

Boom Vang

by
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Based upon his play of the same name

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE OCEAN. - DAY

Whiteness. Pure whiteness. Clouds.

The bold blue ATLANTIC OCEAN below.

A voice is singing. Not great, but passionate.

VOICE (O.C.)

As I walked out one sunny morn to
view the meadows round

I spied a pretty primrose lass
tripping o'er the ground

Singing

Blow, ye winds in the morning

Blow, ye winds, Hi! Ho!

In the middle of the vast ocean, a SMALL BOAT, sails trimmed tightly, moving quickly. On board is a single man, VIJAY SHARMA, who goes by JAY, late 20's, wearing a big floppy hat. He is smiling, exhilarated.

JAY

(singing)

Brush away the morning dew,
Blow, ye winds, Hi! Ho!

He takes a deep breath to sing another verse.

SOUND of a TELEPHONE ringing.

Jay searches for the source of the telephone. It's electronic, it's persistent, and it's getting on his nerves.

GARY (O.S.)

Are you going to get that?

SMASH CUT:

INT. A CUBICLE OF SYNDER INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY. - DAY

Jay is staring at his CALENDER: a picture of several men on a sail boat wrestling with the sails.

Telephone rings. The phone on Jay's desk.

GARY (O.S.)
Jay? Are you going to get that?

Jay looks up. GARY, 40s, balding, intense, peaking over Jay's cubicle wall.

GARY (CONT'D)
I think you should get that.

Jay picks up his phone.

JAY
This is Jay.

Gary reveals his phone.

GARY
Yeah, it's Gary.

Jay looks back up at Gary.

GARY (CONT'D)
I need you to look at-

Jay slams down his phone, turns back to his computer.

GARY (CONT'D)
Hey.

JAY
Don't call me again.

GARY
Jay, there's a problem.

JAY
I have my own work to do, I'm not helping you, Gary.

GARY
It's coming through the server.

JAY
Then do something about it.

GARY
I just, I just...I just don't know.
I think it's him. That pirate kid.

JAY
 (gritting his teeth)
 I hate that pirate kid. Alright,
 let me look at it.

Gary springs into Jay's cubicle. Seizing Jay's keyboard and mouse, he brings up the correct screen.

GARY
 He's hacking into the customer
 database.

JAY
 (looking)
 Oh...yeah...it's him.
 (sighs)
 He's trying to hack my code. Man.
 I do not need this.

Jay moves Gary out of the way.

Gary leans towards another cubicle.

GARY
 Ted!

TED, 30's, acne, glasses, pops up. He has a DONUT in his mouth.

GARY (CONT'D)
 Jay's taking on the kid!

Ted's eyes light up, he mumbling his excitement. He runs over.

ANOTHER head pops up from another cubicle, KELLY, 40's, an effervescent Minnesotan blonde.

KELLY
 He doing what?

Kelly steps out of her cubicle, she's neatly dressed and is wearing a BUTTON that says: SYNDER I.T. IS NUMBER ONE! She steps into the cubicle.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 What do you need, Jay? What can IT
 do for you?

JAY
 I don't need anything, I just need
 to work.

KELLY
Should we brain storm? We could
conference up-

GARY
I like to conference up.

Ted mumbles in agreement.

JAY
Look, I just need-

GARY
We are right behind you, Jay.

They are, in fact, standing right behind him. Jay stops and
turns around.

JAY
Look...

KELLY
Whatever you need, you got us.

JAY
Look the kid's trying to get in
behind the security wall--he could
lay a virus, get our client list,
who knows. I just need--

Ted grunts.

JAY (CONT'D)
Not helpful, Ted. I'm trying to
solve this problem and I can't do
it with the three of you breathing
down my neck. Ok?

Pause.

KELLY
Soooo, you want us to...?

JAY
Just be quiet for a second. Just
one second.

Jay turns back to the computer. Pause.

GARY
(whispering to Kelly)
He's got such command of that
keyboard.

KELLY
A real grasp of programming. It's
like he was born for this.

Jay stops. He turns. Kelly smiles, then the rest.

JAY
Just take three steps back. Each
of you. Now.

Pause. They each take three steps back. Jay turns back to his computer. He does some quick work. He looks at the screen, which is filled with programming code. Jay hits return.

JAY (CONT'D)
Done. Problem solved.

GARY
What, really? How?

JAY
I just shut him out, swept in
behind.

Gary looks at him.

JAY (CONT'D)
I'll explain it later.

KELLY
The way you do the things that you
do with that computer. Just...it's
just great.

JAY
Yeah. Yeah.

Ted mumbles.

JAY (CONT'D)
Right back at you, Ted.

Silence. Awkward looks.

JAY (CONT'D)
Oh. Hey. I'm just suddenly
thirsty. I better take care of
that.

Jay pushes his way through Kelly, Gary and Ted. He begins to head towards the break room.

KELLY

I know how it is. When my sugar drops, it's like, look out!

Jay turns back and looks at them, sorta smiles. THEY smile right back.

INT. THE BREAK ROOM. - MINUTES LATER

A windowless room, lit by the dreaded fluorescent bulbs. There's a dirty sink, a refrigerator from ten years ago, a couple of tables, a soda machine and a candy machine. There is a THUMPING SOUND.

Jay BANGS HIS HEAD against the soda machine. Gently, but over and over.

SARAH, late 20's, appears in the door. She's clothes are urban chic, her hair is awesome. She is the coolest friend you have ever had.

SARAH

I think it takes quarters.

Jay stops.

JAY

I can't take it, Sarah.

SARAH

Uh-huh. Don't despair. Diet tastes just like the real thing.

JAY

It's...I just beat up on a teenage hacker.

SARAH

That must have made you feel real good.

Sarah feeds the soda machine with quarters.

JAY

It didn't. I don't know how much longer I can do this.

SARAH

Didn't you say that last week? Listen you have got to keep the world safe from fifteen year old hackers. Keep those corporate bankers safe and rich.

JAY
You have it so easy in customer
service.

Sarah laughs as she chooses a diet soda.

JAY (CONT'D)
And then there's Diane.

SARAH
Diane's not that bad.

JAY
She's a warden! She's maniacal
She's a tyrant!

Three heads pop into the break room: Gary, Ted, Kelly.

GARY
Hey, there champ!

KELLY
Hey, Sarah, how is everything down
in customer service?

SARAH
Same old, same old.

KELLY
Super!

Ted mumbles.

SARAH
Hey, Ted.

GARY
Jay, hey, we're going down stairs
for lunch.

JAY
Uh-huh.

GARY
We just thought, well, that...you
should know.

They stare at Jay and Sarah.

JAY
Why don't you guys go and have
lunch and I'll join you in a
second.

GARY
You never have lunch with us.

JAY
Well. Yeah. I guess. I guess I
want to be a part of the team.

KELLY
Super-great! That's wonderful.
We'll get the table by the window.

GARY
(to Kelly, as they leave)
You just want to look at Doug.

KELLY
Shut up.

Ted looks at Sarah and winks. Sarah waves bye. Ted leaves.
Jay starts putting money into the soda machine.

SARAH
Are you really going to have lunch
with them?

JAY
No, something is going to come up.

Jay chooses a soda, it comes out.

SARAH
Asshole.

Jay leaves the break room, Sarah follows.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALLWAY. - CONTINUOUS

JAY
As much fun as this is, is there
any reason for your visit?

SARAH
I came up here to see if you wanted
to go garage saleing with me
tomorrow.

JAY
Tomorrow?

SARAH

The weekend IS a common day to have a garage sale. Every spring. Do you have some sort of grand plan for the weekend without me?

A pair of WOMEN'S BUSINESS SHOES, polished within an inch of their life squeak down the hallway.

Jay turns towards the noise.

JAY

Oh, no.

The shoes again. Moving rapidly.

JAY (CONT'D)

It's--

Suddenly--

DIANE

Hello, Jay.

DIANE, mid-30's, hair pulled back, glasses, highly tailored business suit, standing in front of Jay and Sarah. Jay becomes very nervous.

JAY

Yes. Diane.

DIANE

I heard about today's assault on the server.

JAY

I wouldn't call it an assault really, it was just some kid hacker--
-

DIANE

But you put him into place, didn't you? You broke him?

JAY

Yeah. I guess.

DIANE

I want to thank you, Jay.

JAY

Really?

DIANE
Synder Information Technology is
nothing without the security we
provide for our customers, it's
people like you that keep this
company afloat.

JAY
I guess.

DIANE
Excuse me?

SARAH
He's thrilled.

DIANE
And you are?

SARAH
We've met several times.

JAY
(interrupting)
Thanks, Diane, really. I
appreciate your words.

DIANE
As you should.
Keep up the good work.

Diane looks Sarah up and down, judging her. Then she turns
and leaves, shoes squeaking, disappearing around a corner.

Jay looks like he ate something bad.

JAY
I appreciated Diane. Blech. I
feel like I just gave up names or
something.

SARAH
(in a baby voice)
This company wompany just WOVES
you.

They move down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Jay flops back down into his chair. Sarah leans against a partition.

JAY
I don't WANNA be loved by the
company.

Sarah rolls her eyes, pleads to Heaven.

SARAH
(to Heaven)
What have I done to deserve this?

JAY
I'm being choked by their bitter
love, and it tastes bitter. I'm
wasting the best years of my youth.

SARAH
Really? These are your best years?

Jay shrugs.

SARAH (CONT'D)
It's not like you're going to quit.

JAY
No?

SARAH
You've grown accustomed to the life
style that you lead.

JAY
Besides mom and dad would kill me.

SARAH
That's right, they would.
(smiling)
Garage saleing? Tomorrow? We'll
find you a nice shirt or something.

Sarah goes. Jay watches her. He looks at the calendar. He grabs a marker and draws a word balloon coming out of a sailor's mouth. It reads: May day, mateys! Jay turns back to his computer, drinking his soda.

INT. THE LUNCHROOM. - DAY

A bright and cheerful lunchroom, with lots of natural light, perhaps designed to stimulate the employees, make them happier.

Gary and Ted have claimed a small table by the large windows.

Kelly makes her way through the table with her carefully packed lunch and a diet soda. She keeps looking at DOUG--a rather good looking 40 year old across the way. She can't take her eye off of him.

She sits down as Gary and Ted make room for her. She pulls her gaze from Doug to Gary and Ted.

KELLY

What are you doing this weekend?

Kelly begins to unpack her lunch. A sandwich, potato salad, fruit.

GARY

Nothing.

KELLY

Oh.
Ted?

Ted shrugs and goes back to his food.

KELLY (CONT'D)

My daughter is coming this weekend. Her father is dropping her off after work.

GARY

Oh.

KELLY

We have a lot planned. We are going to clean the apartment. Take the dog for his grooming. And maybe catch a chick flick.

GARY

I like chick flicks.

Ted looks at Gary

GARY (CONT'D)

I do. They make me. Feel good.

KELLY

Well, I think that's marvelous. Do you have a favorite?

GARY

Um. Not sure. I like. Funny ones.

KELLY

I'm a good tear jerker type. Crying helps clear things out. Wipe it all clean.

GARY

I like to laugh.

They nod. THEY turn back to their food. Kelly looks off at Doug as she eats her potato salad.

INT. THE CUBICLES. - DAY

It's the end of the work day. People are exhausted and anxious. Staring at the CLOCKS on their computers.

It changes to 5:00.

Computers start turning off. The office erupts with idle chatter. People grab their coats and leave.

Gary, Ted, and Kelly stand before Jay's cubicle with their coats on.

GARY

Pina Colada?

KELLY

We're all going for a round. Join us?

JAY

Can't. I have plans.

GARY

Maybe next time.

JAY

Sure.

Gary, Kelly and Ted leave.

Jay grabs his coat and walks out as the lights go out in the cubicles.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN OFFICE BUILDING IN CHICAGO. - DAY

Jay comes out of the building. Just as he takes a deep breath of air, a car honks, a man yells. Another car, pouring smoke, begins to drive away. Jay gives up.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE EL TRAIN. - AFTERNOON

Jay rides the train as CHICAGO rolls on behind him. He looks around. The train car is packed with ZOMBIE LIKE BUSINESS PEOPLE. Many of them are dozing, some are reading books. One or two of them have ear phones. He looks out the window at the city moving by. He sighs. Closes his eyes. Naps.

EXT. A CITY STREET. - MORNING

A bright Saturday morning. A nice neighborhood, not expensive nice, but family nice. Apartments and homes.

A CAR ZOOMS down the street and stops with a screech in front of an apartment building. It honks.

Sarah is at the wheel.

She honks impatiently.

Jay comes out slowly, travel mug in hand, cellphone to his ear.

SARAH

Come on Jay, move it or lose it.

Jay waves at Sarah.

JAY

(on phone)

No, Dad, listen--

Sarah honks her horn. Jay looks at her. She shrugs.

JAY (CONT'D)

Sarah's here, I gotta go. No. Not anymore. We decided to just be--

Another car horn.

JAY (CONT'D)
Let's talk later. Bye.

He hangs up.

JAY (CONT'D)
I was on the phone.

SARAH
Hey, hey, if we don't get to these places soon, we miss out. And you don't want to miss out.

JAY
On kitsch? Who would want to miss out on kitsch?

Jay rolls his eyes. He gets in. Sarah pulls out, tires squealing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sarah is driving with great intensity, like she's in a race through the city.

SARAH
I've got it all worked out, we'll hit the garage sales and make it to the Java Hut before the lunch rush.

JAY
(reaching to turn off stereo)
Didn't we do this last year?

Sarah slaps his hand.

SARAH
Are you just choosing to be an ass or is this instinctual?

JAY
I learned by watching you.

SARAH
(rolling her eyes.)
Oh, snap. Just for that, you have to navigate.

Sarah chucks the newspaper at Jay, who groans.

MONTAGE

Sarah and Jay visit different garage sales.

Sarah grabs an Eiffel Tower lamp, Jay shrugs.

Sarah flops onto a Race Car bed.

Sarah gives money to an old lady for the lamp, grabs Jay by the hand, racing back to the car.

At another sale: Sarah holds up a A-Team T-Shirt on Jay. He wavers. Sarah rolls her eyes. She holds up another T-Shirt: Dukes of Hazzard. Jay shakes his head.

At another sale: Sarah's eyes go wide...a whole pile of Care Bears. She practically dives in. Jay and a middle aged woman pull her out of the pile.

Sarah pays for the Care Bears as Jay holds them. She takes him by the hand.

EXT. A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD. - MORNING

Sarah parks the car on the street. In the back seat is an ugly lamp and a group of Care Bears. She eagerly gets out, Jay sorta takes his time.

JAY

Please let this be the last one.

SARAH

Do not make me take you by the hand.

Jay rolls his eyes.

They walk closer to a drive way filled with knick knacks, furniture, and off to the side...a SMALL BOAT, like the one in the ocean scene. Some older people are picking through and there's a COUPLE, twenty something PUNK ROCKERS, looking through the clothes.

And old man, MR. FLOYD, sits in a lawn chair with a lock box next to him. He reads a National Geographic from twenty years ago. He looks up...

MR. FLOYD

Good morning.

SARAH
Good morning to you!

Jay says nothing. The two of them split and start to look. Jay isn't so sure about the place, he's trying to get excited. His eyes catch on a JEM AND THE HOLOGRAMS T-shirt. He hears Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)
This is awesome.

She's holding a CLOCK SHAPED LIKE A CAT-with the moving eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Isn't this hilarious?

She imitates the eyes moving back and forth, back and forth.

JAY
Very kitschy.

SARAH
You are not going to get to me, Mr. Sour puss. I hold my head up high.

JAY
This is all junk.

Sarah snatches the T-shirt out of his hand.

SARAH
This shirt? I had this shirt. My best friend Sherrie and I both had this shirt. We would wear them everywhere. All the time. It was awesome.

(to MR. FLOYD)
How much is this?

MR. FLOYD doesn't bother to get up. He strains to look.

MR. FLOYD
Oh. That there...that's two dollars.

SARAH
That's ridiculous. This is a garage sale.

MR. FLOYD
My grandson called it a "collector's item." Two dollars.

JAY
Just give him the money.

SARAH
It's not supposed to cost two dollars. It's supposed to be 50 cents.

JAY
Sarah...

Jay sits on the boat.

MR. FLOYD
Hey, HEY...off the boat son, off the boat. I don't want any scratches on that keel. I'm trying to sell it.

JAY
(getting off the boat)
Sorry. Cute boat.

MR. FLOYD
(standing, grabbing the money box)
Cute? Did you just call my boat...cute?

Jay is unsure what to say.

MR. FLOYD (CONT'D)
I built that boat with my own hands, son, took me a whole year in this garage, standing in wood shavings up to my knees, shaping it, sealing it, preparing it.

JAY
Preparing it?

MR. FLOYD
For the water. You do know what a boat does?

JAY
Yeah, of course-

MR. FLOYD
This boat was a whole year of my life.

SARAH
How did your wife feel about that?

MR. FLOYD
I'm a widower. Three years ago.
Lung cancer.

SARAH
Oh. Sorry.

He waves her off. The PUNK ROCK couple hold up a lamp.

PUNK
How much for this?

MR. FLOYD
20 dollars.

PUNK
Jeez. Pirate.

MR. FLOYD
(turning back to Sarah and
JAY)
The worst part is how often people
tell you they are sorry to hear
that you're a widower. Building
this boat was the best year of my
life since getting married. Just
me and the boat. The smell of wood
chips. It's smooth even keel...
(He gets lost in the
memory. He chuckles.)
My wife would have hated it.

JAY
And you're getting rid of it?

MR. FLOYD
Arthritis. I probably made it
worse building the damn thing.
I can't really go out in her.
Ever do any sailing?

JAY
Nah.

SARAH
He abhors nature.

JAY
How much?

SARAH
Jay?

MR. FLOYD
Three thousand.

JAY
THREE THOUSAND?

SARAH
Have you done a garage sale before?

MR. FLOYD
Priced to sell. It comes with the
sails and everything.

It's a handcrafted boat. Never
been used. Never touched the
water.

Sarah looks at the boat, pokes it with a finger, unsure.

SARAH
How do you know it won't sink?

MR. FLOYD
Sold as is.

JAY
Three thousand dollars is a lot of
money. But...

SARAH
But? But? You're not seriously
thinking about it?

JAY
Maybe I am. I've never had a boat,
I think I might want a boat.

SARAH
You've got to be kidding me.

JAY
It is a bit impulsive, isn't it?

SARAH
Uh. Yeah.

Jay looks at Mr. Floyd, Mr. Floyd looks back, smiles.

Jay pulls Sarah aside.

JAY
How am I going to get out of this?
I don't want to look like an ass,
his wife died of cancer.

SARAH
 Not a problem. Garage Sale
 tactics. Tell him you'll think
 about it and then walk away.

Jay nods and turns to the Mr. Floyd.

JAY
 I think I'm going to think about
 it, is that alright?

MR. FLOYD
 Sure. It's a lot of money. Here's
 my card.

Jay looks at the card. It reads: Thomas Floyd and a phone
 number.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH'S CAR. - MORNING

Sarah slams the door shut. Jay sits in the passenger seat,
 looking at the card, lost in thought.

SARAH
 Would you stop looking at the card?

JAY
 Hm? Right.

He stuffs the card into a pocket.

SARAH
 Let's ship out.

Disco blares as Sarah pulls away.

EXT. THE OCEAN. - DAY

Thick clouds in the sky, the water is becoming a little
 choppy, but it doesn't seem to bother Jay. He talks on a
 SATELLITE PHONE.

JAY
 The phone was under my life jacket.

YES-I'm wearing the life jacket,
 would you stop nagging?

Are you watching TV? It sounds
 like you're watching TV.

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

What else is on? Never mind.
Don't answer that. I don't want to
know. I'm free, I'm free.

Jay stands with his arms wide.

Suddenly a bit turbulence. The bouncing catches him off
guard. He grabs the side of the boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE EL TRAIN. - MORNING

Jay's eyes snap open. He has dozed off on the EL Train. He
looks around. Sure enough, the same people he always sees,
just in different clothes. One guy nods at him all chummy.

Jay does his best to smile.