

ADRIFT

by

John R. Woodruff

24272 S.4090 Road  
Claremore, OK 74019  
918-342-1524  
jrwood97@aol.com

WGAw1017997

FADE IN:

INT.PUBLISHING OFFICES - DAY

The tastefully appointed offices of MARCIE Jensen, marketing VP.

Watercolor seascapes decorate the walls. Popular hardbacks line the shelves. Small sculptures and award plaques sit among side chairs and table lamps.

On the desk: manuscripts in progress, some book-marked, others open. A framed photograph shows a suntanned young man at the helm of a sleek sailboat.

MARCIE'S voice is the only sound in the room.

MARCIE(V.O.)

You're right Mother, of course.  
What?

(listens)

Mom, Mom, he's only been planning this trip for...he's worked his heart out getting that boat ready.

(listens again and sighs)

Mom, I've got to take another call... NO, I'm not trying to get rid of you. I'll phone you again before we leave.

(listening)

Bye....Bye Mother.

Marcie, an energetic, literate-looking young woman leans in toward the speaker.

MARCIE

Julie, get John Habishire for me, will you? Thanks.

She scrolls through a publishing contract on her computer as she talks.

Out the window, sail craft bob at anchor in the distant bay.

PHONE VOICE

Hello?

MARCIE

Hi John, Marcie Jensen.

PHONE VOICE

Hello, Marcie.

MARCIE

Got a minute?

PHONE VOICE

For you, sure. Understand you're about to abandon me.

MARCIE

Now John, nobody's abandoning you.

PHONE VOICE

Well, I hope we don't lose our momentum here. You know I thought...

MARCIE

John, if I don't leave now, we can't go at all. Bill says we have this seasonal sailing window coming up...

PHONE VOICE

Oh, I know, you explained all that. And, I know I'm being unreasonable.

MARCIE

Good. I knew I could count on you.

Marcie stares out the window.

MARCIE'S POV

Sunlight dances on the deep, blue shining sea and small sail craft tack back and forth in the protected waters.

PHONE VOICE

Well then, have a wonderful trip. What's your plan?

MARCIE (V.O.)

Oh, we'll skirt some of the smaller islands...probably visit one or two of the bigger ones. Hike around a little, dine out. You know, do the tourist thing.

PHONE VOICE

Sounds fun.

MARCIE (V.O.)

I'll call you.

PHONE VOICE

Yeah. Sure.

MARCIE (V.O.)

Of course I will. You have my word on it.

PHONE VOICE  
All right then. Anything else I  
should know?

BACK TO SCENE

The computer screen and contract snap back into focus.

MARCIE  
No, I think we're together. You  
just keep writing. I'll bring you  
some sea shells.

PHONE VOICE  
As if I had a choice.

Marcie looks up as TOM, a studious, young co-worker enters  
the room. She waves him to a chair.

MARCIE  
Great. See you soon. Bye now.

Marcie hangs up the receiver, swivels in her chair to look  
at her cohort.

MARCIE  
I'm winding down.

TOM  
Lucky dog.

MARCIE  
I am so ready.

TOM  
You have no idea how great that  
sounds. Just get the hell outta  
Dodge for a couple weeks.

Tom wanders over to the wall where he examines the seascapes.

TOM  
'Course, I can get seasick right  
here in the bay.

MARCIE  
Really! And, all this time I  
thought you were the outdoors type.

TOM  
It's strictly rock climbing for me.  
Heights I can handle. But, I like  
keeping my feet dry.

Marcie picks up the photo of the young man and boat, looks at it briefly.

MARCIE

We'll compare notes when I get back. Bill's the sailor in the family. Anyway, we're just practicing this trip.

(sets photo back)

The world tour comes later.

Tom wanders to the front of Marcie's desk, scans the pile of manuscripts.

TOM

Anything to go over?

MARCIE

Far as I know, we're on top of everything. I'll check in a couple of times... when we hit some of the bigger islands.

TOM

Great. That uh... just leaves your "bon voyage" gift, I guess.

Tom reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a small, gift-wrapped package.

TOM (CONT'D)

I was going to make it champagne but then I ran across something every good sailor should have.

He hands Marcie a small package.

TOM (CONT'D)

In addition to a barrel of rum of course.

MARCIE

Oh, Tom you shouldn't ...

Marcie starts to untie the ribbon.

TOM

Wait and open it at sea.

MARCIE

Sure, OK. That'll be fun.

TOM

Gotta run. Here, give me a hug.

Marcie hugs Tom goodbye and begins clearing her desk. The phone RINGS. She reaches for it, snags a nail.

MARCIE

Damn.

(answering phone)

Marcie!

Marcie examines the chipped nail and the others as she talks. Her hands are lovely: long slender fingers, expertly manicured and painted.

BILL (ON PHONE)

Ready to get your feet wet?

MARCIE

Hey, sailor, I'm clearing off my desk even as we speak. Where for dinner?

BILL (ON PHONE)

You like that little midtown bistro. What's the name?

MARCIE

Montie's. Say, that would be nice.

(glancing at watch)

Meet you there in an hour, I've got to swing by the cleaners. OK?

BILL (ON PHONE)

You got it.

MARCIE

Love you.

Marcie hangs up the phone, puts a couple of manuscripts in her briefcase and drops Tom's gift into her purse. With a final look around, she walks out, closing the door behind her.

INT. SMALL BISTRO - EVENING

Marcie enters, looks around for Bill, spots him at a table, heads his direction.

Bill half rises as she approaches.

BILL

Hi Babe. Got you a G and T.

MARCIE

Thanks.

Marcie gives Bill a peck on the cheek, sits, takes a sip of her drink. Bill leans over, takes Marcie's hand. He's raring to go.

BILL

Hey! Excited?

MARCIE

Can't wait. Two weeks of sun and wind and waves.