.

MARC sits back, takes another bite of his toast and looks contented.

JOCK

He paints quite a picture, doesn't he TOM?

TOM(Dejected)

Whatever.

The CAPTAIN walks into the crew messroom.

CAPTAIN (rude attitude)

MARC, my toilet is blocked. So, get your lads to sort it out as their first job.

MARC

Will do.

The boys are startled at his utter rudeness, and they look at each other and roll their eyes.

MARC (forced smile)

OK, No problem, CAPTAIN. JOCK, would you mind making the captain a coffee, please? Some of that new special brand you were telling me about?

JOCK jumps eagerly from his seat.

JOCK

Absolutely, no problem!

MARC

Would you like to sit down, CAPTAIN, and I'll take you through what I've got planned for the morning.

CAPTAIN

After my toilet, of course.

MARC

Yes... after your toilet.

THRUSH sighs and looks at his watch like it's a real effort.

CAPTAIN (Caustic)

Yes, all right, I suppose I can spare five minutes.

MARC is secretly annoyed by this, and he starts to explain the work routine when a noise comes from down the alleyway where the 'special coffee' is being made. It sounds like the throaty sound that a coffee maker makes - but MARC knows better.

MARC

So, this morning we'll test the fire alarms, followed by the garbage collection, CAPTAIN.

After a few more minutes JOCK brings in the cup of coffee, looking a little flushed, and hands it to him with a big smile.

JOCK

There you go, CAPTAIN, I've made you a special frothy coffee. It's a bit like a cappuccino. It's a unique flavour.

CAPTAIN (Quiet, feeble mumble)

Thankyou.

The CAPTAIN takes a large gulp of the special coffee. TOM looks at JOCK, who is stood behind him. JOCK is pointing to his crotch and then to the coffee cup. He then points to his backside and makes a circular motion with his finger around his asshole. He gets both hands and points to his mouth where there is a long thread of saliva hanging out like a shoelace from a trainer. TOM starts dry retching.

CAPTAIN

Are you, all right?

TOM

Oh, I've got a bit of an upset stomach, CAPTAIN. It seems to be going around.

CAPTAIN

No doubt I'll be getting an upset stomach next, then.

JOCK

NO DOUBT!

JOCK and TOM get up to leave the room and they give each other a knowing look.

FADE OUT:

INT. CAPTAIN'S TOILET - MORNING (27)

MARC finishes up with the CAPTAIN and walks up the stairs to meet TOM and JOCK. They are up in the CAPTAIN'S toilet seeing what the problem is. JOCK joins him as he's walking up the stairs.

MARC

Before you tell me what you did to the coffee I don't want to know.

JOCK (Giggling)

I'll leave it to your imagination.

As they walk into his bathroom TOM is plunging away down the toilet with a suction stick. It has little effect. TOM is holding the seat up with one hand and holding his nose with the other.

TOM

Jesus, what has been coming out of his arse - fucking bricks?! There's a turd down here like KING KONG'S THUMB. It's well and truly blocked, mate.

JOCK (Impatient)

I CANNOT BELIVE THRUSH has got the audacity to give us this job. You'd think he would sort it out himself out of his own pride! Give it here, TOM. Let's get the job done and get out of here.

JOCK starts plunging at the U-bend with fresh intensity and after a while, a big gurgling noise suddenly comes from the toilet. TOM and JOCK are stood directly over it and try to make a quick escape but get stuck as the toilet belches out its contents all over them.

JOCK (between a clenched teeth)
KNOCK ME OUT!

TOM (between a clenched teeth)
WHAT?

JOCK (LOUDLY, slowly and deliberately)
YOU... KNOCK... ME... OUT... NOW!

He's speaking more from his throat than using his mouth and he's signalling a punching action with his hand to TOM.

TOM (with a look of terror)
Why?

Urine and spots of faeces are trickling down TOM'S face

TOM
COS... I THINK I'M GONNA LICK MY LIPS!

MARC (O.S) (Hysterical Laughter)

CUT TO:

EXT. AFT DECK / GANGPLANK. DAY (28)

JOCK and TOM spent the next hour in the shower scrubbing themselves with strong antiseptic. All their exposed skin was red raw. MARC turns to JOCK as they approach to take a turn on security watch at the gangplank.

MARC (Sniffing the air)
There's a funny smell round here. Yeah, can't seem to place it.

ZECKY (Grinning)
What do you think it is?

MARC
Don't know? Smells a bit fragrant to me. That's it! Eau de Toilet!

TOM
Fuck off, you two. I can barely move; my skin's that sore.

TOM has an Aussie ego. He's obviously suffering as well but he's trying not to show it. He takes a swipe at JOCK to take the attention away from himself.

MARC

Alright boys calm down. I've got some good news for you that might put a smile back on your faces.

TOM

What's that? Have you won us both a skin grafts?

MARC

Well, I've just been told that the guests will be leaving in three hours then they'll be gone until tomorrow night. That means we can go for a few beers tonight, if you're up for it. The first few are on me, OK? I think you've earned it.

TOM

Bloody right I need some tequila to numb this pain.

MARC

Good man. JOCK are you up for it?

JOCK

Absolutely. It's rare we get a night off on charter, especially this early. Just TRY and keep me away!

The guests leave later in the afternoon. Before MR.BIG gets in the limo, he hands the CAPTAIN an envelope and the CAPTAIN it looks anxious and shady. They are picked up by a limo and taken to one of their associates' hillside villas overlooking St Tropez.

FADE IN:

INT. MARC'S CABIN. DUSK (29)

Everyone who is going for a drink meets in MARC'S cabin early in the evening and he opens a bottle of gin just to get them in the mood. JOCK is wearing the most outrageously colourful green shirt and he's pouring tequila shots and slicing a lime.

SOUNDTRACK: COLD GIN.

<https://open.spotify.com/track/23mkKrQmbtEARwm0846yj8?si=xt0K6tDpTrG8rTUOT7VkqQ>

TOM

Are you wearing that for a bet JOCK?

He looks down at his shirt, stroking one of the sleeves.

JOCK

I'll have you know this cost me seventy quid! Ya' cheeky bastard.

TOM

HOW MUCH?! Jesus, they saw you coming. I wouldn't wipe my arse with that! You look like that green bird hand-puppet.

TOM looks up from fastening his shoelaces.

TOM (laughing)

Who, Orville?

TOM

Yeah, that's him.. Orville! Talk about fashion emergency.

JOCK (Slapping Tom on the back)

You're only jealous, you bunch of losers! Anyway, grab your gin boys!

All the boys take a drink to toast the evening. It's a bit of a tradition of theirs before they go out on a mad one. Everyone is in the cabin with shot glasses raised in the air.

Here's to you, and here's to me, the best of friends we'll always be, but if by chance we disagree, then FUCK YOU and here's to ME!

The next tradition is that each one of them states their aim for the night or tells the gang what the party tricks will be.

MARC (High energy voice)
Right, boys, your radical agendas for the night,
please!

TOM (The style of a U.S. Marine Drill Sergeant)
First, I'm going stomp a few brain cells,
followed by a howl at the moon session!

EVERYONE
Yeeeeehaaaaaa!

MARC
Excellent! Right, JOCK, what's yours?

MARC chinks his glass.

MARC (In the style of Jim Morrison)
To get my kicks before the whole shithouse goes
up in flames!

EVERYONE
OOOOOOORRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAA!

MARC randomly starts howling like a wolf.

MARC (Laughing)
Alright, Fido, cool your jets for a second.

TOM (Pointing his shot glass at him.)
Alright, your turn, JOCK!

JOCK does his in the style of a news presenter, using a
wall poster of a girl in a bikini as his map. He's pointing
to various areas of the female anatomy on the poster.

JOCK
Intentions are to satisfy my primal instincts
with my trusty comrades beside me and create
absolute mayhem.

MARC
Beautifully put, JOCK. OK, boys, let's finish the
bottles and put the cat amongst the pigeons.

They leave the cabin with a tequila and gin glow and on the
way to the gangplank the crew pass the CAPTAIN holding his
stomach.

EXT. YACHT GANGPLANK - NIGHT (30)**MARC**

Good evening. As I mentioned to you earlier, we're just going ashore for a few hours, so we'll see you in the morning.

CAPTAIN

Well, don't be late. I may sleep in for an hour longer in the morning, so if you don't see me at eight you know why.

The crew all stop momentarily before walking off the yacht.

MARC

Something wrong?

CAPTAIN (Wearily)

I'm not feeling well at all, sickness and diarrhoea.

JOCK

Drink plenty of fluids to replace the ones you've lost, CAPTAIN. I'll make you plenty of coffee in the morning.

CAPTAIN

Yes, OK.

MARC

We'll see you in the morning.

The crew cannot help but have a little snigger at his expense.

TOM

Looks like your special coffee worked a little quicker than expected mate.

JOCK

Oh, yeah, it's potent and it was lovingly prepared! Anyway, what goes around comes around envelope boy.

MARK

You also saw him on the quay with MR.BIG?

JOCK (Giving MARC a knowing look)
Yep

MARC
Just be patient. He'll get what's coming.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSTLING MARINA QUAYSIDE - NIGHT (31)

The quayside is bustling with tourists and locals admiring the yachts as they walk off. The boys notice a bunch of young, tanned girls looking over. They're all pretty and obviously not local.

MARC
There you go, mate, there's your first target. Blonde, blue eyed and five feet five and tight leather trousers. Just your type.

JOCK
Oh yeah... nice, very nice. Those leather pants are so tight I can almost see the veins in her arse cheeks!

MARC
Now remember, JOCK, softly, softly, catchy monkey. Put the gentle spadework in first and don't scare them off, like you did last time!

JOCK
I didn't scare them off.

TOM
Yes, you bloody did! After a few beers you forget that you're not talking to the locals in Glasgow, and you speak at a million miles an hour and your volume increases tenfold.

JOCK
Shit! Really? I didn't know I was doing that.

MARC makes eye contact with one of the girls, and he makes a beckoning signal. One of the girls comes over. She says something in a foreign language, but he can't figure it out. JOCK looks confused.

JOCK
Does she come with subtitles, mate?

MARC (Looking at JOCK then her)
Sorry about him. I only speak English I'm afraid.

GIRL 1
Oh no problem we speak English. That's a very nice yacht you have there.

TOM
Thanks very much, we've just bought it between us a couple of days ago.

They can all see the dollar signs light up in their eyes. They lead them into the nearest bar and MARC orders some drinks. The girl nearest JOCK is wearing the tightest black leather trousers.

JOCK
Bloody hell, how the hell do you get into those?

GIRL 1 (Winking with a strong Geordie accent)
Well, you can start with a glass of champagne.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOUR SIDE BAR. NIGHT (32)

No sooner are words out of her mouth, JOCK is at the bar with a big grin on his face ordering champagne. She's very pretty but vulgar.

20 mins later... all the girls head off to the toilet to freshen up. Covertly, JOCK and MARC follow them and listen in from around the corner.

GIRL 1
OK, let's get them to buy some more champagne. They are LOADED!

GIRL 2
Yeah, we're on holiday and they can afford it.

GIRL 4
Yeah! They CAN afford it.

GIRL 3
We'll have to find out what they do.

GIRL 1

Eh, fucking hell! All I want is a few inches and there is fucking YARDS of it out there! I'm having that Scots lad's cock tonight!

JOCK and MARC are stood around the corner but still in ear shot of the girls.

MARC (whispering)

Your girl is a classy one JOCK!

JOCK

Just my type. Don't think I'll need much spadework there. I think I'll nickname her MARG.

MARC looks puzzled.

MARC

Marg? Why Marg?

JOCK

Marg, as in margarine... because she'll spread easy!

MARC (Giggling)

I don't know where you get them from, mate. You're right, though. I reckon the only reason she wears knickers are to keep her ankles warm.

Back at the bar JOCK tells the boys what they heard and his nickname for the Geordie girl. TOM find it hilarious. At that moment the boys decide to turn the tables on the girls.

TOM

We were right they are a bunch of gold diggers. So, let's have some fun. We'll make up a story that we are rich businessmen in pharmaceuticals. We know they're after our cash, so we bet each other who can act the most unattractive in full view of everyone and keep them interested.

JOCK

Sounds like fun. So, we are using the girls' perception that we are all millionaires to keep them interested, and to test just how far they're

willing to go for the sake of money and money alone?

TOM

Yep. Let's just see how far we can push it!

JOCK

I'M IN. I'm going to get laid by the looks of it anyway, so we may as well have a laugh.

MARC

Any excuse for you to act like a KNOB!

JOCK

YEAH ABSOLUTELY! I'm thinking of giving my cock a name.

MARC

Why?

JOCK

Because I don't want a stranger making all the decisions for me.

The girls return after a few minutes, looking as thick as thieves. The first thing they ask for is a couple of bottles of champagne. The boys get them in, and after a while the boys give MARC the wink to start the game off. MARC dreams up a plan to be this unattractive, cold-hearted businessman, a bit like THRUSH, but worse. His persona has no respect for animal life, and he has questionable hygiene habits. He teams up with GIRL 2 at the bar.

MARC and GIRL 2 are at the bar. GIRL 2 takes a sip of her drink, looks up at MARC and starts questioning HIM about money.

GIRL 2

So, what do you do to afford a yacht like that? You must be very rich!

MARC

YEAH, PRETTY MUCH!

MARC lets out a loud belch followed by some overt genital-scratching through his jeans.

MARC (Continued)

Well, I basically test beauty products on animals to see if they damage them before the products are fit for human use.

GIRL 2 (Looking a bit odd)

Oh, erm... that must be interesting work.

MARC

Yeah, once you get used to the blood and WARTS bursting on you caused by the products, it's a breeze really.

GIRL 2 (horrified)

But doesn't that hurt the animals?

MARC (Belching)

Hurt... Who? The beagles? Oh yeah, it's bloody agony.

GIRL 2

That's horrible.

MARC

Do you know that lipstick you're wearing?

GIRL 2 (Looking worried)

Erm... yes.

MARC

That gave me a heap of trouble. We ended up burning the faces off two dozen beagles before we got the mixture right on that one.

She winces, holding her hand over her mouth.

GIRL 2

OH MY GOD... that's awful!

CUT TO:

TOM is listening and trying not to laugh out loud. JOCK is talking to one of the other girls. As he's talking to her, he suddenly develops a bad nervous twitch while grabbing handfuls of peanuts and ramming them into his mouth.

JOCK (Nonchalant and picking his nose)
I like to soften them up a bit. It's easier on my dentures.

TOM is a bit slow off the mark, so to encourage him, JOCK tells the girls what a fantastic dancer he is.

JOCK (V.O)
Time for a dance TOM. Show her what your made of!

CUT TO:

TOM and the girl are on the dance floor and he's dancing deliberately badly! There's lots of arm waving, crotch thrusting and leg shaking and then he starts body popping. All the time he maintains a serious expression of concentration.

SOUNTRACK: BODY MOVIN'

<https://open.spotify.com/track/3ZQqzOCuHqJQqqEH8KB282>

Everyone is WASTED. The boys order tequila shots and everyone is at the bar together in a circle knocking them back. JOCK is lining sambuca shots at the bar, and the bar man is lighting them. He knocks a couple over on the bar and the top of the bar is engulfed in FLAME.

JOCK (standing drunk on a bar stool)
I'M ALIIIIIIIVE!!

The whole bar is loving his antics and applauded loudly.

TOM (drunk and holding up a napkin)
I bet you can't make it to the far wall and back here before the napkin goes out.

JOCK (Unsteady)
Ahhhh, the dance of the flaming arseholes! DEAL!

TOM twists up a bar napkin up and sticks it down the crack of JOCK'S ass. He then sets it alight. The bar crowd roar. He runs to the wall, but the flames lick higher. TOM throws an ice bucket on it

CUT TO:

Back at the girl's hotel. The girl's rooms are right next door to each other, and they all have a drink in JOCK'S girl's room first. They all separate and go to their respective rooms next door.

INT. MARC'S GIRLS ROOM. NIGHT (33)

Loud giggling can be heard from JOCK'S room next door, and a thick girl's voice is shouting at JOCK.

GIRL 1 (V.O) (drunk)

Ehhhh tiger! Tits first, have you got no manners?

There is a loud fumbling and noises of furniture falling over followed by even louder moans and shrieks. MARC comes out into the corridor and sees TOM.

MARC (giggling)

There's just NO WAY mate! How can you concentrate listening to that!

TOM looks up with tears of laughter in his eyes.

TOM

Why do you think I'm out HERE mate!

MARC realises he's left his wallet in JOCK's girl's room. He opens the door quietly and then leans in to grab his wallet of the shelf next to the entrance and is shocked what he sees.

CUT TO:

INT. JOCK'S GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT (33)

JOCK has his back to him and his jeans round his ankles. He's wearing her knickers on his head while fucking her from behind. She's bent forward over the back of an armchair, and JOCK is going at it like a man possessed! As he's pummelling away, she looks back over her shoulder to speak to him.

GIRL 1

No... no... not from behind, I want to see your face!

JOCK stops and thinks for a split second before pulling his PHOTO ID card out of his top pocket. He bends forward and puts the photo ID in front of her face and carries on where he left off. MARC vacates the room quickly trying to hold back his laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT WHEELHOUSE - DAWN (34)

Next morning the crew meet in the yacht's wheelhouse. All of them look like living proof of LIFE AFTER DEATH. MARC is trying to sound bright and breezy amidst a hangover.

MARC

Morning! How are you doing TOM?

TOM is looking particularly dishevelled.

TOM

SHITE!

MARC (Nodding)

Well, you're not the only one. I don't know if I'm Arthur or Martha today. I fancy a cigarette, but I think my breath is too volatile now. These nights off are hard work, aren't they?

TOM

Too right. Good night though hey? I've got a head like I've just gone twelve rounds with Mike Tyson this morning. We were chucking them back though.

MARC (Grinning)

So, how are you feeling today, JOCK? Interesting headgear you were wearing last night mate?

JOCK (Puzzled look)

How do you know about that? I was alone.

MARC is wagging his finger at him.

MARC

Ha! You thought you were. I'd stick to the company baseball cap if you're on deck today. Very fetching though, mate!

JOCK

But how did you...

MARC

Forgot my wallet. Leaned in and got it from the shelf. Saw everything you crazy ass.

TOM

What time did you get back?

JOCK

About an hour ago.

MARC (Shocked)

An HOUR or so ago! What the hell have you been doing? Or shouldn't I ask?

TOM (Shaking his head)

Oh JESUS... I feel for that girl you were with last night buddy. If you've been at it ALL NIGHT. I bet she's walking like John Wayne today!

MARC (Curious)

I bet you were sorry to leave, weren't you?

JOCK

Quite the contrary. Bit embarrassing really.

All the boys then focus on what JOCK is going to say. They all look at each other not knowing what will come out of his mouth.

MARC

Why... what happened?

TOM (Chuckling to himself)

Ah, here we go.

JOCK

Well, I woke up around six, still fairly pissed, and I figured out I'd better get my ass back here on time. She's not in the room, and all my clothes have gone, with my cash, bank cards and everything else I had in my pockets. I'm not thinking straight because of the drink and I'm in a bad mood because I'm already late.

TOM (Chuckling)

So, what did you do?

JOCK

Well, it dawned on me that she'd got up and left the hotel with all my gear.

TOM

You thought she'd robbed you?

JOCK

Bloody right I did! I thought she'd checked out when I was asleep and fucked off with everything!

TOM

So, what did you do?

JOCK is giggling nervously.

JOCK

Well, I just LOST THE PLOT! I'm thinking I'm going to have to walk back to the yacht naked, in broad daylight through St. Tropez. I start swearing at the TOP of my voice and jumping up and down naked on the bed, calling her all the names under the sun. I think a 'FUCKING CUNT RAG' was one of them.

MARC

How loud were you shouting at this point?

JOCK (Concerned look)

SERIOUSLY LOUD mate.

TOM

Go on!

JOCK

In the middle of calling her all the names under the sun, I heard a noise behind me. I turn around and she's stood there in the doorway.

TOM

She came back to the room in the middle of your tantrum. I bet you were popular!

JOCK

Yeah, she's stood there at the door with a cup of tea and a croissant. She'd had my clothes in the wash, and they were neatly draped over her arm!

TOM (Barely controlling his laughter)

You're fucking kidding me!

JOCK (Shaking his head vigorously)
No, I'm not! I'm stood there naked in the middle of the bed with my morning glory.

MARC

So, what did you SAY to explain?

JOCK

What COULD I say? I'd just been calling her a fucking thieving gypsy cunt at the top of my voice to name but a few! I just blushed, took my clothes and got the fuck out of there!

TOM

I take it you won't be seeing her again, then?

JOCK

Er... no, mate.

TOM

I think you need to go see someone mate. Like a psychiatrist or someone. Priceless.

MARC

BRILLIANT! Right boys let's get back to business. We are expecting the guests back about 3pm and they've said they want to head over to the millionaires' playground, otherwise known as Porto Cervo.

TOM

Where's that?

MARC

It's over on the north end of Sardinia. It's a purpose-built resort and it has a very wealthy clientele.

TOM puts his arms behind his head, smiles and leans back.

TOM

I'm getting paid for this! It sure beats the hell out of working for a living.

MARC

Indeed. Anyway, get the boat rubbed down and be in your uniforms by 1.30, all right?

Just as the boys are getting up, the CAPTAIN walks on to the bridge. As usual there is no preamble.

CAPTAIN

The guests have just called me and asked what the weather is like for the crossing over to Sardinia. I had a look at the forecast, and I told them it would be quite rough.

MARC

They're not going to like that. I suppose I'd better nip ashore and get some sea-sickness tablets.

The CAPTAIN rolls his eyes and sighs as if he's just suggested the most stupid thing in the world.

CAPTAIN

Well, if you'll let me finish, I'll tell you why you shouldn't. They won't be coming with us. They'll stay at the villa tonight then fly over to Sardinia tomorrow or the day after and meet us there. Two of you will have to take some suitcases up to the villa as soon as they're ready. The girls are preparing them now.

JOCK (Rolling his eyes)

I don't believe this lot. He's shelling out a fortune on chartering a yacht and he's hardly on it! Less work for us, I suppose.

TOM

He must be minted if he's so nonchalant about it.

MARC

That's one way to look at it.

CAPTAIN

MARC, can you come to my cabin, please?

MARC

Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAWN (35)

MARC walks into HIS cabin and closes the door behind him.

CAPTAIN

The limo will be here in half an hour. The chauffeur knows where he's going but this is the guest's mobile number just in case.

The CAPTAIN then picks up a VERY large Jiffy bag full of used banknotes and hands it to MARC. He looks inside, and they are all \$100 dollar bills. As he hands it over, he looks at MARC sternly.

MARC (Surprised)
WOW!

CAPTAIN

It's very important that you don't lose this. Always keep it on you, and hand it over to him personally. Also, the chauffeur will give you a sealed envelope for me. Give this to me on your return.

MARC
Fine.

MARC then walks away but he has a feeling of foreboding and the contents of the envelopes.

EXT. LIMO - DAY (36)

MARC takes TOM in the limo. Soon after, they are heading for the villa with a few suitcases containing who knows what, and a jiffy bag of hard cash. On the way, MARC quietly tells TOM what's in the bag.

MARC

You know what, TOM? This is the edge. Did you ever think you'd be in this position when you were growing up?

TOM

Not ever, mate. You?

MARC (Grinning)

That makes two of us then. Do you know what? We could just vanish with the cash and never be seen again. What do you reckon?

TOM

I think I might decline. I don't really fancy waking up with a horse's head on my pillow or my own severed dick in my mouth, if you know what I mean.

MARC

You're not wrong, mate. He looks the sort, doesn't he? I can't imagine our friend would let us off with a slap on the wrist.

TOM

What's the other envelope for THRUSH the chauffeur has just handed us?

MARC (Looking serious)

I don't know mate, but it's sealed for a reason. It feels like cash.

MARC and TOM hold a knowing stare.

TOM

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

MARC

Yep, and I doubt he's sharing it with the crew.

TOM leans forward towards the cocktail bar in the back of the limo.

MARC

Don't even think about it! You've only just got rid of the smell of booze from last night. You're on your best behaviour today.

TOM

I was just having a look.

MARC

Likely story! I know what your "looks" end up as.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUN DRENCHED VILLA - DAY (37)

The limo draws up at the security gate at the front of the huge villa and a big guy in a suit comes up to the window and looks in. The guy steps back and radios the staff at

the villa, talking in Russian. MARC can see a bulge around the side of his waist and he's sure he's carrying a weapon.

TOM (Awestruck)

Bloody hell! I bet this place cost him a bit! Look at this place and the size of those iron gates, colonnade and marble statues.

MARC (Equally awestruck)

You're not kidding, especially in this neck of the woods. I reckon a good few million at least.

MARC and TOM step out of the limo onto marble steps at the front door. TOM goes around to the boot and starts unpacking the cases. They walk up the steps to the huge opulent door and go into the entrance hall, which is large and elegant. They walk through some side doors to the pool area and patio. It's like a cross between Hugh Hefner's Playboy mansion and the Garden of Eden.

EXT. VILLA POOL AREA - SUNNY DAY (38)

MARC (Quietly to TOM)

There he is TOM, over at the far end on the sun bed surrounded by girls.

TOM

Standard for him. Christ this is a bit raucous. Half-naked girls everywhere grooving away. Decent music though.

A couple of his henchmen watch us walk up checking us over. MARC is looking a little nervous and cannot help but notice cocaine all over his facial hair.

MARC

Good afternoon, sir! How are we today?

MR. BIG (Inebriated)

As you can see... I'm DOING GREAT!

TOM

Good afternoon, Sir.

MR. BIG acknowledges TOM with a long slow inebriated nod.

MARC

I've brought what you asked for and your bodyguard has the suitcases.

MARC hands the very large Jiffy bag to MR. BIG and he opens it in full view of the girls. Their eyes light up when they see what's inside. He picks out a few notes and winks at the girl next to him.

MR. BIG

Here you go.

She accepts the notes and leans over to give him a kiss. MR. BIG looks over his sunglasses at MARC and TOM and his eyes are coked-up, drunk and bloodshot.

MR. BIG (Sinister look)

I trust it's all there, gentlemen?

MARC

Of course, Sir. It's never left our side.

MR. BIG

GOOD. Because if it isn't... this is what you get.

He smiles and runs the edge of his finger slowly across his throat, winking at them and laughing. Like sycophants, the girls follow suit. MARC and TOM nod nervously and smile back at him, unsure what to do next.

MR. BIG

Get these guys some drinks.

BODYGUARD

OK

The BODYGUARD point over to some chairs in the shade away from MR. BIG.

BODYGUARD

Sit there.

TOM

Jesus... that was ominous.

MARC

You aren't kidding mate. My legs are shaking. I'm just wondering what was in the suitcases.

TOM

I don't want to know.

The bodyguard brings over two VERY large ice cold vodkas. MARC and TOM raise a glass to the BODYGUARD before bolting them down in one gulp.

MARC

CHEERS!

TOM (Smiling at the bodyguard)

Cheers.

MARC

Come on TOM, we're off.

TOM

Yep.

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT - DAY (39)

The crew are back on the yacht, heading out to sea for Sardinia. MARC bumps into ZECKY and tells her about the afternoon

ZECKY

My God, you see some sights! I've chosen the wrong department to work in on a yacht. I just see the same walls every day.

MARC

Well, at least you don't get sunburnt, sweetheart. We wouldn't want that soft complexion of yours getting old and leathery, would we? JOCK would no longer find you the sexual magnet that he thinks you are now!

ZECKY

If I thought that would work, I'd be on the sunbed 24-7 and turn into a prune, I can tell you that!

MARC

You love it really... I know you have a soft spot for the boy.

ZECKY

Ha! He needs some work. A LOT of work. It would be like trying to break in a horse.

MARC

Come on, ZECKY - don't tell me you're not just a little bit curious with all the attention he gives you.

ZECKY

I'm curious why men think it's funny to fart in their girlfriend's face but, no, I'm not curious about JOCK. Now bugger off! I've got the beds to make.

MARC (Winking)

I hear what you say, but I think there is some element of curiosity there. You've defiantly got chemistry that's all I'm saying. And let's face it, you're a sucker for an improvement job.

ZECKY doesn't say anything, but she gives MARC a knowing look before strolling off.

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT WHEELHOUSE - DAY (40)

MARC

Hey, JOCK, how's it going?

JOCK

Hey, mate, had a good afternoon, have we?

MARC (Raising an eyebrow)

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

JOCK

Why's that?

MARC

Without going into too much detail, let's just say MR.BIG is some boy.

CAPTAIN approaches from behind. JOCK quickly changes the subject to something work-related.

JOCK

So, I think we need to clean the jet skis after that.

CAPTAIN

Do you have the envelope?

MARC (Handing envelope over)

Yes, here it is.

MARC and the CAPTAIN hold a look and there is a knowing air of tension between the two.

CAPTAIN

There has been yet another change of plan for the next couple of days.

MARC

What now? Have they decided to come with us after all?

CAPTAIN

No, but whatever they're doing at the villa they seem to be enjoying it, because they're not coming over to join us until at least Friday.

MARC

I'm not surprised. They all seemed to have smiles on their faces when we left!

JOCK

I guess that gives us a break for a couple of days then.

CAPTAIN

Unfortunately, that's not the case. The owner is in town, and he'll be visiting Cannes tomorrow with a few friends. He's heard about the guests and wants to come aboard for drinks on the aft deck.

CAPTAIN

We're to go immediately to Cannes and prepare the yacht for them. We'll arrive first thing in the

morning. If there's anything you need, let me know and I'll put an order in with the agent.

The CAPTAIN goes back to his cabin.

JOCK

I'd like to order a new personality for him.

MARC

Urgently required, eh?

JOCK

And then some, mate... and then some!

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT OF CANNES - DAWN (41)

The yacht arrives at the Port of Cannes limits, just after sunrise on a beautifully calm summer's morning. They find a place to anchor, and MARC and JOCK are on the foredeck ready to work the windlass and let the anchor go.

YACHT'S FOREDECK

CAPTAIN (V.O on radio)

Foredeck - Wheelhouse, Let go the port anchor.

JOCK (Mumbling)

A PLEASE would be nice you twat.

MARC (into the radio)

Wheelhouse - Foredeck- Let go the port anchor.

MARC (continued)

OK, release the brake, JOCK.

JOCK releases the anchor brake, and it runs out of the pipe with a clatter. After a few minutes the yacht is settled.

MARC

That's the port anchor brought up, CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

OK, go about your business, then.

JOCK (Shaking his head)

And a very good morning to you, THRUSH

MARC

He's got all the warmth of a graveyard. Maybe you should warm him up with some of your special coffee, eh?

JOCK

It would be a pleasure, consider it done.

INT. CREW MESSROOM. MORNING (42)

JOCK and MARC walk back into the accommodation for some breakfast. TOM is sat at the table working out the worth of a billionaire.

TOM

Right, hand me the calculator. If we take this figure, he's reckoned to be worth, multiplied by this average percentage rate, divided by 365 we'll find out approximately how much cash he earns a day in interest.

JOCK

Pass me the paper, I want to see.

He takes a quick glance, puts the paper down and holds up his fingers and thumbs and starts counting.

ZECKY

Christ, he'll be getting his toes out next. What are you going to do when those run out?

JOCK

Well, I've got one more appendage on me I could use in an emergency, but that one's gift-wrapped for you, sweetie.

ZECKY

In your dreams, sunshine.

JOCK (Confidently)

Anyway, that's about £90 million a year in interest or roughly 246,000 quid a day.

The crew all exchange glances, then TOM works it out on the calculator.

TOM

Bloody hell! It works out £246,575 a day... JOCK, you were nearly bang on!

They all look at each other again in disbelief. ZECKY, more than anyone, can't believe it.

ZECKY

It must have been a fluke, surely? So, what's £15 times 96, times 31, minus 395, smart arse?

JOCK moves his fingers around a bit mumbling to himself.

JOCK

£44,245 oh ye of little faith.

ZECKY looks over at TOM for the answer on the calculator.

ZECKY

Well... is it?

TOM slams the calculator down.

TOM

BLODDY HELL JOCK, you should be on Countdown!

ZECKY

Is he right?

TOM

Bang on!

MARC

I didn't think you took that much notice in the short period you went to school JOCK? You must have got on well with the maths teacher, eh?

JOCK

No, he wouldn't let me in his class for the last year.

MARC

How come?

JOCK

I was trying to chat up the girl next to me and he lost his patience and threw the blackboard rubber at me.

MARC

So, what did you do?

JOCK

I threw it back and it hit him square between the eyes!

MARC

Is this the same teacher who suspended you for pissing in his petrol tank?

JOCK

No, that was another one.

TOM

I blame the parents.

JOCK suddenly gets philosophical.

JOCK

Well, you know what they say, for every action there's an equal and opposite reaction.

MARC

That's Newton's Third Law

JOCK

That's right. Well, it is just karma getting back at him for all the shit he gave me!

TOM

So, come on then - how did you learn to do that so quickly?

JOCK

My brother and I virtually lived in the bookies in our younger days and that's when I discovered a use for maths. We used to play a lot of darts for cash in the local afterwards if we won, so working out numbers kind of came natural after a while. The only other use of maths I found is geometry for snooker and pool, which we'd play

for pints, so there was a bit of motivation there.

ZECKY

You're a one-off, I'll give you that.

The eggs that JOCK put in the microwave a minute or two earlier suddenly detonate and everyone is startled for a second before they realise what it is. Everyone looks at each other before staring at JOCK.

EVERYONE

For God's Sake!

MARC

You still can't microwave an egg, though, can you, sunshine?

TOM

If I were you, I'd stick to cereal. It would save you a lot of time and effort in the long run and you wouldn't suffer ZECKY'S WRATH!

ZECKY (Fake concern)

Just think of your cholesterol level as well. You don't want to be popping your clogs of a heart attack before your time, do you? Because you know that would break my heart.

JOCK

Ahhhh, it's a load of bollocks, that healthy eating lark. Take my grandfather, for example. He was a miner from the age of 17 and he inhaled soot and dirt all his life. He smoked sixty Woodbine cigarettes a day, lived on bacon and polished off nearly a bottle of whisky a day. He died at 84. Health and fitness? Load of old bollocks!

MARC

What did he put his old age down to, then?

JOCK

Positive thinking and other men's wives?

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY (43)

Next day we finish our breakfast in the crew room and go out on to the deck for the morning walk around.

MARC

OK, lads, as you're all aware, the MR. THOMAS is flying down to Cannes today and we've a new crew member joining. You'll be picking him up JOCK.

JOCK

Anyone we know?

MARC

No... he's only nineteen and he's never worked on a yacht before. He's fresh out of his college induction, so he'll be as green as grass.

JOCK

Ha! Fantastic! A GREENHORN and a bit of fresh meat for us!

MARC

I've spoken to him on the phone, and he sounds quite 'well to do' if you know what I mean. And by his family name I bet he is!

JOCK (Curious)

What's his name then?

MARC (Grinning from ear to ear)

Get this... TARQUIN WORTHINGTON-SMYTH.

JOCK

Oh Jesus... the SURNAME CLAN are moving in. I bet he's a RIGHT LITTLE PLEB!

MARC

JOCK, this is mainly directed at you - go easy on him. I've heard the stories of the stunts you played on the cadet on your last boat.

JOCK

It was less than a minute mate.

MARC

What was?

JOCK

That I dangled over the side of the yacht by his ankles.

MARC

That's not what I'm talking about. I didn't even know about that. I was talking about the compressed gas airbag that you put under his mattress.

JOCK

Oh, that one...yeah that was a cracker!

MARC

Not for him it wasn't! Apparently, when he laid down, it went off and he flew 15 feet across his cabin!

JOCK

That's why I nicknamed him "Superman".

MARC

Anyway, he'll be waiting on the quay by the steps at two this afternoon. You go over there and collect him and bring him back to the boat. TOM and I will take the car to the helipad to pick up the boss.

TOM

I've never met the boss before. Can fill me in on the details.

MARC

No problem. He's a property tycoon, in his late fifties, usually wears Saville Row suits, bald headed, about five eight, average build. He lives in a huge villa in Monte Carlo in the summer and St Lucia in the winter.

TOM

What's he like then?

MARC

He's a decent bloke from humble beginnings in London's East End, so he's a down-to-earth guy, but never forget who he is. His main interests while he's on the yacht are drinking whisky,

having barbeques, and smoking his Cuban cigars in the whirlpool spa on the sun deck. He likes to have his Jacuzzi at 33.0 C.

TOM

How much is he worth?

MARC

I was told it was over couple of billion at the last estimate, but it's probably more than that now.

TOM

Wow. I'll ask his for a pay rise then.

MARC

Ha! Don't you dare. Right, we'd better get our skates on then. JOCK, go get changed and we'll get the show on the road. Just give me a ring on my mobile when you're on your way back with TARQUIN, so TOM and I can make our way down to the boat and head over to the car.

JOCK

No worries, mate.

An hour passes and JOCK calls to say he'll be alongside the yacht in the yacht's tender in ten minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT - DAY (47)

MARC (Taking into phone)

Have you picked up the new boy JOCK?

JOCK (V.O)

Yeah, he was waiting where he should have been.

MARC

What's he like?

JOCK

You'll see, boss. I just hope his mum knows he's playing sailor boy, bless him.

The guest tender approaches the yacht and the new arrival

comes into view. The CAPTAIN joins MARC to help with the luggage. MARC holds out his hand and help him from the boat and onto the yacht.

TAR

Hello, are you the Chief Mate?

MARC

Why? Do I owe you money?

TAR

Er... no... I don't think I have met you before.

MARC looks at TOM and he's trying not to laugh.

MARC

You'll be happy to get here then?

TAR

Oh yes, but I must admit I've heard some bad things about the CAPTAIN. He's supposed to be, excuse my French, a bit of an asshole!

MARC'S welcoming smile vanishes as he grits his teeth and signals to TAR with his eyes that the gentleman stood two feet to his right IS THE CAPTAIN. MARC quickly bids him farewell and makes a quick retreat to the boat with TOM.

MARC

I'm off with TOM to pick up the owner but we'll catch up after we get the tender back aboard. TOM will settle you in. We'll catch up later, OK?

TAR (embarrassed)

Ok, thanks.

As TOM and MARC look back from the water the CAPTAIN is staring at the new arrival like he's just stolen something from him. They get the boat back aboard then get taxi to the owner's garage to pick up the Bentley.

CUT TO:

INT. OWNER'S GARAGE - DAY (50)**MARC**

We'll get the cleaning gear out of the boot and give her a rub down so she's spotless for the boss. I'm not sure if his wife will be coming along as well, but if she does, open and close the door for her and ask her if she has enough air in the back. She's a nice enough lady but she likes to be fussed over a bit, if you know what I mean. Give her a bit of special attention.

TOM

Anything else I should know?

MARC

On his own he usually wants to know the latest football scores and what his wife's movements are for the weekend. They aren't the best match, and he said she changed the moment he married her.

TOM

Did she turn into a professional nag or something?

MARC

They all do that, mate! My guess is that now he's in this predicament, he doesn't want to lose millions in a divorce settlement, so he tolerates her.

TOM

In his position who wouldn't right?

The helicopter thunders into the landing pad and the pilot helps the boss down the steps, but there's no sign of the wife.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - DAY (51)**MARC**

Good afternoon, sir. How was your flight?

MR. THOMAS

Not bad. How's yourself?

MARC

I'm OK, thanks.

MR. THOMAS

I haven't seen you in a while. I thought you might have buggered off to work for an Ibiza club owner by now and got rid of an old fucker like me.

MARC

Ha! Maybe next year, sir, if you're lucky.

MR. THOMAS

Hope springs eternal!

MARC

Hahaha, No wife today, sir?

MR. THOMAS

Thankfully not. I think she's doing she's going to watch an opera or something.

TOM and MARC take him straight to his hotel in the Bentley where he's meeting a few old friends for a reunion.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE BENTLEY - DAY (52)

MARC

This is TOM, sir, you've never met him. He works on your yacht with us now. He's originally from Australia.

TOM

Good to meet you, sir.

MR. THOMAS (Very bad Australian accent)

G'day me old cobba.

MARC and TOM laugh at the diabolical impression of an Australian.

TOM (Smiling)

I think you've misunderstood, sir. I'm from Australia not Pakistan.

The boss finds this quite cheeky but funny.

MR. THOMAS

Ha! I see sarcasm is another service yacht crews are offering nowadays! Perhaps I'd better stick to making money instead of impressions.

MARC

I think that would be a wise move, sir.

MR. THOMAS

I visited Australia a couple of years ago. I went down in a cage with the white sharks, and I ate kangaroo meat at a restaurant.

TOM

Oh yeah, how did you get along?

MR. THOMAS

The sharks bloody terrified me! I tend to lose my sense of humour when I'm bottom of the food chain.

TOM

Understandably sir.

MR. THOMAS (Giggling)

Good heavens, mate. You've got a voice like a kookaburra, and you're just as loud. Does it have an off switch?"

TOM

Off switch? Nah, we Aussies come with one setting: full volume, all day, every day. What's your excuse for sounding like a BBC documentary?

MR. THOMAS (loving the banter)

That's called 'class,' my friend. Something you might want to discover after you've finished wrestling crocodiles."

TOM

Class? Is that what you call drinking tea at 3 p.m. and pretending to enjoy it? Seems like a hard life, sir."

MR. THOMAS

Tea is a cornerstone of civilization; I'll have you know. Unlike whatever mysterious sludge you call coffee.

TOM

Oh, don't you dare badmouth our flat whites! They're the elixir of life. Your tea, on the other hand, tastes like soggy socks.

MR. THOMAS

Soggy socks?! I've half a mind to introduce you to the concept of subtlety. Not everything has to be done at a thousand miles an hour, you know.

TOM

Subtlety's overrated, sir. Life's too short for half-measures. That's why we dive with sharks instead of talking about the weather.

MR. THOMAS

Talking about the weather is an art, I'll have you know. But fine, I'll give you credit—anyone who willingly faces sharks must be either very brave or completely bonkers so I must consider myself one of them.

TOM

A bit of both, probably. But I reckon you'd make a fine Aussie after a few beers and a sausage sizzle. How 'bout it?

MR. THOMAS

As long as you promise to swap your board shorts for something that doesn't make you look like you've just wandered off Bondi Beach.

They pull up at the front door of the hotel and the bellboy rushes out to take the bags.

MARC

All the best then, sir, and have a nice time.

MR THOMAS

It's going to get messy!

MR. THOMAS hands MARC 100 euros, but he hands it back immediately.

MARC

I'm very grateful, sir, but you pay me enough already. It's been a pleasure, really.

MR. THOMAS looks genuinely touched. As TOM and MARC jump back in the Bentley, a few of his rowdy friends meet him at the door. They all look like they're in a VERY jovial mood.

MARC

I think he's going to have a sore head tomorrow.

TOM

He was good fun. They look like they're up for a party. He certainly seems in good spirits. Is he always like that?

MARC

He is usually, when he's away from the wife! He calls her *the 'fun sponge'*

TOM

Nice! So how did he make his money, then? I take it he's into dodgy dealings, eh?

MARC

I don't know all the details, but from what I heard he started out quite young. Firstly, the stock market and then later online gambling. Anyway, I'm happy that everything has gone to plan so far. The boss has been picked up and delivered without a hitch, he's had a banter and seemed to enjoy it, so you can drive the Bentley back along the coast road as a treat. I know you've been dying to get your hands behind the wheel.

TOM

Cheers! You're a star! I've been itching for a drive of this beast.

MARC

No shit! Now, remember, if you bend it, you mend it. This car costs more than your average family detached house, so you'll be working your hands

to the bone for the rest of your life if you damage it.

TOM has only been driving for about ten minutes when a car full of young guys draws up parallel to them in the next lane.

TOM

Who are these dickheads?

MARC

Just ignore the little shits, TOM... Kids! eh?

TOM

I know mate.

A few moments pass and young guys give TOM an offensive hand gesture.

MARC

Are you going to let them get away with that?

TOM (grinning)

Do you know what? I don't believe I am!

He flicks the car into sport mode and leaves them for dead. As they speed down road, they pass a covert police car. The laughing and joking stops abruptly as the police car speeds after them and its roof light illuminates.

MARC

Oh shit, he saw us.

TOM (looking worried)

How fast do you think we were doing?

MARC

I don't know... 80 or 90 maybe a 100?

TOM

Shit! That's faster than the speed limit, mate. My guess is we're in the shit so, you'd better pull over.

FADE OUT:

EXT/INT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY (53)

TOM pulls into a layby, winds down the window and the police officer strolls up to the Bentley. He says something in French, but they are both clueless. TOM looks up at the officer.

TOM

Do you speak English?

The officer turns his head away and sighs, as if he's done this, many times before. The officer is wearing dark shades. It gives him a menacing aura.

POLICEMAN (Strong French accent)

Monsieur, your licence and registration.

TOM

I don't have it on me, mate.

POLICEMAN

Is THIS your car, monsieur?

TOM

Nah, mate. We found it unlocked and thought we'd take her for a spin.

POLICEMAN

So... you are THE driver of this vehicle... yes?

TOM

I know it's an automatic, mate, but I've still got to fucking be here.

There is a stony silence between the two.

POLICEMAN

Do you know what gear you were in coming down that hill?

TOM

Oh, you know... white shirt, black pants, and hush puppies!

MARC (Whispering)

For fuck's sake TOM!

Silence again.

POLICEMAN

Sir, you were going 88 in a 60 limit.

The policeman reaching for his ticket book.

TOM

That's a bit disappointing. Can't you make it 100? I'm trying to sell the motor!

The officer puts pen to paper to write him a ticket.

POLICEMAN

So... what is your name, monsieur?

TOM

Walker.

POLICEMAN

Walker?

TOM

Yep, Walker... W-A-L-K-E-R ... Walker.

The officer writes it down.

POLICEMAN

And what is your first name?

TOM

Luke... L-U-K-E ... Luke.

POLICEMAN

And your middle name?

TOM

Sky... S-K-Y.

The officer writes it down and after a few seconds he realises what he's written. He rips up the piece of paper and opens the door.

POLICEMAN (sharp tone)

YOU two... step out of the vehicle.

MARC (Murmuring under his breath)

Shit! You've really done it now, you bloody comedian!

After 20 minutes, a body search, a vehicle search, a fine and lots of sweet-talking, MARC explains to the officer that TOM has Tourette's and gets nervous and that's where the jokes come from. Eventually he believes him. They are cautioned again and allowed to get on their way. They bid the officer farewell, but TOM can't resist one more taunt before they leave.

TOM (To the officer)
May the force be with you.

The car pulls away from the layby and they resume their journey.

MARC
The force was strong with that one.

FADE OUT:

EXT. QUAYSIDE - DAY (54)

TOM and MARC drive the Bentley straight back to the quay. They notice the yacht's tender moored up alongside the floating pontoon. JOCK is nowhere to be seen.

MARC
Give JOCK a shout and see where he is, mate.

TOM calls JOCK's mobile but it goes to voicemail.

TOM
He's not answering.

MARC
Just ask him where he is and tell him we're waiting by the boat. Ask him to call back as soon as he gets the message.

TOM leaves the message and then hangs up. They sit on the tender then TOM'S phone rings.

TOM
Mate, where are you? We're near the tender waiting for you.

JOCK
I'm at the bar off the main road. It's behind the quay.

TOM

You're in the BAR?! JOCK, for Christ's sake!

JOCK

I've only been here an hour. Take a walk over, I've just got a pint in.

TOM hands MARC the phone and shakes his head.

MARC (into phone)

JOCK! What the HELL are you doing! Don't move - we're coming over.

JOCK (V.O)

Aye OK, I'll get you both one in. You want to see the tits on the barmaid. It's like a photo finish in a zeppelin race!

The phone then goes dead as JOCK has hangs up.

TOM

Trust him to find the boozier. Still, how much can one-man drink in an hour?

MARC

You have no idea mate.

INT. BACK STREET BAR - DAY (55)

At the bar, TOM and MARC spot JOCK, who is talking to a young guy. MARC walks up to JOCK and taps him on the shoulder. JOCK hands them some beers.

JOCK

How's it going chaps?! This is Nick, my new mate from New Zealand. He's only 18 and he's just polished off four shots of tequila.

MARC

Oh yeah? What's the celebration?

Before he has a chance to answer, JOCK puts his arm around his shoulder.

JOCK

Nick went out in St Tropez last night and had his first blowjob!

MARC is sniggering and shaking his hand.

MARC

Oh right, congratulations!

JOCK

Yeah, the poor fucker still can't get the taste out of his mouth, so he's trying a whisky this time!

NICK

Hey, piss off JOCK - he's only kidding.

JOCK stands up and does a blowjob signal to Nick with a closed fist and his tongue inside his cheek. He then starts tapping the side of his nose with his finger.

JOCK

Your secret is safe with me kid! Anyway, stay safe and I'll see you again.

MARC

Yes, come on you let's get a food table. See you later Nick.

NICK

Cheers lads.

MARC, TOM and JOCK find a food table.

TOM

Over here guys these seats will be OK.

MARC

What the hell are you doing leaving the tender unattended you clown?

JOCK

It's safe mate. I know the guy in the café opposite. He'll keep an eye on it.

TOM

How many have you had?

JOCK

Four pints and whisky chaser.

MARC

Bloody hell, JOCK, are you on a mission to push your luck or something?

JOCK

And a rum and coke.

MARC

If THRUSH smells that on you, he'll have your ass kicked into the middle of next fucking year.

JOCK

Well, one beer led to a bit more, you know how it goes. Anyway, I'll order you all some grub to make amends.

JOCK waves over to the waitress who is stood with an order book at the bar. She walks over to the table. and proceeds to order in a very slow, very loud voice using lots of hand movement. He's clearly assuming she doesn't speak English.

JOCK

CAN I

(pointing to himself)

have ONE

(holding his digit up in front of her face)

EXTRA LARGE

(now doing circular movements with his arms)

TUNA

(pointing to a fish ornament on the bar)

PIZZA... and TWO

(sticking two fingers inches from her face)

MOOO... MOOO... BEEF

(now holding two fingers up on his head like horns)

PIZZAS... and THREE

(holding three fingers up under her nose)

GRANDE... GRANDE

(holding his arms outstretched)

BEERS

(pointing to his glass)

The waitress looks at JOCK and repeats his order - in an unmistakable broad Essex accent.

WAITRESS

So, you want three beers, three pizzas, one tuna and two beef, yeah?

JOCK looks up at her open-mouthed.

JOCK

Erm, yeah. Sorry darling... I thought you were a foreigner.

WAITRESS

Clearly, but why you thought I was stupid and deaf is more of a mystery.

JOCK

Oh, right... I just looked over and you seemed that way.

WAITRESS

What? Stupid and deaf?

JOCK (holding his head in both palms)

No, foreign. Can we start again? Where are you from?

WAITRESS

Essex.

JOCK (genuinely joking)

Essex girls, eh? I've heard about your reputations. Well, it's nice to see one upright and not lying on her back for a change.

WAITRESS (intense scowl)

Are you trying to be funny?

JOCK (slapping her on her backside)

Ha! Yeah! slapping her on her ass.

WAITRESS

Well, I hope you find this funny!

She grabs JOCK'S wrist and inverts it painfully behind his back, then punches his nose. He falls back holding on to the seat of his chair. He's now sitting in the same position but facing the ceiling and with a bloodied nose.

TOM

I told you these were good seats, didn't I?

MARC

Trust him to find a bar with the only psychotic Essex girl on the Cote d'Azur.

MARC leans down from his seat to have a word with the flattened JOCK.

MARC

I must admit, you've got that off to an art form.

JOCK (still facing the ceiling)

Uhhhh... uhhhh... what?

TOM

Making a cunt of yourself! You should've opened your mouth a little wider, then you could have put the other foot in. How to win friends and influence people, JOCK Style, eh?

JOCK (groaning)

JESUS! She's got a punch like a steam hammer!

TOM

Just wait until I tell TOM you got bitch-slapped! You don't have a snowball's chance of living this one down.

JOCK

Bit of an overreaction, I thought.

MARC

Come on, we'd better get out of here.
Congratulations on upsetting the locals again.
Can't take you anywhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK STREETS / YACHT BOAT TENDER. DAY (56)

The boys don't waste time getting back to the tender alongside the quay.

TOM

I'm kind of thinking she's done that party trick before. The punch looked a little too fluid.

MARC

I was thinking the same. Crude, but very effective.

JOCK

She's probably a cage fighter in her off time.

TOM

Here he goes elaborating because he got whooped by a chick! Anyway, hold on guys I'm starting the engine.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY (57)

The boys arrive back at the yacht. The CAPTAIN can be seen glaring down from the wheelhouse as they pull up in the boat. After securing the boat MARC and TOM are on deck.

MARC

I wonder where Tarquin is.

TOM

Not sure. JOCK has just disappeared, so he's probably gone looking for him.

MARC

I'd better go and try and save him from the crazy sod! What do you reckon he's got him doing?

TOM

God only knows... probably making him clean his cabin, I reckon.

MARC (Exasperated)

He's been aboard only an hour or two, for Christ's sake!

TOM

I know!

MARK

If he comes back up don't be too harsh on him just yet. Let him settle in for a few days first before we initiate him.

TOM

It's not me you have to worry about, is it, mate?

MARC

You're not wrong there. We're moving alongside the berth in three hours, and we'll be staying overnight until the boss leaves in the morning.

TOM

So, he's coming down, then?

MARC

Yep, and the crowd he's met up with look like they might be up for a boy's party, so it could be an eye-opener.

TOM

Well, we aren't exactly short of eye-openers this trip, are we? I could've done with an early night tucked up in my fart sack instead of standing at the gangplank.

MARC

I know, mate, plus the weather will be poor for the crossing over to Sardinia tomorrow so, you won't get much sleep then.

TOM

It's bloody typical, that!

MARC

That's sod's law for you. Anyway, I'll catch you later.

TOM

Later mate.

MARC goes back down below deck. Walking along the alleyway he hears a shrill, painful noise from JOCK'S cabin.

JOCK

What do you mean, you've NOT brought any porn with you TAR?

TAR

Sorry... I... didn't know... ouch!

JOCK

What about booze? You must have brought some booze with you!

TAR

Ermno

JOCK

Cigarettes?

TAR

No. Ouch ... that's hurting now!

JOCK

You're about as much use as tits on a fish!

As MARC walks in the room JOCK turns and sees him.

JOCK

You'll never guess what?

MARC

I heard - and I think the rest of the yacht did as well. Why have you got him in a head lock? Let him go, for fuck's sake. He hasn't been aboard more than an hour! Go and help TOM finish up and then sort yourself out for moving the yacht to the berth.

JOCK finally lets TAR go from his head lock and walks out of the cabin laughing. TAR'S face is beetroot red.

MARC

Hi, mate! I didn't have much time to chat when we first met.

TAR

It's Tarquin, sir.

MARC

CRIKEY! How did you end up with that name? Mum and dad a bit rich and posh, are they?

TAR

Well, erm... yes, they are as a matter of fact. My mother is a merchant banker, and Daddy is a maritime lawyer.

MARC

No shit! First things first: I'd better give you a few house rules. Unpack and settle in as soon as you can and don't take JOCK too seriously. Treat everything he asks you to do with extreme caution. He'll take the piss and play all sorts of pranks on you but accept it, because we all go through it in one way or another when we first go to sea. JOCK is a good lad underneath but he's a rough old diamond. Just remember, it isn't the changes in life that are difficult, it's just the transitions. Remember that and everything will be cool, OK?'

TAR

Right... OK.

MARC

Number two is, I run my department my way, and that way is a mishmash between the right way, the wrong way, the book way and decades of experience. If you do exactly what I say, when I say it, you'll be OK. The last thing I want is to be condescending, but you're still a young kid and there's a lot you don't know.

TAR

Right, OK.

MARC

Thirdly, don't call me "sir", because every time you call me that I think somebody important is stood behind me.

TAR

OK.

MARC

Oh yeah, I nearly forgot, whatever happens between us in our department stays between us. Don't mention anything, rumours or otherwise, to or in front of, THRUSH.

TAR

Who's THRUSH?

MARC (giggling)

That's our nickname for the CAPTAIN. You know, he's the guy you insulted even before you stepped aboard.

TAR (Nervous and embarrassed)

Oh yes, I'm really sorry about that.

MARC

Sorry my arse, mate. We all hate the fucker and to be honest when I heard you say that I felt very close to you.

TAR

Why do you call him THRUSH?

MARC

Because like '*THRUSH*', he's an irritating cunt. He's only out for himself and he'll drop you like a sack of shit if you fuck up. Treat him like a mushroom.

TAR (looking lost)

Erm... treat him like a mushroom?

MARC

Yeah, feed him shit and keep him in the dark. As for the lads, they're a good bunch. If you treat them fairly and be loyal and truthful with them and they'll eventually return the favour once you gain their respect. Just remember they can be your best friends or your worst ENEMY, so it's completely up to you. Are we clear, then?

TAR

Erm... yes, I think so.

MARC

Nice one. Right, sort out your stuff and go and see ZECKY the Chief Stewardess for some uniform and I'll see you in the wheelhouse a bit later for going into port. OK, mate?

TAR

Yes, thank you. Just one thing I'd like to ask.

MARC

Shoot.

TAR

Where is my cabin?

MARC

You're in it.

TAR

Oh, no - I think there's been a mistake. I was expecting a cabin to myself.

MARC

Well, you expected wrong then? Everyone bunks up with a bunk buddy, except the CAPTAIN, and you'll be taking the only bunk that's spare.

TAR

Who am I sharing with?

MARC

You're in the top bunk, in here with JOCK.

TAR

But this place is the size of a cubby hole!

MARC

Well, what were you expecting, a master suite? You ARE crew, remember. Anyway, it may be small but it's clean and modern and the only time you'll be in here is when you're getting your head down for a few hours or showering up.

TAR

How am I supposed to climb up to the bunk?

MARC

You've got legs, haven't you? I must admit you are a bit of a short arse, aren't you, TAR? How tall are you? You look about five-feet-four?

TAR

I'm five feet five.

MARC

Have you thought about being a burglar as a career move, TAR? You'd be fucking great at it.

TAR

A burglar? Why a burglar?

MARC

Because your ass would rub your footprints out and they'd never catch you.

TAR

Oh, right.

MARC

Come on Tar, smile, I'm only messing with you. You'll crack the mirror with that face! Right, I'll call you to the wheelhouse when we go into port so you can see what it's all about and get the best view.

TAR

Oh yes, the best view of the port entrance and navigation light formations.. I learnt about all that at college.

MARC (Winking)

No, mate. Tits on the beach. They are far more interesting than lights. You'll get a real eyeful as we go in if you're lucky!

TAR

Oh!

MARC

I'll see you in a bit.

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY (58)

MARC leaves TAR rubbing his sore head and he takes a slow stroll up to the wheelhouse.

CAPTAIN

OK, we'll be going to the berth shortly, so get on with the pre-sailing equipment checklist and I'll phone down the engine room and give them half an hour's notice for departure. Make sure the TARQUIN is up here for when we sail, so he can see what we do.

MARC

He's already been told, and he'll be up as soon as I call him.

CAPTAIN

You'd better call him shortly then. By the way, I didn't appreciate his comment about me when he boarded. I don't like his attitude.

MARC

He's just wet behind the ears and the lacks life experience, that's all. We'll all take him under our wing, but don't expect any miracles because he's got a lot to learn.

CAPTAIN

Well, you'd better make sure he learns quick, or I'll hold you personally responsible.

MARC

I'm sure you will.

MARC calls TAR and he arrives on the bridge a few minutes later in his new uniform that is still creased from the packaging.

MARC

You look very smart, TAR... the boss will be proud!

TAR

Thank you, sir.

MARC scowls and make a show of looking behind him, as if to see whether there is someone important there.

TAR

Oh sorry - you don't like to be called that.

MARC

That's all right, mate. Like I said, when you call me "sir" you make me nervous and besides, I work for a living. Right then, TAR, the first piece of equipment I'm going to show you is the most important.

TAR

Oh, OK... is it the radar?

MARC

No, it's the kettle. Here's two cups and mine's a coffee. Milk with two sugars.

TAR

Oh, right.

MARC

You've got to start from square one and this is it, learning how to make a decent brew.

TAR

Should I make one for the CAPTAIN?

MARC

Don't worry about that. JOCK will make him a special one later.

MARC takes him through the pre-departure checklist. When they are at the radar, he notices the CAPTAIN'S shirt sticking out of his fly and he glances at me to see if he should say something. MARC quickly puts finger over his lips indicating to TAR not to say anything.

MARC (Whispering)

Don't say a thing, TAR. I know he makes you nervous, but this will make him seem more human to you. Every time he berates you or talks down to you from now on, just remember that shirt tail and what a twat he looks. It's a great leveller, don't you think?

TAR

You're right, he does make me nervous. I think I let myself down a bit when I first came aboard and made that comment about him.

MARC

Don't worry - what you said was bang on the money. It was just unlucky that he was stood next to you, that's all. What happened to you is nothing compared to what I did.

TAR

I can't imagine anything worse than what I did. What did you do?'

MARC

Well, I'd been on a ship about a day and a half, and we'd just departed the port at night. Nobody had told me you weren't allowed to smoke on the wheelhouse wing. It's technically an open-air area outside on either side of the wheelhouse. I'm on watch on my own at night and I decided to have a crafty cigarette next to the doorway, so the smoke wouldn't get inside and stink the place out. So, I'm puffing away, and I decide to flick the almost finished cigarette over the side of the ship. I stick it on my thumb and flick it with my middle finger, but as it shoots out over the side, the wind catches it and blows it back on deck.

TAR

What happened then?

MARC

Well, I heard this loud "Aaaahhhh!" The CAPTAIN was walking on the outside of the accommodation and it hit him on his right cheek, just under his eye. The bloody thing was going at a fair speed when it exploded on his face. All I saw was orange embers in the darkness.

TAR

Crikey! What did he say to you?

MARC

Well, put it this way, he wasn't impressed.
Anyway, we'll have even more fun in a minute.

TAR

Why?

MARC

Because, that box next to him over there contains his new binoculars. They only arrived this morning and I took them out of the box and smeared black boot polish around the eye pieces. He'll look even more of a clown than he does now after he uses them for the first time. He'll look like a fucking panda!

TAR

You'll never get away with it.

MARC

Won't have to, mate - I'll just blame you'

TAR (looking terrified)

Oh no - you wouldn't, would you?

MARC

No, of course, not... well, at least not yet. I'll let you settle in first. Trust me, my nickname isn't *Teflon* for nothing.

TAR

Teflon... why Teflon?

MARC

Because nothing sticks!

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY (59)

JOCK goes up to the fore deck to pick up the anchor. MARC and TOM in the wheelhouse to steer.

MARC

Any minute now, TAR, he'll pick up the binoculars to see if our place at the berth is clear.

TAR (Nervous)

I don't think we should be doing this.

After a couple of minutes THRUSH moves over to the port side of the wheelhouse and picks up the binoculars. With a smirk, MARC whispers in TOM'S ear.

MARC

The eagle has landed.

THRUSH puts the binoculars down and walks towards TOM to give the order for the next alteration of course. It has worked perfectly. Both eyes are circled with BIG, round black marks. THRUSH is giving helm orders, and the boys must acknowledge them verbally by saying 'Roger'. However, the problem is, THRUSH mumbles and he's difficult to hear him.

CAPTAIN (almost inaudible)

Steer 060°

TOM

I can barely hear him MARC!

MARC

I know mate. We've told him a million times.

TOM

He just MUMBLES man! How the HELL am I supposed to hear that!

MARC

It was 060° to steer mate. I only just heard it. Steer the course mate because it is needed.

CAPTAIN

Steer 065°

TOM

What did he say? He's MUMBLING again!

MARC

Fuck it! I've had an enough of this. Nobody acknowledges his orders until he does as we ask and speaks up, so we can hear him properly.

TOM is thinking along the same lines and nods his head.

TOM

Right, sounds like a plan. It's not as if we haven't asked him before.

THRUSH mutters something inaudible and this time there is deliberately no response from TOM and MARC. The CAPTAIN comes storming back inside the wheelhouse.

CAPTAIN

FOR GOD'S SAKE... WILL SOMEBODY ROGER ME!

TOM (Giggling)

I'M SORRY MARC but the sight of the human panda-eyed goon, with his fly open, screaming for somebody to 'ROGER' him is too much to bear.

MARC

I feel you brother.

The CAPTAIN eventually berths the yacht without a hitch and returns to his cabin. TOM and MARC are on the outside deck looking over the harbour.

TOM

I've got the sneakiest feeling we're in for a toasting again.

MARC

Yeah, I know, but it was worth it. Anyway, fuck him, we've asked him a million times, but the prick doesn't listen. Just let me do the talking.

ZECKY

The CAPTAIN wants you two in his cabin - NOW.

MARC

Come on then. Let's face the music.

FADE OUT:

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY (60)

MARC and TOM walk into his cabin where he's sitting at his desk fuming with anger. His face is red with rage and his eyes are even redder from trying to rub the polish off.

CAPTAIN

Close the door, NOW!

TOM and MARC step inside and do as they are told.

CAPTAIN

WHO DID IT?!

MARC decides to play the idiot and look confused.

MARC

Who did what, CAPTAIN?

CAPTAIN

Don't take me for a bloody fool! You know what!

MARC

Sorry, CAPTAIN, I don't have a clue what you're talking about.

MARC

Who put black shoe polish on the binoculars?

MARC

Shoe polish... around the binoculars?

CAPTAIN

YES! Shoe polish!

MARC

I've got no idea, CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

Don't lie to me. Just admit it. You did it, didn't you?!

MARC

I beg your pardon, but are you insinuating that I'm guilty? Based on what?

CAPTAIN

I want a full apology from you this instant or I'm on to the office about this and I guarantee you that you'll get a written warning.

MARC

On what grounds? Your opinion? I'm afraid you'll need to do better than that. If you have any proof, then I'd be glad to see it.

The CAPTAIN stands up and points his finger at MARC.

CAPTAIN

In fact, forget the office, I'm giving you a warning right now.

MARC

Right, I've had enough of these accusations. I'm going to prove to you that it wasn't me. I take the phone and dial a friend's number.

CAPTAIN

What are you doing?

MARC

Clearing my name.

Even TOM has a confused look on his face. The phone rings a few times and I put it on loudspeaker, so we can all hear. After a few moments MARC'S accomplice answers.

ZAK (V.O)

Hello.

MARC (into phone)

Hi Zak, it's MARC.

ZAK (V.O)

Now then, how's it going?

MARC (into phone)

So-so, mate... sorry to bother you again.

ZAK (V.O)

You're OK, mate.

MARC (into phone)

I haven't time to talk now. I'm in a bit of a situation. Could you just tell me what you found on your new binoculars when they got delivered to your yacht last week?

ZAK (V.O)

Binoculars? Oh yeah, the eye pieces had boot polish on them. Some guy in the factory must have been a practical joker.

MARC (into phone)

Thanks, mate. I've got to go now but I'll speak to you soon.

ZAK (V.O)

OK, mate, catch you later.

MARC (into phone)

Cheers.

MARC switches off the phone and goes over to the CAPTAIN looking him in the eye. I believe you owe me an apology, CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

I'm not apologising for anything.

MARC

Right, I've had my lot of this. I'm calling the office now, and I'm going to tell them exactly what has happened and get them to make you apologise. I've even got a witness. If you want to go through that, then that's your choice.

MARC picks up the phone and starts to dial the office. The CAPTAIN grabs the phone furiously. He turns his back on him and mumbles.

CAPTAIN

Oh, very well then... I apologise.

MARC

I'm sorry, what did you say?

Again, he mumbles his apology.

MARC

Well, turn around and look me in the eye when you say it, so at least I know you mean it.

The CAPTAIN slowly turns around, makes eye contact with MARC for a split second and apologises again very quietly. It obviously kills him to say it.

MARC (pointing at TOM)
What about him?

CAPTAIN
I didn't blame him!

MARC
No, but you would've done if I hadn't proved to you, it wasn't us.

CAPTAIN
No, I wouldn't.

MARC
Yes, you would.

CAPTAIN
I wouldn't!

MARC
Well, why did you bring him in here then?

CAPTAIN
OK... OK, I apologise to you as well TOM.

TOM
That's OK, CAPTAIN, everyone makes mistakes.

MARC
Right then, we're all square, BUT I won't forget this in a hurry, CAPTAIN. Anyway, we've got work to do, so we had better get on.

THRUSH is very frustrated now, so he turns his back on them and looks out of his port hole to stew in his own embarrassment.

CAPTAIN
Yes, OK... carry on.

TOM and MARC walk out and close the door behind them.

MARC

What a fucking goon!

TOM

Fuck me, you've got some front. They don't call you Teflon for nothing, do they? You almost HAD ME CONVINCED you didn't do it and I know you DID!

MARC

I almost convinced MYSELF to be honest TOM. I almost called the Union!

TOM

I've one question though.

MARC

Yeah?

TOM

Who was that guy you called on the phone?

MARC

Just a mate who owed me a favour. I told him what I was going to do a couple of hours before.

TOM

Priceless.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. YACHT REAR DECK - DUSK (61)

The sun is just setting, and the marina is starting to bustle with people and crew strolling along the quay. The crew are awaiting the arrival of the owner and his guests for the evening.

MARC

Have you seen the amount of booze up on the barbeque deck TOM?

TOM

Quite a bit is there?

MARC

I'm amazed the yacht's still floating, mate! The boss will be down in about an hour. I've just

been told he'll have about twelve to fifteen guests.

TOM (rubbing his eyes)
If I wasn't so tired I'd look forward to it.

MARC
Yeah, well don't take a full packet of caffeine tablets like my buddy did. He did that did that and then went clubbing. We couldn't get him off the dancefloor for hours. He was like a hyperactive squirrel.

TOM
Brilliant!

MARC
Anyway, I wonder who's coming with him. When we dropped him off there was only about seven blokes. I bet you he brings some girls on board.

TOM
Nah, he wouldn't risk losing all his millions.

MARC
Yes, he would! He's pissed and we all know what he's like after a few. The wife's away out of town, I think. When the cat's away, and all that.

ZECKY walks on to the quay to have a word with us.

ZECKY
Hey you two! How's it going?

MARC
Getting by love.

ZECKY
I've been rushing round like a meerkat on a sugar high trying to get everything sorted for his lordship tonight. I think he'll be more interested in the bubbly though than food to be honest.

MARC
That doesn't surprise me. He's been at it all afternoon in the clubhouse and hotel after his

round of golf. I bet he's in a right state. Where do you want me to take them when they arrive?'

ZECKY

Just bring them up to the barbeque deck where the food and booze is. Oh, and by the way, here are his epilepsy pills. Make sure he gets a couple down him, because he's prone to fits when he's pissed, as you well know.

MARC

I do. Remember last year when I got called out of bed by JOCK? His written report was FANTASTIC and should have been published!

TOM

What happened?

MARC

Last year we were cruising the Amalfi coast with the boss, and we were anchored just offshore. The boss wanted a Jacuzzi underneath the stars, on his own, and it was getting into the early hours, so he told everyone to go to bed and he'd see them all in the morning. Anyway, JOCK gives it an hour and hopes the boss has gone to bed so he can tidy the top deck and clean the area ready for his morning dips. As JOCK walks up to the jacuzzi he finds the boss lying down, half naked and semi-conscious on the deck.

TOM

Was he pissed?

MARC

He'd had a few, but it was mainly due to a fit. He was OK in the end because we got him off the yacht to the nearest hospital quickly.

TOM

So, what happened?

MARC

Well, I had to get JOCK to write a full report on the incident for the office but as you know he's not the most educated bloke in the world and he doesn't really know about report etiquette. He's

huffing and puffing about having to write it, so I just told him not to worry about it and not try to be clever. I told him to just *put it in his own words* and at the end put a 'lessons learned' statement to help prevent the incident being repeated.'

TOM

Seems fair enough. So, what did he put?

MARC

I'll tell you exactly what he put. Because it was so funny, I memorised it, so I could tell the boys. The funny thing was, he wasn't trying to be funny. He just took what I told him literally.

TOM

Well, he is a '*literal Larry*' isn't he!

MARC

Yeah, he is! Anyway, he did write the report in HIS OWN WORDS. I'll try to do my best vocal impression of JOCK. So, this is what he wrote, and I quote:

"I went for a lie down on my bed for an hour and watched Sex in the City whilst the boss was having a soak in the tub. I thought, when the boss buggers off to bed, I'd clean the Jacuzzi area because I was a bit knackered, and I fancied a good kip and a lie in. Anyway, I walk up to the top deck, and I find the boss face down, arse up, on the deck shaking and looking like a starfish.

I thought he was *taking the piss*, so I started to *laugh a bit*. After a minute or two I figured something was up, so I bent over and saw his face. I saw foam coming out of his mouth. My initial impressions were *FUCK ME, THE CUNT'S GOT RABIES!!* I then realised he wasn't *dicking around*, so I went off to get my boss who was in his cabin having a livener. It turns out the silly sod was having a fit because he hadn't taken his epilepsy tablets.

Lesson learned - *Make sure the cunt takes his pills before he starts BREAK DANCING again!"*

ZECKY and TOM are now folded in two laughing.

MARC (Continued)

That was his report before I doctored it. I emailed it to everyone I knew, because he'd taken my instructions so literally but with fantastic results.

ZECKY

That's bloody hilarious! Classic JOCK! I can totally believe he did that. Do you remember that posh dinner we had in Monaco last year? He made what I thought was a belching noise, so I turned around and asked him if he just had?

MARC

Oh yeah, I remember.

ZECKY

He said of course he hadn't burped - he'd just lifted his leg to let out some gas! It didn't even register that farting is probably worse than belching. I tell you the boy is a savage.

TOM

He's a carnivore in an era of social vegetarianism.

ZECKY

Anyway, I've got things to be getting on with, so make sure he gets his pills, and I'll see you later, OK?

MARC

No problem, and if there is any of the good grub left, can you send some our way? A bit of fresh lobster would go down nicely.

ZECKY

Yeah, of course I will, sweetheart. There should be loads left, because I've a feeling that they'll only be interested in booze tonight. Anyway, where's TAR?

MARC

Oh, he's around somewhere.

TOM (Smirking)
Probably calling mum.

ZECKY
Does his mummy and daddy know he's playing sailor?

MARC
I know he's a bit wet behind the gills, but he seems a good kid. He's just got very limited life experience, but all that's going to go after a few weeks living aboard here with us. His parents won't recognise him when he gets back. I know mine didn't. I take it you don't have any romantic intentions towards the young lad, then, ZECKY?

ZECKY
I doubt if he even knows what it's for yet. I'll be more like his mum, I think.

An hour or so passes and the CAPTAIN receives a phone call telling him MR. THOMAS and his guests are on the way. The hotel limo drops them off and it's a VERY merry bunch who get out. MARC and JOCK are the first to meet and greet as they open the car doors for them.

MR. THOMAS (clearly inebriated)
Hello JOCK! How are you?

JOCK
Never better sir. How was the golfing?

MR. THOMAS
It was OK, but not as good as the drinks in the clubhouse afterwards. One of the girl caddies fell over and hurt herself on the green.

JOCK
Really, where about?

MR. THOMAS
Between the first and second hole.

JOCK
Well, that doesn't leave much room for a bandage, does it?

CUT TO:

INT/EXT YACHT BARBEQUE DECK. DUSK (62)

TOM meets them at the top of the gangplank, and he invites them to follow him up to the barbeque deck where the food and drinks are. They are only up there a matter of seconds when the boss puts on some lively music and they fire straight into the food and booze before making a quick speech.

BIRTHDAY GUEST

OK chaps, I just want to say a few words before we all get too drunk. I haven't seen you all for a good few years and it's been fantastic so far. It's great to see you all again and it takes me back to the time when we were kids and used to hang out together. I'm 60 today and turning 60 makes you think about your life and what you've done with it, and you realise that you must take each day at a time and live every day as if it's your last. I think we're pretty much on the way to doing that tonight! I've had a great life so far and I think I've got a few more years in the tank, although I probably won't think that tomorrow morning. Anyway, I'm getting sick of my own voice now so all that's left to say is I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for turning up and taking the time out to meet up. Take only memories and leave only footprints.

Everyone

BRAVO!!

MR. THOMAS presents him with a gift-wrapped magnum of vintage champagne and a gold engraved personalised goblet.

BIRTHDAY BOY

Cheers you big softy I wasn't expecting anything except your company.

MR. THOMAS

Well, we've another surprise for you. Well, I should say for all of us. We have a group of fine young ladies arriving soon for a little bit of recreation while we're all away from home.

FRIEND 1 (V.O)

I take it what happens on tour stays on tour?

MR. THOMAS

Never was a truer word spoken.

A big grin spreads across his face, and he thrusts his fist in the air before turning the music up.

FRIEND 1

Let's have it, then!

MARC and JOCK are observing and monitoring on the side lines of the barbeque deck. MARC turns to JOCK and quietly whispers in his ear.

MARC

When the cat's away, the mice will play, eh?

JOCK

It looks like it. I had a feeling this was going to happen. But the boss is taking a big fucking risk because you never know who is walking along the quayside with a camera. I can't believe he wants to stay alongside. I'll go and have a quiet word with him.

After the frivolities have slowed down a pace MARC walks over to MR. THOMAS, who is by himself eating a big tiger prawn.

MR. THOMAS

How are you doing?

MARC

I'm OK, sir. Are you having a good time?

MR. THOMAS

Champion! Thanks for producing the goods tonight.

MARC

No problem. Just doing my job, you know that. Anyway, ZECKY was behind the food not me. I see you've got the hiccups sir.

MR. THOMAS

Yep, too much bubbly. Still, if you can't get pissed with your mates on a day like this, when can you, eh?

MARC

Exactly. Try a bit of this, it's Loch Carnan smoked salmon - the best you can get, I reckon.

He hands MARC a chunk of salmon on a plate and tells him to taste it.

MR. THOMAS

I get it sent over from the Hebrides once a month. It's delicious, eh?

MARC knows he shouldn't really be eating on duty, but he's offered it to him, so he plays along. MR. THOMAS winks and hands him a flute of Cristal champagne. It also gives him an opportunity to bond with the boss.

MARC

Sorry to bother you like this, sir, but I couldn't help but overhear one of the guests say that you are expecting more guests?

MR. THOMAS

Yep, that's right.

He holds MARC'S eye contact for a few seconds, but as there is nothing forthcoming MARC must prompt him.

MARC

Do they have any special needs for the visit?

MR. THOMAS (glint in his eye)

Not tonight, but one of them will need a padded seat for their arse tomorrow morning after I've had my wicked way.

He's made it perfectly obvious now, so MARC gets to the nitty-gritty, leaning in closer.

MARC

OK! I'll keep my voice down, sir. I'm pretty sure I know what you mean.

He slaps MARC on the side of his arm.

MR. THOMAS

Good man! I'm glad we understand each other.

MARC

How long will they be staying, do you think?

MR. THOMAS

Just a few hours.

MARC hates to ask him this, but he must look after his best interests.

MARC

I take it you're OK for condoms sir. Safety first and all that.

MR. THOMAS

Ah, yes... I've got a padded headboard at the ready so at least she won't get a headache.

MARC can't help but laugh at his attitude when he's clearly playing with fire.

MR. THOMAS

And don't worry about the condoms, my old mate. I've already got some stashed in my back pocket. Just make sure there is plenty of air freshener around in my room.

MARC

Air freshener?

MR. THOMAS

For the smell of burning rubber!

MARC (Joking)

Have we been on the Spanish Fly, sir?

MR. THOMAS

No, but at my age you need all the help you can get. I tried some Viagra the other week and I haven't had a hard on like that since I was in my twenties. You could have hung your coat on it!

MARC

Just be careful not to take too much. Apparently, it's not too good for your ticker and you don't want to end up having a situation like the one I found myself in.

MR. THOMAS

Why, what happened?

MARC

Oh, I don't know sir....

MR. THOMAS

Come on we've known each other long enough. Your secret is safe with me.

MARC

Well, when Viagra first came out, I was curious as to its effects, so I bought some. It was around the time when I was on leave from working at sea and most nights I was out on the town, drinking. After a while the booze takes its toll and sometimes, I'd have a brewer's droop problem, if I was lucky enough to pull a girl.

MR. THOMAS

We've all been there at some time in our lives, mate.

MARC

I didn't want to miss out on a top night with the boys, either, but at the end of the night I wanted to have some fun if you know what I mean? There was the dilemma. Stay sober and perform in the sack but NOT have a really funny evening. Or get pissed up with the boys and have a corker of a night.

MR. THOMAS

So, which one did you choose?

MARC

I was a bit crazy in those days, sir, so I didn't choose one or the other - I chose both. I didn't want to miss out on a fun night or sex, so I popped some Viagra twenty minutes before jumping into the sack.

MR. THOMAS

Did it work?

MARC

Erm, yeah... a little too well. Even though I was hammered!

MR. THOMAS

Why, what happened?

MARC

I was sensitive to it, and I got a boner like a totem pole. I must have taken too much, because I got priapism. It's when you get an erection, but it won't go down!

MR. THOMAS

Well, that sounds perfect! I can't imagine anything better than having a fucking great hard-on for an hour or two.

MARC

Try nineteen hours.

MR. THOMAS almost chokes on his tiger prawn.

MR. THOMAS

NINETEEN FUCKING HOURS? I bet she was sore afterwards!

MARC

Well, it certainly put a smile on her face and a grimace of pain on mine, sir.

MR. THOMAS

How did you... you know... deflate it, then?

MARC

Cold showers, lots of Jack Daniels and thinking of dead puppies nailed to trees.

MR. THOMAS

Bloody hell! I always knew there was some reason I hired you!

MARC

That wasn't the worst of it, though, sir. It was bad enough having a dick that looked like it had been through a mincing machine, but I almost lost my job because of it.

MR. THOMAS

Your job? Why?

MARC

Because I was supposed to go to work in the morning, but I didn't make it out the house because my stiffy wouldn't go down. I couldn't very well turn up at work doing a wigwam impression, now could I?

MR. THOMAS (laughing loudly)

That's one of the funniest things I've heard, mate. I can't imagine what your boss thought when you told him. What did he say?

MARC

He almost sacked me! He said I sounded pissed and I told him I was, and why I was, but he found it hard to believe the story, as you can imagine.

MR. THOMAS

So how did you prove it too him - or shouldn't I ask?

MARC

Well, all I could think of at the time was to produce photographic evidence TO SAVE MY JOB! I sent him three photos on my phone. One was of the naked girl in bed, one of the packets of Viagra, and one of my stiffy.

The boss is now laughing so hard it looks like he might choke at any second.

MR. THOMAS

Did he believe you, then?

MARC

Well, he said he wasn't a hundred per cent convinced, but he thought it was such an original story he'd let me off. So, remember sir, take it

easy on them tonight. I can't imagine how you'd tell your other half if she wants to meet you for coffee.

MR. THOMAS finally catches his breath while wiping tears from his eyes.

MR. THOMAS

I'll bear that in mind. Right, I'm off to join the party. I'll catch you later, Bonk-on Billy!

MARC

OK, sir, and here are your epilepsy pills. Don't forget to take them, because we don't want you to have another fit, do we?

MR. THOMAS goes back to the party and MARC goes back to JOCK. ZECKY has received a call that the girls will be at the yacht shortly and she passes the message to MARC and JOCK.

ZECKY

I've just got a phone call from the driver MARC. The girls will be here shortly. You'd better let the boss know and be ready at the gangplank.

MARC

Gotcha. We'll go down there now after I tell MR. THOMAS.

ZECKY

OK, the girls and I will get some drinks ready.

MARC

Cool.

MARC wanders over to MR. THOMAS and tells him the news he's been looking for.

MARC

I've just been told they will be here shortly sir. JOCK and I will stand at the gangplank to welcome them aboard with some champagne, and we will bring them straight up here. Is that OK with you?

MR THOMAS (Looking excited)

Bang on MARC. I'll tell the boys.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT GANGPLANK- NIGHT (63)

MARC and JOCK are stood by the gangplank ready to receive the girls. A stewardess is there with a tray of cold champagne. The black gleaming limo slowly drives along the marina and stops. MARC and JOCK walk up to the car and open the doors for them. Several very good-looking, well-dressed women get out. They all look like they are in their early 30's.

MARC

Good evening, ladies.

FEMALE GUEST

Good evening!

MARC

If you'd like to come this way, we will take you to aboard for some champagne.

FEMALE GUEST

Thanks, we would love to.

MARC and JOCK lead the way and take them up the gangplank. Initial introductions are made, and the girls settle in chatting away talking to the lustful men.

GUESTS ARE MINGLING ON THE BARBEQUE DECK.**JOCK**

Well, that's nearly twenty minutes gone by. It won't be long before the old boy starts busting some moves before disappearing somewhere quiet for a knee trembler. Are we going to have a bet on the length of time it takes him to go for it? I reckon an hour.

MARC

Yeah, OK, you're on! Fifty euros says he'll disappear with her within thirty minutes.

JOCK

Let's make it interesting - we should make it at least a hundred.

MARC

It's your money you're throwing away, JOCK, but if you want to make it a hundred, so be it. It's more beer vouchers for me. So, you reckon an hour, do you?

JOCK

Yeah, I know, but they've been brought here for a reason, and since it's his yacht and he's entertaining, my guess is he'll lead by example and start up the proceedings, so to speak.

JOCK is watching the boss intently to try and get some idea of what's going through his mind.

MARC

I think its imminent already so thirty minutes tops. Look at his lustful eyes!

JOCK

OK, whatever, but just make sure that you don't go spending your money, because my pocket will be bulging tonight.

MARC

Bullshit, I can feel it in my bones. I reckon I'm on a winner here. Let's face it, your history of wins is pretty shoddy, isn't it?

JOCK

That's all going to change tonight, mate.

MARC

OK, let's make it interesting. You know that hot chilli sauce on the table in the mess room?

JOCK

Yeah, I bloody love it that stuff.

MARC

Up your nose?

JOCK

Eh?

MARC

Whoever loses must snort a half capful of that up each nostril.

JOCK

Are you serious?

MARC

Yeah.

JOCK

That stuff really hurts. When I went to sea on a ship and passed over the Equator for the first time, the crew had a crossing-the-line ceremony for the first timers. They poured a whole bottle of chilli sauce down the crack of my arse.

MARC

I bet that hurt, didn't it?

JOCK

I screamed the fucking house down. There's a photo around somewhere of this young, naked, screaming kid running up the alleyway looking like a plucked chicken.

MARC

So, JOCK, the question you must ask yourself is, are you a man or a mouse?

JOCK

Nah, I'll do it, because it isn't me who's going to be sniffing it, pal.

MARC

All right then, bud. It's a bet! Now back to business. Let's keep an eye out.

After a while, one of the girls starts dancing on her own, seductively to the music in the middle of the barbeque deck. The rest of the girls appear to take this as a sign and jump up as well.

MARC

Here comes Michael Flatley. The boss has got his dancing shoes on!

JOCK

Do you think he REALLY dances like that or is he just mocking his mate? Or is he having a seizure?

MARC

Nah, that just him mate. Having said that there are a couple of girls joining him. That's a short mini skirt, isn't it?

JOCK

If she sneezes, she'll cut herself in half!

MARC

I know, mate, but don't be so bloody obvious. You're not the subtlest guy.

JOCK

I can't help it. With all this skirt around I feel like a dog with two dicks.

MARC

You always feel like a dog with two dicks. You want to calm it down, my old son. You'll wear yourself out, the way you live the fast life.

JOCK

Live fast, die young and leave a good-looking corpse. Anyway, you can talk.

MARC

Well, you certainly walk the walk, JOCK, I'll give you that. I don't know how you stay in shape. You live on bar snacks, smoke like a chimney and drink like a fish. You must have internal organs as tough as tyres.

He starts flexing his arm.

JOCK

Genetically gifted, me mate.

The boss is sat with the birthday boy, and two of the girls are dancing and laughing in front of them. The birthday boy

leans over to the boss and says something to him and the boss nods in agreement. Moments later, they take the girls by the hand and head towards the boss's private cabin on the next deck.

MARC

BOOM! That was quicker than I thought. That's ANOTHER bet down the drain for you!

JOCK

Fuck it!!

MARK

OK, he's gone up with his mate. Time for us to go now. Let ZECKY and her girls look after them until we are called again.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW MESSROOM - NIGHT (64)

MARC and JOCK join TOM in the crew room for some supper.

TOM

How's it all going up there?

MARC

Everything you'd expect mate. There'll be a few sore heads tomorrow.

JOCK

Not to mention a few sore cocks if they keep heading the way they're going. A couple of them has just disappeared up to the jacuzzi deck for some privacy.

ZECKY

I can only imagine what they are going to get up to up there. Anyway, tuck into your food boys, you've earned it.

All is quiet in the messroom as they take a well-earned break. They are tucking in to the food and catching up on a bit of TV, until the ship's mobile suddenly starts ringing loudly at the end of the table near TOM. MARC waves over to him to answer it.

MARC

Get the phone, mate. It's probably the ship's chandler asking about what stores we need.

TOM (into phone)

Hello... TOM speaking.

MRS. THOMAS (V.O)

Hello TOM, this is MRS.THOMAS speaking.

TOM'S face drops like someone's just told him he's got an hour to live. He stops chewing his food, looks over at MARC with terror in his eyes.

TOM (quietly and terrified)

IT'S THE BOSS'S MISSUS!!

They all look at each other in disbelief. MARC holds his hands in the air in despair to TOM.

MARC (whispering)

WHAT?!!!

TOM (into phone)

Er... hello MRS.THOMAS, how can I help?

TOM jabs his finger at the crew room door, indicating to JOCK to close it so the sound of the music is muffled.

MRS. THOMAS (V.O)

Yes, this is Mrs Thomas. I've just been to see an opera with a friend, and we aren't far from the port.

TOM

Yes, OK.

MRS THOMAS (V.O)

Yes, so rather than going back to the hotel I thought it would be nice to come aboard and spend the night before heading back in the morning. I heard the charterers are not aboard and our stateroom was not being used anyway.

TOM takes a big gulp and rubs his hand through his hair wildly before responding.

TOM

You're coming down, tonight MRS.THOMAS?!

MRS. THOMAS

Yes, just me and a friend. We'll be going straight to bed after a quick night cap so no need to bother ZECKY.

TOM(Silence)

MRS. THOMAS

Hello TOM? Are you still there?

TOM

Yes, I'm still here. I think the reception broke up for a second. Do you need picking up, MRS.THOMAS?

MRS. THOMAS

No, we are only about twenty minutes or so away from the port. I'm just calling up to find out what berth you're on, so the driver can pull up to the gangplank.

Everybody in the crew room hears and the mood changes from relaxed to absolute shock and terror.

TOM

We're at Berth 13.

MRS. THOMAS

OK.. I'll see you in or around twenty minutes then, TOM.

MRS THOMAS hangs up. TOM looks over at JOCK and MARC, and their faces are as white as a sheet.

TOM

She's coming down.

MARC, JOCK, TOM & ZECKY

WHEN?!

TOM

NOW!

MARC

NOW! You're fucking shitting me!

JOCK

RIGHT NOW?!

TOM (exasperated)

Yes, right now! I think we established that in Act One!

MARC

How long have we got and who else is coming?

TOM

TWENTY MINUTES TOPS! It's her and a friend.

MARC

Right, everybody do exactly as I say.

JOCK is now rocking from side to side and blinking manically from nerves.

JOCK

OH MAN! THIS IS REALLY BAD!

MARC

No shit! Right, JOCK, this is where your direct personality will, for once, pay dividends. I don't care how you do it, but get the escorts to the forward deck, quick sharp. By quick sharp I mean like YESTERDAY! I'll turn off the lights to the forward deck, so it will be in near darkness.

TOM

What's the plan? There's NO time!

MARC

The plan is to get the girls away by lowering them down in the boat into the harbour. Then you can drop them off at another pier around the corner. We can't afford to have them being seen coming off the yacht onto an illuminated quay, and then walking all the way up to the gate. If she bumps into them, she'll put two and two together. Then we're all royally up shit creek

without a paddle. It wouldn't surprise me if she's deliberately checking up. The timing seems off.

TOM

I was thinking the same. It's a HELL of a coincidence this is?

MARC

JOCK, you go and get it sorted. Tell them we've had a bomb threat, and we need to get them off then leave it at that.

JOCK

Don't worry, I'll have them up on the forward deck ready faster than you can say fuck me sideways.

MARC

TOM

There is no answer from TOM who is clearly in a world of his own due to the situation.

MARC

TOM! ARE YOU LISTENING?!

TOM

Sorry go on...

MARC

I know you are stress but listen up. Start the forward boat crane and bring the boat out ready for JOCK and the girls.

TOM

Gotcha.

MARC

ZECKY

ZECKY

Yes!

MARC

Tell all your crew that NOBODY except the boss's male friends were on board tonight AND DO A QUICK

SHARP clean up. Everybody go NOW. There's no time. ZECKY, when you get to the gangplank use the remote control and lift it clear of the quay, so she won't be able to board the yacht. I'll send an engineer down to the stern to make it look like there's a problem and he's fixing it. It may give us a few valuable minutes.

ZECKY

Good idea.

MARC

When the boat is clear I'll do a couple of whistles down the radio. When you hear this, give the engineer the wink and he'll lower it, so she can get aboard.

ZECKY

Right see you soon.

MARC

Right, I'm going to have to burst my way into the boss's room and get him and his mate. They were last seen going in there with two of the escorts.

TOM

Rather you than me, matey!

MARC

And THEN some mate. Let's get cracking.

As he runs down the alleyway to the room, he sees JOCK running up from the other end, holding onto the arms of two girls who are looking very nervous. JOCK on the other hand is grinning and smiling and clearly loving the drama of it all.

JOCK

I was BORN for this!

CUT TO:

INT. OWNER'S CABIN - NIGHT (65)

As MARC approaches, he can hear music coming from within. He stops for a moment with his hand on the door handle, to catch his breath and gather his thoughts. MARC barges into the cabin party.

MARC

SIR, I need a word.

MR. THOMAS

What? Now!? I'm kind of in the middle of something here.

MARC

It's IMPORTANT.

MR. THOMAS

Oh, I'm sure it can wait till the morning. Close the door on the way out, mate.

MARC rushes up to MR. THOMAS and whispers in his ear.

MARC

Sir, we've a crisis on our hands. Your WIFE is expected in the next ten to fifteen minutes, or maybe even sooner. There's no time to explain. We need to move all the girls to the front deck, right now.

MR. THOMAS'S face drops in terror.

SOUNDTRACK: Reckless

<https://open.spotify.com/track/6rAEGpJ3KCVTHunUwAkrU8?si=MP5iTxxMR7yhpHu-9c4zAw>

MR. THOMAS (Screaming)

GET OUT NOW!

MARC

Pick up your clothes girls and come with me!

FADE IN:

ZECKY (Breathless)

A car is at the gate at the end of the wharf. If it's her, she'll be here in a few minutes.

MARC

Calm down, ZECKY, just stick to the game plan and keep the gangplank up so she can't board. I think we'll only need another three or four minutes.

ZECKY

OK.

MARC (into radio)

TOM, are you there? How are you getting on, up forward with the boat?

TOM

There are two more girls to get in and then I think we're good to launch.

MARC

Cool. The boss's wife will be at the gangplank any minute if she's in the car at the gate. So, when the boat is in the water don't use much engine power, so she can't hear it. She won't be able to see the forward end of the yacht where you launch from because of the other yachts rafted up alongside us. If she can't get up the gangplank, we'll be home free.

TOM

Gotcha!

JOCK ushers the two half-naked girls up the alleyway, but as he's running with them, he's looking over his shoulder and watching their breast bounce instead of watching where he's going. After a few moments, he disappears off the top of a flight of stairs at the end of the alleyway and there is loud crash as he plummets into the fire door at the bottom.

MARC (into radio)

Are you missing any girls?

TOM (V.O)

The last one is just getting in, boss.

MARC

OK. When she's in, lower the boat to the water and quickly take them around the corner to the quay. Drop them off and tell them to wait in the bar across the road. I'll send a taxi to pick them up and take them wherever they need to go.

TOM (V.O)

Cool.

Moments later MARC hears the boat being launched and he goes back to calm the boss.

MARC

Right sir, the girls are off, your mates have been briefed and there's no evidence left lying around. Your wife will be none the wiser, but she'll suspect something if you're acting weird and you're flustered. Now, take your shirt off and give it to me.

MR. THOMAS

Shirt... why?

MARC

Lipstick on the collar.

MR. THOMAS

Oh, right! Shit!

MARC

The main things are taken care of. We just have to sort the details, because it's the details that will sink the ship, so to speak. Jump in the shower and scrub yourself from head to toe, and if she asks where you are I'll tell her you're freshening up from playing golf. As far as she's concerned all you've done today is play golf then come back here for some drinks with the boys.

MR. THOMAS

OK?

MARC

Right, I'll see you on the aft deck in ten minutes. I've delayed things long enough.

MR. THOMAS (looking flustered)

Christ, if you must.

MARC

I'd make that a cold shower if I were you, sir. It looks like you need a bit of cooling down.

MARC leaves the room and disposes of his shirt in the crew waste bin. He gives a couple of whistles down the radio and

walks to the gangplank to meet MRS. THOMAS. JOCK meets him halfway along and they walk down together.

JOCK

What a tangled web we weave, hey boss?

MARC

What is this WE shit? I'm just trying to save his bacon. Anyway, It's not over yet, mate. Hope for the best but plan for the worst.

As they arrive at the back of the yacht, MRS.THOMAS is stood on the quay ready to come aboard. ZECKY stalls her for a few minutes and keeps her chatting about the opera.

MARC (on radio)

OK, lift the gangplank.

Ten minutes pass and suddenly the boss walks down the stairway looking cool and unflustered.

MR. THOMAS

Hello, dear! I wasn't expecting you.

MRS. THOMAS

The opera was closer to here than driving back home, so I thought we'd stay here tonight.

MRS. THOMAS

How was your evening?

MR. THOMAS

Oh, quiet. Just quiet drinks with a few friends after a game of golf.

MR. THOMAS leads her and her friend to the lounge.

FADE OUT:

EXT. YACHT FOREDECK - MORNING (66)

It's 11 am the following morning on a glorious sunny day. Mr THOMAS and his wife are up, and all seems to be well. They're in the Jacuzzi, soaking up the morning sun. The CAPTAIN is oblivious to what went on.

TOM

Bloody hell! That was a close one last night.

MARC

Yeah, I know, mate, but it's over with. Part and parcel of the job, I'm afraid. I'm glad TAR was tucked up safe and sound in his bed though. I can't imagine he'd have been able to handle the pressure all that well, being a first timer and all.

JOCK

He'd have probably shit his pants, eh?

MARC

Well, who could blame him? We almost did, and we've been doing the job for years.

JOCK

You're not wrong there. The adrenaline was surging, and I couldn't stop giggling!

MARC

I noticed, mate. What was all that about? I take it that was nervous laughter.

JOCK

I don't know, really. Every time I get nervous, I just seem to giggle. I guess it's my fucked-up way of dealing with pressure. It's dropped me in the shit a million times.

MARC

How so?

JOCK

See this scar on the back of my head?

MARC

Yep.

JOCK

That was my old man. He came back one night after the pub and his dinner wasn't cooked and waiting for him. One thing led to another, as it usually did when he was drunk. He started to batter Mum. He hated people laughing at him, so all I could think of to get him away from her was to giggle at his drunken attempt to knock her head off. I was hurting inside every time he hit her, but he

was a big guy, and I was only a nipper, so I'd no chance on a one-to-one physical with him.

MARC

Bloody hell, JOCK! You've never told me this.

JOCK

Yeah, well... anyway, I started laughing at him and he'd turn his attention to me and not Mum.

MARC

So, you got a pounding?

JOCK

Yeah, one of many, but the pain was nothing compared to Mum getting punched.

MARC can't help but give JOCK a hug and a punch on the shoulder.

MARC

So many people take you the wrong way, mate. If only they knew what makes you tick rather than your persona. There aren't many people who would do that, especially at that age. I know you fuck up and give me some headaches with your antics but you're a good guy inside. People just need to look a little deeper where you're concerned. You're a handful though!

JOCK

Yeah, well that's why you've got two hands! Anyway, I don't care, mate. The people that matter don't mind and the people that mind don't matter.

MARC

Wise words, and you're right.

MARC

I've always known you were a good lad. When I look you in your eyes I see no hidden agenda whatsoever, just pureness. That's very rare in this world. There's an ancient pearl of wisdom that says that '*the nail that stands out gets battered*' and that's you mate ... in both meanings of the word you bloody pisshead!

After the boss has had his Jacuzzi and he's feeling human again, he finds MARC out on the foredeck as they are cleaning the yacht tender.

MR. THOMAS

Hey, mate! I've got to thank you for saving my bacon last night. That was quick thinking, and you earned every dollar of that huge salary I pay you.

MARC (grinning)

Ha! it's not NEARLY big enough for stuff like that! I felt every day of my 35 years in last night's little escape and evasion exercise.

MR. THOMAS

Oh, come on now. A young lad like you can handle it.

MARC

It's not the age - it's the mileage boss, and last night you put another fifty thousand miles on my clock!

MR. THOMAS

I must admit I was shitting bricks myself there for a minute. I honestly thought I was done for. My arse was twitching more than a rabbit when a ferret gets put down its warren.

MARC

Well, that makes two of us, sir. All I kept thinking was half of your millions going up in smoke in the divorce court. You'd need a lawyer that not only knew the law inside out but also knew the judge. That could've been the most expensive table dance in history!

MR. THOMAS

All's well that ends well, thanks to you and your crew, so here's a little something to say thank you.

The boss hands MARC a big envelope full of cash.

MR. THOMAS (Continued)

I trust you'll spread the wealth, mate. Make sure everyone gets their fair share and make bloody sure they don't mention anything to anyone else about last night.

MARC

Our lips are sealed - guaranteed. You don't have to do this though. That's what you pay us for.

MR. THOMAS

No, really... fill your boots. You all deserve it. What you all did last night was above and beyond. And MARC, none of that goes the CAPTAIN. It's you guys who earned that last night and to be honest your CAPTAIN is on my radar.

MARC

He's been on mine a while sir.

MR. THOMAS

Well, that makes two of us then. Patience is a virtue MARC just remember that.

MARC

OK, will do! On second thoughts, yeah, I think we deserve a pint or ten to reset the nerves.

MR. THOMAS

You've probably saved me millions in the divorce court.

MARC

I'll need the extra cash for a new ticker if you keep this up sir!

MR. THOMAS

You all deserve it. Right, I'm off. I've got a business call to make and thanks again. REMEMBER, mum's the word.

MARC

No problem, sir.

MR. THOMAS then walks away back inside the yacht with a spring in his step.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFT DECK - DAY (67)

An hour later MARC gathers all the crew to the after deck to see the boss and his wife off. JOCK takes the luggage to the Bentley, then opens the door and gently helps MRS.THOMAS in. As the car pulls away there is a long sigh.

FADE OUT:

INT. WHEELHOUSE. DAY (68)

The yacht is underway to Sardinia.

MARC

Right then, TAR, First, make us all a coffee. Last night was a long one and we're all flagging a bit.

TAR

OK, how do you take it?

JOCK

Up the arse.

MARC

Very funny, wise guy. Sharp as a razor. I like mine NATO standard, TAR.

TAR

Erm... I'm not sure what that means exactly.

MARC

Milk and two sugars. JOCK likes his like he likes his women- hot, wet and sweet.

JOCK

You know it makes sense.

TOM begins handing over the watch - including the course and speed and traffic situation - and TAR is listening intently. He's new to this.

TOM

OK guys, the course is 160 degrees, running on 75% power and making around 12 knots. We are looking good for the ETA. No traffic now but looking on the radar there looks like some fishing vessels around 6 miles ahead. On this

course you should pass clear if they keep their courses. Any questions?

JOCK

Yeah, why is belly button fluff always blue, and what's the point of eating sweetcorn if it comes out the same way as it goes in?

TOM

Yep, standard JOCK prose. I'll let you boys discuss that. I'm off to jump in my stinker. I'm knackered. Night lads and I'll see you later.

MARC

Cool. Have a good rest mate.

TOM decides to leave us all in peace. JOCK, TAR and MARC are alone, and they discuss what TAR'S punishment will be if he doesn't remember his test of the collision regulations.

MARC

It's like this, TAR, if you're going up for your oral examination soon, you're going to have to learn the collision regulations thoroughly, as well as a million other things. Some regulations you'll have to learn verbatim. One thing is guaranteed mate, if you fuck up on the collision regulations or buoyage in front of the Marine and Coastguard Agency examiner, your ass is grass. Some things you can screw up and he'll let you get away with it, but those two are critical because you can run the ship aground if you don't know them.

TAR

How many rules are there, then?

MARC

There are thirty-eight rules and four annexes, so there's a lot to learn. You've not only got to know what they say, but also how to use them. There's no time like the present, so since you're up here as look-out, you might as well learn Rule 6. That's the look-out rule. It's probably the shortest rule of the lot, but it's an important one. You've got twenty minutes to memorise it or you'll be punished by JOCK here.

TAR

Punished?

MARC

Of course. When I first went to sea, we lost privileges if we couldn't remember rules come question time. That usually meant stopping our beer allowance for a few days. I'm not going to do that to you.

TAR

Oh, good.

MARC

However, JOCK and I had a curry earlier, so I think farting on your head would be sufficient punishment for a fuck-up. What do you reckon, JOCK?

JOCK

Couldn't agree more, but it must be bare arse cheeks to skin on the face.

MARC

Well, that goes without saying - is there any other way? That's agreed then.

JOCK

What about if he fucks up on an important rule? I reckon he gets the metre-long wooden ruler across his arse.

MARC

Agreed. That's sorted then. Right, Tar, Rule 6, verbatim, twenty minutes, and the clock starts now.

JOCK and MARC go to the other side of the wheelhouse and have a giggle at TAR trying to memorise the words to the rule.

MARC

To be fair, if he can keep his head and remember everything with the thought of what we're going to do to him, he'll breeze the exam. It's better than stopping the beer tap, because you need one after a hard day's work.

JOCK

You're right not stopping his beer, boss - that's a bit too cruel.

MARC

But farting in his face isn't? I love your thinking mate. Anyway, I wouldn't dream of it. If I was going to stop anyone's it would be yours. That way I might get some peace and quiet.

After a while, JOCK stands in front of TAR and starts loosening his trousers with a big grin on his face.

MARC

What time are we on, JOCK?

MARC

Times up, TAR. Let's have it.

TAR

Oh, come on - this isn't fair.

MARC

LIFE isn't fair TAR!

TAR

How do you expect me to learn it under this sort of pressure?

MARC

This is nothing to what you'll feel in the exam room. Now let's have it. What part of the collision regulations is it and what section?'

TAR

Erm... Part B, the Steering and Sailing rules.

MARC

Good start! What section is it?

TAR

Erm... Section 1.

MARC

So far, so good, mate. You might have to zip yourself up again, JOCK. Right - crunch time... and I want the rule verbatim. Any fuckups and I let JOCK'S performing rectum loose on you!

TAR

Oh, bloody hell! Er, right... "Every vessel shall, at all times, maintain a lookout by sight and hearing as well as all available means appropriate to the prevailing circumstances and conditions, so as to make a full... a full... appraisal... erm... so... so as to make a full appraisal of... a full appraisal. Oh no!

JOCK starts laughing loudly and drops his trousers to his ankles.

TAR

Oh, look, there's no need for this!

JOCK shuffles after him like a penguin in hot pursuit.

JOCK

You can run but you can't hide, TAR. The rusty tea towel holder is puckered and ready.

JOCK manages to manoeuvre him into the corner of the wheelhouse. He backs into him, arse first, and then grabs the back of his head before shoving it tight up against his hairy cheeks.

JOCK (loud and proud)

I believe the ending you were looking for, Tarquin Worthington-Smythe, was "*and a full appraisal of the situation and of the risk of collision*"

JOCK then has an almighty fart in TAR'S face. Even from several metres away it sounds loud. A long groan comes from TAR just as THRUSH comes around the corner to check on everything.

CAPTAIN

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?!

JOCK

Just briefing the new boy, CAPTAIN.

The CAPTAIN takes another look at TAR with his face next to JOCK'S hairy arse. He doesn't really know how to deal with this, so he rolls his eyes and walks back out. JOCK'S face goes crimson with the straining, then he lets rip with another almighty fart. As he does, his face changes from smiley to serious, as if he's just been caught off guard. He thinks for a moment, then nods his head and goes for number three.

MARC

What were you thinking just then, JOCK?

JOCK (laughing)

I thought I'd followed through there for a second.

MARC

Well, be careful because he doesn't need any more freckles, mate.

TAR (his face is crimson red)

No, I really don't!

MARC

Alright, JOCK, let him go. That's the first lesson out the way.

JOCK releases TAR whilst sniffing the air.

JOCK

Yep, that was a ripe one!

MARC

Judging from his watery eyes I don't doubt it, mate. Not to worry, TAR - you'll get your own back soon enough. JOCK lost a bet last night and he must inhale some chilli after the watch.

The weather also turns, and it becomes foggy for a couple of hours so now navigation is entirely done using the radar. They don't tell this to TAR who is still clueless.

TAR

I can't see anything out there

MARC

Yes, we have a situation here TAR. There is traffic everywhere in the fog.

TAR

Shouldn't we slow down? We can't see what's ahead of us.

MARC

Well, we should do, but we are behind time so we will have to keep on going. That's where you come in TAR. What I want you to do is take this UHF radio, this bucket of pebbles, and this catapult to the bow of the yacht.

TAR

The bow?

MARC

Yes, the pointy end at the front of the yacht next to the flagpole.

JOCK

Here you go TAR. Just use the catapult to fire each pebble in front of the yacht, into the fog at regular intervals. If you hear a clang, or anything that sounds like a pebble hitting a ship, run like hell and radio us immediately, so we can quickly alter course. We're doing 12 knots remember so we need some time to alter course if there is any traffic.

TAR

Really?

JOCK

I did it last time so it's your turn.

TAR looks nervous and leaves the wheelhouse. MARC and JOCK wait a for a time until he is out of sight.

MARC

Well, this will be a joy to watch!

JOCK

Hahaha... too right it will. I'll give him half an hour before his mind plays tricks with him and

he shits his pants. I can't believe he fell for that.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOGGY FORE DECK - DAY (69)

MARC and JOCK are watching TAR from the wheelhouse window catapulting pebbles into the fog in front of the yacht.

JOCK

This is hilarious.

MARC

I KNOW! Every so often he thinks he's hitting something. He keeps leaping to his feet with a look of terror on his face!

It's been a long, painful hour for TAR with his mind playing tricks on him. He's invited back into the wheelhouse. JOCK offers his own personal empathy to TAR.

JOCK

You alright? You're looking SHIT!

TAR

No! I'm not feeling too well.

JOCK

You'll be right, buddy. Just a little sea sickness combined with anxiety. Just stay in the fresh air on deck.

TAR

How's that going to help?

JOCK

I don't know... it just does. Try and eat something as well. Buttery toast works.

TAR

You're just saying that because you want me to be sick.

JOCK

For once, little mate, I don't, because I'll be buggered if I'm going to clear it up!

TAR

Nothing to do with wanting to see me in discomfort then?

JOCK

Fuck no - that would be hilarious!

TAR (holding his stomach)

I think I might feel better if I was sick. My dinner seems to be lying in my stomach like a brick. I can't seem to make myself sick, though.

JOCK

Fair enough, matey. Wait there and I'll be back in a minute.

JOCK then comes back up to the wheelhouse with a jar of cockles in vinegar, warmed up in the microwave. He doesn't show TAR until he's out on deck.

JOCK

OK TAR, hold your head back and empty this into your mouth. It's nothing that will hurt you.

TAR is feeling so seasick he does as he's told.

TAR

Are these cockles?

JOCK

Yeah.

TAR

I don't see how's they're going to make me sick.

JOCK

Trust me, they will mate.

TAR empties the jar into his mouth. There is one warm cockle left in the bottom of the glass jar. JOCK picks it out with his finger and thumb and holds it up close to his face whilst he is still chewing.

JOCK

Cockles, eh? Looks and TASTES like a skanky old whore's clitoris, doesn't it?

TAR stops chewing and looks at the wobbling, warm cockle between his finger and thumb and then instantly retches over the side of the yacht.

JOCK (giggling)
TOO EASY!

MARC
Oh Christ, JOCK! What have you done now?

JOCK
Chill, mate, it was for his own good. He said he'd feel better if he puked. He gave me the green light!

MARC
Well, you'll be cleaning it off the side of the yacht if we get into port and it's dried on, so be warned. How's he doing anyway?

JOCK
I've seen him look better. I think he's had enough for one day. We'll send him for a lie down.

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY (70)

The fog clears and the sun is out once more.

CAPTAIN
I'd like you to slow down next to that fishing boat ahead of us and ask the skipper if we can buy some fresh fish off him.

MARC
OK, what fish are you after?

CAPTAIN
Some mackerel, octopus or tuna if we can get it. We may have a barbeque over the next couple of days.

JOCK and MARC can't believe their ears. He appears to be thinking about the crew for once!

MARC
OK, I'll ask him when I get up closer.

The yacht is stopped in the water next to the fishing boat. MARC tries to contact them on the VHF radio.

MARC

Fishing vessel Porcupine, this is the yacht off your starboard bow on Channel 16. Over.

There's a response, but unfortunately, it's in Spanish.

MARC

I don't suppose you speak Spanish, do you Captain?

CAPTAIN

Unfortunately, not. I only speak French.

MARC

Neither do I, so I guess that's that, then.

JOCK

I'll speak to them for you.

The CAPTAIN turns towards him.

CAPTAIN (condescending)

You speak Spanish?

JOCK

Yeah, no problem I can make myself understood.

CAPTAIN

Tell him that your CAPTAIN would like to speak to his CAPTAIN because we would like to purchase some fresh fish. I'll give you the loudspeaker so it will be loud enough for them.

JOCK lifts the microphone to his mouth.

JOCK

HELLOA HELLOA. MY CAPITANO
WANTA SPEAKY TO YOUR CAPITANO... PRONTO...
PRONTO... FOR FRESH FISHY... OKAY!?

CAPTAIN

Oh, for God's sake!

MARC

JOCK, when you said you spoke Spanish like a native, did you mean a Native American? They look very confused.

ZECKY arrives the wheelhouse. She speaks to them and gets an instant response. She seems to be arguing about the price.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT FOREDECK - DAY (71)

ZECKY leaves and goes on the foredeck. She's still haggling then shouts something over to them. They all applaud and start cheering. Next, she calls the wheelhouse.

ZECKY (into the radio)
MARC, are you there?

MARC
Yes, what is it?

ZECKY
Do me a favour and put the music CD on. Choose track number six and plug it through to the loudspeakers on deck for me.

MARC
Why?

ZECKY
Just trust me. To get a bit, you've got to give a bit. The dirty old sods will give us two tuna and some swordfish steaks for a pole dance.

MARC
A bloody pole dance?! Which dirty old bugger wants that?

ZECKY
The old guy with the grey beard mending the net on deck.

MARC
Are you sure? You don't have to, mate. We only want some fish.

ZECKY

Do you know how much that would cost on the market? It's a good deal, believe me. Anyway, they have plenty, I'm going to tease JOCK, and I want some sushi tonight, so it's as much for me as anyone else!

SOUNDTRACK: Hell Cat

<https://open.spotify.com/track/4osrtrJTY1PRKHi44srR3c?si=zbBKLL8SRq6QJSLhaiQyQ>

The small fishing boat crew are watching in the blazing sun. The music starts and ZECKY climbs up and holds on to the foremast, bumping and grinding up and down it. The fishermen are going nuts. JOCK is also staring intently.

MARC

Good job ZECKY! I think JOCK's having a seizure.

ZECKY (into radio)

Haha! Looks like we'll have a feast tonight, boys.

ZECKY looks up to the wheelhouse, licks her finger and makes a downward motion with it in the air to signify that she has one up on JOCK. The fishing boat manoeuvres close by and throws the bag of fish on deck. The grey bearded fisherman gyrates and dances like ZECKY once he's thrown it. ZECKY gives him a wink and a twirl.

JOCK

She's got some balls hasn't she.

MARC

I hope not. If ever you and her get to do the 'wild thing' you'll be in for a shock. But yeah, there's no stopping her when she wants something. She's a force of nature. Full marks to her for going above and beyond. If she hadn't have done it, I'd have had to send you up there.

JOCK

Something tells me I wouldn't have got the same result mate.

MARC

You said it!

CUT TO:

INT. MARC'S CABIN SHOWER. NIGHT (72)

MARC is freshening up and singing in his shower when he smells something, hears paper rustling and then a cheeky fart. He pulls the shower curtain back.

MARC

What the hell are you doing in here?!

JOCK (Taking a bite of a chicken leg)
Alright, mate?**MARC**

JOCK... What the hell are you doing crapping in MY toilet?! AND YOU'RE EATING!

JOCK

It was a bit touch and go and TAR has locked the door of our cabin.

MARC

Jesus Christ, couldn't you wait five minutes?

JOCK

Not really, mate. I've got a tortoise head.

MARC

Bloody hell JOCK, I can't even have a SHOWER!

MARC puts a towel around him and gets out the shower. He can't get out of the bathroom fast enough, but JOCK is impressively nonchalant. MARC shouts through the bathroom door.

MARC

I'll see you in the crew room and leave it tidy in there!

JOCK

Yeah, OK mate. Make me a brew while you're in there, would you?

MARC walks down the alleyway shaking his head mumbling to himself.

MARC

FIRST, he has a crap in my cabin. NOW, he wants ME to make HIM a brew. Anyone would think I'm working for HIM!

CUT TO:

INT. CREW MESSROOM - NIGHT (73)

As MARC walks into the crew room the table is laid with a heap of food and wine.

MARC

Are you feeling stronger TAR?

TAR

A little, yes.

MARC

Well, you've got a bit of colour back in your face now. Anyway, you can get your own back on JOCK because if you remember he's still got to snort the chilli sauce because of the bet he lost.

TAR raises a smile and takes a seat. ZECKY makes him a coffee and gives him a hug. He's obviously brought out her maternal side.

ZECKY

Don't you worry, TAR, you'll soon get used to it the yacht's motion. You won't be seasick forever. Your body just thinks it's normal after a while and you won't even notice the yacht's movement.

TAR

It feels like a million miles away right now.

ZECKY

You'll be fine, I'll take care of you.

TAR

Aw, thanks, ZECKY.

ZECKY

You're welcome love.

TAR

I'm going to stock up with all sorts of drugs when I get into port. If anyone needs anything, just let me know.

At that point, JOCK walks in and catches the end of the conversation. He sits down next to TAR and stares at him, not believing what he's just heard.

JOCK

FUCK ME TAR! I wouldn't have thought you were the type, but I admire your honesty. Here is 100 euros. Get me a bag of weed and none of that weak shit either.

TAR looks confused.

TAR

Weed? No, I think you've ... I can't get you any weed.

JOCK

Well just get me some MDMA then.

TAR

I think you've caught the tail-end of the conversation, JOCK. I wasn't offering to buy drugs.

JOCK

I just bloody well heard you!

TAR

I meant sea-sickness tablets, for God's sake!

JOCK

Sea-sickness tablets? Why? Oh, hang on a minute, do you stick them in your arse like a suppository? I've heard about this.

TAR

No, no, you've got it all wrong.

JOCK

Have you tried sniffing vodka, TAR? That's a bit RUSHY, but a lot of fun!

ZECKY (Head in hands)

We were talking about getting some tablets for his sea sickness JOCK!

JOCK

Forget all that shit. All you need is a good ashtray and a full packet of Marlboro.

ZECKY (shaking her head)

Honestly, JOCK, you're certifiably.

JOCK

Oh, thanks very much.

MARC

That means you're a nutter, mate.

JOCK shrugs his shoulders like he's heard it a million times.

ZECKY

I blame the parents.

TOM

That boy is troubled.

TOM is pouring a bourbon and coke. Everybody follows suit to make sure they sleep for the crossing. TAR takes a sip of the bourbon. He nearly chokes, and some of it comes back up out of his nose.

TAR (holding his nose)

My God - that tastes horrible!

TOM

You see! And you think I'm enjoying myself every time I drink a bottle of it.

TAR

I think after a couple of these I won't ever wake up.

MARC

TOM'S measures are a bit on the liberal side.

ZECKY

A bit on the liberal side? You could fuel a jet car with it.

TOM

It's the only way to make them buddy. Sometimes you just need to relax and say fuck it.

EXT. AFT MOORING DECK - MORNING (74)

ZECKY is on the aft deck helping JOCK and bantering about the benefits of being female or male.

ZECKY

No.1 if this yacht sinks when we're out at sea, us girls would get off first, for a start. No.2 we can pretend to cry to get off speeding fines. No.3 we don't look like a frog in a blender when dancing. No.4 We can hug our friends without people thinking we're gay. No.5 if we sleep with someone and don't call the next day, we're not the Devil.

JOCK

Is that all? I thought you were going to convince me.

ZECKY

I've only just started, sunshine. Free dinners, free drinks...

JOCK

I can get free drinks.

ZECKY

Only when you know the barman. What else? Taxis stop for us, men die earlier, gay waiters don't make us feel uncomfortable, we never regret piercing our ears, we get an excuse to be a total bitch once a month, and we're more cultured.

JOCK

I'm cultured.

ZECKY

CRAP! The first time we visited Venice, you told me that you didn't reckon much to it and we should come back when it wasn't flooded, for heaven's sake!

JOCK

Nobody told me it was supposed to be under water!

ZECKY

If you were cultured, my boy, you wouldn't need anyone to tell you. Anyway, why is it better to be a man, then?

JOCK

Loads of reasons.

ZECKY

Go on then, convince me.

JOCK

We can go to water parks and wear white T shirts, and chocolate is not the meaning of existence to us.

ZECKY

Well, it isn't to me.

JOCK

Yeah, right! I'm amazed you don't piss around your chocolate drawer to mark your territory!

ZECKY

Go on then, name some more.

JOCK

Hairdressers don't rob us blind, two pairs of shoes are enough, underwear cost less than ten quid for a three-pack, and we don't have to stop and think for a few minutes before tightening a bolt! Oh, my new nickname for you is 'spanner' because you do make my nuts tighten.

ZECKY

Anything else?

JOCK

Loads - our telephone calls are over in thirty seconds, we can open jars, we can do our nails with a pocketknife, Christmas shopping for ten relatives begins on 24 December and lasts forty-five minutes, and we know stuff about engines.

ZECKY

Finished?

JOCK

Nope. We can easily pee in public, which secretly infuriates every woman because secretly you'd like a cock.

ZECKY

Secretly we'd like a cock?!

JOCK

Of course, you would.

ZECKY

For what reason? Admittedly, it would be easier to pee in public, but that's it. As for needing a cock, we can buy a vibrator at Ann Summers that will out-perform most of your gender.

JOCK

Well, feel free to put me to the test, my darling.

ZECKY

Nice try, sunshine.

JOCK (Giggling)

Anyway, that vibrator comment was below the belt. That's every man's fear.

ZECKY

We know! That's why whenever we buy one it must be just the right size. Not too big to upset your fragile egos, and God help us if we bought a black one. You'd be thinking we have a thing for coloured men.

JOCK

Well, it's a touchy subject. How would you feel if we went out and bought a synthetic vagina? Could you imagine us disappearing off to the toilet during a boring meeting to go service ourselves with a plastic girl?'

ZECKY

Ha, not really, no.

JOCK

Exactly. And, if we did buy a latex real doll with three working orifices and 44 double D breasts, all of a sudden, we're the perverts! But its fine for girls to buy a 12" monster cock vibrator that looks like King Kong thumb!

ZECKY

Hahaha... You do crack me up!

JOCK

Anyway, a vibrator can't mow the lawn and get a round of drinks in, can it?

ZECKY

Well, if it could, you'd be extinct. OK, we both have some valid points but back to your point about us secretly wanting a cock.

JOCK

Yeah, what about it?

ZECKY slowly walks over to JOCK, lifts the top of her shorts, puts her hand on the back of his head and points his head down.

ZECKY

I have one of these, and because I have one of these I can have as many cocks as I wish.

ZECKY gently slaps his cheek and struts off to the other side of the boat. Point proven. JOCK is left on his own with his mouth open in shock.

FADE IN:

INT/EXT.HARBOUR - LIMO - DAY (75)

The yacht berths successfully and they get ready to pick up the guests again. MARC and JOCK will escort the chauffeurs and drive out to the hotel to pick up the guests.

LUXURIOUS HOTEL

JOCK and MARC walk up to reception and are met by the concierge.

MARC

Hello. We are here to pick up the guests from room 101.

CONCIERGE

The guests are out water skiing. I have a message from them. They won't be long. You can wait here or the hotel gardens.

MARC

OK, we will go to the gardens and come back soon to check.

MARC and JOCK walk out of reception.

JOCK

That's good, mate, I'm dying for the toilet.

MARC

OK, but don't be long, in case they come back early.

JOCK

Sorted.

JOCK goes, and MARC looks around for somewhere to sit out of the outside. He notices a large table in the shade where an elegant, middle-aged and quite attractive woman is sitting. MARC walks up.

MARC

Hello. Is this seat taken. Would you mind if I take a seat?

SARAH (Pointing to the seat)

Certainly. It's much cooler here in the shade.

MARC

Sure is, it must be over 33 degrees in the sun today. Too hot for me. I'm good with mid-20s.

SARAH

Me also. I'm Sarah.

MARC

Pleased to meet you, Sarah. Are you having a nice holiday?

SARAH

Wonderful, thank you. This hotel and island are beautiful. Not a football shirt or a lout in sight! NO DOUBT, I'll be here again.

MARC

Well, you've certainly picked the right hotel. Amazing, isn't it?

SARAH

It sure is.

MARC

It's very nice indeed, isn't it? Are you here alone?

SARAH

Oh no, I'm here with my two girls.

MARC

I see. Do you mean your daughters?

SARAH

In a funny kind of way, they are, yes?

MARC

Where are they today? Doing anything nice?

SARAH

Underneath the table next to your feet.

MARC leans down and lifts the tablecloth to find two tiny dachshund puppies.

MARC (joking)

Their legs are a bit short to be your daughters.

SARAH

They reach the ground, don't they?

MARC

Good point. I love them when they're this age. They are tiny! No wonder I didn't see them. I just love that puppy smell.

SARAH

Yes, it is adorable, isn't it?

MARC

Can I have a sniff? It's been years and it would take me back to when I got my own puppy all those years ago.

SARAH

Of course, go ahead.

MARC

They don't bite, do they?

SARAH

They will probably lick you to death but that's about it.

MARC scoops up the tiny puppies, one in each hand.

MARC

Aw, I'd never get sick of that puppy smell. It takes me right back to when I got mine. Adorable! I'll put them back under the table to keep them cool.

JOCK returns from his comfort break and sits down.

MARC

This is SARAH, JOCK.

JOCK

How's it going SARAH?

SARAH

I'm very well thanks.

JOCK

Good stuff. What have you two been up to?

MARC

I've just smelled her puppies.

JOCK stares at SARAH, looking quite astonished.

JOCK

Really?!

MARC

Yeah, it was great.

Sarah starts to get up.

SARAH (proudly)
Feel free to smell them yourself. Many people have; they're irresistible.

JOCK shrugs his shoulders, and he has a slightly bewildered look on his face. Leaning over the table he cups both of her breasts in his hands before burying his face between them and inhaling deeply. SARAH and MARC look on, flabbergasted.

JOCK (juggling both breast in his hands)
Not bad, at all! Firm but not TOO firm. Pert but not TOO pert.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - DAY (76)

MARC
For fuck's sake, JOCK, what were you thinking?

JOCK
YOU told me YOU'D just sniffed her puppies.

MARC
That's true, but didn't your brain compute the fact that I might have meant actual puppies rather than her breasts?

JOCK
No!

MARK
Clearly!

JOCK
I didn't see them until they came running out from underneath the table.

MARC
I'm not surprised after you just molested their mother! I swear you're going to get us arrested. I'm just going to the toilet. Then we'll go back to reception and find out what the score is with the guests. Hopefully, she won't report you to the authorities. Come on let's go back to reception to check on the guests.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT GANGPLANK - DAY (77)

The limo with the guest pulls up. TOM is stood by to help take their luggage and JOCK joins him. ZECKY is also there to welcome them back.

MR. BIG AND BODYGUARDS (walking up the gangplank)
We go for drink.

As the escorts strut along the teak deck towards the aft accommodation door, TOM turns to JOCK.

TOM

It must be a nice job being a high-class escort. All you must worry about is keeping your body in shape and your make-up fresh. Think I might become one because it looks a piece of cake to me.

JOCK

Not with your ever-growing beer belly. I know what you mean though. I bet they get paid a bloody fortune, as well. Those two aren't your typical toothless street urchins you find in the back streets of a port, are they? Model material they are, and I bet they charge a few grand a day.

TOM

All they must do is suck up to the client, then lie on their backs and suck on something else. It's bloody easy money! What do you reckon, TOM? Shall we become ladies of disrepute?

JOCK

You wouldn't catch me sucking someone's dick for all the tea in China.

TOM

Well, you wouldn't have to, you clown. You'd be a male escort. Mega rich women of leisure would hire you. Obviously, women that weren't too choosy.

JOCK

Cheeky sod. With the shit I must do for the guests to get a tip, I feel like a hooker anyway! Not to mention a gynaecologist.

TOM

A gynaecologist?

JOCK

Because I work with bunch of cunts!

TOM

I hope your present company is not included in that bunch?!

JOCK

Nah, you'll do. I'm talking more about THRUSH. He's one of kind that asshole. That's why we're so hard on him. I bet he's robbing the boss of thousands not to mention us.

TOM

Maybe, anyway back to our conversation, I don't think that spending an extra couple of hours taking the guests water skiing is on a par with taking a shafting up the shitter, mate.

JOCK

Fair point. The tips have been lower lately though. Strange really when we've given the previous guests good service. I think somethings a bit untoward.

TOM

Agreed. Come on, let's get the luggage down to the ladies.

JOCK

Where are they again?

TOM

Master bedroom.

TOM and JOCK fetch the guest bags and take them down. TOM knocks on the door and waits for an answer before entering. A voice calls out.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (78)**BLONDE ESCORT (V.O.)**

Come in!

TOM and JOCK shuffle in, carrying the heavy bags. One of the girls is lying on the bed. The other is rubbing oil into her superbly toned, bikini clad body, ready for sunbathing. The Latino smiles and asks them to put the suitcases on the bed so she can sort out the clothes that need washing.

LATINO ESCORT

OK boys, please hand wash the green and the pink ones, this blue one at 40C, the red one needs to be dried naturally, and the turquoise top the same as the pink and green.

She then hands the garments to TOM to take to the wash.

BLONDE ESCORT

Thank you, boys, and we'll see you later!

TOM

No problem.

The blonde on the bed is giggling, clearly amused at their inability to multitask. They walk out of the room and close the door behind them.

JOCK

Did you remember anything she just said to us in there?

TOM

Not a BLOODY word, mate. My brain seemed to be on other things.

JOCK

You're not alone. I think we'll have to start carrying a Dictaphone with us every time we talk to those two, so we can play it back afterwards.

They drop the clothes off with ZECKY at the laundry. She laughs and tells them she'll handle it, and they head back up to the outside deck to talk to MARC and JOCK.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY (79)**TOM**

I take it the pick-up was uneventful, then?

MARC (pointing at JOCK)

Depends which way you look at it.

TOM starts to laugh, expecting another JOCK story.

MARC

Well, the drive home was OK, but *you know who* mistook a posh lady's breasts for two dachshund puppies that she had under the table. When I said I'd just smelled her puppies he thought I was talking about her fun bags and had a go himself!

TOM

What! A fair mistake for JOCK though. $2+2=5$. Anyway, they're strange dogs, dachshunds, aren't they, JOCK? I guess they're small and easy to miss.

JOCK

Weird-shaped little fuckers, aren't they?

TOM

They must suffer from back problems when they get older because they have such long backs. I bet their dicks get dirty because they're so close to the ground. They must get all sorts of infections.

JOCK

Sounds a bit like me. I wish I had a ten-inch cock instead of this fucking massive thing.

TOM

Ha! You should have a licence for that!

JOCK

You wouldn't be the first to say that. Anyway, I think it's bloody cruel what they do to dachshunds to make them longer. If I could get my hands on the bastards, I'd grab them by their necks and ankles and stretch them like they do

their puppies. How long do you reckon they have to pull them until they're at the right length?

TOM

Eh?

JOCK

Pull them - the puppies - to make them longer... how long?

TOM

Ha! Nice one... you almost got me there, mate.

MARC then turns to JOCK who is looking at him with another confused expression on his face. He's serious.

MARC (head in hands)

Oh, for god's sake, JOCK!

JOCK

What?

MARC

They don't hold them by their necks and ankles and pull them! They breed from the ones with longer backs over many years to create the breed's look. It's the breed standard you nutter!

JOCK

Oh, right. Well, I'm glad about that because I don't like to see animals in suffering.

MARC

Good on you, because neither do I. Whenever I run over something on the road I must stop and make sure it's dead, or I must put it out of its misery.

JOCK

Me to, mate. I remember this couple moved in next door to me about a week before I moved out of my pad back in Glasgow. They had this poor, skinny dog.

MARC

How skinny was it?

JOCK

Skinny, mate. It had big, long legs, a tiny stomach and a long slender head. They had two other little dogs that looked like little terriers. They used to take them all out in the field behind us every day and come back with rabbits.

TOM

Sounds like the guy was a poacher.

JOCK

Anyway, I used to shout at him out of my window that he should bloody well feed the skinny one up, but it never got any fatter. On the night I moved out of the house I went into his yard and put the poor little sod out of its misery.

TOM

You killed his dog?!

JOCK

Yeah, well, more like put it out of its misery. I couldn't bear to see it looking so skinny; it obviously never got fed. I could get my hands around its waist, for God's sake! I'd see the poor little bugger running after rabbits in the field, so it was obviously bloody starving. It was the best thing to do for it, I reckon.

MARC

Do you know what breed of dog it was JOCK?

JOCK

Yeah... I remember its owner got mad at me and shouted back that it was a *whuffet* or *wiffet* or something and that they were supposed to be skinny. Lying bastard. I reckon he just couldn't be arsed to feed it.

MARC

Are you sure he didn't say WHIPPET, mate?

JOCK snaps his fingers in front of MARC'S face.

JOCK

Yep, that's it. That's what he said- WHIPPET. I remember the poor little fucker could run like lightning as well.

TOM and MARC, cup their heads in their hands and let out a long groan.

TOM

I hate to have to tell you this, mate, but you slaughtered a perfectly healthy hound. A whippet is like a miniature greyhound, and they're used for dog racing on the track or chasing hares and rabbits in fields. They are meant to be lean!

JOCK

So, you're saying I ...

TOM

I'm afraid so, mate.

JOCK

Fuck!

MARC

How did you end its life?

JOCK (Murmuring quietly)

Spade on the back of its head.

JOCK sadly goes below deck after his error is exposed. The boys waited until he was out of the way before bursting out laughing.

TOM

His heart was in the right place I guess and it's a mistake any of us could make.

MARC

Er... no, it isn't!

TOM

No, I guess you're right, mate.

MARC

He wouldn't hurt a fly intentionally, though. He obviously thought he was doing the best thing, in the big scheme of things.

ZECKY

I'm sure Hitler thought the same back in Germany during the war.

MARC

How's things, ZECKY?

ZECKY

Could be better. I've just been babysitting JOCK down below. He's coming to terms with his canine slaughter.

TOM (giggling)

JOCK thinks what TAR needs to loosen up. He's suggested a night on the town and a to get himself laid.

ZECKY

What?

TOM

He's concluded that TAR needs to lose his cherry and get laid for the first time.

ZECKY

Has he now? Who's the lucky girl going to be, or shouldn't I ask?

TOM

We don't know yet but it's in the pipeline, so to speak.

ZECKY

Don't you think you should let it happen naturally?

The boys look at each other and shake their heads unannouncedly.

MARK

Nah!

ZECKY

Well, be nice and make it special for him because he'll remember it for the rest of his life.

JOCK is clearly over his extermination sadness as he bounds up behind ZECKY to join in the conversation.

JOCK

I don't remember my first time.

MARC

You don't remember what you had for breakfast a few hours ago, JOCK. There again, that's what decades of alcohol abuse does to your memory.

JOCK

There is a price to pay for such frivolities.

TOM

JOCK, I'm amazed you can walk and talk at the same time.

JOCK

Cheeky bastard! It's true though, my short-term memory is fucked. I can't remember anything.

TOM

How long have you had this problem?

JOCK

What problem?

TOM

I'm a bit surprised, though, even for you. How the hell don't you remember the very first time you had sex? You don't just forget that. I remember my first time like it was yesterday.

JOCK

Go on then. Where were you?

TOM

It was a full moon party in Thailand.

JOCK

How old were you?

TOM

Seventeen.

JOCK

What was her name?

TOM

Fuck knows.

Everyone bursts out laughing.

JOCK

You see, even you don't remember, so I'm not on my own.

TOM

Hang on a minute. The salient point here is I was in the moonlight on a beach in Thailand stoned off my lord. I was seventeen and she was around twenty-one. She was from France and was around five-feet-six with shoulder-length curly hair and great tits. We did it lying on the sand and she was on top. I got sand down the crack of my arse and lasted about two minutes with all the excitement of the first time. The fact that I don't remember her name doesn't really count for anything. It's the vibe, the surroundings and the experience that you mainly remember.

JOCK

All right, fair point, mate.

TOM

What about you, MARC?

MARC

It was a small goat at a farm in Wales. Her name was Flopsy, and we shared a wonderful moment together.

ZECKY splutters into her coffee.

MARC

It was idyllic. It was by the river when our eyes met. I coyly took a wander over and asked her if she'd like to have a drink with me at the trough. She said yes, then after a wonderful afternoon I asked her for dinner in the next field where we dined on a hedge... it was just magical!

JOCK

I always knew you were part Welsh. Really, do you remember everything, though?

MARC

Sure! Just imagine trying to find lingerie that would fit her woolly behind properly.

JOCK

Ha! Come on mate, seriously, your first girl I mean.

MARC

Yeah, I do. My parents were away on a night out. I was fifteen and I got abused by the babysitter who was called Claudia. She kind of violated me, really.

ZECKY puts her arm around TOM to comfort him.

ZECKY

Oh MARC, that's awful. Poor you, that must have been horrible.

MARC

Horrible my arse! It was fucking brilliant. For months afterward, I used to tell my folks I was scared to be left alone in the house when they went out. They took pity on me, and they'd get Claudia round to baby-sit. I was milking them of sympathy while the babysitter was milking me! It was the best time of my life!

ZECKY has a good laugh before offering her perception on the differences between the sexes.

ZECKY

What are you like? This is the difference between men and women, you see. We want romance and a connection, and you lot just want a wet hole and a beer.

MARC

She also brought pizza around when she came. WIN WIN!

JOCK

Listen, ZECKY. Sometimes we like a cuddle and a bit of tender loving care as much as women do. Sometimes I like to lie down and talk for a while to connect, then lay her down on a bed covered in fresh rose petals with some gentle soothing music in the background.

There is a long pause before MARC breaks the silence.

MARC

That's a load of crap really, isn't it, JOCK?

JOCK

Yep, it's all about a good deep dicking for me!

MARC

Thought so.

ZECKY (underwhelmed)

Got any more jokes, have we, JOCK?

JOCK

Not in front of you, my darling.

ZECKY

That's charming, but I still can't believe that you truly can't remember who you first had sex with, out of all the girls you've been with.

JOCK

Look, if you eat a tin of beans, you don't know which one makes you fart, do you?

Everyone has a good laugh at this before MARC steers the conversation back to the job and matters in hand:

MARC

Anyway, ZECKY, what do the guests want to do today?

ZECKY

The girls are being taken into town so they can get some clothes for the nightclub tonight.

MARC

That'll cost him.

ZECKY

You're telling me!! It's all designer labels over there. You'll have to pop up to the CAPTAIN and get some money out of the safe. MR. BIG told me on the phone this morning that he wants another thirty thousand in cash. How the other half live, eh?

MARC

It's small change to him. If I were him, I'd check his cash if THRUSH is looking after it.

TOM

You're not wrong. We were only talking about that earlier. The tips have been low right.

MARC

I'm on it, TOM. Where there's a will there's is a way.

TOM

Let's hope he tips as much as he spends. If he does, it's going to be one hell of an end-of-charter-party.

MARC

What does he want to do himself?

ZECKY

Are you ready for this?

MARC

Go on then.

ZECKY

He wants to go horse-riding, and two of you are to go with him because his bodyguards will be with the girls. To be fair, I think he's sick of the sight of the guards and he wants a bit of freedom and a couple of fresh faces.

MARC

That's a tricky one. Can anyone ride a horse?

At that point TAR joins us and catches the tail-end of the conversation.

TAR

Did you say can anyone ride a horse?

MARC

Yeah.

TAR

Well, I can.

TOM

That figures. Well-off family living in the country - he's bound to have owned a horse or two at some point.

MARC

What was he or she called, then?

TAR

She was a black thoroughbred called Ebony, and I had her for about five years until she was stolen.

MARC

I take it you didn't get her back, then?

TAR

No. She's probably in a barn somewhere being used for breeding.

MARC

All right then, TAR, you can go, since you can ride. Who else has ridden?

MARC looks at TOM, but he shakes his head.

JOCK

I've ridden a horse a few times.

MARC

I'm not talking about those festering old donkeys you see on the beaches at seaside resorts, mate.

JOCK

Yeah, I know.

TOM

When have you ever rode a horse?

JOCK

Well, it was a while ago, but it was back home.

MARC

You're not having me on, are you? If I'm going to send you with TAR, you'd better know what the score is, because no doubt the client will be hiring some decent nags and trotting through countryside.

JOCK

Yeah, no problem.

MARC

I don't know if I believe you, but we need two, so I don't have much choice really do I? What time do you want them ready, ZECKY?

ZECKY

3pm at the gangplank.

MARC

Right then, that's sorted. I'm going to go see THRUSH and get some money out of the safe for the girls to waste in town. TOM had better crack on with cleaning the boat and give the jet skis a good look over.

TOM, ZECKY and MARC move to carry on with their chores, leaving TAR and JOCK. As TAR starts to walk away JOCK holds his arm to stop him. He quietly asks him to wait until they're on their own.

JOCK

Right, TAR, you must give me a few pointers on how to drive a horse, mate.

TAR

What? You've just told everyone that you've ridden before.

JOCK

Well, my knowledge of driving a horse, stems about as far as going backwards and forwards on a rocking horse at my granddad's house as a kid.

TAR

What?

JOCK

That, and jumping on the backs of big pigs at my mate's farm.

TAR

Rocking horses? Pigs?!

JOCK

Yeah, but it can't be THAT different.

TAR

It's TOTALLY different! You'll bloody kill yourself on a real horse, especially if it gallops. It'll probably be a twitchy thoroughbred, so you'll need your wits about you.

JOCK

My grandfather said, never work with kids and never trust anything that's bigger and dumber than yourself. I'll be doing both of those this afternoon, so you're going to have to give me the basics if you don't want me to kill myself.

TAR looks more than a little flustered and nervous at the task ahead of him.

TAR

JOCK, riding a horse is not the same as riding a bike. It's complex, and each horse is different. It can take ages to get the basics but to get proficient at it can take years. And we're bloody leaving in an hour!

JOCK

You'd better get cracking then.

TAR (scratching his head)

Oh hell, where do I start?

JOCK

Look, all you need to tell me is how you start it?

TAR

Start it? It's not an engine, JOCK!

JOCK

You know what I mean: start, stop, turn. The rest I'll figure out as I go along. If it doesn't do as I tell it, I'll give it a tell it off.

TAR is rubbing his forehead and looking worried.

TAR

A tell it off ... oh and you think it will listen to a mad man?!

JOCK

Relax, little man - everything will be cool.

TAR

You said you've ridden before.

JOCK

Well, he didn't specify what type of horse, so technically I didn't lie. I've always wanted to have a go on a real one. Anyway, how hard can it be?

FADE OUT:

EXT. GANGPLANK - DAY (79)

JOCK and TAR get changed into something suitable for horse-riding, and JOCK seems to be getting into the spirit of things.

MARC

Jesus! Who do you think you are John Wayne! Tight jeans, TOM's leather cowboy boots and ZECKY's kangaroo-skin cowboy hat.

JOCK

I look the bollocks, don't I?!

MARC

Finally, you're living your dream of becoming a cowboy, even if it is just for the afternoon.

JOCK

All I need now is a pistol, a spittoon and maybe a few tomahawk-wielding Indians to shoot at, and I'm right there in the Wild West!

Eager as a beaver, JOCK is the first to turn up at the gangplank, followed by the CAPTAIN and TAR. The CAPTAIN is his usual solemn self and there isn't a hint of humour in sight.

CAPTAIN (staring at JOCK intently)

Here is some money from the slush fund. I expect receipts for everything you spend and none of it is to go on alcohol. Is that understood?

JOCK (lifting his wide brimmed hat)

Yep, no problem.

CAPTAIN

I always want you to stay with him TAR. I want your best from both of you this afternoon. This is an unusual circumstance and it's not very often a guest of his stature goes away from the yacht on an excursion without their bodyguards.

TAR

This doesn't usually happen often, then?

CAPTAIN

No, and especially not to someone like this guest.

TAR

What do you mean, if you don't mind me asking?

THRUSH tries to answer like he always does in his usual over-diplomatic and non-committal way.

CAPTAIN

Let's just say that perhaps his wealth hasn't come from the more normal or legitimate ways.

TAR is looking worried.

JOCK

I think what he's trying to say is, his cash has probably been made illegally, and he's probably upset a few people off along the way.

TAR is now looking more worried.

TAR

My God, I've just had a terrible thought. We could be in danger if he's made his fortune by illegal means and made a lot of enemies. We could get caught up in a vendetta.

THRUSH turns and walks back inside.

TAR

JOCK, we could be in trouble here.

JOCK

Why's that, little man? Have you pissed your pants again?

TAR

MR. BIG may have a price on his head from crossing some enemy back in Russia.

JOCK is now quite enjoying the sight of TAR getting VERY flustered.

JOCK (Smirking)

You might be right. Are you prepared to take a bullet for the man in case you get caught in a crossfire?

TAR

No, I'm not! Of course not!!

JOCK

You see, you'll take tips off the guests, but you won't put your ass on the line for them when the going gets tough, eh?

TAR's voice is now getting even more high-pitched.

TAR

There's a world of difference between doing a few extra hours a day for the guests benefit and taking a bullet for one of them.

JOCK

Would you take a bullet for £5,000?

TAR

No!

JOCK

£10,000?

TAR

No, I bloody wouldn't.

JOCK

£15,000?

TAR

The point I'm trying to make here is you can't spend it if you are dead as a dodo.

JOCK

Fair point, little man, if you're prepared to get caught in the crossfire and back me up, that's all I can ask of you, I suppose.

TAR is staring at JOCK's poker face, unsure if he means it. ZECKY puts her head through the porthole.

ZECKY

Your ride is just about to pull up at the yacht and he'll be down shortly.

JOCK

No problem, gorgeous, I'll be ready with the door.

JOCK turns back to TAR.

JOCK

It doesn't look like we'll have a chance to go over the riding basics now, TAR, because we're leaving.

TAR

Brilliant... that's just brilliant. Now I might have to deal with you breaking your neck and possibly being caught in a revenge killing.

JOCK takes a coin out of his pocket and puts it in TAR's chest pocket.

JOCK

Here you are.

TAR

What's that for?

JOCK

It's for you to go out and buy some testicles.

TAR

It's not funny.

JOCK

I think you should've seen ZECKY for some anti-diarrhoea tablets before you came out.

TAR

Why?

JOCK

Because it's the only thing that will stop you from shitting yourself.

TAR (sarcastic)

Very funny, JOCK. Honestly, you should be on the stage.

JOCK

Well, personally speaking I've always thought that. I reckon I've got hidden talent.

TAR

Well, I hope you find it one day.

JOCK

Ha! Anyway, quiet now because he's walking towards us. If you see any red laser lights from rifle scopes passing over me, let me know.

EXT. LIMO / STABLES - DAY (80)

They pick their horses.

JOCK (quietly to TAR)

You get on first, buddy, so I can see how you mount.

MR. BIG

OK gentlemen, just try and keep up and follow me.

TAR

JOCK, if you don't want your horse to run fast, just make a bet on it in your head.

JOCK

How's that going to help?

TAR

Well, judging by your experience, betting on a horse usually slows it down.

JOCK climbs on to his horse. A big smile spreads across his face as he pulls out a big cigar from his chest pocket and sticks it in the corner of his mouth.

TAR (mumbling to himself)

He's got to be kidding.

After some gentle trotting MR. BIG gallops off across an open field. All is now silent and still, except for the whistling of the breeze through the tree branches. JOCK has the 'thousand miles stare' and his face is a picture of concentration as he gazes at the fence at the far end of the field. TAR can see what's going through his mind.

TAR

Don't even think about it, JOCK. You haven't done anything on that horse other than walk along. Galloping and leaping over fences is way out of your depth.

There is no answer from JOCK who is lost in the moment.

TAR

JOCK, are you listening to me?

After a moment of silence and quiet contemplation, a nugget of pure insight comes out of JOCK's mouth, one that is far more philosophical than you'd ever expect from him. It's a moment of clarity and a defining one.

JOCK

I've just had an omen. Have you noticed how beautiful the landscape looks when you're standing at the edge of a cliff? Look at this place, it's beautiful.

TAR

An omen? Regarding what?

JOCK

On how to live life. I'm going to gallop down this meadow on this horse and leap over that fence.

TAR

No way, JOCK, you'll kill yourself. It's far too dangerous, especially for someone with NO experience. Anyway, it's a big fence and how do you know the horse will even try and jump it?

JOCK

Faith. All you need is a little faith and belief, just like you need in life. Anyway, TAR, you came to sea to work, didn't you?

TAR

What's that got to do with it?

JOCK

Well, you've no previous experience, and working at sea is the most dangerous place in the world to work.

TAR

That's very different. I'm working with people who I trust and who know what they're doing.

JOCK

You've only known us all a short time, though, so how can you be so sure you can trust us?

TAR

Because I can feel it.

JOCK

Well, I trust this horse because I feel it. I'm going to trust this horse completely.

TAR

It's too risky.

JOCK

Fuck the safe option, TAR. Life is a risk every day. Nothing ever worthwhile ever came from the safe middle ground. Life is only really satisfying and worth living at the extremes. Sometimes yachts go to sea in really bad weather but that's never been a reason for them to stay in the safety of the harbour. Don't be a person who accepts mediocrity and the ordinary just because it's safe. You'll be amazed at the feeling you get by daring to be that person you've always wanted to be. When you put yourself in a position where you could lose everything, only then does your true nature show through. Be that intrepid spirit who strives to conquer. Live life without fear because it's only fear that holds you and everyone else back on this planet. At the end of the day, to deny your God-given feelings and emotions is to deny nature and your true self. The realisation of your true self is your prime aim in life.

TAR is shocked and astounded at his wisdom.

TAR

I'm genuinely lost for words.

JOCK

A life lived in fear is no life at all. Without comparison everything loses its meaning. You need extremes and risk to remind you of who you are and let you know you're alive.

TAR takes a deep breath then looks back at JOCK over his shoulder.

TAR

I must be going out of my mind, but I've just had déjà vu of this exact space and time. You on that horse, those words, and this view.

JOCK (Smiling)

I'll see you on the other side. Either the fence of the fence, or the spirit world.

TAR

Hang on JOCK, I'm not jumping that.

JOCK

Yes, you are.

TAR

I'm not - no way!

JOCK

OK, but you'll have to live with yourself and look yourself in the mirror every day knowing you could have been that person you've always wanted to be but then backed down at the challenge. Anyway, you've jumped stuff on a horse before and I haven't, so you have the advantage.

TAR

Obstacles that were a couple of feet high, that's all. It's hard to see from here, but that fence looks around six feet and we don't know if the horses will jump. If they stop at the last moment, we'll be off.

JOCK (Lighting his cigar)

Faith, remember?

No further words are spoken as JOCK and a terrified Tarquin sit on their horses. JOCK runs the palm of his hand gently between the horse's ears and down the side of his neck. The horse snorts loudly and stamps its hoof. TAR has his hands over his mouth. JOCK and his horse gallop down the field towards the fence.

TAR

Shit... shit... shit... he's going to kill himself!

JOCK messily clears the fence and shouts at TAR, who can't make out what he's saying. He can see him gesturing passionately with his arm. He hears the words JOCK spoke before the jump loud in his head, as if he was right next to him.

TAR (squeals at the top of his voice)

FUCK IT!

The horse is startled with the intensity of TAR's exclamation AND TEARS DOWN THE FIELD. The jump is graceful,

and the horse clears the fence with ease. They leap off their horses and run toward each other to celebrate the feat. Jumping in the air and shouting with elation they give each other a hug.

JOCK

You took your bloody time! I thought you were going to get arrested for loitering. Me on the other hand, the way I was going up and I'd be a sniper's nightmare!

TAR

It took me a while to pluck up the courage, I'll have to admit that.

JOCK

Well, you did it, mate, and that's all that counts.

TAR

I did, yes. I still can't believe it, really.

JOCK

I can't either. I thought you were going to bottle it!

TAR

Well, it did cross my mind a couple of times.

JOCK (teeth clamped on a cigar)

All right now, TAR, that's enough hugging. If there are any women watching you'll convince them I'm spoken for, and we can't have that now, can we, little man?

TAR

That was bloody amazing!

JOCK

It was a hell of a jump, mate. Let's put it this way, it was a lot more fluid than mine.

TAR

It looked like you separated from the horse at one point!

JOCK

I DID! I was hanging on for dear life!

TAR

I bet that was a bit scary.

JOCK

A bit scary?! I nearly shit my pants halfway down the meadow even before the jump.

TAR

Maybe we should have taken some of that Imodium you mentioned.

JOCK

I tell you; this fence-jumping is the best laxative I've ever had, mate.

TAR

What went through your mind when you were in the air?

JOCK

YOU'RE FUCKED!

TAR

Ha! No, really, what were your thoughts?

JOCK

I genuinely had FAITH.

TAR

Anything else?

JOCK

Live - just live to tell the tale.

TAR

Yep, that's about the same for me as well. I've never wanted to live as much in my life as I did in that split second. I felt so alive I can't fully explain it.

JOCK

It's called adrenaline. Now you tell me, what do you think is worth more, now you've done it - a

life of mediocrity or even just a few seconds of what you've just had?

TAR

I don't really think you need to ask that.

JOCK

Yep, but look at it this way, little man - as I've always said, if I HAD have died, I'd have lived fast, died young but left a good-looking corpse.

TAR

Well, there is always that.

JOCK

TAR, you can give me back that coin I put in your pocket.

TAR

Why?

JOCK

Because you no longer need to buy yourself some testicles.

CUT TO:

EXT - RANCH - DAY (81)

After their fence-leaping celebrations, JOCK and TAR catch up with MR. BIG. They eat, then MR. BIG insists on introducing them to the merits of vodka - in large quantities that last for much of the afternoon. After a few more vodkas JOCK even teaches MR. BIG to moonwalk and how to build a horse cock from a rolled-up tea towel. It was essential knowledge apparently. The vodka drinking seriously affects TAR. JOCK must carry him over his shoulder and manhandle him onto his horse.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT AFT DECK / GANGPLANK - DAY (82)

They are greeted at the gangplank by ZECKY and THRUSH. As ZECKY opens the limo door she is met by a cloud of acrid cigar smoke. JOCK and MR. BIG are on either side of TAR in the back seat, propping him up and puffing on huge cigars. JOCK gets out and helps the giggling and blind-drunk TAR. THRUSH'S, face is turning crimson with anger at the state of TAR.

CAPTAIN (Raging)

What the HELL have you two been doing?

JOCK

Looking after our guest.

CAPTAIN

I expressly told you not to drink alcohol!

JOCK

That's not quite what you said.

CAPTAIN

Don't you tell me what I did and didn't say, young man.

JOCK

Well, you didn't say that.

CAPTAIN

Yes, I did! I told you that I wanted your best this afternoon and not spend any of the money I gave you on alcohol.

JOCK

Hang on a minute.

JOCK helps TAR to sit down on top of a rope mooring bollard. He steadies him and puts him into a position of temporary stable equilibrium, then watches him for a second before continuing the conversation with the wild-eyed THRUSH.

JOCK

What you said and what you meant were two different things. I didn't spend any of the money on alcohol.

JOCK then pulls all the cash out of his pocket and hands it back to THRUSH.

JOCK

Every penny you gave me is there.

TAR (slurring)

ALLLLL THEEEERE!

TAR has his eyes closed in a drunken stupor and he's starting to wobble from side to side. JOCK holds his arm out to steady him.

CAPTAIN (jabbing a finger in JOCK's chest)
You KNEW what I meant when I said that.

JOCK
Firstly, CAPTAIN, you'd better get your finger out of my chest before I rip it off.

CAPTAIN
Don't you threaten me, young man.

JOCK
I'm not, but if you keep jabbing me, I'll have to stop you, that's all I'm saying. Secondly, if you meant otherwise, you should've been more specific.

CAPTAIN
Don't you tell me how I should or shouldn't talk to you, young man.

JOCK
Look, we were just looking after the guest as you told us to.

CAPTAIN
Yes, but not by getting blind drunk, you idiot!

JOCK
To be honest, I know I've had a few but I'm not that drunk. I've still got all my faculties. Fair enough, TAR is a bit worse for wear

TAR (Let's out a large belch then groans)

JOCK
But the guest insisted. We couldn't let him drink on his own, could we?

CAPTAIN
Why not? You were on duty, for God's sake.

JOCK

Well, he insisted, we refused at first. His every need was catered for. I made sure of that. Have you ever drunk on your own when everyone else stays sober? It wouldn't have been much fun for him, so that's why we joined in.

CAPTAIN

Don't tell me about drinking. I used to drink.

JOCK

Well, you should've kept it up, because you look fucking miserable!

TAR (still slurring, eyes closed)
Miiiiisssserable

JOCK

How dare you speak to me like that! I can assure you this will be taken further. As for you, TAR, I expected much better from someone who has only been aboard a short time.

There's no response from the swaying TAR. THRUSH then pushes TAR on the shoulder to grab his attention, knocking him off balance so that he nose-dives into the teak deck. Amazingly he comes to rest in a wonderful position that is a pure comic moment - lying with the side of his face on the deck, his arms by his sides, his knees under his chest, and his ass in the air.

CAPTAIN

Oh, for God's sake, look at the state of you - that's pathetic! What have you got to say for yourself?

There are a few seconds silence whilst TAR's befuddled brain processes the question.

TAR

Fuuuucking goood afternooon.

He vomits green bile over THRUSH'S Italian leather shoes.

MARC

Give me a hand with TAR will you JOCK.

JOCK

Come on fella. Let's get you to bed.

MARC and JOCK take a side each and take him inside the yacht.

FADE OUT:

TITLE OVER BLACK: 4 hours later...

INT. CREW MESSROOM - NIGHT (83)

MARC

Any news ZECKY?

ZECKY

I've filled TAR with coffee and food to soak it up. I think most of the booze came out when he puked.

MARC

Yeah, I think he had his fill with the Russian.

ZECKY

Looks like it. JOCK doesn't seem so bad though.

MARC

He's got a hardwearing liver that boy! Oliver Read, eat your heart out. Is TAR up and about yet?

ZECKY

He's up but in his cabin. He had a GREAT time.

TOM

How's our Russian guest?

ZECKY

He's up. Christ, it looks like he's been using the table for baking, judging by the amount of white powder on it.

MARC

No change there then?

ZECKY

Nope. I hear that THRUSH wasn't happy with JOCK and TAR for being pissed when they came back.

MARC

He was never going to be, was he? To be fair JOCK can handle it and what were they supposed to do when the guest insists. Whatever they want they get. This is a top end superyacht charter not a back street working man club!

ZECKY

It's a tricky situation because you are trying to look after the guest and his wishes. He wanted to have a drink, and he wanted them to join him. If he wants it, he gets it right? It may not be in the rule book, but RULE No.1 is keeping the guest happy.

MARC

Right. Try explaining that to THRUSH though.

ZECKY

Good luck with that.

TOM

I hear that TAR puked all over THRUSH's Italian shoes. I must admit he's growing on me at an exponential rate!

MARC

You aren't the only one TOM. He's a little star in the making. So, what's next on the agenda ZECKY?

ZECKY

The limo will pick the guests up at nine o'clock to take the guests to party at the nightclub, leaving just us aboard. Even THRUSH has gone ashore for a few hours.

MARC

Really? Where is he going?

ZECKY

He didn't say.

MARC

He didn't even tell me he was going?! Did he say when we are leaving tomorrow?

ZECKY

Before he left, he had told me that we would be departing at 9am to head over to Ibiza, where eventually the guests would be leaving.

MARC

Again, he's not mentioned ANYTHING to me. I'll have to check the wheelhouse to see if he's left some orders, but I doubt it.

ZECKY

Well, he told me, and I said I'd tell you.

MARC

Not the point really. He should be telling me directly. Asshole.

ZECKY

True. Anyway, the guests and THRUSH have their personal remotes to bring the gangplank down to the level of the quay, so we will know when they are back. The buzzer will sound in the crew room to warn us so they can relax. I'll also get a call from the driver to let me know when they are on their way. JOB DONE!

CUT TO:

EXT. BARBEQUE DECK - MORNING (84)

TOM and MARC get up at 6am. When they go down to the outside barbeque deck, they find MR. BIG and his two girls crashed out on the sofa. The ashtrays are full of burnt joints and a big pile of coke is still on the glass table. THRUSH starts the engines to leave the harbour.

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - MORNING (85)

Once the yacht is safely out of the harbour, MARC instructs TAR to help TOM, to fix the navigation light on the forward mast in front of the wheelhouse. The job is another practical joke for the inexperienced TAR. MARC is on watch in the wheelhouse watching TAR and TOM on the foredeck.

TOM

OK TAR, hold this bucket with water in it really steady. Have you got it?

TAR

Yes, but why do I have to hold it steady? It would only be water on an open outside deck.

TOM

NO! You don't understand. To fix the light we needed to take that powder in the margarine tub that's floating in the water in the bucket. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES should you put the bucket down or let the margarine tub touch the sides, because the powder in the tub is EXTREMELY unstable. If the tub touches the side of the bucket, it might knock the crystal powder, and this would be enough to set off a very explosive chain reaction. That would be REALLY BAD!!

TAR

You're kidding right?

TOM

Fuck no I'm not kidding. Concentrate and I'm just going down to the engine room to get some tools. I'll be back and remember what I said.

TOM disappears off the deck and scurries up to MARC in the wheelhouse.

MARC

Has he fallen for it?

TOM

Oh yeah, big time. Look at him. Look at the concentration on his face. He's really sweating and fidgety and his arms are shaking. He more jittery than a caffeine junkie.

MARC

Brilliant.

TOM

I obviously didn't tell him it was only soap powder. We've got a bird's eye view from here mate. Alter course sharply so the yacht rocks side to side. Let's see how good his concentration and balance are.

MARC sharply alters course one way and the other. This made TAR more nervous, and tries even harder to maintain his balance. After the first few alterations off course TAR is seen on the fore deck screaming at the wheelhouse at the top of his voice.

MARC

There's a boat ahead of us so I've got an excuse to sound the horn. It's SO loud and it's just above TAR on the foremast. Watch this!

TOM

Go on then.

MARC

I'll use the outdoor speakers to tell TAR that I'm going to sound the ship's horn to warn a vessel ahead that I'm going to alter course, and that he should put his hands over his ears.

TOM

Do you reckon he'll put the bucket down?

MARC

We'll see! He's been told not to, so there's no way he can cover his ears at the same time.

TOM

How loud is the horn on here?

MARC

Well put it this way you can hear it a couple of miles away so yes, it's LOUD! Press that button next to you.

TOM presses the button and an horn sounds.

MARC

Well! This is a sight to behold. He's prancing around like an Irish dancer while trying to shield his ears with his arms!

TOM

Alter course again so the yacht rocks the other way.

MARC

Deal!

After a while TOM goes down to the fore deck to end his misery, and TAR has forgotten his manners and decorum.

CUT TO:

BACK ON THE FOREDECK

TAR (squealing)

WHAT THE FUCK KEPT YOU?!

Even though he expects TAR to be alarmed, his fury catches TOM slightly off guard.

TOM

Oh, I had to take a phone call from the owner, mate. It couldn't wait.

TAR

I nearly dropped the fucking thing! He sounded the horn and it's right above me. I thought my eardrums were going to explode!

TOM

Bastard, eh? OK, mate, you've done well. But the reason I ended the call was because I realised these are the wrong sparks. These are even more unstable than the ones I meant to bring.

TAR

MORE unstable !?

TOM

Yeah. Now hand the bucket to me and be bloody careful. If it goes off we're done for. Don't even breathe on them.

TAR gingerly hands it to TOM. After a couple of seconds, TOM pretends he's about to sneeze. From what TAR has been told, this would be fatal.

TOM

Err... shit! TAR, get the... eeeuuuur... I'm gonna snee...

TAR

WHAT? No, you can't!

TAR is now looking even more terrified.

TOM

Ahhhh... Ahhhhhhhh... AAAAAAHHHHHHH... CHOOOOOOOO!!

Before his sneeze finished, TAR is already on the deck curled into a ball with his hands on his head. TOM can't help but look up to MARC in the wheelhouse with a big smile on his face. MARC now has tears rolling down his face.

TOM

Too easy... numb nuts.

TOM then drops the bucket next to TAR'S head on the deck before disappearing off the fore deck.

MARC (V.O) (over radio)

Stop laying down on the job TAR yOU lazy bugger and go give JOCK a hand on the aft deck.

TAR slowly uncurls himself from a ball on the deck, stands up and looks at the bucket of powder.

TAR

BAAAAASTARDS!!

CUT TO:

EXT. AFT DECK - DAY (86)

TAR arrives on the rear deck to assist JOCK.

JOCK

How's it going TAR. MARC has just said you were on the way. Pop down the store and get me some tartan paint, a glass hammer with some rubber nails, would you?

TAR

Very funny JOCK. I may have fallen for the powder trick but that was bit TOO obvious.

JOCK

No flies on you eh! Alright, get me a bucket of sea water would you whilst I take the bolts of this.

TAR find a big bucket. He ties a rope around the handle of the bucket and ties the other end around his wrist then throws the bucket overboard. JOCK turns around to speak to him and he see what he's done.

JOCK (shouts)
LET GO OF THE ROPE!

No sooner as he shouts at TAR, the rope become tight and it swiftly drags TAR across the wooden deck and half way over the side of the railing. A few more inches and he'll be dragged in the sea.

TAR
HELP! JOCK, I'm going to go in!

JOCK leaps to his feet and darts across the deck. He grabs his deck knife out of his back pocket and cuts the rope releasing his arm.

JOCK
You bloody numb skull! You could have killed yourself! What were you thinking?

TAR
You said get a bucket of water!

JOCK
Yes... from the fire hydrant to clown!

TAR
Oh.

JOCK (slapping the back of his head)
WHO ties a rope around their wrist, throws a big bucket over the side when the yacht's doing 15 knots! You could have lost your hand!

JOCK
You'd better smarten up boy! Come on, let's go to the wheelhouse and get that graze sorted on your wrist.

TAR
I don't suppose that's a bad idea.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. IBIZA TOWN HARBOUR - CREW MESSROOM - DAY (88)

The yacht arrives in Ibiza. All the guests are going to a private party.

ZECKY

Are you all set for a party tonight then, TAR?

TAR

Party? What party?

ZECKY

Once the boys have cleaned the yacht, we're all going up the road for a bit of a knees-up. It's Saturday night after all and this is Ibiza in the summer.

TAR

I thought we were going to have to stay on board.

ZECKY

Well, two people will have to do the duty, but it won't be us tonight, thankfully.

TAR

When will the guests be coming back?

ZECKY

Not until tomorrow evening around six. MR.BIG has a friend here so they will be with him at his place in the hills until that time.

TAR

That's a cracking bit of luck.

ZECKY

Make the best of it because this doesn't usually happen on charter.

TAR

Who's going, then?

ZECKY

The usual crowd. If you've never been to Ibiza then you'll have fun, I can assure you of that. It really is one of a kind.

TAR

You've been here before then?

ZECKY (starts giggling)

Yeah, you could say that. I was here a little TOO often at one stage of my life. It was my old stomping ground in my younger more formative years, and yes, I kicked the arse out of the clubbing scene here for years. I know the place like the back of my hand.

FADE IN:

SOUNDTRACK: SUMMER 91

<https://open.spotify.com/track/4FEcEwbE2vsqhxbTPtiNTL?si=8gs2HmRaSSqFJqrM-rWZtQ>

EXT. YACHT GANGPLANK - DUSK (90)

The taxi arrives at the gang plank and everyone jumps in.

TAXI DRIVER

Hola!

ZECKY

Hola! Cafe del Mar, por favour.

JOCK

Jesus, it smells like a bloody perfume factory in here. Wind the windows down a bit, would you?

ZECKY

Most of it's coming from you, JOCK, so I wouldn't complain too much.

JOCK then puts his arm around ZECKY and nudges up to her on the back seat.

JOCK

Well, I'm feeling lucky tonight, darling. I think this is our night.

ZECKY

You don't have much chance, anyway, but slobbering in my ear like a basset hound won't increase your chances.

JOCK

Ah, playing hard to get again, eh? Don't you want me to give you something that you've never had before, then?

ZECKY

And what would that be, JOCK? A micro penis or leprosy?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFÉ DEL MAR BAR - DUSK (91)

The taxi pulls up at Cafe del Mar and everyone gets out and heads straight to the bar to order some drinks. They find themselves a spot outside where they can slowly get drunk and watch the sunset.

JOCK

Well, TAR, how does it feel, mate?

TAR

Bloody fantastic! How could it be any better? I'm in Ibiza in summer, getting drunk with my new family. It doesn't get much better, really. I feel like I've grown close to you, even if it has been such a short time. I'd hate it if any of you left to go to another job or something.

JOCK

Well, little mate, you're going to have to get used to it, I'm afraid.

Everyone stops talking and stares at JOCK. MARC puts his pint down on the table and leans forward.

MARC

What are you talking about, mate? Do you know something we don't?

JOCK

I didn't want to tell you this, but I can't think of a better time really. The vibe's good and this will probably be the last time I'll be ashore with you.

TOM leans forward over the table with serious look on his face.

TOM

What's happened, mate?

JOCK clears his throat then lights up a cigarette. He sits back and takes a long hard drag before answering. JOCK raises his arms nonchalantly.

JOCK

I got sacked this morning.

MARC

What! Who? Why?

JOCK

Who do you think? THRUSH - that's who. He said he didn't like my attitude, and I guess coming back after a few drinks with our Russian friend didn't help matters.

TOM

Yeah, but come on! You were only doing what the guest wanted you to do. Apart from that he doesn't know anything else that you've done. We do, but he doesn't.

TAR

Does that mean I'll be sacked as well, then?

JOCK

No, it doesn't, little mate. He reckons you're too young to know any different, and because this is your first boat he thinks this is a learning experience for you. Anyway, I took the hammering for you.

TOM

It's either that or he thinks he can bend you to what he wants.

TAR

How can he sack you anyway? Aren't there laws against this sort of thing?

MARC

Unfortunately, for JOCK, there aren't. The rules say that if the yacht is maintained under certain rules, then he can pretty much do as he likes.

TAR

He's worked on here for months.

MARC

It's a shit situation.

TAR

So, what you're saying is that THRUSH can do virtually anything he likes to anyone in this situation.

MARC

As far as sacking is concerned, yes.

JOCK tries to lighten the atmosphere.

JOCK

Anyway, it's not the end of the world, it's not going to spoil our night. Let's just forget about it. The guests are leaving tomorrow night and he's given me a few days to sort something out. With a bit of luck, we'll get a good tip.

TOM

We should do. He seems happy.

JOCK

Yeah, he does. Anyway, there are loads of yachts and work around here at this time of year, so I'm not really bothered. Now come on, forget about it and let's have a laugh. Besides, there's no way I'm leaving this yacht before you lose your cherry, TAR. Jobs come and go, but deflowering a ripe virgin like you - hell, that shit will stay with me for ever!

Everyone laughs, and they are all in awe at JOCK's total lack pity for himself. The crew drink for hours and after a while they are all drunk and back to their happy demeanour. They set off for a walk to the next bar. Bar touts are everywhere.

TOM

Here comes another one JOCK.

JOCK

Leave him to me.

A BAR TOUT approaches the group forcefully.

TOUT 1

Alright guys, you want to get yourselves in here
and I'll give you a free... WHAT THE HELL?!

As a forceful tout approach the group, JOCK uses reverse psychology to deal with him. Instead of trying to dodge him he leaps up to them. Hugging them tightly, crotch to crotch, he runs his hand down his back on to his arse. This is enough not to press his selling scam.

TOM

Hahahaha, that worked a treat!

TAR

Here comes another.

JOCK pretends he's about to throw up as the tout approaches him on him. The group walks past unobstructed.

TOUT 2

Hey guys, do you... Oh JESUS not on me.

TOM

They don't give up do they. Now we have this
short arse coming to scam us. Over to you, JOCK.
I dare you leapfrog him.

JOCK runs at him and puts his hands on his shoulders before leapfrogging over him.

CUT TO:

INT. IBIZA CLUB - NIGHT (92)

They find a club with a good crowd, the music sounds great, and the vibe is good. JOCK is looking for a suitable girl for TAR.

JOCK

Do you see anything you like then, TAR?

TAR

Not really.

MARC

What do you mean, not really? It's wall-to-wall here!

TOM

It's true, TAR. This is the place to pull. We just need to find someone who's about your age, but I think the schools are closed this time of night.

TAR

Very funny! I'm nervous because I'm not quite sure what to say.

JOCK

Everybody is when they first approach someone. Just feel the fear and go with it.

ZECKY

You should just be yourself.

TOM

Be yourself? Unless you're JOCK, you mean!

ZECKY

Well, yeah.

TAR

I don't really have much experience, though.

ZECKY

Look, the journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step. Don't let the past dictate who you are. Just let it be a part of who you become.

JOCK

I reckon you should just get over there with all guns blazing, TAR. Blaze a path for others to follow. Now, there must be someone you like the look of.

TAR looks over at a young blonde girl who is sat down with a friend.

TAR

Well, she's got a nice face.

JOCK (nodding his approval)
Not a bad rack as well.

TAR
Yes, she's very pretty.

JOCK
Right, mate, they're drinking bottles of Stella,
so I'll take a couple over.

TAR
No, JOCK - not yet. I'm not ready..

JOCK
Bullshit. Just wing it. You can't play the game
of life with sweaty palms. Remember, those who
hesitate, masturbate! You don't want to head back
to the yacht and settle for a wank and a Pot
Noodle, do you?

TAR
You do have a way with words, don't you?!

JOCK
If you waste all your time worrying about if
you're going to pull, the bloody night will be
gone! Action is what we need here, mate!

No sooner has JOCK finished his motivational speech, he
takes some drinks over to the girls and waves TAR over. All
goes well for about ten minutes until TAR asks her to come
to the bar and get a drink. When she pushes the chair away
and stands up, she is about six-feet-four. She politely
tells TAR that he's sweet, but she makes her excuses and
leaves.

JOCK
Fucking hell! She was taller than me, mate. She
didn't look tall when she was sat down.

TAR
She's all LEGS!

JOCK
You'd have needed a step ladder.

TAR

Oh well, plenty more fish in the sea.

JOCK

That's the ticket, mate. It's all about confidence. Anyway, she'd have been no good for you, being the height she was. Can you imagine getting down to business with her?

TAR

Not really, I think it's obvious I haven't done that before.

JOCK

Fair enough.

TAR

Anyway, what do you mean?

JOCK

Well, look, she's around six-four and you are a LOT less. You'd never get away from her fanny if you were both naked!

TAR

How so?

JOCK

Think about it, mate. When you're hugging her, your nose would be in it. When you're kissing her, your toes would be in it, and when you're shagging her you'd have nobody to talk to!

JOCK's joke makes everyone laugh, then they all hit the dancefloor as the heavy bassline kicks in and the strobe light flashes.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT (94)

SOUNDTRACK: IT AIN'T OVER TILL THE FAT LADY SINGS.

<https://open.spotify.com/track/6sonsqYilFsGGcDwlYtRuW?si=NW83JoXRT46XaHZ-1bK4Vg>

Everyone is having great fun and for the next hour or so nobody is really thinking of anything else other than drinking, dancing and laughing. Suddenly a girl approaches

TAR from out of the dry ice surrounding the dancefloor. TAR is in the middle and having fun bouncing around with JOCK and ZECKY. The girl puts her hand on TAR's shoulder and drunkenly turns him around to face her. She wraps herself around TAR

RITA

You're fucking mine tonight.

She's around 18, about the same height as him, but weighs about fifteen stone. She's Chinese, caked in make-up and she has a strong Liverpool accent.

ZECKY (to JOCK whilst dancing)

Bloody hell! The poor kid hasn't a chance!

JOCK

I know! Doesn't look like she'll be taking no for an answer.

Pushing TAR against a dark wall of the bar and she's got her hands all over him. She tells her friends she's going back to her hotel room. She takes a quick comfort break first leaving TAR for a moment. JOCK strolls over to TAR to see how he's doing.

JOCK (grinning ear to ear)

You OK, kid?

TAR (dumbfounded look)

She's mental, JOCK! She's only known me two minutes and we're off to her room.

JOCK

That's Ibiza for you! She's a man-eater, mate! I think it's safe to say that tonight's the night, buddy. She must love young boys. Anyway, it doesn't look like you have much of a choice.

TAR

I know, and I don't really want to upset her.

JOCK (keeping a straight face)

Don't forget, TAR, because she's Chinese her vagina runs horizontal, not up and down like white girls. So, when you have your wicked way,

you'll have to lay her down and stick it in from the side.

TAR

How do you mean?

JOCK

You know what I mean - if you're looking from above, you'd look like a cross.

TAR

Oh, right, I've got you.

JOCK

She's a big girl, so if you can't find it amongst the rolls just tell her to fart and give you a clue!

TAR is looking a worried as the girl comes back and pulls him towards the exit. He speaks quickly in JOCK's ear.

TAR

JOCK, will you come with me and wait outside so I can find my way back to the boat?

JOCK

Nothing surer, mate. Go have a blast - I'll follow you and wait outside.

JOCK tells the group what's happening and says he feels a duty to look after TAR as it's his first time.

JOCK

TAR and I will see you back at the boat - well, if he's still alive. Catch you later and have fun!

JOCK follows the pair. TAR keeps looking over his shoulder to see if JOCK is still following. She leads him through the main door of the hotel and into her ground floor room. JOCK sits in the shadows by a tree outside and smokes a cigarette. It is only a few metres from their balcony, so he can hear what's going on. RITA takes no prisoners. She pushes the nervous TAR against the wall and unzips his fly.

TAR

Er, wouldn't you like us to get to know each other first?

RITA (thick scouse accent)

What the fuck for, lad?

TAR

Well, can I at least know your name?

RITA (stripping off)

Rita... it's Rita, now shurrup - ya' putting me off.

TAR surveys the tattooed mass on the bed in front of him.

RITA (beckoning finger)

Come on then, lad, what you waiting for?

He remembers what JOCK said and slowly positions himself over her sideways, crotch to crotch with his body running across the bed. She is looking up at him, barely able to see him over the top of her ample breasts as he tries to insert his member into her.

RITA (bemused)

What the are you doing, lad?

JOCK can't help but have a look through the window at TAR's antics and he must muster all his self-control not to laugh and give himself away. TAR tries harder until RITA loses her patience and throws him off her body. She manhandles him on to his back then mounts him with all the elegance of an elephant seal. Back and forth she grinds on top of him, with TAR staring at the ceiling and her huge boobs bouncing and slapping against him. After a couple of minutes of groaning and thrusting there is an almighty yelping noise from TAR as he climaxes.

RITA

Oh, for fuck's sake, lad! I've barely got started and you've shot your muck already! What about me, like?!

TAR

Oh, sorry. I don't do this very often. I ...

RITA

Never mind that, lad - get down and eat me out.

She is now walking further up the bed on her knees and straddling his face between her huge, fat thighs.

RITA

And for fuck's sake hurry up - my boyfriend will be back soon.

TAR (eyes are now like saucers)

WHAT DID YOU SAY?!

RITA

My boyfriend... he'll be back soon.

TAR

BOYFRIEND!! What the hell is this?

TAR is trying to fight off her ample frame, but he's unsuccessful due to his arms being pinned by his sides.

RITA

He screws around, and I'm not bothered, and I fancy a young white boy for a change.

TAR (Panic and writhing around)

I'd better go now... really... I'd better go now.

JOCK hears this and bursts out laughing. His laughter is short-lived though, as he sees a coloured boy walk through the hotel gates. Before entering the hotel, he pauses, looks over to the room and hears what's going on.

JOCK (quietly to himself)

FUCK!

RITA's boyfriend's face turns to a picture of anger as he runs towards the hotel entrance, shouting. JOCK springs into life, climbing over the balcony and bounds into the room like a springbok.

RITA

Who the fuck are you?

JOCK (grabbing his arm from underneath RITA)
TAR! Out NOW! No time to explain, mate - just run!

JOCK grabs TAR and shoves him out the window and over the balcony.

TAR
Thanks for the rescue, JOCK, but what's the matter?

JOCK
Boyfriend, mate - he's just rocked up. He'll be walking through the door any second, so run like the wind.

No sooner has JOCK got the words out TAR has his trousers up and is overtaking JOCK, sprinting through the hotel grounds. JOCK takes him to a bar for a nightcap to calm him down before making their way back to the yacht.

INT. BAR NIGHT (95)

JOCK
Here you go, mate. Get that down you. So, how was it?!

TAR gulps down the beer almost in one go and turns to JOCK with a big grin.

TAR
I don't know what to say, really. It was scary, exciting and bloody intimidating all at the same time.

JOCK
You didn't have much say in it really, did you, mate?

TAR
Not really. Shall I tell you what happened?

JOCK
You don't have to - I heard everything and saw most of it.

TAR
You didn't see everything, did you?

JOCK

You're OK, mate. I looked away at certain points.

There is a short silence before JOCK asks his next question.

JOCK (bursts out laughing)

So, you big stud, how does it feel to finally lose your cherry? Was it everything you thought it would be, then?

TAR

It wasn't quite the way I envisioned losing my virginity, or with the type of girl I thought it would be with, but I guess I won't forget it in a hurry.

JOCK

Well, yeah, you won't forget that. I must admit, when I saw her dragging you off, I didn't know whether to tell you to fight it or fuck it!! She was some size, eh? I bet when she says it's Tuesday, it's fucking Tuesday!

TAR

I know. I didn't want to upset her, so I just went with it.

JOCK

What about her... you know?

TAR

What?

JOCK

You know?

TAR

What?

JOCK

Fuck's sake, TAR - do you want me to spell it out for you? Mouse's ear or Mersey Tunnel - excuse the pun.

TAR

What the hell am I going to compare it to, for God's sake? I was a virgin, remember?

JOCK (shrugging and grinning)
Fair point, mate.

TAR
BUT, having been to RITA'S city if you can envision throwing a sausage down the Mersey Tunnel you wouldn't be that far off! Oh, and another thing - it doesn't go sideways like you said it would on Chinese girls.

JOCK
No shit, Sherlock! I can't believe you fell for that one, mate!

TAR is laughing now and is crimson with embarrassment.

TAR
Ah, you bastard!

JOCK
Very funny though, mate.

TAR
For you, maybe.

JOCK
Anyway, how do you feel now you've done the deed?

TAR (thrusting his arms in the air)
LIKE I'M KING OF THE WORLD... KING OF THE FUCKING WORLD!

JOCK and TAR clink their pint glasses in the air in the crowded bar with huge smiles on their faces.

FREEZE FRAME:

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA QUAY - NIGHT (96)

ZECKY is sitting on the side of the quay, alone, with her legs dangling over the side of the harbour wall. She is looking at the moon and seems to be in a world of her own. The taxi pulls up and JOCK and TAR get out. TAR is half asleep from the ride home and from all his exertions.

JOCK (to taxi driver)
Keep the change.

They stroll over to the gangplank to get back aboard. On the way there, JOCK sees ZECKY sat the quay just up from the yacht.

TAR
I'll be asleep before my head hits the pillow.

JOCK (quietly)
You go up TAR and I'll see you tomorrow OK.

TAR
OK, no problem. And, JOCK, thanks for everything mate.

JOCK (gentle shoulder punch)
No problem kid. See you tomorrow.

JOCK then turns to look at ZECKY who is facing him. He holds her look for a few moments then strolls over. He sits next to her with his legs over the side of the quay. They sit there in quiet contemplation for a few moments. The mood is quiet and thoughtful on both sides.

JOCK
You know I'm really going to miss you, ZECKY, don't you?

ZECKY takes a deep breath as she looks out over the harbour before squeezing his hand and turning to look at him.

ZECKY
I'll miss you too. We all will. This boat won't be the same without you.

JOCK
Do you really mean that?

ZECKY
Of course, I do. You're a good egg underneath and believe it or not I've grown a real affection for you. I must admit you surprised me tonight, though.

JOCK

Why's that?

ZECKY

I didn't think you'd be back until the morning.

JOCK

How so?

ZECKY

You know what I mean. You're single, it's Saturday night in Ibiza and there are lots of girls around. I thought you'd go and play, so to speak.

JOCK

I looked after TAR and had a beer with him afterwards, but that's it.

ZECKY

Why? What's changed?

JOCK

I don't know really. I guess it really drilled it home to me, watching TAR and everyone else.

ZECKY

In what way?

JOCK

I guess I don't really want that promiscuous life anymore. I don't know why, but I just don't. It's fun when you're growing up because it's exciting and you never know what's going to happen.

ZECKY

Well, yeah, I guess it is, otherwise no one would do it, would they?

JOCK

Yeah, but looking back, how many of those girls did I respect and give a fuck about?

ZECKY

Not many, I guess.

JOCK

None.

ZECKY

Why did you then?

JOCK

I've got needs, ZECKY, and let's face it, if you aren't in a relationship with somebody aboard the yacht, you rarely get any intimacy, do you?

ZECKY

Is that why you had that one-night stand in Monaco?

JOCK

Yeah, but I can't even remember her name. Nothing really.

ZECKY

Well, she might not be able to remember yours. Did you ever think of that?

JOCK

Yes, I did. I've got to admit that it got me thinking.

ZECKY

About what?

JOCK

About that. What's good for the goose is good for the gander and they could say the same about me. Is that the sort of life I want to live, going through life without ever really knowing and caring about anyone?

ZECKY

And vice versa.

JOCK

Exactly, and vice versa. At the end of the day, I don't want that for myself.

ZECKY

My God! Could this be the sound of JOCK maturing?

JOCK

I've felt that way for a while, to be fair.

There is a silence for a few moments as they both stare out into the harbour in contemplation.

FADE IN:

SOUNDTRACK: I NEED YOUR LOVE SO BAD

<https://open.spotify.com/track/6J1NKcC7xlbz5yrATZZ1X0?si=nGrH0tscR-CaEPCFgtVJPw>

ZECKY stares into JOCK's eyes to see if there is any sign of him bullshitting her, but there isn't.

ZECKY

That's the most sensible thing you've ever said to me. I never knew you felt like that.

JOCK

Neither did I. Would it have made a difference if I'd told you before?

ZECKY

A difference with what?

JOCK

With us.

ZECKY

It may have done, yes.

JOCK

Really?

ZECKY lights up a cigarette and takes a drag before answering.

ZECKY

Look, JOCK, you and I have always been great friends, even if it looks different to an outsider. There aren't many people I trust more than you if the shit hits the fan.

JOCK

That goes for me as well. We do have a chemistry, don't we?

ZECKY

Yes.

JOCK

You've never told me that before.

ZECKY

Well, you've never asked. You've just tried to squirm your way into my knickers - entertaining as that is. Anyway, the reason I stayed up tonight was to have a bit of a think.

JOCK

About what?

ZECKY

Loads of things really, but I didn't want you to leave without knowing what is going on inside my head with regards to you.

JOCK (gives ZECKY a playful nudge)

Had I better dive for cover?

ZECKY

We'll have to wait and see, won't we?

JOCK (looking down at his feet)

I'm really going to miss you, ZECKY. I love you loads, you know that, don't you?

ZECKY pauses for a moment to think.

ZECKY (slapping him on the back)

I love ya' as well, JOCK.

JOCK then turns to face her with a serious look on his face.

JOCK

No, you don't understand. I really do love you and I have done for ages. I've just got a shit way of showing it and I've kind of been fighting the feeling, if you know what I mean.

ZECKY

I think it might be lust, not love, JOCK.

JOCK

The lust is there as well but it isn't just that. When I was sat up in the bar with you tonight, all I wanted to do was take you to the beach.

ZECKY

Oh here he goes.

JOCK

Let me finish ... and tell you how much I was going to miss you and how upset I'd be if we lost contact; how I sometimes lie awake at night wondering what you're dreaming about, and if you're warm enough; how great you make me feel when I hug you, even if it is just in a friendly way; and how I feel completely at home when I look you in your eyes. When I'm around you I feel content and a sense of peace.

There is another short silence as the two of them sit edge of the quay looking at the moon. Tears begin to run down ZECKY'S cheeks as the moon light makes them glisten. She turns to face him. He turns to face her. He very gently wipes the tears from her face with the back of his finger.

ZECKY

Well, what are you going to do about it, then?

JOCK

I just needed you to know, that's all.

ZECKY leans over and cups his face in her hands, then kisses him softly but passionately. There is a look of shock on JOCK's face as he tries to come to terms with what's happening. He's waited so long for this moment. He gently cups the back of her head with his hands as he kisses her back. Together they share a perfect moment under the starry sky with the sound of the sea lapping against the quay.

ZECKY

Do you want to come down to the beach with me?

JOCK

When?

ZECKY (kissing him again)
Now.

JOCK
Just try and stop me.

FADE OUT:

INT. CREW MESSROOM. MORNING (97)

Next morning everyone meets for breakfast around the crew table. JOCK and ZECKY can't help but give each other little smiles and knowing looks across the table. THRUSH walks in as they are having breakfast.

CAPTAIN

I have some unexpected news. The guests will be leaving today - a full day early. They will stay with acquaintances on the island. There is a problem with the gearbox, and it will take some time to fix. The guests will be picked up in a couple of hours so please have all their luggage ready at the gangplank for collection at 1pm. Let's all meet at the gangplank in full uniform to say our goodbyes then.

THRUSH then leaves straight away.

JOCK

A problem with the gear box? It's the first I've known about it.

MARC

Me to. TOM didn't mention anything when I saw him this morning.

ZECKY

So, they are leaving a day early. Less of a tip for us then.

JOCK

Yeah, I guess so. They have barely been aboard to be fair. They've treated it like a taxi. It's nice to have that sort of money where you can do that I suppose.

ZECKY

Right the girls and I better get our skates on and start pack all their stuff up. I'll give you a shout on the radio to help us with their luggage. Then we will all meet to see them off the boat, OK?

EVERYONE

Yeah cool.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFT DECK - DAY (98)

Everyone is lined up on the after deck in uniform, awaiting the guests to finally leave. They don't hang around long - just time to load up the limo and shake hands with all the crew. He walks up to ZECKY first who is first in the line-up.

MR. BIG (kisses her on both cheeks)

ZECKY, you have been a dream. You truly are the hostess with the mostest! You and your girls are a class act.

ZECKY

No problem and thank you.

MR. BIG then strolls over to all boys who are stood together.

MR. BIG

And to you all I say thank you for everything. You are a great team. And JOCK, if ever you are in Moscow come look me up.

As he shakes JOCK's hand he produces a folded bar towel in the shape of an erect penis - a trick JOCK had shown him.

JOCK (looking down at the bar towel)

Very good... you've even got the head right!

MR. BIG laughs loudly the gives him a big hug and whispers something in his ear covertly. He then moonwalks back to the gangplank looking at JOCK for recognition. He then walks up to THRUSH at the end of the line. He doesn't shake his hand. He does not thank him for anything.

MR. BIG

CAPTAIN, look after your crew.

The girls and the bodyguards stand by the limo waiting for him to get in. He walks down the gangplank, jumps in the back and they follow. The limo slowly pulls away.

CAPTAIN

Everyone comes to the crew room please.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW MESSROOM - DAY (99)

Everyone quickly sits down in the crew messroom to await the gratuity for their hard work. Ten minutes later THRUSH walks in with an envelope and sits down briefly.

CAPTAIN

OK, I have the tips here in your envelopes. You'll see that your names are on each one. I'll put them here on the table.

Without so much thanking the crew for all their efforts, he stands up from the table and walks out of the room. As he leaves, he turns to ZECKY.

CAPTAIN (Continued)

Could you come and see me in my cabin in ten minutes please?

ZECKY (puzzled)

Sure. What's it regarding?

CAPTAIN

If you could just come up.

TOM

What's all that about?

ZECKY

I wish I knew. Haven't got a clue!

TOM

Have you upset him or something?

ZECKY

I don't think so.

MARC investigates his envelope.

MARC (disgruntled)
Just have a look in your tip envelopes and count what he's given you.

TOM
Why? What's up?

MARC
Well, it's not what I expected. I reckon it's hundreds short.

TOM
You're kidding?

MARC
No, I'm not. Just check it would you?

Everyone quickly opens their sealed envelopes. There are all short.

TOM (slams his envelope back on the table)
That's shit!

ZECKY
Hardly seems worth it, does it?

TOM (scratches his head)
It seemed like MR. BIG had a great time, though. He left happy and he wasn't exactly stingy with his cash, was he? I'm well surprised.

ZECKY (stands up and lets out a big sigh.)
Oh well, I'd better go see what he wants. See you all in a bit.

As she walks out, the mood in the room turns even sourer.

TOM
Are you thinking what I'm thinking, mate?

MARC
Bloody right I am. It doesn't make sense. We are well short on what was expected. The guy is a thief. I've suspected this for a while.

TOM
What are you going to do about it?

MARC

What can I do about it? I don't know how much he tipped the yacht. The cash always goes to him behind closed doors. You know that.

TOM

Why don't you go up to his cabin and have it out with him?

MARC

And say what? We all think you are a fucking thief - now cough up the rest of the tip and be fair!

TOM

It would be a start!

MARC

TOM, I've got no proof and until I find it, we can't do a thing. That fucker can get away with it. He's the only one who knows how much we're tipped.

TOM

Why don't you ask to be kept abreast of the financial side?

MARC

I tried, remember? He told me no. He said it was his business.

TOM

Well, there you go then. If he was honest, he'd have no problem.

MARC

I know.

Suddenly, there's the sound of a door slamming and ZECKY comes down the stairs in tears running past the crew messroom. They all look at each other and run after her to see what's wrong.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT AFT DECK - DAY (100)

They find ZECKY on deck sitting on a rope bollard with her head in her hands, in floods of tears. MARC sits next to her and gives her a hug.

MARC

What's the matter babe?

ZECKY

That fucking prick has gone and fired me now!

Everyone is astonished.

MARC

Fired you?! What the hell for? You've done nothing wrong.

ZECKY

I KNOW!

JOCK

What did he say to you?

ZECKY

He said that he thinks it is time we separated and moved on.

TOM

Did you ask why?

ZECKY

Of course, I did. He said that sometimes he didn't agree with how I did things.

TOM (angrily)

That's fucking bullshit, man!

MARC

Hang on a minute... I know what's going on here.

ZECKY

What?

JOCK

He's trying to get rid of us all to split us up. He'll try and get rid of us one by one so a whole

new crew can be hand-picked by him, so they'll bend to his whim.

MARC

Either that or he'll get associate on. He treats us like shit so a few of us might think there are better yachts to be had elsewhere. The tips for the past two or three charters are short. He's already got rid of the Chief Engineer a couple of trips back to make way for his mate. Then he's got rid of JOCK and now ZECKY. Don't you see a pattern here?

TOM

You've got a point. If he gets rid of ZECKY I bet, she will be replaced by that girl that came on last week from his last yacht. That means she'll oversee the department and will get the extra cash. It will be a cushy little number for them both.

ZECKY

That's what I said to him! I told him it doesn't take a genius to figure out what's happening here.

MARC

What did he say to that?

ZECKY

He just shrugged his shoulders and said, "That will be all."

JOCK

How long have you got, then?

ZECKY

The same as you - until the gearbox is fixed and the yacht leaves.

MARC

Right, that's going to be at least two days.

TOM (getting angrier)

What are we going to do? We can't let him get away with this. It's bloody criminal.

JOCK

Another thing I should mention guys is that when MR.BIG left the yacht and said his goodbye to us all he covertly whispered something in my ear as he gave me a man-hug.

MARC

What did he say?

JOCK

He whispered in my ear and gave me a wink before walking down the gangplank, that "*your Captain is more corrupt than even me.*"

TOM

I saw him say something to you, but I couldn't make it out.

JOCK

That's what he said. NOW THAT is saying something coming from a dodgy Russian villain like him.

TOM

I wonder what he knows to say that.

MARC

Just let me think about it for a minute.

MARC walks around the after deck biting his thumbnail and pondering the problem. After a few minutes MARC re-joins them.

MARC

There is only one thing to do. I'm going to have to find out exactly how much MR.BIG tipped the yacht.

TOM

How are you going to do that? Call him up and ask him?! That's hardly playing by the rules of etiquette, is it? Nobody does that!

MARC

That's exactly what I'm going to do.

TOM

You're kidding, right?

MARC

Nope. Well, let's face it TOM we all suspect THRUSH isn't playing by the rules. It's not just once either is it?

TOM

True.

MARC

And no MR. BIG gives us a hint. Fuck him. ZECKY, have you still got his number?

ZECKY

Yes.

TOM

If THRUSH finds out you've gone behind his back you're finished, mate.

MARC

By my calculations we're all finished anyway. It's just a matter of time. We may as well go out in a blaze of glory. Anyway, we can't let him get away with this. I wouldn't treat my fucking dog the way he treats the crew. Who does he think he is? We've all got to stick together because he's only him, but we are us. Loyalty and looking after each other - it's as simple as that.

ZECKY hands MARC her mobile phone and MR. BIG's number is already on the screen. MARC takes a deep breath, presses the call button and awaits the answer.

MR. BIG (V.O)

Hello?

MARC (into phone)

Hello sir, I'm calling from the yacht.

MR. BIG (V.O)

Yes... what's the problem?

MARC (into phone)

Sorry to bother you but I just wanted to know if you'd had a good charter and to let you know that we've really enjoyed having you.

MR. BIG (V.O)

Great charter, and a great crew. I'm sure we'll be back.

MARC (into phone)

That's great sir, it's good to hear. I'm just checking the final bill as well, sir. I wonder if you could put me right on a few items because we can't seem to find the paperwork.

MR. BIG (V.O)

OK... what do you want to know?

MARC (into phone)

Yes, can you tell me what figure the total bill was and what gratuity you left? It's just for the records and office paperwork, you see.

MR. BIG (V.O)

Yes, hang on and let me check.

After a minute or so MR. BIG comes back on the phone and MARC writes down what he tells him.

MARC (into phone)

Yes, I can still hear you... yes, got that... yes... and what was the final gratuity... Right... well... that's great, and thanks for that. I'm sorry to bother you but paperwork is paperwork. Have a nice time and we'll hopefully meet again. Ok, goodbye and thanks.

ZECKY, TAR, JOCK and TOM are waiting with anticipation.

JOCK

What did he say?

MARC

Just give me a minute.

MARC gets his pocket calculator out and does a few calculations.

MARC (red faced and fuming)

That dirty, sly, low-down, robbing...!

TOM

I fucking knew he'd nicked some!

ZECKY

How much are we short between us all, then? I bet it is HUNDREDS.

MARC takes a long look at her and points his finger upwards.

JOCK

What? Its more?

MARC nods.

ZECKY

Fucking thousands!

TOM

Thousands!! What are we going to do?

MARC

YEP, I'm afraid so. I'm going to call the owner and tell him exactly what's gone on here with firing crew and the stealing and see what he can do. I think he's got a few issues with him anyway.

TOM

You're calling the owner?! Mate, now you're really pushing the boundaries. Do you think that's wise?

MARC

Like I said before, we've nothing to lose now. It could be any one of us getting fired next. He can't be allowed to get away with this. It's time for the gloves to come off.

TOM

OK, it's your ass, but if you're going to call him, calm down and sound professional.

ZECKY

TOM's right. Don't go off all guns blazing. Just give him the facts. Now, hand me the phone and I'll get the number up.

ZECKY hands the phone to MARC who is trying to calm himself down. MR. THOMAS'S phone rings and he answers.

MR. THOMAS

Hi, ZECKY. Are you looking after my beautiful yacht for me?

MARC

Oh, hi sir, it's MARC. I'm just borrowing ZECKY'S phone to call you.

MR. THOMAS

Have you broken another one?! Christ, with people like you I should have my money in mobile phones! What can I do you for?

MARC

No... no, it's inside. Look, I know that this is pretty unusual for one of the crew to call you when it isn't via the CAPTAIN, but I don't really have much choice.

MR. THOMAS

That sounds a bit ominous. What's up?

MARC

There are a few things happening on your yacht I think you should know about.

MR. THOMAS

Like what?

MARC

Well, we've just finished the charter, and the CAPTAIN has gone and sacked JOCK and ZECKY.

MR. THOMAS

He's done what?! What's he gone and done that for?

MARC

Nothing, plus the tips from the charter are really low again, and we suspect he's taken some of it.

The boss takes a few seconds to ponder the implications of what MARC just said.

MR. THOMAS

You had the same thing last time, you say?

MARC

We did sir, yes, but we took him at his word and didn't question him.

There's a silence.

MR. THOMAS

Have you got any evidence of this and are you telling me everything?

MARC

As a matter of fact, I have. I've just got off the phone with the guest. I rang him to ask him for a run-down of expenditure, and it seems that what he gave as a gratuity is totally different to what we all received.

MR. THOMAS

How much less?

MARC

Thousands, sir. I'm sorry to bother you with this but I thought you should know.

MR. THOMAS

No, you did the right thing. Right, listen carefully. You're lucky because at the moment I'm not really up to much. I'll call my pilot to get my plane ready for tomorrow morning. It won't take long to get to Ibiza from Monaco, so I'll be there about lunchtime, all being well.

MARC

You're coming down? Right... OK. Do you want me to mention it to the CAPTAIN?

MR. THOMAS

NO! Don't say a thing. I want you to carry on as normal. Don't even mention it to the crew, except ZECKY and JOCK. I'm glad you called because there have been a few discrepancies over the past few months and I was going to check them out anyway. You've just brought that forward.

MARC

OK.

MR. THOMAS

Remember, not a word to anyone else because I want to catch him off guard.

MARC

No problem, sir and thank you. It's very much appreciated.

MR. THOMAS

I'll see you around lunchtime, then.

MARC

OK, sir, will do and goodbye.

MARC looks at the sky and take a deep breath before turning to them all.

MARC

I'm not going to go into too much detail, but the boss is flying in tomorrow lunchtime. He said that I should only tell ZECKY and JOCK, probably because they're the only ones who have been fired. However, you two have just overheard me, so that now goes out of the window. He doesn't want anyone else to know, so you've got to promise me you won't say a word. OK?

TAR

My lips are sealed.

MARC

Did you get that TOM?

TOM

Yeah, crystal clear.

MARC

Good, Right, let's get this yacht looking her best if the boss is coming down. It's all hands-on deck today. ZECKY, you'd better crack on with your stuff. If THRUSH asks you, just tell him that you should be all set to leave the day after tomorrow in the evening. That way he won't keep hassling you. Apart from that, just keep out of his way.

ZECKY

Yeah, OK.

MARC

Have an early night tonight to keep a clear head for tomorrow. And we should all stay on board tonight. Tomorrow will be eventful.

The crew spend the whole day cleaning. At the end of the working day most of the crew, except for JOCK, relax in the crew room watching TV.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA QUAY - DUSK (101)

JOCK is out catching fish at the bottom of the quay alone. MARC wanders over and sits next to him. JOCK turns and smiles.

JOCK

How's it going, mate?

MARC

I'm OK, big boy. How are you?

JOCK

All good. Do you want one of these?

JOCK pull out two cigars.

MARC

Don't mind if I do, mate, but don't you only smoke these when you're celebrating something?

JOCK

That's right.

MARC

Really? Considering everything with the tips and the firing? I've known you and I to have better times, mate.

JOCK

Don't you worry, it's all going to work out fine. I'm celebrating two monumental things.

MARC

What's that, then?

JOCK

The first happened last night and the second will happen tomorrow.

MARC

Oh yeah, and what would that be?

JOCK

The first thing is, ZECKY and I got it on last night.

MARC

I know, mate. I saw all the little sly glances at the breakfast table.

MARC puts an arm around JOCK'S shoulders.

JOCK

Oh, did you now.

MARC

Do me a favour though, mate. Don't go and hurt her. She's like a sister to me and she's a bloody good catch.

JOCK

I've got no intentions of doing that, mate. I care too much about her.

MARC

I know.

JOCK

Yeah, well, we really had a moment last night. It was electric. We really connected.

MARC

I'm glad, and I really hope it works out for you. I had a feeling in my stomach about you two a while ago.

JOCK

Really? I didn't. I thought I'd never get anywhere.

MARC

She just wanted you to show her some authenticity. Girls feel that shit! Take it slowly, mate, one step at a time.

JOCK

Yeah.

MARC

So, are you ready now for the pain?

JOCK

Eh?

MARC

The pain, mate! This isn't going to be just a one night stand you know. If you're going to have a relationship with this girl, she's going to make you grow like you've never had to before. With growth there is always pain as you adjust and re-adjust. It goes with the territory.

JOCK

Oh, right, that's one of the things I've been thinking about.

MARC

I'm glad you've thought about it. Your rusty old edges will be smoothed out, and this time next year I won't recognise you, mate! You're going to be a work in progress.

JOCK

She'll have a job on her hands. I've lived my single life the way I've lived it for so long, I'm going to need a bit of coaxing.

MARC

Well, ZECKY is a strong-willed girl with a good head on her shoulders, so if anyone can do it, mate, it's her. She'll turn you into a S.N.A.G. before you know it.

JOCK

A what?

JOCK

A S.N.A.G... Sensitive New Age Guy.

JOCK looks at MARC with a mixture of horror and disbelief.

JOCK

This is me you're talking about, isn't it?

MARC

Seriously, though, mate. How are you going to deal with it?

JOCK

What am I supposed to do after all these years? What is normality? I don't know where it is any more. My life has been like a meal: my childhood was my shit starter that gave me a life-long ulcer to live with. It's made me grow a certain way.

MARC

Everybody is a product of their environment, buddy.

JOCK

Yeah, I know, but it's fucking painful to step out of your comfort zone and live a life that you aren't used to.

MARC

Are you scared of change and being in love?

JOCK

Fucking right I am! I feel naked and vulnerable for the first time in my life.

MARC

Yeah, well, so will the other person if they're in love, too. You'll sort it out; just stick with it. Do you remember what I told TAR? It's not the changes in life that are tough, it's just the transitions.

JOCK

Yeah, I guess.

MARC

So, tomorrow then. I just hope that THRUSH doesn't sweet-talk his way out of it. When his head is straight, he can charm anyone and make them think black is white.

JOCK

Maybe when his head is straight, but I doubt he can when it isn't.

MARC and JOCK take a draw of their cigars then get eye contact. JOCK has a twinkle in his eye.

MARC

I know that mischievous look. What do you mean?

JOCK

I mean exactly that. We'll just have to tip the scales in our favour, won't we?

MARC

What are you talking about? Getting him pissed so he makes a twat of himself? He barely touches a drop, and anyway there's no way on Earth he'll drink at that time of day. If you're thinking of getting him pissed for when the boss comes down, you've got no chance.

JOCK

Who said anything about booze?

MARC begins to feel a little uneasy.

MARC

I hope you're not thinking what I think you're thinking. You'll get locked up for that and then your life really is fucked.

JOCK

And what am I thinking?

MARC

Drugs? You're not thinking about drugging him?

JOCK

Not with anything illegal.

MARC

Well, anything that's legal is shit and wouldn't do anything, so you must be talking about narcotics.

JOCK (grinning)

Look in the bucket behind you.

MARC leans over and sees half a dozen gold and white coloured fish.

JOCK

What do you see?

MARC

Fish?

JOCK

Correct. That's what I'm going to use to tip the scales in our favour.

MARC

You're going to use fish to get him off his tits for when the boss turns up?

JOCK

Yeah, that's exactly what I'm going to do.

MARC (flippant)

What are you going to do with them? Beat him around the head with them and give him brain damage so he doesn't know what he's saying?

JOCK

Nope, he's just going to eat them.

MARC stares at JOCK but nothing else is forthcoming about his plan.

MARC

I'm not with you, mate. How is eating those fish going to get him off his tits?

JOCK

These are no ordinary fish. These are 'sarpa salpa' and they're a species of bream. If you eat the heads or some of the other body parts, it's a bit like taking LSD. The Romans used it as a recreational drug. If you eat it, you get vivid hallucinations, and you'll start hearing and seeing things. He'll be tripping his tits off for while.

MARC

You're fucking kidding me, aren't you?

JOCK

No, I'm not. I'm going to lace Chef's fish soup with it tonight, so if I were you, I wouldn't eat the soup tomorrow lunchtime.

MARC

How do you know about this?

JOCK

Because I've had it myself, on holiday in Corfu, and I was off my fucking lord! I met some lads who used to fish off a peninsula where I was camping on the beach. They would be there first thing in the morning and about this time every evening. I couldn't understand why they went to so much effort, but they told me about it, and they gave me some. They called it 'dream' fish and to top it all, it's completely legal.'

MARC

How are we going to stop the rest of the crew eating it, though? We don't want everyone tripping their tits off when the boss arrives.

JOCK

You've got a point. I haven't figured that one out yet and we don't want to tell anyone in case it gets out. The less people who know the better.

MARC

I couldn't agree more. Look, you're just going to have to lace only his meal with it, and the only way you're going to do that is help Chef serve it from the galley and make sure he gets it.

JOCK

Sounds like a plan.

MARC

JOCK, are you sure that this isn't going to do anything to him other than make him trip? I don't want him keeling over.

JOCK

Yeah, I'm sure. Apart from tripping my tits off I was fine.

MARC

If anything happens to him, I'll deny all knowledge of it. You know that don't you?

JOCK

Yeah, of course, but it's fool proof. I'm going to give the fillets to chef tonight and they are harmless. It's just the other parts that I'll grind up later and slip in his soup. If he figures out later that he may have been laced, there's no way to prove it. It would just look like some of the other parts found their way into the soup and he must have eaten them accidentally.

MARC

Fucking hell, mate, this is perfect!

JOCK

Yeah, I know. Nature always has the answer, doesn't it?!

MARC

Right, mate, are you coming in now? Most of the lads are in the crew room and the girls are going to have a slumber party around one of the cabins. It should be just the boys left in there and the footy is on in half an hour. I've got a little joke I want to play on TAR, because he's got away with it today. Just go with whatever I tell you, OK?

JOCK

Cool. I'll see you in there in ten minutes. Let me just pack up here.

MARC

Cool. Nice cigars.

JOCK

I know. Cuban...rolled on the thighs of virgins.

MARC strolls back to the yacht and JOCK fillets the fish on the quay.

JOCK (muttering whilst filleting)

Karma is a bitch THRUSH...karma is a bitch.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW MESSROOM - NIGHT (102)

As expected, all the girls are away at their cabin slumber party. Only the boys remain.

JOCK

Well, the footy isn't on for another twenty minutes, so what shall we do until then?

TOM

I don't know really, what do you think?

JOCK

There's not a lot we can do in twenty minutes, is there?

MARC

Fuck it. Let's have a wanking contest. We've not done that in a while.

TAR looks around the room to see if he's just heard correctly, but everyone is looking completely normal.

TAR (astounded)

Did I just hear you right? Did you say we should have a 'wanking' contest?

MARC

Yeah, that's right.

TAR

Here? Now? Are you crazy?

MARC

We do it all the time. It's just a bit of a laugh when we get bored.

TAR

You're kidding, surely?

MARC

No. Obviously we turn the light out so it's pitch black, and we can't see each other.

TOM

Yeah, the lights are off when we do it. We're not weirdos, for God's sake.

TAR

Well, what's the point?

TOM

Money. We all throw in fifty euros in the pot, turn the lights off, lock the door, then jerk off into our hand. The first person to climax shouts BINGO, then when you've tucked yourself away, we put the lights on. Whoever comes first wins the money and it's as simple as that.

TAR looks around at the five poker-straight faces around the table. Nobody is cracking or giving anything away.

TAR

So, if all of you throw in fifty euros, that would be 250 euros profit for the winner?

MARC

It sure would, but I think we should make it interesting. Let's make it a hundred each so the winner gets five hundred.

TOM starts trying to reel TAR in.

TOM

Five hundred euros! That's nearly half a month's salary for a cadet, isn't it TAR?'

TAR

Yes, it is!

TAR is slowly coming around to the idea that he could have a chance of winning a lot of money for a few minutes of pleasurable effort.

JOCK

Well, there's my hundred.

JOCK slams his money down on the table.

MARC

And there's mine.

TOM

And mine.

Everyone turns and looks at TAR to see if he's going to pluck up the courage and play.

MARC

Are you in then, TAR?

TAR

No... no, I don't think so.

JOCK

It's five hundred euros if you win... just for having a wank. Winner takes all!

TAR

I know... I know and I'm tempted but it's a bit embarrassing. Anyway, I don't have a hundred euros. I've only got fifty in my cabin.

JOCK

Fuck it, that'll do, since you're on a lower wage. Are you in, then?

TAR

Er, OK, then. But the lights will be off, right?

JOCK

Yeah. WE AREN'T BLOODY HEATHENS!

TAR

And you won't put them back on until everyone has tucked themselves away?

JOCK

Yes, of course. You'll probably win anyway. All you've got to do is remember what you got up to last night with RITA!

TAR

Right, I'm in. Turn the lights off and lock the door then.

TOM gets up and switches off the light, locks the door and finds his way back to his seat in the darkness.

MARC

OK, everyone get ready and I'll give you the countdown. The first one to come shouts "bingo". Is everybody ready?

EVERYONE

Yeah.

MARC

OK then. Five... four... three... two... one... GO!

After a minute or two JOCK, TOM and MARC start making little grunts. A few squelching noises can also be heard around the darkened room. Then higher-pitched sounds can be heard coming from TAR's direction and there is no mistaking who's making them. At this point TOM very slowly stands up and makes his way quietly towards the light switch. The grunts and frequency of the squelches increases, and the others continue to make their noises.

TAR

Egggggh... euuuuurrr... eeeeeurrr... ahhhhhh...AAAAAHHHHH...
BINGO!

TOM switches the lights on, revealing TAR sat bolt upright in the middle of his climax. Everybody is staring at him, fully clothed with their arms folded, laughing and unable to catch their breath.

EVERYONE (yelling)
 BIIIIINNNNGO!

TAR goes from a slightly pink sheen to beetroot red.

TAR

Fuck off... FUCK OFF, would you?!

TAR, dives beneath the table to cover his embarrassment.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT / EXT. CREW MESSROOM. MORNING (102)

Next day everybody is up at the crack of dawn. Lunchtime arrives and since there is no sign of the boss yet, JOCK and MARC clear up, ready to go below deck and set their plan in action.

JOCK

Are you ready for this then?

MARC

Ready as I'll ever be. Where's the fish to put in his soup?

JOCK takes a small, watertight plastic bottle out of his pocket and shows me the contents.

JOCK

All I've got to do is take the top off before I go in the galley to bring the plates down. Then, when I get the chance, I'll empty it into his soup.

MARC

There doesn't look much there, JOCK.

JOCK

There doesn't need to be. It's just a few ground-up bits of body parts so he won't notice. He'll higher than the mid-day sun.

MARC

How much does it take to trip?

JOCK

One fish would do it if you ate the right parts.

MARC

How many fish did you use to make this little concoction then?'

JOCK

Seven.

MARC

SEVEN?!

They go to the crew room and take their seats for lunch. JOCK sits at the seat closest to the entrance nearest the galley. MARC finds a position so I can get a good view of THRUSH. After a few minutes the call comes to tell them it's ready.

JOCK (standing up quickly)

No problem, I'm on my way.

INT. GALLEY

JOCK (continued)

OK, whose is whose? I'll take them.

STEWARDESS

These can be anyone's. It doesn't matter, they're all the same. I've got ZECKY's and the CAPTAIN'S.

JOCK thinks quickly on his feet and turns sharply with his elbows out and steps in front of her, knocking the hot soup out of her hands. The bowl smashes on the floor.

JOCK

Oh hell! Sorry. That was bloody clumsy of me. Look, I'll take these down the stairs while my hands are full then I'll come back up, OK?

STEWARDESS

OK.

JOCK seizes the moment and turns the corner where he's out of sight for a few seconds. He pulls the small bottle out of his pocket and empties it into the CAPTAIN's soup. He stirs the contents in before taking it down to the dinner table.

CREW MESSROOM.**CAPTAIN**

What happened up there?

JOCK

We had a little accident with the soup and smashed a bowl. I'm just going up to sort it now.

As JOCK walks out, he gives MARC a sly wink to confirm the plan is in action.

20 MINUTES LATER

THRUSH is halfway through his dessert and he's already looking high and confused. His eyes are wandering around the room.

ZECKY

How's your dessert?

CAPTAIN (looking startled)

What?

ZECKY

Your dessert- how is it?

CAPTAIN

Dessert... fine... what?

ZECKY (confused look)

What?

CAPTAIN

What did you say?

There is a short silence.

ZECKY

I just asked you how your dessert was.

CAPTAIN (confused and snappy)

I know you asked me that! I'm sat next to you,
for God's sake! What did you say after that?

ZECKY is looking at him strangely.

ZECKY

I didn't say anything after that.

CAPTAIN

I heard you.

ZECKY

Heard what?

He sighs deeply and rolls his eyes at her before taking another mouthful of dessert. He leans over to ZECKY and whispers in her ear.

CAPTAIN

I'm watching you! I'm always watching you.

FADE OUT:

EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY (103)

MARC and JOCK see the CAPTAIN on his own resting his elbows on the handrail, looking out over the harbour. JOCK and MARC are watching him.

JOCK

It's worked then. He's clearly in a world of his own.

MARC

He sure is. I think you may have over done it mate. He looks like he's in orbit.

JOCK

His soup was fully loaded mate.

MARC

No shit! Hey JOCK look.

JOCK

What?

MARC

Over there at the harbour gate. There is a couple of people coming through. I think the boss is one of them.

JOCK

That's perfect timing.

MARC

Right let's get down to the gangplank to meet him.

As the two men approach, they can see they are both looking laser focused on doing a job.

EXT. YACHT GANGPLANK - DAY (103)

MR. THOMAS

How are you, boys?

MARC

As well as can be expected, sir. It's good to see you.

MR. THOMAS

Likewise, lads. This is Graham. He's coming aboard to check a few things and go over some paperwork with the CAPTAIN.

MARC and JOCK shake hands with them.

MARC

Pleased to meet you, Graham.

MR. THOMAS then leans towards them conspiratorially.

MR. THOMAS

I already know your side of things from our telephone conversation. I've checked out the story with the guests about the tip and it all adds up. Like I said, there are a few more accounting discrepancies that Graham and I need to talk to him about. I doubt he's going to be able to talk his way out of it. What you discovered was the tip of the iceberg.

MR. THOMAS

JOCK, as far as I'm concerned, both of your jobs are safe, so stop fretting, OK? Tell ZECKY straight away, so she doesn't worry.

JOCK visibly relaxes and it's clear a huge weight has been lifted from his shoulders.

MR. THOMAS

Right then, where is the prick?

JOCK

I last saw him going into his cabin. He looked a bit worse for wear, to be honest.

MR. THOMAS

I see. OK, boys, I'll call you if I need you.

MR. THOMAS and GRAHAM then walk up the gangplank onto the yacht and disappear around the corner. MARC looks over at the grinning JOCK.

MARC

I bet you're as happy as a pig in shit, aren't you?

JOCK

You said it, but not just because I've kept my job.

MARC

Now you and ZECKY can at least have a chance of staying together a little while longer.

JOCK

Yeah, exactly. I feel like sparking up another cigar, mate.

MARC

Not yet, JOCK. It isn't over till that spaced-out fucker walks down the gangplank for good.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY (104)

MR. THOMAS and GRAHAM find THRUSH high and confused sat at his desk alone having a conversation with himself.

MR. THOMAS (Loud)
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?!

THRUSH almost jumps out of his skin as he hears his booming voice behind him - among the many other sounds he's hearing inside his head. He turns around quickly and looks like he's just seen an apparition.

MR. THOMAS (pointing down the stairs)
Do you mind if I have a word with you in MY lounge?

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR SWIM DECK - DAY (105)

After a while GRAHAM walks down the deck to find JOCK and MARC working.

GRAHAM
Hi guys, I've got a message from MR. THOMAS, and I'll quote him word for word: "Go into his cabin, empty his wardrobe, pack up his shit and order him a taxi for 3.30pm. He's out of here"

GRAHAM then goes back into the owner's lounge where they can see him going through paperwork with a very confused and aggressive THRUSH.

CUT TO:

INT: CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY (106)

JOCK and MARC go upstairs to the CAPTAIN'S cabin where his door is still open. They find some suitcases in the corner and begin throwing his into them.

JOCK
Where's ZECKY?

MARC

Don't worry, she's down below deck.

As they go through the wardrobes JOCK stops in his tracks. He can't really believe what he's seeing.

JOCK

I bloody well knew it - the warped bastard! Tell me I'm imagining this!

MARC

What's up?

JOCK has a huge grin on his face as he turns around and looks at MARC

JOCK

I've just found the motherlode!

MARC (stunned)

It's a GIMP mask! I can't believe what I'm seeing. I always knew there was something very strange about that guy.

JOCK (examining the mask)

It's like something off that scene in Pulp Fiction.... and what's this? Leather shorts!

MARC

I know! Who was that guy who was into all that gimp mask shit in the movie?

JOCK

It was the owner of the shop that Bruce Willis and the big black gangster had a fight in. His name was Zed.

MARC

Zed, that's it. That's his new nickname from now on. What a kinky twisted prick!

JOCK

We'll hang on to these as a keepsake to remember him by.

MARC

Ok mate, stuff it all in the case and let's get it down to the gangplank.

CUT TO:

EXT. GANGPLANK/QUAY - DAY (104)

The taxi arrives at the gangplank and MARC and JOCK walk down to talk to the driver with the suitcases.

MARC

Hi mate. Pop your trunk open, would you?

TAXI DRIVER

Sure.

MARC and JOCK put the suitcases in.

TAXI DRIVER

Where are you going to?

MARC

It isn't us going, it's someone else. I don't know where he's going, and quite frankly I don't give shit, but he'll tell you.

TAXI DRIVER

OK. No problem.

As soon as they step back aboard a commotion can be heard coming from the outside deck. Doors are being slammed, and the MR. THOMAS can be heard arguing. The CAPTAIN is in a world of his own and is barking at the MR. THOMAS as he walks away from him.

MR. THOMAS (angry)

AND KEEP AWAY FROM THIS FUCKING YACHT. YOU ARE THIEVING PIECE OF SHIT!

The CAPTAIN stops momentarily before he gets in the taxi. He turns to look at JOCK and MARC stood with huge, dilated pupils.

CAPTAIN (incoherent, flustered and high)

YOU TWO haven't seen the last of me - watch your backs!

JOCK looks back at him equally coldly before answering him.

JOCK

Newton's Third Law.

CAPTAIN

What?

JOCK

Newton's Third Law is a law you should study. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. What goes around, comes around, you weird sicko!

The CAPTAIN snarls and mutters something unclear before walking off. He turns back around in his incoherent state, missing his footing and he falls on the quay face down. He lays there in the dust for a few seconds looking pathetic, before the taxi driver helps him in. JOCK turns to MARC.

JOCK

How the mighty fall eh?

MARC

I couldn't have wished it on a nicer man.

MARC signals to the taxi driver to stop for a second. MARC leans in through the window to have one last word.

MARC (sarcastic)

We absolutely loved the mask and the leather.
JOCK and I think you'd look SPLENDID in it.

There is no response from him, just deep hatred in his eyes as the taxi pulls away.

MR. THOMAS

Get back on here, you two!

MARC

Are you talking to us, sir?

MR. THOMAS

No - I was talking to the seagulls! YES, YOU!

MARC

Oh, right...

MR. THOMAS (grinning)

Now get your ass on here. JOCK, you get the beers in. In fact, get everyone up to the lounge. We're all going to have a drink or ten. I sure as hell need it after that debacle.

CUT TO:

For the rest of the afternoon and most of the evening MR. THOMAS gets drunk with his crew. The music booms and everyone laughs and parties until early evening. The tension has disappeared as quickly as the CAPTAIN had.

MR THOMAS .

Right MARC I'm off. I've had a great time catching up with you all but I'm flying back to Monaco tomorrow. Store up the yacht. Another young CAPTAIN is joining in the morning, he's a decent guy and he can't be worse than the last one.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT TOP DECK - DAY (105)

As they sail out of harbour the following day in the afternoon sun, all the crew are on the top deck having a celebration drink by order of MR. THOMAS. As they start to depart the harbour the crew see a lone figure at the end of breakwater.

MARC

Is that who I think it is?

JOCK (laughing)

He's in the same clothes. He must be still off his tits!

MARC

How long do the effects last? It's been just over twenty-four hours!

JOCK

A single fish can keep you hallucinating for many hours, but it depends on your metabolism.

MARC

How much did you put in?

JOCK

All of it.

MARC

Seven fish. Fuck me, JOCK! He'll be off his lord until the end of the month.

JOCK

It wouldn't surprise me.

MARC

Quickly run down and get the shorts and the mask from the crew room. You know what to do, mate.

JOCK

Where are they?

MARC

Hung up in the crew room next to THRUSH'S picture on the dartboard.

JOCK runs down quickly and grabs them. Before he runs back up, he grabs a pen off the table, writes something on an elastic card tag which he fastens to the mask. He runs back up to the top deck to re-join the crew in the sun.

JOCK

I've got it, and here comes the end of the breakwater coming up fast.

As the yacht sails past, the new CAPTAIN sounds the horn. JOCK then shows MARC the gimp mask with the heavy ball at the front and the note on the elastic card tag. MARC smiles and gives him the nod.

MARC

Go for it, mate!

JOCK takes aim and musters all his strength before hurling the mask at THRUSH. The heavy mask lands at his feet. THRUSH bends down to pick it up and he notices the card tag with JOCK'S writing, which reads:

*You've got NO HOPE
If you've got NO SOUL.
Lots of love,
YOUR DEALER*

THRUSH looks up at the rear of the yacht that has sailed passed him. The crew are lined up and are all showing their bare asses to him. JOCK turns to the laughing ZECKY whilst they are both in the crouched position in the line-up.

JOCK

To coin a phrase from Pulp Fiction... Zed's dead, baby... Zed's dead.

ZECKY smiles and gives him a kiss.

THE END

*Fade soundtrack in and out whilst playing production outtakes.

SOUNDTRACK: I LOVE IT LOUD

<https://open.spotify.com/track/600p5yFQWKHxqEvejm6GfN?si=Vi1HS7iIQ82E818qXS5m5g>

