

"DEAD CALM"

Screenplay by

TERRY HAYES

from the novel by

Charles Williams

February 20, 1987

I. NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE. INT/EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS.

A. INT. HOTEL SUITE. BEDROOM. DAY. A.

A MAN and a WOMAN...

The sometimes frenzied, sometimes floating minutes of sensual exploration before making love...

The point where words are replaced by breathless pleasure as clothing is removed, hands stroke skin, lips are hungry for anything.

He removes her necklace, kisses her neck. He takes her hand, removes the wedding ring. She smiles... nervousness and embarrassment.

The two naked figures roll out of frame, leaving us to watch Santa Clause, silently dispensing presents to a crowd of kids on the hotel television set.

DISSOLVE TO:

B. INT. HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. B.

In huge close up we see the WOMEN'S fingers, absent mindedly playing with the wedding ring which lies on the bedside table top.

The camera pans to settle on her attractive face for the first time. This is RAE.

Her lover is asleep in the bed beside her, his body twisted in that strange combination of exhaustion and pleasure.

RAE stares at the ceiling.

C. EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT. C.

Heavy tropical rain.

RAE runs towards her car, clutching her sleeping two-year-old son, DANNY, in her arms.

Rae's MOTHER looks out from the lighted porch of the house.

D. INT/EXT. BMW SEDAN / FREEWAY. NIGHT. D.

RAE drives, her face blurred by the rain and windscreen wipers.

DANNY is asleep in the back, his feet curled up next to a pile of up-market shopping bags, one containing Christmas wrapping.

RAE has to concentrate. Visibility is poor.

E. EXT. FREEWAY. (RAE'S P.O.V.) NIGHT. E.

A pair of headlights shine, like beacons in the blurred distance. They're approaching RAE's car.

F. INT. BMW SEDAN. NIGHT. F.

RAE is slightly alarmed. The headlights seem to be advancing directly towards her. They draw closer. The other car is driving on the wrong side of the road.

1. Cont'd 1.

G. EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT. G.

RAE tries to swerve. Her path is blocked by cars travelling parallel on the left. On the right, several vehicles are approaching in the oncoming lane.

H. EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT. H.

Rae's car collides head-on with the other vehicle...

Both cars collapse like concertina rolls. From the corner of her horror stricken eye, RAE sees DANNY fly through the air beside her. The windscreen shatters a moment later, covering her in glass.

DANNY lands on the roadway.

I. EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT. I.

Tow trucks, police cars and ambulances.

The DRIVER of the other car, a Mercedes, is wandering around, obviously drunk.

Christmas presents are strewn across the road.

RAE is alive. POLICE work to free her from the wreckage. She looks out to see...

PARAMEDICS trying to save her son. An oxygen mask is clamped on his face. He starts to breathe. The sound of his gasping breath. He starts to come around... suddenly blood sprays across the whole interior of the mask. It fills with blood.

J. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT. j.

Blurred lights flash by camera. It's RAE's point of view as she is wheeled through the corridor.

A tall man, dressed in the uniform of a senior naval officer, hurries past. He catches sight of RAE, turns around and keeps pace with her. This is JOHN INGRAM.

The trolley passes through some doors, leaving INGRAM behind.

K. INT. HOSPITAL WARD. NIGHT. K.

INGRAM talks to a DOCTOR. The voices echo, like from the end of a tunnel.

DOCTOR

The police told you about
your son?

1. K. Cont'd

K.

INGRAM

Yes.

DOCTOR

We'll need a formal
identification.

INGRAM

Yes.

L. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM.

NIGHT.

L.

INGRAM looks down at RAE.

On the bedside table are her personal belongings: purse, watch,
jewellery...

He picks up her wedding ring and looks at it.

He slips it on her wedding finger.

She stirs, obviously sedated, reaching for him...

M. INT. INGRAM'S BEDROOM.

NIGHT.

M.

RAE wakes. INGRAM is asleep in the bed next to her.

A little boy's voice is calling for her.

She gets up. Hurries out.

N. INT. STAIRWAY. INGRAM'S HOUSE

NIGHT.

N.

The camera cranes as RAE moves expectantly down the stairs.

O. INT. SITTING ROOM. INGRAM HOUSE.

NIGHT.

O.

RAE rushes in.

DANNY is kneeling in front of the Christmas tree, pulling presents
out of a stocking. He's calling to her that Santa has come.

He unwraps a diving mask and pulls it over his face.

She laughs, folding him in her arms.

She looks at his face.

Blood splatters the inside of the mask. It fills with blood.

She screams as he lolls dead in her arms.

2. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. NIGHT. 2.

A cabin aboard a yacht.

RAE wakes screaming.

INGRAM's arms wrap around her, comforting her.

She's crying, on the edge of hysteria. Then she recognises INGRAM and tries to regain control.

3. INT. SARACEN. GALLEY. NIGHT. 3.

Tight on an overhead locker as INGRAM opens it.

As he reaches up for a bottle of sedatives, we see that he's almost naked.

A big man, no longer young, he has a wind-burned face and cool eyes. His shoulders and back are hard and rope-muscled, burned dark by the tropical sun.

He drops two of the tablets into a glass of water and swirls it around...

4. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. NIGHT. 4.

INGRAM offers RAE the glass.

She shakes her head.

INGRAM

The crash again?

She nods.

INGRAM

And? Anything else...

She just looks at him, her eyes rimmed with red, close to tears.

INGRAM

It might help...

She shakes her head.

RAE

Cuddle me, that's all...

He puts his arms around her.

She sinks back into the pillow.

Very gently he rocks her to sleep, like a child.

5. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. NIGHT. 5.

The full moon is huge in the night sky, the stars so clear you can almost touch them.

The moon casts a beam of silver light across the ocean. Perfectly still.

In the centre of the ribbon of light we see Saracen, a 70-foot ketch built for blue-water cruising. Her sails are furled and she rolls gently on the long ground swell which is pushing across the limitless expanse of the South Pacific. Washing hangs from a line strung along her deck.

DISSOLVE TO:

6. INT. SARACEN. SALOON. DAWN. 6.

INGRAM is writing in the ships log book.

September 25. 32nd day at sea.

Barometer steady at 29.91.

He peers into the binnacle and looks at the compass.

290 degrees. Dead calm.

He goes to the bottom of the page, to a section marked 'Notes'. He's also keeping a log of a journey of a different kind. He writes:

Another nightmare. Same thing.
Nothing said.

The clock strikes four bells: 6 a.m.

INGRAM makes a note beside his first entry.

6 a.m.

7. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. DAWN. 7.

RAE stirs in the bed, caught in that wonderful moment between dream and reality.

She hears the door open and pulls the sheet over her head.

INGRAM sits on the edge of the bed and pulls it back. Wearing only her pants, she's tanned golden brown all over.

He kisses her on the cheek and she stretches luxuriantly but isn't ready yet to open her eyes.

RAE

What's on the schedule today?

INGRAM

Same as yesterday.

She stretches again.

RAE

What was that?

INGRAM

Same as the day before, and the day before that...

RAE

I can't remember. Remind me.

7. Cont'd

7.

INGRAM

Sweet fuck all.

RAE

Tell me again...

INGRAM puts his mouth next to her ear, whispering.

INGRAM

Sweet. Fuck. All...

RAE

That tough, huh? Still,
I can handle it. Okay, here
I come - ready or not...

She opens her eyes.

INGRAM hands her a breakfast tray: cereal, fruit salad, toast, orange juice, steaming coffee.

From the centre of the tray she picks up a beautiful origami bird.

INGRAM

A bird of paradise -
just for you...

She unfolds its paper wings, admiring the intricate work.

RAE

So that's what you've
been doing...

INGRAM

Don't be silly. It fell
out of the cereal packet.

They both laugh, knowing it's not true.

8... EXT. UNDERWATER.

DAWN

8.

The camera is underwater, looking up.

A naked body plunges towards us.

As it passes the camera we see that it's RAE.

She swims down, deeper, deeper...

Then, her breath almost gone, she tumbles over and lets herself shoot back towards the surface.

9. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAWN 9.

RAE's head and shoulders break the surface of the water.

INGRAM stands on the deck, watching her as she sweeps her hair back out of her eyes.

The ship's dog, a RETRIEVER nudges INGRAM. He's got a brightly-coloured tennis ball in his mouth.

INGRAM takes it, winds back his arm and throws...

The RETRIEVER runs and leaps over the railing...

SNAP! He catches the ball in mid-air...

SPLASH! He hits the water.

RAE rolls over onto her back, lazily kicking her way to the stern of the boat.

10. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. STERN. DAWN. 10.

The RETRIEVER, very bedraggled, stands on the deck shaking himself.

RAE's hands reach out for the duckboard which is slung off the back of the transom.

INGRAM is already standing on it.

As she hauls herself into a sitting position, legs dangling in the clear blue water, INGRAM pours a saucepan of water over her head.

She yelps - it's cold. Then she wipes it off her face and tastes it.

RAE

Fresh water - such
extravagance...

INGRAM

No it's not. It's very
carefully rationed. The
first Monday of the month...

He squirts shampoo in her hair and starts to lather it.

RAE

That's what you said last
week.

INGRAM

No I didn't. You must be
confused...

RAE

Okay wise guy - what month?

INGRAM

Oh, you know. It's one of those long ones. It's got an "r" in it...

RAE leans back, rubbing her head against his massaging fingers.

RAE

Thank God for that - for a minute I thought we might have lost track of time.

INGRAM

Not me. Don't forget who you're dealing with. This is a naval officer...

RAE (correcting)

An ex naval officer.

INGRAM (continuing)

An ex naval officer, totally skilled in the ways of the sea, a man capable of unravelling the mysteries of celestial navigation. On the other hand, I can understand that some people might not know what month it is...

She takes hold of his hand, carrying it to her lips.

RAE

Anybody in mind?

INGRAM

Somebody - just for instance - somebody like a woman.

She looks up at him - and smiles.

He smiles back.

She jerks on his hand, unbalancing him.

SPLASH! He lands in the water.

She scrambles to her feet, trying to make her getaway on to the deck of the boat.

But he's too quick for her. His hand shoots out of the water and grabs her ankle.

She plays at trying to escape as he hauls himself out of the water.

RAE

Help! Help! Somebody help!

RAE's cries carry across to:

11. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DAWN. 11.
The great, empty Pacific - only this small boat in the middle of it and two tiny figures laughing and yelling and wrestling on the duckboard at the stern.
12. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAWN. 12.
The RETRIEVER stands on the deck watching the two of them horsing around.
RAE
Get away you sexist...
She breaks off in mid yell...
13. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. STERN. DAWN. 13.
INGRAM has his mouth on hers, smothering her cries.
She folds herself in to his body.
He presses her against the stern of the boat.
She wraps her arms around his waist, digging her fingers in to the waistband of his shorts...
POP! She pulls hard, tearing the button off...
He kisses her harder...
She leans back, supporting herself against the stern.
His hand comes up on to her breast...
She starts to pull his shorts down.
14. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAWN. 14.
The RETRIEVER, lying on the deck watching, yawns and closes his eyes....
15. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 15.
RAE is removing washing from the line. Not a breath of wind stirs it.
The RETRIEVER is flaked out on the bow, mouth open, panting.
Below, the clock strikes six bells: 10 am. It's still dead calm - and very hot already.

15. Cont'd

15.

RAE stops as the sound of a song fills the boat. It is Edith Piaf singing a slow version of "Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien".

She turns, slight anguish on her face.

INGRAM has emerged from the cockpit and is standing on the deck watching her

INGRAM

You remember?

He comes towards her.

RAE

Of course I do.

INGRAM

Sing it now.

She shakes her head.

He starts to dance with her.

INGRAM (with the music)

"Je ne regrette rien".

Say it Rae. I regret nothing.

She puts her head on his chest, letting him lead her.

RAE

I can't.

INGRAM

Yes you can.

RAE

It's not true.

INGRAM

He was drunk. He could have hit anyone.

RAE

I know...

INGRAM

What else do you dream about?

She keeps dancing.

He lifts her chin up so that she's looking at him. Her eyes are watery.

RAE

That I've never loved you as much as you love me.

He looks at her for a beat then holds her against him, continuing to dance...

The music rises...

We climb with it, rising above the boat...

16. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. MORNING. 16.

We climb higher and higher until Saracen is nothing more than a tiny painted ship on a huge painted ocean.

Then we hinge right.

Another boat rides sluggishly on the swell. Its deck is deserted, sails set but not drawing.

17. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 17.

The song is fading to its end.

INGRAM and RAE are still dancing.

The RETRIEVER is standing at the bow of the boat, looking across the water.

He starts to bark.

RAE and INGRAM turn, following his gaze.

INGRAM

A flying fish, I guess.
Too far south for dolphins...

RAE is using her hands to shield her eyes from the sun.

RAE

No. A yacht. Pretty big.
Three masts I think...

She turns but INGRAM's already gone.

18. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. COCKPIT/DECK MORNING. 18.

INGRAM leans in to the cockpit, pulls the big seven-by-fifty binoculars off the peg and swings himself up on to the boom.

He raises the glasses to his eyes and racks focus.

The boat - or at least its masts and deckhouse - spring to view.

It's a three-masted schooner with a lot of greenhouse. Black-hulled and timber-planked, she has the look of a boat that's seen some hard sailing. Her boom swings back and forth on the swell.

RAE

Well, tell me...

She stands below him, looking up.

He doesn't take his eyes from the other boat.

INGRAM

She's been through some
weather, that's for sure.

RAE

Anybody on deck?

INGRAM

Not that I can see.

He jumps down from his perch and heads for the cockpit.

INGRAM

I'll go and raise him.

RAE

Why?

INGRAM turns.

INGRAM

Why? It's the first boat
in six weeks...

RAE

So?

INGRAM

That's not very neighbourly.

RAE

I like it how it is -
just the two of us...

He puts his hands on her shoulders.

INGRAM

You want me to run up a
quarantine flag?

RAE

Have you got one?

He smiles at her.

18. Cont'd

18.

INGRAM

I'll say g'day, that's all...

RAE

Just ask him what he's
doing in our ocean.

They smile at each other.

He hands her the binoculars.

19. INT. SARACEN. RADIO ROOM.

MORNING.

19.

INGRAM sits down in front of the radio units, sets the bandswitch to 2638 kilocycles and turns it on.

He presses the transmit button.

INGRAM

Saracen to black schooner.
Come in please...

He releases the button and listens. The only sound is static crackling across the vastness of the Southern Hemisphere. He tries again.

INGRAM

Black schooner. This is the
ketch Saracen.

As he waits he opens the log book to his previous notation.

He changes the bandswitch to 2738 kilocycles and tries again.

Waiting for a response he writes in the log book.

10.28. Black schooner. Lying 310 degrees.
Name unknown.

He is about to call once more when RAE starts yelling:

RAE

John!

20. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK.

MORNING.

20.

RAE is standing on the boom, supporting herself against the mast, the binoculars to her eyes.

INGRAM arrives, standing below her.

RAE

I thought I saw something.
Between here and there.

INGRAM

What?

RAE

Just a speck. It's gone
now - no wait. There it
is...

INGRAM swings himself up on the boom behind her.

INGRAM

Turtle?

RAE

Bigger than that.

He lifts the glasses from her hands and raises them to his eyes.

She glares at him but he doesn't notice.

He picks up the other boat - still nobody on deck - then brings the glasses lower, searching the heaving surface of the sea that lies between them.

RAE

Anything?

INGRAM

Not yet... hold on...

It is only a speck in the distance, showing for an instant as it rises to the broad crest of a swell.

It drops from view.

He tries again to hold the glasses steady to catch it when it comes up.

Saracen rolls and he loses it.

INGRAM

Had it.
Wait... here it is...

He holds it in the centre of the binoculars for a second or more.

INGRAM

Dinghy.

RAE

Adrift?

20. Cont'd

20.

INGRAM holds it again in the binoculars. He sees the oars breaking the oily surface of the sea.

INGRAM

No. A man...

RAE

Strange place to go for a row.

21. EXT. UNDERWATER. MORNING. 21.

The propellor bursts to life, churning the water violently...

The camera cranes up, out of the water, to see Saracen moving away.

22. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. (HELICOPTER SHOT) MORNING. 22.

A foaming white wake streams out behind Saracen as she glides through the water...

23. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 23.

INGRAM stands on the deck looking across the water.

The man in the dinghy is pulling as hard as he can at the oars, though by now it must be obvious that Saracen is headed straight for him.

24. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. MORNING. 24.

RAE is at the wheel, keeping Saracen on course, balancing the motion of the boat against the pitch and toss of the swell.

She sees INGRAM slice his hands through the air.

She cuts the engine.

25. EXT. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 25.

The dinghy is less than a hundred yards away.

In the sudden silence INGRAM can hear the rattle of the rowlocks as the dinghy comes on, its pace unchecked.

Saracen slows, slewing around on the swell.

The man looks over his shoulder but still he doesn't falter.

INGRAM yells to him.

INGRAM

What's the problem?

There is no indication that the man has even heard.

INGRAM

Save it! We'll drop down
to you.

The man keeps rowing at the same furious pace.

INGRAM

You hear me? Ship your
oars!

The man doesn't falter.

He is going to hit Saracen amidships.

INGRAM

Stand off!

INGRAM scrambles over the rail, ready to try and fend the dinghy off.

The man gives a last explosive pull on the oars...

INGRAM tries to catch its bow.

But it's got too much momentum.

SMASH! It hits Saracen.

INGRAM leans over and grabs the dinghy's painter.

The man turns to face him. His lips are moving but he makes no sound, his eyes reflecting an intensity of concentration that excludes all else.

INGRAM

Okay. Take it easy.

He catches INGRAM's hand with a grip so tight it makes him wince, using it to haul himself up in one plunging leap that brings him crashing on board.

RAE is already standing there.

INGRAM
(to Rae)

Water. Not too much.

25. Cont'd

25.

She runs below.

The MAN inches his way aft, clinging to both the lifeline and the handrail as though suspended over some terrifying abyss.

INGRAM follows close behind, lest he should fall.

26. EXT/INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT.

MORNING.

26.

The MAN steps down into the cockpit, takes one last look at the vast ocean and heads below.

27. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON.

MORNING.

27.

RAE, is part-way up the stairs when she meets the MAN coming down.

He doesn't even appear to see her.

She backs down and stands aside.

The MAN staggers from one hand-hold to the next, heading to the farthest corner of the cabin.

He drags himself onto a seat, draws his legs up to his chest and lets his forehead slump down on to his knees.

INGRAM and RAE look at each other.

INGRAM takes the cup of water from her.

He touches the MAN lightly on the shoulder.

The MAN looks up, blankly at first, then with a dawning comprehension. He is young and deeply tanned. Although his face is drawn and his eyes dark-rimmed with fatigue, he is still strikingly handsome.

INGRAM

(offering the cup)

Take it slow. There'll be more
in a minute.

He takes it but only drinks a mouthful. Whatever his problems, thirst is obviously not one of them. From his accent, the man is obviously an American.

HUGHIE

My name is Hughie Warriner.

Every word carries with it the fatigue of both body and mind.

INGRAM

John Ingram. And my wife, Rae.

27. Cont'd

27.

INGRAM holds out his hand but HUGHIE doesn't appear to see it.

HUGHIE

We were thirty-two days
outward bound from Papeete,
heading for Fiji. I'm the
owner.

INGRAM nods, not sure where this is leading.

HUGHIE

I only bought her about
three months ago. My plan
had been to...

INGRAM and RAE exchange a look.

INGRAM

Hughie - what's the trouble?

HUGHIE

Trouble...

INGRAM and RAE watch as he wrestles to bring his mind to bear on
the present.

HUGHIE

She's going down. That's
the trouble. Probably won't
last the morning.

INGRAM

Are you sure?

HUGHIE

She opened up all over.
I've been at the pump for
more than a week.

INGRAM

The water's hit your
engine?

HUGHIE

Engine, radio, everything.
My only chance was to try and
reach you in the dinghy.

INGRAM turns to RAE, totally in command:

INGRAM

See what he needs then get
him to bed.

27. Cont'd

27.

He starts to head up on deck.

HUGHIE

Where are you going?

INGRAM

We'd better get over there.
How many on board?

HUGHIE

Nobody. I'm alone.

INGRAM turns to HUGHIE.

INGRAM

Alone? You were trying to
take her across the Pacific
alone?

HUGHIE

No. There were six of us.

He looks down at his hands for a beat.

HUGHIE

The others died ten days
ago.

RAE and INGRAM stare at him.

INGRAM (softly)

What happened?

HUGHIE tries, but he can't get the words out. He passes across a small
oil-proof bag. Then he speaks, his voice very small.

HUGHIE

Food poisoning. It was all
over in a day.

He pauses, but then musters the determination to continue.

INGRAM starts to unwrap the bag.

HUGHIE

There's no word for what
it was like - alone in the
middle of the ocean. Five
people sick and dying...

RAE bites her lip, her face reflecting the anguish which she feels
for him.

INGRAM

Do you know what it was?

HUGHIE

Life can hinge on the smallest things.
Ever since I was a kid, I
thought salmon was for
cats...

INGRAM

Was it canned?

HUGHIE

Yeah - but not commercially.
Every year Russ - Russel was
the photographer - every
year he goes...

HUGHIE stops, correcting himself.

INGRAM has the bag open. Inside are: the ship's log, some
happy snaps and six passports.

HUGHIE

He went salmon fishing.
Whatever he couldn't eat,
he canned - so when we set
out he put a stack of them
in the stores.

INGRAM

Nobody noticed anything?

He is looking at one of the passports. RUSSEL BELLOWS, German,
past middle-age, slightly overweight, a little dissolute.

HUGHIE

One of the girls made a
sort of salad by mixing it
with mayonnaise and onions.
But we'd kicked off with a
few rum sours - quite a few...

INGRAM

When did you realise?

INGRAM glances through the other passports as HUGHIE talks. Four
young and pretty women: Lillian, Estelle, Barbara, Narelle.

HUGHIE

At first we thought it was
just the tourist trots.
Then Estelle looked at her
hand. She said Picasso should
have painted it. It had seven
fingers.

RAE

Double vision.

HUGHIE nods.

INGRAM

Botulism.

HUGHIE looks confused.

HUGHIE

It wasn't the salmon?

INGRAM

You can bet it was. Botulism
is a deadly form of food
poisoning. Scares the Navy
shitless. It hits the nervous
system.

HUGHIE

I tried everything I could...

INGRAM

Don't worry about that. There's
no treatment - not on a small
boat, twelve hundred miles from land...

HUGHIE nods, lowering his eyes.

He rubs his hand over his face, starting to surrender to fatigue.

INGRAM

I'm sorry.

He doesn't look up.

HUGHIE

Yeah.

INGRAM

(placing the bag and
documents down)

There's no point
in waiting. We'd better go
and salvage your gear.

27. Cont'd

27

HUGHIE looks up.

HUGHIE

No. No. No, there's
nothing to salvage.

INGRAM

What about your clothes?

HUGHIE lowers his head.

HUGHIE

I can't go back. I can't.

His breathing is fast and shallow, but he swallows back the tears.
He looks towards the happy snaps.
Two men, four women, frolicking in a Pacific paradise.

HUGHIE

They all died below deck...

He looks up at INGRAM.

RAE goes to him, takes his hand.

HUGHIE

You know what I had to do...

INGRAM

I know...

HUGHIE

I had to drag their bodies
up with a rope.

RAE

Stop thinking about it.

HUGHIE

Please! I can't go
back there.

INGRAM nods, putting his hand on HUGHIE's shoulder.

INGRAM

Get to bed. Sleep for as
long as you can, eh?

HUGHIE looks up, relieved, grateful.

28. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 28.

Through a binocular matte we see the black schooner riding sluggishly on the swell.

INGRAM is standing on the boom, the binoculars to his eyes, panning them slowly along the length of the boat.

The current has brought the two boats closer, swinging the schooner around, broadside to Saracen.

In silhouette she looks more like a motor-sailor than a conventional yacht: lots of greenhouse for cocktail parties and probably built for somebody who never used the sails except when he ran out of gas.

RAE emerges from below. INGRAM looks at her.

RAE

Out like a light. How about her?

INGRAM speaks without lowering the glasses.

INGRAM

There's water in her - no doubt of that...

RAE comes up close to him, lowering her voice.

RAE

But you don't believe she's sinking...

INGRAM

All I know is she's still afloat.

RAE

You don't like him do you?

INGRAM lowers the glasses and swings down off the boom to stand next to her.

INGRAM

I haven't even thought about it.

RAE

Come on John - I know you...

INGRAM

I just get the feeling he doesn't want anyone to go on board.

28. Cont'd

28.

RAE

That's not my reading. I thought I
was looking at a man on the
ragged edge of a breakdown...

INGRAM

Yeah, but...

RAE

Someone who was desperate to
leave it all behind...

He's about to answer when, together, they both turn and look across
the ocean.

29. EXT. OCEAN.

MORNING.

29.

The glassy surface of the water starts to ruffle under the advancing
fingers of a breeze.

30. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK.

MORNING.

30.

INGRAM and RAE leap into action.

He is on deck, hauling on the mainsail sheet shouting instructions
to her. The large red sail climbs up the mast, billowing in the light wind.

RAE is for'ard, the jib already raised, tying it off.

She turns and runs for the cockpit.

INGRAM has the mainsail up, starting to trim it...

31. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT.

MORNING.

31.

RAE spins the wheel, taking Saracen on to the port tack, drawing away
from Orpheus lying to starboard...

32. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK.

MORNING.

32.

The sails fill...

Saracen heels over...

33. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. STERN.

MORNING.

33.

A white wake spills from her stern as the wind powers her across the
ocean.

34. INT./EXT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN/FOR'ARD HATCH. MORNING. 34.
HUGHIE is standing on the bunk, looking out the for'ard hatch, watching them draw away from Orpheus.
He waits until he can no longer see it then lies down...
35. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 35.
INGRAM stands on the deck, looking out at the black schooner.
He goes for'ard towards the hatch.
36. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. MORNING. 36.
HUGHIE has the sheet over him, eyes closed...
The door opens very quietly.
INGRAM stands there.
He watches HUGHIE for a beat.
37. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. DOOR. MORNING. 37.
INGRAM closes the door. Without making a sound he shoots the bolt across, locking it.
38. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. MORNING. 38.
RAE is at the wheel, making minor adjustments to their course, trimming the mainsail.
INGRAM enters the cockpit from down below.

RAE

Heading 220. You wanna
try pointing higher?

INGRAM

I'm sorry Rae. No matter
which way I turn it, I just
can't swallow it.

RAE

Is there a reason?

INGRAM

No - just twenty five years
at sea. Something's not
right...

38. Cont'd

38.

RAE

What?

INGRAM shrugs - it's all far too diffuse to be articulated.

RAE

You gonna ask him to leave?
Back in the dinghy - cast him
adrift?

INGRAM

No. We'll go about. I'm
going on board her.

He starts to go on deck, ready to work the jib. RAE stops him.

RAE

You can't...

INGRAM

He's asleep - he won't even
know...

He goes out.

39. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK.

MORNING.

39.

RAE catches hold of him.

RAE

John...

INGRAM

I'm the skipper, Rae.
Now take the wheel.

He starts to cast off the sheets, ready to go on the other tack.

He's wounded her. She turns and goes into the cockpit.

40. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN.

MORNING.

40.

Saracen's sails flap as she comes up into the wind, then turns through
the eye of it.

She straightens up on the other tack, sails drawing, and heads towards
the black schooner.

41. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT.

MORNING.

41.

RAE is at the wheel.

INGRAM stands on deck next to the cockpit, binoculars raised.

He looks up as the sails shudder. The breeze dies.

He runs his eye across the ocean, looking for another whisper of breeze.

It's still as a pond. They're still 150 yards from the schooner.

RAE

Start the engine?

INGRAM

No. It'll wake him.

He swings down into the cockpit and pulls open a drawer.

INGRAM

I'll take the dinghy.

He removes two packages, both wrapped in lambswool fleece.

RAE

For God's sake...

INGRAM unfurls the fleece, revealing three parts of a shotgun, broken down for storage: the barrels, the stock and the handgrip.

INGRAM

Put it together and keep it with you...

RAE

You're being ridiculous.

INGRAM

I'm being cautious. You know where the shells are. Make sure you load it.

RAE

I shoot when I see the white's of his eyes, right?

INGRAM

You're alone with a stranger. And you're a woman. Now do as I say.

41. Cont'd. 41
She's about to argue but he stares her down.
RAE
Sure - Skipper.
He moves towards the dinghy at the stern.
42. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. MORNING. 42.
HUGHIE lies on the bed, listening.
INGRAM (v/o)
If you get a breeze, work her
on down...
43. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. STERN. MORNING. 43.
RAE throws the painter down to INGRAM in the dinghy.
He says goodbye with a nod and bends his back to the oars.
44. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 44.
The muscles knotting across his neck and shoulders, INGRAM powers
the dinghy towards the black schooner.
45. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. FOR'ARD DECK. MORNING. 45.
The for'ard hatch is still ajar. We see HUGHIE's face appear at the
crack, staring out at the dinghy.
46. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 46.
The sunlight sparkles off the water, reflecting in to INGRAM's face.
Without breaking his rhythm, he looks over his shoulder as he approaches
the boat. She is riding very low, sluggish, in the water.
47. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 47.
RAE is next to the cockpit. She raises the binoculars.
She pans past the dinghy to the black schooner.
Nothing moves. She picks up the shotgun, thinks about assembling
it.

48. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 48.

HUGHIE's face is still at the crack in the hatch, watching INGRAM.

49. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 49.

INGRAM is very close to Orpheus now.

He looks up at her.

The sails are sloppily furled, the deck littered with an unseamanlike mess of uncoiled lines.

The boom rests on its gallows frame but the mizzen swings forlornly back and forth, banging against its slackened sheets.

He changes course slightly to pass under her stern.

Her name is spelled out in ornate black letters against the white of her transom:

ORPHEUS

SANTA BARBARA

50. EXT. UNDERWATER. ORPHEUS. MORNING. 50.

Underwater... the hull looms long and dark above, great streamers of weed hanging from the bottom of it.

The butt ends of several planks have broken free and hang down into the water.

Something seeps down out of the gaping holes, forming red plumes in the blue water. Blood.

The jaws of a big shark sweep into frame and then pass as it starts to circle beneath the boat. We see the outline of INGRAM's dinghy above.

51. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. DAY. 51.

The deck is in ruin: chairs overturned; supplies strewn about...

All around is the rattle of unsecured gear... From below we hear a thumping sound, almost regular in its beat...

We crane up to reveal INGRAM climbing onto Orpheus's stern.

As we come higher we hear the sound of metal sawing on metal.

Suddenly, something flashes through frame...

CRASH!

51. Cont'd 51.
INGRAM reacts.
It's just a spar which has finally worked free of its fixture on the mast.
He kicks it out of the way.
52. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 52.
RAE watches as INGRAM enters the wheelhouse, disappearing from view.
53. INT. SARACEN. FORWARD CABIN. MORNING. 53.
HUGHIE climbs down from his perch and moves to the door.
Quietly, he turns the handle. It won't move. He tries again, harder. He realises it's locked.
54. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. MORNING. 54.
INGRAM comes down the steps which lead to the wheelhouse.
The place is in ruins, a foot of water surging up and down the length of the cabin.
Clothes, shoes, utensils wash back and forth.
The thumping sound is louder down here, coming from the other end of the cabin.
He moves towards two closed doors at the far end.
55. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 55.
HUGHIE's hand emerges through the crack in the hatch, reaching for the bolt which secures it.
His fingers stretch....stretch... but can't reach it...
56. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 56.
RAE stands on the deck, looking across at Orpheus. She replaces the shotgun in the drawer.

57. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. MORNING. 57.
INGRAM stands in front of the first door.
The thumping sound comes from within.
He reaches out for the handle... and jerks it open.
58. INT. ORPHEUS. FOR'ARD CABIN. MORNING. 58.
The room is empty, except for the stench of decay and several feet of water.
A scuba tank has broken free. It rolls back and forth on the surge of water: thump, thump, thump...
59. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. MORNING. 59.
INGRAM turns and opens the second door.
60. INT. ORPHEUS. LAVATORY/MAIN SALOON. MORNING. 60.
A great dam of water bursts out, knocking him down, swirling all around the saloon.
INGRAM struggles to get to his feet. There's something in the water with him, bobbing just beside his face.
A hand. An arm. A leg. Three torsos. A human head... the dismembered bodies of Orpheus's dead passengers.
In one movement he's on his feet and running...
61. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. MORNING. 61.
RAE sees INGRAM emerge from the deckhouse, heading for the dinghy.
He pauses and waves, trying to convey the panic he is feeling.
She waves back, heading down into the cockpit.
62. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. MORNING. 62.
HUGHIE peers through the crack, watching as INGRAM tears the dinghy's painter free...
63. INT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. MORNING. 63.
INGRAM swings himself off the boat and into the dinghy.

64. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 64.

INGRAM grabs the oars, digging the blades in.

Suddenly, across 150 yards of open water, he hears the growl of the starter motor. The engine whirrs - and fails.

INGRAM drops the oars, slicing the air with his hands, signalling for her to stop.

65. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. MORNING. 65.

RAE is bent over the controls, adjusting the choke.

She hits the starter button.

The motor whirrs again - and fires.

66. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 66.

INGRAM is hauling on the oars, sending the dinghy skidding across the glassy surface.

67. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. MORNING. 67.

Saracen is gathering way, RAE spinning the wheel to head towards the dinghy.

68. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 68.

INGRAM is throwing everything he's got into each stroke...

Without breaking rhythm, he looks over his shoulder.

Saracen is bearing down on him, the gap between them closing fast.

It's going to be all right...

69. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. MORNING. 69.

RAE opens the throttle, adjusting her course.

From down below she hears an anguished voice.

HUGHIE (V/O)

Rae... Rae!

She looks across at the dinghy, not sure whether to pick up INGRAM first or attend to HUGHIE.

- 70.. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. MORNING. 70.
HUGHIE is lying on the bed, calling.
HUGHIE
Rae! I'm vomiting...
Rae...
71. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. MORNING. 71.
RAE throttles back and knocks the engine into neutral...
72. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 72.
INGRAM turns at the sound of the engine's changed note.
The deck and cockpit are deserted.
Still rowing, he screams:
INGRAM
Rae! Rae!
73. INT. SARACEN. PASSAGE. FOR'ARD CABIN. MORNING. 73.
She shakes her head at the bolted door, smiling at her husband's caution.
She slides the bolt across and opens the door.
74. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. MORNING. 74.
HUGHIE is lying on the bed, breathing in short gasps. Sweat runs down his face.
He gives RAE a weak smile then starts to choke, as if he's going to retch.
She grabs a towel and goes to him.
His hands flash out, grabbing her...
He jerks out of bed, hurling her aside, sending her crashing against the wall.
He races out the door.
75. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 75.
The oars and spray fly as INGRAM hurls the dinghy forward.
He turns to look at Saracen, now only twenty yards away.

75. Cont'd 75.
Then he reacts, fear on his face...
HUGHIE's head appears in the cockpit.
He looks across at INGRAM in the dinghy.
INGRAM rows with all his strength.
76. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. MORNING. 76.
HUGHIE pushes the gear stick in to forward and opens the throttle.
The engine roars.
77. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. MORNING. 77.
Saracen, water foaming at her stern, starts to turn away.
78. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 78.
INGRAM dips one oar in, spinning the dinghy, aiming to cut across Saracen's course...
79. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. MORNING. 79.
HUGHIE watches as the dinghy closes the gap between the two craft.
It's going to be close, seconds will decide it. RAE, emerging from below, throws herself at the engine's controls.
She hits the ignition switch, cutting the engine...
HUGHIE, holding the wheel with one hand, throws her back...
80. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. MORNING. 80.
INGRAM hurls the dinghy forward.
Saracen still has plenty of momentum. Her stern swings around towards the dinghy as she goes through the turn...
The starter motor whirrs, and dies.
INGRAM looks in to the cockpit...
81. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. MORNING. 81.
RAE is wrestling with HUGHIE for control of the boat...
His fist swings in a great, looping arc...

82. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY.

MORNING.

82.

INGRAM sees RAE hurled back by the punch... She ends in a heap, half-out of the cockpit, one hand stretched out as if in mute appeal...

The dinghy is only yards away...

Saracen completes the turn.

Again the starter motor whirrs. And fails.

INGRAM gives one mighty throw with the oars and scrambles to his feet.

He jumps, hands outstretched, reaching for the stern...

He misses by inches, plunging in to the water...

83. EXT. OCEAN. IN THE WATER.

MORNING.

83.

He strikes out... stretches...

Just one more stroke will do it... then!...

The engine fires...

The propellor explodes...

The water churns...

INGRAM is sucked under...

The water at its stern boils...

INGRAM bobs to the surface floundering... blood streaming in to the water, but he doesn't even notice it.

He sees Saracen powering away...

INGRAM

Rae! Jump!
Rae! Get off!

She lies, not moving, face down on the deck...

For the first time in his life at sea, he completely loses his head.

He thrashes at the water, trying to swim after Saracen's fast-receding stern...

Then he stops, regaining control...

Lifting his face above the water, he yells with all his remaining breath.

INGRAM

Jump! Rae! Jump!

83. Cont'd

83.

She doesn't move.

Saracen is drawing away very fast, her engine screaming, the white wake spilling out from her stern...

For the first time he sees the blood in the water, the deep gash in his arm.

He looks at the sea around him. Sudden silence.

We see his body from below, treading water.

He swims towards the dinghy... clambers aboard... rests... alone... in the middle of the Pacific. Powerless...

DISSOLVE TO...

84. EXT/INT. ORPHEUS. WHEELHOUSE.

DAY.

84.

INGRAM grabs a pair of binoculars off the rack just inside the door and swings them up, bringing them to bear on Saracen.

He racks focus and every detail springs to view.

The wake pours out from her stern.

HUGHIE is at the wheel.

RAE lies unconscious on the deck.

INGRAM lowers the glasses and peers into the binnacle, checking the compass: 290 degrees.

He raises the glasses again and estimates the angle between their heading and Saracen's direction.

He picks up a pencil and notes Saracen's course on a scratch pad hanging next to the wheel: 240 degrees. Then he looks at his watch, noting down the time: 11.04am.

He hits the starter button for the engine.

It whirrs, splutters - and fails...

He hits it again, checking the fuel gauge: a quarter full.

Again the engine fails to fire.

85. INT. ORPHEUS. AFT. BULKHEAD. DAY. 85.

Standing knee deep in water, INGRAM tears open the hatch to the engine compartment.

He lifts a torch, switches it on and peers in.

Oil-slicked, debris covered water washes through the compartment.

The big 200 h.p. engine is partially submerged.

INGRAM runs the torch over it. The water level is too high to offer any chance of repair.

He's about to turn away when the torch beam falls on a paper cup drifting through the compartment.

He watches it for a moment: it is being swept, quite fast, from the right hand side of the compartment to the left: there seems to be a current flowing through the water in the boat.

He plucks the cup out of the water.

86. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 86.

INGRAM walks in to the centre of the main saloon.

He drops the cup in to the water.

Again, it is swept towards the stern.

87. INT. ORPHEUS. GALLEY. DAY. 87.

INGRAM is on his knees, the water almost covering him, using his hands to search the walls and floor of the cabin which are underwater.

He starts to pull at a locker under the sink. It won't move.

He reaches down in the water: something is blocking it.

He pulls the obstruction to the surface: it's part of a woman's body.

He throws it aside, turning away in disgust and wrenches the door off the locker.

88. INT. ORPHEUS. GALLEY. UNDERWATER. DAY. 88.

INGRAM ducks down underwater.

Using the torch, he locates the source of the flood: a two inch pipe with a valve next to it.

He wraps his fingers around the valve and starts to turn...

Twisting it with all his strength, he locks it off.

The water stops bubbling up.

89. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DAY. 89.
Orpheus rolls through a trough.
The mast sweeps down and then jerks back.
Clinging to the very top of it, is JOHN INGRAM.
90. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. TOP OF MAST/SARACEN (P.O.V) DAY. 90.
With his arms and legs locked around the mast, INGRAM swings back and forth across the sea as Orpheus pitches and rolls.
He raises the binoculars.
The whole horizon lurches and veers as he tries to compensate for the violent movement of the mast.
He sweeps the glasses along the horizon.
Then he finds it: Saracen is a minute sliver of white poised just over the rim of the horizon.
He looks down at the bow of Orpheus, checking the angle between his heading and Saracen's direction.
He raises the glasses again.
He finds Saracen once more - and then the little point of white dips away, re-appears for a second - and disappears.
Saracen has gone over the horizon.
91. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. STERN. DAY. 91.
A stream of water spurts out of a hose hanging over the stern of Orpheus.
92. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 92.
INGRAM, up to his knees in water, has assembled the hand pump.
With his feet braced against the movement of the boat, he plunges the handle up and down.
It's back-breaking work but the only respite he allows himself is to look at his watch.

93. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAY. 93.

We pull back from a watch to find that it is on RAE's wrist: 11.15am
She is still lying on the deck, but trying to raise her head.

Waves of nausea sweep over her. Somewhere a long way off, she can hear an engine and someone singing...

She rolls over, the sunlight dazzling her.

Something wet and soft nuzzles her face.

She opens her eyes: It's the RETRIEVER thrusting his nose at her.

Then she looks up and sees HUGHIE seated at the helmsman's seat, singing to himself.

At the same moment he turns to her.

HUGHIE

How are you feeling?

She looks at him, trying to fit the pieces together.

HUGHIE

Sore I guess. Now aren't
you sorry you made me do it?

It all comes floating back to her. She tries to get up but the nausea balloons up inside her.

HUGHIE reaches down, touching her ankle, soothing her.

HUGHIE

I've been worried about
you...

She pulls her leg away, dragging herself to her feet.

She turns, looking back for Orpheus. There's nothing but water.

RAE

Turn around!

HUGHIE

Why?

RAE

We've got to go back.
He'll drown!

HUGHIE

He's only got himself to blame.
He should have trusted me. But
that's always...

93. Cont'd

93.

RAE reaches for the wheel.

RAE

Don't you understand?
Turn around!

HUGHIE brushes her hand away.

HUGHIE

Please don't shout. I was
saying that's always been
my problem - I've never seen
people's real motives until
it's too late...

RAE tries to stay calm. She adopts a different approach, speaking
very slowly as she mimes the action of turning the wheel.

RAE

Turn - the - boat - around...

He looks at her as if she's the one who's unbalanced - then bursts
out laughing.

She screams, trying to grab the wheel.

RAE

Turn around!

He throws her back, on to the deck.

HUGHIE

Don't shout! You're being
very aggressive!

RAE starts to get to her feet.

HUGHIE

Sit down there. Where I can
see you...

She does as she's told.

HUGHIE

Your face fascinates me...

She looks at him, no idea where this is leading.

HUGHIE

You're part Scandinavian
aren't you?

RAE

Hughie, listen to me...

HUGHIE

Definitely. Under your clothes
I bet you're as blond as snow...

She turns away...

HUGHIE

Shy, too...

He leans closer to her, more intimate.

HUGHIE

You know, even when you're
eighty you'll still be a
beautiful woman.
I studied art - and painters
always approach a face from
the other side, to see what's
holding it up. You've got
magnificent bone structure...

She turns and looks at him.

RAE

Stop it.

He sits back - then he laughs.

HUGHIE

Of course it's silly. It's
the sort of thing you'd say
at a cocktail party.

She looks across the water, trying to see Orpheus.

HUGHIE

I just knew we'd like each
other. Didn't you?

She doesn't answer.

There's nothing but the clear sky and blue water. She's trapped
and she knows it.

His voice has an edge of anger now.

HUGHIE

You're not listening.

93. Cont'd

93.

RAE

I'm sorry. It's the heat...

94. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON/GALLEY. DAY.

94.

RAE is sitting on the lounge leafing through the documents which HUGHIE brought on board.

He is at the open bench, making lemonade.

HUGHIE

Empathy. That's what I was saying...

She opens up HUGHIE's passport, looking down at the picture.

HUGHIE

Do you feel it too?

RAE

I'm not sure. I hardly know you...

HUGHIE

Yes you do. You're a woman - trust you intuition...

RAE

You're 32 days out from Papeete...

She steals a look down at the passport.

HUGHIE

I told you that...

RAE

But you weren't born there. That was about 26 years ago - in California...

He turns to her, smiling.

HUGHIE

Have a nice day.

RAE

You've travelled a lot. It was art... Gangin... that was what took you to Tahiti....

HUGHIE

See - I was right. Empathy.

RAE

After that, I'm not sure...

He brings the lemonade over and hands her a glass.

HUGHIE

I needed somewhere to live,
so I borrowed enough from my
mother to buy a boat. That
way I could support myself
running charters...

RAE

That's how you met the
others?

RAE indicates the passports.

HUGHIE

I knew Russel from the bars.
This was my first job. He
wanted to shoot a calendar.
So-called.

RAE

And the boat?

He turns and looks at her.

HUGHIE

The people who were selling it,
Rae - they lied to me.

RAE

Did you have it surveyed?

HUGHIE

They were going broke, they had
to get rid of it fast...

RAE

A bargain, huh?

HUGHIE

I knew them, Rae. It's what
I told you - I never see
people's real motives until
it's too late.

'94. Cont'd

94.

RAE

So, she really is sinking?

Suddenly he's agitated, wary...

HUGHIE

That's what I said. Don't
you believe me?

RAE

Of course I do. That's
why we've got to go back.

He moves away from her.

HUGHIE

Back?

RAE

To get John.

HUGHIE

You mean back there?

RAE

Yes. Before it's too
late...

She gets to her feet, heading up top.

He grabs her arm.

HUGHIE

No.

RAE

Hughie - he's my husband.
I owe him more than you'll
ever know. Do you think I
could just go and leave him?

Despite her efforts, RAE's voice has been rising.

HUGHIE

Must you always ruin everything
by shouting?

RAE

That boat is sinking!

HUGHIE

That's not my fault!

RAE

Is anything? What about
those people?

She grabs the passports, waving them at him.

RAE

What really happened?

HUGHIE

They tried to kill me.

RAE

Who?

HUGHIE

All of them!

RAE starts to bring herself under control...

RAE

Nobody wants to kill you...

HUGHIE

What?

RAE

I said nobody...

HUGHIE

You mean I just imagined
it...

He starts to come towards her.

RAE backs away:

RAE

It must be a mistake...

HUGHIE

You think there's something
wrong with me, don't you?

The veins on his neck are bulging...

RAE

No I don't...

94. Cont'd

94.

HUGHIE

You're the same as them.
Poor Hughie - he has
hallucinations...

She's backed away until the back of her legs hit the seat. She sits down.

HUGHIE

Bullshit. They were trying
to kill me.

He's leaning over her.

She can feel the spittle on her arm.

HUGHIE

Understand?

RAE

Of course I do... You had
to do something...

HUGHIE

That's right...

He slumps back in a chair, the muscle under one eye kicking spasmodically.

His lips move but no sound comes.

RAE remains seated but then, very slowly, the casualness of it all exaggerated, she gets to her feet.

It's hard to tell if he even sees her, lost as he is in the confusion of his own mind.

She walks to the companionway which leads to the for'ard cabin...

95. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN.

DAY.

95.

She closes the door behind her, slips the bolt and slumps against it.

Tears fill her eyes - tears of frustration, helplessness and failure.

96. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS.

DAY.

96.

Orpheus rides on the swell. Not a breath of wind stirs the surface of the ocean.

The only movement is the fins of several sharks, circling the boat.

The deck is deserted...

97. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 97.

The hand-pump lies abandoned, INGRAM's shirt hangs over the handle.

The water level has dropped substantially, revealing the boat's sodden floor.

Several planks of flooring have been ripped up. One end of the pump's hose disappearing into the darkness of the bilge below.

98. INT. ORPHEUS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY. 98.

Several torches have been lashed to the bulkheads, illuminating the engine.

By their light we see INGRAM, smeared with oil and grease, bolting the starting motor back into place.

He's removed the remains of a broken fan-belt and replaced it with a pair of women's pantyhose.

Then he takes the contact wires from the starter motor and connects them directly to the battery, hot wiring the engine.

It whirrs, kicks and fires. Then stops...

He tries again...

99. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 99.

The needle on the boat's radio transmitter leaps off zero, hangs there and slides back and the engine fails...

100. INT. ORPHEUS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY. 100.

INGRAM tries once more.

The engine kicks, falters - and roars to life...

The overhead light in the compartment comes alight.

INGRAM turns at the sound of voices...

101. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. VIDEO SEQUENCE. DAY. 101.

The indicator lights on a video cassette recorder are flashing.

The television screen sparkles with white noise, resolves itself into scan lines then finally holds an image: HUGHIE is on deck with an attractive young GIRL, kissing her, his hands running over her body. This is LILLIAN.

People, off-screen, are calling to him, giving him advice.

101. Cont'd 101.
- The camera starts to approach the couple...
- INGRAM enters, looking around.
- The control panel on the cassette deck changes automatically from reverse to play.
- Music starts.
- INGRAM looks back at the television set.
- Another WOMAN has joined HUGHIE and the GIRL. Together they try to start undressing him.
- The camera gets closer.
- HUGHIE raises his hand, covering the lens.
- The image goes to black - and is then replaced by white noise.
- INGRAM turns and goes on deck.
102. INT. ORPHEUS. WHEELHOUSE. DAY. 102.
- INGRAM slips the engine into gear.
103. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DAY. 103.
- A great billow of blue smoke bursts out of the exhaust as the engine goes into forward.
- The propellor spins, churning the water.
- Orpheus starts to move forward.
104. INT. ORPHEUS. WHEELHOUSE. DAY. 104.
- INGRAM turns the wheel, checking the compass.
- He brings Orpheus around to a heading of 290 degrees.
- He looks at his watch: 12.04
- He notes the course and the time down on the scratch pad, underneath the details of Saracen's course.
- He's two hours behind, relying on an engine that's been cobbled together and with no real idea whether RAE is still alive or not.
- He opens the throttle.
105. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DAY. 105.
- The bow wave rises as Orpheus gathers speed, slicing her way across the endless blue of the South Pacific...

106. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 106.

INGRAM has removed the radio equipment from its brackets and laid it out on the table.

Next to him he has the amplifier, cassette deck and tuner from the boat's stereo system.

He is scavenging parts from the stereo in an attempt to repair the radio.

In the unit on the wall white noise continues to play on the television set.

INGRAM looks up as it is replaced by colour bars, then scan lines and finally an image: more home videos.

107. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. VIDEO SEQUENCE. DAY. 107.

Orpheus rides at anchor in a bay on some small South Seas island.

LILLIAN, dressed in a t-shirt, is standing up to her knees in the water.

BARBARA and ESTELLE, topless are in each other's arms behind her.

We hear BELLOWS giving them directions then he enters frame, a stills camera around his neck. Although we don't see him, HUGHIE must be operating the video.

BELLOWS approaches LILLIAN, sprays more water on her breasts and pinches her nipples, making them stand up.

He turns, running back to get the shot. He's a big man, past middle-age but still powerful.

He yells at HUGHIE, telling him to get out the way.

The camera swings away and is turned off; to be replaced by home-movie views of Tahiti.

108. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 108.

INGRAM turns on the radio, switches on the stereo amplifier, adjusts the volume, sets the bandswitch to 2638 kilocycles and presses the transmit button.

INGRAM

Orpheus to Saracen. Come
in please...

Orpheus to Saracen...

109. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 109.

Saracen's radio's are on, but INGRAM's voice isn't making it.

All we hear is the hiss of static and the sharp click! click! as he works the transmitter button.

110. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. DAY. 110.

RAE is kneeling on the floor of the for'ard cabin, lockers open, stores and boxes scattered around, searching for something.

She turns at the sound of another click!

She goes towards the door, listening...

111. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 111.

HUGHIE is at the wheel, Saracen still running under power.

RAE's eyes appear at the crack in the for'ard hatch, checking where he is.

112. INT. SARACEN. COMPANIONWAY. DAY. 112.

The door to the for'ard cabin opens very quietly, revealing RAE.

She looks across to the radios in the saloon.

Click!.... click!...

113. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON./ VIDEO SEQUENCE. DAY 113.

INGRAM, defeated, lays down the handset.

He turns to the television set.

LILLIAN and BARBARA are in the main saloon, the same cabin in which INGRAM is now sitting.

We hear BELLOWS giving directions from behind the camera.

The two girls move towards each other. They embrace, hands touching bodies...

RAE's voice fills the cabin.

RAE (V/O)

John... John...

Saracen to Schooner...

He grabs the transmitter. Presses the key.

INGRAM

Rae. Come in.

114. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 114.

She waits. All she can hear is the click! of the transmitter.

RAE

John. I'm not reading you...

115. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 115.

INGRAM listens.

RAE (V/O)

Are you there?

He presses the transmit key once, then releases it. Click! Yes.

RAE (V/O)

Can you speak?

He presses the transmit key twice.

116. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 116.

RAE is leaning close to the speaker.

Click! Click! No.

RAE

Are you okay?

Click! - Yes.

She's on to it now: one click! for yes; click! click! for no.

RAE

Radio busted?

- Yes.

RAE

Are you following?

- Yes.

Relief floods over her.

RAE

He seems crazy.

117. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 117.

INGRAM works the transmitter button. Yes.

117. Cont'd

117.

RAE (V/O)

Dangerous.

- Yes.

118. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON.

DAY.

118.

RAE whispers into the microphone.

RAE

Really dangerous?

- Yes.

RAE

What do I do?

119. ORPHEUS. SALOON.

DAY.

119.

INGRAM shakes his head.

RAE (V/O)

Sorry. I can't tackle him...

- No.

RAE (V/O)

The boat?

- Yes.

120. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON.

DAY.

120.

She thinks for a beat.

RAE

Rudder?

- No.

RAE

Stop cocks. Flood it?

- No.

RAE

Engine.

121. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON.

DAY.

121.

INGRAM smiles - she's got it.

He presses the transmit button - yes.

122. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 122.

INGRAM knows how to do it, if only he could tell her. But there's nothing that can help that.

He clicks the transmitter - Yes.

123. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 123.

RAE puts away the microphone and returns to the for'ard cabin...

124. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 124.

INGRAM turns away from the makeshift radio.

He sees the image on the television set.

LILLIAN and BARBARA are both naked now, in each other's arms.

We hear BELLOWS and ESTELLE giving them light-hearted instructions. They stop.

HUGHIE enters frame, talking to LILLIAN, wanting her to stop. She says no. He tries to insist but she laughs at him.

BELLOWS arm appears, grabbing HUGHIE, hauling him out of the shot.

LILLIAN and BARBARA resume.

INGRAM goes to the video cassette player and hits the picture search button.

The picture fast-forwards...

125. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. DAY. 125.

RAE piles crates of stores just inside the door, getting ready to barricade herself inside the cabin.

She hauls a rope net containing scuba diving equipment into position: inside it are oxygen tanks, a wet suit and a high-powered spear-gun.

She opens the door.

126. INT. SARACEN. AFT STEPS. DAY. 126.

Very carefully, very quietly, she positions three saucepans on the bottom steps. To anyone coming down below they would almost certainly be hidden from view...

127. INT. SARACEN. AFT BULKHEAD. DAY. 127.

A small panel slides aside, revealing the engine compartment. The noise of the motor rises sharply.

RAE looks up, worried that HUGHIE will hear it...

128. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 128.

HUGHIE is standing at the wheel, very relaxed. He starts to sing softly to himself...

129. INT. SARACEN. ENGINE COMPARTMENT. DAY. 72.

Satisfied he hasn't heard, RAE flicks on the light switch and clambers into the compartment.

It's so small it would induce claustrophobia in anyone. The racket of the engine and the smell of fuel are almost overwhelming.

Bracing herself against the motion of the boat, she positions herself next to the small plastic fuse box.

There's nothing to be gained by delay. Deftly she closes off the fuel cock.

The engine splutters...

130. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 130.

HUGHIE reacts, looking at the row of gauges next to the starter button. The fuel gauge reads about three quarters full.

131. INT. SARACEN. ENGINE COMPARTMENT. DAY. 131.

RAE tears loose the five wires which are connected to the fuse box.

The engine stops completely.

The motion of the boat changes as she loses way...

RAE reaches for the two spring clips which secure the box to the engine.

SARACEN rolls on the swell.

RAE pitches forward, reaching out to steady herself.

Her hand grabs the manifold.

She screams: it's red hot...

She pulls away, lurching backwards... vomiting...

131. Cont'd

131.

Footsteps pound across the deck above...

Fighting against nausea, she reaches in and releases the fuse box.

Clutching it in her hand, she launches herself towards the opening.

132. INT. SARACEN. AFT BULKHEAD. DAY.

132.

As her head emerges, she sees HUGHIE's legs hurrying down the steps.

She starts to squeeze through the opening...

HUGHIE's foot lands on the outer rim of one of the saucepans.

It flies from under him. He loses his footing, crashing down to land at the bottom of the ladder...

RAE is out of the compartment...

She dashes past him, heading for the safety of the for'ard cabin.

His hand flashes out...

Grabbing her ankle...

She falls, the fuse box flying out of her hand...

She lashes out with her foot.

CRUNCH! She kicks him in the mouth, wrenching her ankle free.

HUGHIE scrambles towards the fuse box...

She gets there first, scooping it up, running towards the for'ard cabin...

His hands grab for her...

RIP! Her shirt tears apart...

She writhes free, darting into the for'ard cabin...

133. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. DAY.

133.

The door opens inward. She slams it shut, but before she can throw the bolt...

SMASH!

HUGHIE hits it from the other side.

RAE, her feet planted against the crates, throws her shoulder against it.

She can't close it.

133. Cont'd

133.

HUGHIE starts to force it open... Somewhere behind him, the RETRIEVER is barking. The crack in the door widens...

His face is almost next to hers, one eye looking at her, his breath touching her skin...

She spits.

He recoils.

She gains an inch or two...

Then steps aside.

HUGHIE crashes through - into the crates...

RAE is out the door, running...

134. INT. SARACEN. GALLEY. DAY.

134.

She runs through the galley, leading aft...

The RETRIEVER is jumping around barking, not sure if this is some new game...

HUGHIE appears behind her, coming at her fast...

135. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAY.

135.

RAE comes up the aft ladder, raising her hand, trying to throw the fuse box overboard.

HUGHIE lunges at her, hitting her in the small of the back, sending her sprawling and the box flying across the deck...

She's on her feet, after it...

HUGHIE's going past her...

Saracen rolls, the box skitters away from him...

The RETRIEVER bounds along the deck...

RAE scoops up the box on the run...

HUGHIE throws himself at her. Misses.

She pulls back her arm and throws...

The box flies over the railing...

The RETRIEVER knows this game.

He runs and leaps, following the box overboard.

135. Cont'd 135.
SNAP! He catches it in his mouth...
SPLASH! He hits the water.
RAE yells out.
WHAM! HUGHIE hits her, knocking her to the deck.
136. EXT. OCEAN. IN THE WATER. DAY. 136.
The RETRIEVER swims towards the boat, lifting his head out of the water; the fuse box still clutched in his teeth.
137. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. STERN. DAY. 137.
HUGHIE leans over the stern, calling to the dog.
HUGHIE
Here boy. C'mon fella.
That's a good boy.
The RETRIEVER paddles up to him.
HUGHIE lifts him out of the water and gently takes the box out of his mouth.
138. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAY. 138.
RAE struggles to her feet and on rubbery legs runs down the ladder.
139. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. DAY. 139.
She runs into the cabin, slams the door, and piles crates of canned goods in front of it.
She collapses on the bed, trembling, drenched in sweat from exertion and fear.
She hears him coming down the ladder...
His footsteps approach the door to the cabin.
She cowers back in the corner, waiting for the impact, trying to keep control...
He knocks - a tentative and discreet rap of the knuckles.
HUGHIE
Rae?
She sits there watching.

139. Cont'd

139.

HUGHIE

Did I hurt you?

RAE puts her hands to her temples...

HUGHIE

Rae...

Now the petulance in him breaks through.

HUGHIE

Don't blame me, it was you
who was being unreasonable.
It's your own fault...

The handle of the door turns. He pushes against it. The bolt holds.

SMASH! He starts to lunge at it.

The door shudders but holds...

SMASH! SMASH! He batters at it in a rage. But still it holds.

She listens to his footsteps going away...

She puts her head in her hands, not knowing what to do, trying not
even to think...

She snaps out of her reverie. The starter motor is whirring.

The engine splutters and fires.

The whole motion of the boat changes as they get underway again.

RAE looks at her watch: 1.40 pm.

140. EXT. OCEAN. SQUALL. DAY. 140.

An ugly mass of cloud has built up to the north-east - a swollen
mass of purple, shot through with shafts of sunlight, trailing skirts
of rain...

Like any tropical squall, it is moving fast across the ocean - towards
Orpheus.

141. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DAY. 141.

Orpheus rides sluggishly on the swell, silhouetted against the
darkening horizon behind...

142. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 142.

Water bubbles out of the hole where the flooring has been ripped up...

It starts to flood across the floor...

INGRAM is watching the videos. Shots of people lounging on the deck, martinis and dope...

He looks down.

The water is running across his feet...

143. INT. ORPHEUS. GALLEY. DAY. 143.

INGRAM grabs a kitchen knife out of the sink: blood stains on the blade.

Ignoring them, he starts to drive the blade into the planking on the walls and floor.

On the third try, the knife glides in to the timber... effortlessly... up to the hilt...

144. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. DAY. 144.

INGRAM pulls a diving mask over his face and goes overboard.

145. EXT. OCEAN. UNDERWATER. DAY. 145.

The great dark mass of Orpheus's hull looms above, streamers of weed trailing off it.

Using an underwater flashlight, he scans the hull.

He finds what he's looking for: the butt end of a plank sticking out where her fastenings have worked loose.

He grabs it with his hand: part of the plank breaks free, floating down, into the darkness below.

146. EXT. OCEAN. SURFACE. DAY. 146.

His chest aching, lungs bursting, INGRAM shoots to the surface.

He drags in a great gulp of air and dives again...

147. EXT. OCEAN. UNDERWATER. DAY. 147.

He works his way towards the stern, digging the knife in: plank after plank is breaking free.

Almost out of air, he's about to go up again when the flashlight catches a dark shape wafting towards him:

147. cont'd 147.
- SHARK!
- He turns to swim away.
- Another shark is almost on him...
- INGRAM strikes out with his fist.
- PUNCH!
- He hits it on the nose.
- The shark veers away.
- From behind, a third shark charges in.
- He turns...
- WHAP!
- He hits it with the torch and shoots towards the surface...
148. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. DAY. 148.
- INGRAM hauls himself aboard.
- He turns, looking back at the water.
- Four fins circle the boat, waiting...
- He looks across the ocean.
- The squall is coming closer...
- He goes below...
149. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 149.
- The water is rising fast.
- He grabs the hand-pump and starts to work it...
- The video is still playing...
150. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. VIDEO SEQUENCE. 150.
- It's sunset aboard Orpheus. The girls are half-naked. HUGHIE is there but not really part of it. There's been a lot of hard-drinking going on.
- It must be BELLOWS behind the camera. He starts to walk towards HUGHIE, bringing him into close-up.

150. Cont'd

150.

All the time he's asking HUGHIE questions - questions about his ability to navigate, his seamanship, his ability to recognise a bargain when he sees one.

Taunting, cruel questions...

The GIRLS are laughing.

BELLOWS is emulating the style of those aggressive current affairs reporters who won't let the interviewee off the hook...

HUGHIE moves away.

BELLOWS refers to him as Magellan, the great navigator...

The images become closer, claustrophobic, trapping HUGHIE...

He breaks past them. The camera swings wildly...

Now they're down below, in the saloon.

The GIRLS are acting as camera operators, handing it from one to the other, following HUGHIE.

They take turns with BELLOWS in questioning him, pursuing him...

They trap him in the galley...

Then he turns, coming at them...

There's a flash of something, possibly a knife...

The camera drops to the floor of the saloon...

There are glimpses, fragments of what must have followed: a body falls, screams, a foot kicking the camera; blood running across the floor; a hand reaching... Darkness.

151. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON.

DAY.

151.

INGRAM has stopped pumping.

He stands in front of the screen. It is blank now but the images of horror continue to play across his mind...

He turns away. The water is rising faster as more seams are submerged.

He starts to pump...

152. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. DAY. 152.
RAE peers through the crack in the hatch.
She sees HUGHIE enter the cockpit from down below, a sandwich and can of drink in his hand...
153. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 153.
INGRAM is still pumping but the water continues to rise, above his knees now.
He turns at the sound of RAE's voice.
RAE (V/O)
John.
154. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 154.
RAE waits, nervous, very quiet at the radio.
She hears the single click! for yes.
RAE
I tried John. I got the fuse box off and onto the deck but he was coming...
155. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 155.
INGRAM works the transmitter button hard and fast.
Click! Click! Click! Click!
156. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 156.
RAE stops, listening.
RAE
Are you okay?
Click! Click! - No.
RAE
Hurt?
157. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 157.
INGRAM hits it twice. - No.
RAE (V/O)
The boat?
INGRAM presses the button once - yes.

158. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 158.

RAE listens to the sounds above. HUGHIE is walking around.
She waits. Then hears the creak of the helmsman's chair.

RAE

Sinking?

Click! - yes.

159. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 159.

INGRAM watches as the water rises fast. He can see it creeping
up the walls.

RAE (V/O)

How long? A day?

Click! Click! - No.

RAE (V/O)

Twelve hours.

Click! Click! - No.

160. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 160.

RAE tries again.

RAE

Six?

Click! Yes.

She looks at her watch.

RAE

Sunset, John.

161. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 161.

INGRAM looks at his watch.

Click! - yes.

162. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 162.

RAE

Sunset. I'll be there John.
Somehow I'll be there by
sunset.

163. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 163.
The water continues to rise.
He clicks the transmitter: yes.
Then he turns, the engine is faltering as the water floods it...
164. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 164.
RAE has her mouth very close to the mike.
RAE
I love you, John.
She waits.
Nothing.
RAE
John!
Nothing.
165. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 165.
The radio is dead, the engine stopped, all power to the boat gone.
166. INT. ORPHEUS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY. 166.
Torchlight sweeps across the silent engine.
Water is flooding around it.
INGRAM stands at the doorway, looking at it.
Suddenly, the whole motion of the boat changes as she starts to pitch and roll...
CRACK! From up above as the sails are hit by a blast of wind...
167. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. DAY. 167.
INGRAM emerges on deck.
The squall is almost upon him.
The sun disappearing behind a cloud...
The wind is building, throwing itself against the sails. They make a slapping, cracking sound under the force of it.

167. Cont'd 167.

INGRAM looks out at the sea: the swell is rising with the wind, white-tops being driven towards him, spray being blown over the deck.

He grabs the lifeline and makes his way forward...

168. INT. ORPHEUS. GALLEY. DAY. 168.

Water is pouring into her, bubbling up all along the floor, rising higher...

169. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DAY. 169.

Orpheus, riding low in the water, rolls in the confused sea.

A wave breaks across her bow...

The wind rises.

170. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. DAY. 170.

INGRAM starts to haul on the mainsail sheet, trimming the sail...

He is going to try and sail her.

Water sluices across the deck...

The wind and spray lash him...

He locks off the mainsail and heads for the wheelhouse...

Suddenly the whole boat heels over under the pressure of a mighty gust of wind.

The rail digs in to the water...

INGRAM is thrown across the deck, almost overboard...

He grabs the lifeline...

Swings out, feet still on the deck, but the deck is buried in the sea....

He clings on, half submerged...

Boom!

The mainsail explodes, ripped to shreds by the wind...

170. Cont'd 170.
- Orpheus swings back, more on to an even keel...
- Half the deck emerges from the water, dragging INGRAM - still clinging to the lifeline - with it...
171. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 171.
- The water pours in ... flooding the cabin ... rising higher than it's ever been...
172. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DAY. 172.
- The swell breaks across Orpheus, almost burying her.
173. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. DAY. 173.
- INGRAM stands on the deck, the wind and spray lashing him, the mainsail hanging down in tatters.
- The life of the boat - and with it, his own - are now out of his control. All he can do is wait...
174. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DAY. 174.
- No sign of a squall here. The sun beats down, not a breath of wind.
175. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. DAY. 175.
- RAE is standing in front of the mirror attached to the back of the door.
- She has changed her clothes, combed out her hair and tied it back with a ribbon.
- Carefully she finishes applying her make-up.
- She stands back, looks at herself, then fixes on a smile.
- Satisfied, she opens the door.

176. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT.

DAY.

176.

HUGHIE is at the wheel.

RAE comes up the steps.

He turns and sees her, nodding his head in acknowledgement of her more polished appearance.

She meets his look.

HUGHIE

I've got a thing about
appearance. It's easy
to let yourself go...

She comes further in to the cockpit, lighting a cigarette, determined to appear in control.

He doesn't take his eyes off of her.

She offers him the cigarettes.

He leans out for them, but instead takes her wrist.

He turns it over and smells the perfume on her wrist.

HUGHIE

Opium?

RAE

What?

HUGHIE

The perfume?

RAE

Shiaparelli...

HUGHIE

Of course. I should have
known. Shocking Pink. Classic
but still outrageous...
Is that you?

She withdraws her hand.

RAE

I just like the smell...

He laughs his cocktail party laugh...

176. Cont'd

176.

She turns away from him and opens one of the drawers.

At the back of it, we see the furred lengths of fleece which contain the shotgun.

She starts to sort through the odds and ends in the drawer.

HUGHIE

What are you doing?

RAE

Looking for the suntan oil...

She closes the drawer and opens another.

HUGHIE's watching her carefully...

She finds the bottle of lotion then bends to one of the lockers.

She pulls out a towel and unrolls it, revealing a bikini.

She gathers her things together and steps out onto the deck.

HUGHIE watches as she walks for'ard...

177. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. FOR'ARD DECK. DAY.

177.

RAE stands with her back to HUGHIE, looking ahead, across the limitless expanse of the ocean.

She starts to unbutton her shirt.

She feels HUGHIE's eyes fixed on her back.

Pulling the tail of her shirt out of her shorts, she stands there, feeling the wind of their passage on her breasts...

178. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY.

178.

HUGHIE doesn't take his eyes off her.

Her shirt billows out behind her.

She drops it down off her shoulders, exposing her naked back to him...

179. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. FOR'ARD DECK. DAY. 179.
She slips her arms through the shoulder straps of her bikini and pulls the cups over her breasts.
She picks up the towel, wraps it around her waist and hoists her hands up inside it...
180. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 180.
HUGHIE watches as she wriggles out of her shorts.
The towel is riding up at the back, partly exposing her buttocks...
181. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. FOR'ARD DECK. DAY. 181.
She steps into the bottom half of her bikini and pulls it up, letting the towel drop...
182. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 182.
HUGHIE looks at her, standing in her bikini.
She lays out the towel and settles herself on it...
183. EXT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD DECK. DAY. 183.
She covers her nose in suntan lotion then lies face down on the towel...
184. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 184.
HUGHIE leans forward so that he can still see her...
185. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. FOR'ARD DECK. DAY. 185.
She pulls aside the shoulder straps of her bikini...
186. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 186.
HUGHIE can see the soft curve of one of her breasts where the front of her bikini doesn't quite cover it.
She wriggles around, trying to get comfortable, then rolls over on to her back.
HUGHIE leans back...

187. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. FOR'ARD DECK. DAY. 187.

She holds her hand across her eyes, shielding them from the blazing sun.

Looking out the corner of her hand, she watches the cockpit.

She sees his blond head bob up, watching her.

She gets to her feet.

188. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 188.

HUGHIE sits down and looks in the binnacle, appearing to check their course.

He looks up, feigning surprise as RAE walks towards him.

189. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAY. 189.

RAE has not re-fastened her bikini top. She has her left hand on her chest, holding it in place.

She enters the cockpit...

190. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 190.

HUGHIE smiles at her.

HUGHIE

Too hot?

RAE

Too bright...

She comes close to him, leaning towards a small compartment next to the binnacle.

She opens it, reaching across him, her naked back almost touching him...

She reaches in and takes out a pair of sunglasses.

HUGHIE runs his hand down her back...

Exercising all her will, she forces herself not to draw away...

He runs his hand down lower, over her buttocks and onto her thigh...

She stands up, looking at him.

He takes the sunglasses out of her hand and lays them down.

190. Cont'd

190.

He puts his fingers to his lips, kissing them, then lays them on the hand which is holding her bikini top in place.

His hand folds around hers, and then, gently, he draws both their hands away.

The top of her bikini falls down, exposing her breasts.

Their eyes meet.

His hand reaches out for her breasts...

She deflects it by wiping the hair off his forehead.

He starts to move his mouth towards her nipple...

She pulls him to his feet, walking backwards...

He puts his arms around her...

His hands stray down her back... inside the waistband of her bikini bottom...

He starts to roll it down, exposing her buttocks...

She sits down on the seat, but he kneels in front of her, taking hold of her bikini bottom with one hand, lifting her legs with the other.

He starts to pull it over her hips...

She places her hand in her crutch, holding the fabric there...

RAE

Not here...

HUGHIE's on the alert now...

HUGHIE

Frightened someone'll see?

RAE

Let's do it properly...

He puts his hands up, cupping her breast, squeezing her nipples.

190. Cont'd

190.

HUGHIE

On a mattress?

RAE

That's right.

HUGHIE

Not very adventurous
are you?

RAE slips away from his hands and sits on the floor...

RAE

Alright, but I'll go on top.
See how your back likes it...

He smiles and holds out his hand to her, pulling her to her feet.

He puts his lips on hers, but she draws away.

She flicks the engine off and heads downstairs.

RAE

Coming?

191. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. AFT DECK. DAY. 191.

The RETRIEVER, dozing on the aft deck, raises his head, watching as they go below.

192. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. DAY. 192.

HUGHIE opens the door...

HUGHIE

Welcome to the bridal
suite...

He kicks the door shut behind them and moves towards her.

She sits down on the bed.

He reaches down and pulls apart one of the bows which fasten either side of her bikini bottom...

She starts to slip out of it...

He pushes her back.

192. Cont'd

192.

His mouth is dry, his voice soft but rasping.

HUGHIE

Let me.

She lies there as he bends down, his mouth going down on her breast.

She puts her hand on the back of his head, holding him there so that he can't look up and see the tears in her eyes...

His hand caresses her stomach and then moves across to find the other bow.

He unties it and pulls her bikini bottom away, dropping it on the floor behind him...

His hand moves towards her crutch...

She rolls onto her side and reaches for the waistband of his shorts...

RIP!

She pulls hard, popping off the button...

HUGHIE

Careful...

RAE

You wanna wait?

He laughs, deep in his throat ... stepping out of his shorts.

She stands up.

HUGHIE's voice is tinged with petulance.

HUGHIE

What's wrong?

RAE

The bathroom...

HUGHIE

Now?

RAE

I use a diaphragm.

192. Cont'd 192.

She grabs a bathrobe and goes out, pulling the door almost closed behind her...

HUGHIE lies back on the bunk...

193. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 193.

RAE, wearing the robe, runs up the ladder, into the cockpit and rips open the drawer.

She pulls out the lengths of lambswool fleece and lies them on the floor.

Working as fast as she possibly can, she unwraps them...

She takes the barrels in one hand and the stock in the other and after a moment of fiddling, succeeds in fitting them together.

She is about to start to try to fit the hand-grip when she freezes.

She hears a movement behind her.

She turns.

The RETRIEVER stands there watching her, his tail wagging, hitting the locker...

She swings the barrels up, locking them in place, but she's having trouble with the spring mechanism by which the handgrip attaches to the bottom of the barrels...

194. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. DAY. 194.

HUGHIE pulls open the door and goes towards the bathroom...

195. INT. SARACEN. BATHROOM. DOOR. DAY. 195.

He knocks on the door, calling...

HUGHIE

Rae...

196. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 196.

The RETRIEVER turns...

RAE looks up, listening.

From below, she hears him calling again.

196. Cont'd 196.

HUGHIE

Rae.

197. INT. SARACEN. BATHROOM. DAY. 197.

HUGHIE opens the door.

The room is empty.

He turns, moving fast...

198. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 198.

Click! The handgrip slots into place. It's a complete shotgun.

She breaks open the barrels and reaches into the back of the drawer for the cartridges.

She almost has the box open when she hears him coming.

The RETRIEVER starts to bark.

She looks around in panic, then she grabs the pack of cigarettes and lighter lying on the seat and rushes to the steps which lead below.

199. INT. SARACEN. STEPS. DAY. 199.

She meets him half-way.

He's angry, already on the edge of violence...

She makes out she's not aware of it, holding up the cigarettes and lighter.

RAE

Sorry. I thought we'd want them for later...

His anger disappears with a smile.

He holds out his hand, helping her down the steps...

200. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 200.

The RETRIEVER sniffs at the shotgun and cartridges which lie discarded on the floor.

He turns and goes down below.

201. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. DAY. 201.

HUGHIE pulls the robe off her shoulders and drops it to the ground.

He takes her in his arms and holds her hard against him.

His mouth searches for hers, but she buries her face in his shoulder.

His hands go down and take hold of her butt, pulling her loins against his...

The RETRIEVER stands at the open door, watching...

HUGHIE's hands run up her back and stop at her breasts. His fingers push into her soft flesh...

The RETRIEVER barks.

HUGHIE tries to ignore it.

The RETRIEVER barks again...

RAE gets up, going towards the door.

RAE

I'll put him on deck...

HUGHIE

Just close the door.

RAE hesitates, about to argue, but then thinks better of it.

She pushes the dog out and closes the door.

She goes back, past HUGHIE, to the bed...

HUGHIE bends down, running the tip of his tongue down from her breast, across her ribs and onto her navel...

Her hands are twisting the blanket tight, her teeth gritted...

He casts his eyes up, looking at her...

She reaches out, pulling his face into the flesh of her stomach.

He kisses her stomach and starts to move lower...

202. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. DOOR. DAY. 202.

The RETRIEVER jumps up on his hind legs.

By dragging his front paws down the door he engages the lever-style handle, depressing it...

203. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. DAY. 203.

The door swings open.

RAE bolts up...

HUGHIE turns...

The RETRIEVER stands in the doorway and barks...

HUGHIE goes to the door, cursing...

The RETRIEVER backs away...

HUGHIE kicks the door shut...

He comes back to RAE...

She is leaning over, pulling something out of a locker.

It's a bottle of massage oil.

RAE

Lie down. I'll massage
you...

HUGHIE takes the bottle from her and sets it down on the floor.

HUGHIE

Later.

Gently he pushes her back on the bed.

He swings himself on top of her.

His hands move down to her belly, lower, lower...

His mouth finds hers...

He hooks one arm under her knee and lifts her leg up...

She gasps, almost crying out...

His other hand comes up behind her neck...

He pushes down on her...

She bites into her top lip, tears in her eyes...

He grunts, breathing hard as he starts to press against her...

She has her arms wrapped around his back, twisting her wedding ring
round and round her finger...

203. Cont'd 203.
She puts her hand up to her mouth, biting in to her ring...
She gasps as he enters her...
204. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DAY. 204.
The sun steals through the clouds, shafts of light falling on Orpheus.
The squall has passed, but she rides lower in the water than she's ever been, barely enough life left in her to carry herself through the swell...
205. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. STERN. DAY. 205.
The hose starts to sputter water. Then it resolves itself in to a thin stream...
206. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 206.
INGRAM, the water flowing and eddying around his body, is at the pump.
Up and down, up and down. He knows the boat is finished - all he's doing now is buying time...
207. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DAY. 207.
The surface of the ocean darkens as the squall sweeps across the water.
Overhead the dark clouds roll across the sky, obscuring the sun.
Saracen still lies motionless on the water, but the squall is moving fast towards it...
208. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. DAY. 208.
HUGHIE and RAE lie on the bed, their faces and bodies smeared with sweat.
RAE looks down at him, sprawled out next to her, eyes closed, his breathing deep and regular.
Slowly she starts to disentangle herself from his body...
She swings her legs out and then edges her body away...

208. Cont'd 208.

Quietly she goes towards the door.

Her hand ready for the handle...

HUGHIE

What are you doing?

RAE turns. He's sitting up...

RAE

Getting a drink...

He watches her as she opens the door.

The RETRIEVER is waiting there.

209. INT. SARACEN. COMPANIONWAY. DAY. 209.

She starts to pull the door closed.

HUGHIE

Leave it - let some
air in...

She leaves the door half-open.

210. INT. SARACEN. GALLEY. DAY. 210.

RAE opens one of the lockers and takes out a glass.

She steals a glance towards the aft cabin.

She is about to close the locker when she sees it: the distinctive
packet of sedatives.

211. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. DAY. 211.

HUGHIE is lying on the bunk.

HUGHIE

What's taking so long?

RAE (O.S.)

Lemonade. Real lemons.

211. Cont'd

211.

HUGHIE

I'll go and start the engine...

RAE (O.S.)

I'll only be a second...

She enters the cabin, holding the drink.

She sets it down on the floor and takes a cigarette and lights it.

She picks up the glass then takes a sip.

HUGHIE

You've got a great body.

RAE

Then keep looking at it.

The beads of moisture run down the side of the glass.

He takes a drag on his cigarette.

She sips again.

HUGHIE

Looks good...

RAE

Do you want one?

HUGHIE

I'll just have a sip of yours.

RAE

But I've already drunk out of it...

HUGHIE leans across and takes it...

HUGHIE

I don't mind...

211. Cont'd

211.

He takes a sip and hands it back.

She puts it down and ashes her cigarette.

She picks up the glass and takes another sip - then hands it to him.

He takes a drink.

She gets to her feet.

RAE

It was silly of me.
I should have made
a jug...

She starts to go out.

HUGHIE

Here, take it...

RAE

You have that one. We'll
need more for later.

She grabs the robe and goes out.

212. INT. SARACEN. GALLEY. DAY.

212.

RAE is looking for a jug.

213. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. DAY.

213.

HUGHIE is starting to pull on his shorts.

He sits down, pulling up the zipper.

He takes a long pull from the glass.

Then walks out to join her.

214. INT. SARACEN. GALLEY. DAY.

214.

He drains the glass as he comes towards her.

He comes and stands close to her.

She starts to slice more lemons.

214. Cont'd

214.

HUGHIE

Maybe no so much sugar...

She hands him the knife.

RAE

Go on then. Your turn...

She goes back towards the cabin.

RAE

I'm going to get dressed...

He starts to squeeze the lemons into the jug.

She goes aft and closes the door.

215. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN / OCEAN (P.O.V.) DAY.

215.

Without wasting a moment, she climbs up onto the bed and clambers out the hatch...

She sees the squall approaching.

216. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAY.

216.

She runs down the deck and into the cockpit.

217. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY.

217.

She gathers up the shotgun and the cartridges and runs out...

218. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAY.

218.

She runs back down the deck and starts to drop back down through the hatch.

She lays down the shotgun and cartridges and lowers down her legs.

219. INT. SARACEN. AFT CABIN. DAY.

219.

Her feet find the top of the bunk.

She is about to pull the gun through...

The door opens behind her.

Leaving the gun on the deck, she peers down.

219. Cont'd

219.

HUGHIE is standing in the doorway.

RAE

Squall coming.

He turns and goes.

She pulls the shotgun and cartridges through, then runs and closes the door.

She grabs the gun and tests the triggers.

They won't move.

She finds the safety catch, slides it forward and tries again.

Click! Click! As the hammers fall on the firing pins.

She breaks open the gun, slides a cartridge into each barrel and snaps it shut.

HUGHIE calls to her from the cockpit.

HUGHIE (O.S.)

Rae! Close the hatches.

RAE

Okay!

She throws off the robe and pulls on a long tee-shirt.

She clambers up on the bunk and peers out the hatch.

220. EXT. SARACEN. DECK. OCEAN.

220.

The squall is almost on them.

HUGHIE is in the cockpit, turning the wheel, bringing Saracen's bow up into the wind.

RAE closes the hatch.

221. INT. SARACEN. COMPANIONWAY. DAY. 221.

The door to the aft cabin opens.

Very cautiously RAE emerges, the shotgun in her hands...

The whole motion of the boat changes as the first gust of wind hits.

RAE grabs the bulkhead for support.

222. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 222.

HUGHIE sits down, all his attention focussed on balancing the rudder against the rising sea and wind.

Spray sweeps Saracen's deck as the wind whips the white-caps off the top of the swell.

They're in the thick of it now, the sea, the sky and the rain melting in to shades of grey...

223. INT. SARACEN. COMPANIONWAY. DAY. 223.

RAE starts to mount the ladder, keeping the shotgun down, out of sight...

Brrrm! Brrrm! The engine roars to life...

224. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 224.

RAE's head appears at the top of the ladder.

HUGHIE is distracted, tying the wheel off with a length of rope.

RAE brings the gun up, supporting the ends of the barrel on the top of the stairs.

Standing on the stairs, she locks the stock into her shoulder.

She squints down the barrels until she's got his torso squarely in her aim.

HUGHIE turns to one side, back into the helmsman's seat, reaching for the cigarettes.

RAE now has the back of the chair in her sights...

She moves the barrels across, lining them up on HUGHIE...

224. Cont'd 224.
- He reaches for the lighter. It starts to swim out of focus...
- He grabs for it, knocking it to the floor...
- RAE tries to follow him, but he bends down, unsteadily, the sedatives taking hold...
- She pulls the barrels down, crouching on the steps. Even the small amount of sedative she consumed is starting to take hold.
- HUGHIE shakes his head, trying to clear it...
- He reaches for the lighter...
225. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DAY. 225.
- Saracen ploughs in to the swell, taking it badly, veering away...
226. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 226.
- HUGHIE pitches across the cockpit.
- RAE is thrown to one side...
- HUGHIE turns.
- He sees RAE swinging the barrels back.
- Despite the drug, his adrenalin fires him across the cockpit...
- His shoulder hits the barrels...
- The gun is skewed half out of Rae's hands.
- The boat hits the swell again.
- Saracen pitches hard...
- RAE and HUGHIE as thrown off balance...
- HUGHIE scrambles across, grabbing hold of the barrels, hauling RAE up the ladder...
- She won't let go...
- Saracen rolls back as the swell hits her broadside...
- RAE and HUGHIE tumble across the cockpit...

226. Cont'd

226.

The RETRIEVER leaps down into the cockpit, snapping at HUGHIE...

Both HUGHIE and RAE have hold of the gun.

CRUNCH!

He smashes her against the bulkhead.

The breath is knocked out of her, she slides down the wall, but still hangs on...

HUGHIE's vision is blurring even more...

He wrenches hard on the gun...

RAE is catapulted onto her feet...

She lands chest to chest with him...

Not a word is said between them...

She lifts her knee, hard and fast, into his groin...

He chokes with the pain...

The sedative is working on them both ...the whole boat swims in front of their eyes...

HUGHIE, more deeply affected, staggers - only his grip on the gun keeping him on his feet.

He tilts his head back, then brings it crashing forward.

Head-butting her...

She goes down...

He wrenches the gun free...

The RETRIEVER tears at his leg...

He kicks it away...

The sedatives are overwhelming him...

RAE is rolling away from him...

The RETRIEVER turns for another attack...

To HUGHIE, the dog has separated into a number of images...

He fires...

Misses.

226. Cont'd

226.

He turns the other barrel on RAE, trying to focus, attempting to jam it right up against her...

She throws her forearm up, hitting the underside of the barrel, charging her head at his groin...

He fires.

The blast misses her, shredding one side of the cockpit...

RAE keeps going, scrambling towards the steps...

HUGHIE is reeling...

He swings the gun by its barrels, using the stock as a club...

Saracen pitches violently...

HUGHIE misses...

SMASH!

The barrels hit the binnacle...

RAE yells as the compass breaks free, spins in the air and crashes to the deck in an eruption of alcohol...

He turns towards her, swinging the gun, driving her down the ladder...

227. INT. SARACEN. SALOON. DAY.

227.

RAE runs towards the for'ard cabin...

HUGHIE comes after her, wielding the gun...

SMASH! He misses, shattering the radio.

By now he's lurching, almost blinded by the rising tide of fatigue and disorientation...

SMASH! He hits the for'ard bulkhead...

RAE throws herself into the for'ard cabin...

228. INT. FOR'ARD CABIN. DAY.

228.

SMASH! In to the door...

She slips the bolt across, drags the stores and sail bags into place...

SMASH!

The shotgun batters the door...

She's throwing stores aside, looking for something...

The room is spinning before her drugged eyes.

228. Cont'd

228.

CRACK! The impact of the next blow shatters the mirror on the door...

RAE finds it: the netting which contains INGRAM's diving equipment.

SMASH! One of the panels on the door splinters...

She grabs the speargun, slipping the steel bolt into place.

SMASH! Another crack in the door.

She scrambles to the far end of the cabin, wedges the end of the speargun against the bunk and pulls on the rubber cords that power the steel bolt...

SMASH! But the door holds...

She aims at the centre of the door.

Silence.

She waits.

A noise overhead.

She looks up at the hatch...

A shadow falls across it...

She turns, swinging the speargun up.

Through the grating, she sees the RETRIEVER's head...

She turns back, aiming at the door.

The RETRIEVER goes...

RAE waits...

She wipes the sweat off her hands...

Silence.

Then a noise outside the door...

The handle moves down...

RAE moves forward, putting the end of the speargun hard against the door...

The handle springs up...

She waits...

The handle starts to go down again...

She pulls the trigger.

SSWACK!

The bolt bursts through the door...

228. Cont'd

228.

A sharp cry, almost inhuman, from the other side of the door...

Silence...

RAE waits.

Something seeps under the door...

She bends and touches it... blood.

Silence.

229. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN PASSAGE. DAY.

229.

She jerks the door open...

The RETRIEVER is impaled on it by the speargun bolt: dead.

RAE barely has time to react.

Grab!

HUGHIE's hand flashes out from the shadows, grabbing her around the neck...

She tears at his hands, her breath rasping, gurgling in her throat... their faces so close they could almost kiss...

He tries to squeeze the life from her, but his eyes are glazed, his limbs insufferably heavy...

He starts to falter...

She prises loose his hands, gulping for air...

He collapses to the floor, still reaching for her, then passes into unconsciousness...

230. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. DAY.

230.

RAE has dragged HUGHIE in to the for'ard cabin. She takes the last turn around his wrists with a length of heaving line, leaving him trussed hand and foot on the floor.

She picks up the speargun and leaves.

231. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. PASSAGE. DAY.

231.

She kicks the door shut, trying not to look at the impaled dog, and bolts it from the outside.

232. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD COMPANIONWAY. DAY.

232.

Slam! She shuts the next door in the companionway and slides the bolt across.

Still carrying the speargun, she hurries in to the main saloon.

233. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. DAY. 233.

She twists the nobs and dials on the radio: it's useless, shattered beyond repair.

Boxes, equipment and clothes are thrown out of lockers as she searches for something. Then she finds it: a metal tool box.

234. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. PASSAGE. DAY. 234.

Bang! She closes the heavy door which divides the main saloon from the companionway that leads up in to the cockpit.

She locks it and runs up on deck.

235. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 235.

RAE emerges from down below, still carrying the speargun and the tool box.

Although the sea is still choppy and confused, the squall has almost blown itself out, passing ahead of Saracen to eventually disappear in the vast reaches of the South Pacific.

She turns the engine off.

The silence is overwhelming.

She looks at her watch: 3:50pm. Then steps up on deck, running for'ard.

236. EXT/INT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK / FOR'ARD CABIN (P.O.V.) DAY. 236.

RAE kneels at the for'ard hatch, peering through the crack.

HUGHIE hasn't moved. He lies on his back, mouth open, his chest rising and falling with the same regularity as his breathing.

Our point of view of him squeezes down in to nothing as RAE locks down the hatch.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! She uses the hammer and nails from the toolbox to seal it shut.

The sun appears through a break in the scudding clouds.

237. INT/EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. DAY. 237.

Standing in the cockpit, RAE looks up at the sun.

In her hand she holds the orb of the shattered compass. She rolls it around until it lines up with the sun: due west.

She looks up at the mast: it casts a shadow across the deck.

238. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. DAY. 238.

RAE has tied a length of heaving line on the handrail at the stern where the shadow crosses. She takes the line for'ard, twirls it around the mast and then, at exactly the same angle, takes it for'ard of the mast.

She ties it off near the bow.

She swings out, hanging onto the rail and sights back down the length of the rope.

She adjusts the point at which the line is tied off until she's satisfied it is perfectly straight, running diagonally down the boat, from bow to stern, the shadow of the mast striking it perfectly.

DISSOLVE TO:

239. EXT. SARACEN. OCEAN / COCKPIT. DAY. 239.

The yacht is criss-crossed by two lengths of rope, running diagonally from stern to bow.

RAE steers Saracen to starboard. The shadow moves. She swings the wheel back until the shadow falls once again directly along one of the ropes.

She starts the engine and looks down at the fuel guage: under half-full.

She swings the wheel hard over.

Saracen starts to turn...

She keeps spinning the wheel.

Saracen turns around.

The sun is behind her now...

She looks out to where the shadow of the mast falls across the front of the boat.

She turns the wheel until the shadow falls across the second of the diagonal ropes.

239. Cont'd

239.

By rights, she should now be sailing the reciprocal of the course HUGHIE was following. If she's done it right, it should lead her back to Orpheus.... as long as the sun shines.

She checks the shadow-line once more and opens the throttle.

240. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. STERN.

DAY.

240.

The wake boils at Saracen's stern as she gathers way, powering across the empty expanse of the Pacific.

241. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS.

LATE AFTERNOON.

241.

Orpheus wallows in the water.

Three fins circle the boat...

242. EXT. OCEAN. ORPEUS. DECK.

LATE AFTERNOON.

242.

INGRAM hauls himself to the top of the mast.

He takes the binoculars from around his neck and sweeps them across the horizon.

The sun is setting lower in the sky. He scans the glasses across its fiery face, hoping to see Saracen's masts highlighted against it.

DISSOLVE TO:

243. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. STERN.

SUNSET.

243.

Water gurgles out of the hose hanging over the side.

244. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON.

SUNSET.

244.

The water is the highest it's ever been, climbing up the walls, swirling above INGRAM's waist.

The water laps at the pump as he works it.

The boat's opening up all over...

245. EXT. OCEAN. UNDERWATER. ORPHEUS.

SUNSET.

245.

Every few feet, planks hang off Orpheus' bottom. One of them breaks away and falls, disappearing in to the bottomless gloom below.

246. INT. ORPHEUS. MAIN SALOON. SUNSET. 246.
The water is rising fast, the pump completely submerged.
INGRAM tries to keep pumping, but as he pushes down on the handle he is almost completely submerged.
247. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. STERN. SUNSET. 247.
The gush of water from the hose slows to a dribble, then stops.
248. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. SUNSET. 248.
INGRAM looks out across the ocean.
The sun is dripping in to the sea, turning the sea and the sky to red.
The sharks are circling the boat, very close now...
INGRAM raises the binoculars and sweeps them in an arc across the ocean. Nothing!
249. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. SUNSET. 249.
RAE stands at the wheel. The sun is almost gone...
The shadow of the mast is disappearing in the gathering gloom...
Once more she raises the binoculars.
Nothing.
250. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. TWILIGHT. 250.
Orpheus is being engulfed by the night...
Suddenly her mast swings across the sky as she lists to starboard. It falls ... falls ... then stops.
She hangs there, tilted over, full of water, all but dead...
251. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 251.
RAE stands on the deck, just outside the cockpit.
She scans the sea ahead with the binoculars.
Darkness.
She leans in and turns the engine off.
Silence. Complete silence.

252. EXT. ORPHEUS. DECK. NIGHT. 252.

INGRAM loads supplies into the dinghy: water, flashlight, baling bucket.

He pushes the dinghy off, feeding out its painter and ties it off...

253. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 253.

RAE stands at the bow of the boat, looking out in to the darkness.

She calls, softly at first...

RAE

John...

Then louder.

RAE

John!

Louder still.

RAE

JOHN!

254. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. NIGHT. 254.

HUGHIE lies on the floor, bound hand and foot.

His eyes flicker and open.

He looks around and tries to move...

He strains at the ropes...

255. INT. ORPHEUS. FOR'ARD LOCKER. NIGHT. 255.

INGRAM, up to his chest in water, swings a hatchet, smashing into one of the for'ard sail lockers.

He splits the timber, water gushing out.

He tears the planking away then reaches in, pulling out dripping tins of paint, varnish and kerosene.

He shoves them up through the for'ard hatch, clears out the locker then hauls himself through the hatch.

256. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. NIGHT. 256.

INGRAM emerges on the deck.

He grabs an armful of cans and heads for the wheelhouse.

257. INT. ORPHEUS. WHEELHOUSE. 257.

Wielding the axe, INGRAM smashes the windows, then splinters the tables and lockers.

He grabs the charts and tears them into shreds.

Piling them in a corner, he uses the axe to split the cans, pouring them over the pile of timber and paper.

258. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. NIGHT. 258.

The engine fires and Saracen starts to move slowly across the black ocean...

259. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 259.

RAE moves to the bow of the boat.

She turns on a flashlight, throwing its beam in an arc across the water in front of her.

Nothing.

260. INT. ORPHEUS. AFT CABIN. NIGHT. 260.

INGRAM half-swims, half-walks to the rear sail locker.

It's door is open.

He grabs several sail bags and floats them towards the steps that lead on deck.

261. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. NIGHT. 261.

INGRAM slashes open the sail bags and pulls the sails out, attaching them to the mainsail halyard.

He runs the knife along the boom, cutting the gaskets off the furled mainsail.

He takes the hatchet and splits the cans, pouring varnish and kerosene over the sails.

The rest of the cans he splits, throwing streams of paint and turpentine along the deck.

262. INT. ORPHEUS. CHARTROOM. NIGHT. 262.

INGRAM flicks his cigarette lighter and holds it to the corner of a chart.

As it flares up he throws it on the pile of kindling and shredded charts.

It flares, then with a great sucking sound all bursts into flame at once.

He runs back on deck...

263. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. DECK. NIGHT. 263.

He unfastens the mainsail halyard.

Smoke is pouring out of the wheelhouse windows; flame starts to lick along the inside of the roof.

He hauls up the mainsail and the two other sails attached to it.

Flame bursts through the windows of the wheelhouse.

INGRAM ties off the halyard and runs aft.

264. EXT. OCEAN. ORPHEUS. AFT DECK. NIGHT. 264.

INGRAM unties the painter attached to the dinghy, letting it drift.

He turns: the whole interior of the wheelhouse is a roaring mass of flame.

He kneels beside a pile of cans stashed near the rail.

Using the axe, he splits them and sends their contents spilling down the deck.

There are two cans left: paint thinner.

He splits their lids and jumps up on to the stern rail.

He loads one can into his hand, draws it back and hurls it.

The can arcs through the air, heading for the wheelhouse.

Before it hits, he fires off the second can...

He turns and hurls himself into the water...

265. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 265.

Even while INGRAM's body is still in the air a great ball of flame erupts out of the wheelhouse, taking the roof with it and igniting the whole of the boat forward of the cockpit.

Fire shoots up in the mainsail and balloons in to the other two sails - forming a giant torch, a column of flame nearly a hundred feet high.

It lights up the sea for a quarter of a mile in every direction.

By its glow we see INGRAM swimming towards the dinghy.

He comes along side, grabs the gunwale, and turns to look at his handiwork. By any estimation, it's a spectacular sight.

266. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. NIGHT. 266.

RAE stands on the deck, looking out to sea. Something flickers on the very edge of her peripheral vision.

She turns and sees a tongue of reddish light licking upwards over the edge of the world.

For a moment she can only stare at it in a sort of stunned disbelief.

Then she raises the binoculars but almost immediately she has to lower them, wiping the tears from her eyes.

She tries again: through the glasses there's no mistaking it: something's burning.

She runs back to the cockpit.

267. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 267.

She swings the wheelhard over, lining the bow up with the beacon.

She presses the starter button.

268. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. NIGHT. 268.

HUGHIE is sitting up, tearing with his teeth at the knots which bind his hands.

He turns as the engine roars to life.

His ankles still bound, desperation in every movement, he hauls himself to his feet.

269. INT/EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 269.

RAE locks the wheel and goes on to the deck.

270. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. FOR'ARD DECK. NIGHT. 270.

She goes forward, stopping next to the hatch, and raises the binoculars.

SMASH! A mighty blow from underneath the hatch.

271. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. NIGHT. 271.

HUGHIE is standing on the bunk, using his bound hands like a club.

SMASH! He hits the timber again...

SMASH! The timber holds, his knuckles split, streaming blood...

SMASH!

272. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. FOR'ARD DECK. NIGHT. 272.

RAE turns away from the hatch and raises the binoculars again.

The flaming torch on the horizon leaps higher.

She tilts the glasses, higher, through the sky...

SMASH! From down below.

Then HUGHIE's voice...

HUGHIE

I'm looking at you, Rae.
Oily-oily-oxon-free...
Coming ready or not!

SMASH!

She keeps tilting the glasses until she finds what she is looking for: the constellation of Orion.

She focuses in on the centre star of Orion's belt and drops the glasses back down.

The beacon lies directly beneath it.

She runs back to the cockpit.

SMASH! The hatch shudders, but holds.

273. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 273.

RAE looks up at Orion, then down to the lick of red.

She adjusts her course slightly and turns on the running lights.

274. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. NIGHT. 274.

The boat powers through the night, its navigation lights creating a soft glow.

275. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 275.

Orpheus is burning lower now, the first great flash of flame disappearing as her mast collapses.

INGRAM is in the dinghy, looking across at Orpheus.

She's burnt to the water line.

Then she starts to settle by the stern. A great cloud of steam rises as the water rushes in.

She hangs there for a moment, all her superstructure glowing like some festival barge...

Then, at last, the sea claims her.

She goes down by the stern, the water washing across, extinguishing the flames...

Leaving only darkness... The shark fins move towards the dinghy.

276. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 276.

RAE has the binoculars to her eyes, scanning the horizon. Nothing.

She looks up at Orion, lines it up with the mast and turns the wheel slightly to starboard.

Another crash from down below, much louder...

277. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD PASSAGE. NIGHT. 277.

The door which leads in to the cabin buckles under the impact of a mighty blow.

SMASH! the door splinters...

278. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. NIGHT. 278.

HUGHIE lies on his back, legs still bound, but his knees drawn back on his chest.

He fires his legs out...

278. Cont'd 278.

SMASH!

His feet crash in to the door.

It breaks apart.

279. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 279.

INGRAM switches on the torch, shining it upwards.

It's faint beam trails up into the night and disappears.

280. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 280.

RAE is at the wheel, following Orion, the motor still wide open.

She holds her hands to either side of her head, blinkering herself, trying to cut out the peripheral light.

Nothing.

The motor splutters for a moment... then roars back... and dies.

She throws it out of gear and hits the starter button.

As it whirrs, she looks at the fuel guage: empty.

CRASH! Another blow from down below.

281. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD PASSAGE. NIGHT. 281.

HUGHIE is through the door, sitting on the floor in the passageway, using a piece of broken mirror to cut through the rope around his feet. His hands are smeared with blood.

The rope gives way and he scrambles to his feet.

His progress is jarred by the door at the other end which leads in to the galley.

He tucks his head in to his shoulder, charging at it.

282. INT. SARACEN. GALLEY. NIGHT. 282.

The timber door explodes inwards as HUGHIE crashes through, tumbling in on to the floor.

283. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 283.

The mainsail shoots the final few feet up the mast, flapping in the thin breeze...

RAE ties it off and runs for the cockpit.

284. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 284.

She spins the wheel, pointing Saracen up in to the wind.

The boom swings across and she adjusts the mainsail, watching it billow, then fill.

285. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. NIGHT. 285.

Saracen heels over as she starts to move forward under sail.

286. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 286.

RAE adjusts her course, trying to point as high as she can towards Orion.

BAM! BAM! The door that leads up to the cockpit is being attacked with terrible force.

287. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. NIGHT. 287.

A scuba diver's oxygen cylinder hurtles through the aft.

SMASH! It hits the door and recoils.

HUGHIE swings it again.

288. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT DOOR. NIGHT. 288.

SMASH! The door thudders - but holds.

289. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 289.

RAE looks at the door, then runs on deck.

SMASH! Behind her as HUGHIE continues to batter the door.

290. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 290.
RAE stands near the bow, looking out, trying to see...
Far ahead, she sees the faintest glimmer of light - or is it...
She squints her eyes, trying to focus on nothing else...
291. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 291.
The torch light is very weak.
As the batteries fail, it starts to flicker...
INGRAM, standing in the dinghy, turns it off.
Darkness all around him.
292. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 292.
RAE looks out across the water. It must have been her imagination.
Nothing but the night.
CRASH! Almost below her feet.
CRASH! CRASH!
293. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. NIGHT. 293.
HUGHIE has abandoned any attempt to break down the door.
He is using the oxygen cylinder to smash all the wooden fittings,
piling the kindling in the middle of the room...
294. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. NIGHT. 294.
RAE's head, upside down, appears at the porthole looking in.
She sees the pile of wood in the middle of the room, paper already
stuffed among it.
She tries to look around - no sign of HUGHIE.
The oxygen cylinder bursts out of nowhere, smashing in to the glass,
fracturing it.
RAE jerks away...
HUGHIE is standing alongside the porthole.
He swings the cylinder again.
SMASH! The glass shatters.

295. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 295.

RAE is up and running for the stern. She hears HUGHIE yelling to her.

HUGHIE

Getting close now!
Warmer... warmer...
Gonna be hot real soon!

SMASH!

296. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. STERN. NIGHT. 296.

RAE launches Saracen's dinghy into the water.

She ties its painter to the stern and runs for the cockpit.

297. EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 297.

RAE has loaded two steel bolts into the speargun.

She draws back the elastic ropes which fire them.

She goes down the steps to the door.

298. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT / COMPANIONWAY. NIGHT. 298.

The bolt on the door slides back.

299. INT. SARACEN. MAIN SALOON. NIGHT. 299.

The door bursts open.

RAE stands there, speargun loaded and raised.

HUGHIE is standing next to the pile of wood, a flaming roll of paper in his hand.

RAE

Put it out.

He smiles at her - and drops it on the kindling.

Her eyes go to a fire extinguisher on the wall.

HUGHIE starts to move towards her.

RAE

Back off...

299. Cont'd

299.

The fire is starting to catch.

He takes another step.

RAE

Don't make me, Hughie...

HUGHIE

Nobody's gonna make you.
Put it down.

He takes another step.

HUGHIE

Let's talk...

She pulls the trigger.

Sswhack!

The steel bolt hits him in the shoulder, knocking him backwards...

He sits on the floor, looking at the bolt, blood streaming down his chest...

He looks up at her.

RAE

I'm not very good, Hughie.
This one's aimed at your
heart...

She aims the speargun at his chest.

RAE

But it'll just be luck if I hit
it. Most likely I'll put it
through your lungs...

The fire is building, the room starting to fill with smoke...

RAE

Now get up.

He doesn't move.

299. Cont'd

299.

RAE

It'll pin you to the deck.
Your lungs'll fill with blood...
Get up!

Still, he doesn't move.

RAE

It might take hours, Hughie -
But you know how you're gonna die?
You're gonna drown in your own
blood.

He looks up at her, not moving.

RAE stares back, meeting his gaze.

RAE

Wish me luck.

Her finger locks around the trigger.

He pulls himself to his feet.

RAE

Turn around.

He turns his back to her.

The speargun still raised, she grabs the fire extinguisher, and
fires it at the flames.

300. INT/EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT.

NIGHT.

300.

RAE backs out of the cockpit, the speargun levelled at HUGHIE as he
follows her.

301. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. STERN.

NIGHT.

301.

RAE indicates the dinghy.

RAE

Get in.

301. Cont'd

301.

HUGHIE

The speargun'd be quicker.
Even in the lungs.

RAE

Go on!

He starts to clamber over the side.

RAE

I'm not going to kill you.

HUGHIE

What else do you call it?

RAE

I'm coming back - after I've
found him.

HUGHIE climbs in to the dinghy.

HUGHIE

He's dead, baby...

RAE

You'd better hope not.

HUGHIE looks up at her.

HUGHIE

So am I...

RAE unties the painter and casts the dinghy off.

HUGHIE

And you're only a step
behind.

She watches as the dinghy drifts off...

302. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. NIGHT. 302.

Saracen, her sails full and drawing, glides away - leaving the dinghy in its wake until, finally, it is swallowed by the night.
HUGHIE is genuinely terrified.

303. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 303.

INGRAM's eyes search the horizon. The darkness of the water merges with the night.

He tries the torch again.

It throws a watery light upwards, then starts to flicker...

304. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 304.

RAE stands on the bow, trying to peer through the gloom.

Up ahead, there's a heartbeat of light - nothing more ... then it dies...

She stands, staring out, not even sure of what she saw...

305. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 305.

INGRAM lays the torch down.

He starts to call her name. Very soft at first, more just to hear her name than expecting any answer.

INGRAM

Rae... Rae...

Rae!

RAE!

306. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. NIGHT. 306.

Saracen pushes on, through the night, the deck deserted...

307. INT. SARACEN. FOR'ARD CABIN. NIGHT. 307.

RAE is rummaging through the wreckage in the for'ard cabin.

In one of the lockers, she finds it: a long flat metal box.

308. EXT. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 308.

She climbs out of the cockpit, tearing open the box, revealing a flare gun and several flares.

As she runs along the deck, she discards the box and loads the gun.

She stands right up at the bow and sights straight towards the left of Orion.

She fires.

WHOOSH!

309. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 309.

INGRAM, shoulders hunched, turns at a faint sound carried by the night air.

He looks up.

Nothing... then...

BOOM!

The flare explodes, throwing a brilliant light across the water.

By its light, INGRAM sees Saracen - wraith-like, almost unreal in the eerie glow - gliding towards him.

He stares at it, not trusting his voice to try and call...

310. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. NIGHT. 310.

RAE stands on the bow...

She sees the dinghy ahead.

Her lip starts to tremble and her eyes fill with tears...

311. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 311.

INGRAM watches as Saracen comes on.

The flare fades...

INGRAM starts to row...

Darkness.

312. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT. NIGHT. 312.

RAE flicks a switch.

Saracen's spreader lights burst to life...

313. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 313.

INGRAM rows towards the outer rim of their glow...

314. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 314.

She stands on the deck, looking out.

In the silence she can hear the rattle of the rowlocks.

And then she sees him, pulling in to the pool of light...

RAE

John.

315. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 315.

He turns and sees her silhouetted on the deck...

He raises a hand in acknowledgement.

316. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. NIGHT. 316.

She feels her legs start to go from under her.

She grabs the handrail, lowering herself to her knees...

317. EXT. OCEAN. DINGHY. NIGHT. 317.

INGRAM pulls the dinghy towards Saracen's stern...

318. EXT. SARACEN. AFT DECK. NIGHT. 318.

RAE, using the handrail for support, makes her way aft.

As she gets there, INGRAM comes over the railing.

They stand there, looking at each other, neither of them able to find the words.

Then they're in each other's arms.

He's holding her tight and her breath is coming in great gulping gasps.

RAE

He smashed... he sm... he
smushed the compass...

INGRAM looks down in to the wreckage of the cockpit. He sees the shattered binnacle, the two ropes running diagonally the length of the boat and for the first time he starts to realise the magnitude of her achievement.

He looks at her face.

INGRAM

Nobody else could have done it.
Not anybody...

RAE

You're the only one, John.
The only one that could have
made me...

They hold each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

319. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN.

SUNRISE.

319.

The sun rises over an ocean of endless blue.

By its first light we see a painted ship on a painted ocean. This is Saracen, a 70-foot ketch built for blue-water cruising.

Somewhere, far off, the clock strikes four bells: 6am.

320. INT/EXT. SARACEN. COCKPIT.

SUNRISE.

320.

INGRAM emerges from below.

He looks around the horizon. The rising sun shoots arcs of flame through the towering escarpments of cloud which rim the eastern sky.

He turns to go below when his eye catches something off the starboard bow.

He grabs the binoculars, stepping up on the deck, raising them to his eyes.

It's a dinghy.

Adrift.

Empty.

321. INT. SARACEN. BATHROOM. SUNRISE. 321.

RAE is in the shower, the water beating down, steam rising.

She turns off the taps and reaches for a towel.

The steam clears.

She turns back...

HUGHIE's grotesque face stares at her through the porthole...

She ducks away, turns and runs...

322. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN. DECK. SUNRISE. 322.

The dinghy rides on the swell not far from Saracen, still adrift.

INGRAM is leaning over the side, using a boat hook to drag HUGHIE's body out of the water.

He turns at the sound of a scream...

RAE emerges from the cockpit, terrified, panicking...

He drops the boat hook and goes to her.

RAE

He's here... He's here!

He takes hold of her.

INGRAM

He's dead, Rae.
Dead.

She looks at him.

He leads her to the rail.

HUGHIE's body is floating away.

RAE

Drowned?

INGRAM nods.

RAE

Himself?

INGRAM turns her away from the rail.

322. Cont'd

322.

INGRAM

Quick. I guess that's what
he wanted...

323. INT. SARACEN. COCKPIT.

DAWN.

323.

He helps her down in to the cockpit.

RAE

I told him I was coming
back.

INGRAM

I know. But he didn't
believe you.

RAE

You did.

INGRAM

Yeah. But I know you...

RAE

No, John. Not everything...

He picks up the log book and opens it at the last page.

We see the notation:

10.28. Black Schooner. Lying 310 degrees.
Name unknown.

He turns to her.

INGRAM

It's in the past, Rae.
Leave it there...

He rips the page out of the log, screws it up and throws it overboard.

324. INT. OCEAN.

SUNRISE.

324.

The paper bobs on the ocean.

Then a breath of wind ruffles the water around it.

325. EXT. OCEAN. SARACEN.

SUNRISE.

325.

The breeze hits Saracen's sails, filling them, heeling her over...

The boat powers forward, the paper bobbing in its wake, being left far behind...

THE END