

SAVING HAMPTON BEACH

A Proposed One-hour TV Series

Written by

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Based on the eight-book Dan Marlowe/Hampton Beach, NH, crime
series

By Jed Power

Pilot Episode

"The Boss of Hampton Beach"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. PARTY FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

A bright moon illuminates a fishing party boat with two men aboard as it enters the Hampton River from the Atlantic Ocean.

Harry, in his 60's, the crewman, is weather-beaten and grizzled, with a bar-room tan, who stands near the back of the boat looking nervously from side-to-side. He wears a dirty, torn T-shirt with the name of a Hampton party boat business on it.

The other man, Bill McGee, the captain, is tall, appears very confident, also in his 60's, wears a white, sweat-stained captain's cap. His snow white hair peeks out below the cap. He is up front behind the wheel, steering the boat towards the Hampton Bridge, which they will have to pass under, to return to their home berth in the harbor. It is low tide.

HARRY

I wish I never agreed to come on these trips.

BILL

Stop your bitchin'. You didn't have to come. Besides I'm not too thrilled about taking this job either, but it beats going out of business. And at least now we're both workin' and makin' a decent amount of dough.

HARRY

Speaking of dough, shouldn't we be getting more? We've hooked up with that boat out there at least a dozen times now. They gotta be makin' a shitload...all the dope we bring in every trip. This is a big risk and I'm too old for prison. You know how delicate my stomach is. The slop they give you in jail would kill me. Don't you wanna retire some day? We gotta be gettin' more. What do you think they're doin' with it all anyway? It ain't comin' our way, that's for sure.

Bill points ashore, toward the buildings along Ocean Boulevard, the beach's main strip. The one- and two-story buildings are broken up by an occasional high-rise structure.

BILL

Ain't you ever wondered who's throwin' up those condos?

HARRY (SPITS OVER THE SIDE IN DISGUST)

Yes, I have, and whoever it is they're turnin' our beautiful beach into a fuckin' Yuppiesville with all these condos regular people can't afford.

BILL

Well we're helpin' 'em do it. They're the ones building all of 'em.

HARRY

Please don't tell me that. And how do you know it's them?

BILL

'Cuz I heard the Guinea going off about it to his gofer once. And they ain't the only ones tryin' to take over the beach, either. That's what they was arguin' about-- someone else is tryin' to move in on their racket. And condos ain't all they're going to be doing either. They got big plans for the beach.

HARRY

Who's tryin' to move in on them?

BILL

Don't know, but the way they were talkin' it's gotta be someone pretty heavy.

HARRY

If they're tryin' to muscle in on those two thugs we're workin' for, I wouldn't wanna meet them. They must be real bad asses.

There is the sound of an outboard motor. Bill wipes his palms on his pants and peers through the windshield, which is obscured by a heavy mist.

BILL
Hey, see what the hell that is,
will ya?

Harry is heard scrambling around the back of the boat. There is a loud thump against the port side of the boat.

BILL
Harry...what the hell's goin' on?

HARRY
Jesus, it's a...a...

More banging against the boat. Harry is whimpering now.

HARRY
Oh...no...no...please...no...

There is a loud thud from Harry's direction. Then two figures, wearing masks, move toward Bill from the back of the boat. Both have hand guns pointed directly at Bill. Bill lets go of the wheel, grabs a large T-shaped gaffe hook, and holds it shoulder high.

ONE APPROACHING FIGURE
Throw it over the side, asshole. It
ain't worth dying over. It ain't
your product.

Bill complies, tossing the hook over the side into the ocean. The other figure walks up to Bill and strikes him hard on the side of the head with a gun. Bill collapses on the deck. He lands face down next to a pair of fancy Italian loafers.

ACT 1

EXT. OCEAN BOULEVARD - MID-MORNING

Dan Marlowe is walking north on Ocean Boulevard. He is a good-looking man in his 40's. He is wearing jeans and a T-shirt with the logo, "High Tide Restaurant & Saloon" on the front. He passes T-shirt shops and touristy gift stores, many closed at this hour.

After walking a few blocks, Dan encounters a boisterous crowd of demonstrators. Some are carrying picket signs: "No More Ugly Condos," "This Beach is for Families, Not the Rich."

Dan stops for a moment and sees what the protesters are now gazing up at and waving their fists and signs at--a three-story high hotel.

The hotel is more than a little rough around the edges and has a large sign on the front: "SOLD." The sign is partially covering a smaller sign which reveals, "FOR SALE" and a real estate agency's name and phone number.

Dan pushes through the mob, walks one more block and comes to his destination--a building with the name, "Dan Marlowe's High Tide Restaurant & Saloon" on a sign up high, running the length of the building.

The High Tide's facade is festooned with nautical knick-knacks--plastic seagulls, lobster traps, and fish netting that covers the front from top to bottom. There is even a twenty-foot whaler boat with a mannequin seated inside the boat dressed in yellow foul weather gear, holding a harpoon.

A working wishing well with flowing water is in front of the building, filled with coins tossed in by patrons who lined up through the years waiting to get into Hampton Beach's most popular bar/restaurant.

Two men are waiting near the closed front door to greet Dan as he arrives. One of the men, Eli, is in his 60's, with an unfiltered cigarette hanging between dry, cracked lips. He is wearing a paint-splattered white shirt and pants with a matching painter's cap. The other man, Paulie, is in his 50's, tall and thin with shoulder-length hair. He is wearing a blue shirt with a postal worker patch on the breast pocket.

ELI (TO DAN)
You're late, Boss.

DAN (IRRITATED)
It's only five past ten, Eli. And
please don't call me that.

ELI
Five minutes is five minutes.

Dan looks over his shoulder, back at the demonstrators and
the sold hotel.

DAN
I guess I don't have to ask who
it's been sold to.

PAULIE
Nope, you don't. Our old friends,
Lenny Quarters and Ted Norris, from
Beautiful Beach Realty, of course.

DAN
That means Dianne will be getting a
notice soon that condos are going
up next door to the Tide.

ELI
That she will. And don't be
surprised at the height they want.
I figure they're taking good care
of someone over at town hall,
because every time there's a new
condo project they let them go up
another floor in height. The newest
are seven floors high, but mark my
words, this one'll be eight stories
tall. I guarantee it.

PAULIE
Someone with deep pockets has to be
backing Lenny and Ted. Or they're
frontin' for somebody. You don't
make that kind of money owning an
arcade and a beach real estate
office.

DAN
Who knows? Maybe they hit their
numbers on the Lotto.

ELI
Bullshit. These are all crooks
puttin' these condos up. I can
smell 'em.

PAULIE

That's your breath blowing back in your face.

ELI

Ha ha, very funny. Go sort mail, will ya.

DAN

Okay, enough you guys. I have to open up. Let's go in, you wouldn't want to lose your status as my first two customers...every day.

ELI

Afraid someone's already beaten us to the punch on that.

DAN

Oh, man. Jesus. Please don't tell me. You mean...?

PAULIE

Yup! Hampton Beach's two favorite small-time scam artists...Eddie Hoar and Derwood Doller.

DAN

Who the hell let them in?

ELI

Your best buddy, Shamrock. They were practically breaking down the door banging on it, so he let 'em in.

DAN

Christ. I'll have to count the glasses before they leave.

ELI

Well, I'll tell you what. That Hoar creep better not be sitting on my stool.

PAULIE

Why? What'll you do about it, old man? Give him the stink eye?

ELI

I'll slap him silly, that's what I'll do. And watch who you're calling an old man.

PAULIE

Sure you will. And what about his big buddy, Derwood? You gonna slap him silly, too?

ELI

I'll let you handle him.

DAN

Come on you two, let's go in. I'm late setting up the bar as it is.

The three men walk the few steps to the front door. Dan unlocks it, they go inside and turn right into the bar area.

INT. BAR AREA-HIGH TIDE RESTAURANT & SALOON - LATE MORNING

Eli makes a beeline for a stool in the middle of the bar, in front of the beer spigots. The polished mahogany bar runs the thirty-foot length of the room. One end of the bar ends in an L-shape with a large picture window behind it that looks out on Ocean Boulevard, Hampton Beach's north-bound one-way main drag.

Across from the street is a small municipal parking lot with New Hampshire's most beautiful beach beyond that and then the Atlantic Ocean.

Paulie heads to that L-shaped end of the bar and hops on a stool. There are stools scattered along the length of the bar.

Dan goes behind the bar, opens a Miller Lite bottle and places it in front of Paulie. Then he skillfully pours a draught beer for Eli and places it on a napkin in front of the smiling man.

ELI

Now that's what I call a beer. No head. Not like the way someone else in this place pours it. You takin' notes, Irish?

Eli is talking to a man standing beside his stool at the other end of the bar. His face is the map of Ireland. He is dressed in restaurant whites, a shirt and pants that are spotless and sharply ironed. A newspaper is spread out on the bar in front of him. An ashtray is overflowing with discarded butts and used Lottery tickets.

SHAMROCK KELLY

Why? I like seeing you with a fat, white mustache, Eli. Makes you look dignified.

ELI

That ain't funny, Irish. I'm a good paying customer and I deserve all beer, not half foam.

SHAMROCK

Then why don't you tip better? For the love a Jaysus, Dan'd starve if he had to depend on your nickels and dimes. He's a good guy who ignores your cheapness, but I sure don't have to.

Paulie, at the window end of the bar, snickers.

ELI

What the hell are you laughing at? Dan knows I'm semi-retired. I'll take care of him when I get my next job.

PAULIE

Don't you mean semi-retarded? And you haven't worked in years, for Chrissake, so Dan will have a long wait to get that quarter tip.

ELI

I'll have you know that I'm very particular about what jobs I take. I got standards.

PAULIE

You got the lazies, that's what you got! If the President walked in here with a blank check and asked you to paint the White House, you'd ask him what color, just so he'd think you were senile and drop the offer.

ELI

Very funny, Wisenheimer. I used to be the best on the seacoast in my day.

PAULIE

Best what? Beer guzzler? You're still pretty good at that.

ELI

Ahhh...put a sock in it, will ya?

DAN

I thought Eddie and Derwood were here?

SHAMROCK

Said they had an appointment and took off. Probably had to break into somebody's grandma's place while she's at Bingo. Said they'd be back.

DAN

Oh, boy, I cannot wait.

SHAMROCK

Hey, Dan, I almost forgot...Dianne wants to see you in her office.

Dan walks from behind the bar, through the dining room, into and through the kitchen, and into Dianne Dennison's office in the back of the building.

INT. DIANNE'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Inside the small office, Dianne is seated behind a metal desk. She is very attractive. There is a three-drawer high filing cabinet to her left. Dan sits in a swivel chair in front of the desk and turns to face her.

DAN

Hey...Shamrock said you wanted to see me.

DIANNE

I had visitors again.

DAN

Who? Lenny Quarters and Ted Norris?

DIANNE

No. This time it was two rough looking creeps who said they were *associates* of Ted and Lenny. They made an offer for them to buy the Tide, a generous one to tell you the truth. Except this time they threw in a little something extra.

DAN

Like what?

DIANNE

Like a not too subtle threat. They started talking about the fires on the beach and all the other problems and harassment beach businesses have been going through lately. And I got the hint. I wouldn't put it past these guys either, Dan. They looked like gangsters.

DAN

I'll talk to Steve Moore.

Dianne shakes her head and throws her hands up in exasperation.

DIANNE

No. No cops. What good would that do? They didn't make any direct threats. They just recited the incidents like they were reading from the Hampton Union. It was probably just to scare me. Nothing will come of it. I don't want to start a war with them.

DAN

Still, Di, this is getting too dangerous. You're going to have to transfer the Tide back to me. At least until this blows over.

DIANNE

Dan, we made a deal when I bought the Tide after it was foreclosed.

DAN

I know but it's just that then they'd have to deal with me.

DIANNE

You forget how I used to find you. Railing lines, wired up one day, boo-hooing the next. You know this place is yours. I'm just holding on to it until you beat your habit, as we agreed, and you show that judge you're an upstanding guy who is responsible enough to have your kids stay with you here on the beach again.

Dan stops to think for a second.

DAN

So, how did you leave it with the thugs?

DIANNE

That I couldn't sell it to them even if I wanted to. That someone else already had the right of first refusal.

DAN

Did you tell them that it was me?

DIANNE

I didn't have to. They already knew. Norris and Lenny must have told their new partners the whole story.

Dan walks around the desk, gently pulls Dianne to her feet and they have a passionate make-out session. Finally they move apart.

DAN

I better get back out there before the cash register is emptied. Eddie and Derwood are supposed to be coming back.

DIANNE

Eddie Hoar? Shit. Quick, get out there before he takes the whole register.

They kiss quickly. Dan starts to leave the office but he turns back before he does.

DAN

Hey...you're wrong about the coke. I'm off that shit.

Dianne smiles.

DIANNE

I hope so. I'm getting tired of this constant headache.

Dianne waves her arm around the room, indicating the entire restaurant.

INT. BAR AREA-HIGH TIDE - MINUTES LATER

Dan has returned behind the bar and resumes filling sinks with ice, dicing fruit and other tasks.

Still seated along the bar are Paulie, Eli and Shamrock. Eddie and Derwood have returned and taken stools.

Derwood Doller is a big lug of a man with a bad haircut. He is wearing a maroon sweatshirt with "Harvard" stenciled in white on the front and sleeves cut off at the elbows, exposing large arms.

Eddie Hoar, seated beside his partner-in-crime, is a scrawny man with slicked-back, greasy hair and a pockmarked face. He is wearing bright, outdated disco-era clothes and has a thick gold chain around his thin neck; the green line around his neck tips off that it is fake.

They are all arguing, back and forth, the pros and cons of condo development on the beach.

SHAMROCK

If Lenny Quarters and Norris don't have that kind of dough, who the hell are they fronting for?

DAN

That's the million dollar question.

ELI

Yeah, who would have the kind of money to buy up all the Ocean Boulevard oceanfront property?

DERWOOD

It sure ain't us. Eddie's little scams have us owin' half the people on the beach.

EDDIE (RAISES HIS BODY OFF THE STOOL
AND LOOKS INDIGNANT)

Shut the fuck up, Dumwood. If it wasn't for me you'd starve.

Derwood reaches over, puts Eddie in a headlock and with his free hand proceeds to give Eddie a hard skull noogie with his knuckles. Eddie howls.

DERWOOD

I told you a million times not to call me that, Eddie. You know I don't like it.

EDDIE

Can't you take a freakin' joke?

DERWOOD

Not from you I can't. I'm on a short fuse with you, Eddie.

DAN

Knock it off you two. I'm not in the mood for it today.

SHAMROCK

I second that. You're lucky Dan lets you in the door after Dianne barred you for skipping out on your bill.

EDDIE

Ummm, excuse me? That was a misunderstanding.

SHAMROCK

Ha! Was it also a misunderstanding you ordering the most expensive cognac in the place, when you usually drink the cheapest panther piss beer you can get? You were planning on bolting on that check, asshole.

EDDIE

Well I paid it, didn't I?

SHAMROCK

Sure you did. After Dan chased you for a year through every dive and rattrap on the beach.

EDDIE

Come on youse guys. We're all friends here, ain't we?

Eddie raises his glass, nobody returns the gesture.

ELI

Talking about money again, I'd still like to know who's got the kind of dough to turn Hampton into freakin' Miami Beach. Who's Lenny and Norris fronting for?

PAULIE

Could be anyone. Anyone with money.
And around here, that doesn't leave
many people.

ELI (SCRATCHES HIS CHIN WHISKERS)

Hey, Dan. What'll you do about your
kids if they buy out the Tide?
You'll look like a druggie again to
the judge.

SHAMROCK

Shut your pie-hole, Eli. Dan's got
enough shit going on without having
to listen to you.

The big wooden door opens and two uniformed Hampton cops walk
in and go up to the bar. Eddie and Derwood look very nervous.
One cop is young and muscular; the other is older with a
prominent beer belly.

OLDER COP (LOOKING AT DAN)

Dan Marlowe?

DAN

What can I do for you?

YOUNG COP

Lieutenant Gant wants to see you
down at the station

DAN

What for?

OLDER COP

The Lieutenant will tell you that.

DAN

I can't leave now...I'm working.

OLDER COP

The Lieutenant said to tell you
that if you don't come, he'll be up
here to see you.

EDDIE (TO THE COPS)

Whattaya want Dan for? Did he
forget to clean behind his ears?

YOUNG COP

Shut the fuck up, Hoar, or we'll
bring you in, too.

EDDIE

Easy fellas. I ain't done nothin'.

YOUNG COP

Yeah right. I'm sure there's something the detectives would love to talk to you about. There usually is.

Just then Dianne comes in from the dining room and confronts the cops. The young cop checks her out; Dianne rolls her eyes.

DIANNE

What's going on here?

YOUNG COP

We're giving Marlowe here a ride down to the station.

DIANNE

Look, I'm trying to run a business here and I need my bartender. He's not going anywhere.

DAN

Dianne, if I don't go, they said Gant will come here. It's better I go.

DIANNE

How long will he be gone?

OLDER COP

I can't say, Miss, but I'm sure the lieutenant will get him back to work as soon as he can.

DIANNE

Well he better or I'll make a few calls to town hall. I have friends there. Tell the lieutenant that.

OLDER COP

Will do, Miss.

DAN

I'll be back as soon as I can, Di.

INT. LATE MODEL CDILLAC OR SIMILAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The car is across the street in a parking lot facing the High Tide. Behind the wheel sits Jorge Rivera. He is in his thirties and muscular. Seated alone in the back seat is Dominic (Dom) Carpucci. He is in his fifties and built like a beer barrel. His face looks as hard as granite. Both men are staring intently at the front of the High Tide.

DOM (GLANCES DOWN THE LENGTH OF OCEAN BOULEVARD)

Well, at least we know that fat fuck, Lenny, wasn't bullshittin' us. The broad really don't wanna sell. And so this is where you been launderin' our profits? It don't look like much to me, kid...and you promised a lot.

JORGE

Don't worry, Dom. Like I already told you, I'm buying these old properties for a song, and as we turn them into condos, we're killing two birds with one stone. We launder the coke money, then triple it easy with the condo conversions. The yuppies are dying to get an ocean view. They're selling like hotcakes. Believe me. And for mucho dinero.

DOM

You talk a good game, kid. But you ain't picked up one of these properties in weeks. We got money we're sittin' on. What's the hangup, besides this bitch across the street? There's lots of others we could snap up.

They watch as a Hampton police cruiser pulls up in front of the Tide. Two officers get out of the vehicle and go inside. A few minutes later they exit the restaurant with Dan in tow and put him in the back seat of the cruiser.

JORGE (POINTING TOWARD THE TIDE)

The hangup's right in there. The High Tide bartender. He's got the right of first refusal on that place. And he butts in on everything else, too. He gets in the way every time I got some sap ready to sell cheap. Fucks up the deal.

DOM

A fuckin' bartender? You're tellin' me a lousy bartender is fuckin' up my condo deals?

JORGE

He used to own the place.

DOM

How come he used to own the joint and now he's building drinks?

JORGE

I hear he used to do more lines than a Shakespeare play.

DOM

Coke? Now ain't that ironical?

JORGE (MAKES A FACE THAT DOM CAN'T SEE)

Sure, whatever you say, Dom.

DOM

What I wanna say is...why is this junkie still fuckin' with my business?

JORGE

Don't worry, Dom. I'll take care of him. He won't be a problem much longer.

DOM

He better not be or else you might be replaced. You know there's a thousand punks up in Lawrence who'd love to take your spot, and don't think I wouldn't grab one of 'em if you can't handle the job no more.

JORGE

I can handle it.

DOM

Good. Prove it. Get rid of him.

JORGE

Just one little problem. He's always got a sidekick with him. A Mick dishwasher. I gotta work around that, too.

Dom gives Jorge a withering look.

DOM

Jesus Christ! A dishwasher and a leprechaun to boot? What'll be stoppin' ya next? A bunch a fuckin' girl scouts selling cookies?

JORGE

I told you, don't worry. I'll take care of it.

DOM

I ain't likin' it. You're takin' too long.

JORGE

Okay, okay. Jeez, I'm on it.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NOW

Dan is in the back seat with the two cops up front. The cruiser pulls away from the curb, goes one block north on Ocean Boulevard, takes a left, and finally ends up at the Hampton police headquarters on Ashworth Ave.

EXT. HAMPTON POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

The two cops get out of the cruiser and help Dan out of the back seat. The three walk up to the building. The two cops escort Dan up the stairs, down a corridor, and into an office.

INT LT. GANT'S OFFICE AT HAMPTON POLICE STATION - DAY

Lieutenant Richard Gant sits at the side of a long green metal table. He is thin but fit with gun-metal gray hair combed straight back. There is a black leather coat on the back of his chair. He wears an occupied shoulder holster. He motions for Dan to take a chair opposite him.

GANT

I should move a bed in here for you, Marlowe. I've had you in here enough through the years.

DAN

No thanks, I like my own.

GANT

I have a feeling you'll be getting used to a new metal one in prison soon enough. And it's *lieutenant* Gant to you, Marlowe.

DAN (SARCASTICALLY)
Whatever you say, *lieutenant*.

GANT
That's more like it. Now, what do you know about the boat that crashed on the jetty last night?

DAN
Nothing. Just rumors I heard at the bar this morning.

GANT
Two murdered men and enough cocaine missing to keep a rhino herd dancing. Sounds like your style. What, did you get greedy and decide to stiff your skipper, then ice him and his mate so there'd be no one to testify it was your two-hundred pounds?

DAN
Two-hundred pounds? Holy shit!

GANT
Don't try to bullshit me, Marlowe. You know everyone down at those piers. You must have heard the feds were waiting to pop your load the minute it docked. But you're a smart operator and you probably figured you'd beat them to the punch and grab the coke first.

DAN
You know, with stories like these, you're a real loss to the comedy clubs.

GANT (SPITTING AS HE TALKS AND BEGINNING TO COME ACROSS THE TABLE AT DAN)
Why you fuckin' no-good piece of shit. You aren't going to beat this one, Marlowe. The feds are involved and, with their help, I'll be seeing you doing life. You got too smart and fucked up big this time. You're going away and every sleazy business you run on this beach will disappear along with you!

DAN

Seriously, Gant. You'll be getting fitted for a straight jacket soon. They'll be coming for you any day now. You are totally insane.

GANT

Insane...insane? I've fucking had it with you, Marlowe. I think I'll give you something to remember me by all those nights you're going to be rotting in a cell.

Gant balls his fists, jumps up from his chair and raises his fist to strike Dan. The door bangs open. A man with unkempt hair, holding a battered briefcase at his side, steps in.

JAMES CONNALLY, ESQ.

Hello, Lieutenant. I'm here to see my client. And if I were you, I'd keep my hands to myself or you'll be the one rotting in a cell. I heard every word.

GANT

Figures you'd be doing something slimy like listening at doors, shyster. You and Marlowe deserve each other.

JAMES

If you aren't going to charge my client with anything, we'll be going now. Come on, Dan, let's get out of here.

GANT (RED FACED WITH ANGER)

Yeah, the two of you, get the fuck out of here. And, Marlowe, don't leave this jurisdiction. Remember, you're a suspect in a murder investigation.

Gant glances at James.

GANT

You know how that works, right Mouthpiece?

JAMES

Whatever you say, donut vacuum.

Dan and James leave the office. Gant is yelling profanities as they walk the corridor. They walk out of the police station to the parking lot.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

JAMES (POINTING TO AN OLD, BEAT UP CAR
PARKED IN THE LOT)
You want a ride back to the Tide,
Dan?

DAN
Sure, why not?

INT. JAMES' CAR - DAY

James is behind the wheel and Dan is seated shotgun. James removes a plastic Dristan bottle from the glove compartment, removes the cap, raises the bottle to his nose, tilts his head and inhales deeply, then repeats with his other nostril. James wipes the top with a Kleenex and offers the bottle to Dan.

Dan looks warily at the Dristan bottle.

DAN
What the hell would I want that
for?

JAMES
Shit, I forgot. You've been a good
boy for a long time. It's the
newest thing and it's a great high.
You empty out the Dristan, fill it
half way with distilled water and
dissolve a gram of flake in it.
Like I said, a super high...comes
on slow and you can do it anywhere.
More discreet than a rolled up bill
or a spoon.

DAN
What will they think of next?

Dan grabs his stomach as it growls, and he bends over.

JAMES
There go your bowels, huh? I guess
you still have some fond memories.

DAN

Ha! More like nightmares, and shut up or I'll crap right here in your car.

James takes two more snorts from the bottle and puts it back in the glove compartment.

JAMES

Don't even cut a fart. You might have an accident. This is a working car. A traveling office. I have a lot of clients in here and I don't want it to stink. First impressions and all.

DAN

Then don't ever offer me that crap again.

James shakes his head, then snaps his fingers.

JAMES

I just remembered something. Wasn't your nickname, back in the day, "DrisDan"? Sure it was. You had one of those little bottles permanently jammed up your nose.

DAN

You would remember that. But all that was in mine was the original medicine. Nothing extra was in it. I never heard of that trick back then. I just used it so I could breathe.

JAMES

I know that. You were snorting so much back then your nose was permanently plugged up...when it wasn't bleeding that is, DrisDan.

Dan grabs his stomach and arches his back.

DAN

Very funny. Now give me a ride back to the Tide, would you please?

JAMES

Okay. I'll call you later so we can discuss the jackpot you're in this time.

DAN

Who called you, anyway? Or do I even have to guess.

JAMES

Of course not. It was Dianne. She and Shamrock are the only people on the beach who will still go to bat for you.

DAN

True. Well, thanks for your help, James. Talk soon.

INT. CAR ACROSS FROM THE TIDE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jorge and Dom are still in the car, watching the Tide. James' car pulls up to the front of the Tide. Dan gets out and goes into the restaurant.

DOM

There he is now. He's back. Let's go see this jamoke. I wanna check him out, and I got an idea, too.

INT. BAR AREA, HIGH TIDE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

An hour has passed since Dan left the Tide. Everyone and everything is the same as when he left.

EDDIE

So...why'd they roust you this time, Dan the man?

DAN

None of your business, Eddie.

ELI

They wanted to question Dan about that wrecked boat on the jetty, I'm guessing.

SHAMROCK

Shut your trap, Eli. You're too smart for your own good. Danny had nothing to do with that.

ELI

Really? Pick on someone your own age, Irish.

SHAMROCK

In your case, I don't discriminate.

Eli lifts himself up on his stool and points out the big picture window. Coming across Ocean Boulevard, toward the front door of the Tide, are Dom and Jorge.

ELI

This looks like trouble.

All eyes turn to watch as Dom and Jorge come in the front door and walk into the bar area.

JORGE - LOOKING AT EDDIE

Get lost, fruitcake. We wanna talk to Marlowe.

EDDIE

Huh? Excuse me? I'm sittin' here.

Jorge grabs Eddie by the shirt and pulls him off the stool.

EDDIE

Hey! Watch the material.

JORGE

Don't worry. I'll make sure they press it for your funeral.

Jorge pushes Eddie so hard, Eddie sprawls on the floor leading into the dining room. Gasps and snickers come from patrons at the bar. Jorge takes Eddie's vacant stool. Dom takes the one beside him. Dan walks over to them.

DAN

Hey! No rough stuff with my customers, gents. What can I get you?

DOM

Two Cokes, Snowman. We came to talk to you and the Mick.

DAN - GLANCES WARILY AT SHAMROCK

What can we do for you?

DOM

Not here, my friend. What time do you get home after work?

DAN

Around seven or so. Why?

DOM

Perfect. We'll be at your place then. Both of you be there. We'll talk then.

DAN

Ahhh...well...I don't know. I have plans tonight.

DOM

Well, unplan 'em. Cuz you got company comin'. Where's your place?

DAN

I don't think so. It's against bar policy to give home addresses to customers.

DOM

Write down your fuckin' address and give it to my associate here or we'll take this place apart. And don't try anything funny. If you're not both talking to me at seven o'clock, you might never talk again.

Dan scribbles on a piece of paper and hands it to Jorge. Dom and Jorge get off their stools and leave the restaurant.

SHAMROCK

What the fuck, Dan...why'd you give them your address?

DAN

Like I had a choice? You heard what he said. They were going to wreck the bar and I believed him.

EDDIE - BACK ON HIS STOOL

Who the fuck do they think they are?

DERWOOD

Why didn't you ask them?

EDDIE

I would have but they left too fast. Didn't even pay their bill.

SHAMROCK

Ha! Sure you would have. Christ, he threw you off that stool like you were a rag doll

EDDIE

He was carryin' a heater under his coat, man. I seen it.

You think I woulda let him
manhandle me like that if he wasn't
heeled?

DERWOOD

Yup, I do.

PAULIE

I recognized the older guy from
pictures in the paper. He's
Dominick Carpucci, the Boston Mafia
heavy.

EDDIE - VOICE SHAKING

You serious? Killer Carpucci?

PAULIE

That was him. I'm positive.

DERWOOD

You lucked out again, Eddie. If you
gave him any shit, we'd be cleaning
your brains off the walls.

Dan gives Shamrock a motion with his head and he comes around
the bar to meet Shamrock half way to the door.

DAN

Come on. We might as well get going
a bit early. I want to be home
before them. I don't want any
surprises.

SHAMROCK

We better. And I want to stop at
the Crooked Shillelagh on the way.
I need a couple cold ones for this
gathering.

DAN

I agree. Let's go.

Dan and Shamrock say their goodbyes and walk out of the
restaurant.

INT. FRONT ROOM IN DAN'S COTTAGE - 7:00 PM

Dan is seated on his easy chair. Across from him on the end
of the couch, away from the front door, is Shamrock.

SHAMROCK - NERVOUSLY

I hope Betsy's around.

DAN

Oh, she sure is. She joined us when you hit the head.

SHAMROCK

Good.

Stomping feet coming up the steps to the front porch are heard.

DAN

We're on, my friend.

The wood door flies open and Dianne stumbles in, followed by Jorge, who has shoved her, and behind him comes Dom, who is carrying a gun in one hand.

DOM

Don't move, Marlowe. You either, potato breath. And you sit there.

Dom pushes Dianne onto the closest end of the couch. Jorge sits on the couch between Dianne and Shamrock.

DAN

Di, what the hell are you doing here?

DIANNE - (VOICE SHAKING)

I didn't have any say in the matter. They came in my office and forced me out the back door and made me come with them.

DAN - LOOKING AT DOM

What do you want with her?

DOM

Don't worry. She's just a little extra incentive to convince you to give us what we want, Marlowe. Yeah, we been lookin' into you, and we know you built that High Tide joint from the ground up before you went bananas on blow and lost it. And we know she's your girl, and she's just frontin' for you as owner of the place. Gee, ain't love grand?

DAN

You seem to know a lot.

DOM

Those barflies at your place talked so much, especially that psycho Eddie, we had to slap 'em to shut 'em up. So, what I want is to have your little girlfriend here sell the place to me. And also, you need to butt outta convincin' other beach-front owners from selling to me. I got big plans for this beach. There's other people interested in your precious Hampton Beach, too, Marlowe. And, believe me, you'd rather do business with me.

Jorge snickers nervously.

DAN

I'm sure you do have plans. Turn it into some cash cow for you as you drive all the decent people out with your high-priced condos.

DOM

Whassamatta...you don't like progress?

DAN

Not when it gives cheap hoods like you two a toe hold onto the beach so you can eventually take it all over.

JORGE

Hey, shut up, asshole, or you'll end up like those two down at the jetty did.

DOM (TO JORGE)

Quiet, you dumb shit.

JORGE

We gotta scare this guy, Dom. Right now I think he's too stupid to be scared.

DAN

So it was you who killed them? Well that explains where the money came from for all the condo development. But I'll be damned if I'm going to help you *beautify* the beach.

Dom points the gun at Dan.

DOM

Oh, but you will, unless you want me to let my associate do a little carving on your girl's pretty face?

Jorge takes a switch blade from his pocket, flicks it open and moves the knife to Dianne's face.

DAN (YELLS)

Betsy!

Shamrock grabs Dianne's hand and pulls her from the couch to the far wall just as Dan pulls a double-barreled shotgun from behind his easy chair and levels it at Jorge, who has jumped up off the couch.

Dom fires his pistol at Dan. As the slug tears into Dan's shoulder, the shotgun roars. The blast lifts Jorge off his feet, over the couch, and propels him backwards through the window. He takes the window and the whole frame with him. There is a loud thud as Jorge lands on the outside porch. Within minutes, the door is shoved open and in steps Lt. Gant. He is shaking and wiping splintered glass and wood from his hair and front.

DAN

Gant! I never thought I'd be happy to see you.

GANT

Don't be smart, Marlowe.

Two other obvious plain clothes cops come in and Gant introduces them as DEA agents, Dulong and Allen.

GANT (TO DAN)

We've been watching these two hoods for quite a while now. We were listening at the window and I was really expecting we'd find out you were tied in with them, but I guess you have to take the good with the bad. The good?...we got them cold. The bad?...you apparently weren't involved in the jetty murders, Marlowe.

DAN

Sorry to disappoint you, Gant.

GANT

Oh, I bet you are. Give me the gun,
Carpucci. I'm sure these slugs will
match the ones from the two
murdered victims down at the jetty.

Carpucci hands Gant the gun. Gant gets on his walkie-talkie
and calls for more units and an ambulance.

GANT

You hit bad, Marlowe?

DAN

Don't know.

Gant walks over, pulls Dan's shirt open. It's obviously more
than a flesh wound by the large amount of blood. Gant presses
the shirt back in place, pushing hard against the wound, and
Dan grimaces.

GANT

Unfortunately, you'll live.

Dianne jumps up and shoves Gant.

DIANNE

Knock it off, Gant. Are you okay,
Dan?

DAN

Yeah, I'll be fine...I think.

EMTs come in, place Dan onto a gurney and take it out to the
ambulance. Dianne and Shamrock follow.

DIANNE

I'm coming, too.

INT. - AMBULNCE - MINUTES LATER

Dan is loaded in the ambulance and Dianne hops in. Shamrock
sits up front. The ambulance screams along Ocean Boulevard to
Exeter Hospital, one town over. Dianne is holding Dan's hand.
Once they reach their destination, Dan is wheeled from the
ambulance into a room at the hospital. Dianne and Shamrock
follow along.

INT. - ROOM AT EXETER HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dan is laying on a bed. Dianne sits on the bed's edge,
Shamrock is sitting on a chair.

Nurses and doctors come in and fuss over Dan. The wound is tended to and finally bandaged.

SHAMROCK

Well, at least we don't have to worry about them taking over the Tide or any more of the beach for that matter.

DIANNE

And you'll be a hero on the beach for that, Dan.

DAN

A hero? I don't feel like a damn hero. I've got an eerie feeling this might not be over. Remember what Carpucci said about there being someone else, worse than him, interested in the beach property?

Shamrock clears his throat nervously.

SHAMROCK

Who the hell could be worse than him?

DIANNE

Nobody. And don't worry. He was just bluffing, trying to scare us.

SHAMROCK

Well, it worked.

Dianne reaches over and pats Shamrock's arm.

DIANNE

Don't worry. There's no one else. It's all over.

DAN

Maybe. We'll see.

Two days later, after being repaired as well as possible by the hospital staff, Dan is discharged from the hospital and driven back to Hampton Beach by Dianne.

INT. - BAR AT THE HIGH TIDE - NIGHT

Dan is seated at the far end of the bar beside Shamrock. Mike, the night bartender, is behind the bar serving beer and drinks to a crowd that includes Eddie, Derwood and many locals, all spread out on stools or standing along the bar.

Even the morning duo, Eli and Paulie, have shown up. Dan has received a hero's welcome.

A LOCAL CUSTOMER (LOUDLY)
Dan, you saved Hampton from being
turned into a little Miami Beach.

SHAMROCK
That's my best friend, Dan the Man
Marlowe.

EDDIE
Oh, boy, I woulda loved seeing that
hood blown through the window.
Serves him right, the way he
disrespected me when he was here.

Derwood and others snicker. Dianne and Dan exchange looks.

ELI
Let's give a toast to Dan. He's
back and soon to be the owner of
the High Tide again. Right, Dianne?

Dianne motions for Eli to shush.

Eli rises from his stool with his beer glass held high.

ELI
Let's do that toast now. Here's to
Dan Marlowe, the Boss of Hampton
Beach! He's back and just in time!

Glasses and bottles are raised in toast by the patrons and cheers ring out. Just as the customers quiet down, the business telephone rings. Dan reaches over the bar and grabs the extension from under the bar and puts the receiver to his ear.

DAN
High Tide, can I help you?

VO (MODERATE BROGUE)
Dan Marlowe?

DAN
Speaking.

VO
Your girlfriend's gonna get a new
offer for her business, Mr.
Marlowe, and don't treat this one
like you did Carpucci's.

I'd tell her to take this offer,
and don't make us wait either.

DAN

Who the hell is this?

The line goes dead.

There is a loud cracking noise and the aquarium that runs the top length of the partition separating the bar from the dining room explodes. There are screams. Folks standing or sitting near it are soaked. Paulie is seated as usual at the L-shaped end of the bar. He is pointing at a hole in the picture window behind him. A spider web crack radiates out from the hole in all directions.

PAULIE

Jesus Christ! Someone shot through
the window. I almost got my head
blown off.

EDDIE (SHOUTING)

What...the...hell?

Eddie is spitting out water, then puts his fingers in his mouth and pulls out a squirming black and yellow fish, holding it high for all to see.

EDDIE

Big deal. Look at this. I coulda
choked.

Derwood, Shamrock and others guffaw loudly. Dan turns to Shamrock.

DAN (QUIETLY TO SHAMROCK)

That call was someone saying
Dianne's going to get another offer
for the Tide. And this time she
better take it.

Shamrock points at the shattered aquarium.

SHAMROCK

And that was to show us they're
serious?

DAN

I would guess so.

Shamrock's eyes open wide and his voice quivers.

SHAMROCK

Well, I got the message. Loud and clear.

Everyone looks toward Eddie as he gurgles loudly and opens his mouth to show the tail of another fish.

EDDIE

Help! I'm fuckin' chokin'!

DERWOOD

I'll help you, Eddie.

Derwood sticks his fingers in Eddie's mouth to try and get the fish.

EDDIE

Fuck, not with your fingers, Dumwood. I know where they've been. Slap my back or somethin'.

Derwood howls as Eddie bites his fingers.

DERWOOD

I told you not to call me that, Eddie. You know I hate it!

Eddie is still choking.

DERWOOD

See if this helps.

Derwood gives Eddie's nipple a rough tit twister. Eddie yelps and out of his mouth rockets the fish, just missing Derwood's face.

The phone rings again and Dan answers it.

DAN

Hello, High Tide.

GANT (VO)

Marlowe, this is Lieutenant Gant. I'd like to see you and Kelly here at my office. Right now.

DAN

Now? I'm busy working right now.

GANT (VO)

It's a matter of life or death. Yours! Tomorrow morning then, ten, and don't be late.

Dan hangs up the phone and tells Shamrock.

Shamrock looks both puzzled and worried.

SHAMROCK

Wonder what that asshole wants?

DAN

Who knows, but we'll find out tomorrow morning.

EXT. - ASHWORTH AVE - NEXT MORNING

Dan and Shamrock walk to the Hampton police station to keep their appointment with Gant.

INT. - GANT'S OFFICE - 10:00 AM

Gant is seated at his metal desk. With him are the two DEA agents Dan met at his cottage. Gant reintroduces Agents Dulong and Allen to Dan and Shamrock.

GANT

Sit...both of you.

Dan and Shamrock pull out chairs and sit down at the table.

AGENT DULONG

You've had a couple of wild days, Marlowe...you and your friend here.

DAN

You might say that.

AGENT ALLEN

Well, your troubles may not be over yet.

Dan listens closely.

SHAMROCK (NERVOUSLY)

Not over? What do you mean? Carpucci's going away and his top goon is worm food.

GANT (DRIPPING SCORN)

Well, boys, the agents have something they'd like to tell you.

AGENT ALLEN

It's more that we *have* to tell you. It's required by law.

DAN - WORRIED
What's that?

AGENT DULONG
We've heard on a wiretap that a hit contract has been put out on both of you.

SHAMROCK (VOICE CRACKING)
A hit? On Dan? On me?

AGENT DULONG
I'm afraid so.

Dan and Shamrock look at each other in disbelief.

DAN
Who the hell would want to put a hit on us? Friends of Carpucci and Rivera?

AGENT DULONG
Scum like them don't have any friends. Just associates who are happy to see them go, so they can take over their action.

DAN
Then who?

AGENT ALLEN
Ever hear of Jimmy Mullins?

DAN
The South Boston Irish gang boss who's always in the news?

AGENT ALLEN
One and the same. He wants to take over where Carpucci left off. He knows how you blocked Carpucci's plans and figures you two will be causing him problems, too, if you're around.

DAN
He wants to get the strip property so he can develop condos, too?

AGENT ALLEN
And launder his money.

Dulong and Allen both nod solemnly. Gant grins.

DAN

What's with all these guys? Why didn't they just get their real estate licenses? Would have been a lot easier.

Shamrock shakes his head and puts his hand up for Dan to stop.

SHAMROCK (VOICE SHAKING)

Don't joke about Mullins, Danny. He's bad news. He's given everybody from the Old Sod a black eye and in more ways than one. It must've been him that took a shot at the bar.

Gant smirks.

GANT

I got a kick out of reading the responding officer's report on that.

DAN

By the way, Gant, thanks for letting us know we were in danger from a gangster like Mullins. We could've been killed last night.

GANT

Ahhh...don't make a big deal out of it. Mullins probably just wants to take over your beach rackets, too, Marlowe.

DAN

You are seriously shithouse, Gant. I don't have any beach rackets.

GANT

Listen, you asshole. You might not get out of this one...

AGENT DULONG

Calm down, Lieutenant. This could work out good for all of us.

DAN (DOUBTFULLY)

How?

AGENT ALLEN

Mullins will be coming to talk to you about selling the bar.

If you don't play ball, he'll give a green light to the hit on you and your friend here.

DAN

So far not so good.

AGENT ALLEN

But...if we could get him on tape threatening you, we could bring him and his whole organization down. This would put a feather in our caps and yours, too, Lieutenant. This would be a big deal, nailing Mullins. And Marlowe, you and Kelly would be in the clear with Mullins put away until he's an old man. A win-win-win for all of us.

SHAMROCK

Sweet baby Jaysus!

GANT

Relax, carrot top!

SHAMROCK

Relax? You think we're crazy? Mullins? He would kill us for sure then. Why the fuck would we do that?

AGENT DULONG

First off, Mr. Kelly, you might not have a choice if you want to stay in the land of the free. We've got some old warrants from the U.K. Seems you left some unanswered IRA charges behind. They might like to extradite you, and we could let that happen or make it go away. Your call.

Shamrock rubs his face.

SHAMROCK

Christ! That was a long time ago. You wouldn't let Uncle Sam send me back, would you?

AGENT ALLEN

That'd be up to you.

AGENT DULONG

And you, Marlowe? Don't forget you've got two felony convictions from back in your wild days.

DAN

So what? That was long ago. And they weren't violent charges. And I was coerced into pleading guilty. And I only got probation. So those don't mean anything anymore.

AGENT DULONG

Sorry, but that shotgun we found at your house is enough to send you away for five years. There's a federal law against a convicted felon having a firearm.

DAN

Seriously? The gun was just for protection.

AGENT DULONG

Doesn't matter. The federal law is clear. No felon can possess a firearm.

GANT

Looks like we got you by the balls, Marlowe.

DAN

Fuck you, Gant.

GANT

I don't think you'll be such a wise ass after this is over, Marlowe. No matter which way it turns out, you'll be eating a lot of TUMS the rest of your life, unless you prefer Roloids!

AGENT ALLEN

Enough. Mullins will be calling you soon, Mr. Marlowe. You set up the meet at the Tide. We'll get you wired up before and you'll have your meeting with him in a nice, quiet booth.

AGENT DULONG

This meeting is over. Don't screw
this up and you both might live and
stay out of jail.

Dan and Shamrock stand, leave the office and walk out of the
police station.

EXT. - POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - EARLY AFTERNOON

Dan and Shamrock walk from the police station back to the
Tide.

SHAMROCK

What the fuck are we going to do,
Danny?

Dan silently chews over Shamrock's words as he wonders the
same thing.

INT. - HIGH TIDE BAR - MID-AFTERNOON

Dan is working behind the bar, Shamrock is at the far end on
his regular stool, Paulie at the L-shaped end, Eli in front
of the beer spigots, and Eddie and Derwood are seated side-by-
side. Paulie looks towards the window.

PAULIE

Oh, boy, I...smell...bacon. It's
the fuzz again, Dan.

Eli sits up on his stool and looks out the window towards the
approaching figure.

ELI

Oops, false alarm. It's Dan's cop
buddy, Steve Moore.

EDDIE

I thought all the cops on the beach
hated you, Dan my man. Whattya give
this one an envelope every week?

SHAMROCK

Shut the fuck up, Eddie, or I'll
shut you up but good.

EDDIE

Just jokin', Mr. Kelly, sir.

Steve Moore, dressed in plain clothes, comes in and walks up
to Dan at the bar.

STEVE - (WHISPERING TO DAN)
Can we talk?

DAN
Of course. Dianne's out. We can use
her office. Come on.

Dan comes around the bar and heads through the dining room,
into the kitchen and toward the office. Steve follows. Eli
nosily watches them walk by. He harrumphs and turns his gaze
away when Steve gives him the stink eye.

INT. - DIANNE'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dan takes the chair behind Dianne's desk and Steve plunks
down in one of two others in front of the desk.

DAN
Glad to see you, Steve. So what's
up?

STEVE
Do not go through with the Mullins'
set up.

DAN
Why? And you've heard about that?

STEVE
Yes, I've heard and you don't want
to risk being involved in it.

DAN
I don't understand, Steve. The
Feds got me and Shamrock by the
balls.

STEVE
Remember, you didn't hear this from
me.

DAN
That goes without saying.

STEVE
It won't do any good for you and
Shamrock or the beach.

DAN
Why not? If Mullins goes away,
that'll be the end of using condo
conversion to wash dirty money.
Right?

STEVE

Wrong. There'll be someone else right after Mullins trying to muscle into the beach's ocean-front property, just like he's taking over from Carpucci.

DAN

I'm not getting this. What do you mean taking over from Carpucci?

STEVE

So here's the story...there's someone a lot bigger behind this than either Carpucci or Mullins. They're both just hired muscle working for someone else. And those giving the orders will just send someone else to take over the heavy work if Mullins goes down. Just like they sent him here after you knocked Carpucci out of his assignment.

DAN

Assignment?

STEVE

They're working to get all this oceanfront property for the Utopia Group.

DAN - (SURPRISED)

Utopia? The big Vegas casino conglomerate?

STEVE

Bingo. And they're planning to build a ten-story casino/hotel complex like Atlantic City. It's going to go the entire length of Ocean Boulevard, from O Street all the way to A Street and from Ocean Boulevard back to Ashworth Ave., so everything from O Street to A Street between Ocean Boulevard and Ashworth Ave. is on their want list. And they're going to get it one way or another. If they can't buy it legally, that's where Carpucci's thugs or Mullins come in...to get the owner to sell by threats or violence if necessary.

DAN

You hvsve got to be shitting me,
right?

STEVE

I wish I were but I've seen federal intelligence reports. Utopia is heavily mobbed up and there is huge money for them to make on the beach. They've already got a lot of parcels and more tied up with options, and they're going to spend and do whatever it takes to get the property they don't already have. And to get the town to cough up any permits they need, they'll use the same tactics. Any local yokel pol over town hall who won't play ball and take cash will be on crutches for quite a while.

DAN

Jesus, with Utopia handing out bags of dough to get what they want, the beach will be more corrupt than Capone's Chicago.

STEVE

Exactly. And I'll tell you something else...after you knocked Carpucci off the board, I've heard whispers that every business person around here thinks you're the go-to guy if they have a problem.

DAN

Me? Why?

STEVE

Makes sense. They won't come to the cops. Not against Utopia or their thugs. They'd be too scared to rat on them. They'll come to the hometown hero, Dan Marlowe, the Boss of Hampton Beach, who got rid of Carpucci. But first things first. Do not go through with that setup of Mullins.

DAN

But what about the threats the DEA made about the gun they found at my place, and some old warrants out overseas on Shamrock? You know about those?

STEVE

I do. I also know that they won't play those cards. You've got them over a barrel.

DAN

Huh?

STEVE

That wire they're fixing you up with? They're doing that off the reservation, so to speak. You can threaten to play hardball and threaten to expose what they were planning to do. They might get demoted or risk losing their pensions. So, you and Shamrock are in the catbird seat as far as that goes.

DAN

What about Mullins?

STEVE

He's a federal informer.

DAN

What? Jesus, my head's spinning so fast trying to keep up with this. Mullins is a *federal informer*?

STEVE

That's right. And a valuable one, too. His control agent won't want to lose him, so he'll tip him off that it's a setup and tell him to keep far away from here, and stay clear of you and Shamrock.

DAN

I hope you're right about all this. Come on, I have to get back out front. But thanks for the head's up.

STEVE

Just take care of yourself. See you soon.

Dan and Steve leave the office and return to the bar.

INT. - BAR AREA AT THE HIGH TIDE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dan goes behind the bar and starts to catchup on work. Steve reluctantly takes the only vacant stool, which is beside Eddie Hoar.

A man comes in the front door, runs to the bar between Steve and Eddie, and motions for Dan. He is out of breath and excited. Dan walks over to him.

DAN

Pennel, what's the matter, buddy?
Calm down!

PENNEL

Dan, someone tried to burn down my restaurant last night.

EDDIE

Peenile? What kinda name is *that*?

PENNEL - INDIGNANT

My name is Pennel, not Peenile. It is Indian. I am from India.

EDDIE

Oh, right. Yeah, that's where they have that car race with the five-hundred cars every year, ain't it?

Pennel shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

DAN

What? Who?

PENNEL

I'm not sure. But I think it is tough guys who are trying to get me to sell my restaurant. Dan, help me please. I know you know how to handle people like this.

STEVE - (TO DAN)

What did I tell you? Any trouble they'll come to you...The Boss of Hampton Beach.

DAN

Great! Just great!

Steve reaches across the bar after a few seconds, claps Dan on the shoulder and quickly slinks out of the bar before Pennel realizes he's a cop.

A few minutes later, there is a loud squeak as the big wooden door opens again. Dianne comes in. She is dressed in tight jeans and a just as tight sheer white blouse. She comes into the bar area, says hello to people, and walks toward the back.

All male heads, and a few female, turn to watch her. She disappears around the far edge of the partition. Within a minute Dianne pokes her head around the front of the partition and looks toward Dan at the bar. She waves her arm at the shattered glass, wet tables and floor and a few fish squirming their last on the floor.

DIANNE

Jesus, Dan, what a mess. It's worse than what you told me on the phone.

DAN

Don't worry. Shamrock and I will get it all cleaned up after everyone leaves.

Dianne is still leaning against the partition, watching Dan at the bar.

EDDIE - (SEATED AT THE BAR NEAR DAN)

Hey, Dan my man. I brought a little somethin' as a present for your party.

Eddie pulls something from his pocket and places it on the bar in front of Dan. It is a small, glass vial with a black cap and a tiny gold spoon attached to it by a chain. The vial is full of white powder.

Camera pans to Dianne's face; she is watching the scene closely.

DAN

What the fuck, Eddie! I don't do that shit anymore. I don't want any. And put it away, will you?

EDDIE

No...no...you don't unnerstand. I wanna make amends for my past. Have a taste. It's all yours.

DAN

Forget it. I told you I don't want a taste.

Dan pushes the vial toward Eddie.

EDDIE

No! Come on, Dan. That's *all* for you. Like I said, it's a present. Especially now that you'll probably be owning the Tide again.

DAN

What the hell are you talking about?

EDDIE

What with savin' Dianne's life and maybe marryin' her. Eli says if that happens you'll be an owner again overnight. So, however it happens, I want me and Derwood to be welcomed here again, like royalty!

DAN

I could never promise that, Eddie, even if you gave me a million bucks.

EDDIE - LAUGHING

You're always makin' with the jokes, Dan. And I'm kiddin', too. Just so long as me and my partner here can come in for a quick drink now and then. We'd like that.

DERWOOD

And especially since there ain't nowhere else on the beach we ain't barred from. If we can't get in here, we'll be drinkin' on a snow bank this winter.

Dan shakes his head. The camera pans to Dianne's face again. She is smiling.

Derwood picks up the vial and studies it.

DERWOOD

Holy shit! Eddie! That's my fuckin' crank! You stole it from my undies drawer, you slime ball. You were touchin' my *underwear*? You pervert!

EDDIE
Shut up, idiot.

DAN
You shithead, Eddie. You were going to give me a vial of fucking meth without telling me? I would have been up for a week. I should beat the crap out of you. What an asshole you are.

DERWOOD
And worse, it wasn't his speed to give away! It was mine! Eddie stole it from me!!

EDDIE
I told you to shut up, Dumwood.

DERWOOD
And I told you not to call me that, Eddie. I don't like it.

Derwood grabs the rear waistband of Eddie's pants and lifts him off his stool, giving Eddie a major wedgie. He holds Eddie up a foot off the floor.

EDDIE
Hey! Watch it! You're gonna damage the family jewels. I wanna be able to have some little Eddies runnin' around on the beach some day.

SHAMROCK - (STILL SEATED AT THE END OF
THE BAR)
Now that's a frightening visual.

DERWOOD
Don't worry. Eddie couldn't get laid in a whore house. His breath is worse than stale cold cuts. And that's not his only problem. He's got the Irish curse, too!

Everyone laughs. Eddie turns red.

EDDIE
Shut up, you tool. That's bullshit.

ELI - TO SHAMROCK
Irish curse? What's that mean, Irish?

SHAMROCK

Means he's got a teenie weenie! A condition I don't suffer from I'm happy to report.

Snickers along the bar.

EDDIE - (RED FACED)

I'll have you know the ladies love me. And I don't have no Irish curse, neither. My Johnson is way bigger than average. I read what's average in *Playboy* and measured mine. So, naturally, the ladies love me.

SHAMROCK

Yeah! When you're leaving. That's when they love you most, Hoar.

Another round of laughter along the bar.

DIANNE

Dan, can you come out back for a minute? I just want to talk about this incident.

Dianne waves a hand at the mess from the shattered aquarium.

Dan comes around the bar and walks the length of it, and around back of the partition which leads through the dining room, kitchen, and to Dianne's office. Friendly catcalls and whistles follow him as he goes.

INT. - DIANNE'S OFFICE - LIGHT IS ON - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Dianne is seated behind her desk and Dan takes the chair in front of it.

DIANNE

I am just so proud that you refused that coke from Eddie.

DAN

It was meth! The asshole.

DIANNE

Whatever. I heard the whole thing. You didn't know it wasn't coke when you refused it. And I've been thinking a lot about our agreement Dan, even before I saw you refuse Eddie's stuff. And that just confirmed what I've decided.

I think you've filled your part of the bargain we had about the Tide, and I'm going to sign it back over to you. We'll get James Connally to do the paperwork.

DAN

Dianne, that's great news! Besides, I'd rather deal with whoever shot at the window tonight. It's too dangerous, Hon. If anything happened to you I...

Dan tells Dianne what Steve Moore told him about Utopia moving onto the beach.

DIANNE

Well I'm not selling. I don't care who it is or what they offer or try to pull. Now that you'll have the Tide back, that'll give you a chance to show the judge you should have your visitation rights back again with the kids. And you've finally beat the coke, too. I know that wasn't easy. You should be proud of yourself. You've got your old life back, Dan.

DAN

There is one other thing I hope I still have...and for always.

DIANNE

You don't have to worry about that, Dan. All you have to do is ask.

Dan comes around the desk and pulls Dianne to her feet.

DAN

I'm asking...Dianne, will you marry me?

DIANNE

Yes! Yes of course I will. Now get back out to the bar. Your friends are waiting.

DAN

Okay. I have to hit the head anyway. See you later. Love you.

DIANNE

Me, too.

Dan leaves the office.

INT. - HIGH TIDE'S MEN'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dan walks up to a urinal and begins his business. He turns when he hears a stall door open behind him. A man, the size of a refrigerator, steps out and glares at Dan. He wears a T-shirt with, "Southie" emblazoned on it, stretched across a massive chest and arms. Plunked on his pumpkin-sized head, bookended by cauliflower ears, is a white Scally cap with a green shamrock on the front.

REFRIGERATOR MAN (RM) - (LIGHT BROGUE)
Put your dick back in your pants,
Marlowe. I want to talk to you.

Refrigerator Man steps up to Dan, spins him around, grabs the front of Dan's shirt and rips the shirt off of him.

R.M.
Sorry about that, Marlowe, but
there's talk that you wear a wire
sometimes.

Dan looks down at his bare chest.

DAN
Not now, obviously.

R.M.
I'm here to give you a message.
Might you know who it's from?

Dan nods.

DAN
Just as easily as if there was a
sign with his name on it flashing
over your head.

R.M.
Good. Seamus wants you to know
something.

Dan looks puzzled. Refrigerator Man steps over and slaps Dan on the side of his head. Dan rocks back and forth but manages to stay on his feet.

R.M.
Don't act stupid, Marlowe. You're
Irish, ain't you? Marlowe sounds
green. So you should know James is
Seamus back in the Ole' Sod.

Dan nods rapidly up and down.

DAN

Um, yeah...sure...okay...I get it.

Refrigerator Man snickers.

R.M.

Seeing shamrocks, are you? Sorry I slapped you so hard but I don't like rats! Anyway, here's the message and, boy, did you luck out. Seamus, ahhh, Jimmy is going to let you slide on this setup you were going to do here with the feds. And, believe me, I have never seen Jimmy let anyone walk away from anything half as bad as what you tried to pull. I still can't believe he's letting you walk. He must know what he's doing. I guess that's why he's boss and I just get to slap guys like you around.

The bathroom door bangs open and in comes Eddie Hoar. He takes in the scene and turns back for the door.

EDDIE - VOICE SHAKING

Oops, sorry, didn't mean to interrupt anything.

Refrigerator Man reaches over, grabs Eddie by the back of his shirt and roughly pulls him back to the center of the bathroom.

R.M.

Who the hell are you, fruitcake?
And where do you think you're going?

Eddie is now shaking visibly and looking around desperately for a way out of his predicament.

EDDIE

Oh, yeah, well, I'm the ahh...ummm, the plumber. I need to fix the clogged hopper.

R.M.

Really? So where's your fucking tools? You look more like a disco duck to me.

EDDIE

Right, my clothes. I just like to make a good impression with customers, so I always am well dressed and groomed. And, yeah, I forgot my tools. I have to run out to the truck and get them. Be right back.

Eddie makes another move toward the door. Refrigerator Man grabs Eddie's shirt again and lifts Eddie off his feet. Eddie's eyes bug, he gurgles and his legs swing wildly.

R.M.

You aren't going anywhere and if there's one thing I hate almost as bad as rats, it's wise guys. Forget the tools. Your skinny head'll do the job of a plunger and as a bonus, Marlowe, you'll see what you'll get but only a lot worse if you get in Jimmy's way.

Eddie is flailing wildly now and his eyes are darting around. R.M. pushes Eddie through the door of the middle stall and Eddie crashes down inside.

R.M.

It's this one, fuck head. I just used it and it don't work.

R.M. goes in the stall after Eddie, leaves the door partially open, and jams Eddie's head into the toilet bowl. R.M. begins rapidly flushing the toilet over and over. Eddie is gurgling and sputtering. R.M. finally pulls Eddie's head out of the bowl. When Eddie is pushed back out of the stall, his head is soaked, with wet hair plastered to his face. Eddie is whimpering.

EDDIE

Hey...hey...please...sir, let me go. I didn't see nothin' and I won't say nothin'. I dunno or care what youse was doin' to this guy here.

R.M. shakes Eddie like a rag doll and water flies around.

R.M.

Not such a wise guy now, are you, eejit? And you're going out the back door with me.

I'm not going to let you go back to the bar and run your mouth. I can tell you're a yapper.

R.M. turns toward Dan, raises and shakes his club-like fist.

R.M.

And remember, Marlowe, don't interfere with any of Jimmy's plans for the beach. Remember, I was just playing with this fucking loser. You'll be getting a lot worse. Come on, jerk off, we're heading out the back door.

R.M. pushes Eddie in front of him and out of the bathroom.

INT. - BAR - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Dan walks up and takes a stool beside Shamrock. Dan is shirtless, his hair messed and his face is red where R.M. slapped him.

SHAMROCK

Holy suffering Jesus, Danny. What the fuck happened?

DAN

I got waylaid by one of Mullins' Irish thugs. A real nice fellow.

Shamrock rubs his face from forehead to chin.

SHAMROCK

It must have been that hunk of Blarney Stone sittin' here sipping beer while you were with Dianne. I didn't know he was waiting for you, Dan, or I would have warned you. I spent most of the time he was here just avoiding eye contact. You okay?

DAN

Yeah, Sham, I'm fine. Not your fault, you couldn't have known. But I've been warned that if we get in Mullins' way of taking over the beach, we're going to have big problems.

Two deep vertical worry lines pop out between Shamrock's eyebrows.

SHAMROCK

So what are we going to do here,
Danny? Just let Mullins have the
beach...and the Tide?

DAN

Bullshit! No way is he going to own
this restaurant or any more
properties on the beach, not if we
can help it.

Shamrock's eyes pop open.

SHAMROCK

We, Danny?

DAN

Yes, we. Unless you'd rather be
working here for Mullins instead of
me or Dianne.

SHAMROCK

No way. We'll stop this rotten
Irish potato...some way...some how.

Dan smiles and chuckles. Shamrock looks at him quizzically.

SHAMROCK

What's so funny? You've heard my
Irish potato comment before and
never laughed.

DAN

No, no, not that at all. Eddie
walked in while the thug was
threatening me. He didn't like
Eddie's look so he put his head in
the toilet, kept on flushing it and
Eddie ended up looking like a
drowned rat!

Shamrock lets out a howl of laughter and slaps the bar with
his palm.

SHAMROCK

Ahhh, I miss all the good things.
At least we know that Irish monster
can't be all bad. Eddie needed a
bath. He's got a funny smell. Hope
it's gone now.

DAN

Yeah. But to get serious, we're going to have to be on our toes and make a plan if we're going to have any hope of keeping Mullins and his gang off the beach.

Shamrock gives himself the sign of the cross.

SHAMROCK

This is going to be a long, hard slog, I'm feeling, Danny. Saints preserve us, please.

DAN

Amen. But I actually got some good news too. How would you like to be my best man?

Shamrock beams ear to ear.

SHAMROCK

I would love it and am so honored to be your best man.

DAN

Okay. You've got the job. Let's go to my place, I'll call Dianne to come celebrate. We'll have some Heinekens and figure out how to derail Mullins and his plans.

Shamrock slaps Dan on his back.

SHAMROCK

Congratulations to my favorite couple. I almost gave up hope you two would ever do it.

Dan and Shamrock get off their stools and leave the bar.

FADE OUT

END OF PILOT