

TREASURE HUNTER: SHIP AT NIGHT SCENE

An Excerpt From a Nonexistent Episode

Written by

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FADE IN: EXT. ON THE DECK OF THE POSEIDON'S BANE - NIGHT

First, is BEATRICE silently smoking a cigarette while leaning over the side. Moments later, PENELOPE approaches and does the same. The two girls are in their respective pajamas. There is a long moment of silence before Beatrice speaks up.

BEATRICE
Can't sleep?

PENELOPE
Another nightmare, yeah.

Beatrice scoots closer to Penelope

BEATRICE
You know you can talk to me about what's on your mind, right? I may be your vice-captain, but I'm also your friend.

PENELOPE
Bea...How do you do it?

BEATRICE
(Chuckles)
Am I supposed to guess what 'it' is or are you going to explain?

Beatrice taps the butt of her cigarette over the edge of the ship.

PENELOPE
How do you handle the weight of it all? The pressure...Every time we go out on a run, and I'm with the boys, I just get so afraid that I'm gonna slip up and make a huge mistake that could cause people to...I don't want to lose Todd or Marcus...especially Marcus...And when I see you, Bea, you always rush in without any fear. You always act like you're not fazed by anything. Like nothing scares you. How do you deal with it all? How did you become so fearless?

After a few moments of silence, Beatrice bursts into laughter.

THE CAMERA CUTS TO A FARAWAY SHOT OF THE SHIP IN THE DISTANCE. THE ONLY LIGHT IS THE TINY CIGARETTE IN BEATRICE'S MOUTH

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Gee, I didn't realize that pouring my heart out would be so funny...

BEATRICE

Sorry, sorry! I'm not laughing at you! I think it's flattering that you think so highly of me, really I do. But trust me, I'm not all that fearless.

PENELOPE

What do you mean?

BEATRICE

Every time we go on a run, I have the exact same fear.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS OVER THE TWO OF THEM FROM THE FRONT.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Whenever we go on a run, I have the exact same fear. It's something that gnaws away at every single time. And I have that fear for every single member of this crew. I'm deathly afraid of losing you, any of you. I'm second in command of this crew so any loss, any casualty is a failure on my part as commander. Not only that, but I care for all of you like you're my own family. It's a fear that's almost crippling.

PENELOPE

So...how do you deal with this feeling?

BEATRICE

Well to put it simply, I make the conscious decision to bottle it and have faith in you all. As Vice-Captain, Quartermaster, crewmate, friend, and most important of all, a member of this family, I choose to have faith in each and every one of you and your abilities to make it through.

(MORE)

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I choose to believe that the lot of you can handle whatever the world has to throw at us. And I also believe that you all have that same trust for yourselves.

Beatrice pushes the remainder of her cigarette into the ledge and tosses the butt away.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

See, Penny, life is all about the choices we make. We have to be willing to make choices that we can live with. And as a leader, it sometimes feels impossible.

PENELOPE

Huh...Well that gives me a lot to think about...Thanks, Bea.

THE CAMERA CUTS TO A SHOT BELOW LOOKING UP AT PENELOPE'S FACE.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

You know, when I was with my last foster father, He always said he didn't expect much outta me. Especially with the person I was becoming before I left home. So since I joined the crew, I've been...trying to prove him wrong.

Beatrice hocks a loogie and loudly spits over the edge.

BEATRICE

Bah, Dads! What do they know?! Entitled A-holes!

As Penelope begins to laugh, Beatrice grabs her pack of cigarettes and pulls out another one. She puts it in her mouth

THE CAMERA CUTS TO PENELOPE'S CURIOUS FACE TO A POV SHOT OF BEATRICE RETRIEVING HER SMOKES.

PENELOPE

Hey, you think I can get one of those?

BEATRICE

Nope. BUT you CAN give me a light.

Beatrice leans in closer to Penelope, cupping the end of cigarette as if she's going to light it.

PENELOPE

Don't treat me like a kid, Bea! You
KNOW I'm old enough to smoke!

BEATRICE

It's not about age, Penny. Remember
what I told you. Life's all about
the choices we make. Smoking in the
middle of the night is a ritual I
took up through my own conscious
decision. Keeping you from smoking
is also one of those choices I
made.

Penelope folds her arms.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Now, can I please have that light?

Penelope holds out her hand. With a couple of snaps of her
fingers (Emulating the sparks of a lighter) she uses a small
flame on her index finger to light Beatrice's cigarette. The
camera slowly pans out from the two of them as they continue
their night.

FADE TO BLACK.