

THE FREE REPUBLIC OF BOBISTAN

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FADE IN:

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

A wide, wide sea, and a cloudless sky.

The year is 1998, although the ocean doesn't know or care.

A wave crashes against a steel pylon - a rusted, pitted monstrosity that rises a hundred feet in the air, and who knows how far down into these depths.

This is -

OIL RIG 214 - CONTINUOUS

A fixed drilling platform; ugly, industrial. An obsolescent holdout from the 70's, the last of the tension leg platforms.

On the deck, men and machines move in a complex ritual.

A drill shaft spins, splattering everything around it; including BOB LEWIS - the man operating the control unit.

Bob's in his 50's, still good looking - behind the dripping mud - a physique that comes from lifting pipes, not gym weights. His tan line probably stops sharply at his neck.

BOB  
Drake! DRAKE!

DRAKE - a tough-ass roughneck with a jagged scar across his jaw - looks up.

BOB  
Hey! Get Kyle - I think we got a pocket!

Drake looks alarmed, and runs to a telephone intercom system on the nearest wall.

Bob frantically dials down the rpm's.

KYLE the wiry foreman - you can tell, he has slightly less mud on him - comes running over.

KYLE  
Whatcha got?

BOB  
Pocket!

KYLE  
What's the downhole pressure?

BOB  
280, but I felt a definite spike.

KYLE  
Sure it's a pocket?

BOB  
Who are you talking to?

KYLE  
Holy -

He's cut off by a blast of pressure coming from the well head, mud splatters everywhere.

KYLE  
Dial it back!

BOB  
Way ahead of you, boss!

KYLE  
This is bad.

BOB  
These controls - I can't slow her down quick enough -

KYLE  
It's gonna -

BOB  
I know it!

The spinning drill shaft breaks free - instantly overspeeding, a whine that rises to a shriek.

KYLE  
She's gone!

BOB  
Tell me something I don't -

KYLE  
Clear! Get clear!

Kyle slams an alarm button, and runs for cover as a KLAXON STARTS WAILING.

BOB  
I can still shut it down!

Bob starts frantically pulling switches.

BOB  
Antique piece of crap!

KYLE  
Get away from there!

BOB  
I can get it! I can... No, I can't.

Bob DIVES CLEAR as the broken end of the DRILL STRING whips clear of the pipe, and starts thrashing around like a ten foot steel weed wacker.

Sparks fly, metal fragments ricochet across the deck.

KYLE  
Go, go, go!

From one side of the deck to the other, projectiles are pinging off equipment.

Various ROUGHNECKS and DRILLMEN scatter.

Bob looks up at the control panel as a chunk of shrapnel the size of a canned ham embeds itself through a pressure gauge.

KYLE  
Get out of there, man!

BOB  
I'm working on it.

The end of the pipe string whips over Bob's head like the scythe of death.

BOB  
(to himself)  
It wasn't that close.

Bob leaps up, slams three separate switches down as fast as he can, and hits the deck again.

The motor slows, the noise diminishes...

Pieces of metal fall back to the deck.

Drake gingerly stands up and checks himself for missing body parts.

The drill string grinds to a halt with a final rattle, then the retaining bolt gives way, and the entire piece tips onto the deck with a resounding CLANG.

A moment of silence.

BOB  
Hit a gas pocket.

DRAKE  
D'ya think?

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - LATER

The crew are assembled in the one room on the rig large enough to hold all twenty five of them - a stark, utilitarian combined kitchen/cafeteria.

KYLE  
So that is the situation. Total shutdown, shift's over. They're gonna hold off on bringing the second shift out here, gives management two weeks to crunch the numbers.

SANDY - who looks like he could eat bench press a jeep - stands up.

SANDY  
We'll be back for our next shift, right?

KYLE  
Yeah. Well... maybe. We're gonna be looking at - okay, worse case scenario, they wanna close the rig, we'll be back to strip it down. Pack up anything worth -

SANDY  
There's nothing worth anything, this thing's an antique. They shoulda dumped it twenty years ago.

KYLE  
That's why they're crunching the numbers.

Grumbling from the crew.

KYLE  
This wasn't my call! This rig's twenty years beyond projected life as it is - this is all on borrowed time. Helicopter's on its way, grab your gear.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Grab any food you want, it's not gonna keep. If we don't - Any personal items you have here, you might wanna take them now, just in case. We can bring it all back. I'll call on the fourteenth with pick-up times.

Everyone starts getting up.

DRAKE

Nice going. You killed the rig.

BOB

The thing's manual, what d'ya want me to do?

DRAKE

I want you... to give me a big sloppy kiss.

BOB

No wonder no one wants to work with you.

DRAKE

And me so charming.

EXT. CURZON OIL COMPANY PAD - DAY

The crew helicopter winds down - rotors slowing.

Bob and the others carry their bags over to a bunch of company pick-ups.

INT. BOB'S PICK-UP - DAY

Bob drives, next to him is Sandy.

Sandy pulls out a pack of cigarettes, and offers one to Bob.

BOB

No thanks, man. I'm quitting.

Bob takes a cigarette anyway, pops it into his mouth with subconscious ease, and smacks the cigarette lighter in - oblivious to his own actions.

BOB

Julia's been on at me for a while, thinks I'm in a rut.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)  
So I thought, I'll quit.. you know,  
and this time...

The lighter pops out.

Bob takes it and lights his cigarette.

Sandy watches this with amusement.

BOB  
This time, I'm gonna do it. Quit  
for real... What?

SANDY  
Nothing, man... Bob?

BOB  
What?

SANDY  
What did Drake say to you in the  
briefing room?

BOB  
What?

SANDY  
The briefing... something about a  
kiss.

BOB  
He was just screwing around.

SANDY  
You haven't told anyone?

BOB  
About you?

SANDY  
Yeah.

BOB  
I told you I wouldn't.

SANDY  
I just don't... the guys would feel  
uncomfortable.

BOB  
Only a couple of'em.

SANDY  
 Couple's all it takes. How are  
 things with Julia?

BOB  
 She's... we're... fine.

SANDY  
 That bad, huh?

BOB  
 Sometimes I look forward to going  
 back to the rig.

Bob takes a puff - and realizes he's smoking.

BOB  
 Son of a bitch!  
 (He ditches it)  
 She can tell... Women. You got it  
 lucky.

SANDY  
 Oh yeah - let me tell you, Ralph's  
 no picnic either. He keeps talking  
 about adoption.

BOB  
 You're going to adopt a kid?

SANDY  
 He wants to. I'm like - "Hello? We  
 have dogs."

BOB  
 Our house had a nursery when we  
 bought it. I mean, painted walls  
 and a choo-choo train border. Julia  
 turned it into her office.

Something in his tone gets to Sandy.

SANDY  
 I'm sorry, man... Low sperm count?

EXT. SANDY'S PLACE - DAY

Bob idles the pick-up as Sandy gets his bag out of the back.

SANDY  
 Bob? It's gonna be okay. Julia's  
 got a good man in you.



BOB  
Ralph says that about you.

A beat. Sandy gets the double entendre.

SANDY  
Oh, very funny!

Bob laughs.

BOB  
I'll see you next shift, man.

SANDY  
If there is one.

BOB  
Think so?

SANDY  
Are you kidding yourself? You  
better spend the next two weeks  
updating your resume. The job's  
over.

Sandy heads up to his house.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A beautifully manicured lawn, and a picture perfect house.

The image is marred by the dented pick-up, emblazoned with the CURZON OIL logo, swinging off the road and jolting into the driveway.

Bob gets out.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and Bob enters, dropping his overstuffed duffle bag.

BOB  
Honey, I'm home!

A GROWL.

BOB  
No - Not you...

The growl becomes HIGH PITCHED YAPS as an annoying little yapping dog comes scurrying down the stairs

BOB

Not you, you - get away!

The dog latches onto Bob's pant leg.

BOB

Get off me, you little freak.  
You're an overgrown rat! You hear  
me? You're a rat, you're a... you  
know what you are? You're a punting  
dog - built at boot height... get  
off me! I will!

Bob struggles into the

KITCHEN

still dragging the dog.

BOB

Honey! Get your damn rat dog thing  
off me! Honey, you home?

He wrenches open a kitchen cabinet, grabs a can of dog food,  
pops the top and upends it into the dog bowl on the floor.

The dog instantly drops his pant cuff, and silently trots  
over to the bowl.

BOB

I hate you. One of these days, I  
swear... right over the fence!

Bob starts to leave, but as he does... a GROWL.

The rat dog is looking up at him, baring its teeth.

Bob reaches for the door.

The dog takes a hesitant step forward.

Stand-off.

Bob practically dives out the kitchen door as the rat-dog,  
yapping insanely, bounds across the kitchen floor, claws  
scrabbling on the linoleum.

Bob slams the door shut in the nick of time.

There is a sharp THUNK on the other side - two pounds of  
canine neuroses smacking into it at 30 mph.

Bob can barely suppress his delight.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob drops his duffle bag on the unmade bed.

The sound of a SHOWER - he goes and raps on the adjoining door.

BOB  
Honey? I'm home.

The shower cuts off.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Bob?

BOB  
Hey sweetie - I'm home.

JULIA (O.S.)  
You're not coming home for two more days!

BOB  
Yeah - change of plans. Home early.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Okay.

Bob takes off his shirt - smells his pits.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Look... Bob?

Bob strips down.

BOB  
We had a bit of trouble at the rig... so they cut the shift short.

Bob flings his socks across the room, vaguely in the direction of the hamper.

His underwear follows.

A CRASH off screen.

BOB  
Honey?

He opens the bathroom door.

JULIA  
Don't come in yet -

Too late. JULIA - redhead, 30's, and looking great wrapped in a towel, is awkwardly trying to conceal... the window.

BOB  
Julie...

JULIA  
Bob... we need to talk.

BOB  
Guess so.

A NAKED MAN - only visible as a large butt - is trying unsuccessfully to squeeze out the small window.

He's stuck tight.

The Naked Man's voice is muffled, but you've got to give him credit for style, considering his position.

NAKED MAN  
This isn't what it looks like.

BOB  
Oh my God.

JULIA  
Bob... uh...

BOB  
Yuh.

Bob collapses on the toilet - slumps down in complete shock.

JULIA  
Well...

NAKED MAN  
Let me assure you, sir... your wife is completely... this is a little difficult - uh - situation.

BOB  
Really.

NAKED MAN  
Julia, maybe you could... uh...

JULIA  
Should I pull you back in?

NAKED MAN  
I think that would be best.

JULIA  
Bob, maybe you should go  
downstairs...

BOB  
What?

JULIA  
Well, put some clothes on...

BOB  
(dazed)  
What... why...

Julia pulls on one leg of the Naked Man. Nothing doing.  
She tries again - heaves.

JULIA  
I can't -

NAKED MAN  
That's not going -

JULIA  
You're stuck.

NAKED MAN  
I'm well aware.

BOB  
Julia?

JULIA  
I'm so sorry Bob...

BOB  
He's... you're...

JULIA  
I didn't want you to find out like  
this.

BOB  
Well, there's that.

JULIA  
I never meant - it just happened.

BOB  
I can't believe this.

JULIA  
Honey, I'm so, so sorry.

BOB  
Wha... how long has this been going  
on?

NAKED MAN  
I hate to be a burden... it's kind  
of... it's getting painful.

BOB  
Shut up!

NAKED MAN  
Well, of course. It's just...

JULIA  
Help me.

BOB  
What?

JULIA  
Pull on his leg.

BOB  
Are you insane?

JULIA  
We can talk about this - but we've  
got to get him out first!

BOB  
I've got nothing to say to him!

JULIA  
Jesus, honey!

BOB  
This is - Have you gone mad?

NAKED MAN  
It's a bit difficult to breathe...

BOB  
SHUT UP! SHUT UP AND GET OUT OF MY  
GODDAMNED WINDOW! ... AND MY HOUSE!

JULIA  
We're trying!

BOB  
AAGH!

Furious, Bob draws back his fist and runs at the naked man,  
ready to punch him into... he's confronted by butt.

Bob can punch a naked guy on the ass, or not.

He drops his fist.

BOB  
You're having an affair.

JULIA  
Yes.

BOB  
Do you... do you love him?

NAKED MAN  
Don't answer that, Julie!

JULIA  
Help me pull him in.

NAKED MAN  
I'd be very grateful.

JULIA  
You can't leave him here.

Pause.

BOB  
I'm gonna go get changed. I'll be  
downstairs when you want to talk.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Bob, now dressed, sits down on the porch, and cradles his head in his hands, trying to come to terms with this.

A FIRE ENGINE pulls up.

Several FIREMEN leap off, and efficiently start getting a ladder up to the bathroom window.

Various NEIGHBORS have come out to watch.

Bob stares at the ground.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EVENING

Bob still slumps, deep in thought.

A FIREMAN passes by with rescue blankets.

Then ANOTHER FIREMAN goes past, this one carrying a hydraulic "jaws of life".

A white haired neighbor, the ancient and tiny MRS. MCCARDLE, totters up with a cup of tea.

MRS. MCCARDLE

I brought the poor man some tea, dear. Oh, it's just like the war all over again. ... I was in the blitz, you know.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob still sits there. Julia comes out, and sits down next to him.

JULIA

I'm sorry.

BOB

So you said. How long has this been going on?

JULIA

Almost... a year.

BOB

A year?

JULIA

I'm... I'm leaving, Bob.

BOB

Leaving?

JULIA

I'm going to stay at a friends house. I'll call you in a few days.

BOB

This friend wouldn't happen to be stuck in our window?

No reply.

BOB

Was it something I did?

JULIA

Something you didn't do.



BOB  
What?

JULIA  
Anything. You could've done  
anything, but instead...

BOB  
I'm the same guy you married.

JULIA  
Ten years ago. Some people grow.

A FIREMAN passing by FIRES UP A GAS POWERED, CIRCULAR RESCUE  
SAW - the noise makes conversation impossible.

Julia gets up in alarm, and follows.

Bob sits there as the WHINE of saw teeth biting into wood  
echoes around him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The doorbell buzzes.

Bob pokes his head up from his nest of blankets.

He looks like he hasn't gotten out of bed in two weeks -  
unshaven, bloodshot eyes blinking in the harsh sunlight.

The doorbell buzzes again.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bob opens the door on a YOUNG MAN in a business suit.

BOB  
Is this about the paper?

YOUNG MAN  
Mr. Robert Lewis? Yes sir. Here  
they are.

He hands Bob a legal brief - a blue backed set of divorce  
papers.

BOB  
What's this?

YOUNG MAN  
Papers. I'm serving you.

BOB  
I thought you were the delivery  
boy.

YOUNG MAN  
No, sir. Those are divorce papers.  
You have been served. Have a  
nice... feel better.

BOB  
Didn't you used to deliver our  
newspaper?

Bob stomps back inside.

The PHONE RINGS.

He pushes an ashtray overflowing with butts aside to grab the  
phone.

BOB  
Julia?

KYLE  
(on Phone)  
Hey Bob, it's Kyle.

BOB  
What?

INTERCUT with KYLE IN THE CURZON OIL OFFICE:

KYLE  
Listen, man - I hate to say it, but  
there's no pick-up. We ain't going  
back.

BOB  
What?

KYLE  
They're pulling the plug on the  
whole thing.

BOB  
What about stripping it? I thought -

KYLE

It's dead in the water. I'm taking a couple guys to pick up the computers and files. That's it. It's a walkaway.

BOB

I need to go back.

KYLE

Bob, I'm serious. It's not gonna happen.

BOB

I can carry a computer.

KYLE

Listen, I already told that new guy whats-his-face - the kid that does the internet thing - he's coming, and Sandy.

BOB

Kyle, I gotta get out of here.

KYLE

It's one day, man. You're getting severance -

BOB

No, Kyle... I have to get out of here. Julia left.

KYLE

Oh shoot... sorry to hear that.

BOB

I've worked on that rig eighteen years, Kyle. I don't know what I have left.

KYLE

Ah hell... what's a computer kid know about carrying the damn things that you don't?

BOB

Thanks, Kyle.

KYLE

Pick-up's five a.m.

BOB

Sweet. Get to sleep in.

KYLE

Short day. We need to stay ahead of  
the weather.

BOB

What weather?

INT. HELICOPTER - STORM

Rain obscures the view from the front of the chopper.

Rough seas below and rough clouds above - lightning,  
thunder... God in a shitty mood.

The helicopter LURCHES VIOLENTLY, jolting the three  
passengers - Sandy, Kyle and Bob - against their restraints.

They have to SCREAM over the noise of the rotors and the  
storm.

SANDY

This was a good idea.

KYLE

Yeah - crappy way to end the job.

BOB

I'm gonna miss these rides... maybe  
you could've picked a bigger storm  
to try and fly through.

KYLE

What?

BOB

I said: maybe you could've picked a  
bigger storm to fly through... like  
a hurricane.

KYLE

It's not a hurricane... yet. It's  
meant to get worse.

SANDY

It's gonna get worse?

KYLE

Yeah. That's why we had to come  
today.

SANDY

I'm gonna miss these rides!

The PILOT looks back over his shoulder.

PILOT  
This might be a bit bumpy!

BOB  
Oh, good. We were getting sleepy  
back here.

Ahead, barely visible through the driving rain, is the deck  
of Rig 214.

KYLE  
We gonna be okay?

PILOT  
Sure! I've flown in worse.

KYLE  
Really?

PILOT  
Yeah... but I crashed.

He LAUGHS.

KYLE  
You're very funny.

PILOT  
I gotta concentrate on this bit.

Kyle and the others tighten their seat restraints.

The helicopter hovers unsteadily over the landing pad.

The pilot constantly adjusts the controls to try and keep it  
steady in the gusting winds.

The helicopter settles - HARD - onto the deck, jolting all  
aboard.

SANDY  
Did we land or did you crash again?

PILOT  
Hey, boss! We got 40 knots of wind  
out there - that's over limit. I  
can't shut her down.

KYLE  
What?

PILOT

I have to keep the rotors turning.  
When they get slow, the wind can  
make them flex - they can strike  
the tailboom.

KYLE

Really?

PILOT

Yeah, really. I went to pilot  
school and everything.

KYLE

How long can you give us?

PILOT

At idle? Hold on...

He punches the digital Fuel Flow Indicator to countdown mode.

PILOT

Okay, return trip plus legal  
minimum reserve... I can give you  
38 minutes on the rig, but you  
better be back, cause then it's go  
time - I can't wait for you.

KYLE

Okay, got it. Let's go, kids... go!

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - STORM

The three of them exit the helicopter, ducking low and  
running for the shelter of the crew quarters.

Bob notices CRUDE OIL dribbling from the damaged drill pipe  
as he runs past.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CREW QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Sandy slams the steel door behind them, cutting off the noise  
of the storm and the idling helicopter.

KYLE

We've got 38 minutes to grab this  
stuff, load it and go.

SANDY

Oh, good. I though we were gonna be  
rushed.

BOB  
Kyle, you see the drill pipe?

KYLE  
What?

BOB  
Oil seepage.

KYLE  
Too late now.

He turns and starts up the metal grated stairway.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

This room, like the traffic control tower at an airport, allows a clear view of the entire deck area.

The three of them start grabbing equipment, working fast but efficiently.

Sandy folds up two laptops, and stacks them.

Kyle grabs the radio com unit - and, unable to disconnect the wiring harness, yanks it out.

SANDY  
So what's gonna happen to the rig?

KYLE  
Nothing, she's done.

SANDY  
Seems a shame to just leave it all here.

BOB  
What about the well cap? If it's leaking oil... she'll just keep going.

KYLE  
Those wells are dry. We were getting, what, a couple hundred barrels out of'em? That doesn't pay for the ride out here.

BOB  
Enough to mess up a bunch of ocean.

KYLE  
It'd take years.

BOB

It's a slow leak. It could last for years.

KYLE

It's not our problem. That's Curzon's call.

BOB

Yeah, but eventually...

KYLE

They're abandoning her. We're outside the twelve mile limit, Bob. International waters. They file it as derelict, and it ain't their problem.

SANDY

They can do that?

KYLE

They already did.

SANDY

So what's to stop me taking this computer and declaring it mine?

KYLE

Nothing... except that your only way back is a company helicopter, and they'd probably notice it sticking out of your pocket.

SANDY

Cool.

KYLE

Laws of the high seas, Sandy. Everything changes out here.  
(He checks his watch)  
Fourteen minutes. Grab it and go.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - STORM

The three of them run out to the helicopter, laden with equipment and file boxes.

PILOT

Flying back in this crap - a little extra reserve wouldn't hurt, ya know!



KYLE  
Two more boxes!

BOB  
Kyle - we gotta cap that well.

KYLE  
Are you nuts? There's no time!

BOB  
I can't leave it like this!

KYLE  
You haven't got a choice.

BOB  
It's not right.

KYLE  
Oh, okay. How does that change the  
amount of fuel in the helicopter?  
... Get the goddamn boxes!

BOB  
Okay!

He and Sandy run back to the quarters.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They grab the last two boxes of files.

BOB  
We gotta do something.

SANDY  
Hey, it comes out of the ocean, it  
goes back in - it's all part of the  
cycle of life.

BOB  
You're an idiot.

SANDY  
C'mon, I don't want to miss the  
last bus.

INT. HELICOPTER - STORM

Bob and Sandy run up with the last two boxes and throw them  
in.

Sandy climbs in.

BOB  
I'm not going!

SANDY  
What!

BOB  
I'm gonna stay! Pick me up in a couple days.

KYLE  
Are you kidding! If I left you here, I'd get canned!

BOB  
How're you gonna stop me?

PILOT  
Guys - we gotta go!

KYLE  
Get in the damn helicopter!

PILOT  
I'm serious!

BOB  
Pick me up in a couple days!

KYLE  
This is a big storm! You could be here a week!

BOB  
There's enough food for a week - I'll be fine!

KYLE  
You're nuts!

BOB  
You got no choice! See ya, boss!

Bob turns and runs away.

KYLE  
(to Sandy)  
What the hell's up with him?!

SANDY  
You want me to go get him?

PILOT  
Guys, we gotta -

SANDY  
Okay, fine! Go, go! Get going!

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - STORM

The helicopter thunders off into the storm.

From the doorway of the crew quarters, Bob watches it leave.

He looks at the storm washed deck.

BOB  
I changed my mind.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 PYLON - CONTINUOUS

A HUGE WAVE crashes against the pylons, sending a shudder through the entire structure.

The derricks sway, metal grinds.

The bright orange rescue lifeboat breaks free from its davits and tumbles down from the platform, crashing into the ocean.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - CONTINUOUS

Metal pipes roll across the deck, a piece of equipment tips over with a resounding CLANG.

The Drill Pipe shifts, and suddenly the slow leak becomes a steady, belching gurgle of oil.

Bob, clutching the door frame to steady himself, looks at the oil, spreading across the deck, dripping down into the ocean.

BOB  
Shit.

SEQUENCE:

Bob, dressed in foul weather gear, staggers across the deck, fighting the high winds, carrying a three foot wrench.

Waves crash against the pylons.

Bob works furiously to cap the well, hampered by the slick oil, the rising storm.

Every action is a struggle - he's working alone, trying to use equipment that should take a crew.

He retrieves a chain hoist from a derrick, perilously overhanging a straight drop to the ocean.

Using the chain hoist, he lifts the five hundred pound cap clear of the deck.

Lightning strikes the rod at the tallest derrick, showering sparks down to the deck below.

The wind is strong enough to push Bob across the slick deck, but he labors on.

Finally, the cap is on, the bolts tight, the leak stopped.

Bob looks up at the raging sky, and roars in triumph.

INT. OIL RIG 214 BUNK ROOM - NIGHT

Bob tosses and turns on his narrow bunk.

The storm still raging outside makes the whole place creak and shudder.

The CRASH of nearby lightning jolts him awake.

He grabs his sodden jeans off the floor, and rummages through the pockets.

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes. They are soaked, useless.

He tries to lay them out to dry, but they disintegrate as he touches them.

BOB

Okay.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CREW QUARTERS - LATER

Bob searches through lockers, looking for cigarettes.

No luck.

He finds a MAN TO MAN XCHANGE Magazine - a cheap, pulp mag leftover from the 80's with a naked guy on the cover.

BOB

Nice, Sandy, real subtle.

Closing the locker, he notices the name "Drake" on it.

BOB  
Well Goddamn.

Next locker. No luck.

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - LATER

Bob pulls a cigarette apart, and sprinkles the tobacco onto a baking sheet.

Bob carefully places the cookie sheet into the industrial oven.

He sets the dial to "warm".

INT. OIL RIG 214 - CONTROL ROOM

Bob carefully rips a sheet out of the X-change pulp mag, tears it into four pieces.

He picks up some of the tobacco from the cookie sheet, and carefully rolls himself a newspaper cigarette.

He leans back in the control officers chair, looking out the window at the rain swept deck, and puffs contentedly.

BOB  
Thank you, Drake - you poor closeted bastard.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - NIGHT

Bob lounges behind the control room window, safe and warm, puffing his homemade cigarette while the world rages outside.

EXT. CURZON OIL COMPANY PAD - NIGHT

Rain sheets across the empty helipad.

INT. CURZON OIL COMPANY OFFICE - NIGHT

A DISPATCHER is on the phone.

DISPATCHER  
Sir? They're still not back... no, they called two miles out, they wouldn't have had enough fuel to return to the rig. ...

(MORE)

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)

Maybe - maybe they set down on the  
shoreline somewhere... Yes sir.  
Right away.

He hangs up, and immediately dials another number.

DISPATCHER

Coast Guard? This is Curzon oil, we  
may have a helicopter down.

The Dispatcher looks out at the stormy weather, at the  
helipad waiting for a helicopter that he knows in his heart  
will never come.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Bob opens the doorway to the deck.

The sun is bright, the sky blue. A perfect day.

BOB

Sweet!

He starts singing quietly.

BOB

*Brazil, where hearts were  
entertained in June...*

He goes back inside.

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - DAY

Still singing, Bob opens the Fridge.

Inside is a sixpack of Soda.

Bob grabs one, and then a lemon from the crisper drawer.

BOB

*We stood beneath that amber moon...*

Bob slices the lemon.

He pours some sugar on a plate.

BOB

*And softly murmured: Someday soon.*

He sugars the rim of a glass,

Pours the soda.

BOB

*Someday, I will return, I will  
return - Brazil.*

He garnishes his drink with a slice of lemon.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Bob leans back on a deck chair, basking in the sun, sipping his fancy soda, the king of all he surveys.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - SUNSET

The sun sets behind the oil rig.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob checks the radio... where the radio used to be before Kyle yanked it.

BOB

Son of a bitch.

He finds a cardboard box at the back of the control desk, dusty, filled with old electronics.

Rummaging through, he pulls out:

An old style VHF radio, a pair of binoculars, and a thick book - MARITIME LAW.

Bob plugs in the radio.

Nothing. Dead as a doornail.

He looks out at the wide, wide ocean.

BOB

Storm's over, guys.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Bob sits in his deck chair, restless.

He's reading the Man2Man X-Change mag.

BOB

Seeks CBT? What the hell is CBT. I don't get it, Sub WM. You gotta be clearer if you wanna get the ladies. The guys.

He drops the paper in exasperation.

BOB

I need a cigarette!

INT. OIL RIG 214 CREW QUARTERS - DAY

Bob walks down a hallway to the Foreman's Quarters.

The door is locked, but he shoulders it open.

INT. OIL RIG 214 FOREMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The cabin is utilitarian, but more spacious than Bob's bunk room. Only two cots, with a decent size wardrobe locker at the foot of each one.

Bob looks through the two lockers.

Kyle's is empty.

The other - marked *Reginald* - has some spare clothes in it - including a suit and tie.

No cigarettes.

BOB

Goddamnit!

He looks around the cabin.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - SUNSET

Bob scans the horizon with a pair of binoculars.

The sun sets.

DISSOLVE TO:



INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob props the Maritime Law book on the upturned cardboard box.

He rests his elbows on it - now he can hold the weight of the binoculars for longer.

He scans the horizon unceasingly.

The ocean is empty.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - SUNSET

Bob looks at the setting sun. He stands on the rail and yells:

BOB  
If you didn't want to pay for a  
heli, I'd take a boat... What, you  
forget about me?

He steps back... and we can see in his eyes he has come to a realization.

INT. OIL RIG 214 FOREMAN'S CABIN - DAY

Bob opens Reginald's locker, and carefully dresses in the suit.

He puts the tie on, awkwardly - he's not used to it, but he does the best he can.

He examines himself in the mirror - acceptable.

He slides Kyle's name tag from his locker.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CREW QUARTERS - DAY

Bob goes to Sandy's locker, and peels off the tape with Sandy's name on it.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Bob goes to the railing, and stares down at the ocean far below.

He holds the two nametags over the edge.

Bob closes his eyes for a moment, standing like a statue.

He releases the nametags, and watches them drift away, tumbling down to the open sea.

He tries to speak, but has no words.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Bob checks various systems.

BOB

Diesel gennies - check. On-rig Refiner - check. Got electrical power, and I can refill the generator fuel tanks. Desalinator - check. Bob, you got hot water forever. Sweet.

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - LATER

Bob checks the industrial pantry.

BOB

Staples: flour, sugar - check. Canned food: Crap. Six cans of soup. Don't like soup.

He opens a huge freezer.

BOB

Frozen goods... aren't.

He shuts the door, as foul smelling water drips from it.

BOB

What the hell?

He checks the plug at the back. Pushes a switch-local circuit breaker in. It pops out again.

BOB

Okay, no frozen food.

He opens the fridge.

BOB

Expendables: out of milk, a few veggies, out of meat, out of every damn thing except lemons. Soda: Five cans... Bob, you got everything you need to live here, except for food! Goddamn it!

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - SUNSET

The sun sets on the rig. Darkness.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Bob works on the desalinator - greasing fittings, cleaning off rust and salt deposits.

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - DAY

Bob scrubs the stove.

He cleans the inside of the fridge.

He lines up the few cans of food in the pantry.

INT. OIL RIG 214 FOREMAN'S CABIN - DAY

Bob drags the two beds together.

He looks around the bare room, not happy with what he sees.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

Bob cleans the windows, as the sun sets over the ocean.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. OIL RIG 214 FOREMAN'S CABIN - TWO WEEKS LATER

Bob sits in his double-sized bed, reading the Maritime Law book.

He scratches his new beard, and looks around the room with contemplative pride.

The room has been decorated, the furniture rearranged - this is no longer a bunk room shared by two people, this is a cosy bedroom.

BOB

Bob, I believe it's breakfast time.

(answering himself)

Damn good idea, Bob. Let's make waffles.

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - DAY

The fridge is almost bare. A couple of potatoes, already sprouting. Nothing else.

Bob has reached that stage of isolation where he's talking to himself as two distinct personalities. OTHERBOB may not be in the same frame in any shot, but he might be seated, watching calmly as Bob paces anxiously, or vice versa.

BOB  
Ooh, too bad, Bob. Looks like  
we're out of milk.

OTHERBOB  
No waffles?

BOB  
Sorry Bob. We have some flour left.

OTHERBOB  
That's no good without milk.

BOB  
You could make them with water.

OTHERBOB  
Ooh, good try, Bob - but that's  
glue, not waffles.

BOB  
Almost got you there, Bob.

OTHERBOB  
You'll have to get up pretty early  
in the morning to catch me out.

BOB  
How about sprouty potato?

OTHERBOB  
You always want sprouty potato.

BOB  
They're yummalicious, Bob.

OTHERBOB  
So you say.

BOB  
And good for you.

OTHERBOB

We could make sprouty fries.  
Haven't had sprouty fries yet.

BOB

Chips, as they call them in  
England.

OTHERBOB

Yeah, fish and... chips. Goddamn  
it!

INT. OIL RIG 214 CREW BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob scrabbles through a medicine cabinet.

He finds a pack of dental floss.

INT. OIL RIG 214 BUNK ROOM - LATER

Bob carefully braids the dental floss to the loop of a safety  
pin.

BOB

I do believe you're a genius, Bob.

OTHERBOB

Thank you, Bob.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - LATER

Bob opens the EMERGENCY ACCESS HATCHWAY in the deck.

Below it, the dizzying view looking directly down one of the  
pylons.

Steel rungs are set into the pylon - an exposed ladder.

Terrifying.

OTHERBOB

Bob, I believe I'm about ready to  
piss my pants.

BOB

Way ahead of you, Bob.

OTHERBOB

Tell you what, you get in the air  
tugger, and I'll lower you down.

BOB

You'll stay up here, and work the controls, while I go down in the basket?

OTHERBOB

Yup.

It actually takes him a moment to realize the fatal flaw in this argument with himself.

BOB

Jesus - I gotta eat.

He starts down the rungs.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 PYLON - DAY

Bob stands on the lowest dry rung, one elbow hooked through another, trying to fish with a piece of potato on a safety pin.

BOB

C'mon, you bastards. It's sprouty potato! It's yummalicious!

Fish are tantalizingly close, flocking around the pylon... not interested in his potato.

He leans further out, trying to get the hook closer to a big silver wrasse.

Bob's foot slips off the rung - leaving him caught by his elbow.

He's scrabbling for purchase, desperate.

As his foot scrapes against the pylon, it knocks down several limpets.

Bob manages to regain his footing - and looks in amazement as the fish below start churning the water, fighting over the limpets as they tumble down.

BOB

All right!

He kicks open a limpet shell, and scoops the fleshy mollusc onto his safety pin.

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - DAY

Bob fries up a big, beautiful wrasse. With flour.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Bob lounges on his deck chair, munching on a fish fillet. Next to him sits a bowl of steamed mussels, and a seaweed salad.

He reads the maritime law book, musing.

Something catches his eye.

He rereads the paragraph, then flips back to an earlier section, and checks it.

BOB

I claim this land in the name of  
Bob. From hereon, this shall be  
Bobistan - a free nation! And I  
shall be your king!

He acknowledges the imaginary populace with a royal wave.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CREW QUARTERS - DAY

Bob looks through the lockers. He finds a tie-dyed T-shirt.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - EVENING

Bob proudly raises the T-shirt up the flagpole.

BOB

This shall be the flag of Bobistan -  
long may she wave.

(He sings, softly)

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's  
early light...

He stops, just looking at this scrap of fabric, fluttering in the ocean breeze.

BOB

Any day now.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob scans the ocean with a pair of binoculars.

Something catches his eye - something vital.

The binoculars clatter onto the desk.

Bob races out.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Bob stands on the railing, yelling, waving his shirt.

BOB  
Over here! Hey, boat! Hey! HEY! ...  
They've seen me.

INT. CURZON OIL COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

The Dispatcher slams down the phone.

DISPATCHER  
Holy shit.

INT. CURZON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office of MR. CURZON - the elderly owner and CEO of Curzon Oil. He looks more like a kindly grandfather than an oil baron.

DISPATCHER  
Sir! They have a survivor! A boat  
just pulled into Biscayne harbor -  
they picked up a survivor!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Curzon jogs along the hospital corridor, straining to keep up with the excited Dispatcher.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They burst into the ward room.

On the bed, disheveled and sunburnt is Sandy.

CURZON  
Goddamn, son - how're you doing?



SANDY  
I'm just grateful... Fishing  
trawler saw the life raft...  
miracle.

CURZON  
The others?

SANDY  
Never... made it into the raft.

Sandy collapses back, exhausted.

CURZON  
You just rest now, son. You're  
safe. You're home.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 PYLON - DAY

Bob clammers down the slippery rungs.

The waves are much rougher today - a ten foot swell that  
plunges the lower rungs underwater.

Bob gets to the last rung that's clear, and waves to the  
boat.

He glimpses it as it crests a wave.

BOB  
Help! Hey...

His face falls.

This is no rescue boat - it's a half inflated raft, barely  
afloat itself.

As it drifts closer, he can see a WOMAN on board, desperately  
trying to paddle it.

WOMAN  
¡Auxilio!

BOB  
What the hell?

Her boat gets closer.

BOB  
Careful!

The swells are making this treacherous - threatening to throw  
her boat against the pylon...

She's trying to get to safety -

A large wave shoves the boat closer -

Bob grabs her hand, clasping it as the wave drops the boat out from under her, leaving her dangling.

WOMAN

Don't drop me!

BOB

I got you!

As the boat drops, it snags on the rungs, ripping open, collapsing with a despairing hiss.

A bigger wave crashes in, drenching them, lifting her up for a brief moment.

She grabs him, and they cling there together, fighting the water.

The wave drops away.

The remains of the boat swirl down into the depths.

BOB

Okay, climb, climb!

They start up the ladder.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

They crawl out of the access hatch.

The woman stands up - she is Cuban, 30-ish. Her beauty shines through her ragged clothing and bedraggled appearance.

WOMAN

Is this America?

BOB

It's damn close.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CREW BATHROOM - EVENING

The Cuban woman showers.

Bob puts some clothing on the bench by the door.

BOB

I found what I could.

WOMAN

Thank you.

He's trying not to look... but he cannot resist a quick peek as the door swings shut.

OTHERBOB

Wow. That is a perfect ass.

BOB

Shut up, Bob.

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob, in his shirt and tie, serves a beautifully grilled piece of fish.

With her hair washed and combed out, this woman is stunning - in spite of the Megadeath T-shirt and dungarees.

BOB

I don't even know your name.

LUPE

Lupe.

BOB

And you escaped from Cuba.

LUPE

Refugee. But we ran into a patrol boat.... they shot at us. I hid under the raft... when I came out, they were gone. The men who were taking me, gone.

BOB

I'm sorry.

LUPE

They were pigs. Take your money, and then want more.

BOB

You must've really wanted -

LUPE

Yes. When do we go to America?

BOB

There's a bit of a problem there.

LUPE  
What problem?

BOB  
Well, it's like this...

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - NIGHT

The sound of a furious, shrieking Lupe can be heard through the thick steel walls.

LUPE (O.S.)  
¡Usted es un idiota! Un inutil.  
¡Habría sido mejor de permanecer en el barco! ¡No puedo creer que aquí me atrapan con un hombre estúpido, pegado en un aparejo de aceite con un moron!

INT. OIL RIG 214 FOREMAN'S CABIN - LATER

Bob backs into the cabin, still being harangued by an irate Lupe.

BOB  
This is nothing - I've lived with worse. Goodnight, Julia.

LUPE  
¿Julia? ¿Quién es Julia? Soy Lupe - y usted no va salir de esto tan facilmente -

He shuts the door on her, muffling her tirade.

Bob sits down on the bed.

BOB  
I think she likes you, Bob.

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - MORNING

Bob walks in, pulling on his T-shirt.

BOB  
Lupe? Lupe?

The room is empty.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Bob walks in.

Lupe is taking apart the VHF radio.

BOB  
That doesn't work.

LUPE  
Yet. Buenos dias.

BOB  
Good morning. You're not mad at me anymore?

LUPE  
You saved my life.

BOB  
Well -

LUPE  
You did. Thank you.

BOB  
You're welcome. Sorry you're stuck here.

LUPE  
Not for long.

She holds up a circuit board.

LUPE (CONT'D)  
When was this made?

BOB  
Best guess - seventies. Probably original equipment.

LUPE  
Do you have any parts?

BOB  
Just what's in the box.

LUPE  
Okay. This may take a while.

BOB  
You think you can fix it?

LUPE  
Oh yes.

BOB  
Okay.

INT. CURZON OIL COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

The Dispatcher leans back in his chair, asleep.

The crackle of the radio startles him.

BOB  
(on Radio)  
Hello? Curzon dispatch? Is anyone  
on frequency? This is Bob.

The dispatcher jolts to instant full alertness, and grabs the mic.

DISPATCHER  
Okay, man, whoever you are, you're  
kind of freaking me out right now.

BOB  
(On Radio)  
It's me! Howie, is that you? I'm on  
214! I got left here!

DISPATCHER  
Jesus Christ!

INT. CURZON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Howie the Dispatcher tears in.

DISPATCHER  
You're not gonna believe this!

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

A Curzon Oil helicopter sets down on the pad. Mr. Curzon gets out.

Bob and Lupe are waiting.

CURZON  
Bob! Damn good to see ya! Thought  
we'd lost you there, buddy. Who's  
this?

BOB

This is Lupe - she's a Cuban  
refugee. Rescued her.

CURZON

Are you kidding?

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - LATER

Mr. Curzon fiddles with a quarter, spinning it on the table.

Bob and Lupe are seated across from him.

CURZON

This puts us in a bit of bind here,  
Bob. I don't know that we can take  
her back with us.

BOB

Well you can't leave her here.

CURZON

I'm aware of that... but we... we  
may need to wait here for the Coast  
Guard.

BOB

I don't get it.

CURZON

Bob, she's going to have to go  
home. You realize that, right?

LUPE

No! I cannot go back.

BOB

I thought that Cubans - I mean, if  
they get to America, they're free.  
Aren't they?

CURZON

The Wet foot/Dry foot doctrine. If  
they set foot on dry land, then  
they can apply for asylum... If  
they're found at sea, they go back.

BOB

But this rig...

CURZON

Is a derelict structure outside of  
the US.

(MORE)

CURZON (CONT'D)

Last year, a judge ruled that a fishing pier didn't count as dry land, and that was in the Keys.

BOB

If she goes back, they'll put her in jail.

CURZON

Bob, I empathize... but this is not up to you. This is government policy. The Coast Guard will be here in a few hours. We'll wait for them.

Lupe runs from the room, weeping.

BOB

Lupe!

Bob runs after her.

CURZON

Jeez, Bob...

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Lupe cries, Bob comforts her.

BOB

It's okay, Lupe. I won't let them take you.

LUPE

You will go back to America. And I will not make it to Cuba. I will die before I see the land.

BOB

Die? Why would you die?

LUPE

Because I will throw myself from the boat and drown myself before I let them take me back.

BOB

I can see a whole lot wrong with your logic right there.

LUPE

Bob, if I go back, it will be worse than prison.



BOB  
Maybe we can get you asylum anyway -

LUPE  
Not for me.

BOB  
I'm missing something here.

LUPE  
It doesn't matter. But if you send me back...

BOB  
What did you do?

LUPE  
Nothing.

BOB  
Yeah. That's what everyone -

LUPE  
I did nothing. The man that wanted me to do something... he forced me. And when I still refused... he turned out to be political. A government official. They do what they want. I will not go back to him. I will die first.

BOB  
You... It's okay, don't... I'm not going to let that happen. We're going to America.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Bob strides across the deck towards the Helicopter.

The YOUNG PILOT naps in the shade of the heli.

BOB  
Hey! Wake up!

The Young Pilot looks up in alarm - Bob is swinging a large, heavy wrench.

BOB  
Fire it up.

YOUNG PILOT  
Are you serious?

Bob smacks the wrench down on the deck, right between the pilot's legs.

YOUNG PILOT  
You could've hit me!

BOB  
Fire it up. You're taking us back.

YOUNG PILOT  
Not if you're gonna be swinging a wrench at me!

BOB  
I'm... listen, I... you're taking us back, right now!

YOUNG PILOT  
Yeah. That's my job. We're just waiting -

BOB  
No! We're not waiting, they're not gonna take Lupe - I'm... I'm hijacking your helicopter.

YOUNG PILOT  
How can - what? We're not even in the - how can you hijack a - when it's... what?

BOB  
Fly me back to Florida or I'll hit you with this wrench.

YOUNG PILOT  
Oh! Are you serious?

Bob brandishes the wrench.

YOUNG PILOT  
I'll start it up.

Bob turns and runs for the Control Room.

In the background, the whine of the helicopter turbine ratchets up.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Bob bursts in.

BOB  
Lupe, let's go.

LUPE  
Where?

BOB  
We're going to America. Right now.  
Run!

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Lupe burst out of the door.

Over at the helicopter, Mr. Curzon and the Pilot turn and look at Bob in alarm.

Mr. Curzon scrambles into the helicopter.

BOB  
Run!

Lupe and Bob tear across the deck.

The helicopter rotors spin faster.

The helicopter starts to lift up as Bob reaches it.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Curzon screams at the Pilot.

The heli pulls away from the deck.

Bob waves his wrench, angry but futile.

YOUNG PILOT  
He's insane, see?!

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - CONTINUOUS

Lupe takes the wrench from Bob.

BOB  
I'm sorry.

LUPE  
You're crazy.

BOB  
They could've taken us.

LUPE  
It doesn't work like that.

BOB  
... I wouldn't have really hit him.

LUPE  
That's why it didn't work.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - LATER

The two of them sit at the railing, watching the ocean together.

BOB  
This is nice.

LUPE  
Yes. It's very pretty.

MEGAPHONE VOICE (O.S.)  
Ahoy! Rig 214!

LUPE  
It was good while it lasted.

Bob leans over and looks down.

Below them, a COAST GUARD CUTTER idles. On the deck, a smartly uniformed COASTIE looks up, a megaphone in his hand.

COASTIE  
Send down the air tigger!

BOB  
No.

COASTIE  
What?

BOB  
You can't come on board. Go away.

COASTIE  
Sir, we were told there's a Cuban national -

BOB  
This structure is in international waters. We don't need any assistance, we're fine.

COASTIE  
Well, we're coming on board whether  
you like it or not.

BOB  
This is a foreign structure!

COASTIE  
What?!

BOB  
This is a foreign structure. This  
is not US Registry!

The Coastie confers with his LIEUTENANT.

COASTIE  
Whose flag are you flying?

Bob looks at the tattered, tie-dyed T-shirt, still fluttering  
from the flagpole.

BOB  
Uh... Bobistan.

COASTIE  
What?

BOB  
Bobistan. Independent nation.

More conferral.

Bob watches.

COASTIE  
Uh... Okay.

BOB  
Okay?

COASTIE  
Okay... sir. Thank you.

The boat backs away, and starts heading off.

Bob looks at Lupe in wonder.

BOB  
That was the last thing I expected.

LUPE  
What is Bobistan?

EXT. STATE DEPT BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Various business suited bureaucrats hurry up the wide marble steps.

INT. STATE DEPT - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

A fax machine whines, spitting out paper curls.

A CLERK grabs the latest page and adds it to a passing file cart, pushed by an INTERN.

INT. STATE DEPT - PAPERWORK ROOM - DAY

The Intern pushes the cart past a row of cubicles.

In one of them sits FELIX JONES, early fifties - old to still be in a cubicle in the bowels of a government office.

He's daydreaming at his desk; on his IBM computer is a screen saver of a tropical island paradise.

Felix tilts back in his chair - almost overbalances.

His legs kick out, smacking his desk, and jolting over a cup of coffee - just as he thumps back upright.

Perfectly timed to catch a lapful of dripping coffee.

His next-cubicle-over neighbor - GRIFF - pops his head up, appearing suddenly like a startled gopher with tousled hair.

GRIFF

Hey, Felix! You hear about Togo?

FELIX

No?

GRIFF

Mr. Jenkins was telling Rachel in Consular Affairs about it - they're applying for recognition.

FELIX

The provisional government?

GRIFF

Yeah. And the word is, they might get it.

FELIX

They have a coup every six weeks.  
Some yahoo with an Uzi and a cause  
starts waving his own flag, and  
expects us to leap on his  
bandwagon.

GRIFF

Could happen.

FELIX

No way.

GRIFF

I heard it came from R.J. Standall  
himself.

FELIX

Think they'll send someone out?

GRIFF

They'll have to. Set up an embassy,  
meet the new... King, President,  
whatever he is.

FELIX

I hear Togo's beautiful. Sandy  
beaches... tropical.

GRIFF

Felix... Felix?

Felix smiling, eyes unfocused, thoughts miles away...

GRIFF

Earth to Felix?

Felix smiles even wider, and leans out to look down the  
hallway.

MR. JENKINS, gruff, red-face and straining the buttons on a  
three piece suit, strides down the hallway with a stack of  
paperwork.

A contemplative moment - and then Felix looks out again -  
alert, awake - did he really see...?

Yes, Mr. Jenkins is actually there, carrying an armload of  
paperwork and approaching fast

Felix desperately straightens up his desk, his tie - looks  
down at his coffee stained lap - and scoots his chair in  
tight to his desk, just as Mr. Jenkins appears at his  
cubicle.

JENKINS

Ah, Felix - got something for you.

FELIX

Really? For me?

JENKINS

I need you to sort this out right away.

FELIX

Yes, sir. I mean - you can count on me.

JENKINS

Some oil rig worker has declared his rig a separate country.

FELIX

What?

JENKINS

I know - but we don't have the luxury of ignoring the crackpots.

FELIX

No sir. An oil rig.

JENKINS

Just do the damn paperwork, Felix. There's a situation in Togo, and I am far too busy to spend time on this crap.

He drops the stack of paperwork on Felix's desk with a THUD.

As Jenkins strides off, Griff pops his head over the cubicle wall again.

GRIFF

Did he say a guy on an oil rig?

FELIX

Yeah.

GRIFF

Does he have a flag?

INT. OIL RIG 214 FOREMAN'S CABIN - MORNING

Lupe knocks on the door.



LUPE

Bob?

Bob looks up from the bed, groggy.

BOB

Wha..?

LUPE

You have a call.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The VHF Radio crackles as Bob comes scrambling up the stairs to the control room.

SANDY

(On Radio)

This is Sandy calling Oil Rig 214 -  
you there, Bob?

Bob grabs the radio mic.

BOB

Sandy! Curzon told me you were  
alive... I couldn't believe it.

INTERCUT WITH SANDY IN THE CURZON OIL OFFICE, the young pilot and Mr. Curzon are both with him.

SANDY

I almost wasn't.

BOB

I... I thought you were gone.

SANDY

What about you, man... you doing  
okay?

BOB

I'm fine.

SANDY

You got us a little worried here.

BOB

It's okay... I just... I couldn't  
let them take her, Sandy.

YOUNG PILOT

He tried to hit me with a wrench!

CURZON

Shh!

SANDY

Listen, man... Phil here says you tried to hit him?

YOUNG PILOT

With a wrench!

CURZON

(whispering)

Quiet!

BOB

I didn't want to hurt... I wouldn't have... I just needed to get home.

SANDY

We'd like to get you home, Bob. You can't stay there forever.

BOB

Why not?

SANDY

Well... what about food, supplies?

BOB

I can get those.

SANDY

So you're gonna live on oil rig 214?

BOB

It's called Bobistan now, Sandy. It was derelict, so... I've claimed it.

Sandy shoots a look at the other two. Bob's tone doesn't sound as crazy as his words.

SANDY

We can come pick you up.

YOUNG PILOT

I'm not going -

Mr. Curzon cuffs him on the back of the head.

SANDY

...by boat.

BOB  
I'm not leaving without Lupe.

SANDY  
We'll see what we can do.

BOB  
I'm glad you made it, Sandy. I missed you.

SANDY  
You too, man.

INT. FISHING BOAT - DAY

A SKIPPER and his MATE listen to all this on their marine radio.

SKIPPER  
Are you getting this?

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

There's a big marlin with a lacy bra hanging from its spike mounted over the bar, and a projection screen TV in the corner.

The Skipper talks to the BARKEEP - a gruff, ex-sailor.

SKIPPER  
Rig 214. Declared it his own country.

BARKEEP  
Can he do that?

A NOSY PATRON hangs on their every word.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

The Nosy Patron bowls a frame with a heavy set GUY wearing an atrocious Hawaiian shirt.

NOSY PATRON  
... made it up. He's now king of this oil rig. Doesn't have to pay taxes - he could have six wives out there if he wants.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT GUY  
He can do that?

INT. LOCAL NEWSDESK - EVENING

The news anchor desk at a very local TV station.

The Guy in the Hawaiian Shirt, a headset around his neck, flirts with the ANCHORWOMAN.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT GUY  
... This thing's in international waters, so it's a real country.

ANCHORWOMAN  
Can he actually do that?

HAWAIIAN SHIRT GUY  
This is a real scoop, right?

TECH PRODUCER  
Okay, places, people!

Mr. Hawaiian Shirt gets back behind his camera - zooming in tight on the Anchorwoman's eyes to adjust focus.

In the monitor, we can see the pensive look in her eyes.

INT. STATE DEPT BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C.

Felix walks along the hallway.

He stops outside an office door - neatly labelled "Mr. Jenkins".

Felix takes a deep breath before he enters.

INT. JENKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Jenkins sits behind an oversized desk, reading a Washington Post newspaper.

Felix nervously waits for him to finish.

JENKINS  
This is not a good situation, Felix. Look at this.

A headline reads: MAN DECLARES INDEPENDENT NATION.

FELIX  
It's a tricky case, sir.

JENKINS

We don't want this to go to court.  
We want to deal with it quickly and  
quietly.

FELIX

Yes, sir. The problem is... the  
law's on his side.

JENKINS

That's for us to say.

FELIX

Yes sir, but... International  
waters, a derelict structure - he  
claimed it.

JENKINS

He has a Cuban National on this oil  
rig?

FELIX

Yes.

JENKINS

Well, easy enough then. All sorted  
out.

FELIX

Really?

JENKINS

Not our department. Send it up the  
chain, let someone else take care  
of it. Good report.

FELIX

Thank you, sir.

INT. STATE DEPT - PAPERWORK ROOM - DAY

Felix stares at his IBM - the tropical island screensaver.

Griff looks over the cubicle wall.

GRIFF

You ask him about Togo?

FELIX

Didn't come up.

GRIFF

I saw that Bobistan thing on the news last night. It's like a tourist attraction.

FELIX

It's dealt with.

GRIFF

That's good - publicity like that can burn a career.

A smartly dressed woman - RACHEL - in a severe business suit approaches.

RACHEL

Mr. Jones?

FELIX

Yes?

RACHEL

You have a briefing at the White House tomorrow with the Secretary of State. The Rig 214 issue. Ten a.m. sharp.

FELIX

Oh.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - SUNSET

The oil rig in stark silhouette; black against the crimson sun.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A match flares.

Lupe lights a handmade oil lamp candelabra, pieced together from industrial equipment.

Another flame an inch away from the first ignites, then another - a series of tiny candle flames flicker to life, running along the length of a gracefully curving copper pipe.

BOB

That's beautiful.

Lupe turns. She is illuminated by the candlelight and the setting sun. Unbelievably romantic.

LUPE  
I thought we could eat up here  
tonight.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Felix pours over the Bobistan files. Outside, sirens wail,  
the sound of traffic.

The doorbell rings.

He opens the door on a CHINESE FOOD DELIVERY GUY, who holds  
out a plastic bag.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Lupe lifts the cover on a dish of lobsters on a bed of  
asparagus.

LUPE  
One of the tourist boats brought  
fresh vegetables.

BOB  
You never said - I could've helped.

LUPE  
I wanted it to be a surprise.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Felix empties a carton of lo mein onto a paper plate.

He picks up the plate, which folds, depositing the food on  
the floor.

He salvages what he can.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Lupe clink glasses together.

BOB  
Cheers.

LUPE  
In Cuba, we say "Salud, dinero y  
amor, y la suerte para gozarlos."

BOB  
Pretty. But what do they say in  
Bobistan?

LUPE  
Whatever you want. It's your  
country.

Bob hesitates... then hesitates some more. He's tongue tied -  
speechless.

She realizes why... and smiles.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Felix tries a forkful of the lo mein... and has to fish out a  
hair.

He gives up on the food.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The meal is finished.

LUPE  
I saved the best for last.

BOB  
Nothing could top that.

LUPE  
Really? They didn't just bring  
vegetables. They also brought -

BOB  
Cigarettes?

LUPE  
Cheesecake.

BOB  
Okay.

LUPE  
And strawberries.

BOB  
Be still my beating heart.



INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Felix pushes the food aside, grabs a remote and flicks on the TV.

LATE NIGHT HOST

(On TV)

You've been following this - uh - situation in the news? The guy with his own country? Yeah, apparently France has already called him and surrendered -

Felix turns the TV off and opens up the Bobistan file again.

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Lupe stand. She picks up the dishes - but he's right there.

BOB

You didn't have to do this.

LUPE

You could've left. You stayed...  
You don't even know me.

BOB

I got nowhere to go, I guess. Might as well be here.

A moment of closeness. Hesitancy. Neither of them knows whether this will be their first kiss...

LUPE

I'm leaving, Bob.

BOB

What?

LUPE

Tomorrow. One of the boats - they will take me to Miami.

BOB

But the INS... with everything that's happened, they'll be looking for you.

LUPE

Why would I let a government decide where I live? What do they know about me?

A beat.

BOB  
I'll do the dishes.

He takes them from her and turns away.

Lupe lets out a breath she didn't know she was holding.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - NIGHT

The moon rises behind the Oil Rig, shimmering and magical.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. WHITE HOUSE WEST WING - MORNING

A very nervous Felix is being escorted down a hallway by an AIDE.

Everywhere Felix looks, he sees portraits of presidents, marine guards - the trappings of power.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - 10:00 AM SHARP.

Felix is ushered in.

On the sofa, PRESIDENT RAMSDEN - a Texas good ol' boy - quietly confers with SECRETARY OF STATE R.J. STANDALL, a white haired vulture of a man.

AIDE  
Mr. Jones, sir.

FELIX  
Mr. President.

PRESIDENT  
Take a seat there, Felix. You know Secretary Standall? Seems like we have a problem brewing down there in Florida.

FELIX  
Yes sir.

PRESIDENT

I can't have it. Not this year,  
just can't do it.

FELIX

No, sir.

R.J. STANDALL

What we need, Felix, is a way to  
fix this quickly and quietly.

FELIX

Maybe we should just let him be.

PRESIDENT

What?

FELIX

He's... it's an abandoned oil rig  
in the middle of nowhere. We didn't  
care when there was a crew on it,  
or when it was abandoned... we  
could just let it go.

PRESIDENT

(to Standall)

Is he one of yours?

R.J. STANDALL

Mr. Jones - that man is making a  
mockery of this country! I don't  
think you appreciate the  
seriousness of the situation. Now  
what are our options?

FELIX

Limited. It's outside the U.S. The  
laws of the high seas...

PRESIDENT

R.J., what are your boys doin' down  
at State? This is a situation.

R.J. STANDALL

(To Felix)

Let me say that again. How do we  
solve this.

FELIX

Wait til he comes ashore and arrest  
him.

R.J. STANDALL

For what?

FELIX

He threatened a pilot. Attempted hijacking.

PRESIDENT

Now that's what I like to hear.

R.J. STANDALL

That's a federal crime - we could give him twenty to life.

PRESIDENT

I don't want this dragging on - another Waco or Ruby Ridge.

R.J. STANDALL

I think... a hearing might be in order.

FELIX

Sir?

R.J. STANDALL

Schedule a preliminary hearing to determine the status of this rig, in court. He'll either attend - in which case we arrest him when he lands, or he won't - in which case, the state will win by default.

PRESIDENT

How do we get him off the rig then?

R.J. STANDALL

Until the court settles the status of the rig, I think it would be imprudent to allow fishing vessels and the like to cross the border freely. If he wants to be his own country, he can do it without our help. We'll starve him out.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

A charter tourist boat is being turned back by a Coast Guard Cutter.

On the charter boat, a LARGE WOMAN is not happy about it.

LARGE WOMAN

Hey, I paid two hundred dollars to come out here and see Bobistan!

(MORE)

LARGE WOMAN (CONT'D)

You can't tell me what to do - I  
wanna see the guy's country!

COASTIE

Ma'am, you need to return to port.

LARGE WOMAN

Hey, I don't have to do squat! This  
is America, buddy!

INT. OIL RIG 214 KITCHEN - DAY

Lupe tips a juice carton - empty.

She opens the fridge - it is almost bare.

Bob looks over her shoulder.

BOB

We should've saved some cheesecake.

Lupe's not laughing.

INT. LOCAL NEWSDESK - DAY

The morning news.

ANCHORWOMAN

It's day twenty four of the  
Bobistan stand-off. The trial is  
still a month away, but the  
question everyone's asking is: Can  
Bobistan hold out that long? The  
world's smallest country may also  
turn out to be the shortest lived.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Bob watches the boats through the binoculars.

BOB

How much do you think they're  
spending each day, just to keep  
those patrol boats circling?

LUPE

I'm hungry.

BOB

I'm sorry Lupe.

LUPE  
Maybe we can catch a fish.

BOB  
And tomorrow?

LUPE  
Tomorrow we catch another.

BOB  
We need food. Can't eat fish  
forever. I gotta call them.  
Surrender.

LUPE  
If I go back, I will -

BOB  
If we stay here, we'll starve.

A faint cry is heard.

LUPE  
What was that?

BOB  
What?

Another.

LUPE  
That.

Bob leans over the railing.

A hundred feet below is a small fishing boat.

SANDY  
Ahoy! Permission to come aboard!

BOB  
Sandy?!

SANDY  
Hey, pal! Send down the air tugger!

Bob lowers the Air Tugger - a steel passenger cage on a hoist.

Sandy and an eight year old Asian girl - FEI DZONG - emerge.

BOB  
Sandy, what are you doing here?

SANDY

I was out fishing, thought maybe I could purchase some diesel from you.

BOB

What?

SANDY

You still got the refiner running, or you wouldn't have power. Figured I could buy a few gallons of diesel for the trip home, maybe trade you... oh, say the twelve cartons of food I got in my boat.

BOB

Jesus, Sandy... How did you get through?

SANDY

Paperwork. This, my friend, is an import/export permit. Ralph's dad was in the olive oil business. If you start seriously treating this as another country, it gets easier.

BOB

I don't know what to say.

SANDY

Say hi to Fei Dzung.

BOB

Hi there.

FEI DZONG

(shy)

Hi.

BOB

And this is Lupe.

LUPE

Hola. Welcome.

Fei Dzung is too shy to speak to Lupe, and hides her face, giggling.

SANDY

That goes for me too.

BOB  
(to Sandy)  
Is she yours?

SANDY  
We're fostering her - for now.  
Adoption is... It's a long process,  
even for... you know.

BOB  
What changed your mind?

SANDY  
You wouldn't believe what a  
helicopter crash and two weeks in a  
life raft can do.

BOB  
If it helps, the Republic of  
Bobistan has very easy adoption  
terms.

SANDY  
Think I'll stick with the US of A,  
no offense. But I'd like to get  
this permit stamped. You know what  
Bobistan stuff goes for on eBay?

BOB  
Bobistan stuff?

SANDY  
Bob, you're famous. There's people  
selling Bobistan T-shirts and  
flags... all kinds of crap. Oh,  
hey! Reminds me - here.

He pulls out a sheet of stamps.

SANDY  
Genuine Bobistan stamps.

BOB  
I never even thought of that.

SANDY  
Next trip, I'll bring you a laptop,  
you can print your own. Let's get  
that food up here.



LATER

Cans of food, crates of fresh fruit and a case of beer is neatly stacked.

Bob and Sandy roll a barrel of diesel across the deck to the hoist.

BOB  
Have you heard from Julia?

SANDY  
She thought you were dead, Bob. You and me both - everyone did.

BOB  
But Ralph's still with you.

SANDY  
I'm sorry, man. You can't go home again.

BOB  
Yeah.

SANDY  
No, I mean it - there's a warrant out on you. It was on the news.

BOB  
So I'm stuck here?

SANDY  
You wanted to stay here anyway.

BOB  
What the hell am I gonna do?

SANDY  
There's a bunch of charter fishing boats on my dock - they'd probably appreciate tax free diesel. This place could become a real tourist spot.

BOB  
As long as they bring their passports.

SANDY  
Right. How's that stamp coming?

Fei sits, carving a half potato. She hands it to Lupe.

LUPE  
That's great, Fei.

She stamps Sandy's export permit with the potato - a crude picture of the oil rig and the initials F.R.B. above it.

BOB  
Welcome to Bobistan, Sandy.

SANDY  
Thanks, your highness. C'mon, Fei - before they make you an ambassador.

FEI DZONG  
Okay.

They start for the tugger.

BOB  
What - what did you say?

SANDY  
What?

INT. STATE DEPT - FELIX'S CUBICLE - DAY

Felix opens a letter.

FELIX  
Oh no.

INT. RJ STANDALL'S OFFICE - DAY

R.J. Standall reads the letter.

FELIX  
He's appointed an ambassador to attend the hearing on behalf of the Free Republic of Bobistan.

R.J. STANDALL  
An ambassador.

FELIX  
Yeah.

R.J. STANDALL  
Who's he sending?

FELIX  
Himself.

R.J. STANDALL

But then -

FELIX

As acting ambassador.

R.J. STANDALL

So we can't arrest him.

FELIX

Not until after the trial. Once he loses, all this nonsense goes away. Until then... we have to play along.

R.J. STANDALL

But we don't recognize his country!

FELIX

There's another problem. Cuba is sending people.

R.J. STANDALL

We don't recognize Cuba, either.

FELIX

Not here. They're sending a boat to Bobistan.

R.J. STANDALL

Cuba is sending an armed vessel to a base thirteen miles off the coast of Florida?

FELIX

I don't know about arms... yeah.

R.J. STANDALL

We have to destroy it.

FELIX

What?

R.J. STANDALL

Blow it up, take it out...

FELIX

There's people on it.

R.J. STANDALL

When you get to this level, Felix, you find out politics isn't always pretty.

FELIX

You want the US Government to blow up an oil rig with an American citizen on it?

R.J. STANDALL

I don't think he's a citizen, Felix. *He* says he isn't.

FELIX

The President will never agree to that.

R.J. STANDALL

It isn't an option. If Cuba wants it - we have to take pre-emptive action. We're going to war with Bobistan.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

Lupe hangs up washing on a clothesline.

Something catches her eye... she squints.

Trolling towards the rig is a PT GUNBOAT.

LUPE

Bob! Bob, quick!

INT. WHITE HOUSE SIT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Situation room, deep in the bowels of the White House - a dimly lit conference table, surrounded by the electronic visual aids that can beam the world into the nerve center of the government.

The President sits there, talking earnestly to an imposing man in an Admiral's uniform, with a tight crewcut.

PRESIDENT

Ah, R.J., you know Admiral Carlton.

R.J. STANDALL

Good morning Mr. President. Yes, sir - we've met a few times. Admiral.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

Hi, R.J.

PRESIDENT

I gotta tell ya, Carlton - I mean, I'm not happy with this whole situation.

R.J. STANDALL

What is the current -

ADMIRAL CARLTON

The Cubans are on the scene. We have them on satellite.

R.J. Standall goes up to a video screen showing an overhead view of the oil rig.

R.J. STANDALL

Wow. You can see everything.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

We're zoomed out to see a wider area - that vids from a Condor Three. Zoom in, and you can read a license plate with it.

PRESIDENT

Carlton - I - I can't order a strike on an American target. Not in an election year.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

It's in international waters.

PRESIDENT

I appreciate that... but this guy is an American.

R.J. STANDALL

That's debatable.

PRESIDENT

I don't see...

ADMIRAL CARLTON

I believe what Secretary Standall means is... if we take him out, it would be better if he's no longer a citizen.

PRESIDENT

I don't want it to come to that.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

No one does. But the moment a Cuban soldier sets foot on that rig, we're taking it down. We cannot have Cuba setting up a stronghold thirteen miles off our coast.

R.J. STANDALL

It's a little close for comfort, Sir.

PRESIDENT

Can't we land troops? I mean, it's an oil rig, for chrissakes. How much damage can a handful of Cubans do?

ADMIRAL CARLTON

Sir... They'd be on a platform a hundred feet in the air. Our boys would have to approach the rig and scale it, under fire the whole way. We would take casualties, sir.

PRESIDENT

Either way, someone gets hurt.

R.J. STANDALL

No one said politics was pretty.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

R.J.'s right - it's one guy whose citizenship is debatable, or we lose some of our boys.

PRESIDENT

Can we stop the Cubans from landing?

ADMIRAL CARLTON

In international waters? No. That's a Cuban vessel. The first one that sets foot on that rig - that's our go.

PRESIDENT

And then?

ADMIRAL CARLTON

Two F-15's out of Patrick Air Force Base will take it out with sidewinders. Flight time of four minutes, they're in a holding pattern over Biscayne as we speak.

PRESIDENT

Admiral? Can we zoom in on that boat?

EXT. CUBAN PT BOAT - DAY

The grey gunboat cuts through the water.

Up ahead, the imposing pylons of Oil Rig 214 rise out of the ocean.

Standing in the prow, almost posing, is the dashing figure of the CAPTAIN. He is well aware of how he looks - not a hair out of place, the buttons on his uniform gleam.

CAPTAIN

Preparan sus armas, soldados.

The Soldiers sitting on the foredeck check their guns - lock and load time.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob looks out the window with the binoculars.

BOB

There's... six of them. Armed.

LUPE

They have come to take me back.

BOB

They can't do that.

LUPE

They will.

BOB

We'll stop them.

LUPE

They have guns!

BOB

I'm not going to let them.

LUPE

They don't want you. If I go, they will leave you alone.

BOB

That's not acceptable.

LUPE  
Where are you going?

BOB  
I'm going to defend my country. If  
they want a war, they'll get one.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 PYLON - CONTINUOUS

The PT Boat approaches the pylon.

CAPTAIN  
¡Listos, soldados!

A pineapple sails down from the rig and explodes against the  
Captain's head, knocking him to the deck and splattering the  
alarmed men with pineapple chunks.

CAPTAIN  
Ayee! ¿Que fue eso?

FIRST SOLDIER  
Fue una piña, capitán.

CAPTAIN  
Puedo ver eso, idiota. Ay, mi  
cabeza.

Another pineapple lands on the deck - then another.

The soldiers are taken aback. Nothing's trained them for  
attack by produce.

CAPTAIN  
¿Qué están esperando? Disparen!

The soldiers start FIRING.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - CONTINUOUS

Lupe and Bob duck as bullets ring off the steel structure  
around them.

BOB  
Guess they don't like pineapples.

LUPE  
Bob!

BOB  
It's gonna be okay, Lupe. Here...  
when I say - turn this wheel.



He indicates a bright red handle wheel.

LUPE

Okay.

Bob risks a look over the side.

BOB

Here they come.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SIT ROOM - DAY

The three watch the video screen. Admiral Carlton has a secure phone in his hand.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

Here they come.

PRESIDENT

Was that pineapples he was dropping on them?

ADMIRAL CARLTON

I believe so, sir.

PRESIDENT

Zoom in, I want to check that.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

Well, Sir, it would be good to keep the wider -

PRESIDENT

Zoom in, Admiral.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

Yes, sir.

(into phone)

Magnify by ten. Track right point two.

PRESIDENT

Goddamn. That's some technology.

The other two shoot a look at him.

PRESIDENT

The Condor - satellite imaging. Not the pineapples.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - CONTINUOUS

Bob has the access hatch open. He drags a length of fire hose over to it.

BOB

Once they're on that ladder,  
there's no way they can climb and  
shoot at the same time. I don't  
think they can make it.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

The boat nudges the pylon.

CAPTAIN

Vamos!

The soldiers leap from the prow onto the pylon ladder, and start climbing up it.

CAPTAIN

Sosténgalo fijamente!

He follows his men onto the ladder.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SIT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADMIRAL CARLTON

That's it, sir. They're on it.

PRESIDENT

I hate to do it.

R.J. STANDALL

He made his choice. If he doesn't  
like our country - screw him.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

He's not going to hold them off  
with pineapples, sir.

PRESIDENT

Give the order.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

(into phone)

We have hostiles on the rig. Launch  
Flyswatter. That is a go...  
Confirmed.

(To the President)

Three minutes, sir.

EXT. BLUE SKIES - DAY

Two F-15 Fighter planes break off from their high level pattern, and turn, diving down towards the ocean below.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 PYLON - DAY

The Soldiers climb up the rungs, the boat waiting below them. They are halfway up - and climbing quickly.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - CONTINUOUS

Bob watches them through the hatchway, the fire hose in his hand.

BOB  
Almost... wait for it.

INT. FIGHTER PLANE - DAY

The F-15's are low over the water, racing at high speed.

FIGHTER PILOT  
We have target on radar, waiting on visual.

CONTROL  
(On Radio)  
Radar confirmed. Arm missiles.

The Fighter Pilot flicks various safety switches.

FIGHTER PILOT  
Missiles are hot.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - DAY

The soldiers are close enough that Bob can see the sweat from their exertions - not to mention pineapple juice.

BOB  
Okay, Lupe... Now! Now! Now! ...  
Lupe?

He looks up... Lupe is nowhere in sight.

The red handle wheel has been abandoned.

Bob looks down in alarm.

The soldiers are seconds away from reaching the top.

BOB

LUPE!

He slams the hatch down, and goes running for the wheel.

INT. FIGHTER PLANE - DAY

The F-15's race closer.

On the horizon, Oil Rig 214 appears.

FIGHTER PILOT

I have visual. Target confirmed.  
One minute to target.

CONTROL

(On Radio)  
Copy that.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SIT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADMIRAL CARLTON

One minute, Mr. President.

R.J. STANDALL

Say good night, Bob.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - CONTINUOUS

Bob furiously turns the red wheel.

Water starts filling the fire hose.

Bob RACES THE WATER to the end of the hose, desperate to grab it before it becomes uncontrollable.

The kinks straighten out, the snapping sound of the canvas hose goading Bob on faster.

He DIVES for the end, grabbing it, throwing his weight on it just as -

The HATCH OPENS - A SOLDIER POKES HIS HEAD UP TO SEE:

Bob - aiming the fire hose point blank.

BOB

May I see your passport and entry  
visa?

The Soldier tries to swing his rifle up, as Bob slams open the gate valve of the fire nozzle, sending a JET OF WATER CRASHING into the soldier.

Water cascades down the pylon.

The CAPTAIN, in the rear, looks up in alarm.

CAPTAIN  
¡Regresen al barco!

The Soldiers are already backpedaling as fast as they can.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 PYLON - CONTINUOUS

The PT Boat DRIVER looks up at the chaos.

A Soldier plummets down, splashing into the water.

DRIVER  
¡Dios mio!

The Soldier surfaces, spluttering.

SPLUTTERING SOLDIER  
¡Auxilio! ¡Ven por mí!

Another Soldier comes splashing down.

The Driver looks up... and sees something alarming:

High above, a derrick is swinging out over the water, directly over him.

Hanging from its cable hook is a huge, square diesel generator - a two ton block of steel.

The derrick jolts to a halt, making the payload swing wildly.

DRIVER  
Eso no es bueno.

INT. DERRICK - CONTINUOUS

Lupe desperately moves the levers, trial and error to target the boat below.

She flips open a safety guard on a large mushroom button - EMERGENCY CARGO RELEASE.

EXT. RIG 214 PYLON - CONTINUOUS

The last of the soldiers has been knocked into the water.

Only the CAPTAIN remains, desperately climbing down the last few rungs, drenched by the water spraying down.

CAPTAIN  
¡Ven aquí!

DRIVER  
¡No! Es demasiado peligroso.

The driver starts backing the boat away, transfixed by the sight of the swaying weight dangling far above him.

CAPTAIN  
¡Haslo!

DRIVER  
¡No!

The soldiers are swimming desperately after the retreating boat.

With a deep breath, the Captain throws away his hat and jumps in.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SIT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADMIRAL CARLTON  
Sir, they're off the rig.

PRESIDENT  
I can see that! Call it off!

R.J. STANDALL  
But Mr. President!

ADMIRAL CARLTON  
(Into phone)  
Abort! Abort! Abort!

R.J. STANDALL  
This is an opportunity!

EXT. FIGHTER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The Fighter pilot's finger TIGHTENS on the trigger.

CONTROL  
(On Radio)  
Abort! Abort mission!

The pilot's finger relaxes.

The planes BANK HARD.

EXT. OIL RIG 214 - CONTINUOUS

Bob shuts down the hose.

He rolls over, exhausted as the TWO PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD.

BOB  
Jesus!

Bob looks up to see Lupe at the controls of the derrick.

BOB  
Lupe, no!

INT. DERRICK - MOMENTS LATER

Bob grabs open the door.

BOB  
Lupe! Don't!

LUPE  
I could sink them.

BOB  
I know... but you can't.

LUPE  
¿Por que no?

BOB  
You'd kill them.

LUPE  
They were shooting at us.

BOB  
I know, but... they can't get us here. They failed. We're safe... but if we kill someone, it would never end. They'd destroy us.

LUPE

I thought you would fight for this place. For your country.

BOB

Not like that.

Lupe grabs him - holds him tight.

He turns to watch the PT boat speeding away.

BOB

They're gone. And you're still here.

She kisses him tentatively.

And he returns her kiss - deeply, passionately.

Adrenalin fueled passion.

They kiss again - this one's a scorcher.

Her hands run up his back.

He pulls her shirt up.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SIT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The most powerful man in the world and his two advisors, sit and stare at the video screen.

PRESIDENT

Goddamn. Can we zoom in on that?

Admiral Carlton pushes a button - the screen goes black.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

I think the attack's over, sir.

PRESIDENT

I thought she was gonna drop that thing - woulda creamed them fellers. Like droppin' a soup can on a cockroach. We're not sending our boys into that, Admiral.

ADMIRAL CARLTON

Don't think so, sir.

R.J. STANDALL

Sir, we can't just let him get away with this.



PRESIDENT  
Settle it in court, R.J.

R.J. STANDALL  
It'll be tough. It's an  
international -

PRESIDENT  
R.J., I don't want to hear about  
it, I want you to take care of it.  
Now are you on my team or what?

R.J. STANDALL  
Yes, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT  
Thank you.

INT. RJ STANDALL'S OFFICE - DAY

RJ can barely stand still.

R.J. STANDALL  
I want him dead, Felix. I want that  
man's head on a goddamn platter.

FELIX  
Yes, sir.

R.J. STANDALL  
We won't lose this court case, will  
we.

FELIX  
I don't believe so.

R.J. STANDALL  
That's not good enough. I need to  
be sure.

FELIX  
It's... Bob Lewis is an American,  
but that rig is in international  
waters. We just don't control that.

R.J. STANDALL  
Huh.

INT. OIL RIG 214 FOREMAN'S CABIN - EVENING

Lupe nestles her head in the crook of Bob's arm, comfortably  
resting in bed together.

BOB  
If I don't win this... you know  
that they'll arrest me.

LUPE  
I don't want to lose you.

BOB  
This... this started as a joke. I  
mean - Bobistan? It's like you're  
playing touch in the backyard with  
some buddies, and all of a sudden,  
you look up, and you're in the  
Superbowl. Everyone's watching, and  
it's for real.

LUPE  
I have no idea what you just said.

BOB  
I'm sorry if I've ruined things for  
you.

LUPE  
Bob - you saved me. I was on the  
ocean in a sinking boat.

She kisses him.

BOB  
Me too.

He kisses her and they embrace, passion rising again...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. OIL RIG 214 CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Bob is on the radio.

Lupe enters.

BOB  
Good morning, beautiful. Sleep  
well?

LUPE  
What is this?

She's holding a home-made passport.

BOB  
I made it. The first Bobistan  
passport.

LUPE  
I come with you to Washington.

BOB  
That's the plan.

LUPE  
Ambassador will have entourage.

BOB  
When I lose this court case,  
they'll arrest you too. But they'll  
have to find you first. When we get  
to Washington, the first chance you  
get... you run. This is Sandy's  
number. I'll get some money to him  
for you.

LUPE  
I don't want your money.

BOB  
You'll need it. I won't.

The radio crackles to life.

SANDY  
(On Radio)  
Bob, it's Sandy. I'm just pulling  
up now, meet you at the tigger.

Bob picks up the mic.

BOB  
Meet us at the pylon, Sandy. We're  
both coming down.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

The PRESIDENT tees up - surrounded by an ominous ring of dark  
suited SECRET SERVICE MEN.

PRESIDENT  
Uh... Stanley?

One of the Secret Service men - STANLEY - looks back at the  
President.

PRESIDENT  
You're kind of in my lie there,  
Stan. Hate to move ya.

STAN makes a quick glance at his SUPERIOR for confirmation,  
before opening up the ring, and moving clear of the shot.

PRESIDENT  
Thanks. Kinda hard to see the flag  
there.

R.J. STANDALL approaches, tentatively. Just as the President  
is about to swing -

R.J. STANDALL  
Mr. President?

The President SWIPES and CLEANLY MISSES the ball.

PRESIDENT  
Ah, hellfire! ... Delete that.

SECRET SERVICE SUPERIOR  
Never happened, sir.

R.J. STANDALL  
Sorry, sir.

PRESIDENT  
Don't tell me that Bob thing ain't  
cleared up yet. I am not going  
through that again.

R.J. STANDALL  
I have an idea.

R.J. hands over some paperwork.

R.J. STANDALL  
Executive order 13878.

The President reads it over.

PRESIDENT  
You really want me to do this?

R.J. STANDALL  
You can rescind it next week. We  
won't even need to change the  
charts.

PRESIDENT  
I don't know...

R.J. STANDALL  
 You don't have a choice, sir. Not  
 unless you want every yahoo from  
 here to Pomona declaring they're  
 not going to pay taxes.

PRESIDENT  
 Give me a pen.

The President signs the paper and hands it back.

PRESIDENT  
 Now watch me hit this one.

The ball slices, and RICOCHETS off STANLEY'S HEAD.

The other Secret Servicemen stand impassive as Stonehenge  
 while Stanley slowly keels over.

PRESIDENT  
 I did not mean to do that, Stan.  
 Stan? Stanley?

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

A yellow taxi pulls up. Flying on its hood is a little flag -  
 a miniature tie-dyed Bobistan Flag on a suction cup standard.  
 Official ambassadorial transport... with a meter.

Bob and Lupe get out, and start up the Courthouse steps.

TAXI DRIVER  
 Hey, buddy! You want your flag  
 back?

BOB  
 That's okay - I don't think it'll  
 matter.

LUPE  
 Take it. You leave as ambassador.  
 You will win this.

BOB  
 Lupe... you need to face facts.  
 There's no way I'm walking out of  
 here except in handcuffs.

LUPE  
 No. You will do it.

She runs back, and grabs the Bobistan flag.

Bob looks up the steps. A pair of COURT OFFICERS are walking towards them

BOB  
Okay, Lupe. You gotta go.

LUPE  
No.

BOB  
Lupe, I promised I would get you to the States. It's what you wanted, but you have to go now. They're coming.

Lupe grabs him and kisses him - and turns away.

The Officers escort Bob up the steps.

EXT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

R.J. Standall and Felix are walking along, deep in conversation.

R.J. STANDALL  
There is no way a federal judge is going to rule in his favor.

FELIX  
But a jury...

R.J. STANDALL  
It's not going to be a jury trial. Think I'd let that happen? The last thing we want is for this to become a three ring circus in the court of public opinion.

He opens the door to the Courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a three ring circus.

Reporters jostle viewers in the seats, standing room only at the back.

Felix and RJ walk down the aisle, dumbfounded.

Felix sits down at the Prosecutions table - shaking hands with a middle aged PROSECUTOR - comb-over and horn rimmed glasses.

R.J. sits down at a reserved seat, front row, directly behind the prosecution table.

He leans forward.

R.J. STANDALL  
(whispered)  
What the hell is all this?

Felix shakes his head - no idea.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

The Florida Sports Bar. The marlin over the bar still has the lacy bra hanging from its spike.

Sandy enters.

SANDY  
(Indicating the projection  
TV)  
Hey, you get Court TV on that?

BARKEEP  
Can do.

SANDY  
They're televising the hearing on  
Bobistan.

BARKEEP  
That wacko's goin' to court?

He flips the channel on the TV.

BAR PATRON  
I got five bucks says they lock him  
up for treason.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A CLERK enters.

CLERK  
All rise - Justice Abigail T.  
Scanlon presiding.

The JUDGE enters - she's in her seventies, and has a look that yearns for the days of public hangings.

JUDGE  
Be seated.

She holds up a stack of files and ledgers a foot thick.

JUDGE

I've read the people's brief...

She brings out a single sheet of yellow notepad paper.

JUDGE

... And the defense's. I'll hear arguments.

PROSECUTOR

Your honor, this is, at its heart, a tax evasion scam. That man is a criminal. If I may cite people versus Rosa, your honor -

JUDGE

I noted that one in your brief. You cite seventy two cases.

PROSECUTOR

I limited myself to the most similar ones, your honor. Many people have tried this before. There are two separate individuals that have claimed all the international waters in the world to be theirs. There's one outfit that declared they owned the moon, and sold plots of land on it. Last week, a high school sophomore in Texas declared his bedroom was a separate country. ... This man is wasting the court's time on a crackpot idea that is, at best, a tax evasion scheme, and at worst, poses an actual threat. A Cuban gunboat has already approached Oil Rig 214. The United States has never recognized these claims - and never will. There is no precedent for that, your honor.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

There are more patrons now - everyone's watching the trial.

BAR PATRON

He's so screwed. Nine to one he's going to jail. Any takers?



BAR MAID

Pity. Nice dream while it lasted...  
Hey, Mack - I'm declaring this bar  
is my country. The Queen's taking  
the day off.

BARKEEP

Yeah, that makes me the King - go  
get the empties.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Bob makes his argument. Trying to.

BOB

Your honor... I didn't mean for all  
this to happen... it wasn't... it  
just sort of happened.

JUDGE

Very eloquent, Mr. Lewis.

BOB

Wait... maritime law states...

JUDGE

I am well aware of the Maritime  
Regulations. The area in question  
may well be on the high seas, but  
that doesn't mean you can simply  
come up with the idea of claiming  
it a new country.

BOB

Why not? A country is an idea.  
...Where does America end, and  
Canada begin? Or Mexico? You draw a  
line in the sand, and you say: This  
is us; that is the other. Bobistan  
is outside that line. It is in  
international waters. The US  
doesn't own it. There's...

Bob can see on the Judge's face that his argument is falling  
on deaf ears.

He looks away... and sees Lupe walking into the courtroom.

She holds up the Bobistan flag and gives it a little wave.

Bob turns back.

In the corner of the room, as in all federal courtrooms, is a standard bearing the flag of the United States.

Bob stares at it, his mind spinning.

JUDGE

Mr. Lewis?

BOB

Your honor... This country was founded by a handful of people standing up to the most powerful empire the world had ever seen - and saying: No. This is ours. A nation built on freedom, on the liberty of the individual. You can laugh at an oil platform being a country - but Bobistan has its own economy. It's an oil producing nation, with a burgeoning tourist industry. It has passports, its own currency, its own stamps... its own flag. Bobistan has been attacked by a hostile country, and has defended its honor, fought for its freedom. How is that not a country? How is it any different than thirteen colonies declaring their independence in 1776? There is a precedent, your honor. You're sitting in it.

Bob sits down to the WILD APPLAUSE of the onlookers.

JUDGE

Order! Order in the court!

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

The crowd watching the TV high five - they love this.

SANDY

I got a ten spot says he's gonna make it.

BARKEEP

I'll cover that.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The judge examines Bob's single sheet brief.

JUDGE

Mr. Lewis... The State Department does not recognize your country, and this court does not have the authority to recognize a foreign nation - that is not the purview of the Judicial Branch... But as to the question of whether you have broken any laws... This court - and the United States of America - does not have jurisdiction on a vessel - including your rig - flying a foreign flag in international waters. Whether or not we recognize that flag, the fact that it is not ours is enough. Bobistan has a right to exist. Mr. Lewis, you are free to go.

BOB

King, your honor.

For the first time, the Judge smiles.

JUDGE

King Bob the First, you are free to reign in peace.

Lupe runs down to hug Bob as the Judge raises her gavel...

R.J. STANDALL

Your honor!

JUDGE

Mr. Secretary... we don't rule everything.

R.J. STANDALL

I have here executive order number 13878. It is signed by the President of the United States of America.

JUDGE

Approach the bench.

R.J. STANDALL

(As he walks up)

Your honor, in the interest of national security, this order expands our territorial waters from twelve miles to fourteen miles.

BOB

What?

JUDGE

Let me see that!

R.J. Standall hands the Judge the order and smiles smugly at Bob.

JUDGE

Are you serious?

R.J. STANDALL

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

Every international treaty will have to be amended, every nautical chart redrawn - the twelve mile limit is an international standard.

R.J. STANDALL

It's signed by the President.

(He turns to Bob)

Mr. Lewis? Your rig is now in United States waters, and your ass is mine.

LUPE

Bob? What does this mean? Bob?

JUDGE

Mr. Lewis, this appears to be genuine.

BOB

(to Lupe)

I'm sorry.

R.J. STANDALL

It's over, Lewis.

LUPE

You tried.

BOB

We've lost.

LUPE

You can't fight a government. They do whatever they want.

The Prosecutor and R.J. Standall congratulate each other.

Felix looks wistful - part of him wanted Bob to get away with it.

Reporters furiously scribble away.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

The crowd has fallen silent.

Sandy looks stunned.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob looks at Lupe - and grabs his legal pad, scrawls something on it.

JUDGE  
Mr. Lewis?

BOB  
One second, your honor.

R.J. STANDALL  
What are you...?

Bob grabs the piece of paper and runs up to the Judge with it.

BOB  
Here.

JUDGE  
(reading)  
I, King Bob the First, hereby  
assert my sovereignty to all  
territorial waters within the  
twelve mile limit of Bobistan.

BOB  
It's the international standard.

R.J. STANDALL  
That doesn't mean anything!

FELIX  
Actually, I rather think it does.

BOB  
Your honor?

JUDGE  
It's a signed decree...

R.J. STANDALL  
Yes, but he can't just...

BOB  
I don't see why not.

R.J. STANDALL  
Because we own it already.

FELIX  
In cases where territorial waters overlap, international law usually arbitrates directly down the middle.

R.J. STANDALL  
What?!

FELIX  
I think you just lost us five miles.

R.J. STANDALL  
He can't just declare that's his water!

FELIX  
You did.

R.J. is speechless.

JUDGE  
I believe I have already ruled - Bobistan is not subject to the laws of this court. Not my problem, Mr. Secretary. You can try taking it up with the U.N. - but I don't think any country wants territorial waters to become a point of dispute. Court is adjourned!

The Judge SLAMS her Gavel.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Bob and Lupe sweep triumphantly out the door.

Several REPORTERS are waiting.

REPORTER ONE  
King Bob! King Bob, what's your first decree?

REPORTER TWO  
Are you planning to live in  
Bobistan permanently?

SERIOUS REPORTER  
His Royal Highness, King Robert the  
First...

BOB  
(in passing)  
's King Bob, actually.

SERIOUS REPORTER  
A sovereign nation, only 13 miles  
from our coastline...

ENTERTAINMENT REPORTER  
King Bob - Are you looking for a  
Queen yet? When's the Royal  
Succession?

Bob and Lupe scramble into the cab, still mobbed by  
reporters.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

DRIVER  
Where to, Mac?

Bob hands Lupe a Bobistan document.

BOB  
Where to?

LUPE  
Where?

BOB  
Anywhere. This is your official  
appointment as the Bobistan  
ambassador to the United States.  
You can live anywhere you want.

LUPE  
There's only one place I want to  
be.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOBISTAN - DAY

Oil Rig 214 has transformed - the entire platform is covered in grass.

There is a little cottage, smoke curling from the chimney, a swing-set and climbing frame; and a four-hole golf course with sand traps.

Three children play on the climbing frame in front of the cottage as LUPE watches them from her deck chair.

Bob tees off.

BOB

Watch me hit this.

The ball sails straight and true.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF BOBISTAN - CONTINUOUS

An idyllic slice of paradise, perched on steel legs, far above the bright blue waters of a tranquil sea.

FADE OUT

CREDITS ROLL OVER STILLS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF:

Emperor Randy I, Empire of Randania;  
 Leicester Hemingway, President of Republic of New Atlantis;  
 King Ed Schafer of the Biffeche People of Senegal;  
 Col. Jefferson Jones, Kingdom of Callaway;  
 Prince Leonard of the Hutt River Province;  
 King Harman, Island of Lundy;  
 Michael Kennedy, Premier of the People's Democratic Republic  
 of Quay;  
 Jacques I, Empire of the Sahara;  
 King James I, Principality of Trinidad;  
 Giorgio Rosa, King of the Isle of Roses;  
 and  
 Prince Roy and Princess Joan of Sealand.  
 (formerly Rough's Tower in the North Sea, to date the most  
 successful micro-country.)