

CAPTAIN PHILIPS RETURNS

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(High speed pursuit music, fade from black to opening shot)

OPENING SHOT: EXT. DAY CONTAINER SHIP IN PROFILE, STEAMING THROUGH THE WATERS OF THE SKELETON COAST AT HIGH SPEED.

CUT TO: Close up of the huge bow cutting through the ocean, music escalating.

CUT To Overhead Shot, eye in the sky, looking down on deck and crew scrambling to secure doors and set up firehoses and other anti-pirate measures.

CUT TO Long shot, POV of boat of 3 skiffs, full of pirates and rifles, bouncing and flying through the ocean

at high speed, pirates hanging on and bouncing around.

RESUME Overhead shot, crew still scrambling. We hear the PA system, Captain Philips is giving coordinates.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

This the captain. Unidentified vessels at 200 meters. Repeat 200 meters. Please observe all protocols. Non essential crew should now be barricaded in quarters. Begin counter measures when ready. Please await further instructions. May God be with you.

CUT To: Close up of Somali leader head and shoulders, eyes locked in focus on the ship, bobbing and weaving. He lifts his rifle into shot and starts screaming orders.

SHOT pans back, chaotic boat bouncing around, crew gathering ropes and ladders, wild chatter and wails of encouragement from each to all. Somali leader barks an order and the boat increases speed and slightly alters course for imminent boarding.

RESUME over head shot of container ship still plowing majestically at high speed with a massive wake. The ships glaxon alarm starts up and the crew turns on firehoses, starts spraying the side of the boat and ocean with massive streams of water in a desperate poetic dance. Music continues to escalate.

CUT TO CLOSE UP of Somali leaders eyes, forehead and nose, stern and focussed look, still bouncing and bobbing. His face and music indicate a coming moment of destiny and decision. His hand flashes by and pulls a medical mask dramatically from from off screen below his face and he dramatically pulls it up over his nose, pinschers the nasal clasp. DRAMATIC strings from music.

SOMALI LEADER (SUBT.)

MASKS!!!

CUT TO Wider shot of skiff interior and 8 or 9 pirates whip out pretty clean medical masks and put them on in military precision. They ready themselves and rifles, ladders and ropes... make their way to the left side of the skiff as it continues to jump and cut wildly in the big ship's wake and position themselves for boarding the container ship.

SOMALI LEADER(SUBTITLES)

FASTER!!

CUT TO Medium shot, profile of bridge exterior of

container ship still booting it through the waves.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS (P.A.)
Boarding is immanent... boarding is
immanent. Stand by.

RESUME skiff, music subliminally still escalating. A pirate has produced a sizeable bottle of hand sanitizer and other crew are forming a line of sorts, start taking turns to push the top and sanitize their hands. Once done, they position themselves on the gunnels and one guy starts whipping a grappling hook on a rope around in a wild arc. His hands are slippery from the sanitizer, he loses grip at the wrong moment and the hook lets loose into the boat, the blunt end capping one of the guys in the forehead and he keels over out cold. The leader grimaces and swears under his breath.

SOMALI LEADER (SUBTITLES)
(sotto) F*&^*ing protocols.. shit!
(then loudly to the rest of the
guys) LADDERS!!!!!!

CUT to shot of skiff successfully getting up to the side of the ship, getting soaked with hoses but able to get a ladder up regardless. The guys shoulder their AK47s and start climbing. It's over, they have boarded.

CUT TO BRIDGE... Captain Philips and senior staff are aware of the breach and in a tizzy waiting for the pirates to arrive. All are in masks but silent.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS
Oh shit... almost forgot. (he picks
up a smaller sanitizer dispenser,
dabs some on and tosses it to his
first mate)... Guys... sanitize.

The sanitizer makes the rounds just before the pirates burst through the door and take up cover position around the bridge, yelling and barking orders in broken english. The ships crew startles and the last guy drops the sanitizer.

SOMALI LEADER
(broken Eng.)Who is the Captain! I
will speak only to the Captain!!
Answer me or someone will die!!!

CAPTAIN PHILIPS
Please, please! I am the Captain.
Please don't shoot! We are
complying fully! We are
cooperating!

SOMALI LEADER eyes Philips and steps over to him frenzied and intimidating.

SOMALI LEADER (BROKEN ENG.)

You are the captain? You are the captain?!! What is your name?

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

(anxious and pleading) Philips... Captain Philips. We are cooperating. We have some money. Please don't harm anyone.

SOMALI LEADER (BROKEN ENG.)

Philips? That is English? Yes?

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Irish.

SOMALI LEADER (BROKEN ENG.)

(chuckle, smile) Irish? .. very good Irish. New rules. I am captain now Irish. Not you. Tell all your people... NOW!

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

(anxious and pleading) Yes.. yes | absolutely.. you are the captain... you are the captain... gentlemen... this is now the captain... this man is now the captain. Do as he says.

SOMALI LEADER is pleased and smiles mischievously... continues with his plan.

SOMALI LEADER (BROKEN ENG.)

(chuckle, smile) Very good Irish.. I like you Irish. This is very good. Now listening very carefully to the following demands..Do you hear me IRISH?!!

The captain startles and wobbles, more pale.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Oh God... yes... yes sir. I AM listening... you are the captain.

SOMALI LEADER (LOUDLY)

Number 1! We are demanding 5 millions units for the safe return of the Maersk container ship and crew.... to be delivered to the

location of our choosing before
ANY...!!!! (he stops abruptly and
looks over in disbelief at the
first mate)

The Maersk First Mate starts surreptitious half pointing
with a dumb look at a device on the console and tipping
his head as if to say something.

SOMALI LEADER (LOUDLY)
Irish... WHO IS THIS MAN!!.. NO
FUNNY BUSINESS!! DO you HEAR ME? !!
NO FUNNY BUSINESS!

The rest of the pirates step up with hollars and waiving
rifles, reloading sounds to support the leader. PHILIPS
turns in disbelief at his first mate.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS
My God , Henderson! What the hell
is the matter for Pete's sake?!!

HENDERSONVERY
sorry, Captain.. but the air
purifier..the scrubber... look at
the amount of people in here...
protocols.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS
You're right, Absolutely.. of
course.

SOMALI LEADER (LOUDLY)
No funny business, Irish!!! What
are you saying?!! Tell me what you
are talking about or SOMEONE
DIES!!!!

CAPTAIN PHILIPS
You are the Captain, sir! Please
don't harm anyone sir... it's a
small matter sir. Now I'm just
going to reach over...

PHILIPS hand moves and the leader pulls his handgun and
puts it at Philips temple, cocks it with purpose.

SOMALI LEADER
What are YOU DOING, IRISH??!! NO
FUNNY BUSINESS!!! DO You WANT TO
DIE???!!!

PHILIPS

It's the air purifiers!! It's the
air purifiers!! It's cleans the air
of COVID!!!

The leader's face changes instantly into mutual concern
and he has a comic and stunning reversal of attitude,
drops his gun.

SOMALI LEADER

Purifiers? OF COURSE... FOR GOD'S
SAKE, IRISH | TURN THEM ON...
NOW!!! NO FUNNY BUSINESS!!!

He pulls up his gun again and his aim follows PHILIPS as
he goes very gingerly and slowly to throw the switch.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

There we go... no sudden moves...
now we all just want to go home...
right... we all just wanna go
home... we are all just human
beings | get home to our
families.... very calm...
everything's good people.. we are
fully cooperating.. we have
money...

He finally throws the switch and the machine whurrs to
life in a low hum... everyone, Somalis and crew alike,
lets out a sigh.

SOMALI LEADER

Very good Irish... now step back...
back!! Were you trying to trap us
with bad air?... not very smart,
Irish... I will be watching you
from now on.. I thought we were
friends, Irish...

CAPTAIN PHILIPS(NOW VERY ANXIOUS)

No.. no, not at all.. we are all
friends here... it was a simple
oversight, that's all... we are all
friends... we will pay.. we have
the money.

SOMALI LEADER

WHO IS THE CAPTAIN, IRISH?!!!

CAPTAIN PHILIPS(STAMMERS)

Uh.. YOU.. you are the captain,
sir. You are the captain, sir...
absolutely... you give the
orders... we are all human beings
here.. we all just wanna get
home... uh... how bad is COVID in
these parts.? My goodness.

SOMALI LEADER

We dont' want money, Irish...we
could walk out of here with a
billion dollars and still die a few
days after we got home.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Excuse me? You don't want money...
I don't think I understand..

SOMALI LEADER (LOUDLY)

THESE our are DEMANDS!! Pick up
your radio, repeat after me,
Irish... NOW!

The SOMALI LEADER pulls out a piece of paper, about to
make a big speech of his demands

SOMALI LEADER (LOUDLY)

THESE our are DEMANDS!! We demand
5..

One of the pirate's makes a small hand signal to the
SOMALI LEADER comically interrupting him... he stops,
leans over at his henchman and barks.

SOMALI LEADER

Jesus H., saheeb... what do you
want?!

PIRATE #1

That man's mask, saheeb... look at
it.

SOMALI LEADER looks over and notices the ship guy's mask
is below his nose. He freaks out and starts waving his
gun wildly.

SOMALI LEADER

IRISH... I will shoot this man!! I
will shoot this man!!! Do
something, IRISH...!!! For God's
sake, punish this man!!!

CAPTAIN PHILIPS look to the man next to him and is shocked to the core, reacts violently.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS
Jesus , Kowalski ! Do you know
where in the world we are? ARE YOU
TRYING TO KILL US ALL???!!!!

He winds up and belts the first mate with a massive punch and sound and the guys hit's the deck like a wet bag of sand. 2 of the pirates break out aerosol sprays, disinfectants and start wailing and spraying madly.

SOMALI LEADER (LOUDLY)
NO FUNNY BUSINESS, IRISH!!! YOU
PROMISED, NO FUNNY BUSINESS!!! YOU
are NOT MY FRIEND, IRISH??

CAPTAIN PHILIPS
(anxious, pleading)
Please... please sir... I am your
friend... this man was a fool... a
fool sir. He will be severely
punished, you have my word. We are
all human here... we all just wanna
get home. And the screaming.. like
it really increases the aerosols
and particles...

SOMALI LEADER (LOUDLY)
WHO IS THE CAPTAIN..!!? WHO IS THE
CAPTAIN, IRISH?!!

CAPTAIN PHILIPS
(pleading) Yes.. yes ..
absolutely.. you are the
captain... you are the captain...

SOMALI LEADER
THESE are OUR DEMANDS... speak it
now into the radio, IRISH!

PHILIPS startles and complies, picks up the radio mike from the console and waits for instructions.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS
Standby by Washington Base... the
pirates demands are forthcoming.

SOMALI LEADER

FIRST..!!! WE want... 5 millions doses...of Pfizer, Moderna and the other vaccine... immediately. I want a promise from them or I will start killing ship's people ! Speak it now, Irish.

PHILIPS holds his look on this poor man, pleading for his country's life and he get's a look of real compassion. He begins to plead earnestly for his new friend's cause.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Base... this is Captain Philips... these are the pirates demands.. their single demand. They want 5 million doses of Covid vaccine for the country. They seem very desperate... over.

SOMALI LEADER

And NOT ASTRAZENECA!! If I hear a single syllable of that useless word, blood will be spilled on this ship..!!!

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Not Astrazeneca, Base... please be clear on that... NOT Astrazeneca. Over.

There is a long silence... it gets awkward.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Base? Are you reading me? All traffic currently on this frequency please clear the channel... this is an maritime emergency.... Base?

There is a squawk... BASE responds.

BASE

Captain Philips... this is Washington Base. Stand by.

(squawk... long silence.)

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Base..? Come in.

BASE

Negative Maersk. Did you tell them we have lots of Covid money lying around. Tell them we can go as high as 80 million US dollars. (Squawk..) We also have lots of spare masks and hand sanitizer... present this counter offer and get back to us.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

They can hear you, base.

SOMALI Leader flips and starts firing his pistol into the air, gesticulating wildly and screaming in his own language with the rest of his crew equally upset and striking ships screw with the butts of their rifles.

Captain Philips is now pale again and talking calmly anxious to calm this down... gesture with arms to settle down the clamor... the Somali leader stops and responds.

SOMALI LEADER (SCREAMING)

We have money. Irish. Sanitizer?... we have more sanitizer than water. My tribal leader's swimming pool is full of hand sanitizer, Irish. You are making a joke with me, Irish? Time for you to die!

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

No.. no! Please! Let me speak to them... I AM your friend.. I have sympathy for your circumstance... we all are human beings... we all just wanna go home..

He frantically turns away to speak privately with BASE, and squawks on the mike, puts on the headphones.. speaks sotto.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Are you frikkin' kidding me, Washington Base? You can't spare some vaccine from our massive surplus for these guys.? Jesus... our own people are refusing to take it for God's sake! These guys are more desperate than before ... way more !

Base squawks in...

BASE

Copy Maersk. That's a hard no.
Tell them we can go to 150
million...we literally have skids
of money here fresh off the
printing press... and throw in
more sanitizer... as much as they
want... and some discontinued DVD's
of American TV shows . We have
skids of those too. What can I say
dude... midterms.. ya know?

The Somali leader pipes up.. impatient.

SOMALI LEADER

What are they saying, Irish? Do I
have to kill you today?!

Captain Philips spins around from his private radio convo
with an impish smile...

CAPTAIN PHILIPS

Hang on fellas... just sorting a
few things out... (he spins back
into his private radio chat) Uh...
I don't think you guys are getting
the jist of things here. They just
want a few vaccines... probably
less than 10 percent of our
stockpile.. they don't want money.

BASE

Say again, Maersk? They don't want
money? You are not making sense at
all, Maersk. Tell them we just
found a misplaced skid of cash and
we can now go to 250. Over.

SOMALI LEADER

Irish... you are acting strange.
And I have to go to the washroom.
You will die when I return.
Saheeb... watch him.

CAPTAIN PHILIPS' face drops and the sound fades as we
hear him frantically pleading with BASE to simply get a
few vaccines together, color fades into a sepia tone like
the old west and freezes... a soft tempo public message
and music a la PBS starts to emerge, sort of a 'This Week
in History' but brought to you buy some future

historical society on PBS. This is has actually been a "This Day I History' type PSA from 2179 CE. The PBS logo zooms in with futuristic add ons. A solemn voice over begins.

SOLEMN VOICE

(Like James Mason)Yes bruh... that was the sad state of our noble government in the savage, ignorant past... like everything was bad and evil back then... not like now, right? What makes it even better is that they're dead and can't defend themselves and we have historical distortion on our side... that's right... Everything's great now... and you're great... and don't forget, you will always be better than those dudes. Awesome holy wellness to all. Peace out.

Super imposed sponsorship notices follow.

The End.