

DEEP RESERVATIONS

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FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON STATE - BAHOK HARBOR - PADDLE - DAY

A thin-bladed cedar paddle, painted in the *Haida* style, dips into water and pushes through it. The paddle's stroke repeats several times, gaining velocity with each cycle.

EXT. BAHOK HARBOR - CANOE - CONTINUOUS

Seven men in a wooden Native American canoe stroke their paddles in sync. Covering half the hull, a handmade banner announces: "Bahok Whale Hunt! Be a Part of History!"

In the canoe's rear, barrel-chested TOM HALTER forcefully paddles.

The canoe passes in front of a ramshackle warehouse bearing a large sign: "Bilbro Fish Co."

PERCY BILBRO, chain-smoking and overweight, and ELLA BOWEN, a fit 30 year-old, watch the canoe sweep by.

EXT. BILBRO FISH COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

Ella turns and approaches a door with a hand-painted sign nailed to it: "Bahok Whaling Commission Headquarters."

ELLA

This should be interesting...

Below the sign: a sign-up sheet with seven names on it and an empty space next to the eighth and final position. Scrawled next to #8 is: "Ella, don't even think about it!"

Ella signs her name to the sheet.

PERCY

I didn't think you were interested in our hunt, Ella.

ELLA

A seat's open, Percy. I want it.

PERCY

Tom won't like it.

ELLA

He also didn't like it when I  
dumped his ass eight years ago.

Percy chuckles.

ELLA (CONT'D)

I thought this whale hunt was Tom's  
dumbest idea ever, and he once  
traded our car for a shotgun.

Percy grins.

ELLA (CONT'D)

But the kids in my class are  
talking about the hunt and showing  
an interest in Bahok history. You  
might be onto something. But only  
if women are a part of it.

PERCY

I wouldn't mind having someone more  
reliable than Tom in the canoe.

ELLA

Bar's set pretty low then.

Percy laughs.

PERCY

I'll see what I can do.

ELLA

Thanks. I'm not trying to make this  
hunt more complicated than it  
already is.

Percy blows out a cloud of blue cigarette smoke and coughs.

PERCY

You couldn't if you tried.

INT. JAPAN - YASHIRO SEAFOOD CORP - OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY

HIDETO TAJIRI and 30 other employees undertake morning  
exercises as their TEAM LEADER recites the corporate slogan.

TEAM LEADER

A fish caught with sincerity and  
honor is a tasty fish indeed!

TAJIRI (JOINED BY THE OTHERS)  
(dutifully)  
A fish caught with sincerity and  
honor is a tasty fish indeed!

INT. TAJIRI'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tajiri sits at his desk, smoking a cigarette. He hears a  
KNOCK on his glass office door and glances up.

Yashiro's GENERAL MANAGER enters the office.

GENERAL MANAGER  
Tajiri, President Sakai wants to  
see you.

TAJIRI  
(stubs out cigarette)  
These things might kill me, but not  
fast enough.

INT. PRESIDENT SAKAI'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tajiri and the General Manager enter PRESIDENT SAKAI's  
office. Sakai, wearing a colorful tie and double-breasted  
suit, pushes back his thick mane of silver hair and smiles.

SAKAI  
Ah, Tajiri. Just the man I wanted  
to see.

Sakai gestures for Tajiri to sit in a sumptuous leather  
chair. The general manager silently takes his leave.

SAKAI (CONT'D)  
I will get straight to the point.  
This company has lost touch. 21st  
century customers are sophisticated  
and demanding. Yashiro must adapt.

TAJIRI  
I see.

SAKAI  
We must remake Yashiro in my image.  
Aggressive. Innovative. We will be  
the Amazon of aquaculture, and I  
shall be the new Jeff Bezos.

TAJIRI

(looks concerned)

An admirable goal. Perhaps one day  
we can shoot you into space too.

Oblivious to the sarcasm, Sakai lights a *Mild Seven* cigarette. Seeing this, Tajiri lights a *Lark* cigarette.

Sakai rises and poses, arms-crossed, under a poster proclaiming: "Cahuna -- A Good Food Mixture!" A drawing of a pig surfing on the back of a tuna in a pot of boiling water accompanies the text.

SAKAI

Step one: make fishing sexy again.

Tajiri fidgets. He doesn't like where this is headed.

TAJIRI

Sakai-san, was it ever sexy?

Sakai waves away Tajiri's concern.

SAKAI

It will be. An idea came to me  
while eating a bowl of ramen at the  
seashore. But we must move. Now.

TAJIRI

(sighs)

May I know the plan, sir?

SAKAI

Whaling! We will broadcast a whale  
hunt on the internet. In America.

Immobilized by the stupidity of Sakai's idea, Tajiri allows his cigarette to fall from his lips onto his pants, jolting him back to consciousness.

TAJIRI

(brushing away ash)

You got all of that from a bowl of  
ramen?

SAKAI

Remarkable, right?

TAJIRI

Indeed. Sir, Americans love whales.  
To hunt and kill them in their  
waters and on their computer  
screens... this will harm Yashiro's  
business interests.

SAKAI

I am sending you over there to guarantee that it does not.

Tajiri blanches.

TAJIRI

Sir, I do not deserve this honor. But there are many who do. Why not let me pick one?

SAKAI

No, Tajiri. It must be you.

TAJIRI

This is a high tech venture. I do not even own a PlayStation.

SAKAI

The tech is not your concern. I need you to prepare our partners for their media debut. They are an indigenous Tribe called the Bahok.

TAJIRI

Prepare? Is the Tribe aware of the full terms of the, uh, partnership?

Sakai, unconcerned, blows out a smoke ring.

SAKAI

Of course not. This plan is top secret. We have contracted with a Bahok fish merchant who believes we are merely going to buy the whale from him for one million dollars.

TAJIRI

While I applaud your, ah, innovation, I foresee several possible complications.

SAKAI

And I foresee you resolving them. You leave tomorrow. As I like to say, it is no use scrunching your butt cheeks after you fart.

TAJIRI

Words to live by, sir.

Sakai hands Tajiri a business card.

SAKAI

Call this man. He is our partner.

Tajiri reads the card: "BilbroCo Enterprises - Percy Bilbro, President."

EXT. CALIFORNIA - BUS STOP - DAY

MAX MOFFETT, gray-flecked ponytail hanging limply from the back of a Greek fisherman's cap, sits on a bench next to a file box with "Society for Mammalian Oneness" written on it.

A seagull lands on the box, sensing no threat. Max smiles. The gull locks eyes with Max, craps, and flies off.

A BMW pulls up in front of Max.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

KORINNE PRUITT -- early-forties, expensively coiffed henna hair, Chanel suit, jewelry -- beckons Max to the car. Max tosses the box in the back and takes the passenger seat.

KORINNE

Bad day?

MAX

Hard to tell anymore.

KORINNE

It's about to get better.

MAX

I just got evicted from our office by a beautician with four-inch designer nails. Day can't get worse.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - KORINNE'S ESTATE - DAY

The BMW passes through a gate which appears to be fashioned from two gigantic, dark-bronze sausage links. A flat, horizontal, roughly-textured disk sculpted from the same dark metal spans the high divide between the two pillars.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

MAX

(points at the disk)

Wow. Is that a --

KORINNE

-- Yes, it's a sausage patty. Why do you ask? Doesn't everyone have to drive through a fried-pork fence to get home?

MAX

I don't--

KORINNE

-- I assume you've heard of Sergeant Arnie's Portly Pork Patties?

MAX

The flavored sausage guy? You... you're Sergeant Arnie?

KORINNE

What? No! For God's sake, Max.

MAX

You're related to Sergeant Arnie?

KORINNE

Related, no. Married, yes. And his real name is Arnie Hump. For obvious reasons, I kept my own. I don't think he was ever a sergeant, though he might have been in a P.O.W. camp in Germany or something. I'm not sure.

MAX

A P.O.W camp? How old is he?

KORINNE

Ninety-six.

MAX

How long --

KORINNE

We married nine months ago.

INT. KORINNE'S MANSION - ARNIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Korinne and Max view a hospital bed surrounded by a phalanx of HUMMING and WHEEZING machines. On the bed, Sergeant Arnie lies obscured by a tangle of tubes.



KORINNE

We had a wonderful month together before his stroke. Private jets, dinners on the balcony, champagne...

Max stares at Korinne.

KORINNE (CONT'D)

Anyway, Arnie needs his rest. A nurse told me he blinked today... that takes a lot out of him. Besides, we have work to do.

They turn to exit the room.

MAX

It must be expensive to provide this level of care.

KORINNE

Not as expensive as it would be if I pulled the plug. Time is money, Max. The longer we're married, the more I inherit. I need to make it to a year before I control the fortune. That's why I can't cut you a big check for your campaigns.

MAX

Your devotion to the Sarge is, uh, impressive. I'm sure he's proud to share the same foxhole with you.

INT. KORINNE'S ESTATE - GUEST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Max sees a bank of computers, manned by two twenty-somethings, CINDY and JUSTIN. Several other young staff members stuff envelopes with brochures.

A vinyl banner covers the upper half of an entire wall:  
"Society For Mammalian Oneness -- Saving The World One Mammal At A Time."

KORINNE

(gesturing at the banner)  
I thought of that myself. I hope you don't mind...

MAX

No. That's great. We had a slogan -- Mammals Together Forever -- but you didn't know that.

KORINNE

Attention, everyone! Not all of you have met our founder. It is my honor to introduce you to the leader of our Society, the legendary Captain Max Moffett.

Korinne claps vigorously. Cindy and Justin briefly turn toward Max.

CINDY

Hi. Great headquarters, huh?

JUSTIN

Hey.

KORINNE

(turns to Max)

You probably have some questions.

MAX

You could say that.

KORINNE

It's simple. You can't be everywhere and do everything. You need a chief of staff, so to speak.

MAX

You?

KORINNE

(gestures at the room)

Not bad so far, don't you think?

MAX

This morning I was broke. Now I have those kids and computers and this unbelievable house...I guess you're paying for this, because I know I'm not. But... why?

Korinne's face softens.

KORINNE

I believe in your work. Maybe I'm Gaia's agent. I'm not sure.

Max gives Korinne a dubious look.

MAX

Korinne, I'm grateful for this, but Gaia's agent does not marry into the animal slaughter industry. Just level with me. Why?

KORINNE

Fine. I'm gonna be rich in three months. But L.A.'s elite think my money is slathered in sausage grease. Helping you launders it.

MAX

I suppose I can be pragmatic and an idealist. I'll take your pig money.

KORINNE

Deal.

Korinne hands Max a glossy flyer. On it: "Stop the Bahok Whale Hunt!"

KORINNE (CONT'D)

This is what will put us back on the map. All the best people, from La Jolla to Malibu, will open their doors for me... for us.

Max reads the flyer.

MAX

Whale hunt? We need to stop this.

EXT. QUEENS, NY - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

SUPER: "FIVE YEARS AGO"

A red Cadillac pulls up to the curb outside a nightclub. DIETER SCHIEFELBIEN -- six-foot-seven, muscle-bound, square jaw, flowing blond locks -- emerges.

He leans back through the passenger window to receive a hundred dollar bill from a middle-aged, smartly-dressed RICH LADY.

RICH LADY

Thanks, Dieter. See you next week?

DIETER

Yah. Vee vill see.

The Cadillac drives off. Dieter enters the club, towering above two bouncers stationed outside.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Dieter slides a folded \$100 bill across a table. A man passes Dieter a small bag of pills. Dieter pockets it, drains his beer in one gulp, nods, and leaves the table.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DANCE FLOOR - 60 MINUTES LATER

Dieter, shirt unbuttoned, sweaty, grinning maniacally, dances by himself.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - 30 MINUTES LATER

Dieter sits on the curb, head in his hands, sobbing. He gets up unsteadily and shambles down the street.

EXT. CIRCUS - MOMENTS LATER

Tear-streaked, Dieter pauses in front of a brightly-lit fairgrounds entrance with a sign: "Harvey Brothers Circus." He pulls himself together and lumbers through the entrance.

EXT. LION TAMERS TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sinewy muscles, close-cropped hair, and wearing tight riding pants, lion tamer DONNA ROAN cracks the whip in her hand at a man. The man, bleeding, his shirt torn by the whip, flees.

DONNA

Don't bother coming back!

Donna senses something and turns to see Dieter watching her.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Well, hello Goldilocks.

Donna whistles in contemplation at the sight of the huge man.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You ever work with big cats?

DIETER

Ven I vas small I hahd a faht tahby caht.

DONNA

That's better than the last guy.

(beat)

I'm Donna. You wanna be a lion tamer, big guy?

Dieter nods. With her coiled whip and a smile, Donna motions Dieter inside the tent.

DONNA AND DIETER'S RISE TO FAME - MONTAGE

-- In street clothes, Donna shows Dieter proper whip technique, snapping the whip's end on the white stand used by the lions. Dieter nods.

-- In circus attire, Dieter opens the door to a lion cage and extends his arm toward Donna, who waits smiling with her whip. The crowd ROARS.

-- Dieter and Donna energetically make love in a low-cost motel room.

-- Donna and Dieter, in new street clothes, new hair-styles, stand in front of a lion. Donna points two fingers at her own eyes, then moves her fingers to the lion's eyes. Dieter nods.

-- In new circus attire, Donna and Dieter share center stage, guiding a lion and a puma with hand signals and whips. The crowd ROARS.

-- Outside at night, a new sign for the circus reads: "Big Cat Spectacular" in large font; "Harvey Brothers Circus" in small font. A shiny trailer behind the sign is rocking.

DIETER (O.S.)

Yah. Yah!

-- At a pet farm, Donna hands a man a huge wad of cash. Dieter passes by, carrying a caged leopard.

-- In Las Vegas, off the Strip, the enormous *Mounds O' Gold Casino* advertises its newest attraction: "Donna and Dieter's Cat's Afire -- Nine Shows Each Week -- One For Each Life!"

-- At the end of a show, Donna exits the stage, followed by Dieter. A tattooed man backstage discretely hands Dieter a bag of pills. Dieter nods.

-- In their lavish bedroom, a naked Dieter rolls dejectedly off Donna. She gets up in a huff and leaves the room.

-- Backstage at the casino, Dieter snorts the contents of a vial before putting on his latest lion-tamer outfit.

-- Dieter, eyes wide but with pinprick sized pupils, runs around the stage, hoisting a terrified snow leopard above his head. The crowd ROARS. Donna stares at him, disgusted.

-- In their newly-decorated bedroom, Dieter and Donna sit naked, back-to-back, across the bed from each other. Dieter slowly rises and slinks away.

-- In a parking garage, in front of a white van stenciled with green lettering, "Sloan's Veterinary Services," a VETERINARIAN hands Dieter a box of glass vials.

VETERINARIAN

A little bit of this and those cats  
will do anything you want.

DIETER

Yah. Good.

-- In his car, Dieter holds up a vial marked "Phencyclidine." He dips the end of a cigarette into the liquid and carefully lays out the cigarette next to several more.

-- In the desert, Dieter, HOWLING, picks up a yoga ball-sized boulder above his head and slams it down on his car's roof.

-- Donna, at home, points at an open safe and confers with two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS.

DONNA

Bastard took all it. 800 thousand  
dollars. One of our cats, the puma,  
is also missing. I think he ate it.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Ate what?

DONNA

The puma.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Why? Why would he do that?

DONNA

He's got a wiener problem... And  
he's hooked on P.C.P. The  
combination has made him batshit  
insane.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Coulda just tried Viagra.

DONNA

He did. He ate 'em like they were  
Skittles. Nothing happened.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
 What has impotence got to do with  
 eating a puma?

DONNA  
 Near as I can tell, he thinks  
 eating big, dangerous animals will  
 put the lead back in his pencil.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
 Another scholar doing his own  
 research. Any ideas where he is?

DONNA  
 No. But I have 800 thousand reasons  
 to find the bastard. And when I do,  
 you'll have to arrest me, because  
 I'm going to kill him.

EXT. ROUNDUP, MONTANA - ROADSIDE STORE - NIGHT

SUPER: "PRESENT DAY"

Dieter, clad in camouflage pants and a raincoat with the arms  
 cut off, emerges from a white panel van.

A machete strapped to his leg, he pauses before a newspaper  
 vending machine at the store's entrance. He reads the Seattle  
 Examiner's front page: "Bahok Tribe to Hunt Gray Whale."

DIETER  
 A vale?  
 (beat)  
 A vale! Yah!

He hurries inside the store.

INT. ROADSIDE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The STORE CLERK watches Dieter fill a cart with four cases of  
 Beck's Dark, two cases of Diet Coke, eleven shrink-wrapped  
 meat sandwiches, a bottle of black hair dye and a plastic  
 case of foot-long pepperoni sticks.

The clerk checks inside his jacket and pats his holstered gun  
 as Dieter approaches the check-out area.

STORE CLERK  
 Evening, buddy.

Dieter says nothing. He places his items on the counter and  
 the clerk rings them up.

STORE CLERK (CONT'D)  
That'll be two fifty-five forty.

Dieter puts three moldy hundred-dollar bills on the counter.

DIETER  
Keep da change.

STORE CLERK  
Hey, thanks, mister.

Dieter gathers his goods and heads for the exit. Before reaching the door, he stops and turns around.

DIETER  
I ahm looking for a grissly bahr.  
Haf you seen vun?

STORE CLERK  
A grizzly?

DIETER  
Yah.

STORE CLERK  
Ain't none been by today, mister.  
And if I were you, I wouldn't look  
too hard. They don't like to be  
found.

DIETER  
Tahnks.

Dieter points at the bulge in the clerk's jacket.

DIETER (CONT'D)  
You haff a gun?

STORE CLERK  
Sure do. Dangerous business.

DIETER  
Haff you evair keeled any-vun?

STORE CLERK  
Can't say that I've had the  
pleasure.

Dieter nods, grunts, and pushes through the door.



INT. BAHOK RESERVATION - HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Tom Halter, clad in a jacket with "Bahok Whaling Captain" emblazoned in gold letters across the front and back, climbs the bleachers two rows at a time.

Seattle Examiner reporter PETE SHERIDAN and Comer County Deputy Sheriff JIM DUPREE watch a smiling Tom give cocked-thumb-and-forefinger pistol-shot greetings to his friends.

Dupree, who is Bahok, then eyes Sheridan, who is not.

DUPREE

What brings you to a Bahok Tribal Council meeting?

PETE

Covering the whale hunt for the Examiner. Name's Pete Sheridan.

DUPREE

Probably the first reporter we've had out here. Welcome to Bahok, Pete. I'm Jim Dupree.

They shake hands. Pete gestures toward Tom.

PETE

I take it he's the Whaling Captain.

DUPREE

Yep. How did you guess?

Pete smiles as he looks at Tom's jacket.

PETE

You know us reporters, always looking for multiple sources. Glad the back of the jacket serves as confirmation for the claims made by the front.

Pete points to three old men seated at mid-court behind a marred folding table: CARL TRANT, LEO TOOBAN and AL SKRAPP.

PETE (CONT'D)

How about the guys at the table?

DUPREE

The Tribal Council members. Been serving for decades.

PETE

Why is the whale hunt being resurrected? I heard it's been over fifty years since the last one.

DUPREE

You'll have to ask the Council. Or Tom Halter. Or Percy Bilbro.

PETE

Bilbro?

DUPREE

Heavy fellow sitting in front of the Council. Owns the fish plant. He's funding the hunt.

PETE

Why?

DUPREE

That is a good question.

The Tribal Council members shift through some papers. Senior Council member Carl Trant glances up at the restless crowd.

CARL

Next order of business is...

Tom Halter stands up.

TOM

Enough with the potholes! Get to the hunt!

MURMURS of agreement arise from the spectators.

CARL

Fine. Let's have our report from the director of the whaling commission. Percy?

Percy stands and approaches center court.

PERCY

Good evening, councilmen. The hunt is on schedule. We've finished the whaling canoe. You've all seen it. And...

(fumbles through his notes)

... we've received approval from the government to hunt one gray this year.

AL

Percy, our treaty says we have the right to whale. Why do we need the government's approval?

The crowd MURMURS sounds of support.

PERCY

Al... Councilman Skrapp... You know this is a sensitive issue. We're trying to avoid a fight with them. And they donated a .50-caliber rifle.

AL

It's a traditional hunt. Why the gun? Our ancestors used harpoons. Are we less Bahok than they were?

PERCY

Of course not. But we don't whale for a living. Using a gun is easier on the whale. We harpoon it first, then we shoot it.

AL

Why?

PERCY

So we don't have a bleeding whale dying an agonizing death on the evening news. Our ancestors also didn't have to deal with the media.

AL

Maybe we should ask our whaling captain how he feels about this.

Tom bounds confidently down the bleachers. The crowd APPLAUDS and WHISTLES. Percy raises his hand.

PERCY

I have one more item. As director of the whaling commission, I'm making a minor change. As you know, I've always been concerned about equality.

Tom stops mid-stride.

PERCY (CONT'D)

And I'm worried about the message we might be sending to the young women of our Tribe.

(MORE)

PERCY (CONT'D)

I've decided that a woman should take part in the hunt. Ella Bowen has volunteered.

The gym breaks into an UPROAR as Tom runs forward.

TOM

He can't do that. I'm the captain, not him!

CARL

Tom, we can discuss this --

TOM

No. We're not discussing shit! This fat bastard...

(points at Percy)

... is ruining my hunt. This was supposed to be a traditional hunt.

Percy gives Tom a little smirk.

CARL

Calm down, Tom.

Tom glares at the three men.

TOM

No, you calm down! I've had it. Women and rifles in a whaling canoe? You might as well shoot the damned whale from a helicopter.

Tom pulls off his jacket and flings it to the floor.

TOM (CONT'D)

Find yourself another captain! I'm outta here!

The Tribal Council watches as Tom bulls his way through the crowd and out the building.

CARL

I move to adjourn. All in favor?

LEO

Aye.

AL

Aye.

CARL

(to Percy)

We need to talk. Now.

INT. TRIBAL COUNCIL OFFICES - 30 MINUTES LATER

Seated at a conference table, Carl, Al, Leo and Percy argue.

PERCY

... Tom quitting was the best thing for us. We've got reporters out here now. Can you imagine a bonehead like Tom representing us on the national news? You heard what he said about women.

LEO

So you're a feminist now, Percy? Never thought I'd see the day.

PERCY

Women problems have always sort of gnawed at me, Leo --

CARL

-- For God's sake! I'm going to need my waders if the bullshit gets any deeper. All you care about is money. What's really going on?

PERCY

I don't know what --

CARL

-- You've never been interested in tribal matters. But suddenly, you offer to pay for the hunt. Why?

PERCY

Like I said --

CARL

-- You're spending your own money and putting up with Tom and the three of us. And you get what? I've known you since you were a baby, Percy, and I like you. But this is not the Percy Bilbro I know.

PERCY

Maybe I'm just trying to do my part...

Al Skrapp snorts. Carl throws his arms up.

CARL

Okay, it's late, and we're all tired. Percy, you need to pick a new captain.

Percy nods, gets up to leave.

CARL (CONT'D)

Wait. Everybody needs to see this.

Carl hands Leo a print-out of an email. Leo smiles at it and hands it to Al.

AL

Society for Mammalian Oneness? I've had my doubts about this hunt, but I'll be damned if I'll put up with this. I'll harpoon that gray myself.

Al wads up the message and tosses it at Percy.

PERCY

What is it?

CARL

A little something for the director of the Bahok Whaling Commission.

INT. KORINNE'S ESTATE - GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Korinne rushes into the Society for Mammalian Oneness' office. Max and a slew of 20-somethings look at her.

KORINNE

Dill Williamson wants to help! Dill Williamson! We've done it -- the Society is back on the map!

MAX

Who is Dill Williamson?

Korinne looks aghast.

KORINNE

The movie producer!  
(counts off on fingers)  
Release Renaldo, Release Renaldo 2,  
Renaldo's Revenge, and Renaldo:  
Whale in Heaven. Over three billion  
in box office!

MAX

How did he hear about us?

KORINNE

Our Facebook page and tweets. What did you think the teams were doing?

MAX

Making posters? Writing Congress?

KORINNE

(sighs)

Max... listen, I'm sending our advance team to Bahok.

MAX

Advance team?

KORINNE

Just a few people to establish a presence. We can't waste any time. Dill wants to see us today.

EXT. DILL'S ESTATE - MAIN GATE - DAY

A limousine bearing Korinne and Max approaches an ornate gate. On a hillside past it, a broad, sculpted hedge spells out "PeaCenter" in letters visible from an airliner.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

MAX

PeaCenter? I guess he likes peas.

KORINNE

Not peas, Max. Peace. Peace Center. Dill combined the words. It was in People magazine. Honestly, don't you keep up with current events?

MAX

Just wars and climate change and stuff.

INT. DILL'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

RANCE BEAUMONT, mid-forties, close cropped hair, ramrod posture, and crisp clothes, opens the front door. Korinne enters, followed by Max.

RANCE

I'm Rance Beaumont, Dill's partner.

KORINNE

Korinne Pruitt and Max Moffet. We represent the Society for Mammalian Oneness.

RANCE

Ah. The whale thing. Right?

KORINNE

Whale thing? The society is trying to prevent the slaughter of a magnificent gray whale. A whale just like Renaldo.

RANCE

Whale slaughter? Hmmm. I'm not sure Dill mentioned that...

MAX

Wait a second. He asked to see us. He sent us a limousine.

Korinne scowls at Max.

RANCE

Mr. Muppet --

MAX

-- Moffett. And call me Max.

RANCE

Max. Dill is a wonderful, generous man. Sometimes to a fault. It leaves him vulnerable to... umm...

KORINNE

Surely, you don't think we're trying to take advantage.

RANCE

Of course not. I'm sure you One Mammal People --

KORINNE

-- Society for Mammalian Oneness

RANCE

Right. Anyway, Dill's, uh, passion for wildlife can get out of hand. But...

(MORE)



RANCE (CONT'D)

if Dill sent a limousine, he must be serious. How much do you need?

MAX

I'm sorry, what?

RANCE

How much money will it take for you to save one of Dill's whales?

KORINNE

One point two million dollars.

Rance's smile remains intact.

RANCE

1.2? A flat million won't cut it?

Korinne reaches into her Louis Vuitton satchel and hands Rance a thick, bound document. He flips through it quickly, scanning photos and slick multicolored charts.

KORINNE

You'll find that our numbers are on the conservative side.

DILL WILLIAMSON bursts through a nearby door.

DILL

Rance! Renaldo is ready!

Dill throws himself into Rance's outstretched arms. Rance hugs him and strokes his hair.

RANCE

That's wonderful, Dill.

Dill, his head on Rance's shoulder, peers at Max and Korinne.

DILL

And you must be from the League of Mammal Unity!

MAX

Society for Mammalian Oneness.

DILL

Ah, right. I'm sorry if I kept you waiting. Please, won't you come with us to see Renaldo? He's ready!

EXT. DILL'S MANSION - HELICOPTER DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Rance, Dill, Korinne and Max board Dill's helicopter.

INT. DILL'S HELICOPTER - 30 MINUTES LATER

Near Catalina's coast, Dill's helicopter approaches his massive yacht. Dill points at Renaldo swimming in an enormous, netted pen beside the yacht.

DILL

There he is. He's swimming in a straight line, too. Do you see him, Rance? He's swimming straight!

RANCE

Straight as a Baptist choir, Dill!

Both men laugh. The helicopter's path begins to take it over the pen on the way to the yacht. Dill shouts at the PILOT.

DILL

Not over Renaldo!

The pilot jerks the aircraft left as if dodging a missile.

PILOT

Sorry, Mr. Williamson.

Korinne touches Max's arm.

KORINNE

When they were filming Renaldo: Whale in Heaven, a helicopter crashed near Renaldo and sliced off part of his pectoral fin.

RANCE

Dill has spared no expense to have Renaldo fitted with a prosthetic fin and rehabilitated.

Max nods. Rance points at Renaldo.

RANCE (CONT'D)

There, alongside the yacht. Renaldo knows the acoustic signature and gets as close to it as he can. He associates it with Dill.

EXT. DILL'S YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter touches down on the back of Dill's massive yacht. Written across the stern: "Dill's Pickle."

INT. DILL'S YACHT - VIEWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Max, Korinne and Dill watch Renaldo through the underwater viewport. Rance brings a tray of drinks.

RANCE

The mayor of Avalon is begging us  
to keep Renaldo penned here.  
Tourism is up sixty percent.

DILL

(frowns)

Renaldo's going back where he  
belongs, with his whale friends.  
He's not some... circus freak.

Max notices something odd.

MAX

Why is Renaldo's new fin white?

DILL

It won't be when he's released. The  
engineers needed the experimental  
fin to be white so they could see  
how well it worked.

MAX

Wow.

DILL

Max, I want you to know that I've  
been a longtime admirer of your  
animal liberation efforts. Your  
protests against Dead Lobster --  
(giggles)  
-- Get it, Rance? Dead Lobster? Red  
Lobster?

RANCE

That's very funny.

DILL

Anyway, you started it all. The way  
you freed those beautiful  
lobsters... what an inspiration.

MAX

That was a long time ago.

DILL

I know, but it shows that you have the commitment to stop this awful Tribe of, what are they -- bohunks?

MAX

Bahok.

DILL

What if Renaldo turns out to be the whale they try to kill? It's almost summer, and he'll head straight for the Bering Sea to feed and frolic. That would take him right past the Tribe, wouldn't it?

Max nods solemnly. Korinne sees her chance.

KORINNE

I've given Rance our proposal. But we haven't yet agreed on terms.

Rance gives Korinne a sidelong glance.

RANCE

Dill, you know that I've always supported your projects. But they have proposed a campaign that would cost us over a million dollars.

Dill shakes his head angrily.

DILL

Would it kill us to spend another million dollars to protect Renaldo after the millions he has made us?

Rance rubs his temples.

RANCE

All right, I'll set it up.  
(turns to Max and Korinne)  
But we'll disburse the funds in installments, based upon your performance.

Dill giggles and hugs Rance.

KORINNE

Certainly. Thank you.  
 (extends arm toward the  
 viewport)  
 And thank you, from Renaldo. The  
 Society for Mammalian Oneness will  
 stop this hunt.

INT. BAHOK RESERVATION - SALMON DERBY MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

At the front desk counter, VELMA TRANT sets a glass of milk  
 down next to her husband, Carl.

VELMA

You okay? You've been in a funk  
 since the meeting last night.

CARL

Still trying to figure out what  
 Percy's up to.

VELMA

You should quit the Council.  
 (kisses Carl's head)  
 Stress is making you bald in back.

CARL

Been bald in back. I'm going bald  
 in front.

Velma peers out the window.

VELMA

No guests tonight.

CARL

Fishing'll pick up when we get a  
 week of clear weather. Always does.

Velma locks the lobby cash register.

VELMA

Bed for me. You coming?

CARL

In a few minutes...

EXT. SALMON DERBY MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

A taxi pulls into the motel parking lot. Tajiri and the  
 driver exit. The taxi driver opens the trunk and hands Tajiri  
 his suitcase.

Tajiri sees Carl's face outlined by the office window and walks to the office door. A sign above the office door warns: "No fish cleaning in rooms!"

INT. SALMON DERBY MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tajiri enters the office.

CARL  
Welcome. Need a room?

TAJIRI  
I am Hideto Tajiri, from Japan. Do you have my reservation?

CARL  
This whole place is a reservation.

Tajiri is oblivious to the wordplay.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Sorry, little joke there. Come on in. We weren't expecting you.

TAJIRI  
Mr. Percy Bilbro told me he would make such a reservation for me. Is there another lodging, perhaps?

CARL  
(chuckles)  
That sounds like Percy. This is the only motel, but don't worry. I'll put you in number four. It's got a nice view of the harbor from the bathroom. Here's the key.

The key is attached to a large wooden paddle. Tajiri looks at it curiously.

CARL (CONT'D)  
It'll help you to not lose it.

TAJIRI  
It certainly will.

CARL  
How long will you be staying?

TAJIRI  
A fortnight.

CARL  
Four nights, is it?

TAJIRI  
A fortnight. Two weeks.

CARL  
I see. That's quite a stay. Can I  
get your name again for the ledger?

TAJIRI  
Hideto Tajiri. Here is my card.

Tajiri hands Carl his business card and leaves. Carl sees  
"Yashiro Seafood Company" written on it. He grimaces, grips  
the counter edge, and forcefully exhales.

CARL  
Percy!

EXT. DILL'S YACHT - NIGHT

Dill and Rance lounge on the yacht's deck chairs, gazing out  
over Renaldo's pen. Renaldo's fluke glimmers in the moonlight  
as he sounds and dives.

RANCE  
We need to talk.

DILL  
Is it a problem about "us"?

RANCE  
No, no. Nothing like that.

DILL  
I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't worry  
... but if I ever lost you...

Rance clasps Dill's hand.

RANCE  
You'll never lose me. We just need  
to think about life after Renaldo.

DILL  
What do you mean?

RANCE  
Him, and all of your projects...  
they consume you.

DILL

But we've been blessed. We can make things right.

RANCE

No, not everything. And some of your projects are, well, a bit close to the fringe.

DILL

You're still mad about the flying squirrel nets.

RANCE

The nets were a compromise. Remember what that... squirrelologist really wanted?

DILL

(looks down at the deck)  
Radial keratotomies...

RANCE

LASIK surgery for six thousand cross-eyed squirrels.

DILL

You think I'm an idiot, don't you?

RANCE

Of course not. You're the most wonderful, generous man I've ever known. But you can't solve every problem by throwing money at it.

DILL

I thought you loved me for who I am. Saving animals is my life.

RANCE

Dill, you're who I'm trying to save.

Rance sighs, gets up and leaves Dill alone. Dill sips his wine and watches Renaldo surface, his back shimmering in the moonlight. Dill stands and approaches the railing.

DILL

Oh, Renaldo, why can't Rance understand? Why can't everyone?

Dill refills his wine glass. Renaldo swims lazily as Dill watches, swept up in the majesty of the sight.



DILL (CONT'D)

Remember when I used to swim with you? Soon you'll be gone. We'll never see each other again.

Eyes filled with tears, Dill kicks off his shoes.

DILL (CONT'D)

One more time, boy. Just for us.

Dill sets his glass down, climbs over the railing and dives into the cold ocean.

EXT. RENALDO'S OCEAN PEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dill dips underwater alongside Renaldo. He hears the STIRRING PULSE of the animal's enormous heart. Another sound intrudes on Dill's idyll. WHINING. SHRILL. MECHANICAL. Getting closer.

Dill surfaces quickly. A SHRIEKING ENGINE noise accompanies a Jet Ski zooming toward the pen, its driver looking back at another Jet Ski following well behind.

The Jet Ski passes over the boundary to the pen and its smooth fiberglass bottom rides onto the whale. The sudden deceleration catapults the startled rider off the Jet Ski.

Renaldo, terrified, expels a great BLAST of air and dives for the bottom, raising his broad, flat fluke and slapping it down on Dill Williamson's head with a THUNDEROUS CRACK.

Still frightened by the Jet Ski collision, Renaldo races to the surface and breaches, landing on the other side of the pen's barrier. He swims off in the moonlight.

EXT. WASHINGTON STATE - BAHOK HARBOR - PADDLE - DAY

A thin-bladed cedar paddle, painted in the *Haida* style, dips into water and pushes through it. The paddle's stroke repeats several times, gaining velocity with each cycle.

EXT. BAHOK HARBOR - CANOE - CONTINUOUS

Fat green drops of salt water fly from each stroke of canoeing coach JOHN ROUSE's glinting paddle. The canoe contains only five people.

The intermittent shower soaks Ella's chest and the tops of her legs as she labors to move the boat, but the shorthanded team makes little progress against an incoming tide.

JOHN

First time for this. We used to shoot right out against the tide.

ELLA

You used to have eight pullers.

JOHN

Not your fault the others quit.  
(turns to face the back)  
Okay, let's cool down. Head for the dock, Timmy.

At the canoe's stern, TIMMY SHEEHOLT plunges his paddle deep and steers in a shallow circle. Now aided by the tidal current, the canoe slices easily across the rippled harbor.

The canoe speeds toward the dock at Percy's fish plant, closing too fast.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Back up! Back up!

The team paddles backward furiously to slow the big boat, but they THUD HARSHLY into the dock. John clambers out and hitches the boat. Ella hears a familiar LAUGH.

EXT. BILBRO FISH COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

Tom lies across the hood of his truck, smirking, his back propped against the windshield.

TOM

You going to ram that whale or harpoon it?

Timmy and his friends climb out, avoiding eye contact with Ella.

TIMMY

Gotta go, coach.

JOHN

You coming to practice tomorrow?

TIMMY

Prob'ly.

Tom high fives Timmy and his two friends as they pass by.

TOM

You guys stay tuned. You might still have a chance to paddle with some real Bahok whalers.

Tom slides off the truck and walks past Ella, not acknowledging her presence. He approaches John and the canoe.

TOM (CONT'D)

Coach, you looked like you were having a stroke out there.

JOHN

Difference between you and me is you'd get smarter if the blood stopped flowing to your brain.

Ella laughs. Tom rolls his eyes.

TOM

We'll see who's dumb, old man. Your team's falling apart. Soon it'll just be you and Wonder Woman.

Tom turns and goes back to his truck. He beckons a waiting Pete to take the passenger seat.

INT. TOM'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Pete holds his notepad and pen, waiting for Tom to resume his story.

TOM

It's obvious what's going on here.

PETE

What?

TOM

Ella's involved in the hunt because she's still got a thing for me.

PETE

(incredulous)

Ella Bowen is taking up whaling to win you back?

TOM

Why else would a woman want to harpoon a whale?

Pete scribbles on his pad and turns to Tom.

PETE

Thanks for sharing your, uh, insights.

TOM

When you talk to her -- and I know you will 'cause that's how you reporters work. Tell her that Percy Bilbro don't own the only whaling canoe in the Bahok Nation.

Pete exits the truck and Tom pulls away, GUNNING THE ENGINE and shooting gravel everywhere.

EXT. BILBRO FISH COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

Ella and John watch Tom's truck leave. Pete joins them.

PETE

Pete Sheridan, Seattle Examiner. I'm covering your hunt. Ms. Bowen, Tom Halter tells me you two were married?

ELLA

A long time ago and only for a few months. The football captain marries the prom queen and they live happily ever after... until she walks in on him cheering up a cheerleader. We were young and stupid.

JOHN

Yeah, but he didn't grow out of it.

Percy's Cadillac pulls up. A musical novelty HORN BLARES "Yankee Doodle." Percy, smiling, gets out.

PERCY

How'd it go out there?

ELLA

Not so good. Two other pullers quit with Tom. We couldn't get out of the harbor against this tide.

PERCY

Damn. Who's that leave? John, Timmy, Lawrence, Bernie --

ELLA

-- Ben.

PERCY

Right. Ben... and you. And nobody showed up to try out?

ELLA

Nope.

PERCY

Tom's probably got them all buffaloed.

ELLA

Maybe. He was just here.

Percy glances around.

PERCY

He was?

ELLA

Yeah. I think he's trying to fill another canoe. I guess a little competition can't hurt.

PERCY

But we can only kill one whale.

ELLA

So?

Percy shuffles back to his car, hunched with worry.

ELLA (CONT'D)

(looking at John)

What the hell was that about?

JOHN

You know Percy. He's got something cooking. Don't know what it is and I don't want to know.

They watch Bilbro open his car door. Before he can get in, Carl Trant pulls up in his truck. Carl, frowning, gets out and confronts Percy.

CARL

Guess who checked in to my motel?

Percy shrugs.

CARL (CONT'D)

A Mr. Hideto Tajiri from the Yashiro Seafood Company.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

Says he is here to see you. Says he going to stay for a fortnight.

PERCY

This is all --

CARL

A fortnight is two damned weeks. Had to look it up; but, sure enough, it's a word.

PERCY

Look I don't --

CARL

-- Save it for the Council! You and Mr. Tajiri be at the Waterside Diner in one hour. Otherwise, you can forget about this whale hunt.

Carl pivots and leaves in his truck.

EXT. TAJIRI'S MOTEL ROOM - 30 MINUTES LATER

Percy's Cadillac pulls up to the Motel. Tajiri stands outside, smoking. Percy lowers his window, releasing a cloud of blue smoke. He extends his meaty paw to Tajiri.

PERCY

Mr. Tajiri, welcome to Bahok. I'm Percy Bilbro. Get in.

TAJIRI

It is a pleasure to meet you.

Tajiri bows and hands his business card to Percy, who glances at it and tosses it onto the trash-littered dashboard.

PERCY

Me too. Like I said, climb in. We got a date with the Tribal Council. I'll fill you in on the way.

INT. PERCY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Percy and Tajiri smoke cigarettes as the Cadillac tears through a woody lane.

PERCY

Hi-dee-toe, is it?

TAJIRI

Our names can be hard. Please, just call me Tajiri.

PERCY

Great. And you can call me Mr. Bilbro.

(laughs)

Just kidding. Call me Percy.

TAJIRI

Percy. I require an update on the hunt. One million U.S. dollars is an amount of money sufficient to request, how do you say, "full disclosure", is it not?

PERCY

Full disclosure it is. The Council doesn't know, and doesn't need to know, about my contract with Yashiro. I'm paying for the hunt, and I can do what I want with the whale. They'll disagree, but I've got that covered. So I'll get my money. Right?

Tajiri looks stunned.

TAJIRI

The Tribe still does not know about our role in your whale hunt?

PERCY

They do and they don't.

TAJIRI

I am not sure how that is possible.

PERCY

The guy you gave your business card to last night was Carl Trant.

TAJIRI

The owner of the lodge where you forgot to make a reservation?

PERCY

Sorry for that. But, Trant's also the head of the Council and you came damn close to blowing this deal. So I guess we're even.

TAJIRI

But I could not have known.

PERCY

We all make mistakes.

TAJIRI

Yes. And you have made a bad one with me.

PERCY

Hang on. We're gonna be okay. I'll do the talking. If they ask you a question, be careful what you say.

TAJIRI

My English is poor. I can only say what I know, not what others would wish me to say.

PERCY

(gives Tajiri a long  
sideways glance)

Seems to me you know exactly what you're saying. Let's get through this meeting. Then we'll talk.

INT. WATERSIDE DINER - MOMENTS LATER

In a large diner occupying a former warehouse, Percy and Tajiri arrive at Carl, Leo and Al's table. Percy puts his arm over Tajiri's shoulder.

PERCY

This is my friend from Japan, Mr. Tajiri. Tajiri, this is the Bahok Tribal Council. Carl Trant, who you've already met, Al Skrapp, and Leo Toobah.

Tajiri bows, shakes hands with each and offers his business cards to Leo and Al. Al jams his into his pocket. Leo uses his as a coaster.

AL

(to Percy)

Carl thinks you're selling our whale to Mr. Tajiri. Are we hot or cold?

PERCY

Yes.



AL

Christ, Percy. Two lies with one word.

(beat)

Why didn't you tell us about this screwball deal?

PERCY

Nothing in my contract with the Council forces me to tell you every little move I make.

AL

Every little move? This could ruin us. We've been telling people our hunt is ceremonial, that we're not doing it for money --

PERCY

-- And you're right. The Tribe isn't doing it for money.

CARL

But you are? How much?

PERCY

Forty grand. That's it.

Tajiri stares at Percy with barely concealed amazement at the man's brazen lie.

PERCY (CONT'D)

And I've already spent ten out of my own pocket. And don't forget my risk. There's no guarantee we'll even get a whale.

CARL

Why should we let you sell it?

PERCY

My deal, the one you signed, says I'm responsible for disposing of the extra whale meat.

LEO

Right. Harvest the meat for those who want it and then tow the carcass out to sea.

PERCY

Wrong. So far, I've got four people signed up for ten pounds of meat each. That leaves me with over 50,000 pounds to dispose of...

Percy nods toward Tajiri.

PERCY (CONT'D)

... and I see fit to dispose of it to Yashiro Seafood.

Tajiri smiles weakly. Al turns red.

AL

You've got no whale at the moment, And if I have my way, you never will.

A waitress appears with overflowing platters. Tajiri surveys the mountain of steaming eggs and meat placed in front of him. He turns to Percy, who is munching away.

TAJIRI

This is a normal breakfast for you?

Leo and Carl laugh. Percy swallows a mouthful.

AL

Percy normally gets an extra short-stack. You better tell him to eat up, Tajiri. 'Cause the nearest thing to a whale you're taking back to Japan is Percy's corpse with a harpoon in his chest.

PERCY

Al, can we please get through one conversation without you threatening to kill me? I'd always planned on giving the Tribe a nice cut. How's ten thousand sound?

The Council members look at each other, weighing the offer. Tajiri attempts to make a dent in his enormous breakfast.

LEO

We could use ten grand. No doubt.

AL

The money isn't the issue. The press will crucify us if they find out about Percy's deal.

LEO

I dunno. I'm a fisherman. Tribe's always made its living from the sea. Not sure how this is any different.

AL

Because white people decided it was okay to eat salmon but not whales.

CARL

And now they're mad. We're already going to lose some tourists.

Percy points his fork at Carl.

PERCY

We get, what? Three or four hundred fishing trips a year out of our so-called tourist industry? And you're going to put aside our treaty rights over chump change like that?

AL

That's not what he --

PERCY

-- Yes, it is. Look at us. We're poor and you're worried about what the people who put us in this condition will think.

CARL

Bullshit. We've been fighting for this Tribe since --

A diesel ENGINE'S ROAR overwhelms the conversation. Everyone stops eating to watch an enormous motor home slowly roll by.

Draped along the vehicle's side, a banner: "STOP THE BAHOK WHALE HUNT" with fake blood dripping from the word "Bahok." A sign on the rear reads: "SOCIETY FOR MAMMALIAN ONENESS."

Al shakes his head in disgust.

AL

Mammalian Oneness? Jesus. We'll see how they feel when they meet a grizzly who wants to become one with them.

CARL  
(to Percy)  
You should have told us what you  
were planning up front. But...  
(points at motor home)  
... like it or not, we're in this  
thing for good. We can't let a  
bunch of whackos come up here and  
bully us.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BAHOK RESERVATION - EVENING

On the main road into the reservation, Dieter's van slowly passes by the sign demarcating the reservation's boundary. Once past, the van accelerates down the road.

EXT. MAIN ROAD INTO THE RESERVATION - MOMENTS LATER

Dieter's van slows to a crawl near a dirt track to the right. The van turns and accelerates into the thick woods.

EXT. DEEP WOODS DIRT TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Dieter's van blasts through the woods, noisily bouncing up and down and rocking side to side as the vehicle swerves to avoid smashing into the trees.

EXT. END OF DIRT TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

Deep in the woods, Dieter exits the van. Now sporting jet black hair, he gathers wood for a campfire.

EXT. DIETER'S CAMPSITE - MORNING

Dieter awakes in his sleeping bag near the fire's remains. He gets up, stretches, and lights a cigarette. Cigarette clenched in his mouth, he jogs toward the main road.

INT. PETE'S JEEP - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

On the reservation's main road, Pete slows his Jeep as he sees the back of a huge man with camouflage pants, no shirt, and long black hair running down the middle of the road.

PETE  
What the hell?

Pete follows Dieter for a hundred yards before he squeezes his car alongside.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Need a lift?

Dieter slows his pace.

DIETER  
Vere you talking to me?

PETE  
Uh, yeah. Need a ride into Bahok?

DIETER  
Yah. I ahm a vale hunter.

Pete's eyes widen in surprise and amusement.

PETE  
You won't find any in the forest.  
Why don't you hop in? I'm heading  
for the forest.

Dieter takes a huge drag from his cigarette and stubs it out.

DIETER  
Yah. Please ride me in your auto.

PETE  
Whale hunter, huh?

DIETER  
Yah.

PETE  
Don't you have to be Bahok?

DIETER  
I ahm haf Bahok. I haf returned to  
help my Tribe.

Pete looks at him.

PETE  
Can't wait for the family reunion.

EXT. BAHOK HARBOR - PADDLE - DAY

A thin-bladed cedar paddle, painted in the *Haida* style, dips into water and pushes through it. The paddle's stroke repeats several times, gaining velocity with each cycle.

EXT. BAHOK HARBOR - CANOE - CONTINUOUS

Eight men in a different wooden canoe stroke their paddles in sync. Tom paddles from the stern.

Society for Mammalian Oneness volunteers in brightly colored kayaks YELL SLOGANS as they attempt to follow Tom's canoe.

The flotilla passes in front of Percy's warehouse. Ella and John wait by their canoe, docked near the warehouse.

EXT. BILBRO FISH COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

JOHN

I hate to say it, but maybe Tom has won this battle.

ELLA

At least the protesters are focusing on his boat.

JOHN

Did you see this morning's Examiner?

ELLA

(groans)

Yeah. The article by Pete Sheridan?

JOHN

Right. You okay?

ELLA

Why wouldn't I be? A reporter told the world my arrested-development ex-husband thinks I'm trying to win him back by killing a whale... what's wrong with that?

JOHN

You're taking it pretty well.

ELLA

(shrugs)

Water off a duck. You're right, though. We may have to call it quits if nobody else shows up.

Pete's Jeep CRUNCHES GRAVEL as it pulls up. Dieter stretches while Pete heads toward John and Ella.

JOHN

Morning, Pete. Back to see what Ella will do next to regain Tom Halter's affections?

Ella punches John in the shoulder.

PETE

I'd like to watch a practice. Would that be okay?

ELLA

Let me guess, you're wondering if I'll strip naked and tie myself to the bow of the canoe so that Tom will notice me.

PETE

From what I know of Tom, I suspect that would do it. But no, I've heard his side. Now I want to know yours. I suspect it is more, ah, sophisticated.

JOHN

Probably should've started with Ella instead of Tom.

PETE

I agree. But you saw his jacket. He was the whaling captain.

JOHN

Jackets don't lie.

PETE

I'd be happy to tell your side, Ms. Bowen.

ELLA

Not everyone wants to see their name in the news. I'd prefer it if you'd write about something else.

PETE

Well, I have a job to do --

The novelty horn on Percy's Cadillac BLARES "Yankee Doodle." Percy and Tajiri exit the car. Al Skrapp's pristine 1974 AMC Matador, carrying the Council, parks next to the Cadillac.

Percy spots Tom's canoe.

PERCY

Where the hell did Tom get that boat? Those things don't grow on trees.

JOHN

They are trees. He got it from the cultural center.

PERCY

The one out front? They wouldn't let me have it.

JOHN

They probably bought into Tom's traditionalist argument.

ELLA

Tom also took two more of our best paddlers. It may be time to call this thing off.

Mischief on his face, Al pats Percy on the shoulder.

AL

(to Ella)

Don't give up! Maybe having a pair of boats is best for the Tribe. Percy can sponsor your boat, and the Council can sponsor Tom.

PERCY

I don't think that's a good idea.

AL

Nonsense. You can address those lady feelings you have. Fill the boat with women and kids. Likely won't get the whale, but think of the good you'll be doing.

ELLA

That's not a bad idea...

AL

And if Tom gets the whale, the Council will even handle "disposal" of the carcass. Maybe we should talk with Mr. Tajiri about helping us out. Whaddaya think?

Percy glares at Al.



PERCY

That's foolish. Having two teams  
would split the Tribe apart.  
(turns to John and Ella)  
Can you get your pullers down here?

ELLA

Lawrence and Timmy quit, but the  
other two are on their way.

PERCY

(desperately cheerful)  
Then let's have a practice!

JOHN

Still don't have enough for a crew.  
The boat's designed for eight. We  
need more weight or it'll roll.

AL

(gleefully)  
Ohh. Team Percy's taking on water.

Dieter steps forward to join the discussion.

DIETER

I would like to hunt zee vale.

The group stares at Dieter, dumbfounded. Pete grins as he  
opens his notebook.

AL

Only the Bahok people can be in the  
hunt, mister.

DIETER

I ahm Bahok. On my mudder's side.

Everyone stares at Dieter, simultaneously amused, aghast, and  
curious.

ELLA

We're a small Tribe. Don't recall  
hearing about a long-lost relative.  
Where'd you grow up?

DIETER

I was born in Austria, but my  
mudder vanted me to deescover my  
Indian heritage. So, she moved zee  
family to, uh, Indiana.

PERCY

Hoo boy.

CARL  
What's your name?

DIETER  
My Bahok name ees Dieter Manly  
Fish.

Leo lets out a BELLY LAUGH.

LEO  
Sorry. Been a while since we've had  
a Manly Fish grace our reservation.  
As I recall, the last of the, uh,  
Menly Fishes left Bahok back in the  
70's. You remember, don't you Al?  
They had that falling out with John  
and Cindy Murder Hornet.

AL  
Shut your pie hole, Leo. This isn't  
funny.

Percy seizes the moment and sticks out his hand to Dieter.

PERCY  
I'm Percy Bilbro, director of the  
Bahok Whaling Commission. Welcome  
home, Mr. Manly Fish.

Dieter nods and turns to gaze stoically at the sea. Percy  
turns to Pete.

PERCY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Sheridan, we're having some  
problems filling the canoe this  
morning. You can ride along if you  
don't mind paddling.

PETE  
Great!

PERCY  
You too, Mr. Manly Fish.

ELLA  
Percy! This hunt is already turning  
into a farce. We don't need to  
practice with, uh... Manly...

JOHN  
(pointing at two  
approaching teens)  
Ella -- Ben and Lynn are here.  
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I promised their parents we'd make this work. It's only a practice. Let's see what happens.

ELLA

We're still two pullers short. We need more weight.

PERCY

No problem. I'm not much of a puller, but if it's ballast you want, then I'm your man. Mr. Tajiri will go, too.

TAJIRI

(startled)

Percy, I am afraid that I could not assist with the paddling of your, ah, tree boat.

Bilbro slaps Tajiri on the back.

PERCY

Don't you worry. Just sit back and take in the sights. We'll let the youngsters do all the work.

John looks at the canoe, then at Dieter. He shrugs.

JOHN

You're the heaviest by a long shot, so you'd better take the stern.

EXT. BAHOK HARBOR - ELLA'S CANOE - MOMENTS LATER

Tom and his whaling team pull alongside Ella's canoe.

TOM

You've gone all out with this politically correct thing, Ella.

Grinning, he points, one by one, at each of Ella's crew.

TOM (CONT'D)

You've got an old jock, two teenagers, your fat Native American... your white Native American...your Oriental Native American and...

(points at Dieter)

... who-knows-what-the-fuck-that-is Native American.

ELLA

It's a big ocean. Go be a jerk  
somewhere else.

TOM

Nah, I think we'll just follow your  
boat around for a while. Size up  
the competition.

John smells something when the wind shifts. He turns around  
to see Tajiri, Percy and Dieter smoking cigarettes.

JOHN

Mr. Manly... uh... Dieter. We  
practice by chasing the whale log  
out there. It's got a leather fin  
nailed onto it.

(points outward)

See it? There's a boat just in  
front of the log, pulling it.

Dieter sees the log and lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM. He plunges  
his paddle into the water, thrusting the big canoe forward.

PERCY

Whoa! Who stomped on the gas?

Dieter's furious strokes push the boat off course.

JOHN

Everybody else paddle on the left!  
Just try and keep us straight. I  
don't think Mr. Manly Fish is much  
on finesse.

EXT. BAHOK HARBOR - TOM'S CANOE - CONTINUOUS

Trailing by two boat lengths, and engulfed in a cloud of  
secondhand smoke, Tom screams at his crew.

TOM

They're getting away. Get 'em!

EXT. OPEN SEA - ELLA'S CANOE - MOMENTS LATER

His eyes fixed on the whale log with the leather fin, Dieter  
continues paddling furiously. John's cap blows off.

JOHN

Damn. Dieter, switch sides. You're  
turning us!

Dieter switches to the left, and the others to the right, vainly trying to offset Dieter's colossal thrust.

Tajiri's PHONE RINGS.

TAJIRI  
Moshi-moshi. Tajri-desu.

SAKAI (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Tajiri. I have called for a report.

TAJIRI  
Sir, I have met Mr. Percy Bilbro, and we are in the Bahok whaling canoe and heading out into the ocean at an extreme rate of speed. I must be honest, sir, I am scared.

SAKAI (V.O.)  
Nonsense. It sounds as if Mr. Bilbro is showing you a wonderful time. I wish I was there.

The boat plows into a rolling three-foot swell, soaking Tajiri.

TAJIRI  
I wish you were here, too. Sir, I must report that we have serious potential problems.

Tajiri sees Dieter draw hard on a cigarette and SCREAM through a clenched jaw. Tajiri talks louder to overcome Dieter's wailing.

TAJIRI (CONT'D)  
There is a competing team that may have the backing of the Tribal Council. Even worse, Mr. Bilbro's team consists of a woman; a boy of average strength; a young girl; an older man who, though very strong, is still an older man; and a...

SAKAI (V.O.)  
And a what?

TAJIRI  
Well, a giant man who claims to be half Bahok, but I do not see how that is possible.

SAKAI (V.O.)

I am sure the giant is half Bahok.  
Americans like to mix it up.

TAJIRI

Sir, as it stands, we will be lucky  
to get the whale, much less support  
your social media livestream plan.

SAKAI (V.O.)

The reason I sent you there was to  
solve these minor problems, not  
burden me with them. Is that  
screaming I hear?

TAJIRI

We are racing the other team. The  
giant is screaming to inspire us.

SAKAI (V.O.)

Are you winning, Tajiri?

TAJIRI

Yes! We are moving at a speed  
usually associated with motor-  
driven craft.

SAKAI (V.O.)

See, things are fine. Enjoy your  
victory and then get back to work.

Sakai hangs up. Tajiri gives his phone a look of disbelief.

EXT. OPEN SEA - TOM'S CANOE - CONTINUOUS

Unable to comprehend what he sees, Tom screams at his team.

TOM

We're losing to a guy in a suit,  
smoking a cigarette, talking on the  
phone, who isn't even paddling.  
Pull, you assholes!

EXT. OPEN SEA - ELLA'S CANOE - MOMENTS LATER

Ella's canoe arrives at the whale log.

JOHN

We're on it. Boat your paddles!

ELLA

I don't believe it. We won!

Ella, Pete, John, Ben and Lynn exchange high-fives. Percy and Tajiri light up new cigarettes.

Dieter lets out another SCREAM, unsheathes an enormous knife, and jumps onto the log. HOWLING, and stabbing the pulpy wood, Dieter rips off the leather fin with his teeth.

The crew stares, open-mouthed. Dieter spits out the fin and looks back at them. Nearby, protestors in their kayaks aim their cell phone cameras at Dieter.

DIETER

Ven is zee real hunt?

EXT. SOCIETY FOR MAMMALIAN ONENESS MOBILE HQ - DAY

Korinne takes her position at a podium under a rented tent. TV crews raise their satellite antennas. Pete jostles with other reporters for space.

KORINNE

Ladies and gentlemen of the press, fellow activists, and fellow whale-loving citizens, welcome! I'm Korinne Pruitt, the campaign director for the Society of Mammalian Oneness. I'm speaking today for our legendary founder, Captain Max Moffett, who is readying our fleet to stand in harm's way and save a whale.

CHEERS ERUPT from the activists fronting the podium.

KORINNE (CONT'D)

Before discussing why we're here, I want to say how devastated I am to learn of Dill Williamson's disappearance.

Korinne deliberately pauses to sniffle and wipe her eyes.

KORINNE (CONT'D)

The news about Dill is a body blow to the Society. But, we will soldier on. We have to, because... because it's what Dilly would have done, if he were still alive. Assuming he's dead.

Korinne blows her nose and pulls out some notes.

KORINNE (CONT'D)

To justify this whale hunt, the Bahok hide behind a ridiculous treaty written in the 1850s. Our research has uncovered the hatred for America this Tribe has harbored for centuries.

Korinne stares at the audience, pausing for effect.

KORINNE (CONT'D)

As hard as it is to believe, the Bahok tried to kill Lewis and Clark.

The activists BOO loudly; the press trade looks of disbelief.

KORINNE (CONT'D)

That's right; the Bahok took a shot at Lewis and Clark at the very moment they were completing America's journey westward. By the grace of God, those American heroes survived. But a whale is now in danger from the very same Tribe that tried to wipe those brave men from the pages of history.

Pete raises his hand.

PETE

Pete Sheridan, Seattle Examiner. What proof could you have to substantiate this claim?

KORINNE

Many people have told us this. My research staff has uncovered unbelievable evidence to support these claims. Just fantastic stuff. Absolutely unbelievable.

PETE

I'm sure it is. I'd --

Another REPORTER raises his hand and SHOUTS for attention.

REPORTER

Korinne, I understand that you were one of the last people to see Dill Williamson alive. What did he say?



KORINNE

Dilly's last words will stay with  
me forever. "Stop the hunt,  
Korinne. Don't let them kill  
Renaldo's little gray brother."

INT. DILL'S MANSION - RANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Rance, red-eyed and exhausted, drinks coffee and reads the L.A. Times. Below the fold on page one: "A Fluke Accident." Hearing a familiar voice, Rance glances at the TV.

KORINNE (V.O.)

We're just so worried about living  
up to his legacy -- Dilly's last  
great animal rights campaign was  
his generous funding of the Society  
for Mammalian Oneness.

Chyrons roll on the bottom of the TV screen: "Williamson lost  
at sea... Renaldo Missing." Rance throws the paper at the TV.

RANCE

Miserable, conniving bitch!

Rance keys the intercom button on his desk.

RANCE (CONT'D)

Mindy, come in here please.

Dill and Rance's executive assistant MINDY, also upset, comes  
into the office.

RANCE (CONT'D)

I don't like to make decisions when  
I'm angry, but I'm making an  
exception today.

A look of deep concern crosses Mindy's face.

RANCE (CONT'D)

I'm talking about Dill's various...  
projects.

(points at computer  
screen)

The ones I didn't know about.

MINDY

I'm sorry, Mr. Beaumont. If you'd  
like my resignation --

RANCE

No, not at all. Working for both of us put you in a difficult position. I appreciate your loyalty to Dill.

MINDY

He was a wonderful man.

RANCE

Yes... he was. But now I need you to find out the status of these... obligations. Identify any still active and cut them off immediately.

MINDY

I understand.

RANCE

I hope you do. I want to honor Dill's memory, but he has paid enough to these people. He may have paid with his life.

Mindy looks curiously at Rance.

MINDY

I'll take care of it right away.

RANCE

One more thing. There's something in the files about a \$23.4 million expense for a submersible.

MINDY

Oh my. I forgot all about it when he... when he... Dill bought it for your birthday. He was so excited.

Overwhelmed, Rance's composure weakens.

RANCE

Oh, Dill.

MINDY

Do you want to see it?

INT. WATERSIDE DINER - DAY

Pete and Ella sip coffee. Pete's pen is poised above his notepad.

PETE

Here's an easy question. What's the most important difference between Native Americans and --

ELLA

-- Other Americans? Real Americans?

PETE

How about: non-Native American Americans?

ELLA

Oh, those guys.

PETE

I'm serious. You may not realize how little some of our readers know about your people.

ELLA

Believe me, I do. And why don't you use the word Bahok, Mr. Sheridan? That's who we are. That's who I am.

PETE

Only if you'll use the word Pete. To most of our readers, these reservations seem like foreign countries, right in our state.

ELLA

I know. I went to the University of Washington, and even there I had to answer this question a lot.

PETE

What did you say?

ELLA

Mostly, I'd just recite the legal facts. The reservations of the federally recognized Tribes have sovereign rights, yada, yada, yada. Same answer, every time. People seemed afraid to push for more.

PETE

Then I'll push. What does it mean, and really feel like, to be Bahok?

ELLA

(waves for the check)  
Can't tell you; but I can show you.

EXT. BAHOK COAST - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

At the end of a gravel road winding along a deserted beachfront where massive waves peak into breakers churning the sand, Ella and Pete debark from Pete's Jeep.

PETE

Beautiful. Do you know what a view like this would go for in Seattle?

ELLA

That's part of the answer.

PETE

The old "indigenous people don't own the land" concept?

ELLA

Yes and no. We own things. We respect property rights. There are rich Bahok and poor Bahok. But a spot like this beach... the idea of one person being able to say, "It's mine." That feels wrong to us.

They cross a wood-planked bridge spanning a narrow tidal estuary, laboring against the wind rifling off the Pacific. They pass through a dense thicket of scrub pine.

ELLA (CONT'D)

These trees are amazing. The wind never stops, the soil is terrible, yet here they are.

PETE

Kind of like your Tribe. I love it when people feed me metaphors.

Guarded by a thin veil of trees, a rough circle of gritty soil contains hundreds of feet of white string running between wooden stakes divide the ground into a grid-work.

PETE (CONT'D)

An archaeological site?

ELLA

Much more than that.

PETE

Your ancestors?

ELLA

We can trace our beginnings to this exact spot.

PETE

What does that mean? I'm sure there's a county in Ireland where I can do the same thing.

ELLA

Have you?

PETE

No.

ELLA

Maybe that's the difference. Or part of it. I grew up here and was never more than a short walk from this spot. I can see my ancestors on the beach, returned from a hunt.

PETE

I just see a beach.

ELLA

Another difference.

PETE

Maybe it is. This whale hunt... How does killing a whale...  
(points at beach)  
... get you closer to them?

ELLA

The hunt was the center of our existence. The sea kept us alive for thousands of years. It was the only thing this place offered.

PETE

But you don't need the whale to live these days. So why hunt one?

ELLA

Connecting. Being who we are. The whale isn't really important. Killing it is not the point.

PETE

Some people might disagree.

ELLA

I know. They have that luxury.

PETE

To worry about whales instead of their own survival?

ELLA

Precisely. We're being buffeted by change and we're surrounded by people who find it easier to hate us than to try to understand us.

PETE

Not sure how hunting a whale changes that...

ELLA

We're not trying to change it. We're trying to survive it. We'll be erased if we can't anchor who we are today to who we were yesterday. We won't be a Tribe any more.

Ella turns to contemplate her ancestors. Pete pockets his notepad, joining the silence. Ella glances back, sees Pete, and returns her gaze to the beach, a small smile on her face.

EXT. DILL'S ESTATE - WAREHOUSE OUTBUILDING - DAY

Mindy enters a code into a door lock. The door opens, revealing a 35-foot-long personal submarine with an 18-foot-long mechanical arm tucked beneath the hull.

MINDY

Dill had it modified to be carried on board the yacht. He'd planned --  
 (she pauses)  
 -- He'd planned to take you on a cruise. He knew you missed submarines.

RANCE

He was right.

Rance considers the sub with wonder.

FLASHBACK - RANCE THE SUBMARINER - MONTAGE

-- Standing with his MOTHER in a Portsmouth, New Hampshire park, the wind slicing through his coat, a ten-year-old Rance watches a sleek submarine glide down the Piscataqua River.

MOTHER

(waving)  
 There's your father, Rance. Wave goodbye.

YOUNG RANCE

Can Daddy see us?

MOTHER

He sure can. He can see us on the radar, just as clear as day.

Rance waves until the sub drops over the horizon.

-- Rance and other cadets toss their hats into the air at the graduation ceremony for the U.S. Naval Academy.

-- Rance's father, smiling proudly, pins the submariner's dolphins insignia to Rance's chest.

-- In a nuclear submarine, Ensign Rance operates a console as crew activity swarms around him.

-- In a nuclear submarine, Commander Rance operates the periscope, closing the handles and sending the viewer upward. He turns to a crewman.

RANCE

Make your depth 150 feet.

-- In an ADMIRAL's office, Rance stands at attention. The Admiral hands him a newspaper. Rance takes it and reads a headline: "Cong. McKeefe Outs 57 Officers from Armed Forces."

ADMIRAL

... none of us wanted this. You're a fine officer and a good man. But that damn congressman, and his stupid American Way of Life Committee -- AWOL he calls it -- can you believe that shit? They won't quit... I'm sorry.

Rance, stricken but resolute, sets the paper down and places his gold submariner's dolphins insignia on top.

INT. WAREHOUSE OUTBUILDING - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Rance is still looking at the sub.

MINDY

I'm sure that we can sell this. Dill had to pull some strings to get it in time for your birthday. The company has a waiting list.

Rance slowly circles the sub, giving it a close inspection.

RANCE

No, let's keep it. And I've changed my mind about something. I do want to fund one of Dill's projects.

MINDY

Which one?

RANCE

The Society for Mammalian Oneness.

INT. TOM'S TRAILER - DAY

Tom, his roommate SEGER, Tajiri, and Percy find themselves jammed into Tom's small, single-wide trailer.

PERCY

...so that's the deal, Tom.

SEGER

Take it, dude. Twenty-five hundred? Shit, we could get a big screen.

TOM

Al Skrapp says you're going to sell that whale to your new friend here.

He nudges Tajiri, splayed awkwardly in a bean bag chair, with his foot.

PERCY

Yeah, so? That's where the money's coming from.

TOM

If you're offering twenty-five hundred, you can afford to ten times that much. So I want...

(pauses, calculating)

... forty-five thousand.

Seger, who was in the middle of drinking beer, chokes in surprise, spewing beer mist into Tajiri's face. Tajiri mops his face with his tie.

PERCY

C'mon, Tom. Don't be a fool.

TOM

Fool? Did you know Al's gonna be calling Japan and offer this whale around.

(MORE)



TOM (CONT'D)

If he gets a taker, then I'm going to work for the highest bidder -- you or the Council.

PERCY

Don't do that. You'll screw up everything. For you, too.

TOM

Who's gonna stop me?

EXT. DIETER'S PANEL VAN - DAY

With his face-plastered on the driver's side window, a sleeping Dieter snores. Percy gently KNOCKS on the window.

PERCY

Mr. Manly Fish, it's me, Percy Bilbro. From your whale-hunting team.

Dieter peels his face from the window, slowly exits the truck and stretches like a bear emerging from hibernation.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Mr. Manly Fish, are you okay?

Dieter nods and unzips his fly. He circles his encampment, urinating continuously. He stops next to Percy.

DIETER

Get inside zee boundary. Zair are dangerous animals out zair.

Percy high steps over Dieter's urine moat. Dieter pulls three pepperoni sticks from his jacket, offering one to Percy.

DIETER (CONT'D)

Meat?

Percy shakes his head "no" vigorously.

PERCY

We're having some problems with our whale hunt, which you might be, uh, uniquely qualified to solve.

DIETER

Vut do you need?

PERCY

I know that killing this whale means a lot to you.

DIETER  
 Beecauss I ahm Bahok.

PERCY  
 Exactly. The manliest fish of them  
 all. But there's a problem. Do you  
 remember that other canoe we raced?

Dieter nods.

PERCY (CONT'D)  
 You beat 'em real good. We all saw  
 it. But the thing is, my, our Tribe  
 can only kill one whale this year.  
 If there are two canoes, speed and  
 power might not win. That whale  
 might pop up anywhere.

Dieter's eyes narrow to dangerous slits.

DIETER  
 Vee cannot haf dat. Zey could keel  
 my vale! I need zat vale, Percy.  
 Eet ees importaht to me.

PERCY  
 Great minds think alike. Listen  
 up...

INT. RAWLSTON'S TRAVELING CIRCUS - LION TAMERS TENT - NIGHT

Donna intently watches a video on her laptop. The shaky  
 video, taken by someone in a kayak, shows Dieter leaping from  
 a canoe onto a log and stabbing it. The title below the video  
 says "Giant Native American (?) Practices for Whale Hunt."

Donna grins.

DONNA  
 Found you, you limp dick psycho.

INT. RAWLSTON'S TRAVELING CIRCUS - DOYLE'S TRAILER - MOMENTS  
 LATER

Donna barges into DOYLE RAWLSTON'S trailer. Doyle wears a  
 stained white T-shirt. He leers at Donna.

DOYLE  
 Welcome to Rawlston chateau, Donna.

DONNA

(keeps her distance)

Doyle. I found a lion to replace  
Kelso.

DOYLE

About time. A lion tamer without a  
lion ain't much of an act.

DONNA

Yeah, well a lion tamer with a dead  
lion is even worse.

DOYLE

Tell me about it. Never seen a lion  
just fall over like that.

DONNA

Anyway, I need the truck. I also  
need the credit card -- can't buy  
the cat without it. You know,  
government regulations...

Doyle spits a stream of tobacco into his kitchen sink.

DOYLE

Goddamned Democrats.

He pulls a card from his wallet and hands it to Donna.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Here you go. Come on by and show me  
that cat when you get back.

(beat)

Don't matter how late it is.

Donna heads out the door.

DONNA

Sure thing, Doyle.

EXT. DIETER'S PANEL VAN - DAY

Tom, whose arms and legs are bound with rope, winces as  
Dieter removes his gag. Dieter holds a bottle of water to  
Tom's lips. Tom gets a sip before Dieter pulls it away.

Dieter pulls out Tom's cellphone and makes a call. He places  
the phone near Tom's ear and twiddles the bottle near Tom's  
face.

DIETER

Like vee prahcticed.

TOM

Timmy? It's Tom... listen, I need to get off the res. I've got some good work lined up in Boise. I'm letting the crew know it's okay to paddle for Ella's canoe.

TIMMY (V.O.)

I quit their team for you.

TOM

Go paddle for Ella. We need to get behind her, have one team for the Tribe. Unified and all.

TIMMY (V.O.)

What's the matter with you? You hated everybody on the other boat. Now you want to help them?

TOM

I'll be working in the forest, so you can't reach me. Just do what I told you.

TIMMY (V.O.)

But --

Dieter hangs up the phone. He gives Tom another sip of water.

DIETER

Dat vas good. Now vee call zee next yun...

INT. TAJIRI'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A large, opened cardboard box crowds the room. Percy holds up an orange plastic kayaking helmet with a GoPro and transmitter fastened to the top.

PERCY

Please tell me this is a joke.

Tajiri remains silent.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Monkeys will fly out of Al Skrapp's ass when he sees this. Monkeys. Right out of his ass.

Percy drops the helmet back into the box.

PERCY (CONT'D)

We have a contract. I give you one large whale; you give me one small fortune. That's it. Livestream a whale hunt? Yashiro Seafood is sticking the harpoon in my back with this lunatic idea.

TAJIRI

The value of this hunt for Yashiro rests upon the success of our president's social media strategy.

PERCY

But why didn't you tell me?

TAJIRI

You mean, why did I not provide you with...

(makes air quotes)

... "full disclosure" like you did for the Council? Or telling me about your plans to put Dieter the Fish Assassin in your tree boat so he could murder the whale log?

PERCY

That's small potatoes. You want to stream the hunt online and put killing the whale to a vote? How the hell will that work? And what's the Council going to say? Or Ella? She'll crucify me when she hears about this.

TAJIRI

Percy, I do not believe Ella will nail you to a wooden cross.

PERCY

Not all of me, anyway. But she'll probably quit and take the whole team with her. Who'll hunt your whale then? Let's see, there's me, and we can't forget you, and of course there's that other great Bahok warrior, Mr. Dieter Manly Fish, who's whiter than Prince Fucking Charles. How's that gonna look on your TV show?

TAJIRI

You are upset. Perhaps you would like to stand on my toilet and view the harbor waters for a moment.

PERCY

Huh?

TAJIRI

No? Well how about this? Yashiro Seafood expects heavy profits from our streaming venture and a significant increase in the price of our stock. Killing the whale is not essential. So, I will amend our contract to compensate you even if a whale is not killed.

A SHARP RAP on Tajiri's door. Tajiri opens it. Al, Leo and Carl grimly enter the room.

AL

(to Percy)

Carl tells me Tajiri just got a big box from Tokyo. Said it was too big to be harmless and too small to hold a geisha girl. We're curious.

PERCY

Al --

AL

-- No more lies! You tell us what's going on before I get my gun and put you out of my misery. There's nothing more dangerous than an accountant with a gun! When we snap, we really go off the boil.

Tajiri steps between the group and Percy.

TAJIRI

Gentlemen. There is something I must show you.

INT. BAHOK RESERVATION OUTSKIRTS - ROADSIDE STORE - DAY

A convenience store PROPRIETOR looks up to see a truck sputtering to a stop. Steam pours from under the hood. Donna slams the truck door as she exits.

PROPRIETOR  
(pointing)  
Problems with the truck?

DONNA  
Nah. All that white smoke means me  
and the other cardinals just  
elected a new pope.  
(looks around)  
This might be asking too much, but  
you got a john that don't look like  
the Hell's Angels stopped by just  
to piss on the seat?

PROPRIETOR  
Back and to the left.

EXT. ROADSIDE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Donna pushes the truck to its final resting place next to the store. She extracts a backpack and returns to the store.

INT. ROADSIDE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Donna hands the proprietor a glossy photo of Dieter dressed in a leotard with a jungle cat draped across his shoulders.

DONNA  
Ever seen this guy?

PROPRIETOR  
Oh yeah. You don't forget a guy  
like that. Didn't have a leopard on  
him though.

DONNA  
He'd probably just eaten.

The proprietor gives her a quizzical look.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Know where he went?

PROPRIETOR  
He bought some gas a day or two ago  
and headed that way.  
(points)  
A bunch of protestors are camped at  
the edge of the res... around the  
next curve. They might've seen him.

EXT. SOCIETY OR MAMMALIAN ONENESS MOBILE HQ - MOMENTS LATER

A gaggle of twenty-somethings outside the motor home chant slogans to each passing car. Donna approaches.

CINDY

Put the humane back in human!

JUSTIN

Two, four, six, eight, we don't  
want no whale meat!

Donna sheds her backpack and eyes Cindy and Justin.

DONNA

Who's the adult here?

Cindy and Justin glance at each other, wary of the visitor.

DONNA (CONT'D)

(to Cindy)

Gotta be you, precious. No way  
somebody trying to rhyme "eight"  
and "meat" can be the boss. Right?

CINDY

Korinne Pruitt is our campaign  
director; she left me in charge.

DONNA

I'll bet she did. You guys get  
around this reservation? See who's  
coming and going?

CINDY

Yes. And in a few days our boats  
and Jet Skis will be here. Then  
we'll be out on the water.

DONNA

Yeah, boats are good for that. So  
you're gonna be out there when they  
hunt that whale?

CINDY

You bet!

Donna, hands in her back pockets, nods in thought.

JUSTIN

So, uh, how can we help you,  
Mrs....?



DONNA

Donna. And you should be asking if I can help you. And the answer is, yes, I can. A lot. I've got some skills you could use. So, I'll stay and help out. But first, I need a shower and a few hours sleep in this rolling Palace of yours.

Cindy mulls over Donna's proposition, her lips crinkled in thought. She nods as Donna opens the door to the motor home.

INT. TAJIRI'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Thew Council hovers behind a seated Tajiri. His laptop displays Yashiro's website. Onscreen, the flashing phrase "Let's Enjoy Whaling!" underscores Yashiro's corporate logo.

An animated whale, wearing a bowler and a monocle, skitters across the screen, pursued by a canoe full of smiling Bahok whalers sporting war bonnets.

Leo LAUGHS.

AL

This isn't funny.

LEO

Oh, it's a little funny.

Tajiri scrolls through the ads.

AL

Look who they're selling ad space to.

Carl reads them aloud.

CARL

War Bonnet Chewing Tobacco! Daddy  
High Times Fortified Wine!  
Firebrand Firearms -- Killing  
Humanely since 1844?

(to Tajiri)

For Chrissake. Don't you know who we are? Don't you know what we've suffered? You can't associate us with these companies.

TAJIRI

It is not association. We are merely live-streaming the whale hunt to tap additional revenue sources. There is a difference.

AL

It is association. The problem is that you and your company are taking their money, and they are getting attention, but we are going to catch hell for it. You monetized this hunt by selling our dignity. You may not know much about American history, but this has a real familiar ring to it.

LEO

(pointing at the screen)

That may not be the worst problem.

Ella's face fills the screen. Below it, a caption -- "Ella Bowen, Whaling Woman: A New Face for an Ancient Tradition."

LEO (CONT'D)

Ohhhhh, Percy. You need to get off the res. You too, Tajiri. She'll sew your scrotums together when she sees this.

TAJIRI

Scrotum sewing? Is that a thing?

LEO

Not yet.

CARL

(points at screen)

Wait a minute. You're asking people to vote on whether we kill the whale?

TAJIRI

By letting viewers vote, you will enhance the Tribe's public image. The viewers will be part of the hunt. That's what makes it unique.

AL

That's what makes it insane! Stop acting like you're trying to help. Yashiro Seafood doesn't give a damn about us. You'll take what you want and leave us even worse off.

Al rises to face Carl and Leo.

AL (CONT'D)

The hunt... let's shut it down, at least for now. Let 'em think they've won. What do we care?

Leo and Carl nod. Percy grimaces.

TAJIRI

Gentlemen, if you stop the hunt now, you will lose a lot of money.

CARL

Ten grand ain't worth this trouble.

TAJIRI

How about four hundred thousand?

Percy clutches his chest in pain.

AL

Four hundred grand? These numbers seem to be jumping around a lot. Percy, what are you really making?

PERCY

Al, this is a surprise to me, too. I'm not making anywhere near that.

AL

Tajiri, if you're willing to bump up your offer so much, maybe we're still not getting the best deal.

TAJIRI

As I told Percy, the whale is almost secondary to our plans.

CARL

Wait a second. A whale hunt where the whale is secondary?

TAJIRI

To the media plan, yes. And to secure your help, Yashiro will pay you the four hundred thousand dollars as an advance, in options of Yashiro Seafood stock at a price twenty-five percent below the market close on the day you sign.

LEO

What does that mean, exactly?

AL

It means that we get our four hundred thousand right now. And if we exercise the option, we get five hundred. Right?

Tajiri nods.

AL (CONT'D)

But, if we hold on to it, we might be able to sell the stock for more.

CARL

How much more?

TAJIRI

If our plan works, your profit may reach several million dollars.

Leo whistles.

INT. TURKEY ROOM BAR AND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Pete and Deputy Sheriff Jim Dupree occupy a booth in the restaurant section.

DUPREE

This whale business is getting out of hand. Protesters kicked off the res, press conferences, got a Congressman coming tomorrow...

PETE

Tell me about it. I gave a ride to a seven-foot Teuton who's trying to pass himself off as Bahok. And, I rode in a whaling canoe with a woman qualified to bear my nine unbegotten children.

DUPREE

Ella? She was a couple years behind me in high school. Smart enough to be anything she wants and strong enough to be exactly who she is.

PETE

So I have gathered. Hope she's strong enough to live on my sailboat with the family and me.

DUPREE

Don't ask her out any time soon.

PETE

What do you mean?

DUPREE

I don't know if she's seen the Yashiro website yet, but when she does, she'll be fighting mad.

PETE

What?

DUPREE

Yashiro Seafood. It's on the news.

Dupree hands him his phone, open to the Yashiro website.

PETE

What the hell...

INT. TURKEY ROOM BAR AND RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Percy and Tajiri occupy a table near the bar, sharing a bottle of whiskey.

TAJIRI

Why are you doing this?

PERCY

The hunt? Mostly so I can get a big old motor home and hit the road.

TAJIRI

A very complicated way to get money for a motorized house.

PERCY

I do what it takes, my friend. I do what it takes...

(beat)

Been in Bahok my whole life. I'm old. I'd like to see a bit of the world before it's too late.

(looks at Tajiri)

Why are you doing this?

TAJIRI

Because I was told to.

PERCY

Sounds like you could use some motorhome money yourself.

Donna appears at their table and places Dieter's photo in front of Tajiri. He blanches as he recognizes the man he knows as Dieter Manly Fish.

DONNA  
You seen this fella around here?

TAJIRI  
(in rapid Japanese)  
Kono otoko no hito wa mita koto ga arimasen.

DONNA  
Christ. It figures.

She turns to Percy and shows him the photo.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
How about you, Muscles?

PERCY  
Never seen him.

Donna moves toward the bar.

PERCY (CONT'D)  
(to his drink)  
Christ, I can't catch a break.

INT. TURKEY ROOM BAR AND RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Following a tremendous CRASH at the bar, customers turn their attention to Donna, who confronts a TURKEY ROOM PATRON, her hand squeezing his crotch. The man's face is twisted in pain.

DONNA  
What? You don't like it when someone gropes your privates, asshole? Well, neither do I.

Donna shows him the photo of Dieter while maintaining her grip on his crotch.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Now take a good look, and try not to touch my ass again while you do. You seen this guy?

TURKEY ROOM PATRON  
(groaning in pain)  
No! I swear.

Donna maintains her grip on the Turkey Room Patron's crotch and turns to the man's two FRIENDS.

DONNA

How about you two fighter pilots?  
You seen this guy?

FRIEND #1

No, ma'am. Never seen him.

Friend #2 shakes his head "no" vigorously. Donna turns back to the Turkey Room Patron on the floor.

DONNA

Now, I'm gonna let you go... if you do anything but sit your lumberjack ass back down at the bar, I will take this stool...

(points)

... and shove it up your ass one leg at a time. Trust me, I'm real good with stools.

She lets go of his crotch and he painfully gets to his feet and sits back down with his friends.

EXT. SOCIETY FOR MAMMALIAN ONENESS MOBILE HQ - DAY

A shiny Chevy Suburban pulls up to the Society's motor home. Volunteers prepare a stage for a press conference.

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

In the front seat, NED FUNDY turns around to face his boss, Congressman BANSON "BANDSAW" MCKEEFE.

NED

Sir, I've got to recommend again that we don't do this.

MCKEEFE

Dammit, Ned, you're a hell of a fine aide, but you've got a ways to go on your political instincts.

NED

I'm just worried about your image.

MCKEEFE

You're seeing it all wrong. Look at the people who vote for me; what do they have in common?

Ned looks unsure.

NED

They think pro wrestling is real?

MCKEEFE

They've got kids. Kids who love that whale... what's his name? Geraldo?

NED

Renaldo.

MCKEEFE

Whatever. Their kids love that whale, and their parents hate the damned Indians for trying to kill it. Hated 'em before that, too.

NED

But this whale isn't Renaldo.

MCKEEFE

And that don't matter a fucklot, son. If the voters see me as some kind of John Wayne, ridin' in to save a wagon train full of whales from a bunch of ruthless savages, well... you got to understand who votes for you and who they hate. Hate wins elections.

McKeefe sees a crowd of people through his window.

MCKEEFE (CONT'D)

Looks like every owl fucker on the West Coast is here.

NED

Probably best you don't call them that.

EXT. SOCIETY FOR MAMMALIAN ONENESS MOBILE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Ned trails McKeefe as they briskly approach the stage. Korinne greets him. She holds her hand out for McKeefe.

KORINNE

Congressman McKeefe, I can't tell you how delighted I am to have your support for my campaign.



McKeefe holds Korinne's hand several seconds too long while staring at her breasts.

MCKEEFE

I'm real glad to meet you, too, Miss Prutit, uh, Pruitt. Let me assure you that our great American whales have no bigger friend than Bandsaw McKeefe.

Pete raises his hand and shouts.

PETE

Congressman, isn't this the first pro-environmental stance you've ever taken in your career?

MCKEEFE

Now that's just not true. Fake news always twists things around. Why, just last summer I fought the bureaucrats back in Washington to help a rancher and animal lover in my district. That poor fella's cattle could barely squeeze between all the hard-weeds choking his land.

PETE

Hard-weeds, Congressman? Do you mean trees?

McKeefe flashes his politician's smile as Korinne pulls him up onto the stage.

KORINNE

Now, without further delay, it is my pleasure to introduce the next senator from Washington State, Congressman Banson McKeefe!

The audience applauds.

MCKEEFE

Thank you, Korinne. Let me tell you folks that Banson McKeefe will stand shoulder to shoulder in the trenches to help your Society of, uh, One Mammal Owners fight off this Tribe of whale killers.

The protesters break out in APPLAUSE.

MCKEEFE (CONT'D)

Now, my kind of patriotism may not mean much to these renegade Injuns...

Ned Fundy executes a face palm.

PETE

(to another reporter)  
Looks like you catch a whale with race bait.

MCKEEFE

... and I know that some of you in the press are going to say I'm against the Bahok Tribe. Well, gosh darn it, you'd be right. I'm against anybody who sells out our national dignity to foreigners. And I'm against any group who declares that the laws of this great land don't apply to them. Our law says we can't hunt whales. None of us. If I went home and grabbed one of the shotguns from beside my bed and blew the head off a whale... why, I'd go to jail. Right?

More APPLAUSE. McKeefe smiles.

MCKEEFE (CONT'D)

This isn't complicated: Either the Bahok Tribe can't hunt whales... or they aren't Americans.

PETE

(to reporter)  
Figured that was coming.

INT. TRIBAL COUNCIL OFFICES - DAY

Seated at a table, Percy and the Tribal Council endure Ella's wrath. Tajiri meekly stands by them.

ELLA

(to Tajiri)  
...and what gave you the right to plaster my picture on that website?

TAJIRI

You have every right to be angry.  
You have my sincerest apology.

Tajiri bows deeply, hoping to dampen Ella's anger.

PERCY

Ella, I know you're pissed, and you've got a real good reason. But Tajiri never would have done this if it wasn't for the pressure his boss is putting on him.

ELLA

Don't even talk to me right now, Percy.

(to Tajiri)

All right. We can't undo the past. But I want my face off that website. Today.

TAJIRI

Yes. It will be done.

Ella turns to the councilmen.

ELLA

And you three. *My* council. You're supposed to look out for *my* interests. How could you?

CARL

All I can do is apologize for the three of us. I'm too old and stiff to bend over like Mr. Tajiri, but I wish I could.

Ella takes a deep breath.

ELLA

Okay, enough apologies. Let's move on. Carl, this hunt has spun out of control. Why not just call it off?

Carl avoids her stare. Tajiri steps up.

TAJIRI

Ms. Bowen, your Tribe will benefit enormously if the hunt continues as currently structured.

ELLA

What does that mean?

AL

It means money.

ELLA

Are you telling me that this mess we're in is over a few dollars?

TAJIRI

Not a few dollars. Potentially several million.

ELLA

There's no way that one whale is worth that kind of money.

TAJIRI

It can be. To both Yashiro Seafood and to the Bahok Tribe. I have offered stock options contingent upon live-streaming the hunt.

ELLA

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

TAJIRI

I once thought so myself.

(beat)

You are an educated and articulate woman, Ms. Bowen. I do not think that earning money from this hunt bothers you at all. Especially if they...

(points to the Councilmen)

... use the funds properly.

Al, Leo and Carl nod.

TAJIRI (CONT'D)

I understand your anger. We exploited you. But you must set your emotions aside. Then you will know the right thing to do.

ELLA

It's not just about me. It's all of us... If we're making a mistake, it could mean the end of this Tribe.

Leo stiffly rises and puts his hand on Ella's shoulder.

LEO

I've lived on this reservation for my entire life. The Bahok have never had an opportunity like this.

ELLA

And Percy?

(points at him)

I need a guarantee that he isn't going to put most of it in his own pocket.

TAJIRI

I have a contract with Mr. Bilbro, and he will benefit somewhat. But the Tribe will benefit much more.

AL

Ella, if I could keep Percy from making a single thin dime off this hunt, that's just what I'd do. But you can trust the rest of us. We're going to take good care of our own.

Ella turns to the window, pondering. Long beat.

ELLA

Okay, I'm in. But get my picture off that website. And let's get this hunt over with.

INTERCUT - SAKAI'S OFFICE/TAJIRI'S MOTEL ROOM

SAKAI

Tajiri, this is unacceptable. We have offered that aborigine rabble more than they could ever dream of.

TAJIRI (V.O.)

Sir, the Tribe insists we agree to their terms. Their leadership has learned the financial details of our plan and wants a raise.

SAKAI

And how could they have done that? Do they have a spy within Yashiro Seafood, perhaps?

TAJIRI

All I know is the Council and Bilbro have demanded new terms.

SAKAI

Tajiri, I have badly misjudged you. Your performance in this endeavor has been most unsatisfactory.

TAJIRI

Am I relieved of my duties? If so,  
I will return home immediately.

SAKAI

No! You will finish what I have  
started.

TAJIRI

In that case, you know the price.  
At least paying with company stock  
will not affect our bottom line.

SAKAI

I know how it works. You can stop  
lecturing me. You have my word.

TAJIRI

Sir, while your word is a bond  
stronger than steel, the Bahok  
demand a written agreement and that  
I act as proxy for their shares.  
The Tribe requires your signature  
within the hour.

SAKAI

Within the hour? Unacceptable.

TAJIRI

The Council is meeting with the  
tribal members this evening. If the  
contract is not signed by that  
time, they will cancel the hunt.

SAKAI

It sounds like you are working for  
them instead of me.

TAJIRI

I am merely laboring under your  
innovative supervision.

Long, long beat.

SAKAI

I will sign. And then, Tajiri, we  
will talk.

EXT. MAX'S BOAT - DAY

Max steers his trawler towards an anchored mega-yacht. What  
was Dill's Pickle now bears a new name: "Rance's Redemption."  
Max's eyes widen when he sees a small submarine alongside.

The submarine's conning tower hatch pops open. Rance climbs out and waves.

EXT. RANCE'S YACHT - DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Rance greets Max as he climbs up the ladder from his trawler moored alongside the yacht.

RANCE  
Welcome aboard.

MAX  
Thanks. Honestly, I wasn't expecting to hear from you. I was so sorry to hear about Dill.

RANCE  
Thanks. Thanks so very much. I'm sure that you were.

MAX  
Is there anything I can do for you?

RANCE  
You're not worried about the money?

MAX  
It was Dill's promise that got us funded. You're not bound by it.

RANCE  
No, I won't hear of it. Dill's word was always good.

MAX  
You must miss him terribly.

RANCE  
I do, but life is for the living. That was Dill's philosophy.

MAX  
But if you need time to think --

RANCE  
I don't. There is one string attached, though.

MAX  
Please, anything you'd like.

RANCE  
I'm going with you to Bahok.

Rance points at the submarine bobbing in the ocean.

RANCE (CONT'D)

And we're taking a little surprise with us.

MAX

You're going to use a submarine to fight a wooden whaling canoe? Doesn't seem quite fair.

RANCE

It isn't. I don't want it to be. Having been in the military, I can tell you that fair fights are the most destructive of all.

Rance gestures toward the ladder leading to the submarine.

RANCE (CONT'D)

Follow me. I'll show you what I have in mind.

INT. RANCE'S SUBMARINE - LOWER DECK - MOMENTS LATER

A narrow corridor between banks of machinery leads to four leather chairs in a clear-walled compartment. Shafts of sunlight glimmer in the water outside the massive viewport.

MAX

It's like an underwater lounge.

Rance pauses, reining in his emotions.

RANCE

She was a gift from Dill. For my birthday.

MAX

I'm sorry.

Rance sits down in the operator's chair at the front.

RANCE

And that's why I want to go to Bahok. Dill's last gift to me is a message from the grave. He's telling me what I must do.

MAX

I'm not sure I understand.



RANCE

For too long I thought Dill's entanglements with groups like yours were an expensive waste of time. I see things differently now.

MAX

Thanks... I think. Can I ask how you're planning to use this submarine? Please tell me you don't have torpedos.

RANCE

Cover your ears.

Rance enters some commands on the console. A PIERCING SCREECH pulses from sonar transducers mounted outside the hull. Even in the sub, the noise is earsplitting.

MAX

What the hell was that?

RANCE

I'm surprised you don't recognize your old friend, *Orcinus orca*.

MAX

A killer whale?

RANCE

Killers eat grays. If I was a gray, I'd be terrified of that noise. I'll bet when the whales near Bahok hear that sound, they'll start swimming a good deal faster than your average wooden whaling canoe.

MAX

That's not a bad idea.

Rance smiles, his eyes wide, weirdly luminous.

INT. PERCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Percy and Dieter wait at the office window, watching as Ella's reconstituted whaling team makes its way back to the dock. Dieter points at the canoe's single empty seat.

DIETER

Dat is my place, Percy?

PERCY

It sure is.

EXT. BILBRO FISH COMPANY - MOMENTS LATER

Percy and Dieter wait in the parking lot for Ella. Ella joins them.

ELLA

With Tom gone, the boat's filling up. Sorry, but we don't have room for this fellow...  
(points at Dieter)

PERCY

Mr. Manly Fish, why don't you wait back in my office.

Dieter lumbers off silently.

ELLA

Don't even ask, Percy. Money or no money, I'm just about at my limit.

PERCY

This isn't a request. I've backed you from the beginning.

ELLA

Like when you didn't tell me you were going to sell the whale and make me the cover girl for our whale-killing gladiator show?

PERCY

I'm sorry. Again. But every seat in that canoe is important.

ELLA

What's your point?

PERCY

You wanted a woman on the boat, and I made that happen. But now there are others from Tom's canoe who want a seat on yours. And you know your students will not help the team as much as some of them.

ELLA

We can still hunt the whale.

PERCY

Take it or leave it, Ella.

ELLA

For God's sake --

PERCY

-- I will not walk away empty handed. Dieter's got the last seat. That's final.

Ella sighs, gives up.

ELLA

I hope you know what you're doing.

EXT. NEAR BAHOK HARBOR - RANCE'S YACHT - DAWN

SUPER: "TWO DAYS LATER"

Rance commands the bridge of his yacht as the early morning sun peers over the coastal mountains. The yacht's captain, JERRY KRUMFELD, points toward the distant shore.

JERRY

There's the town.

Jerry offers Rance some coffee.

RANCE

Thanks.

JERRY

Can I ask you something?

RANCE

Depends.

JERRY

What are we doing up here? This sort of thing... well... it seems like something Dill would do.

RANCE

I'm going to make a statement. A statement for Dill. And for me.

Long beat. Jerry decides to let it go.

JERRY

Oh, that lady Korinne Pruitt called. She asked if we'd fly out a friend of hers. A politician. Bandy MacDoodle, or something like that.

RANCE

Banson McKeefe?

JERRY  
Yeah, that's it. You know him?

RANCE  
(softly)  
The American Way of Life.

JERRY  
Huh?

RANCE  
Nothing. An old wound. I should let  
it heal, I suppose. But Banson  
McKeefe on my yacht...

JERRY  
You have a problem with him?

RANCE  
Don't ask... and I won't tell.

The THUDDING PULSE of a helicopter interrupts them. The  
aircraft passes directly overhead and banks into an orbital  
pattern over Bahok Harbor.

JERRY  
News chopper.

Rance aims a pair of binoculars toward the shore.

RANCE  
Our whale hunters may be starting  
things a bit ahead of schedule. Get  
the sub ready.

EXT. BILBRO FISH COMPANY - DAWN

Ella arrives at the dock and sees her teammates pointing at  
the canoe and arguing with Percy and Tajiri. Only Dieter  
appears calm, gazing at the ocean, smoking.

ELLA  
Now what?

John points at the ads plastering the canoe's sides.

JOHN  
This thing looks like a stock car.  
This is a whale hunt, Percy, not  
the Firecracker Four Hundred.

PERCY

It's part of the contract. We want the money, we play the game.

Ella shrugs.

ELLA

I didn't think you could top the internet site, but this just might. Let's get this over with.

TAJIRI

(coughs to get attention)  
Someone must wear this.

He holds out the orange kayak helmet with the camera, microphone, and transmitter built into the top. The team collectively GROANS. They draw straws. Timmy loses.

TIMMY

Dammit!

ELLA

Serves you right for quitting.

Ella pulls the backward baseball cap from his head and hands him the helmet.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Gear up, space boy.

TIMMY

How's this work?

TAJIRI

A Yashiro Seafood helicopter will receive the signals from your helmet while filming the hunt. They will upload your feed by satellite to my headquarters in Japan and stream it in real time. I will monitor the online voting and tell you whether to kill the whale.

Dieter comes to life suddenly.

DIETER

Vut? Not kill zee vale?

ELLA

I've got the harpoon. John has the rifle. No way we let 40 year-old male virgins make that decision for us.

TAJIRI

Do not worry. We can, uh,  
manipulate the final vote to  
reflect any decision you prefer.

ELLA

Figures. Anything else?  
(looks around, waits a  
beat)  
Let's go.

EXT. PRESS BOAT - DAY

A short PHOTOGRAPHER ascends stairs, yelling at the  
pilothouse.

PHOTOGRAPHER

We're too freakin' far away. I can  
barely see the canoe.

The press boat SKIPPER points to the Sheriff's boat.

SKIPPER

Sheriff set a thousand yard buffer.

Pete views Ella through binoculars. The photographer returns  
from the pilothouse as the boat picks up speed, separating  
from the pack of spectator and media boats.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(to Pete)

President Grant convinced John Paul  
Jones up there to get a little  
closer. Get ready. One run by the  
canoe is all he promised me.

The press boat, maintaining a lead over the pursuing  
Sheriff's boat, approaches the canoe. The press corps rushes  
over to the starboard side to capture the moment.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

(to Skipper)

I want the chick's face. Get in  
front of them. I can't see her  
fucking face!

SKIPPER

Get close -- that was the deal.  
Quit yapping and get to work.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(yells at Ella)

Hey, whale bitch! Over here!

Ella whirls, fury etched on her face. Enraged, Pete lifts the photographer onto the railing and pushes him over the side.

Pete shrugs and mouths "sorry" to Ella as dozens of camera shutter click away at the scene.

EXT. BAHOK HARBOR SHORELINE - PRESS TENT - DAY

Korinne and McKeefe perch on canvas chairs on a makeshift stage. Two portable television cameras face the duo. A TV REPORTER sits across from them.

TV REPORTER

Thanks for joining us, Congressman.  
The Bandsaw is an interesting  
nickname. How did you get it?

MCKEEFE

By fightin' deviants and the Hate  
America First crowd. I cut 'em off  
at the knees, just like a bandsaw.

TV REPORTER

Tell us about your plans to stop  
the Bahok Tribe's whale hunt.

MCKEEFE

Me and Miss Pruitt are gonna teach  
these Indians and their Japanese  
friends a lesson, aren't we?

McKeefe slaps Korinne on the knee. She scoots her chair back an inch.

MCKEEFE (CONT'D)

I've filed a lawsuit to prevent the  
Yashiro Seafood Corporation from  
selling their products in our great  
country. I'm sending a message: a  
foreign company can't come to the  
U. S. of A. and ignore our laws.

EXT. OPEN SEA - ELLA'S CANOE - DAY

The exhausted whale hunters drift in the afternoon sun, slumping glumly. Dieter remains stiffly upright, puffing a cigarette, his eyes riveted to the horizon.

ELLA

Seems to me a key part of any whale  
hunt is the presence of whales.

JOHN

Yeah, we need one of those. Let's head home. Dieter bring us around.

DIETER

Kvitting early? Vut kind of Bahok Indians are vee?

Brooding, Dieter begins paddling at an easy pace. The others join in.

INTERCUT - PERCY'S OFFICE/SAKAI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tajiri chats with Sakai on the phone. Percy and the three Council members watch TV from a table nearby.

Sakai watches video footage of the hunt while leaning back in his chair, smoking.

TAJIRI

I am glad we have met your expectations. But I apologize for not finding a whale today.

SAKAI

A small failure, but one that may be to our benefit. The visitors to our internet site will return until they have sated their bloodlust.

TAJIRI

Is there news about the stock, sir?

SAKAI

It is too early. The markets will open in a few hours.

TAJIRI

I am sure your plan will succeed.

SAKAI

It will. But my success will be despite your poor performance.

TAJIRI

I was merely trying to expedite your plan.

SAKAI

You have not been a team player and need a reminder of the value of being part of a team, part of a crew.

(MORE)



SAKAI (CONT'D)

Upon your return to Japan, I am assigning you to one of our factory ships as an inspector.

TAJIRI

Sir... please... my family...

SAKAI

I can dream up worse punishments. But if you put in two years of solid effort on the ship, I will allow you to retire in your current position.

(beat)

Are the whalers hunting tomorrow?

TAJIRI

Yes.

SAKAI

We will talk then. Goodbye.

INT. PERCY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PERCY

Big boss happy?

TAJIRI

No. He is transferring me to a factory trawler.

PERCY

Are you shitting me?

TAJIRI

No. Not shitting you.

PERCY

Well, fuck him. You're a smart guy. Just quit.

TAJIRI

I cannot. I have a seventy-million-yen loan on my house, and I need my pension. You do not know how Japan works. A person my age could never find another job paying the same salary and benefits.

PERCY

Sounds like the way America works.  
(claps Tajiri's shoulder)

(MORE)

PERCY (CONT'D)

Maybe this whole internet scheme will go balls up, and Sakai will lose his job. If your stock falls in the crapper, then he's out on his can, right?

Tajiri's ponders Percy's prediction.

TAJIRI

We will see...

Percy and Tajiri join the Council members at the table. A TV BLARES the day's news.

CARL

A lawsuit and an anti-whaling submarine? All we have is a harpoon and a canoe.

(turns to Tajiri)

Can you sell the stock right now?

TAJIRI

I can do as you wish. But the markets in Japan have not yet opened.

CARL

I can't let our Tribe come up empty-handed. The Bahok need to be dollar holders, not stockholders.

Leo and Al nod in agreement.

TAJIRI

I understand. I can sell your shares at the opening bell.

CARL

Then cash us out. Will you do that?

TAJIRI

I can.

Tajiri retreats to a far corner and makes a phone call, speaking Japanese. The Council members leave.

Percy pours himself a shot of whiskey, grinning at Tajiri. Tajiri completes his call.

PERCY

Who'd you just call?

TAJIRI

A stockbroker.

PERCY

No. Really.

TAJIRI

What do you mean?

PERCY

You were playing word games with Carl. You just can't lie to a man's face. I do the same thing, so I know. You're playing an angle.

Tajiri pours himself a shot of whiskey, his expression inscrutable.

TAJIRI

You have no trouble lying to a man's face. I called the stockbroker, then my wife.

Tajiri raises his glass to Percy.

TAJIRI (CONT'D)

Kampai!

INT. RANCE'S YACHT - SALON - DAWN

Drinking coffee, Korinne wears a ball cap with gold braid on the bill and "Campaign Director" embroidered on the front. Max stands off in a corner, staring out a window.

Rance strides in, carrying a chart under his arm.

RANCE

Good morning. Korinne, Are you and the Congressman still planning to sail with me in the sub?

KORINNE

We're ready to go. I'm sorry, Max, but there won't be room in the sub for you. Why don't you stay here? You can be, uh, surface operations director.

MAX

Sure thing, Korinne. Surface operations director. Any chance of getting a hat?

Rance smiles. Korinne frowns.

RANCE

Well, it all works out, then.

EXT. BILBRO FISH COMPANY - DAWN

Ella and John survey the canoe's plastered-on advertisements.

ELLA

You thinking what I'm thinking?

JOHN

Likely.

Ella pries up the edge of a colorful ad for "Chinese Long Life" cigarettes and rips it lengthwise from the boat. The other team members converge to finish the job.

TIMMY

One more thing.

He holds the orange helmet cam high and lets it fall to the dock. The lens shatters with a BRITTLE CRACK.

EXT. PERCY'S BOAT - 30 MINUTES LATER

Tajiri and Percy follow the canoe into the open sea. Tajiri's PHONE RINGS. Tajiri answers it.

SAKAI (V.O.)

(on phone)

Tajiri, I am watching the hunt. This is unacceptable. You tell that rabble to reapply our advertisements and activate the helmet camera. Immediately.

TAJIRI

(grinning)

I asked them, but even after I explained that you would be most angry, they persisted. It is as if they do not care what you think.

SAKAI (V.O.)

Do not play games with me. Fix it.

A CLICK as Sakai hangs up.

PERCY

Big boss pissed?

Tajiri leans back and closes his eyes, letting the wind flow across his face, which bears a contented smile.

TAJIRI

Very much.

EXT. RANCE'S YACHT - STERN PLATFORM - DAY

Carrying bullhorns and signs, Society for Mammalian Oneness activists ready their small fleet of skiffs and Jet Skis. Donna eyes Justin astride a Jet Ski.

JUSTIN

You want to ride with me, Donna?

DONNA

You're half-right. Off, budzo.

JUSTIN

Hey, who put you in charge?

Donna displays her coiled whip. Justin quickly dismounts.

INT. RANCE'S SUBMARINE - LOWER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Rance sits at the console. He dons a pair of headphones.

MCKEEFE

What are you listening to?

RANCE

Sonar -- our ears in the water. I can hear what's going on around us.

Rance moves a joystick control and the sub turns slightly.

RANCE (CONT'D)

We'll stay near the surface. When I see the canoe, we'll hide just beneath it.

KORINNE

(uneasily)

Beneath? When are you going to turn on the killer whale noises? We don't need to get close if the noisemaker works, right?

RANCE

It's already on. But we may need to herd the animal away from danger.

KORINNE

Max said the noises were really loud. I don't hear anything.

RANCE

We can't hear it because we're sending the sound out into the water, away from us. It's basic acoustics.

Korinne and McKeefe shrug.

MCKEEFE

Where'd you learn about subs?

RANCE

I'm a product of our own United States Navy.

MCKEEFE

Military man, huh. Why'd you get out?

RANCE

(flashes an icy smile)  
You could say I went A.W.O.L.

EXT. OPEN SEA - ELLA'S CANOE - CONTINUOUS

The crew paddles as John scouts for whales. He points.

JOHN

Over there, by that big yacht. I think I just saw a spout.

Dieter turns toward the yacht, lights a cigarette, and begins paddling hard. The flotilla of press boats and protestors reacts, REVVING ENGINES and turning toward the yacht.

EXT. PERCY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Tajiri points toward the yacht.

TAJIRI

Percy, a whale!

PERCY

That's a gray.

Percy grabs his bullhorn to alert the canoe.

PERCY (CONT'D)

John, Ella. Head for the yacht.  
There's a gray about halfway to it.

Percy sees the press/protestor flotilla on an intercept course. He keys his radio.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Sheriff. Coast guard. This is hunt control.

DUPREE (V.O.)

(on radio)

Go ahead, hunt control. County sheriff here.

PERCY

Jim, that you? The canoe's headed for a whale, but your barrier's gone to hell. You need to push those boats back.

DUPREE (V.O.)

We're working on it.

Bilbro switches off the radio.

PERCY

Damn. If a man wants something done right, he's got to do it himself.

He turns the boat toward the onrushing flotilla.

INT. RANCE'S SUBMARINE - LOWER DECK

RANCE

All hell has broken loose. I think they're headed our way. We need to get under them.

Rance pushes the joystick hard.

RANCE (CONT'D)

Down, girl. Down.

KORINNE

If they're all headed toward us, maybe there's a whale nearby.

Rance remains silent, facing forward. Korinne taps his shoulder.

KORINNE (CONT'D)

There shouldn't be whales near us,  
right? Are you sure the noisemaker  
thing is on?

Rance remains silent.

MCKEEFE

Did you hear the lady? She asked if  
the thingamajig is workin'.

Rance points forward, where an immense silky form has  
materialized. Undulating in an easy, powerful motion through  
sunlit water, the whale seems both ethereal and implacable.

MCKEEFE (CONT'D)

(astonished)

Jesus. Now I know how Jonah felt.

KORINNE

It's a gray.

Rance sees the whale's white pectoral fin.

RANCE

No. It's Renaldo.

EXT. PERCY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Percy weaves through the boats clustered near the whaling  
canoe and cuts off a skiff filled with shouting protesters.

PERCY

Back off, dammit!

Tajiri sits behind Bilbro, smoking a cigarette and smiling  
politely at the enraged young people.

A protester aims a Super Soaker water gun at Percy's boat.  
Percy ducks behind the windscreen as a thick stream of red-  
dyed water passes over him and hits Tajiri full in the chest.

TAJIRI

(mopping his shirt)

Waves, beer, and now this. I am  
very tired of being... moistened by  
you people.



INT. RANCE'S SUBMARINE - LOWER DECK - CONTINUOUS

KORINNE

Why aren't your whale noises  
frightening him?

Rance does not answer. Korinne taps his shoulder.

KORINNE (CONT'D)

Rance? Are you all right?

RANCE

(softly)  
Towards thee I roll, thou all-  
destroying but unconquering whale.  
(pushes joy stick forward)  
Redemption is at hand, Dill.

KORINNE

You're trying to herd Renaldo out  
of here before the Bahok can  
harpoon him. Right?

Rance faces his guests. Elation illuminates his face.

RANCE

No, Korinne. I'm giving you and the  
Congressman a front-row seat for  
the death of Renaldo the Whale.

MCKEEFE

What the Sam Hill is wrong with  
you, boy?

McKeefe grabs Rance's shoulder roughly. Rance whips his hand  
up, locking onto McKeefe's wrist, twisting it sharply. The  
politician YELPS in pain and drops to his knees.

RANCE

Shut up and sit down.

MCKEEFE

You miserable cocksucker. My aide  
told me you was a faggot.

RANCE

Faggot? I remember reading that  
word once in a letter that your  
American Way of Life committee sent  
to the Pentagon. 57 of us -- kicked  
out of the armed services precisely  
when our country needed us most.  
Even the stupidity of "Don't Ask,  
Don't Tell" was not enough for you.

The blood drains from McKeefe's face.

RANCE (CONT'D)

But maybe you were right about one thing.

MCKEEFE

What are you talkin' about?

RANCE

Maybe I am a threat to Americans like you.

EXT. OPEN SEA - ELLA'S CANOE - CONTINUOUS

Dieter ROARS with excitement as the canoe closes on the whale. Renaldo swims lazily, as if alone in the ocean.

JOHN

I guess that's why we hunted grays.

ELLA

Not a lot of street smarts. Even the big whaling ships could get right on top of them.

The canoe trails Renaldo by only a few yards. Dieter SCREAMS.

ELLA (CONT'D)

John... let's end this thing.

John boats his paddle and reaches beside his seat for the harpoon. A threaded receptacle in the shaft awaits the tip.

Ella reaches forward and hands him a tip, rolled-up in a rag, one of two stowed under her seat.

JOHN

You sure?

ELLA

Yeah. It's time.

EXT. PERCY'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Tajiri's PHONE RINGS.

SAKAI (V.O.)

(on phone)

Tajiri, the aborigines cannot kill that whale! It has a white fin.

(MORE)

SAKAI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am told it is a featured actor in American cinema.

TAJIRI

Should I find a lesser-known whale to kill? A random, working-class whale that no one cares about?

SAKAI (V.O.)

Do not dare mock me. You know exactly what is at stake here.

TAJIRI

The matter is out of my hands.

SAKAI (V.O.)

(desperate)

Our internet site is being flooded with hateful posts. Even from those hypocritical Norwegians. They eat more whale than we do! You must tell those impoverished native simpletons to stop immediately.

Tajiri holds his phone at arm's length over the boat's rail. Looking upward, he smiles at a circling helicopter.

SAKAI (V.O.)

Do that and you are finished.

Tajiri waves, letting the phone drop into the ocean.

EXT. OPEN SEA - ELLA'S CANOE - CONTINUOUS

Ella positions herself, spreading her legs for balance. She raises the harpoon over her right shoulder. She draws back to throw, but holds the position for several seconds.

Renaldo breaches the surface. Ella hurls the harpoon. The world around her goes silent as the shaft sails true, planing into a shallow arc and diving to its target.

The harpoon strikes Renaldo, dishing the whale's soft flesh before the blunt rubber tip bounces off, and the harpoon splashes into the sea. The canoe ERUPTS in CHEERS and hugs.

Dieter, dumbfounded, SCREAMS as he clambers over the crew, rocking the canoe precariously.

DIETER

I must eat from zee vale!

Dieter unsheathes his knife and prepares to jump onto Renaldo. A massive spray of water coats him and he turns to see Donna on her Jet Ski.

DONNA  
Miss me, honey?

The EXPLOSIVE CRACK of Donna's whip splits the air. Dieter yelps in pain as the leather gouges into his back. The knife falls from his hand.

Donna's whip strikes again, coiling around her ex-partner's forearm. Donna secures her end of the whip and GUNS the ENGINE, yanking Dieter from the canoe and dragging him away.

Exhausted by a day full of emotion and surprise, Ella watches Dieter skate across the waves.

ELLA  
Didn't see that coming.

At that moment, the squat conning tower of a small submarine breaks from the ocean, just behind the fleeing whale.

INT. RANCE'S SUBMARINE - LOWER DECK

Stupefied, Rance ponders his next move.

KORINNE  
It's over, Rance. I don't know what you were trying to prove, but Renaldo is safe. Take us back to the yacht, and we'll keep this little breakdown of yours quiet.

Rance reaches to his left and pushes two buttons. The WHINE of a powerful electric motor fills the cabin.

McKeefe sees a mechanical arm extend from the sub. At its end, a gray steel claw gnashes open and shut as Rance works the controls.

MCKEEFE  
I don't know what you're doing, but I'm gonna knock you into next Tuesday --

Rance turns and pulls a snub-nosed pistol from his jacket.

RANCE  
Guns and glass-hulled submarines are not compatible, Congressman.  
(MORE)

RANCE (CONT'D)

Sit down, unless you want to turn  
this boat into "Banson McReef."

McKeefe sits. Rance moves the sub ahead, closing in on Renaldo. Korinne backs away toward the ladder to the hatch.

The claw clamps down on Renaldo's fluke. The whale bucks wildly, shaking the sub. ALARMS BLARE.

RANCE (CONT'D)

From hell's heart, I stab at thee.

Korinne reaches the hatch and spins its lock. McKeefe clambers after her. Korinne struggles to push the heavy hatch open.

MCKEEFE

Goddamn it! Push, you bitch!

McKeefe grabs Korinne's ankle. Korinne SCREAMS.

MCKEEFE (CONT'D)

I'm a United States congressman,  
and I'm gettin' off first!

Korinne slams her other foot into McKeefe's face. McKeefe HOWLS and falls below, slamming his head on a console.

Korinne pushes the hatch open. Fresh air rushes in. She sees a helicopter hovering overhead. Korinne scrambles out.

Still attached to Renaldo, the submarine suddenly jerks to the side and then downward as the whale dives to escape the helicopter noise. Water pours into the hatch.

Amid rising waters and arcing electronics, Rance watches the claw's grip on Renaldo loosen as the sub founders. He turns to see McKeefe's lifeless floating body.

Rance then gazes at Renaldo one last time.

RANCE

(eyes full of tears)  
Renaldo, you bastard. You gave Dill  
and me everything we didn't need  
and took from me everything I did.

EXT. DUPREE'S BOAT - DAY

As the Sheriff's boat chugs toward the harbor, Pete surveys the motley group huddled in blankets on the deck: Korinne and a handcuffed, furious Donna on one side; Dieter on the other.

DONNA

Dieter, you licorice-dicked imbecile. You and your "cure."

DIETER

Be kviet, Donna.

DONNA

You've got one helluva a case of terminal dumbass. A whale isn't even a predator. They eat seaweed or something. Even in your bizarro world, how does that help?

DIETER

Zee vale eats millions of krills. It keels zem mercilessly.

PETE

Does Mr. Manly Fish have some sort of disease? What is this cure?

DONNA

(to Pete)

Not a disease. Wiener problem. And Dumbo here thinks that eating a bunch of big animals is gonna put the zing back in his thing.

DIETER

Not beeg animals. Only zee apex predators. Zee animals dat eat zee udder animals. Ahnd ees vorking.

DONNA

Sure. I bet Dr. Dieter's Magical Weenie Meals have you sporting wood 24 hours a day. Why don't you whip out the ol' Louisville Slugger so we can all gaze in awe.

DIETER

(sulking)

Ees vorking.

Korinne stares at the massive, preposterously handsome Austrian sitting across from her. When Dieter looks up, she locks eyes with him for several long seconds.

Dieter looks away at first but returns her gaze. Korinne licks her lips. Dieter shifts his body under the blanket, adjusting for something. A grin spreads across his face.

INT. WATERSIDE DINER - DAY

The Tribal Council stares across the table at Percy and Tajiri.

AL

Percy, you and Tajiri better have a damn good explanation. I'm about ten seconds away from getting my gun. If you're lucky, I'll turn it on myself instead of you.

PERCY

What the hell, Al?

LEO

Percy, you know I'm as much for Al shooting himself as the next man. But I really hope you and Tajiri can give him a reason not to.

AL

Yashiro's stock tanked. I checked our account -- you didn't sell our shares last night. We're royally screwed and I am royally pissed.

Leo and Carl nod in agreement. Tajiri calmly lights a cigarette and draws in the smoke. He slowly exhales.

TAJIRI

Gentlemen, you are not screwed in the manner of royalty.

AL

Did you study English at Percy's House of Lies? Yashiro's stock isn't worth a fart in a hurricane.

TAJIRI

True. And that is a good thing, because I shorted the stock.

CARL

What's height got to do with this?

TAJIRI

Not height, Carl. Shorting means I bet against my own company. And I imagine you want to know whether you made money. Correct?

Everyone leans forward.

TAJIRI (CONT'D)  
 (smiles broadly)  
 The Bahok Tribe has earned over  
 five million U.S. dollars.

EXT. DIETER'S PANEL VAN - DAWN

Donna opens the van's rear doors and sees Tom bound and gagged. Tom whimpers. Donna removes the gag.

TOM  
 Are you... are you with... him?

Donna laughs.

DONNA  
 Not hardly. But it looks like  
 you've had a real Dieter  
 experience. I can sympathize.

Donna moves to the front of the van and rummages under the seat.

TOM  
 Who are you?

DONNA  
 His ex-partner. We have a history.  
 I got arrested yesterday 'cause of  
 him. We came to a little  
 arrangement, though.

Donna pulls out a backpack from under the seat and opens it, smiling at the wads of \$100 bills, moldy and dirty. Donna shoulders the pack and returns to the back of the van.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to cut those ropes... but  
 you better behave.  
 (brandishes her whip)  
 Try anything funny, I'll snip your  
 nipples off. Any questions?

TOM  
 No, ma'am.

Donna frees Tom. Tom stretches painfully.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 I gotta call the cops.



DONNA

No. Part of my arrangement with Dieter is that you keep quiet.

Donna pulls out a wad of cash.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Ten thousand if you forget all this ever happened. Okay?

Tom nods. Donna tosses him the bills. She gives him an appraising look.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You're a big fella, ain't ya?

TOM

Used to play some ball...

DONNA

You ever work with big cats?

INT. TAJIRI'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Percy, standing on the toilet, looks out the bathroom window.

PERCY

You're right. I wouldn't have believed it, but it works.

TAJIRI

Viewing the harbor waters helped me survive.

Tajiri closes his suitcase. Percy dismounts from the toilet.

PERCY

Is there something you want to tell me? You're about to get on a plane for the other side of the world. It's not that I don't trust you...

Tajiri lights a Lark and sits on his bed, smoking.

TAJIRI

I am enjoying this opportunity to torment you.

(beat)

You have not been an altogether disappointing business partner.

PERCY

I did my best.

TAJIRI

I know. If you check the account for BilbroCo Enterprises you will find a two million dollar deposit.

Bilbro clutches his chest and gasps for breath.

TAJIRI (CONT'D)

Should buy you a very nice motorized house.

Bilbro sits on the bed and slowly regains his color.

PERCY

And then some... What about you?

TAJIRI

I invested your money just as I invested the Tribe's. By the time the market closed, you had earned nearly six millions dollars. I paid myself from your account.

PERCY

You what? Are you telling me that I only get two million out of six million of my own dollars?

TAJIRI

Yes. A nice cut, as you might say.

A car outside HONKS.

TAJIRI (CONT'D)

I must go.

PERCY

Hold on a second. What are you gonna do now that you're rich?

TAJIRI

Just as you are doing -- realizing my dream. I am opening the Salmon Derby English Academy in Tokyo.

Percy laughs and shakes Tajiri's hand.

PERCY

English teacher? Well, I gotta hand it to you. It took nerve to take a gamble with my money like that.

Tajiri clasps Percy's hand in both of his.

TAJIRI

I do what it takes, Percy. I do  
what it takes...

EXT. PETE'S SAILBOAT - DAY

SUPER: "ONE MONTH LATER"

Relaxing on the deck, Peta and Ella wave at a trawler with  
the words "BAHOK WHALE WATCHING CRUISES" painted on its side.  
Amidst a crowd of tourists, Captain Max waves back.

Pete pours wine from a box into Ella's cup.

ELLA

What happens to Pete Sheridan now  
that all the excitement is over?

PETE

Got any openings in your whaling  
canoe? Maybe I can take Dieter  
Manly Fish's spot.

ELLA

Seriously.

PETE

Don't worry about me. There's lots  
of work out there for a reporter  
fired for anger management issues.

ELLA

On cable news there is, for sure.  
But seriously...

PETE

I'm working on a novel. Always  
wanted to write one and now I have  
the time.

ELLA

Ever thought about teaching?

PETE

What? And work nine months a year?

ELLA

We've always got openings on the  
res. I bet you'd be good with the  
kids.

PETE

I do like this place. But you'd have to put up with me on a daily basis.

ELLA

I could probably handle that.

PETE

Maybe a nightly basis, too.

Ella arches an eyebrow.

PETE (CONT'D)

You know, grading homework and stuff.

Ella leans toward Pete, smiling.

ELLA

That sounds like a good place to start.

FADE TO BLACK.