

Ebb & Flow

"Moving In"
(Pilot)

by
A.J. King

June 05/09

CAST

MICHAEL ANDERSON
ANNIE MERCER
ELLEN SMITH
GRAHAM SETTER
ALLISON SETTER
BEN MITCHELL
MILLIE MITCHELL
ROBERT MITCHELL
BARB BIRCH
MARTY MCCONNELL
RAJ SINGH

GUEST CAST ('MARINA DOWN')

HENRY LESTER
SAM PARSONS
KELLY MCDONALD (F)
DANI HOPPER (F)
KEVIN DOUGLAS

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ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. DOCK - DAY

ROBERT (71) sits slumped in a lawn chair, a fishing pole in his hand. To his left, another lawn chair, empty. To the right is his son's dog FILLIAN, wearing a doggy life jacket.

KATELYNN (33) pokes her head around the corner of one of the floathomes. Spotting him, she approaches from behind. She's wearing a black dress and carries a black sport coat for Robert. Tenderly, she puts a hand on his shoulder.

KATELYNN
You ready to go?

ROBERT
Nope.

With a sigh, he slowly gets up out of the chair, looping the mesh of his fishing net over the top of the pier piling. He places his fishing pole in the crook of a masthead statue fixed to the end of the dock. Katelynn helps him into the jacket. He folds up his chair and brings it with him. Pointing to the fishing pole -

ROBERT (CONT'D)
(to empty chair)
Keep an eye on that, will ya Gerry?

Holding his arm out for Katelynn, she loops her's through his as he escorts her up the dock in gentlemanly fashion. Fillian waits until he is called.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Dog!

Hearing that, the dog trots off to follow.

INT. RAJ'S PUB - DAY

The MARINA DWELLERS are all in the pub. The tables have been pushed out of the way and the seating has been arranged to face a small stage. Robert and Katelynn come in and head for the front. Katelynn takes Robert's lawn chair and sets it up in the empty spot saved for him. She takes a seat next to her husband BEN (38). The phone RINGS behind the bar, getting the attention of all present. RAJ answers.

RAJ
 (into phone)
 Point Pub... Hello... Hello?...
 (beat)
 (to group)
 It's GUY-at-the-end-of-the-dock.

The group nods and turns back to the PRIEST standing on the small stage at a makeshift pulpit. Raj puts the phone receiver on the bar so that Guy can hear the service from the other end.

The Priest begins.

PRIEST
 We are gathered today in
 remembrance of GERALD EDMUND
 WALTERS.
 (beat)
 The good book speaks of ashes to
 ashes, dust to dust. But a man's
 life is a measure of many things.

MICHAEL (30) walks into the pub, interrupting the service. All eyes turn to him. The Priest waits. Spotting the sea of faces staring back at him, he waves awkwardly at the group. He pauses, starting to head back out the door. He stops again, having done the damage already and he makes his way inside, heading to the back near the bar. As Michael navigates a path around people, his worn suitcase wheels make an awful SCREECH and CLICKING sound. The annoying fumbling of his case comes to a halt as finally he finds some standing room at the back.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 May I continue?

Michael excuses himself with a whisper.

MICHAEL
 Sorry.

PRIEST
 Gerry was a fisherman, a craftsman,
 a mariner... not much of an
 electrician.
 (beat)
 But he was always there to help if
 called upon. He lived his life
 believing that you must treat
 others as you wish to be treated.

Again, the pub door opens. This time however, the group is not so kind. JIBES and JEERS erupt from the pub as some of the residents from 'Marina Down' (HENRY LESTER (58), KELLY MCDONALD (F,28), SAM PARSONS (34), DANI HOPPER (F,27), KEVIN DOUGLAS (29)), the next floathome community downstream, enter. They are dressed in their best, which isn't saying much. MARTY (67) stands to face Henry, his counterpart.

MARTY

You've got a lot of nerve showing your face here Lester.

Henry raises his hands.

HENRY

Easy... easy. We just came to pay our respects. Truce for the afternoon?

Marty eyeballs him for a moment, then looks to the Priest, who stares back at him over the rim of his glasses. Guilt forces Marty into playing nice. The two men shake hands, without actually touching each other's hand. 'Marina' makes room for the 'Marina Down' residents, making the small pub even tighter. Henry ends up sitting on an overturned wooden crate, shoulder to shoulder with Marty.

Kelly stands beside Michael. She looks him up and down, obnoxiously chewing a wad of gum. Smiling, she tries to start up a conversation with him.

KELLY

(at full, disruptive volume)
Heya... I haven't seen you around before.

Michael, having already disrupted the service once, is in no hurry to do it again.

MICHAEL

(whispering)
Uh, ya... I

KELLY

So... whatcha doin' after the funeral?

RAJ throws a bar rag at her to get her attention, wagging his finger at her when he does.

RAJ

I told you before... no trolling in here!

She scowls like a child scorned.

The Priest rolls his eyes. Michael simply smiles back at the crowd now watching them and waves at the Priest to continue. Michael looks back at Raj, makes a 'I need a drink' gesture.

PRIEST

But most of all, Gerry was our friend.

Henry leans over, speaking to Marty while the Priest goes on.

HENRY

So... what are you going to do with Gerry's pressure washer? 'Cause if it's available...

Marty stands and points toward the door. Again, the Priest is interrupted.

MARTY

That's it!... Out, all of you!

Henry stares at him.

HENRY

What?... Too soon?

MARTY

OUT!

The folks from 'Marina Down' all head toward the door. Kelly gives Michael a wink on her way past, dragging her finger across his chest as she goes. After they exit, Marty sits.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(to Priest)
Please continue, Father.

The Priest steps out from behind his pulpit and raises a glass. The rest of the pub does the same in response. Michael, not wanting to be the odd man out, follows their lead.

PRIEST

To Gerry, a heck of a guy... May he rest in peace.

ALL DRINK, ALL - Hear, hear!

Michael places his mug on the counter top beside him.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 (crossing himself)
 In the name of the Father, the Son,
 and the Holy Spirit.

With the Priest's official duties done, his tone and demeanor relax.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 Those of you wanting to say your
 final 'good-byes' can do so at the
 back.

The Priest looks toward the bar at the back of the pub and sees Michael using the casket as something to lean on; a place to put his beer.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 (disapprovingly)
 He'll be waiting for you under that
 gentleman's drink.

Michael looks at the 'counter top', sees that it is in fact Gerry's coffin. He immediately picks up his mug as if nobody saw him do it. With a guilty look, he subtly uses the cuff of his jacket to wipe the condensation ring off of the wooden coffin top.

The crowd gets up and breaks into their own conversations of remembrance. Behind the bar, Raj puts the phone receiver up to his ear, checking it, before hanging up. Robert stands, folds his lawn chair and tries to make his escape before the Priest catches him.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 Robert.

Robert stops in his tracks.

ROBERT
 (to self)
 Damn.

The Priest saunters over casually. Robert turns slightly, but not enough to offer a full-on conversation. He's still aimed at the door. Michael overhears their conversation.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 Yeah?

PRIEST
 God's got his eye on you.

ROBERT

(grumpy)
Well, that's just dandy, 'cause I
got a suspicious eye on him too.

The Priest chuckles at Robert's overly combative response.

PRIEST

Any good fishing lately?

ROBERT

Hasn't been good fishing since...
in a week or so.

PRIEST

(tenderly)
Perhaps it's time to change the way
you fish?

Robert momentarily drops his guard.

ROBERT

Gerry always brought the bait.

Robert slowly turns away from the Priest, who lets him go. He makes his way to the coffin next to Michael, speaking to his dead friend.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(angry)
Where the hell'd ya hide the bait,
ya old bastard.

He puts his hand on the coffin, pausing for a quiet moment.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Good-bye, my friend.

Robert turns and shuffles off. As he goes, he calls over his shoulder.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Dog!

Robert holds the door open as Fillian runs to catch up.

Ben and Katelynn watch as the two head out.

MICHAEL

They must have been close.

KATELYNN

Best friends... they'd spend hours
each day, sun up 'til sun down,
fishing off the end of the dock...
without saying a word to each
other.

BEN

I hope the new guy isn't some
yuppie type, or we'll never hear
the end of it.

Michael chuckles awkwardly.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

ANNIE (26) and ELLEN (28) move into the conversation. They
don't pay much attention to Michael, who sits himself down on
the bar stool right beside them.

ELLEN

I hope he's hot.

ANNIE

Down girl!

RAJ

You know, if you're looking for...

Annie cuts him off. Ellen ignores his advance, lost in her
own thoughts.

ANNIE

Down boy!

ELLEN

Wait! What if he's an ax murderer
or something?

(beat)

Or worse! What if he's an ax
murderer *and* he's hot?

ANNIE

That could put a damper on
things... although considering your
track record, it wouldn't be much
of a stretch.

ELLEN

Hey! How was I supposed to know
Karl was wanted in four countries!
I don't speak... whatever that was.

KATELYNN

This poor guy has no idea what he's getting himself into with you two next door.

ELLEN

(feigning innocence)
What?

ANNIE

He should have been here by now. Didn't the realtor say he was moving in today?

Nobody answers. The lull offers Ben his exit.

BEN

(to Katelynn)
We should go check on Dad.

KATELYNN

(motherly, to the girls)
Annie, Ellen, don't eat the new guy alive when he shows up.

ELLEN

I'm not making *any* promises.

Annie and Ellen follow them out.

Michael hands Raj a credit card to pay his bar tab. Raj sees the name.

RAJ

New guy?

Michael nods.

RAJ (CONT'D)

I'm Raj. Welcome to the marina.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Michael casually strolls to the end of the dock and spots a lawn chair. With nobody in sight, he sits down looking out over the water. Robert's fishing pole is still held in place by the masthead statue; his fishing net is still looped over the pier piling.

BARB (57) pokes her head out of the forward hatch of the 'Distant Shore', her sailboat and home of many years.

BARB

Hiya!

Michael is startled. He whips his head around just in time to see Barb's head drop back below the deck of her boat. Suddenly, there is a loud CLANGING and THRASHING as she makes her way through, around, or over the contents of the vessel, toward the stern.

She pops out of the back, works her way along the deck and sits on the forward cabin roof.

BARB (CONT'D)

Aren't you the one who was sneaking into Gerry's funeral earlier?

Michael nods sheepishly.

BARB (CONT'D)

Humh...
(beat)
subtle.

Michael shakes Barb's hand.

MICHAEL

I'm Michael.

BARB

Barb...

Barb motions to the chair that he's seated in.

BARB (CONT'D)

So you're the guy taking Gerry's place?

Michael immediately stands, looks at the lawn chair.

MICHAEL

Sorry, I didn't know it was his.

BARB

Oh, don't worry. The chair comes with the house. And I'm thinking he won't be needing either at this point.

Awkward pause.

BARB (CONT'D)

Humh... so you're gonna have to watch the wiring in that place. That's how ol'Gerry ended up downsizing his accommodations...

She puts a finger to her nose.

BARB (CONT'D)

If ya know what I mean.

(beat)

Oh... and watch out for those hussies from Marina Down... they can smell fresh blood from a mile away...

(sultry)

... one whiff of you and they'll go into a feeding frenzy like a pair of great white sharks off the South African coast.

MICHAEL

I think I met...

She doesn't let him finish before going off into a story about her.

BARB

I remember this one time, I was heave to, just barely hangin' on... the waves were high, I mean the kinda waves that could swallow my lil' baby whole...

She strokes the deck of her sailboat. Her tone shifts dramatic.

BARB (CONT'D)

And if ya looked straight into that wall of water coming directly towards ya... you could see the ghosts...

(MORE)

BARB (CONT'D)
these ocean killers slipping by,
just waiting for me to go down...
Had to be 45 feet long, 15 of that,
all razor sharp teeth...

Marty walks up the dock, interrupting her story.

MARTY
Is she feeding you that shark story
again?

BARB
What? I haven't told that one in a
long time... and this is the new
guy, Michael... he hasn't heard it
yet.

Marty shakes Michael's hand.

MARTY
You will... live here long enough,
you'll hear 'em all... over and
over.

Barb grins.

BARB
But they get better each time.

Marty can't deny it.

MARTY
That they do, Ms. Birch... that
they do.
(beat, to Michael)
Finding your way around alright?

Michael glances left, then right. There's not much to see.

MICHAEL
I think I got it covered. There's
the pub over there, the
laundromat... and... the dock.

Marty nods.

MARTY
Yep.
(beat)
That's pretty much it.

BARB
And the workshop.

MICHAEL

Workshop?

MARTY

Yeah... you can't built nothin'
without a decent set of tools.

(beat)

Say... you want me to take a look
at the wiring in your place?

Barb rolls her eyes.

BARB

That's the last thing he needs...
another old sea salt trying to make
the lights work.

MICHAEL

Sure, that'd be great.

Marty seems happy to have something to fix.

MARTY

Just let me grab my gear.

Marty ducks into the small floathome beside him.

INT. MICHAEL'S FLOATHOME - DAY

Michael opens the door and Marty enters ahead him. With a toolbox and flashlight in his hands, Marty sports a pair of thick rubber gloves, a thick rubber apron and a full face shield. He looks like he's part of a low-rent biohazard team. Michael stands behind him with Gerry's lawn chair, stowing it on the small porch.

Marty spots a rolled sleeping bag and small suitcase in the center of the floor. Other than that, the floathome is empty.

MARTY

Ya know... Gerry never had a lot of
stuff when he was living here...
But I gotta say, this takes 'open
concept' to a whole new level.

MICHAEL

The moving company was booked until
tomorrow.

Marty returns to the task, flipping the light switch beside the door. No lights go on.

MARTY
Yep. Dead alright.
(beat)
I'll take a look at the panel over
here where Gerry bought it. You
flip the switch when I say.

Pulling a screwdriver from his toolbox, Marty turns on his flashlight and crawls halfway into the cupboard. After tinkering in the back for a bit, he hollers to Michael.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Okay. Hit it.

Michael flips the switch. Immediately Marty's lower half begins to flop around like he's being electrocuted.

MARTY (CONT'D)
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

Michael slaps the switch off as fast as he can, runs to Marty's legs and yanks him out of the cupboard.

MICHAEL
Oh my gosh! Are you...

Marty is laughing.

MARTY
You should see your face...
Priceless! *That* is definitely one
for the books.

Michael stands there, a good sport about being the butt of Marty's prank.

MICHAEL
Ha-ha, very funny.

Marty still chuckling, reaches back into the cupboard and flips a breaker.

MARTY
Okay, that should do it... try it
now.

Michael waits until Marty is safely out of the cupboard, then flips the switch. The lights go on.

MARTY (CONT'D)
See? No problem. You can fix
anything if you give it a little
attention.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

Marty collects his things and heads for the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(pensively)

Hey Marty... you mind if I use the workshop for a bit? I've got a little project I'd like to tackle.

MARTY

You'll have to fight GRAHAM for space, but sure. There should be some scrap wood in the recycling box at the back of the shop, if you need...

(beat)

... as long as you promise me you won't kill yourself.

Michael chuckles at first, but Marty waits for an actual, verbal response.

MICHAEL

I promise.

Before he leaves, Marty looks around the empty floathome.

MARTY

(solemnly)

He was a good guy... Gerry. I think you would have liked him. We had a lot of fun with him over the years.

Marty touches the light switch again and shakes like he's being electrocuted. Again, Michael jumps to help him, but Marty stops shaking.

MARTY (CONT'D)

And now... we're gonna have fun with you.

It's almost a threat. Marty laughs as he leaves.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

GRAHAM (56) is hand sanding the overturned wooden hull of his pet project. Michael enters.

MICHAEL

You must be Graham... I'm Michael.

GRAHAM

New guy?

MICHAEL

New guy.

Graham looks him up and down, sizing him up. He is not impressed.

GRAHAM

Humph.

They stand there for a moment, not saying anything.

MICHAEL

You mind if I invade your space a little bit?

Graham looks around. He picks up a broom and sweeps a thin line in the sawdust on the floor between his work area and the other half of the shop, right between the two men. He places the broom back where he got it, and stands on his side of the line.

Michael looks at him, pointing over his own shoulder.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My side.

Graham, pleased that the new guy 'gets it', turns his back to him and begins sanding again.

GRAHAM

Uhuh.

MICHAEL

(to self)
Okay then... good chatting with ya.

He starts to rummage around the back of the shop, rooting through the tools and some boards within the bin labeled 'Recycled Wood'. The NOISE is unwelcome distraction to Graham, who pauses, almost freeze framed, until the NOISE stops.

Then, just as he begins sanding again -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So... have you lived here long?

Graham stops, answers over his shoulder.

GRAHAM
Long enough.

MICHAEL
Did you know Gerry well?

GRAHAM
Well enough.

Michael pulls some old wooden dock planks out of the recycle bin.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry for your loss.

GRAHAM
We weren't friends.

MICHAEL
Okaaay... then I'm sorry for the
loss of your not friend?

GRAHAM
Humph.

Graham goes back to his sanding.

Michael lays his recycled boards out on the workbench. He scans the walls for a saw. The circular sits on an upper shelf, on Graham's side of the dividing line. Michael steps to the line in the sawdust.

MICHAEL
Uh...

Graham stops sanding again. He turns to face him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(hesitantly)
Do you think I could maybe borrow
that saw?

Graham, annoyed, pulls the saw off of the wall and gives it to Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Thanks.

GRAHAM
Anything else I can get you before
I'm left alone to do my work?

MICHAEL

No. That should be good, thanks.

Graham nods, and gets back to his sanding. Michael returns to his wood planks, finds a measuring tape on the workbench and marks his first cut.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Married?

Graham rolls his eyes at yet another interruption, but relents.

GRAHAM

Yep. Over 26 years. You'd like her.

Michael perks up, thinking there's an actual conversation coming.

MICHAEL

Yeah?

GRAHAM

Yeah... you're a lot alike.

(beat)

She never stops talking either.

Michael is insulted, but doesn't back down. He plugs in the saw.

MICHAEL

Well... I look forward to meeting her then.

GRAHAM

Great. When ALLISON gets back, the two of you can suck the air out of a room together.

Michael, irritated, stands there for a moment staring at the saw in his hands then looks at the back of Graham's head and shakes his head. Michael gets back to his task. He puts on a pair of safety goggles, plugs in the saw and TAPS THE TRIGGER, testing for power.

Graham stops sanding and Michael, notices. As soon as he starts sanding again, Michael TAPS THE TRIGGER. Again, Graham stops sanding. He turns and toes the line, staring at Michael holding the saw in mid-air.

MICHAEL

(insincerely)

Oh, I'm sorry...

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Is this bothering you? I didn't
realize you could hear this on *your*
side of the line.

Michael TAPS THE TRIGGER. Graham smiles, casually placing his sanding block on the workbench. Graham steps over the line in the sawdust and unplugs the saw.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Ah-ah-ah... you crossed the line!

Michael backs up a step intimidated, but Graham matches him. The two men are face to face.

GRAHAM
You might have won this round, New
Guy. But the war will be mine.

Graham slowly backs away, keeping eye contact with Michael as he hangs up his goggles next to the door and leaves.

EXT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The noise of Michael's SAW CUTTING.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. WORKSHOP - MORNING

Michael exits the workshop, still wearing the clothes that he had on in the pub the previous day. He is covered in sawdust, looks exhausted.

Trying to rub the sawdust from his weary eyes, he runs straight into Annie on her way to the laundromat with a full basket. She drops the basket, the laundry spills.

ANNIE

(angry)
Aaaa...

Then she sees who has run into her.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

So that was you keeping the whole marina up all night.

Annie kneels to collect her scattered belongings. Michael stoops down to help her.

MICHAEL

I am so sorry.
(beat)
Here, let me help you with that.

He finds a piece of lace underwear and holds it up for inspection. Annie snatches it away from him, goes back to collecting the rest of the items.

ANNIE

I thought maybe Graham was going through a weird power tool grieving process or something.

MICHAEL

I'm Michael.

ANNIE

I figured... Annie

She shakes his hand half-heartedly.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What were you doing in there all night anyways?

MICHAEL

Uh... just a little project that I wanted to get out of the way before my movers show up today.

ANNIE

Did you get it done?

She finishes collecting her clothing and stands.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I think so...

ANNIE

Good... because some of us need to be able to function during the day... and that means being able to sleep during the night.

Annie walks off. Michael speaks to her back.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry...
(trailing off)
Again.

INT. RAJ'S PUB - MORNING

Mille, Ben and Ellen sit at a table. Ellen's hair looks like it just exploded. Each of them has a firm grip on a coffee mug. Annie, now without her basket, joins them. Raj doesn't wait to be asked. He brings a mug, fills it from a stainless steel coffee pot, and places it down in front of her. He is about to walk away with the coffee pot, but stops, looks at the four of them, and places the pot in the middle of the table.

BEN

What the heck was up with Graham messing around in the workshop all night? He could have woken Dad up...

Ben shudders at the thought.

BEN (CONT'D)

Can you imagine the horror of Robert Mitchell, without sleep?

ANNIE

(flatly)
It wasn't Graham.
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(beat)
It was the new guy, Michael.

ELLEN

Ooooo... is he hot?

BEN

Well, someone ought'a sort that out
right quick.

Katelynn looks at Ellen's hair.

KATELYNN

Some of you need your beauty sleep.

ELLEN

Hey! That's not...

She cuts herself off as Katelynn thrusts the stainless steel coffee pot in front of her face. Seeing her reflection, she's startled by the hairdo staring back.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

GAK!

INT. MICHAEL'S FLOATHOME - MORNING

Cleaned up, Michael steps out of the bathroom in a pair of jeans and throws on a shirt. He snatches his keys off of the counter and locks the door on his way out.

EXT. WORKSHOP - MORNING

Michael heads into the workshop, reappearing moments later. This time, he checks left and right to make sure that the coast is clear. He turns back inside, and heaves a wooden park style bench, the project that he had worked on all night, through the door.

EXT. DOCK - MORNING

He carries the bench down the dock ramp, past his house, past Annie's house, past Graham, who is just exiting his floathome.

Michael heads for the end of the dock. He's beaten Robert there this morning. Graham eyeballs Michael from around the corner of his own home.

Spinning the bench around, Michael puts it in place, right where Robert and Gerry would normally have their lawn chairs set up for the day. He sits down on Gerry's side of the bench and waits for Robert.

Graham hears a DOOR open, -

ROBERT (O.S.)

DOG!

Then the PATTERN OF DOG FEET on the wooden dock planks.

Graham acts nonchalant as Robert, with his folded lawn chair and fishing pole, heads toward his spot on the dock. Fillian is close on his heels, again wearing his doggy life jacket.

GRAHAM

Morning.

ROBERT

Yep.

As Robert rounds the corner, he spots Michael and the bench.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What in the name of Neptune do you think you're doin'?

Michael doesn't stand, but waits for Robert to circle around front to face him.

MICHAEL

I thought you might like something a little more sturdy than that old lawn chair.

Michael motions to Robert's lawn chair. Robert resists.

ROBERT

This lawn chair and I have logged a whole bunch of hours, and she's held up just fine... so go ahead and get that contraption outta my spot.

Robert looks at the bench for a moment, notices the box sunk into the middle of the seat portion.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Is that a cooler?

Michael seizes his chance.

MICHAEL

Cooler, armrest... go ahead, give
it a try.

Robert, still sour and suspicious has a seat on the side marked 'Robert's Spot'. He begins to warm to the bench, and Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I drilled holes in the arms to hold
your fishing pole... and one back
there for your net.

Robert watches as Michael as he gets up and collects the net that still hangs on the dock piling from the day before. He slips it into place and it drops into the hole with ease.

Guardedly impressed, Robert looks back to the bench where Michael was sitting. An inscription in the bench back reads 'Gerry's Spot'. He relaxes, slightly. A hint of a smile.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well? What do you think?

ROBERT

(sincerely)
Not bad kid...

Graham, still watching the two from around the corner, hangs his head, and smiles, impressed with the craftsmanship, and the compassion.

Robert opens the cooler box to find it empty. His gruff facade returns.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

... but Gerry thinks you shoulda
stocked the cooler.

Michael chuckles.

MICHAEL

I'll have to remember that for next
time.

Michael leaves him and Fillian to themselves. Graham, seeing him coming toward him, ducks back into his home.

EXT. MICHAEL'S FLOATHOME - MORNING

Pleased with himself, Michael flips his key ring on his finger as he approaches his front door. The ring slides off of his finger, falling into the marina with a SPLOOSH.

MICHAEL
(to self)
Awww... that ain't right.

He watches the key ring sink into the depths as -
Annie walks by with her basket of clean clothes.

ANNIE
(singing, playful)
Kaaaarrmmmaaa.

She doesn't break her stride until she reaches her door. Michael turns and stares at his own door, still locked.

Annie taking pity on him, puts her laundry down. With a cocky grin, she joins him on his tiny porch and reaches down, flipping up the corner of the 'Welcome' mat.

She pulls a key from beneath the mat and unlocks Michael's door. Swinging it open, she stands there holding the key between them.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Gerry was always locking himself out.

They are standing close. Both realize that there is a spark between them.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(softly)
Take it.

In another time and place, they might have shared a kiss.

Their moment is interrupted by a big DIESEL MOTOR and the BEEP, BEEP, BEEP of a truck backing up.

Without breaking eye contact, Michael tenderly takes the key.

MICHAEL
Uh... yeah... thanks.

They hold for a moment.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
That must be my movers.

She takes a deep breath, gathers herself.

ANNIE
(casually)
Yeah... sure... okay.
(beat)
I'll see you later.

Tucking a lock of hair behind her ear, she heads for her door, then collects her basket and pauses.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Hey, you don't own an ax by any chance, do you?

MICHAEL
(perplexed)
No.

She smiles. She's interested.

ANNIE
Good.

Annie heads into her house. Michael lingers for a moment, still staring at her door.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey Mike! We good to start unloading?

The VOICE pulls Michael away.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

He heads up the dock ramp.

Through his open door, we can see that his lights are on. With a FIZZLE and POP, the lights go out.

FADE OUT

END OF SHOW