

FLY A KITE

Chris breaks the ice on the Sayville Fire
Island Ferry.

FROM BLACK:

EXT. SAYVILLE FERRY TERMINAL. DAY.

JULIE smartly closes the trunk of her red Pontiac, clicks the remote to lock it, and joins a stream of day trippers rushing to catch the first ferry to Cherry Grove. Same sex couples and adventuresome young people head for the beach.

CHRIS walks briskly down the River Road carrying a slightly over-stuffed backpack. He notices Julie. She notices nothing but the queue for the ferry.

The two queue-up. Two men between them in line fret over the speed of ticket girl.

FIRST MAN

Do you think she could move
any slower?

SECOND MAN

She's daydreaming about her
boyfriend.

FIRST MAN

Boyfriend please. Like who
would want to do that?

Julie tenses with annoyance, focuses on having her money ready.

INT. FERRY. DAY.

Julie boards the ferry. The lower deck is full. She heads to the upper deck.

EXT. FERRY UPPER DECK. DAY.

She finds an empty bench in the front.

Chris surveys the top deck. There's space with the two men from the queue. There's space with Julie. She is very good looking. He holds his breath, then sits near Julie.

CHRIS

Friendly bunch.

The ferry whistle blows as the men cast off and the boat begins to leave the dock. Julie notices Chris, but takes the whistle as an excuse not to respond.

Chris shifts his beach gear and begins to rummage for a book, then changes his mind. Almost to himself.

CHRIS

I like to watch the crossing.
The boat ride is part of the
fun.

(pauses)

Do you like the crossing?

JULIE

Sure.

The boat is chugging slowly down the channel for open water. Julie doesn't have more to say.

CHRIS

You don't like guys.

She looks at him.

CHRIS

You don't like me.

JULIE

I don't know you.

CHRIS

Well, hello. I'm Chris.
Straight, single, employed,
and headed for a nice
enjoyable Saturday at the
beach in the sunshine and sea
air. You?

JULIE

That's amazing. I'm headed
for the beach, too.

CHRIS

Well then we have something
in common. What do you like
to do on the ride over?

JULIE

I usually just sit and watch
the water.

CHRIS

Me too. And the wake, and
the wind. The drone of the
engine. The other boats.
The buoys. Every change of
course. The approaching
shore line.

JULIE

You don't get out here much.

CHRIS

Once or twice a year. I live
in Brooklyn. Catch an early
train. Walk down from the
station.

JULIE

That's a long walk.

CHRIS

Not if you're going to the
beach. And it's only a mile.

She nods. The boat has reached open water and opens up to
make speed. The sound of the engine, wind, and water make
conversation difficult.

Chris looks at Julie looking out over the water, her hair
in the wind. She reaches in her bag and pulls out a band
to tie back her hair. She doesn't look at him.

Chris tries to forget about Julie and enjoy the trip.
Julie watches the water.

EXT. FERRY UPPER DECK. DAY.

The opposite shore approaches and the boat begins to slow.
Julie gives Chris a nervous smile. It's not a flirtatious
smile. It's not an I'm glad we'll be parting so long good
luck smile.

CHRIS

I work in finance. Help
create the quarterly
statements for the C.F.O.'s
office. Investor relations.
Do you commute?

JULIE

I'm in law school.

CHRIS

You're good at it.

JULIE

Well, I guess.

CHRIS

I'm Chris.

JULIE

So you said.
(pause)
I'm Julie.

CHRIS

Nice to meet you, Julie.

They shake hands.

CHRIS

I have a kite. Do you like
kites?

Julie smiles, really for the first time.

JULIE

I love kites. I've always
loved kites.

CHRIS

It's aerobatic. Control
line. Dual handles. Does
anything you want. Loops,
spins, race along the ground.

CHRIS

(continued)

Verticals. Four and a half foot wing span. The only thing it won't do is fly into the wind.

JULIE

I've never tried one of those.

CHRIS

I'll let you fly it. What do you say?

JULIE

I was just looking forward to some alone time. I wasn't really, you know. Just some space to think on the beach.

CHRIS

I'll give you that. But why not have a little kite flying fun first?

JULIE

Kite flying fun.

CHRIS

Kite flying fun. You'll be a pro.

JULIE

I suppose. You didn't grow up in New York, did you.

CHRIS

I'm from Maine.

JULIE

Well, Chris from Maine. Let's fly a kite.

THE END