

SAILBAD THE SINNER

FADE IN:

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

A grey, foggy day on the water.

The sound of a MAN SINGING a sea chantey.

JERRY (O.C.)  
 (sings)  
 "What shall we do with a drunken  
 sailor..."

An explosion of spray.

The bow of a 45-foot white sloop (single-masted boat) cuts through the chop. The name on her stern: "Osprey".

At the helm, JERRY OVERCLIFF, 40s, Andy Griffith in a raggedy blue sweater, grips the wheel.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 (sings)  
 "Put him in bed with the Captain's  
 daughter..."

At the bow, HANK WELLS, 40s, mischievous schoolboy face, peers through binoculars. Through the lenses, a big power boat appears in the mist.

Hank clambers to the cockpit, grinning.

HANK  
 Committee Boat. Dead ahead.

JERRY  
 Yeah, baby! Yeah, baby!

Hank grabs two beers from a cooler, hands one to Jerry.

HANK  
 We did it. We beat the jackass.

Jerry kisses his sleeve.

JERRY  
 Must be the lucky sweater. I can't  
 wait to tell Grandpa.

They raise their beers to toast. Something catches Jerry's eye. He gasps. His eye twitches.

Off to the left, a red sloop charges out of the fog.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
What the hell! What the hell!

HANK  
It's okay. We got this.

JERRY  
Trim the main! Trim it!

Hank jams a handle in a winch, cranks it.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
No no! Let it out!

The sloops knife toward the Committee Boat, converging fast. It's a sprint to see who can arrive first.

On the red boat's side, big letters: "SAILGOD".

At the helm, MONCURE DEVINK, 40s, could give Clark Gable a run for handsome. Instead, he gives Jerry the finger.

DEVINK  
Eat my wake, asshole!

DeVink and two crew guys, 20s, laugh.

DEVINK (CONT'D)  
Like clockwork! Sailbad the Sinner loses again!

Jerry leaps to the deck, shakes his fist.

JERRY  
Told you not to call me that!

With no one steering, "Osprey" veers off course, loses speed.

DeVink and his crew guffaw.

Jerry jumps into the cockpit. By the time he's on course, the boats are thirty yards from the Committee Boat.

A dozen spectators cluster on the Committee Boat's foredeck, gaping at the two boats surging at them.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Right of way! Right of way!

DEVINK  
Bullshit! We're ahead!

The spectators shrink back. On the flying bridge, MCGILVARY, white hair, dressed like an Admiral, waves Jerry off.

MCGILVARY

Turn away, Jerry! Turn!

The sloops bear down, neither altering course. Collision is imminent. The spectators scurry to the stern.

JERRY

Right of way! Right of way!

DEVINK

Turn your boat, lunatic!

Hank rips the wheel from Jerry, turns it hard.

"Osprey" swerves to the right, whooshes by the Committee Boat's stern, clips the swim platform -- CRACK -- snaps it off. Spectators scream.

"SAILGOD" whooshes by the Committee Boat on the other side. McGilvary blows an air horn -- WAAAH -- raises a bull horn.

MCGILVARY

(through bull horn)

Our winner is... Sailgod!

Jerry slumps back.

JERRY

What happened? Who won?

HANK

He did. Hell of a finish though.

JERRY

But... we had the right of way.

HANK

I wish. He was ahead of us.

DeVink steers his boat close by.

DEVINK

Is it ten times? Twenty?

Wild-eyed, Jerry leaps out of the cockpit.

JERRY

Cheater!

Jerry heaves a boat hook at DeVink. It falls short.

Hank tries to restrain him, but Jerry lunges, trips, flies head-over-heels over the lifelines into the water.

Big splash. DeVink and his crew love it.

Hank heaves a life ring.

DEVINK  
Need a hand, Sailbad?

Spluttering, Jerry looks up. DeVink's crew moons him.

DEVINK (CONT'D)  
How about an ass?

HANK  
Your day will come, DeVink!

The Committee Boat approaches the two boats.

MCGILVARY  
You owe us a new platform, Jerry.

Like a pitiful drenched squirrel, Jerry clings to the life ring, coughs up water.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

In bed, GRANDPA coughs up phlegm. Beady eyes peer out from a thousand wrinkles.

Jerry stands at the foot of the bed, shirt and tie, subdued.

JERRY  
Heard you're getting out tomorrow.

Grandpa spits mucus on the sheet, grins.

GRANDPA  
Forget about that. You finally won,  
didn't you, boy?

Jerry stares out the window, mumbles.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
Huh? Speak up.

JERRY  
We almost had him.

Grandpa's grin fades.

GRANDPA  
Almost is Crap City.

JERRY

I'm sorry.

GRANDPA

Sorry is Crap City.

Grandpa launches into a spittle-flecked tirade.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

I never lost to a DeVink! Your father, rest his bones, never lost to a DeVink! But you? You lose to a DeVink every single day!

JERRY

Just once a year, Grandpa.

GRANDPA

Until you beat him, every day is another stain on the family name!

JERRY

I know the race is a huge deal. I do. But it's just a race, isn't it?

Grandpa stares as if Jerry grew a hump.

GRANDPA

A race... maybe you're right, boy.

JERRY

Really?

GRANDPA

Give me a hug.

JERRY

Yeah? I never thought you'd --

GRANDPA

Come over here.

Grandpa reaches his arm out. Jerry edges over to him.

JERRY

Thank you for understanding.

GRANDPA

I can't reach. Come closer.

Jerry leans over.

Grandpa's hand snakes out, snatches Jerry's tie, jerks his face an inch from his. Another tirade. Lots of flying spit.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
Overcliffs don't lose to DeVinks!  
You follow? You follow?

Jerry struggles to pull away.

JERRY  
Let go, Grandpa.

GRANDPA  
Not until you follow!

JERRY  
Yes! I follow!

Grandpa emits a mighty gasp, falls back. His face freezes, stuck in a wide-eyed rant.

Jerry can't loosen the dead fingers around his tie. He lunges, pushes the panic button on the side of the bed.

A plump Latina NURSE rushes in, shoving a cart. She eyes Grandpa, crosses herself.

NURSE  
Dios mio.

She scurries over to Jerry with scissors, snips his tie. Jerry stumbles away from the bed, aghast.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Your abuelo? Your grandfather?

Tears in his eyes, Jerry can hardly speak.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
He look, how you say, "obsessed". A bad thing to be obsessed, no?

The Nurse clasps his hand in hers.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Are you obsessed, senior?

His eyes on Grandpa's frozen face, Jerry shakes his head.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Gracias a Dios.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Next to an open grave and a coffin festooned with flowers, Jerry faces a short line of somber mourners.

Off to the side, Hank speaks to MARGIE, 30s. Her blond dye job and cute little nose say "My sorority was hot shit".

McGilvary is first in line.

MCGILVARY

He was a mean old gasbag, but a hell of a sailor.

JERRY

Thank you.

MCGILVARY

I need a check, Jerry. Swim platforms aren't free.

JERRY

Thank you.

The next person in line is a hunched-over ELDERLY MAN.

ELDERLY MAN

Your Grandpa and I shared many a bottle. He was a bad drunk, he was.

JERRY

Thank you.

ELDERLY MAN

A travesty you never beat DeVink.

JERRY

Thank you.

Last in line is AUNT CASSIE, 70s, wild grey hair, her necklace made out of claws, teeth, and other animal parts.

She pulls a card from her bra, hands it to him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Your library card? Uh, thank you.

AUNT CASSIE

The occult.

JERRY

The what?

AUNT CASSIE

If you want to get anywhere, you have to delve into the shadows.

JERRY

Shadows.

AUNT CASSIE  
Get some books.

As Aunt Cassie strides off, Hank and Margie join Jerry.

HANK  
Better days ahead, compadre.

Margie takes Jerry's hand, pats it.

MARGIE  
Like our wedding, dear.

The FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 60s, slides up. His slicked-back hair suggests bullshit. His lisp suggests Elmer Fudd.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
(to Hank and Margie)  
Could we have a moment?

Hank and Margie step away.

JERRY  
If it's about the bill...

The Funeral Director lights a cigar. It fizzes like a sparkler, creates a swirl of smoke that obscures Hank and Margie. Jerry seems confused.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
First time on the other side?

JERRY  
The what? Oh. I guess so.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
Home of the unexpected.

The Funeral Director whips a sheet of paper out of the air, hands it to Jerry.

JERRY  
Whoa. That's more than I expected.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
See what I mean?

ZOOF. The smoke vanishes. The Funeral Director slinks off. Jerry clutches the paper, blinks at Hank and Margie.

JERRY  
Did you see that? His cigar, the weird smoke?

Hank and Margie glance at each other.

MARGIE  
It's been a long day, dear.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jerry saunters down an aisle lined with books. He yanks one out, contemplates it, shoves it back.

JERRY  
Delve into the shadows. Ridiculous.

TINA (O.C.)  
Hey there, cheesecake.

TINA DISH, 30s, striking, her leather mini-skirt the size of a cocktail napkin, leans against a stack, chewing gum.

Jerry gazes at her in wonder.

TINA (CONT'D)  
Looking for the occult?

JERRY  
Yes. No. Actually, I'm here because of my aunt.

Tina beckons with her finger, slips around the corner. He trots after her like a puppy dog.

He rounds the corner, faces an empty aisle.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

He scoots down the aisle, rounds the next corner. No sight of her. He spins. She's right there, blowing a bubble.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
How did you do that?

Tina pulls a book out, tosses it to him.

TINA  
That's a good one.

She sashays down the aisle, yanking books out left and right, tossing them at him rapid-fire.

TINA (CONT'D)  
Good. Really good. Love this. Try this. Here's a classic.

JERRY

Whoa. Wait. Slow down. Hey.

Jerry drops a few books. He bends down to pick them up.

TINA

Happy reading, cupcake.

When Jerry straightens up, she's gone.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nautical clutter overwhelms a large room -- ship's lanterns, wheels, oars, blocks, etc. An anchor and several SCUBA tanks lean in the corner.

Jerry sprawls on a sofa, engrossed in a book: "Using Hexes to Settle Scores".

Margie appears with a plate of grilled cheese sandwiches.

MARGIE

Here you go, dear.

She places the plate on the coffee table, next to a pile of library books.

Jerry stares at her with a fierce expression. He raises his hand, waggles it at her.

JERRY

Hoolaba hoolaba. Cucumber-itis.

MARGIE

Stop doing that. You're scaring me.

JERRY

Did you feel a pain in your temple?

MARGIE

These books are a bad idea.

Jerry springs off the sofa, bolts out the front door.

MARGIE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

JERRY (O.C.)

Supplies.

LATER

Margie watches Jerry, shakes her head.

He's on the floor, cross-legged, surrounded by little piles of beads, teeth, bones, leather strips, among other items.

He scatters what look like eyeballs on a mat in front of him. He checks an open book, begins a chant.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Raga raga roh. Raga raga roo.

He gives a weird cackle, eyes Margie.

JERRY (CONT'D)

This is great. Want to join me?

Margie leaves the room.

JERRY (CONT'D)

More grilled cheese, please.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A circle of lit candles surrounds Jerry.

He's shirtless. Black and white paint covers his chest and face. He seems to be worshipping a pile of burnt offerings.

Margie enters, in robe and slippers.

JERRY

Oh. Hi.

MARGIE

The house stinks. It's two o'clock.

JERRY

Your point is?

Jerry flings some powder in the air.

MARGIE

This craziness has to stop.

JERRY

Stop? Are you for real? After all these years, I finally get it.

MARGIE

Get what, Jerry?

JERRY

DeVink. He put a hex on me. What an idiot I've been.

MARGIE

A hex.

JERRY

Exactly. I need to figure out how to undo his hex so I can put my own hex on him. He'll never win again.

Margie leaves.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Since you're up, I could use some grilled cheese.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jerry, down to his underwear, painted all over, dances a weird little jig where he stomps on egg shells.

JERRY

Hunga hunga hunga...

Margie appears, dressed, carrying a small duffel and several dresses on hangers.

MARGIE

Not working again today?

JERRY

Until I hex him, I can't afford to.

Margie heads to the door.

MARGIE

Let me know when you're sane again.

JERRY

Where are you going?

She strides out.

INT. YACHT CLUB - DINING ROOM - DAY

A bright room filled with tables, ship paintings, and diners. Most of the men and some of the women wear blazers. A banner says: "Greater Alexandria Yacht Club".

At a lectern, McGilvary pats a huge copper trophy cup with his blue-veined hand.

MCGILVARY

And now, the moment we've been  
waiting for, the award for...

Jerry, at the far table, his belt stitched with pink whales,  
tenses as if his sphincter acts up.

MCGILVARY (CONT'D)

... Yachtsman of the Year.

Jerry reaches into his side coat pocket, eases something out,  
hides it under the table cloth.

MCGILVARY (CONT'D)

Our winner has now won our big race  
an unprecedented ten times.

The crowd murmurs. At a front table, DeVink grins and winks.

Jerry opens his hand, reveals a little cloth doll with a  
sailor hat on its head. A long pin sticks into its body.

MCGILVARY (CONT'D)

With great honor, I present...

Jerry pulls the pin out, jabs it through the doll's head.

MCGILVARY (CONT'D)

... Moncure DeVink!

The crowd cheers. DeVink struts to the lectern like a man  
accustomed to the spotlight.

Jerry jabs the doll again and again.

DeVink lifts the cup over his head, kisses it. The crowd  
breaks into a spontaneous standing ovation.

Still seated, Jerry rips the doll's head off its body.

A BIG JOWLY GUY standing next to Jerry glances down.

BIG JOWLY GUY

What are you doing, Overcliff?

The cheering stops. The crowd stares at Jerry, who stuffs the  
doll and pin back in his pocket.

BIG JOWLY GUY (CONT'D)

Playing with yourself?

Jerry jumps up, straightens his blazer, scowls.

DeVink motions for everyone to sit.

DEVINK  
Jerry has a problem.

BIG JOWLY GUY  
Can't find his pecker?

DEVINK  
He got his annual ass-kicking.

Jerry's eye twitches. He steps toward DeVink.

JERRY  
It's going to be different next  
year, DeVink.

DEVINK  
Hey, everyone. Sailbad the Sinner  
thinks it's going to be different.  
That right, Sailbad?

Jerry's eye twitches as if it's wired to a socket. He stands  
before the lectern like a gunslinger, nods at the trophy.

JERRY  
Can I touch it?

DeVink eyes him with suspicion. Jerry strokes the cup.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Thanks for letting me touch it.

Jerry snatches the cup, bolts for the door.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Thanks for nothing, jackass!

DEVINK  
Hey!

MCGILVARY  
Stop him!

The room erupts into shouts.

Two men tackle Jerry, wrestle him to the floor. In the  
scuffle, someone kicks the cup hard against the wall.

Jerry stops struggling. The men let him go.

Rumpled, red-faced, Jerry scrambles to his knees. McGilvary  
hovers over him, brandishing the cup, which now has a huge  
dent in it.

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