

HIGH WATER

By

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ACT ONE

1 EXT. MID ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

AN OLD BARGE approaches AN OIL PLATFORM.

2 INT. OIL RIG. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Roughly ten staff members are gathered in the control room. DAVIS (29, tall, slim, dreadlocked and Jamaican), FRANS (50s, geeky, bald-headed and German) and other workers from different parts of the world.

JACK (40s, good looking, medium built), enters.

JACK

Settle down, everyone. Where is the Captain?

He looks to one of the crew members for an answer.

KENYAN EMPLOYEE

(In Swahili)

I didn't understand a single word you said.

JACK

In English.

KENYAN EMPLOYEE

(In Swahili)

What are you saying?

JACK

Dammit. Where is the translator?

Davis points to the same, Kenyan employee.

DAVIS

That's him.

JACK

No way.

DAVIS

Yup. He speaks five different languages.

JACK

And is any of them English?

(CONTINUED)

DAVIS

Only the pidgin kind. Like they do in Nigeria. It is, in some ways, very similar to our Patois.

JACK

I know what Pidgin English is. I just don't...

Before he can finish his sentence, RUTH (30S, tall, beautiful, long-haired), enters as she adjusts her clothes.

JACK

(Irritated)

You're late. Where were you?

RUTH

(Rolling her eyes)

It's not as if the rig is going anywhere. It is, after all, bolted to the bottom of the ocean.

RUTH

It won't happen again, my love.

He clears his throat.

RUTH

Pardon me. It won't happen again, sir.

JACK

What was so important, anyway?

FRANCOISE, the French Chef, enters. He is also adjusting his clothes. Jack is becoming increasingly frustrated.

JACK

You're also late, Francoise.

FRANCOISE

Jé suis apologetic.

Ruth and Francoise exchange guilty looks. Jack is oblivious.

JACK

You're not getting paid to show up to meetings late.

RUTH

(cuts in)

Again, I'm sorry. We're just having the usual drama with the suppliers.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIS

(Mumbles)

I'm guessing your demand is higher than supply.

RUTH

And I'm about to supply you with a concussion, if you don't shut your mouth.

LIZ (40s, tiny, bespectacled, Asian, Captain of the rig) enters. She's got FILES in her hands.

JACK

Do we not have clocks on this rig?

DAVIS

We do, they just don't have batteries. Headquarters said we have to make do without. Budget cuts. I could make us a sun-dial. Although, I'm not sure how that would work in here.

JACK

Spare me.

LIZ

Sorry Jack, I couldn't find someone to help carry these.

JACK

Jeez, you're only the captain.

LIZ

I know, right?

The lights flicker.

JACK

Davis, what did I tell you about these lights?

DAVIS

One of the generators broke down. We're using more power than the others can produce.

JACK

On what? Actually, don't answer. Cut all power to non-essential systems. Especially the storage tanks.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIS

But the tanks need power.

JACK

Unless you've found a way to magically convert sea-water to crude oil, I don't see their use. Kill all power to the oil tanks. Immediately.

Davis struggles to hide his disappointment.

LIZ

On to the agenda. Your work permits have arrived.

She passes the documents round.

JACK

Three years later. Hurray.

LIZ

I need you to sign and hand them back.

JACK

(Notices something)

Wait a minute. It says Jamaica.

JACK

Yah man!

LIZ

And so?

JACK

That's not where we're registered.

LIZ

Yes. As you may, or may not know, our flag country is currently embroiled in a military coup. Printing work permits for a bunch of oil-rig workers, isn't top on their priority list.

JACK

But our flag...

LIZ

We're changing that.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Again?

She PULLS OUT THE JAMAICAN FLAG.

LIZ

Davis, as soon as you're done with the generators, hoist this up.

DAVIS

Why not just buy a white flag and some water paint?

LIZ

And who would paint it, you? I've seen your handwriting. And if that's the standard, I'd much rather buy a flock of geese and have them dip their feet in paint. Change the flag.

JACK

Liz, this is bull-shit.

A LOUD HORN BLARES.

JACK

The shit-sucker has docked. I'm off to check on it.

LIZ

But the meeting just started.

JACK

Fake documents, budget cuts, incompetent staff, equipment that doesn't work and a useless oil rig. Anything else?

LIZ

Not that I can think of, no.

Jack exits.

FRANCOISE

(Whispering To Ruth)

That ended quickly.

RUTH

Like everything else my husband does.

They giggle.

3 EXT. OIL RIG. SHIP DOCK - DAY

WILLIAM (55), THE GRAY-HAIRED, HEAVILY BEARDED AND PIPE-SMOKING CAPTAIN OF THE BARGE, is hooking up HOSES to the oil rig and TURNING SWITCHES ON THE BARGE. Jack looks on, pensive.

WILLIAM
Pornomedy!

JACK
Say what?

WILLIAM
Pornomedy. It's a combination of pornography and comedy.

JACK
Is it?

WILLIAM
For example. A guy is seated at home, right, probably rubbing it off because his wife's out of town. Suddenly, there's a knock on the door. 'Knock knock'. He says...

He waits for Jack to respond.

JACK
Who's there?

WILLIAM
Your neighbor.

JACK
Your neighbor who?

WILLIAM
Your neighborhood baby-sitter. I heard your wife was out of town, so I figured I'd sit on ya and make some babies.

William laughs at his own joke.

JACK
That's not even funny.

WILLIAM
Doesn't matter, because he lets her in, they crack a few more jokes and bang! They bang. I swear to you,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM (cont'd)
it'll be a hit. And I'll be the
richest man on earth.

JACK
As long as you just produce, and
not act in them.

WILLIAM
Grandad porn is in, you know.

4 EXT. OIL RIG. CRANE - DAY

Davis scales the frame of the tall crane. He has on A HARD
HAT AND BASIC CLIMBING EQUIPMENT.

DAVIS
(To himself)
Davis. Change the flag. Davis, turn
of the generators. Do they care
that I'm afraid of heights? No.

As he's climbing, his rope snaps.

DAVIS
My God.

He manages to stabilize himself.

DAVIS
Do they care that we have crappy
gear? Of course not.

He gets to the tip of the crane and starts to undo the old
flag. It won't come off.

DAVIS
Bloody hell.

Davis TAKES OUT A KNIFE and tries to cut it. It's a
struggle.

DAVIS
Who the hell tied this knot? Wait,
never mind. That was me. Damn it!

As he's struggling to cut the cord, the knife slips from his
hands and falls.

CUT TO

5 EXT. OIL RIG. BOTTOM OF CRANE - DAY

A group of workers is milling around the crane, murmuring in different languages. The knife comes tumbling down, narrowly missing their heads.

WORKER
(to Davis)
Watch it!

CUT TO:

6 EXT. OIL RIG. TOP OF CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Davis cringes at what just happened.

DAVIS
Screw it.

He takes out A BOX OF MATCHES AND A BLUNT, then proceeds to light and smoke it.

7 EXT. OIL RIG. SHIP DOCK - DAY

Jack is still watching William as he cleans out the sewage tanks.

WILLIAM
What's the matter, Jack?

JACK
It's this place, Captain. It's all
shit.

WILLIAM
Then get out. Before it's too late,
eh. And it will be, soon.

JACK
And go where?

WILLIAM
You could always come star in my
first pornomedy. I'll get you some
fine girls.

JACK
Ruth would never agree.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Then she can also feature in the film. Husband-wife porn is all the rage.

JACK

She'd never agree to that, either.

William stops his machines and sits next to Jack.

WILLIAM

Get out. Before the authorities come knocking.

William chuckles.

JACK

What?

WILLIAM

'Get out. Before the authorities come knocking'. Sounds like a line from a pornomedy.

JACK

(Irritated)

Are you even listening to me?

WILLIAM

Of course. But Jack, your rig, your life. The decision lies with you.

JACK

Are you done here?

WILLIAM

Almost.

He turns the machines back on.

WILLIAM

Hopefully your garbage disposal systems stay broken. I am grateful for the business.

JACK

Ha ha. Send us the invoice.

Jack leaves.

8 EXT. OIL RIG. MAST - DAY

Davis is just about finished with his joint. He gets back to work with the flag, but something out in the open sea, catches his attention.

DAVIS
What the hell?

He takes out a pair of binoculars and looks. Through his binoculars, he sees THE COMPANY HELICOPTER. Behind it, he sees an ARMADA of POLICE AND COAST-GUARD SPEED BOATS.

DAVIS
Shit. Oh, shit.

He calls out to the crew-members below and makes his way down the mast.

DAVIS
Everybody. Haul arse. It's the cops. The cops are coming.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

9 EXT. MIDDLE OF AN OCEAN - DAY

POLICE SPEED-BOATS dart across the ocean and towards the rig.

10 EXT. OIL RIG. HELIPAD - DAY

It's PANIC AND CHAOS on the platform; WORKERS JUMPING OFF, FIRE ALARMS BLARING AND BOATS SPEEDING AWAY FROM THE RIG. A PRIVATE HELICOPTER touches down on the helipad. A bunch of workers rush towards it.

FOUR IMPOSING GUARDS, DRESSED IN BLACK AND WEARING DARK GLASSES, step out and shoot into the air. MR. BIG (short, chubby and expensively dressed), jumps out.

MR. BIG
Hey, watch it. This is an oil rig,
not your freaking shooting range.

JANE (young, tall, slim, red-headed beauty), peeps out of the Helicopter.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
(Scoffs)
Oil rig? More like Giant heap
money-wasting crap, rig.

She's dressed in A SHORT SKIRT. One of the workers whistles.

MR. BIG
Hey, it's not my fault the
geologist was wrong.

JANE
Maybe if you had hired experienced
and qualified geologists, maybe
you'd have gotten the right
information.

MR. BIG
Frans is qualified.

JANE
The only thing he's managed to
find, is water. And given we're in
the middle of the freaking ocean,
that's not very impressive.

Mr. Big turns red, then calms himself.

MR. BIG
We don't have all day. The cops
will soon be here.
(To the guards)
You two, man the chopper. You two,
come with me.

He walks towards THE STAIR CASE.

MR. BIG
We don't have all day. Haul arse.

Jane's short skirt, makes it difficult to disembark the
chopper. She falls.

JANE
Soon as I pick it up from the
floor.

She tries to chase after him. Her heels keep getting stuck
on the MESHED FLOOR of the platform.

JANE
You should have told me to wear
something more comfortable.

MR. BIG
Come on. It's not like this is your
first time on the rig.

JANE
Actually, it is.

Mr. Big stops, horrified.

MR. BIG
What? But you're the Employee
Welfare manager.

JANE
I manage your welfare.

He grins, then remembers the emergency.

MR. BIG
No wonder this place is falling to
shit. Whatever. Let's just go.

They walk on towards the staircase.

11 INT. OIL RIG. JACK'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Alarms can be heard from inside the sleeping quarters, even
as Ruth packs A SUITCASE. Jack is standing in front of her,
PERPLEXED.

JACK
Would you stop.

She stops packing and crosses her hand, indignant.

JACK
I'm very confused.

RUTH
I was going to tell you sooner...

JACK
Because how long have you been
planning to leave me?

RUTH
Irrelevant. The bottom line is that
I'm sorry. You and I are through.

JACK
Just like that. And now, of all
times.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH
You saw this coming.

JACK
The cops, or you leaving me?

RUTH
Take a pick, it's all one and the same thing..

JACK
But where will you go?

RUTH
To France.

JACK
(Sarcastic)
For what, to see the Eiffel tower?

RUTH
Oh, please. If a tall, useless, metal structure was all I wanted, there's this pile of crap.

JACK
But I love you...

RUTH
If you loved me, half as much as you love this thing.
(Mumbles)
Or drilled me quarter hard as you do the ocean...

JACK
It pays our bills.

RUTH
When was the last time Mr. Big paid you?

JACK
Company's going through a rough-patch.

RUTH
Bankruptcy, fraud charges against your CEO, illegal immigrants... That's not a rough patch.

JACK

So you run-off with the potato peeler.

RUTH

Francoise loves me. And he's not a potato peeler. He has dreams of opening restaurants. And changing the world with his world-class cuisine.

JACK

He can't even make a French Omelette. That's like the first thing they teach you in French cooking school.

RUTH

At least he keeps me warm at night.

JACK

(Sarcastic)

No, honey, that was the heat from the kitchen.

RUTH

(Scoffs)

Ha! Trust me, we heated up the kitchen. Not the other way around.

JACK

While I was hard at work, trying to make ends meet. Whatever, Ruth. Go screw his French-Manicured arse.

RUTH

Thank you for your blessing. Not that I needed it.

JACK

But what about our son?

She reaches into the suitcase and pulls out a CRAYON DRAWING.

RUTH

He sent you this. That's you, standing on top of the rig.

She closes her suitcase to walk out.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH

Thank you for making me quit my job, to come and work here. It brought me nothing.

She walks away.

JACK

French Manicure. What kind of a man, does that?

He slumps onto the bunk bed and studies the drawing. IT'S AN OIL-RIG, WITH A HAIRY MONSTER ON TOP OF IT AND THE WORDS "WORLD'S WORST DAD".

JACK

(To himself)

I'm not that hairy.

He crumples up the paper and falls onto the bed.

12 INT. OIL RIG. BOILER ROOM - DAY

The room is COVERED IN SMOKE and there's A REGGAE TUNE playing in the background. Davis casually smokes a JOINT.

DAVIS

(Singing along)

Police in helicopter... Searching
Marijuana...

Liz enters. Davis hides his joint.

LIZ

Davis, we've got to get out of here. What the hell is all of this smoke?

DAVIS

(Coughing)

Steam. From the boilers.

LIZ

Bull! Are you smoking weed?

DAVIS

Why? Is it because of my dreadlocks? Because that's racist.

LIZ

I'm not racist, how dare you...

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

It's because you're Jamaican. Is that racist?

DAVIS

(Shrugs)

Not really.

Davis pulls out his joint.

LIZ

Are you stupid, man? Marijuana?

DAVIS

It's a free country. Technically, this isn't even a country. It's an offshore oil-rig, in the middle of the Atlantic.

LIZ

So what?

DAVIS

I make the law. And right now, the law says we should blaze up.

(Hands Liz the blunt)

Don't go breaking the law, man.

LIZ

As your captain, I order you to put that shit out.

DAVIS

You've got bigger fish to fry.

LIZ

We can't have flames on...

DAVIS

Ha! For three years we've been drilling. The only oil I've seen, is the cod-liver you drink before bedtime. So calm your chest.

LIZ

Still. Cops are coming.

Davis looks around.

DAVIS

I can't leave the marijuana.

Davis bursts into loud laughter.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ
You're high, man.

DAVIS
Too high, on my own supply.

He laughs even harder. Liz leaves, confused.

13 INT. OIL RIG. OFFICES - DAY

Mr. Big and Jane enter one of the offices.

JANE
They'll be here any time.

MR. BIG
(Sarcastic)
Then I suggest you run to the
kitchen and make them some tea.

JANE
(Not sarcastic)
White, or black?

MR. BIG
What? No? Help me get the files.

Mr. Big grabs A PAPER BAG from the floor and goes around
THROWING FILES INTO THE PAPER BAG.

JANE
(Confused)
Before, or after tea.

MR. BIG
Neither. We're not here for tea.

JANE
I'm confused.

He buries his head in his hands.

MR. BIG
Jail is starting to sound like a
good idea, right about now.

14 INT. OIL RIG. JACK'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Jack is curled-up in the fetal position. The entrance is visible from the bed. Liz peeks her head in.

LIZ
Jack?

JACK
Go away, Captain.

LIZ
Okay.

Liz leaves, then comes back.

LIZ
Damn it, Jack. What the hell?

JACK
Ruth is leaving me.

LIZ
For the janitor?

JACK
No, for that French cook you hired.

LIZ
Oh...

JACK
Why would you assume she was leaving me for the janitor?

LIZ
(Stuttering)
Nothing, I just... Why is she leaving you?

JACK
She said I couldn't satisfy her needs.

LIZ
(Mumbles)
Nobody could...

JACK
What?

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

Nothing.

JACK

She left me for a guy with
manicured hands. Who does those?

LIZ

That's the calling card, for the
metro-sexual movement.

JACK

On an oil rig?

LIZ

Life's a bitch. Deal with it and
let's go...

JACK

I can't. What's the use?

LIZ

There's plenty of fish in the
sea... Well, more fish than crude
oil, for sure.

JACK

And my broken heart?

LIZ

Pick it up. Put it together. Things
always work out for the best.

She looks around.

LIZ

Most things. But seriously. You
can't let her take away your joy.
Now, you can come voluntarily, or I
will drag you out. Either way...

JACK

I'm not going anywhere.

Liz knows she's defeated.

LIZ

Suit yourself. Now excuse me, while
I try to get a ride in Mr. Big's
chopper.

JACK
Wait, Mr. Big is here?

But Liz is already out of the room. Jack gets back into bed, covers himself. But he can't lie down for long.

JACK
(Angry)
Mr. Big...

He jumps off the bed and heads out.

15 INT. OIL RIG. OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Big and Jane have just gathered all their files and are about to leave.

MR. BIG
Do we have everything?

Jane looks around, THERE ARE FILES EVERYWHERE.

JANE
Is that rhetorical?

MR. BIG
Screw it. Let's just go.

As they are about to exit, Jack enters.

JACK
I heard you were here.

MR. BIG
It is my oil rig.

JACK
Yes. Your oil-rig, your fraud, your labour-law charges... This is all on you.

MR. BIG
Jack, I'd love to sit around and debate. But there's a pair of handcuffs with my name on it.

Jane starts clapping.

JANE
Oooh! I like handcuffs.

MR. BIG
Not that kind, Jane.

JANE
Aww.

JACK
Mr. Big, they should put you in a
strait jacket for this madness.

Jane claps some more.

JANE
I like strait jackets.

JACK
Huh?

MR. BIG
Not THAT kind, either, Jane.

JANE
Aww.

JACK
Wait. How do you do it with a
strait-jacket on?

MR. BIG
Use your imagination.

JANE
First, you use a pair of scissors
to cut a hole. Then you...

JACK
Oh. My. God. Too much information.

MR. BIG
I don't have time for this.

Mr. Big makes to leave.

JACK
You're not going anywhere.

Jack stands in front of him.

MR. BIG
Look, Jack, I heard what happened
with your wife. Stevie is not a bad
guy.

JACK
Who the hell is Stevie?

Mr. Big realizes he's said too much.

MR. BIG
Sorry. This situation has me
confused. What's the name of the
guy she's leaving you for?

JACK
(Very confused)
Francoise. The kitchen guy.

MR. BIG
Okay. Let's go with that. Either
way. He'll make her happy.

JACK
But why would you assume Stevie...

MR. BIG
(Cuts in)
Jack... Stop over-thinking this.
Shit happens. But you have to pick
yourself up and move on.

One of the agents Mr. Big left at the helicopter, enters.

MAN IN BLACK
The boats are almost docking. It's
go time, sir.

Mr. Big tries to leave. Jack stops him.

JACK
But I have nothing. Nothing. Where
will I go?

MR. BIG
Then stay here. What do I care?

JACK
(Shakes him violently)
This is your fault. Make it right.

MR. BIG
Okay, okay...

Mr. Big pulls out A FILE FROM ONE OF THE BOXES.

MR. BIG

You want to stay? Here. Have the rig.

JACK

It's useless.

MR. BIG

Sell it for scrap. Sell the generators and equipment. That's if the workers don't strip everything themselves.

Mr. Big frees himself from Jack's clutches. He SIGNS THE OWNERSHIP DOCUMENTS and leaves. Jack is left examining them. Mind deeply confused.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

16 EXT. OIL RIG. HELIPAD - DAY

It's PANDEMONIUM on the heli-pad. The staff have surrounded the HELICOPTER. The Men in black shoot in the air to hold them back.

MR. BIG

Quit Shoo...

They fire off a few more rounds.

MR. BIG

Argh, what the hell! Firebomb the place.

MR. BIG

Jane, let's get a move on.

The employees swarm Mr. Big.

EMPLOYEE

Take me with you... I was employee of the month, five months in a row.

MR. BIG

And how many barrels of oil did you mine for the company?

(CONTINUED)

EMPLOYEE

But I'm just the
environmental-safety manager.

MR. BIG

On a useless rig such a this? It's
no wonder you were best employee.
Sorry, there's no space for you.

The Men in Black help him towards the chopper. Liz joins.

LIZ

Surely, you're not going to leave
your captain.

MR. BIG

Ship's going down, Elizabeth. Be a
good captain and sink with it.

Mr. Big and Jane hop onto the helicopter.

MR. BIG

I figure you all have about
twenty-minutes. Start swimming.

The helicopter takes off. In the horizon, POLICE BOATS
APPROACH. In the opposite direction, THE COMPANY BOATS wait
for employees to swim towards them.

EMPLOYEE

Screw this! I'm taking my chances
with the fishes.

He jumps into the water, followed by the others. Liz runs to
the edge of the helipad, then looks down at the water. She
stands there, watching as others run away.

17 INT. OIL RIG. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A DILAPIDATED CONTROL-ROOM; TAPE-DRIVEN DATA RECORDERS, CRT
MONITORS AND ANCIENT COMPUTERS AND CONTROL-PANELS.

Jack enters, OWNERSHIP DEED IN HAND, and starts inspecting
the installed equipment.

The corner of his eye catches Frans. He has a CLIPBOARD in
hand and is INSPECTING COMPUTER DATA. The lights KEEP
FLICKERING.

FRANS

Sixteen Degrees North, Fifty Six
Degrees West. What the hell?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Those sound like coordinates. To a certain oil-field. Minus the oil, obviously.

FRANS

There is crude oil. I swear on every follicle on my head.

JACK

I'd feel a lot more confident, if it was Davis saying that.

Jack pulls out a HAND-DRILL from the cupboard.

JACK

Since you're so confident. There's scuba gear out-back. But I'd hurry up, if I were you.

FRANS

Funny.

JACK

Look. Everyone gets it wrong, sometimes. Obviously, some cock-ups are bigger than others, but...

Frans throws a tantrum.

FRANS

I am NEVER wrong about these things. Never, have I ever been wrong.

JACK

First time for everything.

FRANS

The research was perfect. The data was solid. My calculations were one hundred percent correct. There is oil.

JACK

Well, I'd love to debate you...

Frans ignores and resumes his calculations.

FRANS

Sixteen Degrees North, Fifty Six Degrees West.

JACK
You said that, already. Will you
get out of here?

FRANS
(Shrieks)
Not till I find my oil.

JACK
Suit yourself.

Jack leaves.

18 INT. OIL RIG. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Davis is still in the boiler room, smoking up. HE'S ON A
SATELLITE PHONE.

DAVIS
Three tonnes... Yes. Actually, four
tonnes.

He doesn't notice Jack enter the room.

JACK
Four tonnes of what?

DAVIS
(Into phone)
I'll call you back.

Davis hangs up.

DAVIS
None of your damned bees-wax. Don't
you have a boat to catch?

JACK
Pardon me, for trying to make sure
that everyone's off the rig.

Davis passes Jack a joint.

DAVIS
It won't take your troubles away,
but it'll sure help you forget
them.

JACK
Even a troubled marriage?

Davis pulls out a BAG OF BROWNIES.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIS
You'll need the big-guns, for that
problem. With 'special'
ingredients.

JACK
Weed? Did you bake these here?

DAVIS
Actually, Francoise did.

JACK
Right...

DAVIS
He said something about snacking on
brownies, before sex.

JACK
Oh, wow.

DAVIS
Yeah. Something about spicing-up
some girl's sex-life.

JACK
I don't need to know the details.

DAVIS
Apparently, her husband's sexual
passion, died with the dinosaurs.

JACK
I said I wasn't interested.

DAVIS
But after two brownies, she turns
into an animal. Wild cat, even...

Davis chuckles.

DAVIS
I think he was talking about your
Ruth.

Jack grabs the brownies and tosses them into the boiler.

JACK
No more marijuana on MY RIG.

DAVIS
Huh?

JACK
I own this thing, now. No more
weed.

DAVIS
(Laughing)
Jack. Don't be so Ruthless.

JACK
Burn that shit up, before I get
back.

DAVIS
(Takes a puff)
That's exactly what I'm trying to
do.

Jack exits.

19 EXT. OIL RIG. HELIPAD - DAY

Liz is still standing atop the rig. A few workers are still
running around. Jack joins her OWNERSHIP DOCUMENTS IN HAND.

JACK
Still here?

LIZ
Mr. Big left me. After all I've
done for the man, he left me.

JACK
Sounds like my wife.

LIZ
What do we do, Jack? What the hell
do we do?

They can see the COASTGUARD SHIPS docking below.

JACK
We're innocent.

LIZ
No. We're not. We're guilty of
every charge.

JACK
In what country?

(CONTINUED)

LIZ
Bloody America, Jamaica, all the
Caribbean countries... Pick a crime
and name a country.

JACK
This IS NOT America. Or any one of
those countries.

LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENTS make their way towards the helipad,
arresting workers as they approach.

JACK
I have an idea.

LIZ
What?

JACK
Follow my lead. And trust me.

LIZ
Same way I trusted Mr...

JACK
Quit whining and just follow my
lead.

AGENT GAETANO (45) leads a team towards Jack. He whips out
HIS BADGE. Getano speaks with the CASTILIAN LISP.

AGENT GAETANO
Agent Guido Gaetano. And you're all
under arrest.

JACK
I beg your pardon.

AGENT GAETANO
I said you're all under...

JACK
(Chuckling)
No, before that. What's your name.
Guido Gaethano?

AGENT GAETANO
No. Gaetano.

JACK
What the hell sort of accent, is
that.

AGENT GAETANO
Spanish.

JACK
(Laughs out loud)
What the hell is a 'Thpanith'
accent?

AGENT GAETANO
(Irritated)
From Spain.

JACK
Where is 'Thpain'?

AGENT GAETANO
Irrelevant. You are all under
arrest for fraud, unsafe mining
practices, harbouring illegal
immigrants...

JACK
Said the American Coastguard from
Spain. Correction, American
Coathtguard from Thpain.

AGENT GAETANO
(To his agents)
Arrest these two.

Guido's men hurriedly start to cuff Liz. Jack intervenes.

JACK
You have no right.

Gaetano pulls out a TAZER.

AGENT GAETANO
Stand back, or we will use force.

JACK
You have no jurisdickt...

Before he can finish the sentence, Gaetano TAZERS HIM.

JACK
God above.

Gaetano tazers him, one more time.

JACK
(Lisping involuntarily)
Shit. That sucked.

(CONTINUED)

Two agents rush to CUFF JACK.

AGENT GAETANO
Who's lisping now.

JACK
Both of us.

As Gaetano HOLSTERS THE TAZER, Jack notices something. His FINGERS ARE SHINY.

JACK
Wait. Are your fingers... Is that...

ZOOM TO:

GAETANO'S, PERFECTLY MANICURED FINGERS.

JACK
(Getting angry)
Do you manicure your fingers?

AGENT GAETANO
Yeah, it's the in-thing.

JACK
You have got to be kidding me.
That's it.

Jack pulls himself from the agents' hands and pushes them away.

JACK
You have absolutely no jurisdiction on this platform.

AGENT GAETANO
But you...

JACK
Are not on an American vessel. See our flag.

AGENT GAETANO
That's just a flag of convenience. And you are right off the American coast.

JACK
300 miles, from the American Coast. In international waters. And, need I remind you, registered to an independent country.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT GAETANO

Where there's a coup, right this very instant.

JACK

It's still a sovereign nation.

AGENT GAETANO

Please. The way things are going there, you won't be left with a prayer. Let-alone a country.

JACK

That doesn't change a thing. By extension, this is a foreign Embassy. A province, even. Agent Gaetano, your presence on this rig, is an act of war.

AGENT GAETANO

What?

JACK

And I suggest you leave, before you start something you can't stop.

AGENT GAETANO

But you are an American citizen, aren't you?

JACK

Not anymore.

Jack reaches into his pocket and PULLS OUT HIS AMERICAN PASSPORT.

LIZ

Jack... What the hell...

Jack rips his passport into shreds.

LIZ

Jack, what the shit?

JACK

(To Gaetano)

You, sir, are standing in my country. Illegally.

AGENT GAETANO

You can't just tear-up your passport.

(CONTINUED)

Jack crumples up the torn passport and tosses it out to sea. Liz buries her face in her hands.

LIZ
So, so screwed.

JACK
(To Gaetano)
Get out of my country.

AGENT GAETANO
(To his men)
Can he do that?

His men shrug.

AGENT GAETANO
(To Jack)
You stupid, stupid man. Do you even know what you've done?

JACK
Go complain to our Embassy in the US. But, if that's all, get off my rig.

Agent Gaetano is still lost. Jack PULLS OUT THE DRAWING FROM HIS SON, TIES IT TO A ROPE AND HOISTS IT LIKE A FLAG.

LIZ
You have got to be fucking kidding.

JACK
Good day, agent.

With that, he marches back to the office area. Liz and the coastguard, can't believe what just happened.

THE END.