

THE HARBOR'S HEART

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FADE IN:

**EXT. SAM'S WHARF - DAY**

The lobster boat CAPT. SAM is tied to its mooring amongst other fishing boats in this coastal town straight out of a Rockwell painting.

SUPER: Braddock, Maine. 2003.

CAPTAIN BRADDOCK (40), a big bear of a man with a rugged face crosses the street and heads towards the wharf.

His daughter, YOUNG SAM (10), complete with fishing overalls, ball cap, and ponytail, keeps pace at his side.

YOUNG SAM

You said I could take the helm today. You meant it, right?

CAPT. BRADDOCK

I never say anything unless I mean it, Sam.

Something catches her eye.

Ten-year-old YOUNG JACK, a geeky, pleasant-looking boy with his eyes glued to a large, hand-held video game, is on a collision course with them.

YOUNG SAM

Look! There's the new kid!

Young Jack stops short of bumping into Sam and Capt. Braddock. He looks up from his game to see the Captain glare down at him.

YOUNG JACK

Oh! I'm sorry! I didn't see you.

CAPT. BRADDOCK

I don't see how you could have.

YOUNG SAM

You're the new kid, right?

Young Jack turns to see Young Sam -- and he is smitten.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)

Right?

YOUNG JACK

Huh?

YOUNG SAM  
You're new.

YOUNG JACK  
New to you. Old to me.

She turns to her father.

YOUNG SAM  
He just moved here.

YOUNG JACK  
Last week.

YOUNG SAM  
Where from?

Jack stares at her and doesn't hear a thing.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
Where-are-you-from!?

YOUNG JACK  
Oh! New York City.

YOUNG SAM  
Are you feeling all right?

YOUNG JACK  
Yeah! Yeah, never better!

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
What's that thing you got?

YOUNG JACK  
Battle for Pluto.

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
What?

YOUNG JACK  
It's a video game. You land on  
Pluto and fight the Plutonians. I  
built it myself.

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
Is that a fact?

YOUNG JACK  
From a kit.

YOUNG SAM  
I'm Sam Braddock. This is my dad,  
Captain Braddock.

YOUNG JACK  
Like Braddock Maine? Did they name  
the town after you?

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
After my great, great, great,  
great, great grandfather.

Sam points to the CAPT. SAM at the wharf.

YOUNG SAM  
That's our lobster boat.

YOUNG JACK  
That's cool.

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
And what do they call you?

YOUNG JACK  
Jack Nelson.

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
Nice to meet you, Jack. I'm sure  
we'll see you around.

YOUNG JACK  
Yes, sir.

YOUNG SAM  
Have fun fighting the Plutonians!

Jack shows a hint of a smile.

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
We need to get to the boat, Sam.

YOUNG JACK  
Well... bye. Nice meeting you.

A smile from Captain Braddock and Young Jack continues on  
his way -- the tinny music from his game fills the air.

YOUNG SAM  
Hey! Wait!

Young Jack turns around.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
Ya wanna come with us!?

**EXT. BRADDOCK'S COVE HARBOR - DAY**

The CAPTAIN SAM is underway at a slow crawl with Capt. Braddock at the helm.

Young Sam and Young Jack are on deck.

**EXT. THE CAPT. SAM - DAY**

The boat has stopped. Capt. Braddock keeps it steady as he watches the kids.

Young Jack peers over the side as Young Sam FLICKS a switch next to the tank.

CLICK!

Motors grind and squeak.

The lobster trap breaks the surface of the water.

                                  YOUNG SAM  
                                  Grab hold and balance it on the  
                                  gunwale!

Young Jack shoots her a look of panic!

                                  YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
                                  The railing!

                                  YOUNG JACK  
                                  Oh!

Young Sam CLICKS the switch off.

                                  YOUNG SAM  
                                  Hold it steady, now!

Young Jack holds the trap. Young Sam reaches in and pulls out a large lobster -- claws SNAP at the air!

Young Jack's face contorts as he SCREAMS out!

                                  YOUNG JACK  
                                  AHHHHH!

                                  YOUNG SAM  
                                  Ain't you never seen lobsters  
                                  before?

                                  YOUNG JACK  
                                  Yeah... but they were always in a  
                                  hot dog roll!

She tosses the lobster into the deck tank.

YOUNG SAM  
Want to try?

YOUNG JACK  
I'm not sticking my hand in there!

Young Sam reaches in and starts pulling them out, one at a time.

YOUNG SAM  
See? Easy!

She tosses one into the tank, and two over the side.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
We toss the ladies back in, and the little ones too.

YOUNG JACK  
Why?

SAM  
It's the law.

Young Sam tosses two more over the side.

YOUNG SAM  
Your turn.

YOUNG JACK  
I don't know...

YOUNG SAM  
Just grab them in their middles... their claws can't reach you back there.

Young Jack reaches into the trap.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
Watch out for claws. They hurt.

Young Jack grabs one and removes it from the trap as its claws snap away!

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
That's for the tank.

He tosses it into the tank.

Young Jack makes several attempts to grab another without getting clamped by a claw.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
Are you having fun?

Young Jack is not convincing.

YOUNG JACK  
Fun? Yeah. I'm having a blast.  
I... really... like this... A lot.

He tries for one more grab -- his arm retracts at super-speed -- his hand flaps in the air!

YOUNG SAM  
Did a claw get you!?

YOUNG JACK  
Almost!

YOUNG SAM  
You just have to always remember  
one thing.

YOUNG JACK  
What?

Sam reaches in and pulls out a huge lobster.

YOUNG SAM  
That you're bigger than they are.

She holds the crustacean close to Young Jack's face -- the claws snap away!

Young Jack pulls back as Young Sam laughs.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
You sure are jittery!

As she tosses it into the tank, Young Jack takes a deep breath to calm his nerves.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
Are you sure you're having fun?

YOUNG JACK  
Well... you make it fun!

YOUNG SAM  
Huh?

Young Jack reaches into the trap and pulls out a tiny lobster. He and Young Sam shake their heads and wrinkle their noses.

Young Jack tosses it over the side of the boat.

YOUNG JACK  
I like it because... you're here.

YOUNG SAM  
That's silly.

At the helm, Captain Braddock rolls his eyes at his daughter's blindness to the situation.

YOUNG JACK  
Hey! The big Halloween party is at school next week!

YOUNG SAM  
I know.

YOUNG JACK  
I was wondering...

She tosses another lobster in the tank.

YOUNG SAM  
What?

YOUNG JACK  
Would you like to go with me?

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
That sounds like a good time!

YOUNG SAM  
I guess so... if you let me pick the costumes!

YOUNG JACK  
Sure!

**EXT. SAM'S HOME - NIGHT**

The door opens to reveal Young Sam dressed like the Gloucester Fisherman statue with a long, oilskin rain slicker and Nor'easter hat.

She sees Young Jack on her doorstep in a lobster costume. A hole is cut out for his face, and his hands buried in huge claws.

YOUNG SAM  
Happy Halloween! Hey! You look great!



Young Sam LAUGHS!

YOUNG JACK  
Come on. My mom's waiting in the  
car.

She calls over her shoulder.

YOUNG SAM  
We're going now, Dad!

Captain Braddock appears in the doorway, camera in hand.

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
Wait a minute! Hold on!

YOUNG JACK  
Hi, Captain Braddock. Happy  
Halloween.

CAPT. BRADDOCK  
Happy Halloween! Let me get a  
picture!

The kids pose.

CAPT. BRADDOCK (CONT'D)  
Smile!

CLICK! Flash!

CAPT. BRADDOCK (CONT'D)  
Got it!

YOUNG SAM  
Thanks, Dad!

Young Jack and Young Sam turn and head down the walkway.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)  
Hey! My dad wanted me to ask you  
if you would like to work on the  
boat with us next summer!

YOUNG JACK  
You'll be there, too?

YOUNG SAM  
Of course!

Young Jack puts on his best, fake, totally fake, smile.

YOUNG JACK  
I'd love to.

She stops and adjusts the costume around his face.

YOUNG SAM  
Wait a sec... pull this back  
more...

Sam's face lights up in a smile as her eyes lock on his. Her younger face DISSOLVES into...

**INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY**

...the twenty-seven-year-old SAM BRADDOCK. With her long hair under a ball cap and dressed in overalls, she's a natural leader.

Her eyes flash at her rearview mirror.

**EXT. A STREET IN BRADDOCK MAIN - CONTINUOUS**

Sam's pick-up truck rides along a coastal road. Her arm waves at the occasional passersby.

SUPER: Present Day.

**EXT. BRADDOCK'S COVE - DAY**

In Braddock's Cove, the word "quaint" is defined.

The picture-perfect postcard town, in all its New England charm, circles the horseshoe-shaped cove, littered with buoys and lobster boats.

**EXT. SAM'S WHARF - DAY**

Two boats are moored at the private wharf at sunrise. In front is the forty-foot THE LOBSTER IN RED, and behind it, the twenty-five-foot KNOT FOOLING AROUND.

Both boats are weather-beaten and in need of fresh paint.

A small group has gathered beside them.

MAGGIE (MAG) BROWN (26), a tough lady dressed in overalls and rubber boots. She possesses a hard face and a heart of gold -- if she likes you.

At the end of the wharf, they see Sam park her car.

MAG  
Moment of truth, kid.

Mag has spoken to TERRI BRADDOCK (20), her normally pretty face wrinkled with nervous tension.

TERRI

I hope she's in a good mood.

MAG

What do you think, Jack? You've known her the longest. Good mood?

JACK NELSON (29), has grown up into a handsome, slightly nervous, and awkward lobsterman.

JACK

Well, she's not expecting to see Terri here, so if she's in a good mood -- it can all of a sudden change. Like the weather. Right, George?

He turns to a grizzled seaman, GEORGE (60s), more weather-beaten than the boat.

GEORGE

Mmm.

As Sam approaches, her co-workers greet her with smiles.

MAG

'Morning, Sam!

JACK

Isn't it a great day! Look at that sunset -- eh -- rise.

Sam stops cold. Her eyes glued on Terri.

SAM

Terri?

TERRI

Hi, Sam.

SAM

What are you doing here?

An uneasy pause.

JACK

Well! Time to board! All aboard, George!

George shoots Jack a look and follows him onto the Knot Fooling Around.

MAG

Yeah! I'll ah... I'll get the GPS  
and the radar and...

Mag notices Sam is paying no attention to her.

MAG (CONT'D)

...and get all that stuff up and  
running.

Mag climbs onto the Lobster in Red.

TERRI

You're angry.

SAM

Surprised is more like it. What  
are you doing here, Terri? Why  
aren't you in school?

TERRI

I left.

SAM

You what!?

TERRI

Sam, you're working like crazy to  
put me through med school, and I  
appreciate it... but I know the  
business isn't doing well...

SAM

Terri, the business is fine. Just  
fine.

Terri doesn't seem sure of that.

SAM (CONT'D)

Did you mean what you told me?  
That you wanted to be a doctor  
more than anything in the world?

TERRI

Of course, I did.

SAM

Then go back and don't worry about  
me. If I couldn't do it, I'd tell  
you.

Terri starts to come around.

TERRI

Yeah... yeah, you would.

SAM

And I made a promise to Dad that if the business could manage, it would help pay for your college.

Terri is almost convinced.

SAM (CONT'D)

If you quit now, look at all the money wasted!

TERRI

I just feel guilty... me in school, and you out here working every day.

SAM

Terri... I'd be here even if you weren't in school.

TERRI

Yeah?

SAM

Absolutely.

Terri smiles.

Mag turns the engine over.

TERRI

All right.

Sam escorts her off the boat. They embrace.

SAM

Okay. Now you go catch the nine o'clock for Boston, and I'll catch the tide.

TERRI

Right. Thanks, Sam.

A quick hug and Terri heads back toward town.

Sam casts off the bow line.

George does the same for Jack's boat.

Sam steps onto the gunwale and jumps to the deck.

MAG

All good?

SAM

I don't know where her head's at sometimes. She should be studying, but instead, she's worried about me and the business.

MAG

I'm worried about the business.

SAM

Don't. There's nothing to worry about.

Sam takes the wheel, a quick glance over her shoulder to Jack, who gives her a "thumbs up."

She kicks the motor into gear.

The boats pull away from the dock.

As they move into the harbor, Jack's boat splits off and chugs towards the far side.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY**

From the overlook of the HOLLYWOOD SIGN on Mount Lee, the city sprawls out under a blue sky.

**EXT. BEVERLY HILLS SIGN - DAY**

The sign BEVERLY HILLS announces the location.

RALSTON (V.O.)

So you're telling me that your lobster stock is maxed out? I know you don't keep them "in stock." It was a figure of speech.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - BEVERLY HILLS - CONTINUOUS**

Glass covered, modern, powerful.

RALSTON (V.O.)

I need an additional three thousand pounds a week... minimum... no, it can't take away from the restaurant standing order...

**INT. RALSTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

The office is sparse, elegant, and classy with several awards displayed on a shelf.

Behind the clutter-free desk, cell phone to his ear, sits the handsome RALSTON COOPER (30), dressed in a pricy suit and an aura that screams "corporate."

RALSTON

Harry, I didn't think three thousand extra pounds would be the end of the world... I'm launching this new online business soon and I need a firm supplier...

His desk phone BUZZES.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Harry, I gotta go... okay... right... good... yep... bye.

He lifts the desk phone to his ear.

ANGIE (V.O.)

Your mother on line two.

RALSTON

Oh, great.

He pushes a button.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Mother!

ELEANOR (V.O.)

I just read the financials on the restaurants.

RALSTON

I know mother --

ELEANOR (V.O.)

They're taking on water faster than the Titanic.

RALSTON

I am convinced it's temporary.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

I'm convinced they're bleeding money with no end in sight.

RALSTON

A little more time....

ELEANOR (V.O.)

Are you still planning on that online lobster business?

RALSTON

Yes. I'm working on it now. I think it will be a smash!

ELEANOR (V.O.)

The jury is out on that. Send the proposal to my lawyers and we'll decide.

RALSTON

But, you said you would invest...

ELEANOR (V.O.)

Of course, I did, dear. I just need to know how much money I'll lose.

Ralston bites his tongue.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

I'm generous to a fault, darling... but even faults rip apart and destroy things. Love you!

CLICK.

Ralston hangs up.

Three light KNOCKS on the door.

RALSTON

Yes?

ANGIE (30), enters, papers in hand. She knows her job and she's brilliant at it. She also shows the hint of a warm smile for Ralston.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

I hope you have some good news, Angie.

ANGIE

I found a quarterly "town magazine" online... stories of local businesses in the country.



Angie drops the papers onto the desk. Ralston's eyes bulge open!

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
The top chefs in Maine agree  
Braddock's Lobsters are the best  
in the world.

He grabs the first page and sees a photo of a lobster trap, filled with crustaceans.

The caption reads: BRADDOCK COVE LOBSTERS -- THE BEST IN THE WORLD -- BAR NONE!

RALSTON  
Book me on the next flight to  
Braddock's Cove... wherever it is.

ANGIE  
Maine... and there's an eight AM  
into Portland.

THE WORK AND TRAVEL MONTAGE.

-SUNRISE over the harbor.

-SAM'S CAR travels a coastal road.

-INSIDE THE CAR, Sam keeps her eyes on the road as she slugs down an oversized coffee.

-ON THE WHARF, Jack watches as Sam's truck pulls into view. He signals George to turn over the engines.

-GEORGE turns the ignition key and the reluctant engine KICKS, SPUTTERS, ROARS to life.

-THE BOATS sail through the harbor.

-LOS ANGELES -- sunrise over the city.

-The busy HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY in Los Angeles.

-RALSTON arrives at LAX and exits his limo.

-JACK'S BOAT. George tosses a lobster overboard. He takes the last lobster from the trap and tosses it into the deck tank.

-SAMS'S BOAT. Mag lowers the trap back into the water. Sam accelerates and they creep toward the next trap.

-RALSTON settles into first class.

-AIRPLANE takes off.

-JACK'S BOAT. Jack sees the distant "Lobster in Red," and turns to George, who lifts another full trap onto the gunwale.

-GEORGE'S hand grabs a lobster from the trap. He examines it, tosses it over the side.

-SAM'S BOAT. Mag tosses a lobster into the deck tank.

-AIRPLANE in mid flight.

-JACK'S BOAT. George tosses a lobster into the deck tank.

-RESTAURANT kitchen door. Sam carries a case of lobsters inside as a chef holds the door for her.

-SECOND RESTAURANT kitchen door. Jack carries a case of lobsters inside.

-PORTLAND AIRPORT -- airplane lands.

-SAM'S BOAT. The floor hatch is open as Mag works on the engine. A pensive and quiet Sam watches.

-JACK AND GEORGE swab the deck.

-Behind the wheel of a BMW, Ralston passes a sign:  
BRADDOCK, 25 MILES.

-SAM shuts off her GPS screen and radio.

-THE WHARF. Mag, Jack and George plod towards the town as the sun hangs low in the sky. Sam is not with them.

**EXT. THE BRADDOCK HOTEL - DAY**

Ralston pulls up in front of the classic, early nineteenth-century hotel.

**INT. BRADDOCK HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Old-fashioned and frozen in time, yet well-kept.

Ralston arrives at the front desk and meets the CLERK (40s), round-rimmed glasses, wispy hair, and dignified without emotion.

CLERK

'Evenin'.

RALSTON

Good evening. You have a reservation for Ralston Cooper?

CLERK

Uh-huh, let me check.

He opens the registration book.

CLERK (CONT'D)

When would that reservation have been called in?

RALSTON

This morning.

The Clerk searches through the book.

CLERK

Uh-huh. Most of our reservations are a week or so in advance, sometimes a few days... but a day? That's pushin' it... same day, just never happens...

RALSTON

This trip was unexpected.

CLERK

Good to reserve in advance in case we're booked up.

RALSTON

Are you booked up?

CLERK

Nope, you're the only one.

RALSTON

So what's the point of all this?

The Clerk searches a wall board covered in antique brass keys for just the right one.

CLERK

Just makin' conversation, that's all. Yes, sir... tourist season is over. Thank goodness. Nice for business, but those summer people... think they own the place. Know what I mean?

RALSTON

Not really. Can I have my room key, please?

CLERK

Sign here...

Ralston signs the registration book. The Clerk hands him an antique brass key.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Room fifty, third floor.

Ralston glares at the key.

RALSTON

What's this for? A treasure chest!?

CLERK

That's the key to your room.

RALSTON

You don't have key cards?

CLERK

Key card? What do you need a card for if you got a key? That don't make much sense.

RALSTON

Right. How far is the pier from here?

CLERK

Walkin' distance.

RALSTON

Ever hear of Braddock's Lobsters?

CLERK

Best in the world.

RALSTON

Does the family own this hotel?

CLERK

Oh, no, no. Lots of businesses in this town named after Braddock. They were the first family to settle here back in seventeen aught nine.

RALSTON

Why are their lobsters the best in the world?

CLERK

Because the Braddock family's been lobstermen in this town since it was founded back in eighteen aught five. Sweetest lobsters are found in the harbor. Cap'n Sam's the only one licensed to lay traps there.

RALSTON

Who is Captain Sam?

CLERK

Own's Braddock's Lobsters. Who else!?

Ralston grabs his bag, and heads for the stairs.

RALSTON

Thank you.

The Clerk gestures.

CLERK

Got an elevator there. First one in the state! Eighteen ninety-six.

Ralston turns toward the elevator.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Rattles a bit.

He considers this --

RALSTON

I'll walk.

-- and heads for the stairs as his phone RINGS.

He answers.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Mother!

ELEANOR (V.O.)

I went to lunch at the club and stopped by your office. You were not there.

RALSTON

I'm in Maine.

INT. LIMO - DAY.

Eleanor has Ralston on speaker phone as she gently pets a white Poodle nestled in her lap.

RALSTON (V.O.)

How was lunch?

ELEANOR

Dreadful. They tried to keep Antoine from dining with us.

She glances down at the Poodle and speaks to him in a baby voice.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

But Mommy was having none of that, was she, darling?

And in her normal voice --

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I had to remind them who paid for their new tennis court.

RALSTON

I see.

ELEANOR

You're obviously in Maine to make the deal with the lobsters.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - ELEANOR / RALSTON.

RALSTON

Correct.

ELEANOR

All right. Listen carefully. I'm going to tell you what you need to do.

RALSTON

Mother, I can handle this.

ELEANOR

Says the man whose restaurants are in financial decline.

RALSTON

It's not as bad as all that.

ELEANOR  
This is not a debate.

Ralston heads up the stairs.

RALSTON  
Okay. I'm listening.

**EXT. BRADDOCK HOTEL - NIGHT**

Sam's pickup truck enters a side alley.

**INT. BRADDOCK HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT**

THREE KITCHEN STAFF members clean up after service, as CHEF HECTOR (50s), greets Sam at the delivery door. She carries a crate of lobsters.

SAM  
Hector.

HECTOR  
Sam! Let me take that...

She hands him the crate and closes the door as Hector places it on the counter and peers inside.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
One... two... three... six... Sam!  
Most of these look to be two  
pounders!

SAM  
Only the best for you, Hector.

Hector lifts one claw-snapper from the case.

HECTOR  
Beautiful! Braddock's Cove is  
truly blessed!

He returns the lobster.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
Can I make you a sandwich? Soup?

SAM  
Thanks, but I've been looking  
forward to a drink in the bar.

She exits the kitchen.

**INT. BRADDOCK HOTEL LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Ralston is alone in the lounge and nurses a whiskey.

Sam enters and sits a few stools over from him.

A BARTENDER (50s), approaches.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

SAM

Whiskey. Neat.

BARTENDER

I have to open a new bottle.

The bartender gets to work as Ralston turns to Sam and holds up his half-empty glass.

RALSTON

Sorry. My fault. You're a local?

SAM

And you're a tourist. We're both very observant.

He smiles. There is instant mutual attraction, though Sam tries her best to hide it.

RALSTON

I just flew in from the coast.

SAM

What brings you to Braddock Cove?

RALSTON

The lobsters.

SAM

You flew in from the coast for lobster?

RALSTON

Not just any lobsters. I've been told that Braddock's Lobsters are the best. So, I'm here to find out.

SAM

You can order one here. This restaurant has a wonderful chef.



RALSTON

I actually want to meet whoever runs the lobster business. His name is Captain Sam. Sounds like a one-legged pirate with an eye patch.

She doesn't respond.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Sorry... he might be a friend of yours... I forgot... small town.

The bartender delivers her drink.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

I hope you don't know him. I didn't mean to insult.

SAM

I don't know any man named Captain Sam.

She downs the drink.

BARTENDER

Another?

RALSTON

Yes, on me.

SAM

Thank you, no. Only one for me. Never have two.

RALSTON

Ah! It's good to know your limit.

SAM

It's not my limit.

She stands.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's been interesting chatting.

RALSTON

I hope it wasn't something I said!

SAM

Not at all. I have an early morning.

RALSTON

I didn't catch your name!

SAM

No wonder. I didn't give it.

Sam exits. Ralston downs his whiskey.

**EXT. SAM'S WHARF - DAY**

As the sun rises, Mag and George are on their respective boats getting ready for the day's catch. Sam and Jack are on the pier.

JACK

That's what he said? He was looking for a pirate?

SAM

No, looking for me, but he thinks I might be a grizzled old pirate.

JACK

You don't look anything like a grizzled old pirate.

SAM

I know that! He didn't know I was me when he asked me if I knew me!

JACK

How many drinks did you two have?

SAM

Oh, forget it.

JACK

Why didn't you tell him who you were?

SAM

Because I was tired and didn't want to get into a conversation about lobsters.

JACK

I wonder what he wanted?

SAM

I'm not really interested.

Sam and Jack step onto their boats. Mag turns to greet her, but her eyes are sidetracked.

MAG

Who's that?

Sam turns to see Ralston, headed down the pier towards the boats.

Sam snaps her head back to Mag as she pulls her cap brim closer to her eyes.

SAM

Get ready to cast off!

Sam flicks the radio on.

Ralston shouts out.

RALSTON

Ahoy there!

MAG

Ahoy? Is he for real?

Ralston stops at Jack's boat.

RALSTON

I'm looking for Captain Sam?

JACK

Next boat.

Ralston takes the few steps to Sam's boat as Mag whispers in her ear.

Sam snaps around to face the GPS screen.

MAG

Can I help you?

RALSTON

I hope so. I'm looking for Captain Sam?

A blasé Mag turns to Sam.

MAG

He's looking for you.

Sam turns to Ralston. He recognizes her instantly.

RALSTON

You!?

Sam smiles.

RALSTON (CONT'D)  
You're Captain Sam?

SAM  
It appears so.

RALSTON  
But, I asked you last night and  
you said --

SAM  
You asked me if I knew a man by  
the name of Captain Sam, and I  
said no. I do not know a man by  
that name.

RALSTON  
A technicality.

Sam smiles.

RALSTON (CONT'D)  
And you're hardly a grizzled old  
pirate.

MAG  
No. That would be me.

SAM  
You wanted to talk about lobsters?

RALSTON  
Yes! Is this a convenient time?

SAM  
Mister...

RALSTON  
Cooper. Ralston Cooper.

SAM  
We need to get into the harbor. I  
can meet you later.

RALSTON  
Now is better -- if that's  
possible.

SAM  
You can come aboard if you like,  
but we'll be out for a while.

Ralston flashes a smile at her.

RALSTON  
I'm up for a boat ride!

He climbs into the boat as Mag whispers to Sam.

MAG  
With a name like Ralston, he's got  
to be rich.

Sam's radio CRACKLES.

JACK (V.O.)  
Come in Lobster in Red! This is  
Knot Fooling Around. Come in.  
Over.

Sam grabs her radio mic.

SAM  
Jack? Why so formal?

JACK (V.O.)  
Just want to remind you about  
state fishing laws that prohibit  
taking civilians onboard during  
working hours. Section four  
paragraph eight.

SAM  
There's no such regulation.

JACK (V.O.)  
Oh, yes, there is! I'd hate to see  
you get into trouble!

SAM  
I'll take the risk. Out.

She clips the mic back onto the radio.

**EXT. JACK'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

A shocked Jack holds the mic to his mouth as he and  
George eye Sam's boat.

JACK  
What is that dope doing on her  
boat, George!?

GEORGE  
Don't know. Good lookin' fella,  
though.

JACK  
No, he isn't! He's a player,  
that's what he is! A player!

GEORGE  
How can you tell?

JACK  
It's written all over his face. A  
player!

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Ralston has joined Sam at the wheel.

RALSTON  
So you're Captain Sam.

SAM  
Samantha Braddock.

They shake hands. The radio CRACKLES again.

Same picks up the microphone.

SAM (CONT'D)  
What is it, Jack?

JACK (V.O.)  
You didn't use the regulation sign  
off when you hung up on me.

SAM  
You don't "hang up" on people on a  
radio.

JACK (V.O.)  
Over and out! That's what you're  
supposed to say!

SAM  
"Over and out!"

She hangs up the mic and YELLS back to Jack.

SAM (CONT'D)  
How was that!?

**EXT. JACK'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Jack carefully places the mic back into its slot.

He turns to see George, who silently observes.

JACK

Well... she... she does need to  
learn radio signals...  
protocols... things like that.

**EXT. THE HARBOR - DAY**

The Knot Fooling Around and The Lobster in Red depart the wharf as the morning sun glistens on the water.

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Mag makes herself busy on deck while actually trying to listen to Ralston and Sam, at the helm.

SAM

So, how can I help you with  
lobsters, Mister Cooper?

RALSTON

I own three large restaurants.

SAM

Oh?

RALSTON

Perhaps you've heard of them? Le  
Homard Exquis?

SAM

The Exquisite Lobster, eh?

RALSTON

Yes! You've heard of it?

SAM

No, but I speak French.

RALSTON

I have three of them... in Los  
Angeles, Las Vegas, and San  
Francisco.

SAM

And you need another supplier?

RALSTON

Not for the restaurants.

SAM

I'm confused.

Sam slows the boat as they approach the first buoy.

RALSTON

I read that your lobsters are considered the best in the world.

SAM

My family has been lobstering this cove for over a century. We have all the best spots. I don't know as that makes them better than anywhere else.

RALSTON

It's a known fact that the best lobsters come from Maine.

SAM

True.

The radio CRACKLES.

SAM (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Sam reaches for the microphone.

SAM (CONT'D)

What is it, Jack?

**EXT. JACK'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

The boat has stopped. George hauls in a trap.

JACK

No, that's not how you answer!  
You're supposed to say "Lobster in Red -- go ahead!"

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Sam turns toward the direction of Jack's boat.

SAM

Jack, do you have anything important to tell me?

Ralston notices Mag, who tosses more lobsters over the side than she's keeping.



JACK (V.O.)  
Just that if I was the Coast Guard  
right now, you'd be in trouble!

SAM  
Over and out!

She returns the mic.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Honestly, I don't know what's got  
into him.

RALSTON  
Why is she tossing so many over  
the side?

SAM  
By law the females get tossed  
back.

RALSTON  
How do you know if they're female?

SAM  
Their tail is wider and has a  
little bit of a curve.

RALSTON  
Oh.

Sam steers and throttles the boat forward.

SAM  
So why the interest in my  
lobsters, Mr. Cooper?

RALSTON  
I plan on expanding.

SAM  
A fourth restaurant?

RALSTON  
No. Something else.

SAM  
And what would that be?

RALSTON  
Not here. Perhaps over dinner  
tonight?

SAM  
Just tell me.

RALSTON  
I don't like discussing business  
on an empty stomach.

SAM  
All right.

RALSTON  
Same place as last night?

SAM  
Fine.

RALSTON  
Can I get back to shore?

SAM  
Not until we bring up the last  
trap.

RALSTON  
How many traps do you have?

SAM  
Seven hundred.

His eyes bulge out as she smiles back.

SAM (CONT'D)  
We'll get to the restaurant before  
the kitchen closes.

**EXT. JACK'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

George is at the helm as Jack stares through binoculars  
towards Sam's boat.

JACK  
They're doing an awful lot of  
smiling over there.

**EXT. SAM'S WHARF - DAY**

The sun is low in the sky as Mag and George tie up the  
boats. Ralston offers Sam his hand. She takes it and  
steps onto the dock.

Jack notices this and heads straight for them, all happy  
and smiles.

JACK

Well, did you have a nice day at sea, Mister...?

RALSTON

Cooper. Ralston Cooper.

JACK

Nice to meet you.

(to Sam)

See you at seven?

Sam is at a loss.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, how quickly they forget! You remember, Sam. You were going to help me with my online course?

SAM

Online course?

JACK

Web design!? Remember?

SAM

I remember you were taking the course, but I don't remember plans to... well, I guess I just forgot. I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK

That's fine. Seven. I'll order pizza.

SAM

I meant I'm sorry that I'll need to take a rain check. I'm having dinner with Ralston.

JACK

Oh! Oh, I see. Ralston and dinner, dinner with Ralston... I didn't... I mean... yeah! Yeah, of course! The website thing can wait... mustn't keep... did you two know each other... before today, I mean!?

RALSTON

Beg your pardon?

SAM

We just met, Jack. Just like that.

Jack fakes laughter.

JACK  
Right! Kinda' the way he works --  
(snaps fingers)  
Just like that!

SAM  
Is something wrong, Jack?

JACK  
Wrong? No! No, nothing! Nothing's  
wrong. Everything's fine. Wrong!?  
Ha! No! I should get going.

Jack backs away.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Have a good Ralston tonight -- I  
mean dinner! Have a good dinner!

He turns and hurries away.

RALSTON  
Is he all right?

SAM  
I think so. He's always on the  
nervous side... a little more so,  
today.

RALSTON  
Seven at the hotel?

SAM  
I'll be there.

Ralston kisses her hand, and exits. Sam glows.

She turns to see the icy glare of Mag.

MAG  
Beware of city slickers with a  
hidden agenda.

SAM  
What "hidden agenda?"

MAG  
I don't know. It's hidden. But  
he's got one.

SAM

I didn't get the impression he was hiding anything. Honestly, between you and Jack --

MAG

It's a legitimate comment based on what I've seen. That's all.

SAM

He just doesn't like talking business with constant radio interruptions and deck hands with big ears.

Mag opens her mouth in feigned shock.

SAM (CONT'D)

Don't act surprised. Your ears could pick up Bangor if you tried.

MAG

Not that far, but thanks for the compliment.

**EXT. THE BRADDOCK HOTEL - NIGHT**

The soft melody from a piano wafts into the night air.

**INT. BRADDOCK HOTEL RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

A quiet, cozy, candlelit room.

Several couples occupy other tables.

Ralston and Sam sit in the center of the room, dinner on the table.

SAM

An online restaurant?

RALSTON

Not a restaurant, but an online service where people can order lobsters prepared by gourmet chefs.

SAM

There are other companies that sell lobsters online, Mister Cooper.

RALSTON

Yes, I know, but they're just plain, boiled lobsters. They sell thousands of pounds a day.

SAM

I can't supply that much!

RALSTON

That's a little detail we'll work out later.

SAM

A little detail!?

RALSTON

Marketing is the key, and when three gourmet Executive Chefs, one of whom worked at Buckingham Palace, say that Braddock Lobsters are the best in the world --

SAM

What if they don't agree with you?

RALSTON

They will.

SAM

How can you be sure?

RALSTON

They work for me.

SAM

A thousand pounds a day...

RALSTON

How much do you actually catch in a day?

SAM

Me? About two hundred pounds. With Jack's another two hundred.

RALSTON

Jack works for you?

SAM

Well, in a way... he's captain of his boat, but I own all the licenses.

RALSTON

He works for you. You supply my online business, "Braddock's Lobsters." I'll license your name for fifty grand.

SAM

Fifty!?

RALSTON

You sell by the case?

SAM

Yes. Twenty-five pound cases.

RALSTON

How many lobsters in a case?

SAM

That depends... a case of lobsters that weigh two to three pounds each is three hundred and sixteen dollars.

RALSTON

I see.

SAM

One-and-a-half pound lobsters run about two hundred and seventy a case.

RALSTON

I'd need various size lobsters. A few cases of each.

SAM

Mister Ralston... if I supply you, I can't supply all the local restaurants... and it's not just here in town, it's all along the coast!

RALSTON

I'll pay you fifty percent more than they do.

SAM

They depend on me.

RALSTON

They'll find other suppliers.

SAM

I am loyal to my customers!

RALSTON

I need Braddock's Lobsters' entire catch. Ka-Ching, ka-Ching!

Sam can't find the words.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Don't answer me tonight. Sleep on it and let me know day after tomorrow.

SAM

You expect me to sleep after this?

**EXT. SAM'S WHARF - DAY**

The warm glow of early sunrise sparkles on the ocean.

Mag and George drink coffee on the deck of the Lobster in Red as they watch as Sam and Jack make their way towards the boat.

Sam looks straight ahead with that "I've heard enough" expression on her face.

JACK

Just give me a hint. There's nothing wrong with a hint!

SAM

Jack, I told you, I'm not ready to talk about it!

JACK

Why not?

SAM

I don't need a reason! I'll tell you when I'm ready.

JACK

When? I mean, if I have to go out and find another job before winter, I need to know now.

Sam doesn't answer as they approach the boats.



JACK (CONT'D)

You didn't answer! That means I need to go find another job! I knew it! I just knew it!

SAM

Jack, I didn't say that.

JACK

That's right, you didn't say anything, and everyone knows that when you don't say anything it means you're actually saying something without having to say it. Loud and clear!

They arrive at the boats.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't see what the big secret is, Sam!

SAM

Jack, it's something I want to think about for now. Not debate.

JACK

Okay, okay. I get the hint.

SAM

Well, it's about time.

JACK

You don't want to confide in me, me -- a lifelong friend...

SAM

I will eventually, Jack.

JACK

How about I meet you at your place tonight... or do you have another date with Ralston?

SAM

It wasn't a date, it was business, now shove off!

Jack is offended and hurt.

JACK

I beg your pardon?

SAM

Not you -- the boats! We need to shove off!

JACK

George! Turn the engine over!

George heads towards his boat.

SAM

I'll take the outer harbor today, Jack.

JACK

But today is the Knot Fooling Around's turn.

SAM

I know, but I need to be on open sea today, not confined in the harbor.

JACK

Why?

SAM

So I can think!

JACK

You can't think in the harbor?

She is losing her cool.

SAM

Jack!

Jack hurries to his boat.

JACK

All right, I'm going! I'm going!

He shouts to George.

JACK (CONT'D)

George! Toss out the bow line so I can get this tub moving!

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - OUTER HARBOR - DAY**

The outer harbor. The coast in sight, but distant.

Mag empties a trap as Sam holds the helm steady.

MAG

I don't know, Sam.

SAM

But it's more money, Mag. A lot more. Times are tough.

MAG

Times are always tough.

SAM

We're hanging on by a thread.

MAG

Abandon your friends, or go with the new guy. Some choice he left you with.

SAM

I'm not abandoning anyone. We'll all still work together!

MAG

And none of us will be able to look our friends in the eye again!

SAM

Why not? What's so terrible about trying to get ahead?

MAG

I'm thinking of the restaurants we keep supplied. They'll pay top wholesale everywhere else.

Mag dumps the trap into the ocean.

SAM

I need to consider Terri.

MAG

I know. You'll do what needs to be done. You always have.

SAM

Mag, if we had one or two more boats I wouldn't even consider this. But, I have seven hundred traps. We can't keep up with them. We never get a day off.

She makes a confession, with hesitation.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I've been considering selling some  
of the trap locations.

MAG  
You can't do that! They've been in  
your family forever!

SAM  
My family used to have four boats.

MAG  
How are you going to tell Jack?

SAM  
I don't know... I think Jack will  
be fine with it. In the long run.

MAG  
Are we talking about the same man?  
Jack? On the Knot Fooling Around?

SAM  
He'll see that it makes sense  
business-wise.

Mag laughs.

SAM (CONT'D)  
What?

MAG  
You're such an optimist.

**EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A small, cozy weathered cape. The distant crash of ocean waves on the shore is in competition with a raised voice from inside.

JACK (V.O.)  
I did count to ten! I counted to  
ten twice! Don't tell me to do it  
again, please!

**INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sam is relaxed on the couch as Jack paces the room like a trial attorney.

SAM  
Then calm down.

JACK

Oh, I'm calm. What about our customers? Our long-time customers are practically like family.

SAM

I know --

JACK

I can't pluck lobsters out of every trap on my own, you know.

SAM

Jack, nothing is going to change, except where the lobsters are shipped. And you steer the boat, you don't "pluck." George does.

JACK

Pluck, grab, seize, all the same.

He plops into a chair.

JACK (CONT'D)

He wants the entire catch?

SAM

That's right.

JACK

Mail order?

SAM

Yes.

JACK

Boy, oh boy. And you'll tell Tony, Hector, and everyone else that they need to get a new supplier for their restaurants?

SAM

If I decide to do this, yes, I will tell them.

JACK

I would hate to see their faces. Poor little Tony... with that limp of his... trying desperately to find another supplier.

SAM

Norm Thatcher would be able to do it. He gets a good catch.

JACK

That rip-off artist!? You would let Tony and his limp suffer at the hands of a brute like Norm Thatcher!?

SAM

A brute!? Norm is one of the sweetest men in town.

JACK

Oh, yeah -- that's just a front.

SAM

A front!? Jack, you're being unreasonable. You really are.

JACK

Some guy shows up from California waving fifty thousand, and you turn over a hundred fifty years of business like a trained seal gulping down a minnow -- and I'm unreasonable?

SAM

That's not fair, and you know it.

JACK

Hey, we're friends. I don't have to be fair.

SAM

Anyway, I haven't made up my mind yet.

JACK

I think you have.

SAM

No, I haven't.

JACK

Yeah, you have.

SAM

I have not!

JACK

I know that look.

SAM

What "look?"

JACK

We're partners, right? Do I have a say?

SAM

Well...

JACK

Well, what? It's a simple question. We're partners, right?

SAM

Not legally partners... you captain the boat.

JACK

You've always asked me about business decisions in the past.

SAM

I know I have, Jack... and we've been friends forever... but this time is different.

His face softens with concern.

JACK

Are you interested in the fifty percent... or him?

No response.

JACK (CONT'D)

No answer! That means yes!

SAM

No, it doesn't!

JACK

When you don't say anything, everyone knows it means you're actually saying something loud and clear!

SAM

You and your assumptions!

Exasperated, Sam tosses her head back onto the sofa.

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - NIGHT**

The occasional, hypnotic CLANG CLANG of a buoy bell.

Sam sits on the gunwale.

She hears FOOTSTEPS and turns to see Ralston approach.

RALSTON  
I was out for a walk.

SAM  
At this hour?

RALSTON  
I'm a night person.

He gestures to the boat.

RALSTON (CONT'D)  
May I?

SAM  
The nautical term is "permission  
to come aboard."

RALSTON  
Permission to come aboard,  
Captain?

SAM  
Mm-hm.

Ralston steps onto the boat, sits next to her.

She stares out to the harbor.

RALSTON  
Do you often sit out here in the  
middle of the night?

SAM  
When I need to feel close to my  
dad... yes, I do.

RALSTON  
I see.

SAM  
This boat was his life. I always  
feel his presence when I'm here.

RALSTON  
Ah. I take it this is about my  
offer?

SAM  
It is.



Jack? RALSTON

Yes. SAM

RALSTON  
He might feel different about it  
when the money starts rolling in.

SAM  
I don't think it's about the money  
with him. It's... about you.

He leans closer to her.

About... me? RALSTON

She's locked into his eyes.

Yes... you... SAM

His lips curve into a smile as they move closer to hers.

He speaks in a soft and gentle voice.

What's his worry? RALSTON

SAM  
He's... I mean.... he doesn't  
trust...

Ralston kisses her.

A long, long kiss.

Their lips part.

-- you. SAM (CONT'D)

Do you? RALSTON

Do I? SAM

She opens her eyes.

What? Do I what? SAM (CONT'D)

RALSTON

Trust me?

A phone HUM.

Another HUM.

Sam remains transfixed as she reaches into her pocket for the phone, and lifts it.

SAM

What?

**INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jack's brow is furrowed in surprise.

JACK

Sam? Is that you?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION JACK / SAM

SAM

You dialed my number, of course it's me. What do you want?

JACK

I just wanted to apologize about my behavior earlier tonight.

SAM

It's fine, Jack. Get some sleep.

JACK

No, no, I was a jerk. I admit it.

No response.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hello?

SAM

I'm here.

JACK

I just said I was a jerk.

SAM

I know.

JACK

That's where you're supposed to say "No, you're not, Jack."

SAM  
You weren't a jerk.

JACK  
Really!?

SAM  
Really.

JACK  
Say, where are you? Are you out!?

SAM  
I'm on the boat.

JACK  
You took the boat out at one in  
the morning!?

SAM  
Is it that late?

JACK  
Yes!

SAM  
I didn't take the boat out. It's  
moored.

JACK  
Oh man. I must have really upset  
you. I'll be right there.

SAM  
Where?

JACK  
I'm coming down to the boat.

SAM  
Oh no, no need. I'm not alone.

JACK  
You're... what?

SAM  
Ralston's here.

No response.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hello? Jack... Jack?

**INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jack is on the sofa, his face in a stunned daze -- arm collapsed to his side, his hand grips the phone.

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Sam shrugs and puts the phone back in her pocket.

SAM

Lost the call.

RALSTON

Is Jack... jealous?

SAM

No. Well, yes, but not in a romantic way.

RALSTON

No?

SAM

He's worried about the business.

Ralston isn't convinced.

RALSTON

Is that all?

SAM

What else?

RALSTON

Well... you're very attractive.

SAM

Jack!? Oh, we've known each other for years. We're like two old shoes. Broken in and comfortable with each other.

RALSTON

He's a good-looking guy.

She reflects on this with a warm smile.

SAM

He is.

RALSTON

Do you need his vote to act on my offer?

She snaps out of the memory.

SAM

No.

RALSTON

Well, that's good.

SAM

But I want his support. That's very important to me.

RALSTON

I can understand that.

Ralston gazes into her eyes.

She can't resist.

Their lips touch, gently at first.

It intensifies.

Her hands take hold of his arms.

Another moment... and she gently pulls away.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to influence you in any way. I don't know what happened.

SAM

I... I really need to get home. Sun comes up early.

RALSTON

I'm sorry... did I --

SAM

I just need to get home.

She steps onto the wharf.

SAM (CONT'D)

Good-night.

RALSTON

I'll walk with you.

He follows onto the wharf.

SAM

Oh, that's not necessary. We're going in different directions, anyway.

RALSTON

A lady walking alone at this time of night --

SAM

This isn't Los Angeles, Ralston. It's Braddock's Cove. Even the criminals are in bed by eleven.

She smiles as they continue along the wharf.

**INT. SAM'S HOME - NIGHT**

The CLICK and TWIST of a key at the front door. It opens and Sam steps into the hallway of her elegant, small, nineteenth-century home.

She has the mail in her hands.

**INT. SAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Sam has removed her coat as she tosses the mail on the table except for a bill she studies.

The return address: BOSTON MEDICAL SCHOOL, 1294 NUTTER ST. BOSTON MA.

The address: SAMANTHA BRADDOCK, 1770 MASTHEAD ROAD, BRADDOCK ME.

Sam plunks herself into a kitchen chair and casts her eyes to another envelope.

The return address: UNITED STATES COAST GUARD. COMMERCIAL FISHING VESSEL SAFETY EXAMINATION.

She opens it and reads the officious form with bold print across the top: "SCHEDULE INSPECTION."

Deflated, she sees her phone.

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is pitch black. Nothing can be seen... BEEP! BEEP... the dark is illuminated from the glow of a ringing phone.

An arm appears and a hand fumbles for the light.

CLICK!

Illumination reveals Jack, a black sleep mask over his eyes, in a large, oak bed.

His hand feels for the phone, grabs hold, and brings it to his ear.

His voice is groggy and weak.

JACK

Ehhhh.

**INT. SAM'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Sam paces, nervous.

SAM

Jack, it's Sam. I'm sorry for calling you so late.

**INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jack sits up with a start at full alert!

He doesn't remove the mask.

JACK

Sam! Are you all right!?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - JACK / SAM

SAM

Yes, yes, I'm all right.

JACK

What time is it?

SAM

Two-thirty.

JACK

Two!?

He rips off his face mask to look at his alarm clock.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's two-thirty! You can't be all right if you're calling me at two-thirty!

SAM

You're right. I've been thinking.

JACK

About Ralston's offer? I mean, who names a kid "Ralston!?"

SAM

I was thinking about our local customers. What about adding another boat to our fleet?

He doesn't respond.

SAM (CONT'D)

That means "no," right?

JACK

No, no -- I was adding numbers in my head. A twenty footer, second-hand will set you back at least twenty-five grand.

SAM

Twenty is too small.

JACK

A forty will run about two hundred grand. Used.

SAM

That much?

JACK

What's this all about?

SAM

I'm trying to see if there's a way where we can work for Ralston, but keep all of our current customers at the same time.

JACK

What if I don't want to work with him?

SAM

He won't actually be here. He'll be in Los Angeles. Besides, lobstering is in your blood.

Jack's expression says that is not exactly true.



SAM (CONT'D)

What do you think?

JACK

It's an option, I suppose. Can you raise the cash?

SAM

Not sure. I already remortgaged my house. I don't think the bank will loan me any more... although I've known Mister Silvestri since I was a kid.

JACK

Silvestri the banker whose hero is Ebenezer Scrooge?

SAM

Yeah.

JACK

Well... get some sleep, and we can talk about it in the morning.

SAM

All right. Jack?

JACK

Yeah?

SAM

Thank you. You're one in a million.

Jack smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Good-night.

JACK

Good-night, Sam.

They hang up.

Jack settles back into his pillow.

He pulls the sleep mask down over his eyes.

In a bewildered, quiet voice...

JACK (CONT'D)

Lobstering is in my blood?

**EXT. THE BRADDOCK HOTEL - DAY**

A stretch limo pulls up to the front entrance. Out steps ELEANOR COOPER (60s), beautifully coiffed and dressed for Maine in pearls, Prada leather pumps, and Oscar de la Renta jacket and pants.

Her personality is on full display with her first glance at the Braddock Hotel.

**INT. BRADDOCK HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

Eleanor faces the Clerk. Her DRIVER deposits two large suitcases off to the side, and exits.

CLERK

Did you phone ahead?

ELEANOR

Is that necessary?

CLERK

It is during tourist season.

ELEANOR

Is this tourist season?

CLERK

No.

ELEANOR

I require a suite.

CLERK

Every room is sweet. Ocean views in each one!

ELEANOR

I require the largest room.

CLERK

Oh. Well...

The Driver returns carrying two more suitcases, which he places next to the others.

CLERK (CONT'D)

I suppose I can give you the President's room.

ELEANOR

The president of what?

CLERK

The United States! Who else!?

ELEANOR

That will do.

He slides the register to her.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

My driver will take care of that.  
Just call for the bellhop.

CLERK

The what?

ELEANOR

Bellhop. Someone to take my  
luggage to my room.

CLERK

Can't you carry it?

The Clerk hands her a key.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Would you like to take the  
elevator? Installed eighteen  
ninety-six.

ELEANOR

Eighteen...? It still works?

CLERK

'course it does! Ain't no one been  
stuck in it since nineteen seventy-  
two.

She turns to her driver.

ELEANOR

We'll take the stairs. Bring in my  
other bags.

The Driver bows his head, and exits.

CLERK

You got your husband trained  
pretty good.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY**

The Clerk and Driver carry the suitcases as Eleanor waits  
by the door.

ELEANOR

Don't dawdle.

Huffing and puffing, the Clerk makes his way to the door where his knees buckle and he drops the luggage in place.

He sits on one of them.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Get up. That's Rolls Royce luggage.

CLERK

Sorry!

ELEANOR

Open the door.

The Clerk unlocks the door.

It opens to reveal a small room, single bed, one dresser and mirror, tastefully decorated with a window that looks out over the cove and ocean.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Is this for my luggage?

CLERK

Your luggage!?

ELEANOR

I wanted a suite.

CLERK

Well, if that view ain't sweet, I don't know what is!

ELEANOR

Not s-w-e-e-t! It's s-u-i-t-e!

CLERK

Oh!

ELEANOR

I want your largest room.

CLERK

Right. Well, they're all the same size. This is the presidential room.

ELEANOR

How can that be a presidential room!? You can't fit a goldfish in there!

CLERK

President Johnson stayed in this very room back in nineteen sixty-five.

She steps aside.

ELEANOR

On purpose?

**INT. BRADDOCK HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY**

Several couples are dining.

Eleanor, in a new outfit, waits at a table like a fish out of water.

She nurses a scotch and ice.

Her face lights up as Ralston enters. He goes to the bar and orders a drink.

ELEANOR

Ralston?

He turns to see Eleanor. A stunned expression washes over his face.

RALSTON

Mother!?

He approaches her table and kisses her cheek.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Hello, Mother. What a surprise!  
What are you doing here?

He takes a seat.

ELEANOR

"How was your flight?"

RALSTON

How was your flight?

ELEANOR

Dreadful, darling. Let's not discuss it.

She takes a sip from her glass.

The WAITER brings a bourbon to Ralston and places it on the table.

RALSTON

I didn't expect to see you here.

ELEANOR

I wanted to see firsthand how you were fairing.

RALSTON

No faith?

ELEANOR

Let's say... curious.

RALSTON

I have everything under control.

ELEANOR

Did you meet with the Braddock person?

RALSTON

Captain Sam, and yes, I did.

ELEANOR

And is the deal sealed?

RALSTON

Not yet.

ELEANOR

Ralston.

RALSTON

It takes time.

ELEANOR

If Mother is going to buy you this new business, you must do as Mother says, dear.

RALSTON

I just got here myself.

ELEANOR

Didn't you offer the fifty thousand to license the family name as I instructed?

RALSTON

Yes, I did.

ELEANOR

And he said no?

RALSTON

She said she was going to think about it.

ELEANOR

She?

RALSTON

Captain Samantha Braddock.

Gears churn in Eleanor's mind.

ELEANOR

Well, now... that's interesting. A new turn of events.

RALSTON

What does that mean?

ELEANOR

Is she attractive?

RALSTON

Yes... yes, she is. Why?

ELEANOR

My attorney said the business model looked sound.

RALSTON

That's good.

ELEANOR

I still don't think it matters where the lobsters come from.

RALSTON

Braddock Cove lobsters being considered the best in the world is my hook. The selling point.

ELEANOR

I'm looking forward to meeting this Captain Sam.

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - OFF SHORE - DAY**

Sam keeps the helm steady as Mag removes and sorts lobsters from a trap.

MAG

I don't know if I want to work for some rich, fancy restaurant guy... who's in love with you.

SAM

We're not in love.

MAG

You kissed, and in my book, that means something.

SAM

Come on, Mag. I wouldn't say he's some "fancy restaurant guy."

MAG

Le Homard Exquis. Snobsville.

SAM

He's simply a nice guy who happens to own three restaurants. That's all.

MAG

Sam, don't fall for this guy. I think he's leading you on.

SAM

What reason would he have for that?

MAG

What reason!? Oh, boy, you are falling for him. To get your lobsters at a cheap price, for starters.

Mag tosses the trap over the side.

Sam ponders this as she throttles the boat into gear.

**INT. BRADDOCK HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY**

Ralston and Eleanor continue their conversation over a plate of appetizers.



RALSTON

I didn't like this on the phone  
and I like it even less in person.

ELEANOR

With a romance you could get her  
lobsters for a song.

RALSTON

She's pretty and we kissed. Mutual  
attraction. There's nothing else.

ELEANOR

It doesn't matter if there's  
nothing else.

RALSTON

I just need an investment from  
you, not advice in romance.

ELEANOR

You're always looking for  
millions.

RALSTON

Just seed money for my businesses.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have told you we  
kissed.

ELEANOR

You were brought up to tell Mother  
everything. I put that chip in  
your brain when you were two.

RALSTON

You put a chip in my brain!?

ELEANOR

Figure of speech, darling. There  
were no such things in those days.

RALSTON

Good.

ELEANOR

In those days we called it good  
old-fashioned brainwashing.

**EXT. ON JACK'S BOAT - DAY**

George hoists a lobster trap onto the gunwale as Jack leans on the deck tank, as if speaking to a therapist.

JACK

I mean, I've known her since we were ten. He's not her type... all Hollywood and Vegas... facelifts, nip and tucks, liposuction, rhinoplasty... All that horrible shape-shifting stuff.

GEORGE

It was a business meeting, that's all.

JACK

Yeah, you wait, boy-o! That will come next!

George tosses a lobster into the tank.

JACK (CONT'D)

One meeting leads to another and another... and soon she'll look like someone else!

GEORGE

I think she's just trying to make the business more money. Nothing wrong with that.

JACK

There is when some rich guy flashes a smile and lulls you in with expensive champagne.

GEORGE

Sounds like you're a little jealous.

JACK

Me!? No! I'm not jealous. Just worried about the business. I got years invested here. You too, George.

GEORGE

Maybe you should fight back a little.

JACK

I tried to talk to her.

GEORGE

Where?

JACK

In my living room.

GEORGE

No. Somewhere with dim lights. One of them harbor cruises.

JACK

A harbor cruise!? All that loud music? I can hear those things from my house. Who needs that!?

GEORGE

Maybe... Sam?

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - DAY**

Mag hauls up another trap as Sam steadies the helm.

MAG

What about Jack?

SAM

What do you mean?

MAG

Shouldn't he have been included in your talk with Ralston?

SAM

Why?

MAG

He's part of the team.

SAM

We're not officially business partners.

MAG

Ouch. That sounds harsh.

SAM

No, it isn't. Jack owns his own boat, but he catches under the Braddock license.

MAG

I think he would feel bad if he heard you say that.

SAM

I don't see why.

MAG

Probably would want to get his own license.

SAM

It's an eight-year waiting list, and for the harbor it's even longer.

MAG

Well, it's still harsh if you ask me.

SAM

Mag, it's the arrangement we have. He works with me, and we share sales and profits.

MAG

That sounds like a partnership.

SAM

It's not written down anywhere.

MAG

So you could dump him if you wanted to.

SAM

I would never do that. He's my best friend.

MAG

Right. You've been friends for nineteen years, and he's always helped you with important decisions. Except for now.

SAM

He's just upset. He always overreacts to anything new.

MAG

He's jealous.

SAM

Jealous!?

MAG

Why do you think he's playing Highway Patrol on the radio!?

SAM  
Oh, that's silly.

She thinks on it.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Jealous!?! Jack? No.

**INT. NEAR THE WATERFRONT - DAY**

Eleanor and Ralston stroll along the sidewalk as waves lap the shore below.

ELEANOR  
This Captain Sam. She is the sole owner of the business?

RALSTON  
Well, there is this other guy, Jack.

ELEANOR  
Oh? So we need his name on the dotted line as well.

RALSTON  
I'm not sure.

ELEANOR  
If he's a partner, you do.

RALSTON  
She said she didn't need his vote to make the deal.

ELEANOR  
Then he's insignificant.

RALSTON  
Maybe. Not sure.

ELEANOR  
Are they romantically involved?

RALSTON  
She pretty much said no.

ELEANOR  
Why are you worried about him?

RALSTON

I'm not worried about him. She's pretty, we kissed, it was fun, that's it. He's acting all goofy about it.

ELEANOR

How so?

RALSTON

Yesterday, when I was on the boat with Sam, I saw Jack's boat a ways off.

ELEANOR

What's odd about that?

RALSTON

He was watching us with binoculars.

Eleanor raises her eyebrows.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

He seems very protective of her.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY**

Eleanor and Ralston continue their slow stroll in the narrow hallway toward her room.

ELEANOR

She may not be in love with him, but it sounds like he's in love with her.

RALSTON

That's what I'm thinking.

ELEANOR

Hmm.

RALSTON

Anyway, all I need are Braddock lobsters.

ELEANOR

But a romance will get your costs down.

RALSTON

What!?

ELEANOR

Once you're in love and married to her, you won't need to pay as much.

They arrive at her door.

She takes the key from her purse.

RALSTON

Mother, she's not in love with me, and I don't think I'm in love with her.

ELEANOR

Then pretend you're in love with her, and she'll fall in love with you... and we'll end up owning Braddock's Lobsters, lock-stock-and barrel.

RALSTON

Remember the song? "Money can't buy me love?"

ELEANOR

Don't be silly. Of course, it can.

She opens the door and enters the room with a smile.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

That's how I married your father.

She CLOSES the door.

**EXT. JACK'S BOAT - DAY**

With Jack at the helm, the boat slowly makes its way to the next buoy.

JACK

So I should ask her to dinner on a harbor cruise to tell her I'm concerned about going into business with Ralston?

GEORGE

No. You ask her to dinner on a harbor cruise to tell her how you feel about her.

JACK

How I feel about her!? George,  
you're acting like you think I'm  
in love with her!

GEORGE

Are you telling me you act like an  
imbecile around her because you're  
not!?

JACK

In love!? George. No. You're  
crazy. Me and Sam!? No. Absurd!  
You think I would... after all  
these years... since I was ten I  
would... No! Lunacy, uh-uh!

George turns to examine the deck tank.

GEORGE

Boy, you got it bad.

Jack mutters to himself.

JACK

I am not an imbecile. A little  
high-strung, maybe.

**EXT. THE TWO CLAWS TAVERN - NIGHT**

The old-style painted tavern sign hangs to the side of  
the front door: THE TWO CLAWS TAVERN. Est. 1943

**INT. THE TWO CLAWS TAVERN KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Mag appears at the service door and pushes it open with  
her back as she carries a case of lobsters.

TONY (70s), limps towards her.

TONY

Mag! Mag, let me take that for  
you!

She hands Tony the case.

TONY (CONT'D)

You carried this all the way from  
your car? It weighs a ton!

MAG

Light as a feather, Tony.



She places it on a nearby table.

TONY  
Mag, tell me, and don't kid Tony  
around.

MAG  
What?

TONY  
Are the rumors true?

Mag is puzzled.

TONY (CONT'D)  
I need to know if they are true.  
Now. Not last minute.

MAG  
What rumors are you talking about?

TONY  
I heard from the Groggy Lobster  
that Sam is going to stop  
supplying local restaurants.

Mag feigns surprise.

MAG  
What!? No! No, no, no, no. No.

TONY  
No?

MAG  
Sam would never do that.

TONY  
That's good, because I was --

Mag turns on a dime and races out the service door.

MAG  
Runnin' late! Bye, Tony!

**EXT. THE GROGGY LOBSTER PUB - NIGHT**

A small, quiet pub with a full parking lot. The sign over  
the door reads: THE GROGGY LOBSTER.

**INT. THE GROGGY LOBSTER KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jack is just inside the service door buckled over from the weight of the case as he hands it to HENRY (50s), the Chef.

JACK

My back... ow... these things weigh a ton.

HENRY

Is this the last one?

JACK

You only ordered one crate.

HENRY

I meant the last delivery.

JACK

Well... for today.

HENRY

Not forever?

JACK

For -- Henry, what are you talking about?

HENRY

Rumor is you're ditchin' the locals for some city thing online.

JACK

No! I mean, not... that I know of.

HENRY

You always were lousy at lying, Jack.

JACK

It never was one of my strong points.

**EXT. TAIL OF THE LOBSTER PUB - NIGHT**

The wooden TAIL OF THE LOBSTER sign swings in the breeze.

CAROL (V.O.)

I hear you're running away with some rich guy and giving up lobstering?

**INT. THE TAIL OF THE LOBSTER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Sam has a two-wheeler stacked with four crates. CAROL (40s) the owner, dressed for the front of the house, signs the invoice.

SAM

I'm not running away. I'm staying in Braddock's Cove.

CAROL

That's nice to hear, but not what I heard.

SAM

Where did you get that information?

CAROL

It's all over town.

SAM

What are they saying?

CAROL

That you're dumping the local establishments and selling online.

Sam is dazed.

CAROL (CONT'D)

And you were seen kissing.

Sam is speechless.

CAROL (CONT'D)

And I can tell by your face that it's true.

**INT. BRADDOCK HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

Sam storms through the front entrance just as Ralston steps out of the restaurant.

SAM

Just the man I wanted to see!

RALSTON

Sam! Hi!

SAM

Don't "Sam, Hi" me until I get some answers!

RALSTON

Shoot.

SAM

How does the entire town know that I may, or may not, go into business with you!?

RALSTON

I have no idea.

SAM

Be honest with me, Ralston! I don't like liars!

RALSTON

It's the truth!

SAM

Then how does the whole town know we kissed?

RALSTON

What do you mean?

SAM

What part of "How does the whole town know we kissed," do you not understand!?

RALSTON

I would guess from the security cameras and a bored security guard.

SAM

What security cameras?

RALSTON

At the end of the wharf.

This makes sudden sense to her.

She becomes calm.

SAM

Oh! Right. Security cameras... um, right. Yes. True. Probably.

They look into each other's eyes.

Their lips draw closer together.

Ralston speaks in a quiet tone.

RALSTON  
Have you decided?

SAM  
Decided what?

RALSTON  
Whether you're with me, or not?

They draw closer to each other. Sam's eyes close.

ELEANOR (O.S.)  
Ralston?

Sam JUMPS with a start!

Eleanor has appeared next to them.

RALSTON  
Ah! Sam, this is my mother,  
Eleanor Cooper.

SAM  
Oh! Mrs. Cooper! Hello, it's so  
nice to meet you.

RALSTON  
Mother, you shouldn't sneak up on  
people like that.

ELEANOR  
I wasn't sneaking. This is a  
public lobby.

A thin smile appears on her lips.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
So this is Captain Sam?

SAM  
Samantha Braddock.

ELEANOR  
Ralston told me how utterly  
charming and beautiful you were.

SAM  
Hm?

Ralston mumbles.

RALSTON  
Mother.

ELEANOR

I haven't seen him this happy in years.

RALSTON

What do you mean?

ELEANOR

He's so thankful that he has found you and your wonderful lobster business. But...

SAM

What?

ELEANOR

Everything Ralston touches seems to turn to gold. This new online lobster business is sure to exceed expectations.

SAM

But...

ELEANOR

Are there enough lobsters out there to meet the demand?

SAM

I think so. Not as many inner harbor as opposed to outer harbor.

ELEANOR

You will charge more for the inners, Ralston.

SAM

I'm not sure there's a difference.

ELEANOR

If we say there is, the customers will believe it.

SAM

Oh.

ELEANOR

I would like to see how you operate.

SAM

You want to go out on the boat?

ELEANOR  
Is that so unusual?

RALSTON  
Mother, once the boat leaves the wharf, it doesn't come back until all the traps have been checked.

ELEANOR  
That's all well and good. I just want to get to know Sam better.

RALSTON  
Why?

Eleanor turns to Sam.

ELEANOR  
A cabin with a window will suffice.

**EXT. SAM'S WHARF - DAY**

At the helm, Sam and Mag watch Ralston and Eleanor make their way along the pier.

Eleanor, as usual, dressed for lunch in Beverly Hills.

MAG  
Oh no. The millionaire and his wife. I guess this makes me Gilligan?

SAM  
It's his mother.

Ralston helps Eleanor onto the boat.

RALSTON  
Permission to come aboard!?

SAM  
Permission granted. Good morning, Mrs. Cooper!

Eleanor's eyes have locked onto the deck tank.

ELEANOR  
Does this boat bring us out to the bigger boat?

SAM  
No, this is the boat.

Eleanor sees the tank.

ELEANOR

What's that?

SAM

The tank where we put the lobsters.

ELEANOR

That makes sense. Ralston tells me there are no rooms?

SAM

Not really, no. Just a very small cabin below where we can duck inside during bad weather.

Sam notices Jack at the helm of Knot Fooling Around, and yells out.

SAM (CONT'D)

Jack!? Take the outer harbor today!

Jack hollers back.

JACK

It's your turn to take the outer harbor!

SAM

The inner harbor is better for guests!

**EXT. JACK'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Jack hollers back with mock understanding.

JACK

Oh, right! Of course! There aren't any icebergs or tidal waves in the inner harbor!

George starts to speak --

JACK (CONT'D)

Shut up, George!

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Sam turns to Mag.



SAM

Cast off.

Mag heads for the stern.

**EXT. THE HARBOR - DAY**

The Lobster in Red is mid-harbor, alongside a buoy. Mag hauls in a trap from the water.

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Mag places the lobster-filled trap on the gunwale.

Eleanor watches.

Sam is at the helm with Ralston.

MAG

Want to empty the trap?

ELEANOR

I don't think so.

She empties the trap with most tossed over the side.

MAG

So, what do you think about  
Ralston's lobster online thing?

ELEANOR

I think it will be very successful  
with Braddock lobsters.

MAG

I hope Sam doesn't do it.

ELEANOR

Why not?

MAG

She'll be the biggest heel in  
town.

ELEANOR

A rich heel.

MAG

A heel just the same.

ELEANOR  
Sometimes you can't fight  
chemistry.

MAG  
How do you get chemistry out of a  
heel?

ELEANOR  
From what I can see, Captain Sam  
and my Ralston are, shall we say,  
hitting it off?

Mag ponders this as she steals a glance at Sam and  
Ralston at the helm. Ralston is all smiles as Sam points  
to the coastline in conversation.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Perhaps the sound of snapping  
lobster claws will be replaced by  
the chimes of church bells.

MAG  
Kinda rushing things, ain't it? I  
mean, they just met.

ELEANOR  
Mmm. Chemistry tends to speed  
things along.

Mag shifts her eyes once more to see Sam instruct Ralston  
on the navigation instruments.

She turns back to a grinning Eleanor.

**EXT. OUTER HARBOR - JACK'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Jack has the binoculars to his eyes.

JACK  
The nerve of that guy! Look at him  
at the helm acting like he's the  
captain.

GEORGE  
We have work to do, Jack.

JACK  
And she's meeting the mother  
already! This is getting serious!

Jack turns to George.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 She's gonna sign, George!

Jack whisks the binoculars back to his eyes and continues to scout Sam's boat.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 The nerve of that guy!

**EXT. BRADDOCK HOTEL - DAY**

The sunset casts long shadows as Ralston, Eleanor, and Sam approach the hotel doors.

ELEANOR  
 Will you be joining us for dinner,  
 Captain?

SAM  
 Yes... yes, I think I can.

ELEANOR  
 Very good. I'll see you at eight.

RALSTON  
 The kitchen closes at eight.

ELEANOR  
 Not tonight, it doesn't.

Eleanor enters the hotel.

RALSTON  
 Well, now you've met Mother.

SAM  
 She's a force.

Ralston takes her hand.

RALSTON  
 Walk with me?

Sam takes his hand as he leads her across the street.

**EXT. THE CAUSEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

He gently cups her face in his hands... and kisses her.

SAM  
 This is... happening too fast.

RALSTON

There's nothing to worry about.

SAM

I have a lot to worry about...

RALSTON

Business is going to boom.

SAM

I meant the customers I'm abandoning here.

RALSTON

They'll survive, and in just a few short months, you should be able to move to Los Angeles.

As if a switch was flicked, her eyes open and romance flies out the window.

SAM

What?

RALSTON

I said in a few short months, you should be able to move to Los Angeles.

SAM

That's what I thought you said.

RALSTON

Anything wrong?

SAM

What about my business?

RALSTON

There'll be enough money to hire another lobsterman here, maybe two, and a new boat.

SAM

I need to be here.

RALSTON

Jack can run things.

SAM

Run things!? Ralston, I don't know what you're talking about!

RALSTON

Sam...

SAM

Ralston... you're a nice guy and I like you a lot... and we kissed with the moonlight and lapping waves... but love doesn't happen that fast.

RALSTON

You admit you're falling in love with me.

SAM

I'm fond -- I mean, I like you -- that is, I have very strong feelings for you -- and those could develop into --

RALSTON

Love?

SAM

Slow down!

RALSTON

I thought you might like to move out to L.A. into a nice apartment.

SAM

You "thought!?"

RALSTON

If you stay here, we'll only see each other once, maybe twice a year.

SAM

I thought this was about lobsters!?

RALSTON

It is.

SAM

Not to hear you talk! Ralston, we barely just met.

RALSTON

We have a lifetime to get to know each other.

SAM

What movie did you steal that line from?

RALSTON

It's original. I think.

SAM

Ralston... why don't we see how the business goes first... and take little steps with everything else.

RALSTON

We can take little steps in LA.

SAM

LA is a little step for you. It's a huge leap for me!

RALSTON

Mother would be happier if --

SAM

Mother!? What's she have to do with it?

RALSTON

Well -- I want her to be happy, too.

Sam takes a collective breath.

SAM

The same mother who is about to keep the restaurant open past closing. Imagine what she can do to a relationship.

RALSTON

As long as she likes you, everything will be fine. And she likes you. So far.

SAM

"So far." I can't leave Braddock's Cove. I've lived here my whole life.

RALSTON

Do you really love it that much, or is it because here you're the queen bee because it's named after your family?

SAM

What a thing to say!

RALSTON

There's nothing wrong with that.  
It's totally understandable.

SAM

I've never considered myself queen  
of anything, and if I did, I  
wouldn't abdicate and move three  
thousand miles away!

RALSTON

Yes, your majesty.

Sam boils with rage.

SAM

That's it.

She turns, and departs with fast steps.

RALSTON

Sam! Sam, come back! Can't we talk  
this over? I meant it to be funny!  
Sam!

SAM

Keep your day job and stay out of  
comedy.

She's gone.

Worried, Ralston turns and walks into the hotel.

**INT. BRADDOCK HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Eleanor is at a table with a drink.

Ralston enters and joins her.

RALSTON

How much did it cost you to keep  
the place open?

She smiles.

ELEANOR

You'll find out when you get your  
inheritance.

The Bartender approaches.

BARTENDER  
What can I get you?

RALSTON  
Whiskey, neat.

Eleanor notices Ralston's concerned expression.

ELEANOR  
What's wrong? Where's Sam?

RALSTON  
She decided to go home.

ELEANOR  
Oh.

RALSTON  
We just had a disagreement. A  
rather serious disagreement.

ELEANOR  
What did you say?

RALSTON  
I told her I wanted her to move to  
LA after we make the deal... and  
that I was falling in love with  
her...

ELEANOR  
Good!

RALSTON  
But I'm not falling in love with  
her.

The Bartender puts his drink on the table as Ralston  
turns to him.

RALSTON (CONT'D)  
Don't be long.

The Bartender gives a fast glance to Eleanor and exits.

ELEANOR  
Maybe you don't love her now, but  
you could in time?

RALSTON  
Probably.

ELEANOR  
There you have it.



RALSTON

There I have what!? Mother, let's just make the deal and leave romance out of it. Besides... what about Angie back home?

ELEANOR

Oh, that's not serious.

RALSTON

We've been dating for three years.

ELEANOR

If it were serious, I would be a grandmother. Besides, she's not worthy.

RALSTON

How can you say that?

ELEANOR

Because she's your secretary. How could you even think it? Imagine what it would do to my reputation at the club!?

RALSTON

Why is it always about you?

ELEANOR

Because I'm your mother. The pains I went through to bring you into this world. The adoption took a year and half!

RALSTON

Yes, yes... so you've said.

ELEANOR

I shall be blunt. I will not keep investing millions on new projects that fail. This lobster business shows a promise better than anything you have done before. It will be my final investment.

RALSTON

That's blunt.

The Bartender delivers a fresh drink to Ralston.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Right on time.

The Bartender exits.

ELEANOR

And while I would rather not have a daughter-in-law with a wardrobe full of flannel, she does own some very valuable permits that you could acquire through marriage.

RALSTON

That's manipulative.

ELEANOR

If you were to start up a business like hers, it could take decades just to get the licenses required.

RALSTON

That long?

ELEANOR

I looked into it. It's a "Maine" thing.

Eleanor rises from her chair.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Pay the man, thank you.

She exits.

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - NIGHT**

Sam sits next to the deck tank as she stares out into the harbor. The far away, haunting CLANG CLANG of a marker buoy echoes over the black water.

CAPT. BRADDOCK (O.S.)

Yes, sir. There's something about the cove, especially at night.

Sam turns to see her FATHER in the cockpit. He leans on the console and stares at the cove.

CAPT. BRADDOCK (CONT'D)

Some nights you just gotta watch the cove... I swear, Sam, it talks to ya...ya just gotta listen... listen real carefully...

Sam looks at the cove -- then back to the cockpit. No one is there.

The distant buoy... CLANG CLANG.... CLANG CLANG...

The tears in her eyes sparkle in the moonlight.

RALSTON (O.S.)

I thought you might be here.

Sam sees Ralston on the wharf.

SAM

Mr. Cooper.

RALSTON

Permission to come aboard?

Sam nods her okay.

Ralston steps over the gunwale.

SAM

I'm not really interested in another round.

RALSTON

I thought we might talk a little more.

SAM

We've said enough. The Queen has spoken.

RALSTON

I guess I said the wrong things.

SAM

Wrong things said in the heat of the moment are usually the truth.

RALSTON

I was wrong to assume you would move.

SAM

Look... this started out about the lobsters, and now you have me moving to LA.

RALSTON

Right. Maybe things got a little off course.

SAM

They sure did.

RALSTON

Actually, I had an idea on how you could stay in Braddock and not sell out your customers.

SAM

How?

RALSTON

I'll move here, we get married and...

SAM

And what?

RALSTON

We'll share the lobster permits.

SAM

What?

RALSTON

It will save a ton of money on the business logistics.

SAM

What are you talking about!? I'm not selling my permits.

RALSTON

You wouldn't be selling them. They'd be ours.

SAM

They're all I have. And they're mine.

Sam gestures to the cockpit.

SAM (CONT'D)

My father stood at that helm for many, many years. Decades. And his father before him. Do you know what that means?

RALSTON

Yeah. This is an old boat. We can buy a new one.

SAM

It means this is my legacy. This is my family. I couldn't give it up.

RALSTON

I'm not saying anything about giving it up.

SAM

Yes, you are. You'll say and do whatever it takes to make this deal work, won't you -- including marrying me!

RALSTON

Marrying for love is not a crime.

SAM

You want to marry me for my permits.

RALSTON

But, that's not true.

Sam levels her eyes at him.

SAM

Tell me that again.

RALSTON

I can't.

SAM

You have to get out from under your mother's apron strings.

RALSTON

My mother never wore an apron in her life.

Sam stifles a laugh.

SAM

That I can believe.

He turns away.

SAM (CONT'D)

There's someone else, isn't there?

RALSTON

Yeah... yeah, there is.

He turns to her.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

I never could marry you. I'm in love with Angie.

SAM

Who's that?

RALSTON

My secretary. I was going to tell you tonight... That's why I walked over here... and then I heard my mother's voice in my head and...

He shrugs with frustration.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

You know the rest.

SAM

Ralston, you're too old to be taking orders from your mother.

RALSTON

Oh, I know that. Every time I try to break free she dangles my million-dollar debt in front of my eyes.

SAM

It's not worth your sanity. Tell her off!

RALSTON

If she had just stayed in L.A. none of this would have happened. I would have tried to make a deal and that would be that.

SAM

Okay! This is what you say to her!

She jumps up from her seat, raises her voice, and points a finger at Ralston.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now listen here! I've had just about enough out of you! It ends here and now! Stop pushing me around and stop thinking you know better than me!

RALSTON

You would say that!?

SAM

And I'll say it again! You are to stop interfering with my life! Understand?

SAM (CONT'D)  
Back off, stay clear, and don't  
try to take over my life!

JACK (O.S.)  
You heard her.

They see a very stern Jack rushing toward them.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I've had just about enough of you!

SAM  
Jack, no, listen --

Jack leaps onto the boat deck.

JACK  
You can't talk to Sam that way,  
you California creep.

RALSTON  
What!?

Jack grabs Ralston by the belt and tosses him overboard  
with a SPLASH!

They peer over the side to see Ralston, flailing his arms  
in the dark water.

RALSTON (CONT'D)  
Hey! What was that for!?

JACK  
Don't play Mr. Innocent with me,  
buddy-boy!

Sam grabs Jack by the shoulders.

SAM  
Jack! I was only telling him how  
to speak to his mother! That's  
all!

JACK  
His mother?

They gaze into each others eyes and seem to see each  
other for the first time.

Jack has an awkward blink as he tries to speak -- but the  
spell is broken.

RALSTON (O.S.)  
Hey! Hey!

JACK

I guess we should throw him a line.

SAM

Yeah.

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - DAY**

The boat bristles with activity in the cold light of early morning.

Mag turns on the GPS and radio.

**EXT. JACK'S BOAT - DAY**

George checks the traps as a very tired Jack mopes about.

GEORGE

And you didn't kiss her?

JACK

No. I mean, I wanted to, but Ralston was splashing around and then we had to tow him in... And I had something to do...

GEORGE

Something to do!? You missed your opportunity, that's what you did.

JACK

You make it sound like it's some game show.

GEORGE

What did you have to do that was so important?

JACK

I had something to do! Gee, George! Can't a guy -- do things!?

GEORGE

You look like you've been up all night.

JACK

I have been up all night.

GEORGE

Doing what?



JACK

Things! Come on, George, haven't you heard a word I said!?

GEORGE

You haven't "said" anything except that you didn't kiss her because you had something to do.

JACK

Yeah -- well -- that's enough. I was very busy.

George shakes his head in disbelief and continues working on the traps.

Jack perks up with nerves as he sees Sam's car approach the end of the wharf.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, boy...

GEORGE

What's the matter? You don't look so good.

JACK

I'm fine! I'm fine.

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Mag watches Sam as she makes her way along the wharf.

**EXT. JACK'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Sam approaches at a brisk walk.

SAM

Jack, George -- quick meeting.

She continues toward her boat.

JACK

George, you are about to see what I was up to all night. The moment of truth has arrived.

**EXT. SAM'S BOAT - DAY**

Both crews are assembled.

Sam stands next to the helm and faces them.

SAM

I don't know if Jack has told you,  
but the lobster deal with Ralston  
Cooper is off.

MAG

Oh. So that's why he and Mommy  
left for the airport this morning.

SAM

They did?

MAG

The chauffeur was throwing their  
luggage into the trunk of the car  
when I drove past an hour ago.

SAM

Oh. Well. Then -- that's that. Now  
all we have to do is continue  
on...

MAG

Scraping pennies together...

SAM

We do all right.

MAG

Sure. We do -- but you have a lot  
of overhead.

Sam's uncertainty shows through.

SAM

I'll handle that. Everything will  
be fine. I mean, we were doing  
just fine before he came along  
with his sweetheart deal. Our  
customers will be happy and...  
well... let's head out.

Jack notices George giving him "the eye."

JACK

Sam! Sam, can I talk to you?

SAM

Of course.

Jack is about to speak as he glances again at George.

JACK

Um --

Jack leads her away from George and Mag, who are obviously listening.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sam, I was... I... You see...

SAM

What is it, Jack?

JACK

Could I interest you in a harbor cruise!?

SAM

A harbor cruise? Isn't that a bit far? The closest is out of Eastport.

JACK

Tonight. Would you like to go?

Sam considers this with a warm smile.

SAM

All right. Where should I meet you?

JACK

Right here.

SAM

Here!?

Jack stumbles for words.

JACK

Yeah -- a friend of mine has a boat we're gonna... take.

Her smile broadens.

SAM

What time?

JACK

Seven thirty. Oh! It's formal!

SAM

Really?

JACK  
Yeah -- high-class.

SAM  
All right. Now, we have to get to work.

She pats his cheek and heads into the cockpit.

Jack turns to the stares of Mag and George.

He heads for the gunwale.

MAG  
You're a man of mystery, Jack.

Jack yells out his commands.

JACK  
All right, you swabs! Let's turn the engines over!

Jack turns and SLAMS into the deck tank.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Ow! Mag! Get to your boat!

MAG  
This *is* my boat.

Flustered, Jack jumps over the gunwale.

**EXT. SAM'S WHARF - NIGHT**

Sam, out of her usual fishing clothes, is stunning.

She makes her way towards the Knot Fooling Around in an elegant black gown and sparking necklace and earrings.

Jack, in a tuxedo, waits next to his boat.

SAM  
I was thinking - it will take two hours to sail to Eastport.

He steps aside and a graceful arm gesture leads her to his boat.

She steps onto the deck to see a table set for two, candles, fine china.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Oh, my...

A silver bucket champagne stand is next to the table.  
Jack POPS the bottle open and pours her a glass.

SAM (CONT'D)

Jack... you did all this...?

They sit on the gunwale.

JACK

I didn't cook. It's takeout from  
the Braddock Hotel... but the  
china is real.

SAM

It's lovely. Just lovely. Jack...

JACK

Before you say anything, can I say  
something first?

She nods "yes."

JACK (CONT'D)

You know how I always loved  
computers...

SAM

How could I forget? "Battle for  
Pluto."

Their expressions soften as they share this warm memory.

SAM (CONT'D)

You built it yourself. From a kit.

He blushes as she remembers.

JACK

You remember that?

SAM

Of course. I was very impressed.

JACK

You were!?

SAM

I didn't know anyone else who  
could put a computer gizmo-thing  
together.

JACK

Wow. I didn't know.

SAM

How could you?

JACK

I guess we both kinda kept things  
to ourselves.

She sips from her glass.

SAM

Jack?

JACK

Yes?

SAM

How is it you were at my boat last  
night?

JACK

I wasn't. I mean -- I was, but not  
at first -- see, I was on the Knot  
Fooling Around, and heard you.

SAM

Why were you on your boat at that  
hour?

JACK

I was working.

She's puzzled.

JACK (CONT'D)

Not with lobsters or anything...  
nothing like that. Just something  
of my own.

SAM

Oh.

JACK

Aside from Ralston, everyone could  
see you've been worried lately.

SAM

The boat's up for inspection.  
I don't think it will pass this  
time around.

JACK

Sure, it will.

SAM

I don't think so. The cost of repairs are... well, it's either the boat or Terri's tuition.

JACK

We'll get through it. We always do.

SAM

We'll be down to just your boat. It still won't be enough to keep up.

He reaches to her cheek with a gentle caress.

JACK

Sam, I have something I need to say to you.

SAM

Yes?

JACK

Well, I took it upon myself, and I know this seems forward of me...

He takes her glass, sets it down, and holds her hands. She leans close to him with anticipation.

SAM

Oh, Jack.

JACK

I developed a new website.

She deflates.

SAM

Huh?

JACK

I developed a website.

SAM

A website?

JACK

It's what I was working on last night -- on my boat -- and the night before, and the night before that.

SAM  
You've been busy.

JACK  
It's all ready to launch!  
"Braddock's Lobsters -- A Taste of  
Maine!"

SAM  
What are you talking about?

JACK  
If Ralston can do it, so can we!  
We'll make more money because we  
cut out the middle man -- Ralston!

SAM  
A taste of Maine?

JACK  
Has a nice catch, doesn't it!?

SAM  
It does!

JACK  
I registered the name and created  
an LLC -- and I got a new boat --  
a forty-footer. You can call it  
the "Captain Sam Two!"

SAM  
Wait -- what!?

JACK  
We can keep the locals supplied  
and still have enough lobsters for  
the mail order business!

SAM  
How could you afford a new boat?

JACK  
I mortgaged my house.

Sam smiles through tears.

SAM  
You did that for me?

JACK  
Well... for us...

He draws near.



JACK (CONT'D)

Mainly you.

They kiss.

A long, loving, gentle kiss.

Their lips part.

She looks into his eyes and speaks softly.

SAM

You never did like lobstering, did you?

JACK

Not really... but I've always loved you. From the first day I saw you.

SAM

I felt the same way about you...

JACK

You did?

She nods "yes."

JACK (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me?

SAM

Why didn't you tell *me*?

JACK

I was too scared. I thought you'd laugh.

She smiles, and they kiss, locked in each other's arms.

Behind them, the dark glistening harbor of Braddock's Cove. The sky filled with stars.

FADE OUT.

#### **MAGAZINE MUSIC MONTAGE**

A series of magazine covers and headlines POP into view over upbeat music!

-KITCHEN DESIGN -- A picture of Sam on her boat, surrounded by traps. COVER TITLE: MAINE'S LOBSTER QUEEN!

-FAMILY DINING -- Sam at a table with a box of  
 "Braddock's Lobsters" COVER TITLE: ONLINE STORE A SMASH!

-MONEY TIMES -- Ralston on the cover. COVER TITLE:  
 RESTAURATEUR WINS THE BILLION DOLLAR LOTTERY!

-NATIONAL GOSSIP -- A sad Eleanor in an ornate room.  
 COVER TITLE: BILLIONAIRE SAYS "NOT ONE DIME" FOR  
 MILLIONAIRE MOTHER!

-MAINE EVENTS -- A huge sign on a factory roof reads:  
 BRADDOCK'S LOBSTERS. COVER TITLE: LOBSTER EMPIRE GROSSES  
 THREE MILLION IN FOURTH QUARTER! This spins away to --

-The front page of the BRADDOCK LOBSTER TRAP newspaper.  
 Sam in a wedding dress and Jack in a tuxedo, hold hands  
 on the wharf. The headline: BRADDOCK - NELSON WEDDING.

-The newspaper fades away, replaced by...

-The photograph of Young Sam in her Gloucester Fisherman  
 costume and Young Jack in his lobster costume on the  
 walkway at Sam's home.

-A distant voice echoes.

CAPT. BRADDOCK (V.O.)

Smile!

A momentary brightness flashes over the photo.

CAPT. BRADDOCK (V.O.)

Got it!

YOUNG SAM (V.O.)

Thanks, Dad!

FADE OUT